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Prejudice

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



THE STUDY in this lesson Prejudice. This is a fearful river for the neophyte, for it is broad and deep, and is full of filthy things, and with uncanny astral forms.

2 There is a close relationship between Hypocrisy and Prejudice. In fact, in nearly every case, the man surcharged with Prejudice is conscientious Hypocrite.

3 Few men are prejudiced against another man or cult who truly know that man or cult.

4 There are few men who have not in their souls a saving quantity of good, and he who judges any man until he knows and measures up his deepest soul intents; until he knows his conscious struggles to attain to better things; knows of the trials, crosses, disappointments, and the griefs that he has borne, can know the struggles of the present time.

5 Yea, he who judges and condemns a man before the testimony all is in, is prejudiced.

6 'Tis true, he may be conscientious in his prejudices, but that does not remove his guilt.

7 His river Prejudice is turbulent, and he must push his way through all its filth and slime, and then come forth and bathe himself in the pure spring of Justice, if he would attain.

CAUSES.

8 What is the cause of Prejudice? There are two causes prominent. One is a vibratory cause, the other has been called, in occult lore, "the itching ear."

9 Each vibratory plane has its own note in musical scale. One plane, with all its teeming millions, may be keyed to C. Another finds its key in D. And when these notes, with no concordant sounds from other planes, sound forth, we have a discord that offends the ear.

10 So, when a man whose key is C, thrown in contact with a man whose key is D, inharmony occurs, and instantly the C is prejudiced against the D, and the D against the C.

11 Each feels a deep disgust and turns away, and calls each other names, just as the kettle heaps abuse upon the pot, and calls it black.

12 When one dislikes another one, for vibratory cause, he may be sure that he is many leagues away from mastery.

13 A master knows enough to recognize the fact that D is just as much a part of heaven's harmony as C, and if he cannot harmonize the notes, and bring himself to love the tones that every other man must sound, he is a poor weak scion of the tree of life.

14 It matters not how educated and refined he may

be in the ways of men, he is not master, and may be compelled to go and come in flesh a multitude of times before he is a master soul.

15 Now, look around and note the person that is so antagonistic unto you, whose very aura grates upon your poor weak nerves, and study him a bit.

16 Hark! do you hear the tone that comes from his odylic sphere? It may be minor, or it may be major tone, but that odylic sphere is part of heaven's orchestra, and it is just as much essential to the music of the spheres, as is your own odylic sphere, or that of any other man.

17 Now, go to work and tune your own weak harpsichord until it can be brought to harmonize with every tone that is.

THE ITCHING EAR AND SLIMY TONGUE.

18 The "Slimy Tongue" and "Itching Ear" are both the tools of Bēelzebul. We sometimes call them partners, and, at least, they are companions in the ways of life.

19 The man who carries tales and dotes upon the weaknesses of his fellow man, and poisons ears with scandals, is the "Slimy Tongue," to listen to the scandal breeders' tales is called the "Itching Ear."

20 In sight of masters there is little difference in the guilt of one who *listens* to the scandal tales, and one who *tells* the scandal tales. They both are tools of Bēelzebul.

21 The scandal bearer is a poisoner. His tales are poison virulent. And when a man stands meekly by and has his ears filled full of such ungodly stuff, he takes upon himself the traits of "Slimy Tongue."

22 No man can take in poison and be injured not. Would you stand still and let a fiend pour deadly arsenic in your mouth? Would you be quiet while an imp of Bēelzebul threw filth upon your head? Not if your legs were strong enough to carry you away.

23 And still you think it is your duty to let a "slimy tongue" pour poison in your ears to vitiate your soul, and all for fear you might offend the seeming friend if you refused to hear.

24 If you have not the courage to close up your ears and go your way, you cannot conquer Prejudice,—you are a weal and cringing slave.

25 I never knew a man who could give heed to scandal tales and be unmoved, and every tale will add a little bit to every person's stock of Prejudice.

26 Few are the tales that "slimy tongues" give out that do not cast a shade of dark suspicion on the subject of the tale in mind of every one who is too weak to close his ears and turn away.

27 This "Itching Ear," as cause of Prejudice, is cause because it closes up the door of knowledge, and a curtain hide from view the heart of brother man, and murky ignorance steps in, and blinds the vision of the soul.

28 So Itching Ear, intent on hearing all there is to hear, is parent of the ignorance that causes Prejudice.

CULT PREJUDICES.

29 And what is true regarding prejudice against a man is true of prejudice against a church, society, or cult.

30 Men turn away and ridicule because they do not

know. In fact the man who ridicules another man, or creed, or cult, is seldom one who knows.

31 So, Neophyte, if you have prejudice against a man, a church, or cult; if you are not well pleased with the vibrations of a fellow man, look down into your soul and you are apt to find the cause.

32 I pray you, do not call yourself a master soul till you have gained the mastery of Prejudice.

34 And you can be assured that you are ignorant, that you cannot discriminate, and need to wait a long, long time in silent meditation, for you must *Know*, and *Will*, and *Dare*, before you can attain.

PEOPLE ARE JUDGED by their associates. "Birds of a feather flock together," we are told. Quite right, but will an inconsiderate application of this truth suffice? Can we go through life safely in any rigid, unadaptable, external manner? Must we not brush aside external appearance and seek the truth at the core? It is never safe to generalize—and stop at that. For the ruling and educated classes condemned Jesus because he lived with, and identified himself with, the poor and ignorant—with publicans and sinners. "Birds of a feather—"

THERE IS NO COMMON GOOD, and no common religion. For all men are diverse, and need different things to add unto them. That which they need—really need—is good. What would be good for one would be evil for another, for it would do him injury. There is Universal, or Absolute, Good, however, but its rays, down here, intercross,—and that makes evil. I affirm, There is no absolute evil.

THERE MUST BE SOME MOTIVE POWER in human social intercourse, or such life would stop. Think of it. Machinery all stopped—no more whir and bang—perpetual quietness. Commerce stopped—ships tied to wharves or deserted at sea, while crew jump into the ocean; or trains stalled, warehouses deserted, stores closed. Manufactories dismantled, workmen dispersed, “nobody doin’ nuthin and doing it all the time.” What’s the matter? Motive gone—the power that held society together and moved the men is spent. What was that power? Self interest—love of gain—*Egoism*. Any other motive power in human society than *Egoism*? Yes, a great quantity of it—*Altruism*. Then why doesn’t *Altruism* call the sailors out of the water to man the ships, put fire under the boiler of the locomotive, and advertize 99¢ bargains for the department stores? Not enough to go ’round. Fresh-fledged angels measured it. Not quite so scarce as hen’s teeth, “for hen’s aint got no teeth,” but as seldom met with as flying machines, and quite as variable.

THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD. *Altruism* is growing apace. Men from very surfeiting on ill-gotten gains have learned the inadequacy of *Egoism*. But such *Altruism* (save the word!) would not move the wheels of society, for it would blight and sterilize society by robbery more than it could improve it by philanthropy. Such philanthropy is a curse, for it robs men not only of their money in order to over-fatten the one, but by its bestowal of the plunder on colleges and public institutions it traduces private morality and seduces the public conscience. No, we must have some other brand of *Altruism* than this to move men.

SATAN IS A "SIFTER." See Luke xxii.31. That means that Satan is God's sifter. There are many grades and kinds of sieves. Some have large holes and things go through quickly, but they do not change much in the passage. That is the kind of a sieve that Jesus prevailed upon Satan to use on Simon Peter. For Jesus knew that Simon could not stand a fine sieve, that would shake quick, and abrade, and triturate, and husk Peter until nothing that resembled Peter was left. For too much of Peter was in the husk, as with most of us, and Jesus wanted to give him time for the good to grow within. I look upon Peter as the type of the ordinary man who wants to be good, but finds his strength unequal. Then how he suffers—on the cross. I feel a kinship with Peter, and often pray the Good Lord not to allow Satan to use his fine sieve on me just yet.

PREJUDICE, as the word is ordinarily, and correctly, used, is not a good and proper attitude of the mind to exercise. For prejudice means, literally, pre-judging,—judging before the facts are considered. Every human being, however, thus judges, and must judge, or he could do almost nothing. For we have but a few facts to judge from. We guess the rest—generally wrong. This is pre-judging, but not prejudice, as the word is properly used.

Prejudice is judging from *unwillingness* to properly consider facts well within our reach. The word *Bias* defines the state of mind which results from either prejudice or pre-judging.



CHRISTIAN TRUST in a Personal Savior who is both the God of all and a personal friend and counsellor! How shall we explain this anomaly? We cannot. Neither can we hope to make plain how God, in

his infinite love, could take on human nature and live the life of mortal man. I cannot explain it, and I do not wonder at those who do

not see this truth. For the deeper truths of life are spiritually discerned, and, while the soul of man is beclouded by human sense, faith must be the teacher, while the intellect follows. That means, the woman must lead the man in religion, while the masculine mind must be first in things of sense.

"Like little children." That is it. "Such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Trust in our Father in Heaven who will guide us safely through all paths. Obedience to his law and making his will our will. Courage and faith to do and dare for his cause.

And the blessed recompense in a sweet and chastened life, purified by his discipline, ennobled by self sacrifice, glorified through the love of Christ in all creatures under the sun.

Only trust Me. Do the shadows
Darkly o'er the pathway lie?
Was there ever earthly shadow
That could hide thee from Mine eye?
Dost thou shrink, and fear, and waver—
Look upon Mine outstretched hand:
Waiting through those shades to lead thee
Onward to a better land.

Thou art weeping o'er thy sorrows,
Dost thou ever think of Mine?
How I toiled, and how I suffered,
Bore each sin and grief of thine;
Toiled to win a rest for thee,
Died to give thee endless life;
Yet thou faintest, yet thou fearest,
When I call thee to the strife.

There's a place within My temple
For long ages kept for thee;
I must fashion thee to shine there
Through a bright eternity.
From the quarry I have hewn thee,
Rugged, hard, and sin-defiled;
I must change, and I must cleanse thee
Wouldst thou stop the work, my child?

Ask it not—'twill soon be over,
Then thou'll thank me for the pain;
See how every pang was needed,
Not one stroke bestowed in vain;
Tools of earth, sharp axe and chisel,
Will have ceased their work at last,
Perfect to thy place I'll bring thee,
Every tear and trial past.

WHAT DOES "GLORY" MEAN, when used in the N.T., with "glorified," and "glorification"? Like many simple words—simple, I mean in their common use and generally well understood meaning—this word has significance infinitely profound, reaching, with its root principles up to, and surrounding, the Throne on High.

Did you ever look into the furnace where molten iron is made ready for the mold? or into the blazing sun where heat and light intensifies beyond human capacity? then you can faintly conceive of the mouth of hell. Glory is the light and heat of ordeal; melting, fusing, purifying. And great is the brilliancy. Also, from this lower, or inverted, view, there is heat and what we call suffering. Suffering, what deep arcana within thy bounds. Experience. Glory as culmination and transfusing, and renewal.

But there is another side to Glory. The radiating brilliancy of heaven. After the Son of Man is lifted up—to shine for all men. Heavenly Glory, that was with the Father in Heaven before Abraham was. But this Heavenly Glory comes only by the Cross, and the Agony of Gethsemane its preliminary.

IT HAS BEEN WELL SAID: "*There is here.*" (p.719) Consciousness is but change of state—not change of place. As we open unto, so we experience. Life is all about us. All worlds are one to the Emancipated Soul. What is Emancipation? Ah! if I could tell you, then you'd know, wouldn't you? But I cannot tell you—you must learn for yourself. But I can give you a hint, and that hint is bound up in the

old-fashioned word *Sin*. Avoid sin, and the bandages of ignorance will be removed from your eyes.

THE MIND IS A GARDEN. Thoughts are seeds. We get thoughts from sensation. And through reading we gain the largest number of thoughts. The kind of reading denotes the kind of thought-seeds we plant in the garden. Sensational newspapers make certain seed, with result in crime and bloodshed. Good books make another kind of seed, with a beneficial fruitage in the mind. It is important what we feed the physical body with. Yes. But it is infinitely more important what we put into the mind. We would not eat swill for physical food. Then why should we indiscriminately feed on unfit mental food? Pick out the best literature, and avoid all that is not pure, intellectual, and idealistic. For we cannot read much, at best, and good literature is within the reach of all.

THE COMING RACE! What is it to be? Taller? Full and broad chested? Frontal brain wide and high, fronting all creation with intellectual grasp? Top brain pointing upward with philanthropy spiritualizing all life? Basal brain, with its animal centers, well set and dominated by top and front? Will the New Man be more alert, quicker in mind and body, also more mentally and manually adaptable? Will he be more intuitive, spiritual, psychic? I do not know, but I believe the present race is building a better body for man, which will hold him for many more years than the present body will hold him.

WORDS ARE TOOLS OF THOUGHT. Crude tools, sometimes, but crude thought in that case. For instance, I have seen a man drive nails with a chisel, because he did not have his tools all spread out in a rack before him, everything in its place, as any good workman should. But some men haven't many tools, and they try to exercise thought with a limited vocabulary. And often they are geniuses, too. For instance, I saw two "saw-and-hatchet" carpenters build a house once, and they were real geniuses. I do not remember that they had a try-square between them, but can hardly believe they got along without one, for the house was *quite* square. Those fellows had wonderfully straight eyes! I am sure they had no augur, for I asked them, and they denied the impeachment. When the "balloon-frame" went up I understood how a man could build a house without augur or chisel. "That was out in Injianny." When those two geniuses got through their job I had a man work by the day and brace and cross-brace the house, before the plastering went on.

And well it was I did this added deed, for soon the sky became overcast, flashes of red, and purple, and black shot across the sky, and an indescribable dread and awe possessed every living creature. We were in the cyclone belt. Some neighbors (human ones) took to their storm cellars; others to holes in the ground; and others to the lee side of a boulder. Well, that house stood, and those geniuses with the straight eyes said it was "all right." Not so with a neighbor, who neglected to cross-brace his frame after the contractor got through. And he had to get neighbors to come, with


poles, to push that house up into place, while he put in collar-beams, and otherwise braced it.

Now, to "point a moral and adorn a tale." We live in mental houses. Generally we take them from some builder who makes them after some conventional pattern. If we are individualistic we change that house over to suit our (supposed) needs, and put closets where doors were, and stairs where the pantry was. Some, however, either because they are more conventional, or passive, use the house as they find it, and stamp their personality on furniture, neatness, comfort.

But some build for themselves. Then they must get their tools together, and become skillful in them, too. Then great will be the cabinets they build, and the carvings they make, and the stucco and fresco, and the statuary, and the painting, and the tapestry. All expressions of the soul—of the soul's thought—in chiselled, or moulded, or painted word. Yes, in word, though unspoken.

The mind is a workshop of thought, and words, either spoken, written, or physically transfixed, are its vehicles of expression. It is necessary, then, to have our word to fit the thought. Careless, slipshod, ambiguous expression. How distressing and unsatisfactory. Some men can build a house with a saw and hatchet. Some geniuses can build a cabinet or a clock with a jack-knife. Men situated like Robinson Crusoe have built a ship with an adze. But think of the wonderful work possible with adequate tools!

IT IS NOT SO MUCH to get *new* thought as it is to get *old* thought to hump itself and do its duty. We haven't fully utilized the *old* yet.

 HERE SURELY IS an Over Ruling Providence! How do I know it? Because I can account for events in my life no other way, than to acknowledge this truth. Experience. Deduction. Knowledge. That is how we know anything—by comparing fact with fact, and drawing conclusions. Erroneous, no doubt. Yes, but practically true (true in practice) in as far as it works out to assist us to live. Is there any better test of truth than this, that its statement squares with facts (any facts, all facts we now know) and helps us to live our daily lives? This is *working* truth—truth put to work on the ground floor. If there is any other better authority for truth please let me have it. The Christian Bible? Ah! whose interpretation, your's, mine, or some other human being? God's Word? Yes, but where is God's Word? In the Bible. Yes, it is there, but how do we get it out and put it to work in our lives? Interpretation. Yes, that's it, but whose interpretation, your's, mine, or some other human being? Holy Kirk. No, not for me, but I will get out of the way and allow you to let the Church do your thinking for you, if you want to. It is not bad, but good, for minds in a certain state of growth, and you must judge for yourself—no foolish man should judge for another, and a wise man will not. The Church is very good authority, for the Church is an organization of pure and holy spirits. Quite safe, to those who have decided they need external guidance. But as for me, I rely upon the Monitor Within, and my good, sound common sense.

Therefore, I have discovered that there is an Over

Ruling Providence, not because the Bible says so, or because the Church affirms it, but because God has made it patent to my understanding, as a result of the impact of fact on fact, corollaries, deductions, physical proofs of beneficent and wise intervention. I might add, that I never knew a really religious soul who could not instance incident after incident of such beneficent intervention of Higher Power in the lives of men. It is too common an experience to be questioned, except by those who have stultified and atrophied their faith by intellectual and spiritual starvation. The lower, or animal reason (wrongly called intelligence) does not reach to spiritual verities.

IF THERE IS an Over Ruling Providence, what value is it? That is a good question. Also a very deep question. First, let us line off the domain of Providence, wherein it shall work, and beyond which it shall not budge. For, as I have said before, my God is a working God, who works for me all the day long. But—and here is the point I want to emphasize—there are occasions when God will work for man. and there are occasions when man must work for himself. Providence attends to the occasions when man cannot work for himself—beyond his human ken—beyond his power—forces in an unseen world about man, whose effects Providence guides so as to allow man free choice between good and evil, and yet not allow those forces to prevent man's freedom of choice. Providence gives man a square deal. It clears the ring, calls on the opponent to come on and pummel his antagonist (if he can) and then restrains the victor when the conquered is at his mercy. Then Providence puts the man to bed

and cuddles him all in nice, and, ah! gives him a mother's kiss of benediction.

But on the morrow . . . Providence wakes that lad up early in the morning, shakes him into his senses, and starts him off to find another antagonist, when she will see that he has a fair field, but no favor, and cuddles him to bed again, after the day's work is bravely done. Spartan mother? Yes, but the infinite loving arms, and the wisdom that sees all! Mother God, who nurses man at her breasts, but spans him soundly into sensibility, and who never, no, never deserts him. Man may come, and man may go, but God goes on forever! Man may sleep and man may wake, man may laugh and man may cry, man may work and man may play, but an omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent Providence will compass him round about, like a loving mother bending o'er the cradle, looking into her child's eyes, as the child looks into the eyes of the Over Soul, into Eternity's Depths.

Preparation, safeguarding, umpiring. But not assistance, or vicarious suffering, or pampering. The purpose of Creation in to make a man,—a manly man. That is the purpose of Providence,—Our Mother God. That making is a making through discipline,—contending for the right through difficulties, and overcoming obstacles and temptations. That makes a manly man. But unless man has a fair show he cannot fight, and if he has too good a show he will not fight. Providence sees to that, and provides that man has enough fight, and not too much. Then she gives him 'lasses candy and a sugar plum.

Such is life. But life is not all. A preparation. A making ready. For God. For Eternity,


LIFE IS TRIAL AND CONFLICT. No other way. It is a mistake to expect life should be easy. An easy, peaceful life would be a failure, and man would have lived for nothing. Yes, for nothing. For life is a ladder, a ladder unto God. It is an upward climb. To God. Through growth in character. The character of God. This climbing is difficult. But not too difficult. Just difficult enough. To grow character. To grow God.

Pessimism? No, I would say not. But if you want to so characterize it, you may. Words do not count. As we take upward step facts correlate differently, and deeper definitions are necessary. What was old Optimism is now Pessimism. For a shallow, inane, unspiritual *laissez faire* is not true Optimism. Neither is a passive attitude toward life, and the constant reiteration that "All is Good," true Optimism. Or a mere butterfly existence, basking in the sun, without noble purpose, and the courage to attain. I call that Pessimism, for it results in the denial of all that is really good, enduring, beautiful.

True Optimism takes into account the so-called evil. But it sees that it is not really evil, but the preparation for Greater Good, and that is why it is Optimism, for it recognizes the Good, and works for it, even amidst and through Evil.

This is a higher view than the lower optimism. "Little children, come up higher."

Lack of Faith is Pessimism. Lack of Faith is loss of Courage, for no man can have True Courage without Faith. And lack of Courage is lack of Purpose, and lack of Purpose is Spiritual Death—mere animality.

HE PROBLEM OF PAIN has been ever present with the sons of men. What does it mean? What is the solution? I admit, at the outset of the inquiry, that pain is a momentous problem, and that one mind can throw but little light upon it. We each view life so differently, because each holds a different portion of it. We all appear to hold somewhat different portions of that wonderfully diversified pie of life.

For instance, one whose life had contained but a little of physical or mental pain would be in a poor condition, probably, to moralize on pain for one on a bed of suffering, would he not? And yet, this one who had little pain would know something about it, for every human creature has had *some* pain, and it may be possible that he would be better able to understand its purpose because the shorter duration of pleasure and pain may enable him to gain a perspective on both and learn something of their relationships and causes. I say this *may* be so. It would be presumptuous to go further. For pain is very real, and during its existence it shuts out philosophy. If Job's friends had brought him a plaster, or a box of salve, instead of philosophy, it would have answered the purpose much better. And yet, philosophy helps us to bear pain, even if it does not remove it entirely.

There is a view of pain wherein it may be the opportunity to discipline the soul in courage. It takes courage to make a fight, even for a just cause. It takes faith, and patience from faith, to hold the soul up straight when all else is falling away from it, and everything is crushing it down. To "stay put" under

these conditions, and to still hold the vision of the Infinite love and justice, takes sublime courage and an invincible spirit. It takes such a spirit to conquer life and deserve eternity. Is pain the portal? Had Lazarus conquered and entered in, while Divēs put off his ordeal? I cannot say. We are here treading on very sacred ground. Perhaps we had better not approach what might be dogmatism, but leave the matter open for intent meditation.

Punishment? No, I never use the word. It is inhuman, and therefore un-godly. Retribution, reward, concomitant, I also rub off the slate. That is a view I don't take. You'll have to go to Calvinism and Buddhism for it. Ugh! so un-godlike!

Pain is often educational. I doubt if we would really know God if pain did not bring us to him. Strange mystery this, the cross as the passage to God. We see light-headed young people of good parts but undeveloped and crude. Sad years of pain come to ripen and mellow, and to enrich the character. Poise, sweetness, faith. Sad, did I say? Well, yes perhaps, in the narrower human sense. But not so, I believe, in the eternal sense. Pain may be an opportunity. Yes, an opportunity to find God. If we complain, and deny his love, and fail to touch his strength, we shall fail in the quest. Ah, what a pity.

We see God through tears. Not the clear eye, "incapable of tears," which that cruel and material Hindu philosophy teaches. Rather, then we see ourselves magnified and distorted on the mirage of time. As a magnifying mirror. No, "in the cross of Christ I glory," and that is more than a meaningless figure of speech. It is the cross-over to Eternal Life.



IF THERE ARE Higher Intelligences in super-human spheres, and they have power to look down and observe the affairs of men, great must be their amusement, sometimes, and pity at others, when they note the intellectual windings of men, in their efforts to extricate themselves from the spider webs of misconception thrown about them by human selfishness and ignorance. The Greeks called these Higher Beings "the Gods," and considered that only favored mortals (intellectually favored) could hope to become enrolled in their august body.

The Catholic Church, when it borrowed its neighbors' furniture to start in house-keeping with, took the Gods with them, but they called them Saints, and gave them a little more, and different, work to do. Other religions, which have a hierarchy of superior beings between man and God, appeal to these intermediate powers. The Shintos of Japan, however, and the ancestor worshippers of China, and the Spiritist cults and religions of the whole world, have brought these Gods into closer communion with men, thereby shortening the space between humanity and higher, or more advanced souls.

I had not intended to go into this very interesting subject, which can be taken up by the reader through many books on comparative religions, and indigenous cults, this little magazine being devoted more to religious experience and speculation along the line of what we term the New Age.

We are surrounded by spiritual forces and intelligences, impersonal and personal, foolish and wise, ma-

levolent and benevolent. Man stands on the tip inverted end of the ladder, which leads both to heaven and hell. Thus, much of our human expression is but the *in-spired* utterance of unseen and unrecognized voices, and many of our deeds are prompted by unseen forces. And yet, man is not an automaton or an unreasoning machine. That is, he is not, unless he gives up his individuality, through passion, passivity (hypnosis) or trance. But even in the normal state we are prompted, influenced, and "words put in our mouth." We are often but the instruments of expression of unseen *persons*, even when our own mind is abnormally active, and the human brain registers and remembers every thought, and directs the expression. For in that case we do not *originate* thought, and sometimes not even the words. We direct the expression.

This is true of all our thinking, but more particularly true of animated conversation, writing or dictating letters, and in public speaking. In some spontaneous and inspirational oratory we can note the distinctive moment when the spirit takes possession of the speaker. It changes his voice, alters his height, transfixes his features, and makes a different personality speak to us for the time. Play-actors do not do it all alone. Ah, no. What do you suppose it is that makes a great tragedian, or comedian, or singer? or, for that matter, any person great in expression? The individual's physical adaptibility, first, and then his training of mind, brain and body.

But if we stopped there we would have no expression, or meaningless, erratic expression. We must have the soul and its *genius* (see p. 654). The soul could not do it alone. No man stands alone. We are

all a part of the World of Spirit. There is a solidarity to mankind which many of us units wot not of, and which mystifies even the deepest thinkers.

And we are not surrounded by chaos and disorder,—i.e., not unless we make it or allow it, by becoming passive to foreign, contrary, and therefore injurious spirits. We must hold ourselves together—maintain our spiritual integrity—but we are more than our external selves, for all that. We are our spiritual family. But each family is autonomous, and you are not me, and I am not you. Families are related, however, and kindred visit each other's families, sometimes becoming domiciled in the other family, and sometimes becoming out-cast for misbehavior or other cause. And, as families are related, so are families, and groups of families, opposed. And opponents seek to get control of the man, so they can express. And as the man turns to the right or the left do they flow into him. And as the man vacillates or tries to turn to his own better, after the enemy has had control, does he have warfare and hell in his soul.

This is all subjective, but none the less real, though unobserved by those steeped in carnal sense. It is not allegorical and fanciful, but actual and real. In fact, it is so much in conformity to nature and to nature's laws that we do not note it, any more than we do the secret processes of plant and animal growth, the movements of the vapors in the air, the hidden stellar forces. Thy Inward Spirit, how wonderful, how stupendous, how intricate!

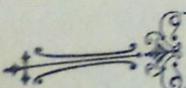
To recognize our genius, that is it. To give ourselves free play. But that means more than a patter of words, and no man needs the assistance of a spec-

ialized "School of Genius." No harm in these schools if the promoters use common sense, and the students apply themselves to the task of cultivating their minds and learning to discriminate in their choices of good and evil. In fact, many people seem to be helped by a little humbuggery, to stimulate their application and idealize their aspirations. I do not say these schools are not all right, but I say that the genius of this magazine has been to freely give the truth, without money and without price.

Therefore, I would say, that to realize our genius we must cultivate our mind assiduously, along the lines of the best that's in us, eschew the evil, and hold fast to the good. Then your spiritual gens will flow into you, and you will be just as great a soul as you have grown to. And you must not stop, for greater things shall come to you as your horizon expands through study and clinging to the good.

Simple, isn't it? Yes, but the thing is to *do it*. That is the crucial test of life. We theorize out of proportion to our demonstration. The fact of our spiritual gens is very real to me. It may be theory to you. Or it may be attenuated hypothesis—idle fancy. No matter. That does not count.

And right here I will close the page with this reminder: No one is too old to learn. Death does not end all. Life is continuous. We go right on. The world is full of opportunity for study,—backwood farm, city slum, ship fo'c's'le. Study books, study men, study yourself. Look deep into life and life's mysteries. Cultivate an enthusiastic mind and a cool temper. Then will your genius come to you and make you great indeed, and greater yet,

Literary Reviews

Ancient Mysteries and Modern Masonry, 214 pp. \$1.00, by Rev. C. H. Vail, pastor of the Pullman Memorial Church at Albion, N.Y., Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Co., N.Y. City. This is a new work (first edition 1909) and it will appeal to Free Masons, Theosophists, and to the general public which wants to know something about the connection of ancient symbolism with modern Masonic forms and ceremonies.

There are two kinds of Masonry, exoteric and esoteric. The one is riding the goat, throwing out the chest, and kicking small fry out of the way. There is a lot of that in Masonry, as instance the Masonic publication that threatened suit and then refused to answer friendly and fraternal letters. There is a great deal of that kind of Masonry,—enough to sink the rest. I am glad I am not a Mason. I prefer that truth should be presented in any other way than Masonic shibboleth.

What is not Masonic in this book is Theosophical. No doubt there is some good in Theosophy, for there is good in everything—even the devil. But I am not afraid of the devil, and I am not afraid to say what I think about Theosophy. I belonged, for a while, to the outer lodge. My moral sense of smell very soon showed me I should go no further. I left. Then, afterward, because of some friends who remained in, and who were really honest, whole-souled people, I went in again. Same old smell. Moral perversion. Diabolical standards. Concealed iniquity. Now remember, I am not speaking about the members, many of whom I know to be pure and uncontaminable. I speak of the secret, underhanded organization, and of the secret doctrine they dare not show the world.

No wonder the ancient and modern Mystagogues jealously guard their secret teachings and practices. Who are those who "love darkness better than light"? How many weak minds will have their moral scruples broken down, and get singed with sin before they come to their senses, and how many blatant dema-

goggles will take satanic joy in leading poor fools about by the nose and telling them they will make gods of them if they obey the master. Now, remember, I refer to a few cheap stage villains and not the chorus. I am glad I am a Christian, and not a Theosophist. One cannot be both, for no man can serve two masters.

There are not many Theosophists. Some (who know) have said there are not thirty in the whole world. There are many members, most of them well-meaning, all of them deluded. Hecussed. Glamored. Illusioned. "Blessed are the Fools, for they shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven." "I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly."

Now, dear reader, the above is one side, spoke large from heart experience. You send for that book and read it. You may like to go to school at Masonry and Theosophy. Then perhaps some wizard (one of those thirty Theosophists) will turn you into a goat for a few years, as they did me, and you will feed on tomato cans, old shoes, and bits of rags—in the back yard. If you are not one of those dog-gone thirty devils the spell will be broken some day.

The Way of Initiation, by Rudolph Steiner, \$1.50, same publishers, is really a remarkably interesting book, though it smells of Theosophy like a pole-cat. There is nothing new in the book, but it is well expressed, and one can learn here the steps to take in order to be worthy of the "inner school." Why will people leave their Christian Church and go and eat hog-feed? I don't know. The church is some to blame, but the church is changing to meet the new spiritual awakening and the broader mental outlook.

I do not consider that the fundamentals of Christianity will change, i.e., Christ as a leader and savior of men. But some monstrous, anachronistic doctrine will be lopped off, making the Divine Man all the clearer. Is religion in the West to adopt the methods of the East—Indian theology to supplant that of Christianity? I think not, but it may modify some of our views and add to our theology. Will this be a help or a hindrance? I don't know. But I know Christ is the Truth and the Way.