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The New Age Magazine

(FORMERLY THE NEW THEOLOGY MAGAZINE)

A Magazine for Character Building through Right Thinking
and for the Study of Mental Phenomena and
Ancient and Contemporary Religion

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The New Age Magazine

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No. 8

OCTOBER

MARY FRANZ, Grand Island, Neb.

October strewn the woodland o'er with many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before, why should our hearts be duller?
The harvest time is here, the year delays not long,
And he who sowed with many a tear shall reap with many a song.

TOLERATION

A. I. MENDENHALL, Dayton, Ohio.

"In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; but whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine."—*Bhagavad Gita*.

What matter it what faith or creed
My brother holds,
If it to him through thought and deed
The Truth unfolds?
What matters it what name he bears
If on life's ways of pains and cares
He bears the Sign?
For his own soul must learn the right
And his own eyes must see the light—
Not mine or thine.

The same sun shines on all men's ways,
And chooses none;
How should I think he sheds his rays
On mine alone?
The Life Divine abides with all;
In each man's heart the seed may fall
And wake to power.
Dare I condemn my brother's part?—
E'en now may bloom within his heart
The Holy Flower!

PRAYER

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

Hide me beneath the shelter of thy wings,
O Love Divine, most holy and most pure;
I can no more the gaze of those endure
Who know thee not, for to mine eyes they bring
Hot tears of anguish, and my heart-strings wring.
By thee protected I have nought to fear,
For when I feel thy loving presence near,
Whate'er betides, my soul for joy doth sing.

Shelter me, Love, till angry words are shorn
Of the old power they held o'er me to slay,
For when I look to thee my soul to stay,
A sense of wondrous strength in me is born,
So even in the thickest of the fray
Armor invincible by me is worn.

TRUTH IN ALL

By ELLA L. LAYSON, Graniteville, Calif.

AT FIRST it may be somewhat confusing to the investigator to find so many different theories and such an apparent radical difference in doctrine, but after a while one will be led to see that in everything there is some truth, and when sifted out and combined it makes the perfect whole. But no one can see this truth in its completeness until after long, patient research, much earnest thought, and a deep, inner longing to know God in order that we may better serve Him and do His will.

By way of illustration, we can see how confusing it is to those who live in the eastern part of our country to be told by different people from California so many conflicting stories about the climate. One will tell of the coast regions always cool and delightful even in mid-summer, another will speak of the scorching heat of the valleys, while someone else will describe an entirely different country with lofty mountains and peaks covered with snow throughout the year. And so on: no two will tell you the same thing. But come and see for yourself, and you will find that each one has told the truth so far as his own experience and knowledge went. One must see and investigate for himself in order to understand. And so in spiritual research, each one will find some new, hidden treasure, each soul receive a special revelation, of the grand reality.

To those whose spiritual perceptions are awakened the New Thought in its higher presentation, appears as Divine Science. This is the very cream of spiritual knowledge, but to the more material minded view Metaphysics, in a more practical form, will be better understood. In Theosophy we are taken to the very beginning and foundation of religion; it explains many of the so-called mysteries, and to the person of open mind is the most satisfactory of all. It tells us what man is and what his destiny is. The principal difference between Theosophy and Spiritualism is,—aside from the doctrine of reincarnation,—that while both believe in spirit return and manifestation the Theosophist seeks to retain his individuality and become stronger in will power, and control these outside forces and entities, while the Spiritualist unhesitatingly places himself under the influence and control of these disembodied beings. This may be done under proper conditions, but when done promiscuously is a most dangerous practice.

But underlying all beliefs is the one great principle that in order to live the ideal we must recognize the Brotherhood of Man. We must be like the sun, ever ready to serve one and all, without discrimination, for only in this way can we truly serve God. It is not for us to question the worth of a person, or to judge him, but we should let the rays of our love shine alike upon all. And thus we grow, and unfold spiritually, until we become

One With The Universal Spirit

NO ONE STATEMENT HOLDS THE TRUTH. There must be another statement,—an opposite one,—to complement and fill it out. The fool separates and disintegrates. The sage comprehends.

"HE IS THE GOD TO WHOM WE PRAY"

By FREDERICK FISHER, Bristol, England

THERE IS BUT ONE GOD. He is the Absolute, the formless Spirit, endless, all pervading, all powerful, all knowing, all understanding—the Supreme Intelligence. His substance is Love. He is without limitation, and has never confined [Himself in Time or Space. He is only comprehended in His works, which are the embodiment of Love. All Nature is His Clothing, and as He is limitless Spirit. YAHVEH is His Name. His outward expression is limitless. Therefore His material works are without end.

Who can tell where the stars begin, or where they end? who can count the numberless people of all the endless Stars? who shooting an arrow North, South, East or West, above or below, can in all the Ages expect them to find the finality of the Creation of the Eternal God, who made Worlds without end? This same God is a consuming Fire—a bright Sun, more dazzling than the brain of Man can comprehend—whose glory and brightness is so dazzling, that no man could behold and live. Of such a Being is pure Love.

His beneficent Rays have come upon the earth from His limitless self; and we have called these Rays by the name of "Christ". He poured forth these Rays of the full quality of Himself—Love—into the Man Jesus, which was, as St. Paul said to the Hebrews, "A body hast Thou prepared Me." Thus, only in the unity of the Divine and the Human could Love be manifested to man, that he might know the Nature of God; and so it was that Jesus came to do the will of Him who came down from Heaven. He could not die the death upon the Cross, until the Eternal Life, the rays of God, forsook the man Jesus. Then He cried "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken Me". And thus only was the Life given up, which returned to Him in the grave. God entering into the very bowels of His Creation, arose united with the Lord Jesus, whose Humanity was never extinguished, but has passed from death unto life, and is the Human-Divine and the Divine-Human, unto whom all Power was given in Heaven and Earth. And so, Our Father who art in Heaven is not only Divine, but Divine-Human; for Jesus Lives, Jesus Is, and in human form He is working for this Earth and the inhabitants thereof, governing, guarding, guiding all things, sending forth His Light into the hearts of men. He is the supreme of all the Eloim, for He it is of whom the writers of the Scriptures called the Yahveh Eloim, as He Himself declared:—"Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me." John 5.39. In the beginning Eloim—Gods (plural) made the Heavens and the Earth. These were the perfected Ones—made "perfect as the Heavenly Father is perfect" of which Christ of the New Testament was supreme. He is our Creator and Redeemer, the Former from the womb.

Now, He has governed all things, according to His Wisdom, for the unfoldment of the Earth and its glories, even sin and suffering, and what men call evil. All are in the palm of His hand, to regulate man's actions, and

draw him towards his heavenly home. Therefore, if man will only trust Him, acknowledge Him, it is in His power to bless him abundantly, and to free him from much misery; though, owing to his nature, man cannot escape the way of the Cross; for by the Narrow path alone can he be perfected. Though the daily Cross be taken up, yet, to such an One, he may live in joy unknown to the world; for with Christ there is ALWAYS peace within.

CHRIST-JESUS, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, deals with His children through His ministering Angels; and these Angels all have different degrees of understanding according to their perfection, forming, as it were, a ladder of Goodness, and consequently, of Understanding: for the understanding in Spiritual Truths is in accordance with the Goodness, or Love. These Angels form, as it were, the links between Christ and those on Earth; and thus an avenue is opened by which we can approach our King in prayer, and receive messages from him either consciously or through our intuition.

As Truth descends from the highest Heaven to us through this channel of Angels in their various degrees, its Power is reduced to the level of our goodness and understanding. For were we to receive the strong, pure Light of Truth in its nakedness it would scorch us; we could not abide it. Thus accordingly, as the Spirit of Man on Earth is able to rise upward, (that is, according to his right living and understanding) so will he be able to meet the brighter Angels with more understanding; and the Truths he will be able to receive will be purer and clearer; for the quality of Truth that man receives is according to the nearness he has attained to its source, even as a river is purer at its source than at its mouth.

The beings that we call Angels are the Spirit that God declared He would pour out on all Nations, and who interpret to us God's will. Few are they who know how dependent we are upon their good services in uniting us to our Father, for our cries to God are heard through them.

That which we dimly guess at, they *know* through experience, that Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Christ is in Heaven, Heaven is where the Angels are. Christ is in His Angels and His Angels are our fellow men that have trod the Narrow Way, and gone before us. We are all ONE in Christ, and Christ in US; for the Spirits of Heaven are within us. Realize this truth, and you will only look to Christ humanity which includes His Angels, in seeking to do the Will of your Father, and their Father, in Heaven.

ADVERSITY NEVER PULLS A MAN DOWN who realizes God within. The hard knocks of life steady such a man, and give him strength and quality. When you see a man who keeps up when he is down you may know he has somewhere, somehow, found God and made a place for him in his inmost heart. When you see a man all demoralized by hard luck and discouraged you may know he has not found the Infinite Source within. This fact is true of all people, whether they belong to the orthodox church, to the liberal church, or to no church. The man who has found God is always prosperous, even though he is poor and feeble of body, for he has the Fountain of Life within which bubbles up to everlasting life and perennial plenty.

TRANSITION IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

By ROBERT ELPHICK

UNTIL RECENT YEARS it was commonly agreed that all that was to be revealed to man concerning his religious relationship had already been given him in the Holy Scriptures, and that the interpretation of the same Scriptures by the church was final and conclusive. To the "faith once delivered to the saints" no one could rightly add or take away a single word. To do so would incur eternal perdition, for was not all truth divinely revealed in the inspired word? To suggest a broader, or less circumscribed view of the great problems of life to that recognized as orthodox was to incur the antagonism and ostracism of the churches. But what a transition has occurred! Individual thinking is now becoming popular. Men reserve to themselves the right which was once claimed to be the exclusive prerogative of the church of investigating and deciding on all questions affecting themselves, directly or indirectly.

How do we account for this change of attitude? Undoubtedly the recognition of the supremacy of reason over blind faith has been the chief factor in the development of the new order of things, and in this intelligent and critical age the reason is becoming more than ever a vital part of our religion.

An acquaintance with oriental beliefs also has proved to be a revelation to many of us. We once thought the occident knew it all, but now feel that in many ways the occident has much to learn from the orient.

A little study of comparative theology has also had a salutary effect upon the once parochial religious mind, and the practice of "new thought" principles has convinced many of the great fact that salvation lay within themselves rather than from some remote outside source.

To consider the old theory of what constituted true religion, viz: a blind faith that would accept and believe everything and anything be it never so monstrous, and to compare this condition of things with that obtaining among those of the broader and more liberal school of religious thought today, affords a great object lesson, and assures one that steadily but surely a better day has already come, and a still better one is not far distant.

The once much maligned "higher criticism" has been instrumental in awakening an interest in the question of the authenticity of the scriptures, and has thus been the means of breaking down many old shibboleths, and preparing the soul for the reception of truths inconceivable under the old regime of verbal inspirations and seventeenth century theology.

The truths of evolution as applied to religion has proved a boon and blessing to those who embrace this inspiring teaching. The knowledge of the fact that instead of being inherently wicked, of having fallen from grace, and of the world "waxing worse and worse" we are on the grand highway of civilization, and enlightenment, inspire men to live better and nobler lives, and makes one feel that he will endeavor to be in the van of progress, with the star of the certain realization of his ideals gleaming ahead, and a goal worthy of his best efforts to stretch out and strive for.

The more generally scientific attitude towards all questions the present age, would account in no small measure, for the abandoning of old lines of thought. A man today asks for demonstration, for facts, for something tangible and definite, and is not satisfied with anything that originates away up in the ethereal blue beyond the clouds. He needs to know that his foundation rests on "terra firma," and not on somebody's "say so," or even upon a record of the experiences of another. Today men are becoming very practical, and only practical things appeal to them with any force. The world has heard too much of metaphysical abstractions, and meaningless ravings upon mere speculations.

How to propagate these more enlightened views is a question that should appeal with great force to those who have embraced the newer and better ideas of life. But in our zeal to inaugurate a better condition of things, it would be unwise to pull down the old without building up the new, as more harm will be done than good. Show a man a better picture than the one he possesses, or a better house in which he can reside than the one he now occupies, and do not smash his picture, and demolish his dwelling without giving a better in their places. In this way we may each become "constructive iconoclasts," and serve best the cause we have at heart.

THE BRAVE GOOD-NATURED MAN

By REV. JULIAN S. CUTLER, Melrose, Mass.

You may sing the praises of the men of
might,
And the heroes brave and strong;
The men who win in the long-drawn fight
Of the Right against the Wrong;
You may laud the fellows who do great
things,
From Jewry to Japan—
But here's to the man who smiles and
sings—
The glad, good-natured man.

Yes here's to the man with a kindly face,
And a gentle, patient soul;
The man who can win or lose the race
With a perfect self-control;
He's the jolliest fellow in all the land,
And he always leads the van—
This human saint with a world of sand—
The strong, good-natured man.

He's right on deck with a word of cheer,
And a helpful lift for all;
And the touch of his hand will banish fear,
When your drooping spirits fall;
He's an inspiration, a help, a host,
And he makes you think you can,
When you're down and out—and licked—
almost—
The brave, good-natured man.

He's richer far than the millionaire;
He's mightier than the king;
His heart is happy and free from care,
And his voice has a jolly ring;
He's the strongest, noblest, best of all,
Whatever his creed or clan—
So, here's to the man no ills appal—
The grand, good-natured man.

MAN IS IN THE MIDST of an unseen world with unseen forces. This unseen world is greater far than the seen world which he calls the physical. And it is much more real and powerful. It is the source and the force which operates this outer life. These forces affect man for good and ill,—not because the forces are good or ill, but because man with his free will chooses to turn them to good or ill account.

NO MAN CAN HIDE. God Sees,—Everything Sees. A Myriad Eyes Ferret Out a Man. Every breath we exhale carries with it swirling re-productions in finer matter of airy castles or dungeons deep which the soul hath in secret made. Only the blind fail to see.

MENTAL HEALING BY THE GODS IN INDIA

(BYRAMJI HORMUSJI in *The Annals of Psychological Science*, London)

IT WAS Thursday evening at Andambar, one of the four sacred places dedicated to the Hindu deity Dat-tat-riya, or Datta. A train had arrived early in the morning, bringing numbers of devotees and sight-seers to Astoi Road station, at which one alights for the temple. To-night is the weekly "pradakshina" of the god. The *palki* will be carried round the temple, and then those who are fortunate may see strange sights. From all parts of the Deccan anxious parties have come, bringing a father or a wife, a brother or a child, who is afflicted by one of those strange maladies which medical science does not often well understand—epilepsy, hysteria, periodical madness—but which in India are universally ascribed to possession by *blouts*, or evil spirits.

Many have come of their own initiative, for the fame of the god Dat-tat-riya, as expeller of bad spirits, extends far and wide over the country. Others have come in response to a dream. One of the members of the family has been visited during the night by the boy in *sannyasis* raiments, whose appearances are so common even in these days, and the advice has been given that the ailing relative should be taken to Andambar. The cure may take weeks or months, or it may even take place tonight. This is the hope in every breast, but in any case there is but one chance, and that is to go to Andambar, and throw themselves at the mercy of the god.

A footpath winds over level fields from the station to the temple. From a distance can be seen the minarets of the smaller temple of Bhuvaneshwar, on this side of the river Krishna. As the last members of the company wend their way over the fields in evening, the setting sun is just sinking behind the hills at the back of the temple of Andambar, and its last rays, dwelling for a few moments on the riverward face of the Bhuvaneshwar temple, withdraw, leaving the temple and the river in shadow. On arriving at the river's bank the traveller has on his left the small temple of Bhuvaneshwar, and just before him on the opposite side the bathing steps which lead to the courtyard of the temple of the god Dat-tat-riya. Slightly to his right, beneath the waters of the Krishna, is the temple of the *Yoginis*, where it is said fifty *yoginis*, or female ascetics, sit in eternal *samadhi*, while the silent river rolls over their heads. The place is very still tonight, and in the darkness a man standing upon the shore might well think that there is little to break in upon their rapt thought. But suddenly a shriek from the opposite bank breaks upon the stillness, and reminds him that within the temple precincts are collected the possessed and the mentally diseased, and that within an hour the air will be filled with the sound of the sacred *bhajans* of the priests as they carry round the *palki* of the god Datta, intermingled with the wild cries of the diseased and insane. He crosses in the temple ferryboat, mounts the dark steps on the further side, and finds himself before the shrine of the god, overhung by the great tree—which itself might have many a strange tale to tell of the wondrous thing that might have been wrought in

its branches—which bows as the breeze whistles through it, to its tall sister which stands guard behind the temple buildings against the hill.

It is eight o'clock now, and suddenly the great bell of the temple begins to clang. The bell is swung on a horizontal bar, resting on two iron poles, which suggest from their grooved shape that they once performed the prosaic office of railway lines. However this may be, they offer a firm grip to the hands, as the bell begins to toll we see possessed men, and even women, rush to the poles, and, catching with both hands, twist their legs through their arms over their heads, and so hang perhaps for a quarter of an hour at a time. We glance in another direction, and there we see a woman going round the shrine, turning somersault after somersault the whole way round, a mode of penance imposed by the deity. Meanwhile shrill curses and cries mingle with the noise, and above them all one hears horns and cymbals of the priests, who have just commenced to bring round the *palki*. Preceded by *bhaldars* and *chobdars* carrying maces, by wavers of *chowries* or fans, and *sebakaris*—servants of the god—with bunches of peacock feathers and torches in their hands, the sacred palanquin begins its solemn round. At each corner of the shrine, and at one other place, a halt is made, and the voices of the *pujaris* are raised in song:—

“Victory to *Bhagbauta*! O! good guru *Dat-tat-riya*! Why should not thy mind turn toward me, as it turned of old towards the Brahmin, who was being beaten by robbers?

“When the husband of *Sati*, the chaste wife, died, and she was bowed down with grief and began to pray to thee, thy heart melted at the sight. Let it melt for me, too!”

And then the *pujaris* priests and the *palki* proceed, till once more it halts, and another *bhajan* soars upon the night:

“O cloud of mercy! O thou that did succour thy mother in distress. O joy of *Anusuya*! Save and protect my mind!”

And so the slow *pradakshina* goes on. It will be almost three hours before it has finished.

Turning to the crowd we see in one corner a man who has been possessed by an evil spirit for some two years past. His family have brought him to Andambar as a last hope. He is subject to fits of periodic madness, and whereas in the sane moments he has lost his power of speech—actually struck dumb—when the insane fit comes upon him he pours forth streams of imprecations and vile words. Tonight he had sat quiet until the bell began to toll. But at the first sound of the bell he sprang up in a mad fury and rushed towards the shrine of the god. “You wish me to come out! I shall not come out!” he cried—perhaps it was the unclean spirit that uttered these words. At the same time he made as if to attack the image of the god, and those who were standing by made no attempt to stop him for they knew that the god could take care of himself. And they remarked that when he came to within a few paces of the image he was stopped as if by invisible hands, and pressed slowly backward, until he fell upon his back with his feet doubled under him. And there he lay, holding the great toe of either foot with his hands, in the recognized attitude of penance. In that position the

devil departed from him, and he obtained *mukti*, or liberation. And now he sits among his relatives a sane man, and the members of his family will present many rupees in *dakshina* to the priests before they all leave on the morrow. And the tale of his cure will be noised abroad in the district where he lives, and his neighbors will all bring their sick and afflicted to Andambar, and the *pujaris* will be wealthier men.

In another corner sits a Mahratta, who is suffering from white leprosy in one hand. He has been at Andambar for months, and is gradually being cured. Every two or three days, by the mercy of the god, pimples form on one of the white parts, and when these pimples disappear, after a day or two, the part beneath has resumed its normal brown hue. He cannot hope to be cured in one night, but is quite content to dwell in the place and see many *pradakshinas*, since he knows that his ultimate recovery is certain. All his family and perhaps all his friends will become devotees of Datta; and thus the god goes on gathering *bhaktas* day after day, and year after year, by the spell of his healing influence.

From near the shrine comes the sound of a girl's voice, screaming out vile abuse at a Brahmin boy, who is standing near her, with a brush-broom in his hand. This is an especially sad case, as the girl is the daughter of wealthy Brahmin parents of exceptionally good family. The madness came upon her soon after she lost her husband at the early age of fifteen. It is one of the worst kind of aphrodisiac possession, and her parents have been in despair about her. The presence of the Brahmin boy is interesting, because only last night the youthful *swami* came to him in a dream and told him that the girl would be coming to Andambar. He was directed to keep an eye on her while the *palki* was being carried round, and then, if she began to utter abuse, to strike her three times in the face with the broom which is used for sweeping away the water which has been poured over the image of the god. The evil spirit within the girl, too—said to be that of a Hindu girl who had died some years previously to her having begun to live with her husband—had warned her of this boy on the night before, and had told her to beware of him. This is why she is now abusing him. At this moment the boy dips the broom in the *tirta*, or pool into which the water runs, and strikes her lightly three times on the face. At once a change comes over her. She trembles and is quiet and sits before the image of the god. "Will you take *mukti*?" the boy asks, and she gasps out "Yes." "Here, or in the tree?" "In the tree," she answers, and runs swiftly towards the tree referred to above. Weak and frail though she is, she climbs up the tree as far as the upper branches, and there pauses, hesitating. Meanwhile the boy runs after her and stands under the tree. He sees that the evil demon is regaining his power over her. "Will you take *mukti*?" he asks. "No, I won't, I won't!" she cries. "Then I shall come up and beat you again with the brush." "Oh no! no! no! no!" She shrieks in terror. "I will take *mukti*! I will take *mukti*!" And then in the tree liberation comes to her, and of a sudden she regains her sense. She gazes round in frightened bewilderment and

asks, "What am I doing here?" and eventually men have to come and help her down. But she is perfectly sane now and sits talking to the boy, and tells him how she, on her part, knew he would be here, and that she had marked him, as soon as she had seen him, as her enemy. All the while her parents are weeping tears of joy at her recovery. The *pujaris* are jealous at the part which the Brahmin boy has played in the matter. He has encroached upon their prerogative, as it is usually the privilege of the priests to assist in the cures. Their jealousy will, however, be short-lived, as the father of the girl is rich and will at least give them three hundred rupees in gratitude for her recovery,

Such is the glimpse of Andambar on a Thursday night, the night of the *pradakshina* of the god. At eleven o'clock the procession is over and the lights are extinguished. Weary *pujaris* and pilgrims retire to rest, and stillness once more reigns over the scene.

Meanwhile, below the dark waters the fifty *yoginis* sits in rapt *samadhi* oblivious of the world and knowing nought of the strange things that have been done to-night.

[*Pradakshina* is the act of carrying around the temple precincts the *Palki*, or palanquin of the god; *Bhaktas* are his devotees, and *Sevakaris* are his servants. There are four resorts in Northern India dedicated to this god, and at these places the country people flock every Thursday night to attend to and witness the cures of the possessed and mentally diseased.]

POEMS

BY LURA BROWER

A branch abiding closely in the vine,
 Adding new grace and beauty day by day,
 Putting forth fruitage, which should yield rich wine,
 To be to others strengthening and stay,
 Full of the pride of life most boastful grew.
 "I can suffice unto myself," it said.
 Then from the vine, from which all life it drew,
 Severed itself, no more by it was fed.
 Awhile it lived, then slowly one by one
 Its leaves and fruit lay withering at its side.
 Where once it turned with joy to greet the sun,
 It turned away, its fading life to hide.
 "Alas! O vine," with failing voice it cried,
 Had I remained in thee, I had not died."

Down deep within us there are hidden well-springs,
 Waiting till one shall come and strike the rock,
 To free the flowing of their living waters,
 The gate, which for so long confined, unlock.
 Then with low murmuring music full of gladness
 They onward flow to join Love's mighty sea,
 And as they flow give forth their meed of blessing,
 And some sweet notes to swell life's melody.

To interpret experience is to control it. Knowledge is power.

LEARNING DOES NOT COME from reading books, or listening to another man's words. It comes from the ability to translate and generate. That ability is the result of previous experience which the ego passed through aforesaid. That experience has left him with a will trained in certain capacity. That will reacts upon human life and analyzes it. We call this analysis human life or experience. The result of this analysis,—the breaking apart,—is that the will by a law of magnetic re-formation brings these parts together again in the mental world in certain conformations or combinations. This is thinking. This thinking is the man *per se*. This thinking is the man's life and character, for it picks out of the conglomeration of life the things which it chooses and interprets them according to its nature. That nature is its capacity. This picking out and choosing and translation makes knowledge.

Man only contacts in life that which the will turns to. You have only to talk with a man and take note, to prove this fact. What you say to him has no significance unless the man wills to receive it, and the deeper and deeper meaning of the words are apparent to him only as his will dwells upon those deeper and deeper meanings. And it is not really what you say, of itself, that gives thought to the man, and knowledge, or even information of external things, unless the man has something in his mind as a result of experience which enables him to translate those words and make them the especial and personal property of the man.

The will is the man. Objective life acts upon the will. The will acts upon objective life. Objects about man produce mental images in the man's mind,—when he notices them. When he does not notice them they do not exist to him. This noticing, and rearranging, and assimilation, is learning, and the syncretized result, or mental furniture, is knowledge, useful and permanent according to the results which accrue by use. If the mental furniture is not used it becomes a thing of the past and fades into nothingness. How much of our knowledge will thus pass?

THE HUMAN PHYSICAL LIFE is the most important life. This life is the theatre of the soul's expression and progression. But it is not the only life and it is lived better by realizing the trend of life in futurity.

THE WORLD LIKES TO BE HUMBUGGED, and the world likes to humbug the world. If one set of humbugs did not play with the other set of humbugs there would be no fun in the game.

ARE YOU A PRODUCT of circumstances, or do you create circumstances? You may choose either road. It is a question of intelligence and will on the one hand, and of ignorance and apathy on the other.

AN OUNCE OF FACT is better than a pound of theory. That is what those people think who have spiritual facts to build on, verifiable to those who look, but non-existent to those who will not see. When others doubt and deny, and attempt to find reasons for facts other than causes in the spirit world, it does not alter Truth.

THE BENEFIT OF DOUBT

(EDITOR)

IN a sense doubt may be very necessary to the healthy and sequential growth of a man. It may be better that we shall not know now what we shall readily know in the future. For we have a lesson to learn now. We will learn that lesson better perhaps if we have our eyes covered to the lesson which will come on the morrow. Perhaps if we did not doubt the reality of things that are very real for all that we would neglect the work in hand. That work is, without doubt, the cultivation of character. And the cultivation of character is for an end. That end is soul content. Give it any name you will, seek for it by any means, soul content is what we are all seeking. That comes only from character. Character comes only form the play of reason upon experience. Experience is work,—it need not be labor. That work we may do better, sometimes, if our mind is shaded with doubt, so we will not be distracted by the sounds and the sights beyond our field. I sometimes think the agnostic and the infidel are very necessary. They do not see beyond the human physical field. Perhaps it is better they should not. Who knows God's mysterious plans and methods? Doubt must have a legitimate place somewhere in the divine economy. May that not be its use,—to keep people at work in their circumscribed field so they will not

THE doctrine of the latency of ideas is that all knowledge comes from within and experience brings it out into activity. All life, (or all consciousness, for only consciousness is life, and there is no life without consciousness) all life, I say, is but the exercise and the bringing out to the surface of that which all the while reposed in the great within. The difference in the people we meet is not a fundamental difference for all are fundamentally alike, but is because some have called forth certain kind of reminiscence and others have called forth certain other kind. We can call forth any sort we wish, but we cannot here call forth reminiscence except through connection with the phenomena of life amidst which we are placed, and by a consecutive recurrence by means of time and space. For here

dissipate their energy by spreading over too great an area. Therefore they are not given the vision of that larger area and they deny its existence because it is not palpable to them. Can we blame them? I think not. Can we say they may not be fulfilling their lives as beautiful as those who believe in the reality of that other field of usefulness,—“the beyond”? I believe the agnostic is doubtless living out his life as grandly as the spiritualist. In the Grand View there is no high or low. Everything is Good. And that Good is God, or rather his manifestation. I continue to predicate something beyond God's expression as God himself. That Good is manifestation, expression, matter, effect, result. I have called this Something which we predicate as being ultimately beyond experience, Absolute or Ultimate Spirit. Some of us may do our work better if we do not go as far as this. It would be a slovenly and unsuccessful gardener who would range over a large field and raise no crop, because he had scattered his forces instead of confining himself to the little plot of land which he could make fruitful. And the Master of the Vineyard might find it better to blind the man through doubt to the larger field. We are all of us blinded. Matter is blindness. We are all material beings,—at least we function in matter.

man is fastened to the chariot wheels of time and space. There are rare souls, however, who can cut themselves off from temporal and spacial conditions and reach out into the great within and bring forth any phase of reminiscence of the past, present of future. Man as we see him here is but the focalized point of human consciousness transfigured on the screen of Eternal Being. As long he holds that focal point in his consciousness he is limited by it, and his ideas must come through that channel or impression. To bring reminiscence into his human life he must bring these innate ideas into the foreground of mind. In the free life of the spirit this is done as quick as thought. In the limited life of the human it takes time and conditions of space, for man is here in time and space.

FIVE QUALITIES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(EDITOR)

ONE of our subscribers has asked the following question: "Is wisdom a derivative? If so what may be its antecedents? In other words is it the offspring of a pre-existing some other thing? If so, what may that some other thing be? It cannot be infinite if it be the offspring of any other thing, in either God or man."

Definitions vary. It is safe to say that no two persons define even the most common word precisely the same, even when it is a word in common use, such, for instance as "water" and "air". While we all agree very nearly on these common words, yet if we look deeply we will see that there is a little different conception of these things and therefore different definitions of the words by all. If this is true of words denoting common concrete things it is more true of words denoting abstract things.

To define a thing we must say what it is not as well as what it is. We must separate and differentiate it from its likes and unlikes. Before we consider what wisdom is derived from, and if it is infinite we must define a little. Let us say that wisdom is between reason and illumination, and partially covers both, but not in such an especial quality as either reason or illumination would be when exercised separately. For instance, if the soul was functioning in the consciousness of illumination it would be above the necessity of reasoning about abstract things, or about things it could not see. There would be no abstract things. That is the plane of the abstract, and there everything is concrete. It is abstract to us now because we are below it. There we would be "face to face" with it and it would be real and definite. There we would not need to reason about things,—we would know them, for we would realize them.

We do not need to reason to ourselves or to anyone else who can see, that the sun shines, or that it is raining, for we are awake to these facts and such awakeness does not call for any substantiation in reason, or argument, or logic. Through illumination we see. That enough. Those who could not see, either

fully or partially, would need to exercise their reason in order to gain an idea of the fact by comparison with things they could see. If they could see absolutely nothing there would be no means by which they could obtain an idea of the unseen. The sun shining, or the rain, are concrete facts to the normal man, and do not require reason in order to realize. To the man whose senses did not respond to these facts they would be abstract. By means of reason we try and reach the less palpable things related to the concrete things we see. Reason seeks causes and unseen relationships. But reason, as we limit the word, in our philosophical work, goes no farther than the immediate relationships of things. Using the word abstract accurately it does not go into the abstract. The abstract may be said to be the domain of wisdom, while intelligence covers what we have described as the field of reason and enters into the field of wisdom. One quality impinges and overlaps the other. What we generally call the mental world is the domain of reason and intelligence, the former exercising in its lower and the latter in its higher reaches. Wisdom enters what we sometimes call the ideal world. Many oriental philosophers use the word intelligence in about the sense we westerners use the word wisdom, and this fact should be born in mind in studying some eastern philosophy. I believe, however, that the classification which I follow is the most useful. Remember always that words are only the means to an end. Do not get tangled up on words. Reach to their meanings.

The above includes the below, but the below does not include the above. Spiritual entities inhabit mineral, vegetable, and animal physical bodies. These entities do not exercise reason until they inhabit bodies of the higher animals. While limited by the bodies and fields of the mineral, vegetable, and the lower animal, they exercise only feeling, that being the lowest degree of consciousness, as it is also the highest degree. Extremes meet. We start with feeling. We pass into reasoning

ability, then into intelligence, then into wisdom, and then into what I have called illumination, but which is but a higher feeling. I mean by the word feeling about the same as we mean by the word sensing,—perhaps the same, although Swedenborg uses the word perception, and my great respect for his colossal intellect makes me hesitate to be positive about the word "sensing" as being the proper word to use for that first and last state. Do not mistake. The higher and lower feeling (or sensing, or perception) are not the same. They differ, however, I would say now, only in the range of their inclusiveness. Otherwise they are the same. For instance, that higher perception which I have called illumination, includes wisdom, and intelligence, and reason, and that lower perception only covers the range of blind feeling. But this higher degree of perception would not exercise in these different mental qualities. It would not need to, for it would have reality in its basic quality of actual realization. Its mental processes, then, would be different from wisdom, intelligence, and reason, and would be the same as feeling, although of course in a broader and more complete degree.

Wisdom ranges down and is anchored in the physical (or human). It reaches up into the Celestial or extra-human. Above wisdom is what I called illumination, but which we had better call Eternal Consciousness for fear the former word might be too general, for there is illumination, I think, on every plane of consciousness, dim though it may be, and hardly deserving the name, in the case of those blind beings who inhabit the less organized bodies of the lower animals, the vegetables, and the minerals. Let us use the words "Eternal Consciousness" or Being for this extra state above wisdom, which includes it, but is not limited by it, in like manner that wisdom includes reason and intelligence but is not limited by them, and as reason includes blind feeling but is not limited by it. The man must feel before he can reason. If man could not feel something (sensation) he would have nothing to reason about. Perception is below reason, or if it is included it

is a subordinate part of reason. But I consider that memory, in some form of development, belongs to all consciousness. This memory comes out in the lower forms of life as blind typical or family instinct of self preservation, and in the higher developed ego as universal consciousness, but running through all forms of life is memory in some degree of development. Memory, then, is a part of feeling, of reason, of intelligence, of wisdom, and of Eternal Consciousness. But memory is less in these lower creatures than what man's memory is, and there is a memory far above the quality of human memory. And yet these different qualities of memory are not fundamentally different, the difference being one of capacity. The memory of the ego is strung along on one unbroken chain, the links of which are the various bodily manifestations.

Let us, then, take blind feeling as the lower round of the ladder; reason as the next; intelligence as the next; wisdom as the next; and Eternal Consciousness as the last. The one on the lower round cannot reach above. The man on the round of reason reaches below and includes feeling and dimly touches intelligence. Intelligence includes reason and feeling and dimly touches wisdom. The man on the round of wisdom includes intelligence, reason and feeling and the man on the upper round includes all.

I have taken the question from what I might call the under view, i. e., starting from the lower or less evolved and passing to the higher and more evolved,—from feeling up to reason, intelligence, wisdom and then to Eternity. But it is proper to view the question from the other end, i. e., from the source or "derivatives," so to speak. You can take it from either end and find no end,—or beginning. For in the *Grand Show* there is no beginning or ending,—no up nor down,—no external or internal as such. We bring it all or each into the focus of our consciousness as we want it. Therefore we might say that wisdom is derived from Eternal Consciousness; intelligence is derived from wisdom; reason is derived from intelligence; and feeling is derived from

reason. But it is just as correct to commence at the other end and say that reason is derived from feeling; intelligence from reason; wisdom from intelligence; and Eternal Consciousness from reason. This is the method of the physical evolutionist, for he starts from below. The Spiritual Evolutionist invariably starts from the spiritual end,—from eternal substance and reality. There is physical and material substance and reality for us to consider, which is just as important as the spiritual. Some of my charming friends do not believe this, but I think they go to extremes in their laudable desire to emphasize the spiritual side of all things, in contradistinction to the effort of the physical scientist to emphasize the physical and material side of all things. I say we want both, and that it is fun to hop about from one side to the other,—the spiritual and the material,—and find reality and substance on both sides.

Regarding the word "infinite." I am inclined to think that everything is infinite. Of course on the other hand we know that everything is changing. We see forms come and go. We see that nothing is permanent. Some poor blind souls even believe man vanishes into nothingness at death. But this is because we can see only partially from the physical view point. We see below the line of vision. To us there is birth and death, conceptions of the finite and infinite, views of temporary and more permanent, but when we get above the line of vision we will find that when things vanished from our sight while we were below they continued to live on other planes of consciousness. Nothing perishes, but everything functions on successive planes with the different measures of life on those planes. It is like a number of little islands which stud the open bay. The tide is down and we count them and note their various shapes and characteristics. The tide comes up and they vanish. But they exist. Thus with all things here,—they leave our vision, but they still exist. And as the life of the rocks is often richer in the water than in the sun, so may all those lives be the richer for the alternations within and without.

I have used certain words in this article. They appeared to be the best words I could use at the time. But we are not really discussing words, but the meaning of words. I might convey my idea as well with other words. Some would use the word "intelligence" where I have used the word "reason", but I have attributed a special meaning to the word "intelligence" different from reason. I have done this merely for convenience to enable me to dig out some wonderful truths. The words are for temporary use. I will have better ones bye and bye. Let us not argue on words. I thought at one time that I could standardize some words so that all might work with them for the purposes of philosophical research, but I soon learned that the different uses of words by real thinkers was because each man either thought along a different line or with a different capacity. We would need to make a dictionary for each man to fit his mental capacity and field. In fact every thinker today is a dictionary,—leather bound.

Love is light. Selfish love brings the light of the lower world, which is darkness to the higher, while in a sense it is self-preservation to the lower, until a spiritual cyclone comes and sweeps it all away. Unselfish love is divine light. Intelligence, reason, and blind feeling, as such, do not exercise this divine love and therefore do not partake of this divine spirit. Wisdom is grounded in the light of divine love. It seeks the universal. It grasps the composite. It reaches into, but does not encompass, finality. Intelligence, reason, and feeling pertain to the planes of particulars, limitations, dissatisfaction. They are in the lower light. And yet this lower light has its uses, and must not be ignored or condemned. It must be rightly valued. The materialist is liable to value it too highly. The ultra spiritualist is liable to value it too lightly.

Wisdom may be said to partake of half of this lower and half of the higher light,—i. e., it is intelligence controlled by love; it is the understanding and the will suffused by the rays of the sun of divine self-forgetfulness.

The nature and tendency of these

lower qualities of knowing,—feeling, reason, intelligence,—is to turn toward the human selfhood and ignore the God above that selfhood. There is no salvation in these lower mentalities,—not of themselves,—but they lead up to it through their fulfilment, which is the path of pain. Wisdom leads upward through the path of peace.

In Divine Consciousness all the man has become transformed, and every atom of his nature vibrates with the divine love of entire self renunciation and self forgetfulness. The under man who lives in the domain of feeling, reason and intelligence thinks this higher life is a loss, and fears to undertake it. The upper man knows that it is the greatest gain and fulfilment. It is above blind feeling, the lower and mechanical reasoning, or ratiocination; intelligence of itself cannot touch it; wisdom enters into it; and afterwhiles, a higher state than wisdom is reached. It is the state of Absolute Knowledge and Absolute Love. Man cannot really *reason* on abstract matters. He must use his intelligence for these. Reason covers the field of physical objects and their immediate relationships. Man can reason about the stars and about the causes of the drouth. He can use his reason to invent machinery and to construct houses. But when he considers virtue, and philosophy, he must use his intelligence. When he considers love as a divine attribute he exercises wisdom. And yet in all of these processes he is using his reason and, experiencing feeling. And when a man reasons about the best way to build a bridge his reason is being fructified by the higher qualities of his mind, as far

as his mind is capable. Bridge building, however, of itself, would be a work calling only for reason.

Intuition, as I use the word, is an inner quality of the mind which links-in with intelligence. Instinct links-in with feeling, and comes up into reason. Of itself, however, it can only link-in with feeling. Inspiration links-in with intelligence. Intuition and inspiration are operations of the understanding and the will, respectively. Conceptions are birth operations of the intelligence, as perceptions are of the reason, and sensation of feeling. I intend to take up these words later, and show their inter-relationships.

Remember, dear friends, we are *reasoning together* on these subjects. I am not telling you what I know so you will gulp it down forthwith. I am "thinking out loud" so you may think also. I don't expect you will come to the same conclusions that I do. I do not know that it would be desirable. But we grow by looking at the mental processes of another. I am opening my brain-box and letting you peek in. Every man does this when he tells his story. You may not understand what you see. But thus you will grow, and I will grow, and not by copying, or imitating, or stowing away facts.

Facts are necessary, however, and are raw material which reason works up in the mind. Facts must be utilized, however, or they are worthless. And to utilize them we must do real thinking with them. Accumulated facts are like money stowed away in a strong-box, very good to draw from, but doing no good while in the strong-box. Let us not be mental strong-boxes.

NEW THOUGHT

Mrs. Grace E. King, Willimantic, Conn.

Hark! to the silvery echo
Of the thought that is old, not new,
List! to the sweet notes chiming,
Ringing for me and for you.

Telling the oft' told story,
Of He who has come to save;
Banishing all our anguish;
And freeing us from the grave.

Repeating with glowing accents,
All the love that for us He bore;
Teaching of health forgotten;
Healing, the same as of yore.

Helping us on our pathway,
Leading to heaven above;
Bidding us not be weary,
But scatter each trial, by love.

Oh! tell me why we'd forgotten,
The wonderful gift that He gave,
Commanding us cast out evil,
And man from disease to save.

Rejoice! that the Truth, ever living,
Is revived in the thought called new;
Giving to *all* Divine Power,
And not to the chosen *few*!

PIVOTAL MEN AND THE NEW AGE OF MAN

Adapted from THOS. LAKE HARRIS, *Arcana of Christianity*

ALL true rule begins in self. When the man has conquered himself for the sake of divine ends he begins to be in a condition to bear rule over others. The best, the worthiest and the wisest are the divine nobility, and they exercise dominion by right of perfect love to God and man. The loftiest heroism is to conquer self-love. The tiara of true queenhood rests for the first time on a woman's brow when she belongs entirely to the Lord, and acts with a supreme reference to the law of divine right in all the duties of her state. To live for others is the true life, but we can only live for others in reality as the Lord lives in us. The sword with which we have successfully combated the magic of the hells becomes the plowshare which opens the virgin soil of a New Paradise. The spear with which we have transfixed and slain the falsehoods of Pandemonium becomes the pruning hook which lops off the unfruitful branches of the tree of the understanding.

The pivotal men of the New Age are divided into six great types, classified as follows: the Industrial, the Artistic, the Scientific, the Philosophical, the Political, and the Ecclesiastical. The Priesthood and the Kingship of each of these degrees will be represented by its pivotal men. The industrial interests of the world will gradually be consolidated, not by an innovation on the existing social order, but by the substitution of pivotal men as the ruling spirits in commerce, agriculture, manufactures and every branch of industry.

There are few men, at the present time, able to plan wisely for themselves, therefore the relations of the employer and the employed spring from a benignant Providence, gloriously to be made manifest. The priesthood and kingship of industry will commence on earth in the most germinal conditions, but only those who have passed through the fiery ordeal of an interior regeneration can be entrusted with the keys that unlock the treasure chambers of the world. Over them will be set mighty Angels from the ultimate department of the heavens. They will walk under

a continued influx from the Lord, and seeming to do things of themselves, will, in reality be the doers of His will. In this manner, and in no other, it is possible to initiate industrial order; for, until a man is fit for the kingdom of God, he is not fit to dispense rule among his brethren. The Lord Jesus Christ will in reality be the chief of this new industrial temple. He will plan. His servants will receive the decisions of His Spirit, and proceed to ultimate them through external agencies.

With the inauguration of the kingship and priesthood of art the aurora of a new creation will make glad mankind. Music, poetry, painting, sculpture and the drama will die, as to their inversions, and live forever in their celestial archetypes. Restored to their primal uses the fine arts will be the handmaids of religion. The pivotal men of the poetic world will be the poets of humanity. Through them shall return to earth the secrets of lyrical inspiration. Opened by means of their internal respiratories the poems of the angels shall drop like floral crowns upon their brows. They shall sit in the lyrical conclaves of many worlds. Their poems shall be born from within from the divine marriage of the Lord with the chaste affections of the regenerate soul. Their songs shall precipitate themselves from the high places of the mind like the billows over the precipice of Niagara. They shall dare to sing what no man in the world dare speak. They shall be the pioneers of a mighty host whom no man can number, till language itself shall flame in the radiancy of the Celestial Heavens.

Their brethren, the pivotal musicians, shall be led, as to their inmost, into that great ear of the heavens where universes of angels gather to listen to the choral thunders of the voice of Deity.

Mastering the earthly technicalities of style and expression, God's truth and love shall flow through them in the rich harmony of numbers. They shall march to their triumphal achievements to the measured swell of the orchestral heavens.

The pivotal sculptors shall mould their clay and work their marble from an archetypal mastery and loveliness, descending from the Lord's mind to stand before them. Their statues, vivified by the divine idea, shall serve as organs for the decent and diffusion of a power mightier than ever flows, at the present day, through the touch of the human finger, or the beamings of the human eye.

The pivotal painters shall stand in the eye-ball of the heavens, where the loveliness of the divine mind converges in breathing and speaking images. They shall paint as they see. They shall portray the inner arcana of the Word in symbolical representations; and heaven and hell in their opposites of form shall preach from the vivid canvass, loudly, as if an angel were calling from the skies. The angels shall live on earth in the pictured loveliness of color and form.

The theatre will undergo purification. A new class of dramatic artists will arise and in the midst of them a pivotal, dramatic king to take his place. They will act as illumined men and women, and will open their souls to God, who sits enthroned in the midst of the dramatic visions of the heavens. They will dramatize eternity, and the theatre shall be the Secular Church. The drop-curtain will arise, as the external sense of the letter of the Word rolls up and spiritual arcana stand revealed. These things, which now no clergyman dare preach for fear of offending his polite congregation, wrought into sublimest tragedy, and bodied forth by means of good men and women, consecrated to this use, will leap, like electricity, in the veins of human nature.

The pivotal dramatic writer will be a man led into the Lord's kingdom through terrific combats and direful infestations. He will have stalked like a specter, as to his interiors, into the demon-theatres of hell, and beheld the inversion of tragedy in which the Genii personate the crimes that have no name. He will have wandered among the lost, in their desolate congregations, until he sees how Hate arms itself with its own rage, as with a poisoned knife, and

Lust becomes the effigy of its own abominations. He will have sat with radiant angels in their sublime festivities and witnessed the pageants of the skies. The aesthetic or artistic writer will come forth, in due time, as a pivotal man in the ranks of the New Literature. Religion shall clothe herself, through all these methods, with a form as varied as the world.

Through pivotal men divine order shall descend into all the sciences. The rulers of contemporaneous science, who, at the present time are engaged in confirming themselves against the Lord, shall find themselves overwhelmed by a new class of noble and patient spirits, animated by the desire to carry each science to its perfection for the uses which it is destined to subserve. It will be discovered at that time that Nature is a vast system of correspondences, whose orderly forms are from the Lord through the heavens, but whose inversions are from the hells. It will be ascertained that all sciences are contained within the interior natural degree of the word.

Nature will be unrolled like some new discovered manuscript, bearing witness of Him who has epitomised, in its external wonders, the deeper and the higher mysteries pertaining to Himself. The sciences will all bear fruit of use to man. The healing art will undergo a thorough renovation. Pivotal physicians, called by the Lord to preside over the mighty process by which he is restoring physical sanity to men, will practice continually with a direct reference to the will of the Lord. They will find their internal perceptions opened by the Lord in the most wonderful manner, and will war against the infernals who infest the sick room, and who flow in through the avenues of disease. As the old maladies are modified and succeeded by new they will meet the disease-spirits which infect the race, at every one of their insidious turnings. Their remedies will be potentialized by the Divine Lord, and will operate by means of dynamic power. As they have conquered their own infesting demons and reduced them to entire subjection this will more and

more result. Miraculous energies flowing in divine order through them, will assist their patients in combats against disease-producing spirits. Professional rivalry will cease. [I believe the time is soon coming when the mental doctors and the medicine doctors will form one harmonious body, each devoting their attention to especial diseases, and not opposing each other in administering either mental or material medicine. The Emmanuel Movement is a step, and a great step, in that direction. New Thought, Christian Science, and other purely mental, or spiritual, methods of healing, I have considered have gone too far in excluding what is known as *materia medica*. In order to accentuate a truth we must go to extremes with it and distort it. This appears to be the law. Perhaps the truth lies nearer the conception that the potentiality and efficacy of all physical things lies in their spiritual qualities, and all cure, as well as all disease, is spiritual, but the spiritual and material, in their operation, are a one.—EDITOR.]

Pivotal men among inventors, each in his own position, will apply the results of the profound scientific and mathematical knowledge, possessed by the angles, to the construction of implements of every description, for the purposes of facilitating the triumphs of peaceful industry. The combination of ideas by means of which mechanism

in all its form is unfolded to practical applications, and which exist as archetypes in the world of cause, descending through them to the plane of effects, will triumph over those difficulties which now retard industrial advancements. Those who are the most meek and humble, most patient and forbearing, most self-abnegating, and most engaged in the work of reducing to order their own souls and the things beneath them, and who are of this class of mind, will feel a constant succession of divine ideas, flowing into the chambers of the understanding, and will invent from the Divine Light, giving all glory to the Lord as the author and finisher of all they are able to comprehend and to elaborate.

The subjugation of evil spirits, by which every man is infested, is that herculean task which must be accomplished before the triumphs of order can begin. The minds of demons teem with sorceries, with illusive sciences, with disorderly combinations of ideas, which they project into the minds of such as otherwise might become blessings to their race. The inventor receives ideas by means of the concipient imagination, into which, if he is in order the archetypes of inventions descend from the Lord. If he is disorderly, these forms, except in rare instances, are arrested or perverted in their descent, and fantasies erected in their place.

Sin is God's goodness put out of place by man; then it is God's badness,—or evil. Evil has no real, absolute existence. It is mere distortion of reality.

LOOK WITHIN

By MRS. A. E. ROBINSON, Robinson, Maine.

Would you seek a higher life,
Free from every form of strife?
Where within th' appointed way
Shineth Wisdom's brightest ray?
Look within.

Would ye know the living Christ?
Then with passion sacrificed,
Ye must turn from sense and sight
Where the Spirit walks in light—
Just within.

Jesus said, "My Kingdom lies
Not before the human eyes,
But withln." The soul is blest
When it finds its perfect rest—
There within.

THE JOY OF GIVING JOY

TO EVERY MAN there is an animal-self and a God-self,—the self-self and the other-self. The animal self tells him to come down and live in the mire and feed on the husks of life, and the God-self tells him to come up higher and feed on the delights of the soul and walk in cleanly places. A man should not justify himself with his animal-self; he must justify himself with the God-self. When he tries to prove himself right without regarding the rights of others, then he is feeding the hog; then he is wallowing in the mire.

The real self is other-self. The real joy is other-joy. All else is a delusion and a snare, a source of disappointment and pain. If you are not sure of this try on the garment of this supernal lifehood, and see if it is not good to give joy to those you love, and see if that joy you give them does not give you a joy more profound, more sweet, and more lasting, than all the personal hog-feed of selfish comfort you ever had.

This is God's truth, that the only real joy a man has is the joy of bestowing. It transcends all other joy. For the law of joy is the law of love. Self-love is not really love, but exclusion. Self-love seeks to hold, and thereby loses all. Self love is hate. Hate is pain. Love is always joy, increasing and ever expanding. The more love the more joy; the more joy the more love. But it must be a love which transcends the self by giving itself without stint to other self.

When love counts the cost love dies. When love forgets the consequences in bestowing itself, then love rises and reaches God on high.

GOD PITY THEM

By E. J. V. HUGINS

God, pity those who never pray—

The men who never bend the knee

The men whose souls have gone astray,

Who make of life a holiday,

And never feel the need of thee!

God, pity those who never pray—

The men whose life is all for gain,

The wantons flaunting by the way,

Who barter all for shameless pay,

And scoff at prayer to thee as vain!

God, pity those who never pray—

The weak, the tempted, those who fall;

The sick, the sad, the castaway,

Who curse life as a cynic's play—

God, let thy love uplift them all!

SUNSHINE

By STUART MACLEAN

A little gold amidst the gray—

That's Sunshine.

A little brightness on the way—

That's Sunshine.

A little glimpsing of the blue—

A little widening of the view—

A little heaven breaking through—

That's Sunshine.

A little looking for the light—

That's Sunshine.

A little patience through the night—

That's Sunshine.

A little bowing of the will—

A little resting on the hill—

A little standing very still—

That's Sunshine.

A little smiling through the tears—

That's Sunshine.

A little folding of the hand—

A little yielding of demand—

A little grace to understand—

That's Sunshine.

PRE-NATAL INFLUENCES

By J. B. CALDWELL, President of the National Purity Association

GENIUS is such a rarity that ordinary mortals have come to think it is a direct gift from God, bestowed on some favored child, without merit or regard for any law.

These erroneous views are current, and pass almost without dispute. One child in a family is mild, sweet tempered and lovable; the other children, disagreeable, hateful and quarrelsome. Instead of seeking for the cause of these differences, people put the matter over among the numerous "unknowables," and go on, seemingly without thinking that it is just as easy to raise Garfields as Guiteaus, when the laws of pre-natal influence are understood and observed.

Are both or either of the parents in bondage to a habit they do not wish transmitted to the child, such habits must be given up, and especially the love for them.

Do they wish a child that will love God and live a pure life, then with every energy of the soul, mind and body they must love God, and by his grace live strictly continent lives, in thought as well as in deed.

"During the full period of gestative influence," says Dr. Cowan, "there should be no sexual congress between husband and wife. This is the law of nature, the law of God, and out side of Christendom is never violated. Animals will not permit it, savages do not practice it, and in over three-quarters of the world it is looked upon as infamous by our own species."

If good people wish to know why their children are disobedient and impure—the answer is, they disobeyed God's laws during the period of transmitted influence; it need not have been in deeds of impurity—impure thoughts and desires are sufficient.

Those who desire obedient children, whether they profess Christianity or not, should obey God's natural and spiritual laws, being themselves obedient children of the Most High. If they live in such obedience they will be worthy to command their children, and will secure their love and respect.

No matter what state of grace the parents have attained, if they give way to improper feelings, or cherish base desires, or in any other way permit the animal rather than the higher nature to govern during the period under consideration, such transgressions will as surely mar the child's character as the hand of the potter molds the plastic clay.

The tobacco appetite is often transmitted by tobacco-using parents, and the children will take to its use naturally. It is the same with the appetite for whisky. Mothers must be careful during this important period, for a simple craving for stimulants may cause the development of an insatiable appetite in the innocent child. A craving for certain articles of food or drink is common to the prospective mother, and when such things are not justly considered evil, they should be gratified. But when impracticable, impossible, or evil, greater good, both to mother and child, will result in overcoming them. This can be done by resolutely placing the mind upon other ideas.

Are the parents given to prevarication and exaggeration, they must stop, and cultivate habits of sincerity and truthfulness; otherwise the child may be born a liar. So of uncharitableness, envy, worry, fretfulness, unthankfulness, etc. To avoid each and all of these being confirmed in the child, cultivate assiduously their opposites.

The narrower and less important part of pre-natal influence, which may be properly called the law of genius, is that by which an adaptedness for a certain profession or trade is transmitted to the child. The laws governing the development of natural faculties are as easily known and observed as those governing the moral faculties.

The mother of Napoleon, for some months previous to his birth, shared with her husband the hardships, excitements, privations and victories of war, much of the time riding on horseback. She enjoyed and gloried in it. Besides bequeathing to her son an iron constitution and healthy body, she transmitted

to him the genius of a warrior—fearless, aggressive, persevering—that made him celebrated as one of the greatest generals and warriors of history.

As another instance, take the noted and eloquent infidel of the present age. His father was a professed Christian and a minister of the gospel, but, according to the story of his son, was far from being an exemplary Christian in his family. With such a husband, what wonder if the mother should be skeptical, and that she should bequeath her disbelief to her son. May it not be the case that he with the genial face, the great heart of love for humanity, and the eloquent tongue, that with its ceaseless flow of satire, wit and pathos, has

thrilled, charmed, amused, and probably misled listening thousands, was a born skeptic? It is a sad fact, not at all creditable to Christians, that his subsequent contact with professors furnished more to confirm that skepticism than to dispel it. Here was the strong, manly body, the gifted mind, the fluent tongue and the large, loving heart arrayed against the religion of him whose spirit alone can elevate and ennoble these qualities, and that because early influences gave a wrong tendency to his career.

[The above is condensed from an article in The Purity Journal, 81 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Copies for distribution are supplied at two cents each.]

THE MEANING OF THE CROSS

(Teachings of the Order of the 15)

It is a great mistake to think that the cross was first brought into notice in history during the Christian era. It was already an ancient and sacred symbol long before any of the races now on the earth began. In fact, it is almost impossible to go far enough back in the earth's history to find a period when this symbol was not known. It is found carved upon the ruins of the Aztecs, on Egyptian and Babylonian tombs, and is dug from the ruins of buried cities the very names of which are unknown to history. Yet even in those ancient civilizations this symbol was held most sacred because it was known to be the symbol of the greatest truth, in fact the only truth, necessary for man to know. It symbolizes the Great Initiation of life, and contains within it the whole history of mankind.

The church of Rome has taken this symbol and placed it at the very pinnacle of its teaching.

The "Stations of the cross" contains a deep, inner, alchemical meaning. The path trodden is the rocky path to Calvary up which every neophyte must bear his cross; the cross that confronts him from the earliest period of his budding manhood. He may trifle with it, walk over it and besmirch it with mire, but

he cannot even make the attempt to turn his face godward until he stoops and lifts his cross and manfully determines to bear it to the top of the mountain and there be crucified upon it. It is the cross of desire upon which he must willingly crucify the lower personality. Until this step is taken the Christ is nailed to the cross for the sin of the world. How true it is that He suffers for our transgressions and by His stripes are we healed! Until we realize that through the abuse of our lower appetites we ourselves are condemning the Christ to a daily death, we can never take up our cross and follow Him.

This cross is sexual desire crossing Divine or Spiritual Will, and the crucifixion is none other than the process of perfectly balancing, controlling and mastering the sexual forces. Mastering is not killing out but controlling. Do not be discouraged in your efforts, for again and again Jesus, the man, fell under the burden of the cross through momentary weakness. Just so every neophyte will many times be overcome by desire and fall, especially when he has reached the foot of the Mount of the Gods and has started to climb its rugged heights. He will never find the Christ until he has gained the strength

to climb this Mount and carry his cross with him and be crucified upon it. The man who has mastered desire has fulfilled the great injunction, "Man, know Thyself;" he has eaten of the Tree of Life and become as one of the gods.

The experience of the cross is the experience for which your body was created. Without it you are but an imperfect creature. You can never obtain mastery without passing through the crucifixion, the agony and the glorious resurrection of the cross; for the mastery of sex desire stands at the Threshold, and you can not master it unless you have experienced it. We must meet our foe before we can disarm him.

The Man upon the cross spake seven sentences symbolizing the seven steps of initiation. While the disciple himself must decide to take up his cross and follow the Christ yet it is the world's mockery and derision that drives the nails. At this point if he be a sincere follower of the Christ, a great feeling of compassion and forgiveness and a desire to help those who drive the nails, wells up in his heart; a great desire to benefit humanity even though it crucify him. This step is symbolized by the first utterance, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

As the disciple advances his next step is the work of lifting up the fallen, sustaining, comforting and teaching; forgetting his own sorrows in deeds of mercy. This is symbolized by the second utterance when Jesus comforted the dying thief by saying, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

The third utterance, "Woman behold thy son," is a recognition of the feminine principle, or the mother side of God, and the purity and sacredness of sex. It does not mean "Behold, thy son" in the sense of earthly parentage, but Behold the possibilities of the created son (man) of the Father-Mother. At this stage the neophyte has taken his sex nature in his hand and begun to rule it. Having taken these three important steps, the neophyte is separated from the world. He has deliberately taken up his cross, and there is no going back.

He has realized that the glory and beauty and happiness of the world has been crucified upon this cross, and that all the resulting sin and misery—the world's agony—must be expiated upon it. At this point he is confronted with a great loneliness, a sense of loss, a feeling that he has given up the joys of the world for he knows not what. He has given up the world's idea of sex relation, has ascended Calvary and been nailed to the cross. The agony of his isolation sweeps over him, and from the depths of his heart bursts the fourth cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He realizes that "God is love," yet in giving up his lower desires it seems that love (God) has forsaken him. This is the cry of utter dissatisfaction with life. He has lost the world and has not yet gained anything in its place. Having come thus far there comes to him a great testing. He must prove himself. At this point which corresponds to the fourth degree, he must meet his "Dweller." All his old pleasures and temptations assail him until his newly found strength gives way and in his agony he cries out, "I thirst."

At this fifth step the neophyte experiences the great thirst for his old companionships and pursuits, and perhaps is welcomed back to them. But, alas! however well intentioned, the world can offer him but vinegar and gall. By its utter inability to satisfy, he realizes that his thirst can no longer be quenched by anything the world can offer. The task is finished as far as the realization of the step to be taken is concerned. That which before was impossible is now a possibility. The world no longer attracts him; the crucifixion and separation from is accomplished, and he cries, "It is finished."

Then there comes to him an unspeakable peace and happiness; his union with his Father in Heaven. Like a little child he says, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. It is a perfect childlike trust in the Father's care and a willingness to accept whatever comes; an utter giving up of all personal aims. He no longer struggles

but accepts life as he finds it. Then do the Angels of the dual forces come and minister unto him. The masculine and feminine are joined in perfect purity; he has balanced the cross and found the real center of life, the one central point which can send the life-force through the two, and the two become one flesh. Henceforth he is no longer nailed to the cross; he is no longer the

slave of passion; he is the Master who controls and uses the life-force. He has found the secret of secrets; he has found where to look for initiation and how to triumph over it, he has found the Living Waters and has turned them into the crystal fount of happiness and perpetual youth; he has found immortality in the flesh.

A LETTER FROM HELL

(Forwarded by N——A)

I AM a lost soul. I am in hell. But it is far different from what you have been led to believe. Let me tell you about it and how I came to become lost in darkness, misery and spiritual degradation. I also may intimate how, through Christ Jesus, I was saved and put to work to earn my way out of the bondage of sin.

It is now nearly seventy years since I lived in the flesh. It is not so important what my name was, or where I lived as it is what manner of man I used to be. In brief, then, I lived to the flesh. I found my pleasure in the carnal lusts of the flesh, in eating, in drinking, in satisfying the same desires that are common to the lower animals, such as the appetites, the passions, and those diversions which pleasurably excite the nerves, but do not stir the deep currents of the soul or excite and put into activity those distinctively human qualities of kindness, forbearance, philanthropy and altruism which the Angels tell me makes man different from the beast and unites him with God, and brings him out of the sufferings of hell. Reading, meditation and all mental diversions were distasteful to me. As for what some call spiritual pleasures, even yet I know not what such really can be. But I have, since passing the gates of death, learned that one may really enjoy reading or pursuing a course of thought.

How I died doesn't matter. But imagine a conscious being who had never found any pleasure in anything except what pertained to the body being sud-

denly deprived of a body. I had known nothing but material things, and still could see nothing but material things. I was among my friends and amid familiar scenes, but I saw my own lifeless body and couldn't understand what it was that saw it. The thought frightened me. I tried to get near my friends and talk to them, but they apparently neither saw or heard me. A horrible terror seized me. I rushed madly forth and traversed the earth, I know not how, faster than I had ever thought possible, shrieking in terror, seeing and hearing, but unobserved. I was utterly alone, shut in the prison of the senses. The agony I endured was that of a man on the verge of despair and madness. This was hell.

Did you ever toss on your bed in agony, until the very pain brought exhaustion and repose? It was so with me on that occasion. The frenzy after awhile gave way to a weakness and a calm. For the first time in my life I began thinking—thinking what to do. The old habit clung to me, though, and I sought company. That company I found in a saloon, and, being exhausted, the smell of the liquor awakened a thirst and appetite most intense. A young man was there—hardly more than a boy,—and as he raised his glass to his lips, with a frenzy born of my desire I rushed forward to tear it from his hand. Of course I failed to do this, but I seemed to permeate the youth, and as he drank the liquor, I, too, tasted it with a feeling of intense satisfaction and exhilaration. I had discovered a truth

that gave me the only ray of hope I had—namely, that, though shut alone in silence, I could satisfy my appetite in others. The boy knew it not, but it was my raging appetite burning in him that induced him that night to eat to the point of gluttony and to drink until he fell in a stupor on the street.

After this came a long period of getting intoxicated through liquor another drank; of satisfying the vilest lusts through the members of another. It was all I had to do, all I could do, and I led the young man a merry chase to ruin. He thought he could not resist his appetite, not knowing it was augmented by the appetite of another who had him bound in hypnotic chains. Sometimes I wondered if some spirit did not teach me evil in the same way—some demon bind my soul when in the flesh to earthly things. The thought stirred my anger into fury and I longed to kill him. But this anger, and the consciousness that I was doing the same thing for which I hated another, made me ashamed of myself, and the shame, I have since learned, was my first step toward better things.

The youth whom I, a demon, obsessed, was so much higher than I that he enjoyed reading, and poetry and music gave him delight. He would read, often when I wanted to carouse, and this irritated me. Many a time have I siezed him with all the intensity of my passion, in order to compel him to do my will; but this struggle on and over his rather delicately poised nervous organization invariably threw him into convulsions. I have since observed that this epileptic condition was characteristic of so many demoniacs in the time of Christ. When my subject fell in a fit, of course I was defeated in my object of driving him to a gratification of passion. I was therefore compelled out of selfish interest, to try to curb the recklessness of my passion; and the necessity became greater as my subject grew weaker and his nerves were the more easily thrown out of equilibrium.

In spite of my opposition, also, my subject would read, and I first became

lenient to him, and then I began to take interest in the matter in his books. In this way, after many years, I developed an intellectual side and a capability of enjoying a few things beyond the mere senses.

And as I acquired this ability I began to see around me other than material objects. Apparations that were the faintest shadows appeared to me, and began to hear voices like the gentle tones of the winds and waters. I was no longer alone in the spiritual element or world in which I found myself.

I was heartily glad of this, because the nervous organization of my subject, being under the strain of obedience to two wills and they often in conflict, was fast giving way, and I had dreaded his approaching demise because I feared it would leave me alone again; for while the companionship was all one-sided, he was the only comrade I had. I was glad to see him enjoying the beauties of nature and the glories of literature, for I felt that I had been his undoing, and was half repentant of the act. As his worn nerves became weaker, and every little shock would throw him into convulsion, as I saw his mother and sister constantly watching him and and knew they wept and prayed in secret, it seemed to me my soul was full of tears; and as this sorrow of repentence deepened, the atmosphere about me brightened, and it seemed that I could see sunshine once again; and the "multitudinous murmuring voices" I had learned to hear were like a holy song my mother had sung.

One wintry day while my subject was sitting at home, too weak to leave his room, a maddening appetite for liquor siezed me, and I suggested to him that he take a drink. There was liquor on a sideboard near. He staggered to it, and as he quaffed it I tho't it was the most satisfying draught I ever tasted. Exhilerated beyond measure, I tried to nudge him as he tottered to his chair, and his weak nerves being thus unbalanced, he fell with a fit into the fire. The horror of that momont I can never describe, for I could neither rescue him

or summons help, and I, his murderer, was left alone to receive his soul into the spirir world.

Somehow I stood to my task, and after a long sleep he opened his eyes for the first time on me, a stranger yet for years a companion, an enemy and friend, his murderer and only help. Trembling with guilt and anxiety I nursed him to strength and help, and was full of my task that for weeks I tamed the animal of passion within. It was well for both of us; for his soul,

of lighter, purer essence than mine, being thus held from grossness, caught soon the strains of the heavenly melodies and saw the ineffable sights. He is beyond me now, but whether he knows of the ruin I wrought upon him, I know not.

As for me, my eyes are becoming somewhat opened to spiritual things. My world is becoming lighter, and I am persuaded that there is hope for even a soul in hell.

SOUL SIGHT

(Truths Promulgated by Oriental Esoteric Center)

HARMONY and a blindness to illusions of the flesh, these are the preparations we have to make, if we would see with the inner sight. There are, it is true, many who promise us clairvoyant vision by an artificial stimulation of the lower psychic faculties, but the results are uncertain and they tell us nothing of those greater mysteries of which we would learn.

If we would see in the higher realms, if we would grow in intuition, in perception and in wisdom, nothing less than a complete re-adjustment of our views of worldly things will suffice. To see spiritual truths, we must be blind to the lower aims, and if we still are ambitious, desiring above all things earthly comfort, wealth or sensation, then we are not yet prepared for the large vision.

But there comes a time when ambition palls, when desire of pleasure fades, when we feel ourselves to be one with all men and we no longer desire to surpass others, only to help them to walk in their own path in their own way.

Then the world looks brighter to us, all things are part of one grand plan in which we are permitted to help,—then all men are our brothers, low or high, good or evil, and we are the humblest of all.

Then we are happy with the happiness of peace, and the higher vision is very near; whether we ask for it consciously or not, it will soon be ours for the use and the blessing of all.

**"Blessed are the Pure in Heart,
for They Shall See God."**

A Petition

BY

HENRY VAN DYKE

These are the gifts I ask
Of Thee, Spirit serene;
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,

Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's load;
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, and sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of a common day.

THE ASTRAL OR PSYCHIC PLANE

SUPERFICIAL thinkers are very liable to condemn a statement as untrue if what they see themselves does not completely coincide. Also, if different investigators return with a different story it is then considered that some or all were incorrect. Now this position is partly right and partly wrong: truth *does* corroborate truth, and that which does not substantiate is not truth. But often we look at externals and expect likeness there instead of looking deeper into internals for substance and truth. When we leave the concrete and solid things of external sense and explore the astral and mental world and then try and tell about what we see we are liable to tell a different story. For we see things according to our light, and we therefore put a different interpretation upon what we see. The man who has power of deep penetration and assimilation can sometimes synthesize these different aspects. Other times he cannot. In either case, if he is broad-minded, he does not fully judge, but takes all views of truth tentatively. He takes all things into consideration, and passes final judgment upon nothing. The following description from the pen of Mr. H. M. Boucher varies in some respects from what others have seen, and his conclusions also vary a little. Let us have a comprehensive mind and see in diversity a justification of truth itself. The man who makes an absolute statement and sticks to it without modification is generally at some distance from the truth.—EDITOR.

Before this article can be properly understood the reader must realize the actual reality of life upon the astral, or earthly, plane of spirit existence, and clearly comprehend this most important fact, that all things there are just as perceptible, audible, and tangible as they are upon this physical plane, simply because its inhabitants are encased in bodies composed of astral matter and therefore in harmony with their surroundings.

The many thousands of clairvoyants who are endowed with spiritual sight, and also those who, like myself, function consciously upon the astral plane, are well aware of this fact, but for the

benefit of those millions of people who are still spiritually blind and deaf, I feel that a few remarks upon it, and also an emphatic endorsement of its reality, and its close proximity to this physical earth, will be of value. One definition of the words "astral worlds" is "those worlds which fill all inter-stellar space," and in a general sense it will suffice, but specifically it is incorrect, as many of those worlds, spheres or planes, as they are variously termed, are composed of material as different from astral matter as is astral from physical matter. In common with other writers I deplore the lack of a word to suitably describe the astral plane, as it has nothing whatever to do with the stars, neither is it nor are its inhabitants necessarily spiritual in the usual conception of the word. In fact, existence there is no more spiritual than it is here; it is indeed but a continuation of this life under slightly altered conditions. I would describe its location as extending from the earth's centre to the limits of its physical atmosphere which, of course, it interpenetrates. Still, to call it atmospheria, as that most unique book "Oahspe" does, is not, I think, altogether judicious, because the average mind associates something vapory and evanescent with the word "atmosphere." To have a reasonable comprehension of the astral state of existence needs a clear and open mind, and the ability to distinguish between facts and theories, and especially a nature not liable to be led away by specious and false arguments, nor hypnotized by anyone in existence, no matter how many followers they may have.

All my psychic experiences go to prove that all forms of life and all things in existence are real and actual on their various planes of manifestation just as much as upon this physical earth. All mortals dwell in three worlds at once—the mental world, which they always carry with them, and which is composed of their ideas, recollections, and aspirations—and this may be called their inner world—but they are still surrounded by the outer, or physical world; and they are also in the midst of an astral or spiritual world, although

the latter is invisible to most people.

As regards the elementals and other intelligences so hostile to human beings, and so frequently mentioned by writers upon Theosophy and Occultism, it is quite true that they do exist upon the astral plane, as I know full well from many a terrible conflict with them. But their power also has its limitations, and they can only injure mortals under certain definite fixed conditions, and apart from those conditions they are, as it were, powerless as tigers confined in an iron cage. And in reference to the phantom forms, astral shells, ghostly spooks, and thought projections, about which so many Theosophists talk, I can assure the reader that they are not the only inhabitants of the astral planes, any more than are the pictures, photographs, marble statues, and wooden dolls, the only beings on the physical plane. In fact, the astral plane is packed and filled with hundreds of millions of spirit people who are active, and intelligent beings; and so like unto us are they that to call them our next door neighbors and their world the house next door, is a most appropriate comparison, especially when you remember that during the hours of sleep a very large proportion of the human race still continue their mental activities, but upon the astral plane and among the astral people. As stated by Jamblicus, "The night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul;" and more recently by modern mediums, "The more wide awake are we to our material surroundings the more soundly sleeps the soul within." It is even so, and just as spirit forms unto mortals appear vague, filmy, and shadowy at times, so unto spirit folk do we and our surroundings appear misty, foggy, and dimly obscured, and mortal life like unto a half-remembered dream.

Remember, I am describing that of which I am well conversant, as for years I lived a spiritual existence—felt and thought, also heard and saw things spiritual and material exactly as disembodied spirits do themselves. This I was enabled to do partly from a natural peculiarity of constitution and also as the result of many years' special psychic development and training under compe-

tent spirit guides, so as to enable me to temporarily take on myself, consciously, the same mental conditions as that of my spiritual companions.

From the very dawn of history until the present age, when it became fashionable to deny the possibility of spirit communion, all the peoples of the earth were well acquainted with the fact of the astral plane and its inhabitants, though calling it by different names; and they were especially well aware of its similarity in all things to the physical state of existence. This is amply proved by the folk lore and legends of all the ancient races—from the descriptions of the hunting, fighting, and feasting of the Norsemen's Walhalha to the tales of the happy hunting grounds of the North American Indian. And so real was the spirit's life upon the astral plane to the ancient Egyptians, that they frequently made contracts with each other and agreed to pay certain debts in the spirit life after the change we call death.

Now, having tried so far as brevity permits, to demonstrate the actual reality of life upon the astral plane, I must emphasize the fact that physical reincarnation is not necessary to gain experience of earthly life, and inspiration, not incarnation, is the secret of all human genius, and also the cause of all human progress, whether intellectual development or spiritual unfoldment. I will now state plainly that to me the only true, real, and literal meaning of being "born again" is that it means an *astral* rebirth, and not a physical re-embodiment at all. Also, that human beings are born once only in a human form, and never again will anyone be physically reborn. The erroneous conception that there are many earth lives in successive human bodies arises mainly from the fact that many millions of the spirits of mortals who have been for shorter or longer periods living in a purely spiritual state of existence in the spiritual and ethereal worlds do have to return for short periods to the astral plane and re-embody themselves in forms of astral (not physical) matter, take on astral conditions, lead an astral life, and again magnetically unite

themselves with mortals—also taking on something of their mental and physical conditions, and once more interesting themselves in the affairs of mankind.

All spirit as well as mortal progress is spiral, thus many thousands of spirit people immediately after death go direct to the Summerland, or some similar heavenly region, and there remain in a purely spiritual state of happiness, almost indescribable, there learning, experiencing, and also spiritually pro-

gressing themselves. But after a time, it may be many years, or even centuries of our time, and sometimes even thousands of years, their destiny compels them to leave their heavenly homes and return to the dark, and to them, dreadful regions of the astral plane. This is the true secret of the spirits' return to earth and the real foundation for the awful dread which the Eastern Buddhist has of being born again, and also accounts for his desire to attain to the Nirvana of non-being.

BE tolerant, and read both sides. If you are a Spiritualist read some Theosophical books, even if they do seem unfair. The man who can hold in his mind only one theory will remain long in the A B C class. Most people are *afraid* to learn,—it hurts them so.

SUNSET REVERIES

By BERTHA A. WEEKS

Sunset glory flashes round me,
As I sit, in listless dream;
While the soft, and roseate splendors,
O'er the river, richly gleam.
I am weaving idle fancies,
While the sunset beauty falls,
And a trance-like silence holds me,
For a voice of sweetness, calls

From the shafts of rainbow tinting
That drop o'er me, like a veil,
And the spirit of the sunset,
Speaks, e'er golden shadings pale.
"Weave thy fancies, child of mortals,
As thou sittest in my glow;
Build thy castless, and inhabit,
I have come to let thee know,

That thyself, and other bondsmen
Left upon this earthly crust,
Can arise, and fling thy shackles,
Till they scatter, like the dust.
Thou art free! dost thou not know it?
Free! to win, and wear thine own;
Free, to gather all the richness,
That has been for mortals, sown.

Stretch thy hands, and catch the peal drops
Thought flings o'er the world like dew,
Mortals all, will yet receive them,
But, Oh earth-child, they're not new.
Long ago, when first my glory
Shone upon a sphere, yet young,
Many mortals caught these pearl-drops,—
Of their matchless power sung.

Sifting through my golden shining,
When I gleam with sultry light,
Or, when shafts to lambent splendor
Bid thee, child, a soft good-night,
There's a law, that, sure and certain,
Blended with a force, divine;
Brings to those who seek its beauty,
Power, that will ne'er decline.

Those, who catch these wondrous forces,
Must the gate of silence swing;
Learn to still the throbbing pulses,
All earth's troubles, backward fling.
It will come! this grand fruition
Of the hopes, that fill each heart;
If earth-mortals seek the power
That once found, will ne'er depart."

I wake; the trance-like stillness
Drifts from o'er me, and the sheen
Of the sunset's dying glory,
Bathes the summer's verdant green
Overhead, a soft cloud lingers,
And the river's lapping play,
Breaks upon my ear like music,
As the setting God of day

Wraps me round with golden meshes,
Kissing soft, my cheek, and brow,
And I wonder if the spirit
Hovers near the sunset, now.
Then, the fleecy cloud drops lower;
Tinged with sunset's brilliant light,
And a voice of liquid sweetness,
Murmurs: "Child, a kind good-night."

Then I rose, and wandered slowly
By the river, as it lay
Bathed in crimson, and in amber
From the fading sunset's ray.
My still soul was steeped in gladness;
My full heart with rapture sang,
And I smiled; for clearly, sweetly,
Silver joy-bells softly rang.

I was free! I knew, and felt it.
And I raised my arms, to see
If a thought-pearl, floating downward,
Might fall gently, close to me.
And I said: "O sunset spirit,
Thou hast given me release;
Thou hast brought to me, my kingdom,
Thou hast taught the way, to peace."

CAN we say the mind ever "moves" without some object touches it? In other words can there be any emotion without an objective cause? Or to put the question another way, can the mind ever operate without it is put into operation by some thing that happens to excite it? Does volition have its genesis within or without? The mental processes: reason, thought, choice, operate as the man wills from within. But what starts this mentality into operation? Would it continue to operate, and operate along the line of differentiation, if it received no stimulus from without? I have answered this question, tentatively, by saying that the man could not continue indefinitely to think unless he had some external experience which gave him "food for thought" as we say. How long a man could continue to think and will without some object to contact and receive

impressions from, I cannot say. Perhaps until the material with which the memory is stored had been worked up through the utilization of all the combinations possible of the things in the subjective mind. All this time that he was exercising his will on the objects which he had created in his mind, he would not need to contact external things. Nine tenths at least of our human lives, and perhaps more, is subjective and without basis or contact with outside objects, but I predicate that we must come in contact with outside objects, or what I call phenomena, in order to fructify the mind by experience which makes for final growth. Remember that I consider that all physical objects we touch have a basis in reality outside of our mind, but that what we receive of those objects is our imagined object. Some people wrongly say nothing exists outside of the mind.

THE love of power is the root of all evil, not the love of money. The love of money is but one of the phases of the love of power. Men love money because it gives them power. Seekers for power are seekers for self-destruction. Sensual gratification is self-destruction. Desire to wield power is the grossest form of sensual gratification. The desire to become strong, and virile, and noble, is a worthy desire, if that desire has as an ultimate object the forgetting of self in the giving out of the self to others. If it seeks self-gratification it reaches self-destruction. Many people who talk about seeking

power,—“poise and power”—mean all right. They probably mean what I do by strength, nobility, true greatness. Others there are who seek to gain power in order to become great gods among lesser gods, to control and direct them. This kind of power is evil,—very evil. Such power is evil because it brings evil to the man who seeks it. Self-gratification under whatever name is self-delusion, and self limitation. Seek strength. Seek nobility. Seek peace in Christ. But avoid power. Power chains the man in the treadmill of fate. Like Samson, it binds him in the service of Delilah and forces him into Karma.

EACH MAN MODIFIES TRUTH to suit himself. He must do this. Otherwise he would die. For we live by Truth. If we could take all Truth out of a man he would die from lack of spiritual sustenance. We live on Truth. We hunger for Truth. Even the Atheist joins in the common human hunt for Truth. For Truth is an expression of Good. All men seek good,—the foolish man as well as the wise man. *All men are born hungry, and die unsatisfied.* They feel inherently that there is a Good. That is why they constantly seek it, high and low, here and there. That Good is God. Every man's good

is some part of God, but there *is* a Whole, and man shall arrive at it some Day of Days. Then be not discouraged. Continue in the Quest for the Holy Grail. He that overcomes shall conquer, and his Good will come to him at once in measure as he makes way for it through overcoming.

And this Truth is not in *things* but in *quality*. It is not in actions but in rectitude. It is in the *substance* of things—in their trueness to God. That is why truth brings goodness, and brings what true goodness is—real abiding peace and fulness in Christ,—the epitome of Truth and Goodness.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED,—("If a man die, shall he live again?")

By ANNIE E. BASSETT

A storm on the ocean,
A stone on the track,
An awful explosion,
A step on a tack,
A slide on the mountain,
A cyclone surprise,
A taint in the fountain,
A bolt from the skies,
A blow in the shadow,
A shot in the dark,
A fang in the meadow,
A lunge of the barque,
A fever's slow wasting,
A rheum in the blood,
An error in tasting,
A fire or a flood,
The lack of a penny,
A stroke of the sun,—
The ways,—they are many;
The end,—it is one.
The prospect is certain,
On land or on wave,
Death uplifts a curtain
And opens a grave.
The sod closes over
The face of our friend,—
But where is the lover?
And is this the end?

Here all that was mortal
In features and form,—
Each bone, nerve and muscle
Is perfect and norm,
The marvelous structures
Of eye and of brain,—
All things of the body
Intact still remain;
But the eye's loving glances,
The voice and the touch:
Where are they? where are they?
We miss them so much!

Aye, "Ashes to ashes",
And "Dust unto dust";
For nature conserveth
What she holds in trust;
Again to her keeping
The clay we return,—
Our loss and our weeping
Are not her concern.

The wonderful body
So perfectly made,
On spirit foundations
Was skillfully laid,
Each part to part fitting—
The seen and unseen—
And the spirit in flitting
Has left its machine

To sure dissolution.
These mortal remains
By the spirit were moulded,
The spirit retains
Its form and affections
In a universe where
All things are of spirit:
Earth, sky, sea and air,
The world within this world,
The life and the cause
Of all things in nature,
By unchanging laws.

A world not less real
Than love that mourns loss,
But the longed-for ideal,
The gold without dross.
Some day when God's wisdom
Shall see we are fit
To make the transition,
His love will permit
Our blessed reunion,
And, as we are known
Shall we know each other;
No longer alone;
No distance to journey,
No ages to wait,
When He sends His angel
To open the gate;
The loved and the loving
Shall gather again
In a region where parting
Can never give pain.

The whole world weeps with us:
Wide-sown are the seeds
Of death and of sorrow.
Each soul hath its needs
Of the regeneration
Life's woes will insure
To all in temptation
Who faithful endure.

Our friend has not perished,
For him still goes on
The life that we cherished
In a fullness unknown
In this world of dull senses.
No longer he sees
Earth's shallow pretences,
But heaven's verities;
For he loved eternal
And heavenly things,
And blessings supernal
Such love ever brings.
When we shall be like him
And meet face to face,
No power can part us
In the soul's dwelling place.

A WRITER has said: "Thinking is not a mirror which passively reflects a world, and valid thoughts or bits of knowledge are not copies of outside things." This is quite true. To think we must create. I doubt with the author of the above that we can do even the most rudimentary act of thinking without some mental process that is much more than merely reflecting in the mind an outside object. For instance, if we touch an object with our hand, we do not sense its heat or coldness, unless we bring to bear in our mind some comparisons which we have stored up

there in the memory. Then this sensation of heat or coldness is not a simple or passive record of an external contact. As a matter of fact we are contacting innumerable objects all the time, but we do not *sense* them, until we notice them, and we cannot notice them until we think about them, and we cannot think about them until we compare them by memory with their similars and dissimilars. This comparison, which is at the same time a creation in the mind, from mental stuff, an object other than the one we contacted, this is the process of thinking.

RELIGION is a matter of life,—not of books. So is theology also, but we have come to consider that theology has to do with learned disquisitions and much knowledge, that the common busy working man is incompetent to delve into its mysteries unaided by the priest or the scholar. This is all wrong. Theology is the theory of God, his nature and purpose. We can only know God through his works. The un-

iverse is God's interpretation of himself, and man is the interpreter. He who comes in close contact with God's handiwork should know God better than he who spins his spider's web of fancy in the closet and in the classroom. The man who feels and thinks is qualified to think about God, and he needs no guide but God's own law as observed in stones and trees, and rivers and mountains, and animals, and men.

STRIVE, but strive sweetly. Life is strife. This law cannot be avoided. It is the law of progress. But it is within our power to make that strife sweet and noble or bitter and mean. The noble man will shine in the meanest position. We can make any position we can occupy surround us with grandeur. We do this by bringing out the grand and noble which often lies dormant within us and making it a substantial verity in our conduct. For life is conduct. And conduct comes from

motive. And motive is from the will. And will is directed or moulded by the thought. And we can think as we will. So there you have it. Any man has power over his thoughts. Not full and infinite power at once, but a rapidly growing and culminating power as he practices the divine economy of mental exercise,—an economy which results from his wise direction and not from careless obedience to his misdirected feelings and emotions. All right thinking is a process in mental economics.

EVERYTHING desires good. No person desires evil. When we see a person choose evil we must remember that it is because of blindness that he does so. Therefore we must have charity for him, as we would have charity for all who are unfortunate. Many a man brings to bear the most noble effort in such a mistaken purpose. He is seeking the good all the while. But we condemn him because we see that thing he is doing is evil and will bring evil upon him. We see this because we are above him. He cannot see it because he is below. If this is true is it not likewise

true that there are higher intelligences above us who see our blind struggles for good and pity and direct us? And in our blindness we do not heed them in like manner to the heedlessness of others about us who rush into the suffering that their unwise seeking brings them. But this blind struggle is not useless. Through it we learn. Through it we grow. But if we only could take heed! If others only could take heed! So, we should not condemn. We should forgive. We should commiserate. We should remember the law of growth through blind striving for the good.

WHICH RELIGION IS THE BEST

By GRACE E. KING

WHICH religion is the best, is the question that has been asked many many times. The Baptist thinks his is the best, the Catholic thinks his is best, the Christian Scientist thinks he has the one religion, and so it is with all. They all have their proofs and arguments which they will endeavor to show you.

How are we to know which is best? Shall we sit down and study just one religion and then claim it is right and all others wrong? What would we think of a judge who looks only on one side of a case and decides in favor of that side without hearing the other? Would we not be amazed and indignant? And are not many of us doing just the same thing in regard to our beliefs? And what is it we are quarrelling over? Just a few forms and opinions.

Do we *know* that our way is the best way? Why should we think we are endowed with greater knowledge than our brothers, who perhaps are as intelligent as we? Let us stop this petty quarrelling. There is but one God, and are we not all worshipping him, although our conceptions of him and what he would have us do may differ.

It seems to me that *all* religions are right. The one that helps me might not help you, because you and I are very different in ourselves and require different things. Two plants growing side by side require different elements from the earth to further their growth.

WHAT is Eternal Life? It is Eternal Life to know God. The man who knows God has Eternal Life. The man who does not know God is lost. That is all there is to it. Hell? Yes, I've had some hell in my short lifetime,—all I want of it. I may get more, but I am not afraid, for I have found God, and I have a consciousness of his abid-

This criticizing other's beliefs seems so wrong to me, and does harm, I know. I remember an experience I had when a small child.

A girl and I were walking one day and met another girl, who was somewhat older than me. She was asked where she was going and she replied "To church.". We then asked her which church, and she told us the Catholic church and wished to know which church we attended. I told her I went to the Baptist church, and oh, how she denounced it.

She was taught to believe that all who did not go to the Catholic church would go to hell. I can remember how she frightened me, and I could not help thinking of it for a long time, even though my mother assured me that it was not true, for then I believed that we would literally be put into a fire and burned. What terrible ideas to hold and to teach a child!

It seems to me that there is much good in *all* creeds that are uplifting and helpful, and that *all* are required in order to reach all kinds of people. The right religion for you and for me is the one from which we receive the most good. So, let us cease our quarrelling, and look for the good that is in *all* creeds. If we cannot find good in one let us not denounce religion as a whole, but try others, and we will not fail to find the good.

"Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

ing presence which will be with me always. Without him (if it were possible) heaven would be robbed of its joy. With him hell will lose much of its poignancy. With him as a conscious abiding Presence there is no fear, for I know that what he sends to me is good. It cannot really harm me. A thing can hurt and not harm.

INSTEAD OF ENVYING others' success we must cut out success for ourselves,—or bide our time. To bide our time does not mean to stand still. Oh, no. It means to prepare. To prepare means to study—to get ready. The man who bides his time in this fashion

will sometime, sooner or later, reach success. The man who loafs will lose. The loafer always loses. The loafer does not bide his time, he wastes it; he fritters it away by vain conceit. The man who bides works. The worker accomplishes.

WE can make all things in life good by being good to all things. Being good to all things means both seeing in them their good and not their evil, and in trying to make them serve a useful purpose even though they are painful. If a headache comes along which we cannot throw off we suffer pain. But by keeping in a sweet frame of mind the pain is lessened and the quicker disappears. Also by considering the purpose of the headache we shall learn why it came and find means to avoid its recurrence. All things come to us because we brought

them to us. If we find them disagreeable and ignore them by the power of suggestion we do not remove the cause. When the will ceases to operate to suggest away the pain it will return unless the cause has been removed. Suggestion is all right. That is one way to be good to things and sweeten them into goodness. But we must also be good to them by seeing what they signify. They always mean that something is wrong with us. When we find that cause and remove it we shall truly overcome.

THE old thought about God and man tends to make a mechanic of a man and a poor mechanic at that, one who is a mere senseless automaton, a blind copyist. The New Thought makes him an artist, a poet, a seer. Of course this statement should be taken in a general way, and not applied to all individuals, for there are fossils and misfits in the new way (as well as in their own way and other's way) and many of the

most spiritual men God ever sent to sojourn on earth are honorable ornaments to the old. The old thought is generally too definite, too exact, too rigid, in its formularies. The tendency of the new is to bring out great general ideals and expect people to create within themselves especial concepts of truth. The old is dogma. The new is inspiration. (All the good, however, is not in the new.)

DEATH is disintegration, not destruction. There is no death in the sense that anything is really destroyed. But there is death in the sense that temporary forms are destroyed. But these forms are not real and substantial. They are but the fleeting shadows thrown upon the screen of nature, temporary, fleeting, evanescent, unreal. The real substance that ensouls

the form is the spirit. This does not die. It takes another form,—one more adapted. Death is change of abode. If we could watch with spirit eyes the transformations of the ensouling spirit as it cast off successive bodies we would be charmed by the beauty of the metamorphosis. But we would find no death. Not anywhere. But change and ever newness of life immortal!

AGNOSTICISM and mysticism are the two mental extremes to which the human mind reaches. One is blindness and the other is vision, although the agnostic believes the mystic to be blind, while the mystic knows the agnostic is blind. But the great majority of people are neither agnostics or mystics,—they take a position somewhere between these extremes. Most people believe some-

thing and they believe they know what they believe. Therefore they are not agnostics. But few reach the inner enlightenment of the mystic wherein fundamental verities are seen "face to face." The great work-a-day world requires a different human stuff to work with than the agnostic or the mystic, and yet neither could well be missed from the olla-podrida of human, objective panorama.

IF you want to get wise get good. There is no other way to get wise. You can get a kind of knowledge without getting good. But such knowledge is not wisdom, but in the higher sight

it is ignorance. Wisdom liberates. Ignorance chains. Goodness is freedom. Badness is bondage. There is no way to get freedom without goodness, and bondage only comes through badness.

EVERY man fortifies himself within a bulwark of thought. From out this fortress of opinions, beliefs, and

feelings, he ventures into the world clad in his armor and enters into combat with all he meets.

MAGAZINE AND BOOK NOTICES

The Scientific Skeleton is a book of 105 pages written and published at 25 cents by Samuel Blodgett, Hopkins, Minnesota. It is a very interesting book, as the following extracts show:

As a matter of fact, it is utterly impossible for one to believe himself in error. He may believe himself ignorant; but so far as he has an opinion, he must believe that opinion to be correct.

We can have no consciousness of a limit to space, and we can have no consciousness of a space without limit.

When one looks at any subject through what may be called a trained consciousness he is to that extent a slave. No one would think it wicked to work on Sunday if he had not been taught so; neither would his conscience trouble him for eating meat on Friday more than any other day. One is only able to judge accurately as to what is right and what is wrong by being morally well developed and mentally free.

No one can pass a natural judgment on any subject upon which his mind is influenced by the early education he has received.

At least ninety per cent of those who have been brought up orthodox Protestants will remain so while this life lasts, no matter what the after surroundings may be; and if they had been brought up Catholics they would have been equally tenacious in the doctrine they had imbibed in their childhood. And if they had been brought up Mohammedans or Buddhists they would have been equally true to the faith of their fathers.

Everyone is more or less gullible, and children are particularly so, and within certain limits this quality assists in learning. It is better to be deceived a great many times than to be utterly incredulous.

I conceive that the Newtonian theory lacks demonstration as much as any that has preceded it. It stands because it has not been assailed; not because it is impregnable. They say there are two forces, and only two forces at work to keep up the planetary motions, and neither of these motions are propelling in the directions that the planets move. These propositions are self-contradictory in terms. It is impossible for me to conceive how a discriminating person can suppose for an instant that two forces pulling in opposite directions can cause a body to move in a third line. The earth is moving round the sun. They tell us the sun is pulling it di-

rectly toward itself; but that there is another force that is trying to make it go in a straight line as long as it goes at all, which, if successful, would carry it further and further away; so a compromise is made and it gyrates in a circle. [The author then shows the weakness of this position.]

As yet, scientific students have conducted their investigations along material lines, and their conclusions have been drawn from material foundations. In my judgment this has been a vital error. We have seen that their conclusions are false in many important respects; and now we shall see that their conclusions must necessarily be false as long as they cling to their present material base. Their conclusion is that mind is a product of matter, or more logically, that there is no such thing as mind, as an abstract, enduring entity. We have even more evidence that there is mind than that there is matter; though mind is not tangible to the material senses. Mind takes cognizance of matter; and is not that which knows as real as the thing known? What reason have we to believe that inert matter was all that there was in the beginning? Is there any other reason except that we do not see, hear, feel, smell or taste anything else? But the question arises, can our material parts of themselves realize that there is any such thing as matter? Or, in other words, can matter recognize matter? and we have to answer no. If there is a "power and potency" in matter for every manifestation witnessed, there is no use for mind, and we have no reason to think it exists. A suspension of the mental function from any cause shows us that the body, as a body, has no sense or sensation.

The Prince of Peace, 100 pages, 15 cents postfree of the author, Frederick Fisher, 64, Hampton Park, Bristol, England, contains many good thoughts, as the following brief extracts will show:

The inspired Word of the Bible is only such parts as contain reference to the Lord, such as "Thus saith the Lord," or "Verily, verily, I say unto you." The epistles and Acts are not inspired as the Word, and have no interior or esoteric sense. Neither can Ruth, I and II Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon be considered as such.

The Word begins and ends in Divine Symbols. The first twelve chapters of Genesis and the book of Revelations are wholly com-

posed in a purely spiritual significance or correspondence, and the predictions contained within relate to regenerate man and the Church—the Kingdom of Heaven—in the most interior sense.

Everything in Nature (which is God in the ultimate) corresponds to spiritual things, and so also to all things in the human body. The Word of God also, in its ultimates, corresponds with spiritual things. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were nothing else. This knowledge was cultivated in the greater part of Asia and conveyed to Greece, where it was turned into fable; many of the fables containing most beautiful spiritual truths.

A miracle is a force going on around us that we do not understand, as the growth of a tree, a flower, the life of a man. So the entire Universe is a universal miracle, and thus miracles are not contrary to Nature, but are its essence.

Does God permit or send sickness? Many say that he does not, but I say he assuredly does, for if he neither permitted nor sent sickness to folk there would be no one to nurse and care for, there would be nothing to draw out the love of man for his brother. Jesus was made perfect by suffering, and it is Christ being lifted up in us upon the Cross that draws all men unto him, for this "lifting up" was not merely an act of two thousand years ago, but is an active principle in the present; and sickness is the cross to draw men unto God without a doubt. It is an uncomfortable blessing, but it is a blessing all the same. Remember Jesus in the garden said "If it be possible let this cup pass from me;" but it evidently was not possible to remit it, otherwise a loving Father to his beloved Son would not have denied his request,—nay, more, he would have used his mighty power to save his lovely son. No, he too had to be made perfect through suffering, and we must follow in his steps if we would be cleansed. And the process comes from our loving Father, which is the only gateway by which we can enter to become like him, Perfect.

The Universe is a Corporate Body, each part planned by its maker and ruler to be acting in unison with the other. Thus the stars act upon us and we act upon them. We are largely governed by the influence of the stars, as the waters of the seas are affected by the moon in the ebb and flow of the tide. Thus we are affected by the stellary magnet-

ism under which we are born, and this is to a large extent the source of obstacles which we have to overcome.

It has been practically demonstrated that those who are born under certain signs of the zodiac are predisposed to certain diseases and characteristics, and some medical men use this knowledge to make a diagnosis of a patient and arrive at a cause of which they see the effect. I have tested some seventy-five cases which have proved to me this assertion.

Iamblichus' Exhortation to the Study of Philosophy, Fragments of Iamblichus, Excerpts from the Commentary of Proclus on the Chaldean Oracles, Plotinus' Diverse Cogitations, first translated from the original Greek, to which are added The Golden Verses of Pythagoras, are all contained in a compact book by Thomas M. Johnson, Osceola, Missouri, at one dollar postpaid. The contents of this book are so valuable and interesting that I cannot pick out one selection as of more value than another.

The thirty-nine Symbols of Pythagoras are given, together with their explanations. "All these symbols are in general exhortative to all virtue; and each of them in particular leads to some particular virtue. And to parts of Philosophy and disciplinary learning different symbols are differently adapted."

"The most ancient thinkers, and those who were contemporary with and disciples of Pythagoras himself, did not compose their writings in a common and popular style, and in a manner usual with all other writers, intelligible and easy to be understood off-hand, as if they were attempting to make their conceptions easy of apprehension,—but, in accordance with the silence about the Mysteries, prescribed by Pythagoras as a law, they used modes recondite and unintelligible to the uninitiated, and concealed from others through symbols their thoughts and discourses. And therefore unless one who apprehends these symbols unfolds their meaning by a lucid interpretation they will seem to those who will meet with them to be ridiculous and inane, and full of nugacity and garrulity."

Sex Mating is a little pamphlet by Mae Lawson, Findlay, Ohio, at 25 cents. This little book is well worth perusal. It contains sixteen well written pages.

The Cradle is a small monthly exponent of a great cause,—though an unpopular one.

It is devoted to pure monogamy, chastity in marriage, and the right of the child to be well born. Edgemoor, Delaware, at five cents per copy.

Love's Roses is the name of a handsome booklet of 32 pages by Lucy C. Kellerhouse, and published by the Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo., at 25 cents. This is a charming little story book with a beautiful moral.

The Library of the Oriental Esoteric Center, 1444 Q street, N.W., Washington, D.C., gives all an opportunity to become familiar with the thought of the New Age, at very slight expense. Write them for information.

The Balance, Denver, Colorado, is now published and edited by Olive A. Killen, who evinces judgment and strength in her management.

The Humanitarian Review, 854 E. 54th street, Los Angeles, Calif., has enlarged and greatly improved, and I congratulate it. It is working in a different field than we are—for a different purpose. Just think of it, the editor makes it his life purpose to try and prove that man is a mere lump of flesh, without origin or destiny, a mere soulless and purposeless animal spending a few brief days upon the surface of the earth, and then passing into nothingness! Apparently, what an ignoble purpose! To teach there is no loving Father God, no Beneficent Providence, no Angel World, no Future Life! Our little magazine seeks to create in the human soul a realization of these truths. Our brother's cast-of-character is—different.

The Open Road, Griffith, Indiana, is the name of a proposed magazine of the Philistine type. It tries to be cute and funny,—and succeeds in being foolish. It swaggers about and says, "O, Hell" a few times, and such like language, and thinks that is being brave and ferocious. Faught! It is only kiddishness. The Philistine has made a kind of baneful success, because there are a great many people in the world who like that sort of stuff. I do not mean to say that these superficial pretenses to wisdom which hail from East Aurora do not show brightness and cuteness, of the loud, sonorous, hollow tin-kettle sort. But it is not depth, and grandeur, and beauty. No doubt, however, it subserves some use. Ugh! what a use! Some eight years ago the fates decreed that I should be tied up in an office, daily for many

moons, as close companion with a powerful "business buster" whose chief desires were "wine, women and song." He was employed to keep a bunch of competing printers mollified, and I was employed—at the very first of it—to watch him and "get onto the game," and incidentally see if he did not carry off a desk or two, or the side of the house, when he went home at night, or elope with the stenographer! I will tell you some funny stories, sometime, about this tie-up, but I introduce the incident now to show how I once become possessed of the Philistine. The boon companion of mine was a great admirer and I bought a copy out of curiosity. I have had no more curiosity in that direction. But some of the penny dreadfuls have been foisting the stuff upon the indulgent public, and I note the following scintillation of spurious wisdom: "Truth lies at the end of a circle." That is the same as saying there is no truth, for there is no end to a circle. And that is doubtless what our friend meant. That is wrong. The truth is opposite: Truth is enclosed in a circle. These two statements look alike, and sound alike to the superficial thinker. They are as opposite as negation, darkness, and despair, and all the brood of hell, are to affirmation, light, and celestial joy, and the Angelic Heavenly Hosts. Here are some more which I will not comment on other than to say that the mission of this magazine is to do a little work in clarifying truth, and that in these changing days giant self bobs up in many guises, and that more than ever we need the light of love turned on to show us things as they are. We can be virile, and clear, and insistent, and yet be kind. Yes we can. Well, here's some more of the stuff we are going to rap: "We grow through radiation, not by absorption or annexation." "We ourselves are the Divine Will."

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The Cosmic World is a new magazine by Mr. Christian D. Larson, 515 Rand-McNally Building, Chicago, which promises to be a very important addition to the field of progressive publications.

The New Life Magazine, of Philadelphia has at last arrived, and we have perused it with great pleasure. There is every indication that it will become a great success, and that it and the New Life Movement will result in bringing a large spiritual life to many. We are in hearty sympathy with it and with its work. And yet we till a differ-

ent part of God's great field,—a humble and unobtrusive part,—a little house by the side of the road where we watch the procession pass by. The New Life Magazine is what is called "evangelical". That means that it is orthodox Christian and exclusively Christian. Our Divine Message is different. It takes Christianity as a basis, but reaches out into a world communion of religious life. In that case we are not "evangelical" or orthodox Christians. And yet, intrinsically and basically, we claim kinship and oneness with them, the difference being in our different field where we work in the common labor of building up the Kingdom of God. If they cannot always see that we are kin and one, and doing an important work in our way we will not mind, but await in patience and peace for the Morning which Cometh. I have printed below a few quotations from The New Life Magazine which will, I think, show the beautiful and noble work they are doing:

Within the past years there has arisen The New Life Movement in the United States and England, which is interdenominational in its character, the significance of which is bound to arrest the attention of the entire world. The organization has been perfected by laymen who would reach and elevate the masses to a higher sphere of life, health, happiness, prosperity, longevity, and spiritual welfare, and eventually evangelize the world and put The New Life as taught by Jesus Christ on a basis commensurate with its importance.

The New Life Movement is the answer to: How to realize the highest possibilities of the mind, body, soul and spirit. How to acquire the elements of health, harmony, happiness, holiness, prosperity, longevity, make a success of opportunities and realize the higher life. How to cure bad habits and make the physical body subservient to the spiritual body—a study of the science of the soul. How to improve heredity, so that the offspring of our posterity may be the finest specimen of manhood the world has ever known. How to strengthen the will, memory sentiment and all the intellectual faculties, thus increasing the learning and earning capacities may fold. How to establish the higher virtues both in self and others to high degree by a process of mental suggestion. How to be cleansed from all sin, live in harmony with the Holy Spirit or how to live on earth to enter heaven.

The Movement had its origin with successful laymen in which are represented educators and strong business men from all the leading denominations of the United States who have swung it along into its present conspicuous success, and all independent of any denomination, thus making the Movement thoroughly interdenominational in the highest sense of the term. However, leading denominations are interested and approve the cause for which the Movement stands, but no one church or denomination is directing the Movement and they have no idea how far the length and breath of the Movement will reach.

To say the least the Movement means a complete revolution in the individual, home, business, capital and labor, statesmanship, politics, education, temperance, citizenship, civics, government, longevity, and the Christian life, and for the first time since the progress of civilization began among men, it would see that the masses are to be reached during the present generation and made acquainted with The New Life, and thus the highest point in all civilization will have been attained, making this generation an epoch of the Centuries for spreading the Gospel of The New Life in all the world.

The prime figure in this Movement was Dr. John Fair, a brilliant young bachelor of Philadelphia, who had spent twenty years in writing an extensive treatise on The New Life, consisting of thirty volumes, a large portion of his life having been spent in travel, study and research which resulted in the accumulation of voluminous notes and statistics which were incorporated in this great work, which he has just completed for publication. During this time he visited more than twenty countries, and made a study of all the great religions of the world, including a comparison of the strength and weakness and the success and failure of Buddhism, Confucianism and Mohammedism as compared with Christianity. This is the man of whom it is said has the distinguished honor of having delivered the first lecture on The New Life, and this when a boy in his teens, taking for his theme only the three words—The New Life. This small beginning by a young man, was the first lecture ever delivered on "The New Life" under this particular title, while today it is the Sunday theme in many pulpits in two continents, and is possibly the most quoted subject on the

American platform. The New Life Movement is not the advocate of any new faith, church, creed, sect, cult, or doctrine of any kind, but the theology of Christianity as taught by Jesus based upon the new birth and put into practice by living The New Life.

The Morning Cometh makes a bright and handsome appearance on our desk, and we congratulate our brother on his judgment in preparing an interesting journal.

Kalpaka is the new name of the Extract, and I think it is a better one. It has been very much improved, and deserves a great success. "The word Kalpaka is derived from the Sanskrit root 'Klip,' and means 'that which gives at will any thing desired.' The history of this word is quite an interesting one and it gives an insight into the wonderful Hindoo Mythology." This, and much other information about Devas, Asuras, etc., is given in the current issue.

EDITOR'S CHAT

PEOPLE are narrow. I am narrow. I cannot help it. I am sorry. A brother with a big name and a position for doing good in the world says: "No Eastern religion, however ancient, and no western 'cult' however modern, possesses the requisite power. They are not divine in the common and distinctive sense. They lack the Almighty potentiality." Well, well, how does our brother know this? Because it is true in his case? Has he a right to decide that others cannot find this divine quality for spiritual uplift in other religions and "cults"? Can I speak for him or he speak for me? Is not this tyranny of one mind over another just what has driven us "come-outers" out of the Church? Have I a right to say that your religion is not divine and satisfactory if you say that it is, and have you a right to decide about mine? There is a test, however, which we apply to a man's beliefs, religious and otherwise, but that test is not absolute, although it is a proper test to apply tentatively during this earthly sojourn and as a social criterion. That test is the test of character as a result of a man's thinking. If a man's religion makes him live a good moral life, if it makes him a good citizen, then we may say that it is a good religion, although we deny all its postulates. But even when a religion results in immorality we may not really know whether it is the fault of the religion itself or of the perversion of that religion in the minds of its votaries. It is better for us not to judge too arbitrarily. For many of our standards of right are artificial, and temporary, though very necessary for their times and occasions. Every new religion breaks out new paths and these new paths necessitate some changes in conventionalities. This is true of people of other religions in other parts of the world amidst differ-

ent social environments. We must get behind appearances in order to judge rightly of a man's moral conduct. How many of us can do this and how many even try to do it? I claim, with our brother, that the Christian religion is the best religion, that it is the flower and fruitage of the culminating ages. But after making this statement we separate and go our different ways. For I say that this is true only to us, and only true to those who realize it, while he would brush this all aside and say Christianity is absolutely better than all other religions and that it supplants them. This may be so, but I am unwilling to so summarily dispose of the others, although I readily admit that as far as I have been able to learn there is nothing in those others which compares with Christianity for beauty and nobility of thought and aspiration. We agree on that point, but we split when I say that possibly there is much of beauty, of love, of nobility and the inner spirit of God in those religions which my little circumscribed life has kept me from. Therefore this brother and I differ in the fact that he excludes and I include the possibility of good in these non-Christian ancient Eastern religions and the modern Western religio-philosophical cults. He excludes the possibility of divinity and I include the possibility of divinity in these Eastern religions and in these modern "cults."

Now a word about "cults". This magazine is not established to form a "cult" or a denomination, or a body of people who have some especial belief or mission. But it seems to me that I must work among the cults and get what support I may get from them, and not from the established churches, for I stand for something distinctly newer, and larger, and nobler (I believe so—please excuse me) than the evangelical, or even the so-called

liberal churches have been able to present. If I did not believe I had something worth while and better, at least for very many, than the evangelical churches have, I would shut up shop at once. In fact I would not have opened the shop, put out the sign and commenced to do business. If I did not have the Almighty potentiality I would not make the sacrifice! It is because I have that inner spiritual quickening that I have been forced into the work. Then shall our brother assume the right to decide that I do not have it? Shall I assume the right to say that he has not got it? Far from it, for I know he has it. I see it in his kindly face, and his spiritual eye which looks out upon God's world of verities. But upon a somewhat different part of the world, apparently than I do. But nevertheless a real and valuable part. God bless him in his work! God make his face to shine upon him! God hold up his hands in the ministry of the word!

A KIND friend in New Mexico has taken me to task in the kindest possible way for my lack of belief or confidence in astrology. I expect that what I have seen of astrology has been of a certain sort. Let us call it commercial astrology,—astrology of the market place. I do not say that kind of astrology is not all right,—in its place. But its place is quite without my sphere. I wish it well, but I don't want it. I believe, however, that there is a science of correspondences which includes the stars as well as the pebbles that rattle about the shore, and the dust that swirls about us in the air. There are conjunctions which transpire in order to produce, or allow, or externalize certain things. For instance, this Golden Age we are entering is astrological. But it is not ten-cent astrology. Neither is it selfish and personal astrology. Neither is it an astrology which brings to us especially what it does not bring to another who morally achieves. It is universal. It is not to come down here and tell us about what is going to happen in our lives so we can avoid trouble. I doubt very much if anyone ever succeeded in avoiding trouble. God's plan is to give us trouble, and plenty of it, (but not more than is good for us) in order that we may grow in intelligence and nobility of character through overcoming the difficulties of life. Those people whom I know here in Boston who "go" by astrology make more mistakes in life than those who go by

common sense and who never perhaps heard of astrology. I refer not only to "foolish" but to "wise" people. Leaving out the score did part of it for this time, and considering only the advantage of following our horoscope, I have arrived to the conclusion that a man grows into more of a man to put his horoscope aside on the high shelf and go to work to make character for himself by cultivating those gracious qualities of the soul (with the intellectual as well), by meeting all conditions in life as they come with an overmastering confidence in the integrity and the providence of God, and the "sand and sense" of a brave and honorable man. Now this is my say-so. Your say-so is just as good as my say-so. Perhaps better,—who knows? Yours is better to you,—if it works. Therefore, I will make room for astrology at any time,—even commercial astrology,—but just now I am not practicing it.

A few days ago I was trying to explain to a class what appeared to me a very simple proposition. I had one very attentive listener. To make sure that I was fully understood I turned to him and asked him if he had been able to follow. Reluctantly he admitted that he did not understand the talk at all. Now if this man had been only polite but not honest he would have put on a wise look and answered that he understood. Instead he did me a great favor. For he showed me that I must simplify. How many times people could do us a favor if they would. Will you?

THIS month we make a change in our magazine,—we substitute the word **Age** for that of **Theology**. That is all the change there is of any kind in the magazine except that we are trying this month to give more reading matter on the pages by using double columns. If it is too difficult to work the larger type pages on the press we may go back to other size, for we have all the material on hand for that purpose and can put it into operation in a minute. We have hoped to supply a good magazine for fifty cents. So far the sum does not balance. At one time I thought of making the price a dollar a year commencing with the present issue, but decided to wait a while longer and give it more consideration, for we desire to issue a popular magazine at a popular price. If our circulation was large enough it could be done, probably. Perhaps we will wait and try the new name and see if we can gain enough subscribers to make it possible to issue at fifty cents.

The New Age Magazine

A Magazine for Character Building through Right Thinking
and for the Study of Mental Phenomena and
Ancient and Contemporary Religion

HARRY GAZE EDITORS F. P. FAIRFIELD

DR. C. A. BEVERLY

Western Representative

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