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The NEW MAN


A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Mastery of Sin, Disease
and Poverty through the Orderly Development of Fac-
ulties Active or Latent in all Men.

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THE NEW MAN.

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Notice.

As the "Occult, Stories" by Carl Michelsen, which have appeared in Nos. 1, 2 & 3 of Vol. III. will now appear in book form, and as *The New Man* will be much enlarged with the Jan. 1898 number, we have decided to begin the New Year with Vol. IV. No. 1. The Occult stories in book form will therefore constitute all of Vol. III. Their price will be 20c. bound in paper.

As previously announced, there will be, beginning with Jan. 1898, a series of articles by that most eminent writer and lecturer W. J. Colville, on Soul Development. Capt. H. H. Brown, one of the best lectures on New Thought lines will contribute a most valuable, interesting, and scientific series of papers on "Living as a Fine Art". We cannot say to much on the value of the two series just named.

Then there will be a series of very helpful and suggestive essays on "Opulence and how to gain it" by the editor. Those of our readers who have read his past writings will not doubt his ability to write a most valuable series of articles on the subject just named.

But besides all this and a lot of other interesting matter there will be a most fascinating romance (begun in Dec. issue) entitled "Our Angel in Heaven, or Love, the greatest of all," by Dr. P. Braun. Like all of Mr. Braun's writings, this romance will aim to be not only entertaining, but practical and helpful to those reaching out for Light, Love, Peace, Happiness and Prosperity.

The author takes his principal characters from the children of men, who are on the animal human plane of life, and follows their growth through sorrow and despair, sin and disease, step by step, until they are saved on the divine human plane, which is the harbor for which all of God's children are struggling. This is the haven of Peace and Rest, of Health and Happiness. The author has chosen this method of presentation, because it is the most instructive as well as the most entertaining.

All those who begin their subscriptions with the Jan. number will get the opening chapters of "Our Angel in Heaven" free.

Self-Creation.

by D. H. Snoko,

is a pamphlet in which the author outlines the methods by which every one who dwells and lives on the old plane, can create himself a **New Man**, one who is able to conquer all obstacles in the way which leads to Freedom, Happiness and Plenty.

Price 10 cents, at this office.

Your subscription has expired if you see a blue mark here.

The Powers of the Soul.

By W. J. Colville.

I. The Soul.

No topic can possibly be so important as *Our Souls—How to find them*, and on that tremendous theme we will now daringly attempt to throw what little light we may.

The soul is the individual. Our souls are no *part* of us, but our very inmost selves. We do not *have* or *possess* souls, we *are* souls, and being such, we are forever conscious spiritual entities, individuals whose identity can never be shaken by the permutations which belong to the world of shadow and effect. God is the Parent Soul; we are sparks thrown off from the Central Fire of the Infinitude, in which there is no change, no possibility of variation. As souls or spiritual entities, simple uncompounded sparks of immortal flame, we are absolutely indestructible and incapable of the slightest dissolution, for, being in our essence *simple* and not compound, we are incapable of disintegration, for we are not made up of elements which can fall apart.

Such is the primal doctrine concerning the soul, viewed by seers and sages of old Chaldea and other mystic lands where knowledge flourished more thousands of years ago than many people would be ready to believe were dates furnished them, and such also was the gist of the teaching of Plato, who from his teacher Socrates had imbibed rays of wisdom from the great masters who once held sway in Egypt prior to that country's sad decline, and also from the informing *daemon* who was the higher self of the philosopher acting in conjunction with his guardian angel and through that particular divine messenger with the whole company of heaven.

All the Bible writers have here and there caught glimpses of the undying soul and in the higher and most authoritative portions of Holy Writ the same word in the Greek tongue is always used for *soul* and *life*, because there is no life apart from the soul, therefore life could not be lost unless the soul were lost, but were the soul to depart, life would instantly go with it. The time has now arriv-

ed for the waiting ones on earth to receive added testimony concerning the soul, its real nature and necessary destiny, for the hour is even now striking which fulfills the prediction that at a certain time—as men count periods—a world or epoch should come to an end, and whenever one cycle merges into another there is unusual activity in the realm of thought, so that the grandest questions are seriously discussed by the people everywhere and new light is demanded on the topic of anthropology.

Anthropos means the upward-gazer, so when the Greeks called a human being *anthropos* they intended to discriminate between the posture of the animal soul or the animating psyche of the simple beast and the upward-gazing soul of the divine ego which constitutes a human entity. Until knowledge of order illuminates the intellectual pathway of humanity, controversies will be incessantly waged between those perpetually contending schools of disputants who contend, the one for absolute predestination or the *Necessarium* philosophy, and the other for unrestricted human free-agency. The best thinkers of all ages have faced this stupendous problem and have compared the two sides of the discussion to the columns of an arch, which appeared to us like disconnected pillars because the arch is spanned above our range of present vision.

Whenever a person talks of absolute independence he either convicts himself of lunacy or of self-contradictoriness which is a concomitant of insanity more or less pronounced, for every scientist, philosopher and artist as well as every theologian postulates changeless *order* or irreversible *law*. We can do nothing apart from or against the Law or Order of the Cosmos, and this is DIVINE WILL. From the standpoint of the abstract the absolute all is changeless sovereignty, and this is so fully recognized by Swinburne and the Satanists, that though they defy God, they acknowledge Him.

But what does their puny defiance do for them, does it change the face of Nature? Yes for the worse so far as they are concerned, because the Law can be expressed in terms of perfect equity thus: whatsoever men sow the same shall they surely reap.

Defiance begets defiance. But what is it that defies? The classic story of Pygmalion and Galatea is an allegory

of human life. We are children of the Supreme, we live by the divine Breath which alone animates us, but we have a sense of proprium or selfhood all our own. This selfhood makes us distinct one from the other, endowing each with a conviction that he is separate from all companions. With this endowment comes the possibility of choice and selfdirection without which there could be no individual selfconsciousness, therefore the similitudes employed in the venerated Scriptures of all nations render apparently *objective* much that is *subjective* in the economy of every one of us. Eden or Paradise; two trees in the garden, a divine voice and the voice of a serpent, these and many other familiar correspondences appear in slightly altered shapes in Persian, Indian, Egyptian, and Scandinavian, as well as Jewish and Christian, oracles. All these allegorical stories set forth in poetical guise as though treating of literal history, the inward experiences of the human race as a race, and also of every individual member of the race as an individual. In the esoteric sense there is a Christ and a Satan in every individual, the one linking us with all that impels us onward and upward, the other uniting us with all that would render us subservient to the earth. The innocent soul not yet incarnated holds within itself all possibilities of fruition through expression, but not having come into actual contact with that which offers resistance, it has not been tried or tempted, and therefore has had no opportunity either to rise or fall. *Cherubim* and *Seraphim* are lovely spiritual flames who are superior to man in innocence, but inferior to man after he has scaled the heights which lead to purity. Every birth into matter registers the descent of a soul into the vortices of trial and temptation where it will face the ordeal of that very temptation which seems so terrible until it has been mastered and then becomes in retrospect so great a cause for rejoicing. Job's history is the story of the soul buffeting with the tempestuous billows of adversity which find their correspondential ultimatum in the literal tempests which agitate the ocean and desolate the land. God is not in the earthquake or the whirlwind, these are all from Satan. God is to be discovered in the still small voice and in the ministries of angels who sing in our ears after tumults have subsided. It is not God who thunders and lightens,

or who rages in the pandemonium of Euroclydon, but the contending forces of the air, the liberated passions of humanity consorting with the rebellious spirits who are in the Inferno which pertains to earth and is embodied in this planet's ambient atmosphere. Well indeed and wiser often than they know do those metaphysicians, Occultists and others speak who declare to us, that when we shall have finally dominated all the passions which rise and swell in our own bosoms, we shall be actually able to duplicate those very "miracles" recorded in the New Testament as having been performed in the first Christian century by the apostles of Jesus and their immediate successors. The Sanscrit word *Mahatma* used so frequently in theosophical publications is one of those compound terms which, though seemingly mysterious, are self-explained directly they are analysed. *Mah* in Sanscrit signifies great, and *Atma* or *Atman* signifies the ego or entity itself, the indivisible, indestructible soul, while the english word soul is only the latin *sol* (sun) with the addition of the vowel *u*. What the sun is to the solar system, that the soul is to the human organism.

Astronomy teaches that planets are children of suns, while satellites are children of planets.

There is throughout Nature a threefold order manifested. First Solar, corresponding to *Spiritual*. Second Planetary, answering to *Mental*. Third, Lunar, corresponding to *Physical*.

The pre-eminently wise man is Solon among the Greeks and Solomon among the Jews, meaning in both instances the *solar man*, the reigning, dominating man, the prince of peace, under whose supervision the holy temple on earth can be upraised.

To find the soul is to have accomplished all that leads to the quest of the Holy Grail, it is to have discovered Christ within, the hope of glory, therefore, whosoever has found the soul knows of immortality, and for him there can be no belief or sight of death, for he knows of immortality.

The mission of Jesus on earth was to unveil the soul, to prove its deathlessness and point the way for all who choose to tread therein out of sense bondage into spiritual liberty. Freedom is only gained in proportion as we find our real selves, and until we have found ourselves we are

sure to make all sorts of mistakes regarding our true nature, our real origin and our certain destiny. To lose sight of the soul is to walk in carnal darkness, a thick darkness in which every man and woman on earth is walking who believes the falsehood so largely accepted to-day that man is anything other than an immortal spiritual being. Watch the desperation which seizes hold of those who believe that if they lose their robe of flesh, they lose their all, and witness how their burning clutch withers the very flesh they idolize! On the other hand mark the imperturbable serenity of the few who have already gained sufficient knowledge of their real being to feel no care or anxiety concerning the exterior *corpus*. Do such consume their fleshly garments, do such commit suicide because they have faith, hope and *knowledge* of what lies beyond the frame of dust? Such confident ones are the only stalwart, fearless, healthy, happy members of the entire human race, and the logic of their position necessitates their being so. Summoning simple reason and common sense into court as witnesses, we propose the following questions to those we have subpoenaed: Do you think it possible that serenity of spirit or peace of mind can be the lot of those who believe that the flesh is really the man? and the reply must be as follows: Those who identify themselves with flesh can know no peace, for the flesh of their loved ones has already disintegrated and they fear that their own may disappear likewise, and where there is a pitiful sense of loss and dread of still further loss, there can be no repose or satisfaction. To know ourselves as spirits, to find our souls, those simple spiritual entities which are absolutely imperishable, is the only road to real rest, and rest is the necessary condition of wholesome activity, for he who toils labors badly, while he who works restfully does all his duties well.

The soul being the central seat of all powers and authority, responds to the solar ray and harmonizes with all solar vibrations, therefore over the solar man, who is the distinctly *wise* man, planetary and lunar influences have no longer any power. Astrology explains to those who are well enough versed to read signs aright, that, as man dominates his lower self, he dominates the lunar and planetary vibrations and reciprocates the solar ray.

There is a way of finding the soul, and if this way is

followed, the result is sure. It is a sevenfold path and can be trod by all who choose to march along it, but though a safe and plain one, it may not be an easy road.

The first necessary counsel is to relinquish all hold upon previous beliefs and theories concerning the soul, thereby detaching yourself from those limited circles or societies in the unseen state which hold in bondage all who bend to their beliefs and repeat their diction.

The second essential requisite is to affirm the reality of the soul and determine within yourself that the truth will be revealed in you, but this you can only do successfully after having consecrated your intention or pledged yourself to follow whatever is made clear to you as truth regardless of results.

A third necessity is to vow to yourself to control your appetites *in toto*, every one of them, and by this is not meant that you take a monastic oath or agree to abide by the regulations of any religious or mystic order, only that you will rein in all your appetites, holding the reins firmly in your own grasp, compelling the senses to serve you as you dictate.

These three counsels faithfully obeyed will be found gateways to amazing power, power to clear away the film and dissolve the barriers which hitherto have shrouded the region of reality from the realm of outer sense. As every soul is a masterful unit rightfully subject to God alone, the soul refuses to submit to any other law than the divine law which is universal. When the soul shines through the frame the flesh is almost glorified and it becomes so healthy and vigorous through being the medium for the soul that it becomes suffused with vigor and impervious to the inroads of disease.

There is no health except where soul masters matter, for only through soul dominion can flesh be rendered so resistful toward the microbes engendered by disease that a state of complete super-susceptibility is developed and maintained.

In future essays we shall seek to enter upon Concentration, Meditation etc. as aids for liberating and expressing indwelling human solar force.

Living as a Fine Art.

A Series of Soul Culture Essays

By H. H. Brown.

Dear Mr. Braun:

I gladly acceded to your request for a series or articles to run in the *NEW MAN* for a year upon topics of the lectures you have heard me deliver and upon which we have conversed. I enclose with this the first of the proposed series to be entitled "Living as a Fine Art."

These essays will be simple studies of some of the many phases of the question; "How shall we live Truth?" or, in other words, "How can we practice what we know?"

Man has, "in the struggle for life" been of necessity, compelled by his ignorance, to contend with environment. The same necessity has compelled him to confine his art to the beautifying of environment. Despite the prayer of Plato,

"Lord make me beautiful within,"

which in a sense he has prayed, he has not consciously tried to make that inward beauty his expression in Art. Art is now divorced from religion. Art is, in truth, only the outward expression of religion. Religion is either consciously or unconsciously cause, and art is effect. Theology finds its expression in philosophy, and the two expressions are as unlike as the two causes. Thus theology claiming religion as its own, has caused the common mind to consider art profane, while art is ever sacred, and most theology is profane. Where art now deals with externals, it should deal with the Within—the Spirit. Spirit is free, expression itself in Beauty, and art is its manifestation.

To bring art back to the Grecian idea as Religion; to inspire man to conscious effort toward making life beautiful within, knowing then it will be beautiful without, I believe should be the aim of the reformer.

Man is himself, to himself, the last object of observation, experiment and study; he must therefore be the last upon which to exercise consciously his thought as art.

As life is the one fundamental fact, out of which all other facts, proceed, the moulding of it, into beautiful

expression, should be the noblest of arts, in fact the art of arts.

If to carve stone into an Apollo be sculpture, to mold flesh into one is as much higher as art, as Truth and Love are above the atomic vibrations of the rock.

If to paint a Madonna is art, then much finer the art that can paint the cheek, glisten the eye and keep the youthful bloom unchanged till the years ripen the soul to liberty. As much finer as a mother is above the painted canvass.

If to write, or to sing, an oratorio is art, far nobler the art that can write in melody the daily duty. And if to move gracefully to the rythm of music is art, so much more the art to grace the daily life with the poetry of motion.

If to write comedy or tragedy, epic or song, novel or essay, is art, to write those into biography, is art nobler and more lasting.

I plant no continuity in these articles. Still as the theme reappears with many variations in a musical composition, so constantly repeating itself and moulding them into one whole, is my theme, namely:—*Man is the sculptor of his own life.* As he now ignorantly and unconsciously is his own destiny, marring his life with disease, failure, sorrow, unhappiness and death; so he may be intelligently and consciously his own destiny, moulding his life into health, beauty, success, happiness, and ripen without death into the purely spiritual expression of life.

To attempt to build this thought into human ideal is gladness to me. Therefore I comply with your request and write in truth and love these articles. In this spirit may they be read. I AM DESTINY, This is the keynote of my "anthem of creation."

Topeka, Kans.
Dec. 10, 1897.

In Love and Truth Yours,
H. H. Brown,
Minister of Soul Culture.

Fundamental Affirmations.

Nerve us with incessant affirmations. Emerson.

I am. This must be, whether given expression to in any form of thought or not, it must be, one side of the

primary consciousness of man. It is the recognition of the existence of the individual apart from the universal whole. The perception of individuality is impossible except in contrast to that which is not itself; therefore co-eval and coequal with this, must be that affirmation born of the perception of that which is not self; that affirmation which stands for all that is not included in "I am."

No matter what is the language-symbol used, that for which the symbol stands is, in all minds one. It is that which is not included in the individuality—— "I am." The ego must be balanced in thought by all that is not itself. This "not-me" is best expressed by the affirmation, *God is.*

I AM

GOD IS.

These two affirmations equal the sum total of Existence. They also equal the sum total of human consciousness. They are the two perceptions of the soul of which all emotion, intuition, thought, knowledge and conduct spring.

These two affirmations can not be separated in thought without endangering the sanity of the man, and injury to the art of living. For this art is only the conscious direction of the expression of life.

These two affirmations are in effect virtually one, since Existence is one. "God is near you, is with you, is within you," says Seneca. "The all in all," says Paul. "Father and I are one," says Jesus. The Russian poet logically affirms:—

"I am, O God and surely thou must be!"

while boldest of all a German philosopher exclaims;—

"Annihilate me and you annihilate God also."

It is thus, one must perceive, whenever individuality is affirmed. There is no difference. Differences come in when defining these two facts affirmed, and in reasoning about them. But they can never be defined. Therefore it should not be tried. Reason can only say "They are." We should not try by limitations to know what they are. They should be accepted in the infinity of Existence.

By saying "I am," one separates himself in thought from all that is not himself. It is in thought only. He is in reality still part of the indivisible Existence. The affirmation divides, in his thought, Existence into God and himself. God and Ego are therefore two only in the

thought of man. In reality, God and man are one. Man is, only because he thinks, "I am." And God is, only because man so names that which is not himself.

Therefore since I am, because God is, and God is, because I am, and since each are portions of existence, it follows, that what is true of one of us is true of both, because all parts of Existence are alike. That part of Existence not Ego is like that part that is Ego. That part that is God, is like that part that is not God. Whatever then is predicated of the "not-me" is equally affirmed of "me." Whatever then is affirmed of God, is equally affirmed of Man, and of each individual man, for each is a part of Existence, which is undivided, indivisible, always whole, The Eternal One. Therefore I must, as an artist of life, affirm:—

What God is, I am.

Therefore it follows that would I know that which is not myself; that is, would I know God, I have only to know myself. That when I know that which is not myself, I know myself also, for we are one. For each individual thing is an undivided part of that one thing, Existence, "In whom we live and move and have our being." "Who art in all, above all and through all." Each individuality is, therefore, only a manifestation of one universal Something. Call it Essence, Substance, Energy, Mind, Spirit, you are only naming the nameless Existence. Therefore no matter what the symbol used. If I say Mind, or Spirit, I mean what others mean by other names i. e. THAT WHICH IS.

The Ego being a manifestation of existence, it follows that each thing not myself is a manifestation of that same Existence, and that I could manifest as that thing if necessary; or in other words, Existence could manifest the same way in me, for it is not an Ego that manifests, it is the Eternal One manifesting in Ego. I am a manifestation with all other things, of the Eternal Spirit

Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,
Being whom we call God, and no no more."

Therefore to each individual is imparted the infinity, the omnipotence, and omniscience of Existence. It is thus Emerson affirms when he says: "God has delegated His divinity to every atom." The artist of life therefore chants with Tennyson to "Flower In Crannied Wall"—

"Dear little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Substituting the symbol God, for Existence, we realize that he is immanent, (indwelling), in His universe. Every cubic inch of space has all His attributes and powers. As the Ego may be any cubic inch, or any portion of that inch, it follows that the Ego is God also. God dwells in all. His potentiality is every where. The possibility of angelhood is in every clod, and humanity dwells in every atom of oxygen.

God is in every atom, in every thing. Not God in some of His attributes, but God in the fulness of his power in all directions; for Existence, Intelligence, Principle, Love, Truth, Space, Time, are eternal units, indivisible, and so are Omnipotence and Omniscience. Every particle of space contains God in His fullness. Whether that particle be manifest in rock or flower, in bird or man, it is all God. Lizzie Doten gives here the thought with which to carve our lives:—

"God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows,
Through countless channels. Lord from Thee.
Leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of Being runs,
Till from Creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns.
O, ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded arm and fettered will,
Who only see amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill,
Know that like birds and streams and flowers,
The life that moves you is Divine.
Nor time nor space nor human powers
Your Godlike spirit can confine."

God is in His universe unconfined by time and space.
Man is in His universe unconfined by time and space.
God's universe is the All; Man's is his body.
God is the soul of All; Man is the soul of his body.
God is all; Man is part of All.
God is parent; Man is child.
God bodies himself forth in the visible universe; Man
bodies himself forth in a visible body. God is not the

universe; it is only a visible manifestation of Himself.

God is Spirit; Man in Spirit is his image.

What God is to his universe; Man is to his body.

God is to the universe, Creator, Fate, Law, Destiny;;
Man, to his body, is Creator, Fate, Law, Destiny.

What God is to all; Man is to himself.

Therefore each individual is compelled as life's artist to affirm:—

In my own sphere I am God. All I ever can have is mine now. I contain within myself God's omnipotence. I am therefore my own creator, my own fate, my own law giver, my own judge, my own executioner. I, alone, am responsible for my being and for all that befalls me, for my external life, is a manifestation of myself. What my life is I made it, and therefore if I do not like it I must patiently endure, or cure what I do not like. I can change what I made, in the same way that I made it.

God is in me and works His will through me. I am His will. God can only work for me in myself. I have as much in me as there is in any other inch of space therefore, I have all things. Therefore whatever I say of myself is true, for I cannot conceive that which is not, and all I conceive is mine. Whatever therefore I affirm is true for all possibilities are in me and I manifest what I affirm.

What I think I manifest consciously in body, but I also unconsciously manifest that which I am. All my conduct is limited by my thinking or want of thinking. By manifestation I am transmuting wisdom into knowledge and intuition into reason. I have done this heretofore unconsciously, now I will do it consciously.

By unconscious choice I have been my destiny hitherto, now by conscious choice I will control my life. Involuntarily I have chosen and moulded my life and am not pleased with results, sickness, sorrow, unhappiness and failure. Now I will voluntarily choose and will mould my life into manifestation of health, joy, success, and blessedness.

Opulence.

If we believe that law, order, love and justice are the ruling factors in the Universe, we must also believe that there is a supply for every need, physical, mental, moral and spiritual. Sometime in the course of his growth, man recognizes this and he begins to *trust* the great law of his being. He then sees that it is not a wrathful God who withholds the supply of all needed things, but that he himself through ignorance is the cause of all his troubles. He then sees that the Decalogue and the sweet counsels as given to the world in the Sermon on the Mount, are not mere arbitrary rulings of whimsical Lord of Creation, but that they express some of the divine laws of *his own being* which, if obeyed will result in happiness and plenty, and if disobeyed, in misery and want. The great Exemplar understood this well, when he said: Seek ye first the kingdom of God (within man) and its righteousness and *all else shall be given unto you.*" He might also have expressed it thus: "Seek ye to understand the laws of your being and to obey them, and all needed things will come to you as a natural and an inevitable consequence." Christ preached the higher law of love and exemplified it. Does the fact, that so many good Christian people are in suffering and want prove him a liar? No, it only proves that these people either do not understand the law of love, which is the law of their own being, or that, understanding it, *they do not live it.* There may indeed be other and external causes to blame, but of these we will not speak at present.

On the other hand, there is the possibility of amassing great riches on the lower selfish plane, but those who do so do it in disobedience to the higher law of their being, and they cannot escape the consequences of their disobedience. Such people, instead of rising above their possessions, become mere slaves to them. Their wealth, instead of being a power for good in their hands, often becomes a positive power for ill. Thus they run counter to that great Power which works for Good.

The desire for riches is a noble one, if they are not desired for the gratifications of the lower appetites and passions, but for our own good and that of others. The desire for a home, for the necessities of life, for comforts,

for books, music, paintings, and all that is calculated to appeal to and develop that within us which is beautiful and good, is perfectly in harmony with the higher law of Love. Such desires *can* be gratified if we learn to understand the laws of our being and live in obedience to them. These articles are written with especial reference to this end in view, and it is the earnest hope of the writer that all of his readers may be benefited by the perusal of the same, as he himself has been benefited through a better understanding of that riddle of the ages—Man.

Lesson I. Vibration.

The inner meaning of the word God as used in some of the sacred writings of the ancients means a power that goes forth from a center, it radiates, vibrates, sets in motion, brings forth. Thus the word Elohim as used in the symbolical account of Creation in Genesis means according to Prof. Wait "A power going forth, entering into, setting up motion, causing to revolve, ruling, guiding, directing, finally bringing about relations of beauty, strength, harmony, majesty and perfection.

The emanation theory of Hermes has for its basis the emanating, the going forth of power from a central source. The ancient sun worshippers beheld in the sun a fit symbol of Deity. They recognized in the latter the Center and Cause of things, from which all power radiates. Swedenborg says that the Lord in the spiritual world is beheld as a sun, from which all life, all power radiates. So we might go on ad infinitum to show that the advanced souls of the world recognized some great inner or central Power from which all else proceeds in orderly sequence as the effect of radiation or vibration. Just as light, heat, electricity, color, and sound are the results of vibration, so is the existence of all other things the result of vibration. The different thoughts, feelings, emotions and perceptions of man and the animal creation are caused by different rates or qualities of vibration. The atomic theory is rapidly being transplanted by the vibration theory. The atom itself is supposed to be a vibrating, whirling, quivering wreath of ether in ether. The slower the motion or vibration of atoms, the grosser the condi-

tion of matter, and the more rapid the motion, the finer and more potent the matter. Thus Spirit and Matter are viewed, not as two different worlds, but as different grades of one world.

Spiritual matter is finer and more potent, that is, the atoms revolve at such a rapid rate that they are beyond the perception of the physical senses of man, which are only keyed to the slower and grosser vibrations. Matter is limited, depressed vibration, and Force is free and comparatively unhampered vibration.

The atoms of which the different objects in nature are constituted, are attracted towards each other and held in form by the law of attraction or affinity. Those vibrating at the same ratio, or at a harmonious ratio, are attracted, and those vibrating at rates not mathematically or harmoniously related to each other, fly apart.

Harmony or harmonious vibration is thus the basis of all things. It is the basis of the Cosmos as well as the basis of man's being. The body of man as well as his soul are subject to certain rates of vibration, which are identical with the original vibrations proceeding from the Center—God. His nature is our inner and true nature. Interiorly, at the root of our being, we forever vibrate in harmony with the Law of Life and Love. Unconsciously we are therefore at one with our great and common center. But man possesses the faculty of free choice. *Consciously* he may vibrate either harmoniously with the vibrations proceeding from the center, or he may set up vibrations which are out of tune with the central vibrations. Then woe him. If his conscious vibrations of thought and emotion are in discord with the true nature of his inner being, then the atoms of his body will be thrown into disorder. Disease and misery will be the result. Nay more. He will become a center of inharmonious vibration, and he will effect others harmoniously, whether they are consciously aware of it, or not. He will then attract outwardly that which vibrates in harmony with his conscious vibrations. If he is selfish, he will attract the selfish; if sensual, the sensual; if dishonest and distrustful, those of a like character. He will inspire others with his predominant feelings. If he is fearful and doubts his right to his share of all needed things, he will transmit that doubt to others, and they will doubt his right to the things he

needs. If he doubts his ability, others will doubt it. Like begets like, and like attracts like. Have we thus far attracted only negative qualities and things and people to us, and are dissatisfied with results, then we must turn about and become radiators of positive qualities. We must cultivate *the right and proper attitude* towards God, men and things. The proper attitude is that which is in harmony with the laws of the universe which are also those of our being. The greatest of those is Love. On it hang all the other laws and the prophets.

Love to God as the inmost center of our being will inspire us with trust and faith in His goodness and our goodness; in His power and our power. It gives us confidence in ourselves and consequently we inspire confidence in others. We will rise in the estimation of other men. Our services to them will be valued higher and paid better.

Our love to men, which is a necessary concomitant to our love to God or true Self, will inspire love in them. It is the nature of love to give. If you inspire hate in men by hating them, they will not help you or patronize you, but if you by truly loving them inspire them with love to you, they will feel drawn to you as if by magic, and you can count on their ready support in your undertakings, in your business, in your hour of need.

Love will make you honest, and you will inspire honesty in others. If we think we can be dishonest and not be found out, we deceive ourselves. We may blind some people for a while but in the end our true character will be found out by our words and deeds in unguarded moments. Besides, the law of vibration will warn sensitively organized people so that they will shun us or be put on their guard.

Selfishness and the instinct of self preservation should teach us therefore to be honest and to love all men really and truly. In the light of what has been said we can now readily understand why in the past we have so often failed. These failures should warn us to try better and more efficient methods. Let us therefore study ourselves and try to understand the great laws which underlie all existence, that we may become the masters of those laws. In future essays we shall show up some of these laws in a detailed manner, so that all can understand them. By living them we shall gain a wonderful power over men

and conditions. Love is the ruling power of the Universe. Whoever best understands it, and whoever loves the most, will become the most powerful among men. Jesus and Buddha are living examples of this law. Love will put us in harmony and in line with omnipotent power and nothing can prevail against love. We may for a time go on generating discordant vibrations within us, but since they are only small, weak little wavelets running counter to the universal stream, they will be finally overpowered and be lost in the eternal current which never rests until it has subdued all strife, discord and misery, until

“God is All in All.”

Behold, I show you truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars.
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning and without end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good.
Only its laws endure.

.....men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills.
Those, too, the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm,
Pity and Love are man's because long stress,
Moulded blind mass to form.

It will not be condemned of any one;
Who thwarts it looses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all;
Do right—it recompenseth! do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made,
Though DHARMA tarry long.

It knows no wrath nor pardon; utter-true,
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as naught, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

By this the slayers knife did stab himself;
The unjust judge has lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms its lie: the creeping thief,
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay.
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey !

From “The Light of Asia,” by Edwin Arnold.

Our Angel in Heaven,

or

Love the Greatest of All.

By P. Braun, Ph. D.

(The opening chapters of this story appeared in the Dec. number. It is intended to show the application of occult principles in the every day life, in the overcoming of discord, disease moral weakness and poverty in a manner comprehensible by the ordinary reader. All those who begin their subscriptions with the January number will receive the first chapters free of charge.)

"No, be—"

"But what is this," she interrupted him, and pointed to the music paper before her. Right below the title it says: "*Dedicated to my lady love.*" Have you then a lady love? Du böser Fritz, you never told me."

There was just a shade of displeasure in her voice now. His quick ear caught the slight difference in the tone, and the beat of his heart quickened. "Yes," he said gently, "I love a certain young lady, but I know not whether she loves me."

"Why do you not ask her then?"

"I am going to ask her shortly."

"May I ask her name and if I know her?"

"Yes, you know her, and you will find her name in this poem."

"Ah." She hurriedly glanced over the lines, her breath coming quicker and the bloom on her cheeks deepening.

"But," she said after coming to the end, "I see no name."

"And yet the name is there. Do you see those Roman capitals? They are the first letters of each of the lines. Now read these from top to bottom and you will get the name."

"How ingenious! Let's see. There is A—R—D—A, that makes Arda. Why—" She did not finish. She glanced over the remaining letters hurriedly, then she began to tremble, and the paper fell to the floor. She seemed stupefied.

He watched her closely, but although she seemed strangely agitated, nothing in her manner suggested displeasure.

His heart gave one joyful bound, then he sank down on his knees before her. He laid his hands upon hers and looking up into her eyes he whispered:

"Arda, can you give me one ray of hope?"

A stronger tremor ran through her frame at the sound of his voice, then, with a convulsive sob she threw her soft, warm arms around his neck and pressed his head to her own. His lips sought hers, and they met in one long ecstatic kiss.

What more did he want? Love's language is plainer than words. Words pale before it and become profane.

Cupid's shaft had gone home. Fritz was satisfied with his composition.

CHAPTER III.

"Arda! Arda! " The shrill and unmusical voice calling loudly sounded at first far away at the other end of the corridor, but the second call sounded much nearer and now a shuffling step could be heard. Arda disengaged herself hastily from her lover's embrace and rose in some confusion. Fritz also rose, but calm and selfpossessed. He whispered: "You may tell your mother if you like, and to-morrow morning I will see her myself."

Then they both moved towards the open door and reached it at the same time a rosy faced, fat little woman approached the same from the outside.

"Mein Gott, da ist sie ja. I thought I heard you come up the steps, mein Kind, but not seeing you come in for so long a time, I thought I would see where you were. I see you are bothering Herr Fritz again. But," turning to Fritz, "the child *does* love music, and you must excuse her once more this time. The good sisters at the Pensionat have spoiled her. They are too good to her, and now she thinks she is a lady and, ha, ha, ha, she is only eighteen years old. I must be more strict with her." She said these last words with a merry twinkle in her eyes which said plainer than all words could say it, that the goodnatured Frau Major could not be strict even if she tried to be. There is no telling how much longer she would have talked to Her Fritz whom she liked from the first moment she saw him, but Arda crept behind her,

pushed her hands under her mother's arms and with the command: "Links um, Marsch!" she whirled the talkative lady around and marched her off in military fashion keeping step with her, and counting "Eins, zwei; Eins, zwei;" until they disappeared behind the closing door at the other end of the corridor.

All the rest of the afternoon Fritz could hear Arda sing joyously while she moved about feeding her canaries and watering her plants. Sometimes she would pause in her songs to talk to her pets in terms of flattery and praise.

"Ah" she would say, "you dear little rose, soon you will open, and what a wealth of color and odor there will be then in this little room. Maiblümchen, you are late. Your sisters have all come and gone. But you are welcome, lovely Blümchen. I love you."

She was very gay this afternoon. But very often her babbling or singing would cease momentarily, and then she appeared very pensive. She would think of him, who had been to her the ideal of manhood, ever since he took rooms in their house. She realized now that she had loved this young man almost from the first moment she saw him. This afternoon's experience had been to her an awakening from a delicious dream into a more wondrous reality. Life was more sweet to her now than ever before. There was joy in everything she did. New sensations and feelings had come to her through Cupid's kiss, which flooded her being with divinest melody. She was very happy.

Frau Blankenheim was busy preparing supper and seemed not to notice anything unusual in her daughter's manner or appearance, until they sat down at the table. Then she suddenly said: "How beautiful you look and how happy you are. What makes my darling so happy?"

Arda seemed to be very busy with her knife and fork for a moment.

She could not tell her mother now, so she answered gaily: "Why shouldn't I be happy. I have the best and kindest of little mothers, who prepares such dainty suppers that the gods might be envious of me."

This little compliment pleased and satisfied Frau Blankenheim.

The time passed very quickly to mother and daughter both. Night was beginning to throw her mantle over the

earth when the Frau Major finished her household tasks and sat down by the open window to rest. The moon was rising in the east. One light after another appeared in the streets and in the houses and the city was growing quiet. Frau Blankenheim enjoyed the view from her window and gave herself up to her thoughts. Suddenly she felt Arda's soft round arms about her neck. She looked up into the girl's face with a pleasant smile but Arda turned her head around immediately and said: "Mama, I want you to look into the moon for a while."

"Why should I look into the moon, child?"

"Never mind. Just look at the moon for awhile and I will tell you."

Frau Blankenheim looked at the moon very gravely, but nothing more being said, she suspected a hoax and was about to turn around, when Arda whispered: Mama, he says he loves me!"

"Who, the moon? You little goo——"

"No, no; Herr von Wittenstein."

"What?" Frau Blankenheim had jumped up and started at her daughter. She was astonished, perplexed, incredulous. She almost gasped forth: "He says he loves you?"

"Mama, do not chide me, please. I could not help it, indeed, I couldn't."

"Why should I chide you? This would be only a matter of congratulation. He is a count, and the bishop is his uncle. Why child, I would be the mother of a genuine countess some day if this is true and he marries you. Tell me all about it, quick."

Being thus reassured, Arda told about the count's composition and his subsequent declaration. Her mother became more and more excited as the narration continued. She was breathing very hard now and almost choked when she asked: "And you, my darling, do you love him?"

Arda hid her face on her mother's bosom when she whispered a shy "Yes."

"Of course," cried Frau Blankenheim. "How else could you, he being a count. But we are not entirely bourgeois either. My grandmother was a baroness through her second husband. But then my father was the son of her first husband, so he never was a real baron. But you see, there is some nobility in our family anyway. I must

tell him so when I see him again."

"He told me that he would see you to morrow morning, mamma."

Frau Blankenheim opened her fat arms and cried: "Fly to my heart, child, and let me embrace you. This has been the happiest day for a long time. Just think, you will be a countess, my dear."

Tears were rolling down her plumb ruddy cheeks when she pressed her daughter to her heaving bosom.

When Arda finally freed herself from her mother's embrace, the latter sank back into her chair, where the girl heard her whisper ever and anon "I the mother of a countess," or, "a genuine countess."

It was about ten o'clock the next morning when Fritz knocked at the door and entered when invited to do so. He formally asked permission to consider Arda as his future bride, and Frau Blankenheim very gladly granted it. She used the occasion to inform him that her grandmother had been a baroness, which somewhat amused him. He assured her, however, that he would marry Arda, even if she was the most bourgeois girl in all Christendom. He said: "Before God we are all equal. With him, rank and position do not count, and why should we, his children, let them be barriers when our happiness is at stake."

When Fritz had taken his leave Frau Blankenheim muttered: "What a noble boy. If all men thought like him, how much happier this world would be."

CHAPTER IV.

Time passed very quickly for the two lovers. After the first two weeks Fritz found it possible to settle down to hard work again. He had been accorded the honor of playing the great organ in the Dome several times on Sundays and now he was practicing a selection by Bach to be played at the closing concert to be given by the scholars of the music school on June 30th. After that there will be a vacation until October 1 st.

The friends and schoolmates of Fritz began to complain of neglect on his part, for it was sweeter to sit with Arda in the little pavillion amidst the blooming roses on the

warm June evenings, than to go to the clubs and theatres or sit in the crowded beergardens. Instead of joining some merry crowd of excursionists on Sunday afternoons he would ask for the privilege of accompanying Arda and her mother to some less frequented resort, of which the immediate neighborhood of the city abounded. His favorite points were a quiet little establishment in the woods called "Waldschlösschen," where for the most part only older people found their way who loved the peace and quiet among the grand old forest trees.

Back of the beautifully kept garden was a little artificial lake on which he rowed or drifted for hours in the company of Arda, for her mother would not trust her chubby little body to the frail looking boats.

Those were moments of bliss. What need of future heavens and paradises. This was heaven actual and present. Was not life glorious, did not all nature laugh and gambol and frolic, and was it not exhilaration itself to go out into the world of men to work and battle and win a name, fortune and fame? Nature indeed had put on her festal garb. All was love, life and song in the beautiful world. Who cares for winter when the roses bloom?

Time to youth is long and youth enjoys the present. The future is a fit subject to paint in dreams and phantasies. It is a world to come, a world full of bright colored, rosy hued pictures in which we are all mighty kings and beautiful queens.

Fritz talked about his future career, of how hard he would study until the world should acknowledge him master in his chosen profession. It was a fine thing to sit before the Empress of all instruments, the great Pipe organ in the Dome or the one in the music hall of the school and make the hidden recesses of those intricate masterworks yield up their treasures of harmony and melody, and watch the enraptured expressions of the hearers below. But the majesty, the sublimity, the grandeur of the organ did not yet appeal to his young, buoyant spirit as the select orchestra of the Royal Opera did. The organ gave voice to feelings of religious fervor and rapture, to solemnity, to chorusses angelic, to mystical and divine emotions of peace, the peace that comes *after* the storms of life, the calm that is ushered in after the overcoming of the lower nature, while the orchestral was able encompass both the

present and the future, the profane and the divine. It gave voice and portrayal of baby song and lullaby, of warrior's martial tune and tender love song, of human passion and angelic peace. The orchestra was able to enter into the spirit of the living present, to share with him his joy of living, his bounding spirit, his carressing tenderness, his pleasure in babbling brooks, the hues and fragrance of flowers and the melody of birds. The orchestra would be his ultimate field, and he would build up one which would outrival anything yet seen. It would be his organ of expression through which he would play upon human emotions as no man had ever played before him. The melodies which his soul sang to him when all around him was still or when he was deeply absorbed in revery far outrivalled any which he had heard. The harmonies that were wafted to him from out of the mysterious depths of his being were sublimity, ecstasy and bliss embodied in spiritual sound, perceived as yet only by the interior sense of hearing. Ah, for the ability to catch and *hold* them, in order to give them voice and embodiment. This must be his aim, this is what he must work and labor for, to express himself. Then he could speak from his soul to the souls of men in the soul's own language, in language plain and more powerful than speech, in the language of Beauty and Harmony.

Arda listened to all his plans for the future with rapture. Shenever doubted his ability to carry out all his ideas and aims. He was to her all that was good and beautiful and noble. He was the ideal of her soul actual and real. To doubt this ideal would be equal to doubting her own existence. She could enter into all of her lover's aspirations with sympathy, for, in spite of her youth and inexperience there was that in her nature which readily responded to the deeper undercurrents of her soul. Her mother only seemed to see the mere wordly aspect of her engagement to Fritz, which often pained her. She cared not for his ancestry and title, for his wealth or future station, they were not essentials to her, although they were desirable concomitants. She loved him for he satisfied the longing of her soul for love and beauty and other yearnings of which as yet she was only dimly aware.

(To be continued.)

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