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Vol. IV MARCH & APRIL, 1898. Nos. 3 & 4.

The NEW MAN

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

Price \$1.00 per year

P. BRAUN, Editor.

PUBLISHED BY
THE NEW MAN PUBLISHING CO.
BELOIT, KANSAS, U. S. A.

Vol. II. of The New Man.

Notice.

As the whole sets of Vol. II. are nearly exhausted we have decided to publish the original matter contained in this volume in bookform under the title "The Mastery of Fate" Vol. II.

Those ordering the same please state which they want, the twelve papers, or the book. After the papers are exhausted we shall send the book instead. The book however, will not be out until April 1st. Orders for the same will be received now. Order early and be served first.

Vol. II. contains among a host of other articles, which we cannot enumerate here for want of space, the following: A Series of nine articles on "Sex Power, its Control and Use" (1. Sex in Evolution. 2. Sex the Life Principle. 3. Thought the Controlling Power of Sexual Desire. 4. The Sex act, its Use and Abuse. 5. A Privat letter to a Patient. 6. Nude Contact. 7. The Control of the Sexual Passion necessary for the highest Spiritual Development. How Done. 8. Pre-Natal Child Culture.).

Besides these there are: Hypnotism in the Cure of disease. How to Hypnotise. Practical Mind Cure. The Coming Judgment. The Cure of Poverty—Practical Hints. How to read the Universal Mind. Francis Schlatter; He will Come Again! Psychic Development—the Wrong and the Right Method. Spiritual Sight (Clairvoyance). How Developed. Concentration. Three articles on Self-Creation. The Healing Power—How to Use it. Man; Whence and Whither. How to Concentrate etc.

I wouldn't have missed the opening chapter on "Sex Power" for twice the subscription price. Light on that question seems to me the one thing needed to educate people out of their misery. Miss H. W.

I cannot express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have received through your paper. It has done me more good toward healing my rheumatism than all the medicine I have taken in the last six years. Sarah Fletcher.

A well known author and teacher of one of the best Metaphysical schools says "The New Man is really the soundest little paper in existence. It is scientific and that is what we need."

I feel that I am gaining and that a continual study of your lessons is the cause.—D. H. S., Carthage Indiana.

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Living as a Fine Art.

A Series of Soul Culture Essays. *)

By H. H. Brown.

No. 3. The Ideal.

"Art is Nature infused with and shaped by the imaginative faculty of man." Lowell.

"Love and reverence the ideal. It is the country of the spirit, and the home of the soul."

Mazzini to the young men of Italy.

To affirm "I am" is in reality to affirm the Ideal. I am not what is seen. I am what I feel. I am the unseen.

"This surging brine I do not sail;
This blast adverse is not my gale;
'Tis only here I seem to be
But really sail another sea."

I am Spirit. I am all that conscious man can conceive and more. I am all that of which man dreams, for which he hopes, and to which he aspires. In any direction in which there is desire, I am in this affirmation that which I desire. Therefore I can say with Brahma;

"I am both Good and Evil, the deed and the deed's intent;
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, and punishment.

I am what was, is, will be, creation's ascent and fall.

The link, the chain of Existence, beginning and end of all."

Therefore I am allowed the affirmation,—

I AM PERFECTION.

The Ego is perfect even as its Father, Infinite Spirit, is perfect. This thought,—no matter in what language expressed,—means perfect manifestation. I, as an Ego, am perfect now, and I will my body to manifest that perfection. I will mold my body into the ideal I have of perfection, even as the artist molds his ideal into stone, or paints it on canvas. I will do it in the same way as he does and that is, by holding that ideal before my mind

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until it becomes real.

This ideal must be held in full expectancy of manifestation, then that expectancy will produce the manifestation desired. It is so with every desire. If affirmation is made in harmony with that desire, and that affirmation held in full expectancy of realization, that expectancy will produce that realization. This Law must not be forgotten.

The Science of Life is like all other science, only a collecting, collating, and classifying, of phenomena. The phenomena of human life are only effects, the cause is in man, and all phenomena to him is known as sensation. This important fact science ignores, and hence the artist of life working in Cause, which is working with Soul, finds only indirect help from the physical sciences.

Philosophy, being the result of reasoning upon the same phenomena, gives life's artist but little help. Theology is one branch of philosophy based upon misunderstood psychical phenomena, and has thus far been largely misleading.

Art, as ordinarily used, is the application of truth however perceived to external ends. Its highest use is "the embodiment of beautiful thought in sensuous forms." Lilly says, "The revelation of the invisible reality through the senses; the external manifestation of the idea." Thus in its last and highest analysis, art consists in making the possible in the soul—the ideal—real in the external life. If we follow science it will, by its limitations, mislead us. If we follow Philosophy, it will because of its fallibility in relying on materialistic interpretations of phenomena also mislead. We have but one road, we must follow the Perfect within—the Ideal—. By thus following, we become artists. Otherwise we are mechanics, artisans, and our works shall fail of beauty and perfection.

Civilization shows to-day in its imperfections the work of the artisan rather than that of the artist. Present civilization was born out of the bread-winning necessity and not out of the Ideal. Life under present conditions is not a fine art. It must be classed with the useful arts or trades, those that minister to the necessities; for life is, with the poor a struggle to live, and with the rich to kill time, which is, to forget they live. Life thus far has been e-

volved under the instinct of self-preservation. It must now become an art. Live for the joy of living. It must be made sweet, beautiful, pure and spontaneous, by conscious choice of the sweet, the beautiful, the good and the pure.

Thought in its manifestation is a trinity,—Science, Philosophy, and Art. The Good, the Beautiful and the True, are the lines of the soul's revelations. In the external, Science represents Truth; Philosophy, Goodness; and Art, Beauty. This trinity should never be separated; but in the unreal, half, inartistic, life of to-day they are not manifested either in unity, or in just proportions.

I am. God is. These are the fundamental facts of science. It can only report what it finds about these two parts of existence.

I am. God is. These are the fundamental facts of philosophy, for man has only these two great facts upon which to reason. He can tell what he thinks and feels about them.

Both science and philosophy fail of their high calling by forgetting this and too often dealing with some manifestation of Deity as if it was Deity itself. Mistaking effect for primary Cause.

It is the purpose of these essays to deal with these two affirmations as the fundamental principles of Art, and to make them pre-eminently so in the "Art of living." Sometime, science and philosophy will "Bout face," and on this changed base, will see "The Indwelling God," modifying environment, manifesting His wisdom by choice, instead of seeing as now, God mastered and controlled by environment. "Natural Selection" is not compulsory because of the external conditions, but it is the choice of that Intelligence, that from amœba pushed upward to man, making constantly better environments for itself.

This is enthroning God where Jesus throned Him, "within." In this thought the daily life of man, within and without, becomes a constant manifestation of Deity; a continual evolution of the divinity within. This elevates Life in dignity beyond the work of Phidias, Raphæl, Dante, Beethoven, or Shakespeare. It is nobler to live an Ideal, than to carve one in stone, paint one on canvas, or write one in epic, oratorio, or drama. Life, now the slave

of necessity, will under Art, become the child of liberty.
The Soul will be king where late it was satrap.

"'Tis so great and yet so awful,
So bewildering, yet so brave,
To be king in every conflict,
Where before I crouched a slave."

Then will the drudgery of life disappear, and through
liberty and intelligence all work and conduct become art,
—a striving for the Ideal.

"Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not an ancient story told
But a glowing prophecy.
In the Spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and
Innocent from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find."

Forward, not behind us, lies the ideal. The Eden an-
gel goes ahead—it is our ideal, the prophecy of our soul.
To follow this in effort is to make it real in the life,
it is art.

Only through art, only through effort towards what the
soul craves, is there any soul expression, any soul growth.
Soul speaks not in compulsory labor where the object is
merely sensuous; living below its ideal, clothing, roof,
luxuries, physical pleasure, anything born of bodily de-
mands. Necessity is thus born, and her reign is tyranny.
Art is the expression of soul demands, and is fullest li-
berty. Art requires leisure, freedom from the "carking
cares" of the present industrial life. Civilization is yet
only a manifestation of the bodily life, and does not re-
flect, or demand, spiritual unfoldment. It is true, soul
finds some development under it, or there would be no
ethical, or artistic progress, but this is not the object of
present institutions. Even the church places creed and
belief, before life and conduct, and what spirituality there
is is developed, despite these institutions.

Now Soul must be first in thought. We must rise
above thoughts of body, and its demands, and obey only
the soul's desires. How get rid of cares and troubles?
Ignore them. Treat them as if they did not exist. How?
Draw them in the larger affirmations of spirit. Hold to
thoughts of Spirit until you become in thought, Spirit;
then you will have no cares, or pains, or worries. If in-

come is too small, declare that as Spirit, you have all things, and power will come, either to make you content, or to enable you to make an increase. "I am cause,"—therefore I make insome, cares, troubles and anxieties as well as the opposite. Now I will that only content, and plenty shall come. And if this thought is held persistently, in expectancy, peace, or plenty, or both, will come. Cares should be servants; now they are masters. Think mastery, expect mastery, and you will have mastery. Hold to the ideal, be artist and carve it into expression.

Every demand for Beauty, apart from use or necessity, is an upward look of the soul. The soul is fed by beauty, as the body is by bread. Art is therefore the expression of this innate demand for beauty. It is a revelation of the divine beauty, and is a necessity in spiritual evolution.

To master Fate, to be artist, remove yourself from necessity, or remove it from yourself. Do this for one minute, one hour, one day, all the time; be free as long as possible; take this freedom every day. Be master and TAKE IT. It is the beginning of entire emancipation.

In this leisure the free soul will as naturally express itself in beauty as do birds and flowers. Life under Liberty will as naturally flow in rythm as do brooks and bird notes; poetry will be everywhere, and therefore happiness. "How do you manage to endure this life?" I asked a very sensitive young man on a lonely farm. "I could not" he replied, "but for the poetry I get out of it." He had learned a lesson, I had not then learned, but he taught me much more than he knew.

The ideal can only become real when the question for existence, the struggle for life, is settled or ignored. But the ideal rewards him who follows her, with more and fuller life. 'Twas thus great artists lived, wrought, and were translated into beauty. For the free Ego clothes itself in beauty. The Indwelling God who is Beauty, manifests in beauty and is thus "made flesh and dwells in man."

Hence the necessity of affirming the omnipotence of the Indwelling God, that in the sense of power it brings this liberty may be affirmed, and out of these, may be born the affirmation "I can be what I dream;" and in time from

this will come the "I will be." There is a pedigree to our thoughts as to our stock, and we must be careful of the thought children we beget. Affirmation begeteth affirmation as "David begat Solomon." It is thus that the Ideal, like Light, must be spoken into Being.

But the Ego is an artist, not at work upon an external block, but it is life within the organism moulding it from within. In its desires, it takes no cognizance of the without, but in its omnipotence it reflects its perfection in the ideal, and then grows as it allows circumstances to control, or in part masters them, while in the external consciousness it is learning to affirm its complete mastery. The conscious man, the intellect, reasons upon sensations; but the unconscious man, the Ego, knows these reasonings only as hindrances. But the harmonious union of the two, is necessary for the perfect manifestation. Why? Who knows? Through affirming Truth the conscious man becomes with his thought, a co-worker with the Ego in manifesting the ideal.

Hereby the constant practical demand we allow upon our time, or by our efforts only toward the reasoned possible, we make ourselves only laborers in life's work and are not artists as we may be.

To work intelligently with the soul, we must listen in the Silence for the still small voice, and heard, obey it. These voices of intuition are the edicts of God, the revelations of the soul, and are to be affirmed by the intellect. For now, as of old, the command is "Be still and know that I am God."

Thus in stillness the Ego builds. Deep below the turbulent waves of ocean lie

... "The coral groves

Where the purple mullet and gold fish rove,"

and deep below the turbulent intellectual life lies that subconscious department of our life, from whence comes the Ideal. Sometime that ideal will be projected into that sense department of our nature we call real life. Once thus realized, it will no longer satisfy but will be left behind as a garment outgrown. Dropped as a tree its leaves that the latent bud at the foot of the leaf stalk may have opportunity to develop in the spring time unfolding.

The Ego draws the plan of Life's structure in the Ideal

which is the real of Spirit. The conscious man is the artist to carve and build in the material of the sense-life after this plan of Spirit. "I am Destiny" is the thought to direct the builder, and to the Ideal he says, "I can," therefore, "I will."

"Build the more stately mansions, O my Soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low vaulted past.
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut in thy heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free.
Leaving thine outgrown shell by Life's unresting sea."

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.)

The Swiss guards who were ranged along the aisles presented arms, and the people rose to a standing position. The incense was rising from the censers and was now beginning to spread out in thin clouds through the cathedral. The priests and dignitaries prostrated themselves before the altar and now the pallbearers lifted the bier and started down the center aisle. The officiating dignitaries followed. Next came the cardinals, bishops, the heads of religious orders, etc. Then came the representative of the king of Italy, the prime ministers, and the foreign embassies. After these came long lines of priests and the lesser officers of church and state.

One who never witnessed such a scene cannot picture to himself the awful impressiveness of it all. But the young man at the organ felt it. After the first measures of his improviso he forgot all about his nervousness. He

realized that he was in the presence of a great power, the power which had swayed the Western world through the long centuries beginning with the decay of the Roman empire, and which reached up to the present time. His mind wandered back to the time of the lowly Nazarine. He imagined him standing before Peter, and down the centuries came to him the words "On this rock will I build my church." He wondered whether Peter and his successors were meant by the word "rock," or whether that rock was Truth itself. Then his mind followed the history of the church through the cruel persecutions of the early Christians to the first establishment of the same by Constantine. He pictured to himself the vast throng of the martyrs and confessors who rather braved and suffered death than give up their faith. Later he saw the Popes wrestling with the powers of Europe and subduing kings and emperors. Here was power. What was it? It was the same power that brought this vast assemblage together to day. He felt uplifted and inspired, he knew not why. He was proud to be a Roman Catholic, although he had never been proud of it before. His inspiration flowed into the organ and this grand old instrument became his organ of speech. There was no sentimental, simpering weakness, no dark wailing of despair, but a majestic grandeur which filled the listening throng with an awe sublime. They too felt that undefinable presence of power, and they realized that although the representative of that power had vanished, the church did not suffer. The great passages and choral tones coming to them from the organ uplifted and consoled. They carried the hearer to wondrous altitudes of feeling and vision. There was the picturing of the power that conquers and saves, the power that redeems and resurrects, and the tone-picture became a grand hymn of the might of truth. The grand spectacle in the church below had given the key to the inspiration, but the soul of the organist had carried it into invisible realms. The young man was dimly aware of the mysteries veiled and hidden beneath all these earthy shows of sense, it seemed to him as if the veil that surrounds the mysteries of life had suddenly lifted and allowed him a glimpse of Truth, the eternal rock of ages, itself. The music changed to divine ecstasies of harmony which kept the mighty throng of spectators be-

low spellbound, even after the procession was ended. Some whispered to their neighbors "Maestro Bertoni is outdoing himself." Presently the prima basso, seeing the Swiss guards disappear, stepped up to the organist and touched him on the arm. There was no response. He gave the arm a hard grip. Still there was no sign that he had been noticed. He now shook the arm and whispered "Maestro, the ceremony is ended." The young man looked at the intruder in a halfdazed way, but he comprehended and brought his play to a close.

The people began to pour out of the dome. The singers disappeared from the gallery. Only two persons were left. For some minutes after closing the organ the organist had remained on his seat lost in thought. There was a smile of triumph on his face. He now stepped lightly from the organ and almost ran over Bertoni who stood waiting with his hat in his hands. The old man stepped back gracefully, made a respectful bow before the younger man and said: "Signor Stein, I proclaim thee *master* this day. I am proud to say that I cannot teach thee any more. Thou hast outdone thy teacher by far. I have always been loath to admit the superiority of German genius over Italian genius, but I do so to-day. We Italians possess the passional elements and the grace of movement and execution, but you Germans have the power and the depth, the grand and the sublime, and just enough of the passional to color the whole and balance it. I always believed the Northern intellect cold, but I see that divine harmony can come only from a fine blending of both intellect and emotion."

The young man was astonished and pleased. A slight tremor shook his frame. He knew how much it cost the old man to make this concession. He stepped forward, embraced his venerated teacher and cried "No, no, Maestro mio, both Italians and Germans are great, each school in its own way. I like your love of life and your expression of it in music. It is only seldom that my soul reaches to the sublimer heights as it did to day. I feel that this earth is my home for the present, and I would like to put its pleasures and its sorrows into music and give it to the world. Therefore the organ is not so well suited to me as the orchestra."

"Not so well at present, perhaps," answered Bertoni,

but the time will come, when thou art glad to drop the sorrows and the pleasures of earth and look for peace and happiness to those realms of which thou hast caught a faint vision to day. Adio, amio mio, may the Blessed Virgin and St. Cæcilia guide and protect thee."

Maestro Bertoni was gone. Fritz von Wittenstein—for he was the young man—looked around for his hat and left the dome which had now grown silent. The coffin had been lowered into the vaults below and St. Peters held the remains of another pontiff. As he left the historic edifice he muttered, "Yes, may the blessed virgin protect me, I need it in the coming crisis."

Fritz had come to Rome to study under Maestro Bertoni several years ago. He had begged the bishop, his patron, to allow him to change his name for the time being, as he did not wish to be recognized by German visitors and thus be subjected to social responsibilities which might interfere with his studies. So far he had escaped recognition successfully. Why he wished to do so will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

We will now direct our attention to a neat and cosy looking villa fronting the Tiber. The villa was not very large nor the grounds as extensive as those surrounding some of the neighboring villas, but there was an air of refinement, art and beauty pervading the place which was unmistakable. But withall there was a homelike touch in house and grounds which testified to the fact that the present incumbents did not sacrifice their love of comfort to their love of the artistic. There was a happy combination of the two which was most charming to the observer. The grounds were surrounded by a stone wall about six feet high, which emphasized the air of peace and quiet which brooded over the place. It was winter in the far North, but here in Rome the air was balmy and laden with the perfumes of the rich-scented flowers of the South. Most of the windows in the house are wide open giving free access to the soft breezes which are wafted across the Tiber. Presently the breezes bear snatches of a simple but matchless melody issuing forth from one of the upper

rooms facing the river. The voice is a rich soprano which at once captivates the hearer, for it reveals rare culture and *feeling*. The heart and the soul of the singer are in that voice and therefore it appeals to the hearts and souls of men. Some boatmen coming down the river involuntarily drop their oars and listen forgetful of their work. No Siren of old nor Lorely on the German Rhine could have thrown a sweeter spell over them. And yet they heard only the notes. The words, if they could have heard them, would have conveyed no meaning, for they were German.

The singer was Arda. She was singing that simple old lullaby "Schlaf, Kindchen Schlaf," while she gently rocked a cradle in which an infant only a few weeks old lay wide awake and apparently not disposed to go to sleep. There was a sweet tenderness in her eyes as she looked at the little treasure before her. His eyes were dark and his hair had been dark at birth, but was now growing somewhat lighter. He was a miniature copy of his father in head and face.

The mother in Arda had been awakened with the advent of her child. She had two again to love and to cherish. One, alas, had parted. Her mother had succumbed to her heart disease only one year before. This was the first great grief that had come into her life, but it had enriched and chastened her soul. It had broadened her sympathies and intensified her power of feeling. And now she was brought face to face with another phase of life and it had enriched her again. But great as the joy of her motherheart was there was a hidden sting in it. She knew that Fritz felt disappointed because she had been obliged to interrupt her studies and training in singing when it became apparent that she was a prospective mother. Her health for some reason or other had been failing ever since her mother had passed away. She attributed it to the violent grief she felt over this separation.

She knew that Fritz was anxious to have her resume her studies, for he had asked her only two days ago, if she did not think that she would get her former strength and health back now that the baby was born. She had answered him, that even if she herself would get her old strength back, there was that little frail creature to which

she had given birth which needed all her tenderest care for a long time to come. She knew that on account of her illness she had been unable to give the child a robust constitution, and she could not bear the thought of leaving him in the care of hirelings. He had a right to his mother's best care and he should have it. In his frail condition he certainly needed it.

She tried to console Fritz with the promise that she would resume her studies as soon as practicable. He had bravely tried to appear cheerful but her intuition told her that he was disappointed. And so he was, although he blamed himself for it. Arda's rapid progress under her Italian masters had made him happy. He had himself studied Ochestration under some of the leading teachers and both had been faithful attendants at the leading Italian operas.

Fritz had found a libretto that suited him and he had gone to work in earnest with the musical composition. He was writing the leading part for Arda. He knew both the strong and the weak points of her voice and he tried very hard to fit every note to her particular genius. He longed for the day when she would be able to take up her studies again, and he was inwardly chafing at the delay. On the whole, married life had not brought him the unalloyed bliss which he expected it would. The charm and the sweetness of the old lover days had vanished. He told himself over and over again that he loved her as much as ever, but something was missing. He did not understand himself. He knew that Arda's love for him was as strong now as it ever was, but it was more concealed. Sometimes her caresses had slightly annoyed him. The old magnetic touch seemed to be gone from her hands and lips.

Poor Fritz wondered if all married people went through the same experiences as Arda and himself did. He did not know that it was only the physical ardor of their love that was cooling, and that this was making room for a greater revealing of the real soul love. He was yet in those years when people attach too much importance to the mere physical manifestations of love. They both were going through a necessary process of soul growth which in their ignorance they took for degeneration, and they made themselves at times very unhappy over it.

Baby Albert had gone to sleep. The boatmen now passing the villa plied their oars uninterrupted for there was no siren voice to divert their attention. This was hushed for the time being, and the owner of it was quietly watching the sleeping child. She was wondering whether it would live and grow strong, and a silent prayer that it might be so issued forth from her heart. She also prayed that his father might learn to love him, for she feared that his disappointment might prevent him from doing so.

Then her mind wandered back over the events of the past year and the tears stole into her eyes. She realized that she had not been as happy as she might have been, and that she had failed in making Fritz as happy as he expected to be.

A soft knock sounded at the door. An Italian servant girl entered and presented a card on a silver tray. Arda's heart began to beat. She had always dreaded visitors since they were married for fear that their secret might become known, and that Fritz might be involved in a conflict with his family. What was her amazement when she took up the card and read the name, "Heinrich von Wittenstein." Then all grew confusion for a while and she pressed her hand upon her heart which beat spasmodically and tumultuously. But she recovered sufficient composure to tell the girl to go down and bid the gentleman wait a few minutes. The girl departed on her mission. She entered the reception room and announced to the gentleman in waiting, "Frau Stein begs to be excused for a few moments. She will be down as soon as possible."

The gentleman raised his eyebrows in surprise and asked: "Who is Frau Stein?"

"Why, she is the master's Frau."

The gentleman seemingly lost all composure and gasped, "The master's Frau?" But he recovered himself quickly and said with a smile: "I understand, you mean his mistress." But the girl protested that she meant Mr. Stein's wife.

The man eyed the servant through his monocle for fully a quarter of a minute, then he said, "Ah, I see; you do not understand. But never mind, we will see. You are dismissed."

The girl withdrew. She had scarcely closed the door when it re-opened and Arda entered. She had not been able to master her agitation, and it was visible in the brilliancy of her eyes, and in the heightened color of her cheeks. She looked lovely. Her deep blue eyes were resting inquiringly on the face of her visitor. She stood firmly erect.

The latter eyed her keenly for a moment. He was a man of the world. He measured all women by one standard. Virtue in a woman was an unknown quantity to him, and the stare to which he subjected her deepened her color.

There was a slight sneer in the curl of his lips as he bowed before her and spoke:

"Allow me to introduce myself. Heinrich von Wittenstein, newly appointed ambassador of His Majesty the emperor of Germany to His Holiness the Pope. Knowing that my brother was still in Rome I hastened to look him up."

"I regret to tell you that he is absent this morning. He has been entrusted with the task of playing the organ at St. Peter's to-day, and I am unable to tell you when he will return."

Arda had spoken pointedly. She hoped her visitor would depart and she might be spared the ordeal of revealing her relationship to Fritz. But she was to be disappointed in this, for the gentleman replied nonchalantly, after taking a glance at his watch, "It is near noon and the services must be over for some time. With your permission I will wait a while."

As he was looking for a seat Arda hastened to say, "I beg your pardon for the omission. I should have offered you a seat before. Pray be seated."

"Thank you. To whom am I indebted for this courtesy?"

This was a gentle reminder that she had failed to introduce herself. Arda felt that the supreme moment had arrived. What should she do? She could not lie. She was sure that Fritz would not wish her to do so. She trembled from head to foot as she answered, with her head proudly erect, "To Arda, countess von Wittenstein."

She stood like a statue, both nerves and muscles at an unnatural tension. The man before her adjusted his

monocle in apparent surprise and subjected her to another prolonged stare. His glance took her in from head to foot. Then the muscles in his face relaxed and a smile spread over his countenance which even affected his long twisted mustache. He laughed aloud and said, "This is the best joke I have heard of late. Let me congratulate you on your wonderful talent for acting. You will be irresistible on the stage. Perhaps you have been before the footlights, and now pass your vacation as the *wife* of my brother." He emphasised the word "wife" in a way that was insulting in the extreme. His smile was a combination of a sneer and a leer. Ordinarily he would not have forgotten himself this far, but something in Arda's manner had pricked him. He regretted his brutal words and manner almost instantly, for he saw the bloom in her face fade all of a sudden. She reeled and sank heavily to the floor.

He sprang to his feet and ran to her assistance. He lifted up her lifeless form and carried it to a large sofa. While he did so he muttered, "Der Teufel, what a beautiful face and form. It is well worth a season's faithful devotion. But what if she spoke the truth? Well if she did, they must blame themselves. How is a man to know when a women speaks the truth?" When he had laid her down he opened the door and called loudly, "Here, porter, maid, servant; water, wine, brandy; quickl."

Just then the hall door opened and Fritz entered. At the sight of his brother he stopped in consternation and exclaimed, "Heinrich, what brings you here?"

The one addressed broke in hastily, "Never mind now, help me to resurrect this female; she has fainted."

Fritz followed his brother into the room but stepped back horrified at the sight of the lifeless form of his wife. Then he knelt down hastily and began to chafe her hands. The whole situation now downed upon him and he said solemnly, "Heinrich, she is my wife. If you have killed her. you will answer me for her with your life."

CHAPTER VII.

General von Wittenstein was sitting at the breakfast table. Breakfast was over and all the members of the family had retired except the countess and the general. Conversation had ceased. The countess was patiently waiting for her husband to rise. It was her habit to rise from the table when he did. The general was vacantly staring through the window while his fingers played with his watch chain. A servant entered with a tray which bore several letters and papers. The general was just about to give orders that his mail might be carried to his study, when his eyes fell on a letter bearing a foreign post mark. He tore it open hastily and began to read. Soon he grew red in the face and the veins on his forehead began to swell. He shifted uneasily on his chair and coughed several times. Finally he jumped up uttering a fearful oath. He dropped the letter and now he was stamping angrily up and down the dining room, talking and gesticulating wildly. "I always predicted the follow would end badly, and bring shame on the whole family. Tausend Donner, but I did not think he would go to such lengths, the sneaking, dishonest lubber. He has disgraced the fair name of Wittenstein. I will disown him; I will strangle him; I will——"

The infuriated man was nearly choking with rage. He tore at his shirtcollar frantically, and then stamped out of the room in great haste into the open air.

The countess had watched him furtively. She never spoke one word. If she felt curious or excited over the scene she witnessed, she never showed it. One who could have watched her now would have found that under her meek outward guise there was an iron will, a will that could have infused her weak physical frame with health and strength, if she cared to do so. She rose calmly after her husband's exit from the room. Glancing through the window she saw him enter the park where he was soon lost to her view under the trees. When he had disappeared she said: "Poor man, some day he will die in one of his fits of passion. So he knows at last that Fritz has followed the dictates of his heart and married a daughter of the people because he loved her. Poor Fritz will have to suffer much, but he will not be

crushed. There is that free spirit in him which will not be crushed and his father will storm against it in vain. Would that I had followed the dictates of my heart when I was young, but pity for my dear old father kept me and, alas, drove me into bondage."

A tear glistened in each of her dark eyes as she looked out of the window lost in thought. Suddenly she became aware of the presence of the glistening pearls running down her pale cheeks. She dried them immediately and said: "Away with these symbols of weakness. Let the dead past be buried. Soon my trials will be over, and then, ah, then my soul will be free to follow the path of her choice."

There stole into her cheeks a faint rosy hue as she gazed into space beyond the hilltops in the distance. Her ordinary meek expression had disappeared and one of rapture had taken its place. The soft blush in her cheeks mingled well with that pale olive color which reminded one of eastern lands. But soon the face assumed its normal expression again and the roses faded like the sunset tints in the west during the twilight hour. She moved away from the window and prepared to leave the room, when she saw the letter which lay on the floor. She stepped around the table and picked it up. She recognized the handwriting as that of Heinrich. She read as follows:

Rome.....

My dear father.

Your suspicion that all was not right with Fritz has proved true. Please prepare yourself for an unpleasant surprise, and do not let your righteous indignation fall upon the innocent head of the writer, for I assure you that I write all this with the most painful feeling. It will now appear *why* Fritz wished to live here under an assumed name.

The Pope was interred in the church of St. Peter this morning and as I have an appointment with count N.... my predecessor to-morrow, I thought I would see Fritz to-day. Happily I escaped the unpleasant task of appearing at the funeral as count N...'s term of office does not expire until Saturday.

Well, I made a call at the villa Felicitas this morning. Fritz was absent, in fact he had charge of the organ in St. Peter during the obsequies, which, of course, I did not

know. I was received however, and received by a most beautiful woman. Eyes dark blue; hair golden; complexion fair, a form like that of the finest Venus ever sculptured. Imagine my surprise when she introduced herself to me as "Arda, countess von Wittenstein."

I could not believe her, of course, and as her haughty air and manner displeased me, I expressed my doubts in her veracity. I could understand that Fritz might keep her as his mistress, but who could have imagined that he would *marry* a woman without wealth and title just for beauty's sake. Such things are procurable without going to such lengths.

The scene that followed my too candid expression of doubt is indescribable. *She fainted*. Here was a problem. I had all the morning congratulated myself for my luck in escaping the funeral and now there was a prospect of running into another one. Imagine my delicate position. Alone with a beautiful female who lay prostrated on the floor. Worse than all, Fritz came in when I was frantically calling for assistance. I assure you it was not pleasant. Well, I left him in possession of the whole field most gladly after depositing my card bearing my name and address on the table. This evening Fritz came and explained the whole affair to me. He relived me of my anxiety in regard to a prospective funeral by the news that "Arda, countess von Wittenstein" had recovered from the shock and was feeling comparatively well. I advised him to write to you in order to arrive at some definite understanding with you. He promised me that he would, so you may expect a letter from him in a day or two.

This is romantic, is it not? The whole affair, as well as the democratic sentiments to which he has given expression this evening plainly show that gypsy blood is stronger than the blue blood that runs in his veins. His love of freedom, and his unwillingness to submit to the established order of things——"

The countess read no more. She started when her eyes ran over the word "gypsy blood," and now she approached the fireplace slowly and deliberately. Arriving in front of the same she threw the letter into the glowing coals. Then she turned towards the door and made her exit from the room. As she did so she saw the general approach-

ing the house with pants and boots full of mud. The snow was just melting and the ground was soaked with water. At sight of him she muttered: "To-morrow he will be in bed with rheumatism. What great fools ye mortals be."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was May. The snows of winter had dissappeared and all nature was awakening from her long slumber. She had put on her festal garb of foliage and flowers. There was rejoicing everywhere. In the park and the grounds surrounding the manor of the Wittensteins all was life and bustle. It was Kirmes to-day. This is the patron saint's day celebrated every year in all Catholic parishes throughout Germany. The general had in conformance to an old custom opened his grounds for the evening celebrations. There was a dancing pavillion in the park which was brilliantly lightened. A wandering gipsy band had asked permission to furnish the music for the occasion which request had been granted. The swarthy fellows were doing their best and the village youths and maidens were whirling through the pavillion to exciting strains of music. Outside were the older people seated on benches surrounding wooden tables. They were talking, laughing, smoking and drinking. Some were playing cards and others further away from the pavillion were singing German folks songs. The light from the chinese lanterns which hung in groups and festoons from the branches of the grand old trees, revealed life and happiness everywhere. At little booths scattered here and there could be procured eatables, sweets, wine, bear and cigars. Farther away in the darkness could be seen solitary couples wandering around in the cool evening air after the heat of the dance. The general himself had been obliged to leave for Berlin that morning on some important business and the villagers felt free and easy. They all feared the old man on account of his hot temper, and his absence was a relief to them.

The countess was sitting in her room upstairs. She was dreamily gazing in the direction from which came the softened strains of music. A soft, stealthy knock in-

terupted her musings. She had forbidden the servant to light the lamps. In response to her invitation to enter the door opened softly and a black figure approached through the gloom. As it came nearer the moonlight lighted up the face for a moment. The countess gave a start and she exclaimed: "Zinka, what on earth brought you here to-night. Didn't I forbid you to cross this threshold again?"

The person so addressed responded quickly: "I know you did, but we were in the neighborhood and I could not pass by without seeing you. Pray forgive me if a poor gipsy woman dares to approach a countess."

There was a slight sneer in the tone of her voice and the countess noticed it. She said: "You know it isn't that. If you were only honest and turn from your evil ways I would be glad to help you."

"Thank you, I choose to help myself. I do occasionally help others and that is one reason why I am here to-night."

"Whom do you wish to help?"

"Fritz."

Again the countess started. She asked: "What do you know about Fritz?"

"I know all. I know of his unfortunate marriage, of his disinheritance, and I would help him to rectify his mistakes."

"*You*, help him to rectify his mistakes?" There was a sneer now in the voice of the countess as she said this. But she continued in a stern voice: "I forbid you to meddle with his affairs. Fritz is all right. He has brought himself into those conditions which are best suited for his soul growth. He will get all the help he needs from other sources. He does not need help through the black arts."

"You mean to say that White Magic will help him? Bah, white magic teaches obedience to *the will of God*. I despise it. Black Magic teaches self-help. It does not enjoin forgiveness for wrongs and an idiotic submission to the inevitable, but it allows revenge. Do you hear? It allows revenge, and revenge is sweet."

To be continued.

The Powers of the Soul.

A Series of Essays on Soul Development.

By W. J. Colville.

III. The Higher Consciousness.

The term "higher consciousness is susceptible of more than one interpretation. It may be used to signify one out of two or more distinct planes of consciousness, or it may be employed to set forth the idea that every human being is constituted of two distinct selves having each a distinctive source or origin, the *higher* in Deity, the *lower* in the subhuman domain of the natural universe. Both these theories are respectable and worthy of philosophic consideration. If the former be adopted we have only to contemplate how the higher planes of our consciousness have become such; if the latter view be taken we have then to enquire whence come these distinct selves with their opposite tendencies and inclinations, and what is the rightful relation between them. As we are not considering any other views of human nature than such as appear both reasonable and encouraging, our aim being to encourage and assist, certainly not to depress our readers, we shall seek, in this essay to throw out as many helpful suggestions as possible in the direction of determining with sufficient clearness, how in daily life we may take ourselves in hand and so cultivate what is clearly highest and best in us, that all that is lower and less desirable may become so entirely subordinated to the superior elements that we present pictures of order in society, which means nothing short of health with its necessary concomitants of happiness and prosperity.

Starting with the dignified premise that human nature is essentially noble, we shall not trouble ourselves with any perplexing enquiry into the nature of evil, but take it for granted that our readers will understand at a glance that evil habits are perversions of habits which are good in themselves. Once in a while there appears in literature a phrase so singular that it challenges worldwide attention. Such a sentence is that of the astute philosopher Henry James who in his "Secret of Swedenborg" and

“Society the Redeemed Form of Man” uses the strange compound of noun and adjectives *good natural evil*. How can good be evil and how can evil be good? is a pertinent enquiry surely, and another question almost equally pressing arises in connection therewith, how can anything that is natural be legitimately styled evil?

In the 45th. chapter of Isaiah we find a great prophet attributing what men are accustomed to call good and what they have elected to call evil, to the same eternal, infinite source. The one sole God of the universe is the author of nature, and nature is as good in her wintry robes as in her summer garments. Day and night, spring and autumn, are equally beneficent, so reasons the great exhorter unto righteousness.

When we review the dark doctrines of many of the peoples among whom the Israelites had been dispersed, we can well understand the fervor of the Jewish prophet who says to the people whom he addresses, beware how you lend yourselves to the folly of that dualism so prevalent in Babylon, which teaches that one part of nature is good and another evil. There is but one God, and that God is the creator of the entire universe, is the cry of the grand old prophets to whose passion for righteousness Thomas Huxly in his “Lay Sermons,” and other eminent modern writers even though professedly *agnostic*, have paid glorious tribute.

The view of nature which synchronizes with scientific discovery and logical deductions from observed phenomena necessitates our acceptance of a homogeneous and not a heterogeneous whole. The very word *universe*, the contradictory of *diverse*, suggests unmistakably and irrefutably the thought of unity, and as the human entity, the conscious intelligent unit we call a man perceives this unity, conceives of it and rejoices in the contemplation of it, proof positive is afforded us,—if we do but reason on what we experience—that human nature is simply and entirely the whole universe of which we form an idea. We are not intending to set forth a transcendental or idealistic philosophy such as Heinrich Hensolt in the *Arena*, and other mystical writers have many times attempted, all we wish to convey to the reader is that whatever we conceive as being without us is also within us. This is only saying that there must be a point of contact between

us and our surroundings for we can form no idea of our environment. Half truths and one sided statements are usually perplexing and often dangerous, and it is with a view to simplify through the agency of enlargement of view that we write these essays. Persons who are carried away by a sort of tempest of excitement in metaphysical directions are sometimes disposed to spurn and deny much that they formerly idolized. From thinking of the body as wellnigh everything they straightway profess to regard it as nothing, and in like manner from reveling to excess in temporal and personal enjoyment they turn their backs instantly upon all they formerly delighted in, and proceed to severely denounce what they once unduly glorified. A state of mind thus unbalanced is to be found most frequently of all among highly emotinal people who are generally subjects for extreme religious excitement. Revival meetings, mission services and similar gatherings affect many people dangerously in the direction of disposing them to rush blindly and violently from one extreme to another. It is because of that tendency that many devoutly religious people disapprove of ecclesiastical sensationalism. The emotions acting without the reason are very unsafe guides because while they feel strength they do not reflect at all, and feeling and reflection are both indispensable to a rounded character. A study of what Swedenborg calls *Correspondence* is intensely helpful at every turn and as we can never go astray when we study nature and compare the operations of changeless order in one domain with its analogous workings in some other province of its measureless activity, we do well at any time to impress upon our minds the word *Homology* before attempting any excursion into any special field of anthropoglogical research.

Nature is homologous. Contrasts are everywhere presented to our view and these varieties are good. Agreeing to rejoice in differences we must never tolerate the thought of discord or disagreement. It is just here that so many errors are liable to creep in. Unity is frequently mistaken for uniformity, and uniformity for unity. This leads to confusion, strife and doubt wherever the mistake is made. Unity is expressible in terms of variety. This was very clearly seen by Philo of Alexandria who attempted with a good measure of success to show how pos-

sible it is to be a monotheistic Jew and at the same time to look favorably upon the secondary Polytheism of Hellenic peoples.

The Kabalists always contended for this same acknowledgement of one Supreme Power expressed through many orders of graded ranks of intelligences. Huxley said that to his mind it was no more unreasonable to admit of existences in the ascending scale of being immeasurably higher than our present selves, than to accept the testimony of our senses concerning the myriad lower forms of conscious existence. In the light of this realization the *dæmon* of Socrates may be viewed in a twofold light. The Greek sage doubtless felt within him the throbbing of his own soul and he also realized communion with some guiding, teaching, and companion entity. Souls, like stars, are in clusters. The family conceived of spirituals is an institution which neither begins nor ends on earth, and whenever the true idea of spiritual relationship bursts upon the intellectual consciousness of a human being it startles one at first entirely out of the realm of old beliefs which though conventionally accepted by the lips belie the findings of the heart. Love being the creative force, the supreme magnet in the universe, the power or energy through the force of which all forms exist, we cannot be really severed even for the briefest instant from those, or from what we truly love. Our affections make us whatever we are. Without affection for someone or something we could not exist even for a moment, therefore the quality of the object on which we centre our affections is of the greatest possible moment.

Realizing then that there are clearly higher and lower objects upon which affections can be riveted, the path of progression is marked out for us by our affections to the extent that we are able to concentrate our thoughts and rivet our attention upon whatever we most desire. We deprecate both forms of sensualism current in the world, viz. the asceticism of many monks and other recluses who have created for themselves psychical bugbears and exposed themselves to the most violent subjective temptations on account of their constant militant struggles against the flesh, and equally that degrading libertinism common to fashionable circles in which woman is exclusively adored and the animal propensities are lived for to

such an extent that the remark is not a libel "those people instead of eating to live, live to eat."

It appears to many students of Oriental literature that there was a time in the far past when contemporary Brahminism and Buddhism stood for diametrically opposed ideals. The Brahmins believed in contemplating the loftiest ideals as a means of grace, and as they probably overdid the work of contemplation (very necessary in its way) they became so absorbed in introspective philosophy that they cruelly neglected such philanthropic work as needed to be done in the outside world around them. Early Buddhism protested that there must be no selfish catering to individual desire even though the bliss of a perpetual Nirvana were the object of pursuit. The senses came to be despised as evil and the people were instructed that only through the most rigid selfdenial could the sorrow of the world be assuaged and the misery of existence annihilated. The story of Gautama the Buddha, whether written from the standpoint of Edwin Arnold, Paul Carus, or any other modern author, convincingly demonstrates that the Hindus in the evolution of their Buddha-ideal passed through various states, as one tradition makes the blessed one sacrifice himself to a tigress that she may feed her young, another tradition pictures the young prince forsaking home, father, wife, child and heir-apparency to a throne to throw in his lot with mendicants and outcasts, while the latest of the legends introduce us to the great teacher realizing Nirvana before finally quitting the material plane of expressed existence, and urging upon his disciples the abandonment of asceticism and the reasonableness of a healthy, simple mode of life as far from asceticism as from luxury. The Christideal presented in the New Testament is extremely complex and stands out in the bold relief of vivid contrast as it follows the record of John the forerunner who is described as dwelling alone in a wilderness scantily clothed and fed, every inch a hermit both in appearance and in doctrine. No doubt there is truth in the theory advanced by some that the lower states involving conflict and opposition must be passed through on the way to higher conditions. Be this as it may, the great lesson for every one of us to learn is that directly we see a better way it is our privilege as well as our duty to walk in it. There must be no look-

ing back or thinking back. Ways that were our best in times gone by are no longer worthy of us. Therefore let us sing with the poet who exclaims

"All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind."

Looking backward regretfully or sorrowfully is indulged in to a very large extent by many who do not by any means answer to the children of Israel in the desert, or to Lot's wife, or to any other bible characters who stand for hankering desire towards an outgrown state, or to speak more accurately, a former state which had become corrupt, and out of which God's witnesses had been called by a divine summons which they had obeyed though not in quite a whole-hearted manner. It is never safe to think about what we desire to leave behind and rise above for whatever we think about is necessarily present with us. It is vain to argue that because we think ill of a condition or condemn a practice that therefore it will not enslave us. Truly we are not conjoined with it so as to be inseparable from it as we should be if we loved it, nevertheless though we can be delivered out of its embrace and rescued finally from its possible clutches, our rescue will come through the sole agency of influx received from superior states, states upon which we used to concentrate all our attention in thought as we have already professed by giving them our hearts' affection.

Think only of what you love, is excellent counsel for all who are striving to live a regenerate life. As we fix our mental gaze in company with our desires and aspirations upon the higher state we are seeking to embody, temptations from the old state will grow less powerful and less frequent continuously until finally they will totally cease to molest.

The higher state is the new growing state. Let it grow. Consider the flowers of the earth how they grow and learn a lesson therefrom. Flowers grow in two ways, or at least in a twofold manner, they unfold from within and accrete from without. The germ must contain in embryo whatever it can attract from the elements, but it must have access to the elements or it cannot supply itself through the working of attraction with what it needs to fashion into garments. Even so do we develop from lower to higher for so does the law of evolution

work. That which is within affiliates and conjoins itself with whatever is in affinity without. To grow higher we must aim higher, trust higher, love higher, expect higher than ever previously. By opening and keeping open the doors and windows of our natures to influx from the beyond and above we shall find it increasingly easy to forego, forget, or give up the attachments pertaining to a less enlightened past. By making the goal a reality to our inner consciousness, living for it and trusting in it, we shall behold obstacles transformed into priceless opportunities for progress, and all things will become new in us and for us. Our implements of warfare will be transmitted into implements of husbandry.

Opulence; its Attainment.

III. Doubt and Fear.

Doubt is due to ignorance. As long as we are uncertain with regard to certain truths we are in doubt. When the full knowledge comes, conviction supplants doubt.

Fear arises from a sense of limitation, littleness and weakness. The external world is one of limitation. The body of man is limited in its activities, and so is that part of the intellect which was developed through the experiences gained in the external world, and whose function it is to deal with the laws and phenomena of all that belongs to external nature. As long as the Ego identifies itself with its body and the intellect which deals with externals, it feels limited and weak. It fears all things and conditions which it has not learned to master. The Mental or Spiritual Scientist knows that his thoughts and feelings are forces. They are vibratory forces which in the first place react on his psychic and physical constitution, and which in the second place through the universal medium—the Ether—are carried through space, and there through the law of sympathetic vibration affect others.

Doubt and fear are disintegrating forces. They throw the body and the mind of the individual into a state of unrest, inharmony, or disintegration. Others become a-

ware of this either through the consequent external manifestations of the doubting or fearing individual, or by the subtle action of the intellectual vibrations which are felt and perceived by intuition or by what is termed the sixth sense.

Continued thoughts and emotions of a certain character mould the features into corresponding expressions which every one who runs may read. Man naturally pities or despises weakness where he expects to find strength. This applies more to moral weakness than to physical weakness, and the unthinking portion of humanity is most bitter in its denunciation of the unfortunate victims of moral weakness. The word "coward" appears to be the most degrading of all the epithets which are hurled at the heads of those who are unfortunate enough to provoke their utterance.

A strong, healthy man comes to our door and begs for bread. A glance at him reveals the fact that he is a professional tramp. Involuntarily a feeling of disgust comes over us which we find it difficult to shake off for the moment. It is not so much the battered hat, the unwashed face and unkempt hair, the dirty shirt and tattered coat that inspire this feeling in us, as it is the fact that we see a physically strong man before us who lacks the moral courage to overcome his laziness and work for a living. We all despise cowardice and justly so, but in our righteous indignation we forget to discriminate between the man and his weakness. We heartlessly condemn the man and call him a tramp, forgetting that by the action of that same law which brought the fact of the man's condition to our consciousness we make him *more of a tramp*. By our own thoughts and actions we confirm and intensify the man's own estimate of himself, and so we unwillingly help to push one of God's children, one of our own brothers farther down hill in the scale of being. Ah, when will a "Christian" world cease to quarrel over verbal definitions and opinions and begin to *live* the gospel of him it calls the Christ? It seems so difficult to look beneath the imperfect covering of men and behold their immortal souls which are so closely interwoven with our own souls in the Fatherhood of one God, that we *cannot* separate ourselves from that kinship no matter how hard we try.

He who would master the disease of poverty *must* try to overcome the moral cowardice that holds him a slave to his fears. As *he* thinks of himself, so will the world think of him. In the first place he must overcome doubt, the doubt in his right to all the things that he needs. Our needs are not confined to the body alone. Vegetables and animals are content with physical sustenance alone, but man has a higher nature to develop and he has a right to all things that he needs in its development. He lives not by physical bread alone, but also by all that can awaken to life and activity the transcendent powers and attributes of the soul. Does it crave the beauty that is in sculpture and paintings, the celestial harmony of music or the sublimity of the poet's rhythmic thoughts? Then he should have free access to all the external means which appeal to that in his soul which *is* beauty and sublimity and truth. Does he long for the companionship of any soul which can help him in the development of his own? Then it is right that he should get the help which he needs. Do we need books and flowers, good cloths, or money to buy them all? Then surely we have a right to them, and we must educate ourselves into *an unwavering belief* of our right to all that we really need. The sense consciousness tells him who tries to struggle out of his sense of limitation, that he has heretofore never had those things and that it is most difficult or impossible to get them. The student should staunchly deny the right of this consciousness to hold and bind him. He should seek to cultivate that higher consciousness which makes him feel his oneness with all that is. If he becomes one in thought and feeling with his Greater Self which is the Self of all, then he sees like Christ that all things are his, and that his own sense of limitation keeps him from the realization of his fondest hopes and dreams. This enslaving sense of limitation can be overcome only by cultivating the higher consciousness, by an escape into, or an identification with the Self of the universe. This Self is the Father, Author or Creator of all the little, the limited external selves or personalities which we call men. He that created all can surely bring these little selves in contact or possession with the needed things. Love is the Law of the universe and the one force that has created it. Surely this Love could not leave its own demands

unsupplied. If we identify ourselves in thought and consciousness with the fountain of all love and then desire certain needed things, we set in operation the mightiest force of all. We will be irresistibly drawn to the desired things and conditions, or they will be brought to us.

The same means which we employ to overcome doubt will also vanquish fear. Fear is possible only to the small and limited external self. In the larger and higher Self there is none, and if we can identify ourselves with that we shall know no fear. The world honors and applauds the morally strong man, and if you are fearless of bad results the world will soon find it out and trust you. You will become a radiator of strength. You will become an irresistible magnet, and the coveted things which you kept from you through your own fears and doubts will group themselves around you as do the iron filings to the magnetized steel, and all this is not empty theorizing. The author speaks from the conviction which experiment and experience gives him. Nor does he stand alone. Many earnest souls have in all ages given testimony to the truth of the principles stated above. But especially in this, our own age is that testimony becoming very strong through numerous exponents of the higher truths. Now all that we ask of our readers is that they test these truths for themselves and then when they have demonstrated them as facts, to go and spread the good tidings by word and example.

(To be continued)

Salvation.

....“What shall I do to be saved?” has ever been the cry of the race. That query earnestly put is the entering wedge that opens the door to Truth and light. To those who say “I will wait a more convenient season.” there can be but this reply: “Somehow, somewhere, some time, or out of time, a season of opportunity will come, but it may come after centuries, as to the men of Noah’s day, I Peter iii, 19, but the most convenient season is today, now. Infinite Love, the creative spirit of the universe, is the Eternal Now, and every vibration from the eternal

and every note of the song set to "the music of the spheres" say come, come, come, today, today, today, now, now, now. Come now.

Earnest desire is the key. Learn to still the outer nature my friend. Do it by such methods as suit thy outward environment, past experience, and peculiar constitution of mind; but know this: thy higher self, being born of God, is thy way to God. That which in Jesus was "The Way, Truth, and Life" is the same in all the Father's children. Thou art seeking the kingdom of heaven (harmony); it is within, and thy King is within. By raising the physical eyes to the blue dome above thee doth not discover God. In spiritual life the higher does not mean material altitude, but the within. The Innermost of thy Soul, of thy being, is the Kingdom of the Highest. Open thy soul for spiritual light and life as thou dost the windows of thy room for sunlight and air. By whatever method thou attain a state of perfect willingness to be led of the spirit regardless of old beliefs and of present relations of life, with a silent or spoken prayer, "Create within me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me. Help me to a consciousness of thy indwelling presence. Help me to be good, because good is like Thee." In such state of mind and desires there will come to each soul as it hath need a consciousness of rising, of being "lifted up," as was the son of man lifted up. Live up to thy light each day, my friend, that a greater light may come to thee the day that succeeds. A consciousness of the Omnipresence of Love, which is Life, is worth careful thought, and no method that makes better men and women and more useful citizens is a subject of criticism. Condemn no man or method, my brother or sister, but, if possible, show a more excellent way by thy life more than words, that men may know thy work is born of God—of love.

The great souls of all times, climes, and creeds have attuned their souls to the eternal harmonies by different external methods, but all used the one key—earnest desire. The power of the spirit came upon them through that desire, and henceforth the path of duty was plain and they walked therein.

The creative Intelligence of the universe, the spirit of Life that creates—invisible though it be—the worlds and

holds them in place; the wisdom that "called the stars by name," and the Love that bears the wail of the weakest of his children and noteth even the sparrow's fall, is thy Father and caretaker. Shall we not "acquaint ourselves with him," and be at peace? Thy whole strength of body and soul should be centered on God, the good; but how? God is spirit and worketh in the Silence. Into the Silence go.

"Let thy soul walk softly in thee,
As a saint in heaven unshod.
For to be alone in the Silence
Is to be alone with God."

Meditate and desire till thou art willing to give all things for illumination, and in response to thy cry, "My Father," there will come answer, "My child." "Then shall thy light break forth speedily," and peace, self-control, and Love, fruits of the spirit, will fill thy soul and give such equipoise that to thee silence becomes Omnipresent, and is not a condition of closets and caves, but a centered state or consciousness of atonement of thy soul with the over-soul, on rushing train or busy mart, haunts of vice or place of devotion. Such soul can say, "Thou art with me," and be active "in the world but not of the world." To be saved is to be thy true self, and to live *now* knowing there is no place or time where God is more than here and now.

From "*A Message from the Silence*" by Joseph R. Jackson.

Notice.

In September of this year The New Man will remove to some city that furnishes an opportunity for its editor to heal by personal contact and present treatments, and also give him a field for gathering around him a society of earnest souls who are anxious to live the higher life of Mastery over sin, sickness and poverty, and of service to men. The editor will go where his services are needed the most and will be glad to communicate with all who can offer any suggestions

Book Reviews.

From Peter Davidson, "The Violin," Its construction theoretically and practically treated; including an epitome of the lives of the most eminent artists, a dictionary of Violin makers and list of violin sales, by P. Davidson. Illustrated with portrait of the author, numerous woodcuts, and half-tone engravings. Fifth edition, revised and considerably enlarged. Price \$1.25, bound in Cloth. Peter Davidson, Loudsville, White Co. Ga.

All those interested in the queen of musical instruments—the violin—will find this book a rare gem. The book is entertaining as well as *useful*. The author says in the preface: "I write not for fame, my only desire being to produce a work likely to be understood by the common workman, as well as by the owner of the classic instrument—a book of plain and unadorned directions, avoiding all high-flown language. Therefore I desire not to ground its claims upon any literary merits, but upon those of a useful and practical hand-book." He gives his readers information on the following subjects:

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From the Gestefeld Publ. Co. New York. "How we master Fate," a series of papers on that subject by Mrs. Gestefeld. They appeared originally in "The Exodus" and are now offered to the public in bookform bound in cloth at 57c. per copy. Mrs. Gestefeld writes very lucidly on an important subject. She is logical and orderly in the presentation of her subject, and uses science, philosophy and religion in her illustration and presentation of abstract ideas. She has produced a book that is well worth the small price as well as the thoughtful perusal by the reader. We all want to master fate and the clearer the few simple principles governing that process are grasped by the student, the sooner shall he be master.

From Sulih-Po-Eht Publ. Co. Chicago, Ill. "Prophe-
tic Mystery" or the Man who lives in hell, by Theophi-
lus Williams.

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From the Virajanand Press, Lahore, Punjab, India,
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the Vedas, translated and expounded by Guru Datta
Vidyarthi, A. M. Professor of Physical Science, Goot.
College, Lahore, Ind.

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dent of the higher thought. The author handles his sub-
ject in a most scholarly manner and furnishes much valuable
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From the author, "War in Heaven," by Josephine
Curtis Woodburry 488 Commonwealth Ave. Boston, Mass.

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