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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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P. BRAUN, Editor.



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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.).

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Address:

Dr. P. Braun. Editor of **The New Man.**
Beloit, Kansas. U. S. A.

Living as a Fine Art.

A Series of Soul Culture Essays. *)

By H. H. Brown.

No. 4.

Beauty as the thought of God.

Beauty is its own excuse for being, Emerson.

Art is man added to Nature. Lord Verulam.

But art no other sanction needs.

Than beauty, for its own fair sake. Whittier.

The workman in any field of Soul Culture must distinguish between any statement of any perception of truth and the perception out of which that statement is born. The thought is perfect, but, because it is impossible to put any thought into symbols, any statement of any thought in language is imperfect. No language was ever developed that could convey from one mind to another, Truth as perceived, by the one who would transmit his thought in language.

Now life's artists deal, not with language, but with Thought. They think not of formulars, or statement, but of the principle of life, for which these stand. The artist dies into an artizan, as soon as he becomes an imitator, as all are, who follow rules, formulars, statements; be they the statements of scientists; rules of teachers; or creeds of theologians. These are not of Spirit, but of the intellect. That which is born of Spirit, is Spirit; and that which is born of intellect, is body and death.

Whoever would rise to the art of living, must look beyond the letter to the spirit of every statement. Could the reader sit by the writer's side untill he should "feel the presence" and come into harmonious vibrations with him, thus sensing the emotions out of which the words are born, he or she, would then know what these words mean to him who pens them.

The next best thing to do is to sit with the printed page before him, and after intending his mind for a few moments, long enough to quiet it, with a wish for Truth, then to think of nothing in particular, (of nothing if you have

gained this power,) and then wait until the inspiration of thought out of which this essay is born, is felt. By thus coming in report with me through the universal vibration of Spirit, to then read, letting Spirit do its work of making clear.

The consciousness and the emotion out of which this essay is born, is one with all humanity; so primarily the thought of God is one in all men; but the development of that thought, depends upon character and environment. The closest communion is not that of speech, but of a common thought. There is more soul growth in that silent emotion that dare not express itself in words, than in the failure that must come in the attempt to so express it. Glance of eye and clasp of hand or tender embrace, are the best means of soul expression.

Byron by Lake Laman's side says;—

Silent as we stand when feeling most.

Now to *hold a thought* that you have deliberately chosen, untill it shall produce in like manner, an emotion or a condition desired, is "to hold in the silence," and in this way does it do its work in soul culture.

The artist who would consciously carve his life into beauty, will care little for the expression of thought in words, but will care for the thought itself, and for that emotion of which it is the expression, and which, if held, it will reproduce in himself.

As Soul cloths itself in body, so Thought will clothe itself in outward expression, and in so doing will naturally assume a beautiful form; for all savage, and hence natural men, and children are poets. Every word was originally a trope, and early men talked in figures and symbols. Melody is only the natural rhythm of nature; therefore poetry is the natural form of the language-expression of Thought. Color and form are also nature's expressions, parts with melody, of this Indwelling Beauty. Painting, statuary, and architecture are only reproductions, by the incarnate Spirit of the works of Universal Spirit. Therefore when the soul of man has liberty, every Thought will be beautifully expressed in life, and art, and human organisms will be as beautiful as are the flowers, birds and children.

But whose is the thought with which the artist is to deal? His own. That which wells up from the soul

fountain below, alone is his. With his neighbor's he has nothing to do, save as it may be to him an inspiration to think his own. Each individual carves his life by his own thought. To repeat thoughts of another is to neglect one's own life for a poor counterfeit of some other life. From literature, conversation, friends, and by all external means, one should seek, and from them receive, suggestions, that stimulate him to active thought and inspire him to act. A large share of the work of conscious development consists in thus seeking, changing, and ignoring suggestions.

The thought of God is the greatest thought man can hold. In previous papers it has been dealt with as the thought of the "not-me," of all that which is outside the "I am." Therefore this is the thought of all that is connected with space and time, all there is of power and wisdom; of beauty and goodness; of love and truth:—This is the Ideal.

Since the line of evolution is toward the ideal, for Professor Joseph LeConte says, "We build our ideals and they in turn build us," then it follows, that mankind as individuals and as nations are what their ideal is. And since the noblest ideal is God, it follows that people are like their thought of God.

"The idea of God," says Hegel, "is the foundation of a people." Modern science proves this true from the fact it demonstrates that we mould our ideal into life, that in fact we can develop in no other way. Man has not consciously decided what his thought of God should be and has not therefore been the conscious architect of his life. But when he decides what shall be his thought of God, and consciously selects the best conceptions possible as symbols of God, he will then as consciously determine his life as does the artist consciously determine the statue, when he selects his block, and his clay model is made. Therefore our affirmations of God determine our life: and we have power to determine for ourselves what those affirmations shall be, and thus determine our own destiny, and make it what we will.

The affirmation "God is" will be considered in this practical aspect. What God is in the mind, is the line upon which the individual is developing. Therefore the most important work of life is the building of our ideal

of "the non-me," our ideal of God. No matter how often one fails in expression if he really has an ideal, he is constantly growing toward it. To fail to reach it is the necessity of our immortality; of our infinite possibilities: of our promises of eternal evolution. The Ideal must ever go before, and present achievement look mean in light of present ideals.

"I think the song that is sweetest
Is the one that is never sung,
But lies at the heart of the singer
To grand for mortal tongue."

but it gives inspiration to all the songs that are sung, and molds the life into harmony with its soul heard melodies.

Out of all human experiences our thought of God is born. Whatever we affirm that God is—anything, that which is affirmed is shaped by character, knowledge and environment, and is in reality not affirmed of the "non-me" but of the individual himself; since from the experiences of the "me" the affirmation is made. It is impossible to build into the ideal any thing that is not a dream of human possibilities.

This then is the important truth which we now affirm;—Each person's God is his or her, ideal; and the worship of God is the worship of the Ideal; and that Ideal molds the life of him who affirms.

In prayer, praise, petition or thanksgiving, one only turns to the Ideal whose throne is within where Jesus told us to find God's kingdom. Therefore Parker said; "When I pray I pray to my better self," and no more devout man even prayed and his prayers are models for all time.

Only in unspoken but instinctive longings and yearnings unformed in language can one pray to the Nameless One "that inhabit eternity," the Indivisible Omnipotence; the All; of which the soul is an indivisible and inseparable portion. Only a dumb moan in the soul tells of it, the Eternal, Immanent, Potential ALL.

The thought of God arises from a consciousness of Power. It fills the universe and is somewhere centered. It can have no center in the ALL. Its center must be in the "Me" the Ego. Each individual is therefore a center and the "Non-me" is the circumference.

Out of unfulfilled aspirations; out of ungratified desires; out of unshaped longings; out of a sense of incompleteness in everything is born the conception of God as Providence; who is all good, and will make life complete. But a clearer reasoning teaches, that completeness exists, only in pontentility and is in the All alone, that manifestation must be limited by individuality. The care, protection, strength, blessing, gifts, love and life all center in "me" and from that "me" find expression. To the "me" then we should look. To the near and not to the far; to the immanent and not the transcendent God; to the indwelling and not the "absentee" God; to the centre and not the circumference. This it is to be self-centered, self-controlled, self-sufficient and amid all circumstances a centerstance.

Thus is the idea of God the "not me" limited only by human conceptions of what ought to be, and that is by the ideal. And human powers are limited to man's opinion of his own place and power. By affirming everything of the "not-me" and at the same time affirming his own weakness, he makes himself that which he affirms of himself, "a worm of the dust." By affirming of the "I am" all he has in ideal, and at the same time affirming "oneness" with God and himself, he locates power within and finds it when needed. God who helps is within the soul. He, from within projects the ideal, as the promise and prophecy of development. Trust and Faith therefore center in the "I am," God, and from this centre find expression in life. Trust and faith here centred will, without hindrance, let the soul have its way in manifestation; by desire and expectancy, only consciously directing that manifestation in the line of the ideal.

It is the workman ignorant of gifts and power; it is the workman who seeks without, for aid and strength; it is the workman who submits to conditions because he declares he cannot change them; it is this workman who bungles his life and produces results he does not like, pain, sorrow, trouble and disease. He looks to the "absentee" God, who is for him non-existent; he trusts that part of existence not himself, and fails, as he ought. Trust the God within and as the "not me" works constantly in the without, the let "me" work within; then failure is impossible.

To know this and live it, to thus let the ideal constantly manifest in expression, is to turn the bungler into an artist, and to organize success in all things desired. It is to make life beautiful by the recognition of inward beauty; and by desiring its manifestation to let it express itself as naturally in human life, as it does in flower and bird.

This is Art, and all of Art. It is highest Art. It is Art that is Religion. Art that knows Beauty. Art that actualizes the Ideal.

In every life beauty should have first place. No soul ever in reality manifests fully except by beauty. The Soul of the world is Beauty. "The idea of God is the foundation of a people;" Let that idea be beauty and the people will manifest it in all their institutions. The Greek idea was that: and Art was to them Religion. Their art dominates the world today, because Soul speaks in every line of the Apollo.

To worship god as beauty, is to dissociate life from necessity, and to live, as all should, from the joy of living; the joy of expressing the inward beauty. To live beautiful lives, our ideal of life must be dissociated from use, labor, care, even from virtue, from all but Beauty. All the necessities are to be kept in their subordinate place, and reduced to the minimum in the ideal, and in thought. Remember, no matter how much one must labor, keep the mind above drudgery that beauty may have all the effort. To think of morality, in thinking of beauty is to degrade, both the ideal and the life. For Beauty is divine, and can only lead upward, for it is the clear voice of the soul. Therefore let us take it for granted, that what is beautiful is good; and never think of utility or morality in connection with beauty, because all such thoughts prevent the perfect expression and perfect appreciation of this universal soul language. Let us go unhesitatingly and joyfully where the ideal, which is always beautiful, leads us. This is art; this is Life. Says Lowell;—

"The thing we wish for, that we are
For one transcendent moment.
Ere yet the present poor and bare,
Can make it sneering commit.
E'en though our paltr stir and strife
Glows down the wished ideal
And longing molds in clay, what Life
Carves in the marble real."

The "I am," the Ego "longs," and "molds" the ideal, making thus the copy that the conscious man "carves" into real life. The conscious man ordinarily works in unconscious, or unheeding, or in willful choice. In some way he chooses. It is now for each to say, If I choose, "If I make, then I am Destiny. I can be artist or artizan. Now which shall it be, is the question." And it is a question all must sometime answer.

If beauty is ever the choice, if the ideal is always followed towards beauty, there can be no mistake.

As far as love of beauty is developed in the devotee, so far is beauty expressed in his religion and in his civilization. Wonderful is it to trace the manifestations of the love of the beautiful in the life of the race, from the rude drawings and implements of cave-men up to Grecian art, and down to the modern architectural abominations of the summer resort and the sculptured monstrosities of the cemetery. These two tell us of the degeneracy that follows materialism and utilitarianism. But no matter how crude the attempts to express the beautiful, they are all cries from the soul for more life. Yes, cries; cries of

"An infant crying in the night
An infant crying for the light
With no language but a cry."

Thus art is the cast in history of the soul's progress. Asks Emerson;—"Shall I now add that the whole extant product of the plastic arts has been its value as history?" And I add, could all other art have been equally well preserved, music and song would have been of more value as history of the soul's development; and language has its highest value as a record of soul expression. Every word is a poem born in human needs, and poetry is the first of arts. Every man is necessarily a poet. "For poetry was all written before time was, and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where all is music, we hear those primal warblings. For nature is as truly beautiful as it is good or as it is reasonable. For the world is not painted or adorned, but is from the beginning beautiful; and God has not made some beautiful things but beauty is the creator of the universe." [Emerson.]

Thus the soul ever looks out in beauty; builds its ideal

of its own perfection; and the output in the real is art. Release the soul then from the stern necessities that surround it and it is sure to manifest beauty in every thing, from beauty in form in person and surroundings to beauty of character. Art rises above all utilitarian considerations, and is therefore the highest expression of the soul. All vice, all ugliness, all uncleanness, rise from low ideals, from materialistic and utilitarian views of life. Art alone can redeem the race from these, by its expression of a higher ideal, and by its function as the creator of newer and better ideals. The flower in the window of the cot, the bit of ribbon on the peasant's dress, mean that that soul is struggling for expression, and that through the travail pains of self-denial, and the hunger grasp of a fainting hour it will be born into the Light..

Life is in reality the finest of arts. All others only teach us how to live. "Painting and sculpture are gymnastics of the eye" says Emerson. But music and poetry are gymnastics of rhythm, and all these must conspire to build that beautiful ideal

"That floats always just before."

And each soul may have its gallery of paintings and sculpture and its orchestra and library, and best of all its silent chapel,

"Whose windows burn with vanished dreams,
Whose altar lights are memories."

Nay, it must have them. Each soul builds from desire and shapes, either consciously or otherwise,—and oftener otherwise,—from its own experience, the contents of the rooms of the ideal. From these it builds its external life; for, what is desired is striven for; and it tones voice, gives gestures and attitude of body to harmonize with the desire; and it direct effort toward achievement.

To be artist first in ideal, and all may be, is to conceive of God within as beauty, and to consciously contrall life. This must be done; To paint in the mind's gallery beautiful pictures and there to carve beautiful statues; to listen to celestial music and to write poems in thought; this is to be Conscious Destiny.

Any thing less than this, makes life drudgery. God must be thought of as Beauty. To think of God as Goodness, Providence, Justice, or even as Wisdom or

love and truth will not suffice. These are, or can be, more or less selfishly held, and may be connected with thoughts of use or virtue. But to affirm Him as Beauty, is to eliminate all purely mortal traits, and affirm pure divinity. This is Religion in its purity. The enjoyment of beauty, the memory of beauty, is an unmixed and pure emotion, full of the joy of living, of Being. Beauty is the expression in man of the pure joy of existence. Art is therefore the real handmaiden of the soul. Love of beauty will make living a fine art.

Now reader will you cultivate your soul? Then above all other loves put this love of beauty. Love beauty; Love the thought of beauty; Love the love of beauty; Love yourself because you love beauty; keep this love at all times uppermost; make conscious effort to increase your love, and the forms of its manifestation. Then, before you are aware, your every thought, every act, your life manifestations, will all be beautiful; which means you will know neither vice, nor pain, nor sorrow; for former things are passed away.

In some such form may be your affirmations as long as you need any;—"God is beauty. I am beautiful. I love all that is beautiful. I see naught but beauty. My every act is beautiful. The work of my hand is beautiful. I worship in this thought of beauty. I live in it; I express my individuality in it. To be beautiful is my religion, for Goodness is to me beauty." As helps in our work thoughts of others are valuable, and I recommend in this connection this unsurpassed expression of Rev. C. S. Hosmer;

"One thought I have my only creed,
 So deep it is and broad:
 So equal to my every need,
 It is my thought of God.
 Each morn unfolds some new surprise,
 I feast at life's full board.
 And rising on my inner skies
 Shines forth my thought of God.
 At night my gladness is my prayer
 I drop my daily load,
 And all my care is pillowed there,
 Upon my thought of God,
 I ask not far before to see.
 But take with joy my road;
 Life, death and immortality
 Are in my thought of God."

Opulence; its Attainment.

IV. Honesty vs. Dishonesty.

One who wishes to be financially successful through the operation of the higher law must be perfectly honest. Dishonesty is the outgrowth of fear and weakness. The dishonest man is afraid he will not get enough for himself, and if he has enough he fears that what he has might be taken from him through some unforeseen calamity, therefore he strives for more. Only the morally weak are dishonest. This is an axiom. It requires courage to be perfectly honest. Courage implies faith and trust, faith in one's powers to achieve success in the chosen direction, and trust in that balancing power which has a compensation for every good thought, word, and effort in the right direction. To be successful financially through the operation of the higher spiritual forces one must have faith in the God-power within to attract the needed income. This self-trust can be cultivated. Every lie and every dishonest action or transaction is weakening and destructive to faith and self-trust, and right here is the harm done to the individual himself. He builds into his character weakening elements which carry with them their own punishment. A character in which there is ought of cunning and deceit is not in harmony with the forces in man's nature that make for perfection, and as long as the imperfect traits are not eliminated there will be war and dis-ease, or no-ease. These bad traits are shrill notes that bring discord in the divine harmony of the originally and essentially perfect soul of man. The soul will be out of tune with the Infinite Law of Love which means also "Attraction." In order for one to be a perfect magnet, one that vibrates in tune with God's omnipotent power, one must vibrate in harmony with the perfect law of Love and this knows no dishonesty nor deceit. That perfect love which "casteth out all fear" means also perfect justice. Love without justice—which also means honesty—is like a nut without a kernel.

We have said that a dishonest person did not vibrate in harmony with his inmost being which is the Great Self of All. The rays coming from the interior realms to the

outer sensuous being are broken, and there is only an imperfect communication with the seat of power. There will then be a correspondingly imperfect consciousness of power because the higher attracting forces cannot operate from the center outward. The absence or the loss of this sense of power makes a man a coward and a weakling who is afraid of every adverse wind or circumstance. Thus it is that the perfect law of Recompense works. Such a man cannot "know God," i. e. his own inner divine Selfhood which alone has power to control circumstances and environment.

What a fearful condition this separation in consciousness between the inner and the outer realms of man's being is! The bible calls such a condition "Hell." No need to wait for a future hell. The dishonest person is in hell *now*. Alas, the greater portion of humanity is in such a hell at the present time. The average man has not yet learned that "*honesty is the best policy.*" He may not be a professional burgler or robber, but he will take advantage of every circumstance which places him in a position to get something for which he is unwilling to render an equivalent in return. Let us for a moment follow the course of a dishonest man. He makes a purchase and finds that in receiving his change the merchant has given him too much money. He coolly pockets the amount without mentioning his discovery. He consoles his conscience with the thought "Its none of *my* business to correct that man's mistakes. Let him take care of his own interests." And so Cain's excuse finds another repetition. He meets a friend on the street and stops to ask him for a chew of tobacco while he has a whole plug in his coat-pocket. He gets a letter on which the postage stamp shows no stamping marks. He soaks it off and uses it on his next outgoing letter. He may wish to buy a cow or a horse or something else and he will try all the arguments which his mentality can furnish to get the article for *less* than it is worth, while the other man perhaps tries to get *more* than what it is worth. He goes to some saloon and watches for "treats," or engages in some gambling scheme which offers him a chance to get something for which he has neither worked nor spun.

He goes to work for wages and racks his brains for ways to do as little as possible in return.

He goes home to supper and tries to get the best and the most on the table. When his wife mentions the fact that they need some lard or flour he grumbles that she is not economical enough, and when she points to her wornout calico dress and says she needs another one, he gets into a rage and stamps angrily out of the house.

We do not say that all men are guilty of these things and others which we have not space to mention, or that the average man is guilty of all of them, but we mentioned these cases as samples of dishonest actions or transactions. Neither have we any time to arraign present institutions or commercial and industrial usages. There is now a mass of literature available which is devoted to this purpose. We only wished to show up conditions near at home. To get something for nothing is an almost universal trait in human nature of which the children of earth take ample advantage. Just look over the advertisements in the Newspapers. "Gold watch free," "Gold ring free," "Silver tea spoons free," and what not, is told in glaring headlines to attract the attention of the readers. Speculations of all kinds, gambling, raffling, fortune wheels, all bear witness to the truth of my statement. This trait is made use of in religion even. People are allured by the promise of a heaven to which they have earned no right or title. They are told that somebody else has earned it for them by shedding his precious blood, and that they can get in on the merits of Jesus Christ. We heard it only yesterday from the pulpit that "no matter how good a man is, no matter how many deeds of kindness he has done, this all will not be favorable in the sight of God unless he believes in the saving grace of Jesus Christ." That church is dishonest which makes salvation dependent upon mere belief and ceremonial rather than upon conduct. It is directly against the teachings of its founder who thundered against the empty ceremonialism of his time, and who insisted on conduct *and* faith as necessary to salvation. The faith that he upheld was something radically different from the faith insisted upon by the majority of churches. A man who believes in his salvation through the efforts of another *man*, is a dishonest man, and as long as he does believe so he will not use his own God given powers to save himself. He will be "lost" therefore, until he awakens

from the hypnotic spell which a current theology has thrown over him, and *does* the will of the Father.

Oh yes, "Hypnotism must be crushed out of existence," all except that species which keeps the masses in intellectual and social bondage!

Self-assertion must be the watchword of a higher civilization, which means trust in the God within the heart of every one of earth's children. The dishonest man does not assert and profess the Christ within, he trusts to the Jesus without. He has not established the proper connection between the God within and the man without. He must first become honest. Honesty of thought, word and action will rebind,—religere—bind back, or connect his personality with the Father in heaven, the kingdom, within. Christ was speaking the truth when he said that the kingdom within, the kingdom of righteousness, must be sought first. When that is found and a harmonious connection therewith has been established, then will come the power to attract, to compel the needed things to come to us.

Dishonesty means the cultivation of a beggarly spirit, and no matter how rich a dishonest man may get on the old plane of the world's activities, he will be a beggar in spirit. Let us cultivate a royal and princely spirit as the sons of an all-loving Father, and that princely spirit will sooner or later lay a compelling hand on the Father's opulence and clothe itself on the external plane with the robes and insignia of wealth and power. Let us "live and let live." Let us be perfectly honest in all our dealings with our neighbors who are really and truly brothers and sisters. Let us be honest not only on the plane of action but also on the plane of belief; let us be honest in religion. Let us not hope for a heaven which we do not deserve, neither let us fear a hell not of our own making. Let us be just and believe in justice to lead us into those conditions which a perfect justice demands for us, never forgetting that it is guided by Divine Love.

(To be continued).

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 countess shuddered for a moment and then said in calm, solemn tones; "Poor woman, you will end badly. The day may yet come when you will find your match in white magic. I warn you not to meddle with Fritz."

"The boy is of my blood and family. Why should I not meddle with him? His wrongs are my wrongs, his victories are my victories. Fy on you, his mother, also a descendant of our race, who can sit with folded hands while he is being disinherited and driven across the ocean. But I shall make his cause mine, and I will yet see him the honored master of this estate."

The door closed and the gipsy woman had vanished as stealthily as she had come. The countess shivered and closed the window. She rang the bell and ordered the lamps to be lighted. Then she sat down by the table and took up a book. But she could not read. Her mind was too active. She laid the book aside again and was soon absorbed in meditation.

All at once she heard a faint tingling as of little bells, which lasted for some moments then died away. With an effort of the will she stopped the thoughtwaves passing through her mind. She was passively waiting, and now the following words were formed in her mind: "*Fritz is coming to see you to-night. Avoid a meeting between him and Zinka if possible.*"

Scarcely was the message finished when another knock sounded at the door. Upon the invitation "Herein" Fritz entered. For a moment he stood still then he flew towards the countess, and mother and son were locked in a tight embrace for one blissful moment. Then their

arms relaxed and Fritz exclaimed while a slight tremor shook his voice: "My darling mother, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, what? That you followed the mighty voice of love and sought for happiness without informing us? Could you really think that your mother would blame you? No, my son. You are and must be the architect of your own fortunes and I thank heaven that you counted your inheritance lightly when weighed against love, for I know that you made this step with a full knowledge of the consequences. The count, your father has disinherited you, but never mind, you have force of character enough to win both a name and a fortune. Love will be your guiding star. Alas, would that I had followed it when it rose resplendently on the horizon of my life, but no, I weighed it against gold, and gold drew down the balance." Her voice trembled and a tear glistened in each of her eyes.

"Mother!"

Fritz spoke sharply as if in pain.

The countess brushed away the glistening jewels which the memories of the past had brought to view and said hastily: "Do not blame me, my boy. I loved not the gold for myself but for the sake of one who was as dear to me as my life—my sainted father."

"Did he ask you to make this sacrifice?"

"No, my son, but he was poor and terribly in debt. Your father was his chief creditor. A day came when we were threatened with being driven from our home. I could have born the misfortune, but my father could not. He had been used to ease and luxury all his life, and now he was in a worse condition than the most ordinary mendicant, for he could not work, and would not beg. But let us be seated. This will be our last meeting and I have many things to say to you."

"Grant God that it will not be so, and that we shall meet again after this cloud has passed."

They were seated on a luxurious divan side by side and the countess took up the conversation again.

"Sweet as the deception might be, I cannot deceive you, dear Fritz. The sting of death is here," and she pointed to the region of her heart.

"The worm has been gnawing for many years and I

never hindered its fatal work. It is a mystery to me how I could live as long as I have."

"Poor, dear mother, how you must have suffered all these years! And I was unaware of your suffering. I only know that my father caused you pain by his impatient and unfeeling conduct. But pray tell me more about your life. Your confidence is very sweet to me."

The countess was lost in a reverie for a moment, as if she was calling back the memories of the past. Then she continued.

"That same evening after we had received the notice of the intended foreclosure I was sitting in the garden alone, racking my brains for some way in which I could help my father, when all of a sudden the count appeared before me. He begged pardon for the intrusion and declared that he had come to speak to me on some important matter, important to all concerned. He laid his heart and fortune at my feet. He said that he had loved me for some time and that I had repulsed him several times when on the eve of making a declaration and that he was now determined to have the matter decided. He reviewed the whole situation and painted the immediate consequences of a refusal on my part to comply with his wishes in such glaring colors that I was almost frantic with grief. I gave my consent to a speedy marriage after a short but intense battle. After our interview he was closeted with my father for half an hour. When he had gone my father came down into the garden where I had remained in silent agony. His face was shining and his whole bearing was boyant with pleasurable excitement. He cried: 'You have made me extremely happy this evening. I can now look death in the face with composure, knowing you so well settled. Are you happy, my child?'

"How could I tell him what anguish the decision had cost me. If he had known it, he would have been the first one to annull the engagement, so I answered 'Yes,' to his query. Alas, it was my first lie, and it has made my whole life a lie."

Fritz again embraced his mother and reverently pressed a kiss upon her brow. A tear fell on her cheek while he murmured softly: "How I feel for you!"

His mother looked up with a tender brightness in her face and pressed a kiss on his lips after which she re-

sumed the narrative.

"We were married and your father gave me the mortgage and several other notes which he had settled. Besides this he presented my father with the sum of 20.000 Thaler. His liberality towards my dear father softened my grief somewhat. He was a handsome, dashing young officer and he might in time have won from me a feeling akin to affection if he had known how. I was sensitive and delicate. He was gross and sensual, and I was doomed to make the humiliating discovery that what he called love was only beastly lust. He constantly and ruthlessly trampled on all that was good in me. Wedlock during the first year of my life was one continual round of legalized prostitution to which the church had given its benediction and the state affixed its seal. Oh, the horrors of that year! My soul was filled with loathing for the author of my miseries. If he had only sought to win my love and consent, I might have borne it and even yealded willingly to his embraces, but no. He used me worse than if I had been his slave. I cried to my Heavenly Father for deliverance from the hell of an ill-mated marriage. The time came when I could not bear his outrages any longer. That was the time when I felt the quickening of the young life that was taking shape and form in my womb. One night my pent-up feelings found vent in such a torrent of wild and incoherent protestations that he became really scared. He believed I had gone mad, but no, I was only overtaken by a violent fever which kept me in bed for weeks. At one time they despaired of my life. When I rose again the fresh beauty of youth was gone and I thanked heaven for the loss, for it turned your father away from me. After that he left me in peace. You were born four or five months later and you have been the only child I ever had.

Fritz looked somewhat dazed for a moment. Then he asked hesitatingly: "But where is the mother of the other children?"

"She is where I soon hope to be—on the other side of life. Your father was a widower when he was married to me. But this fact has been kept from all the children in order to save quarrels between them and you, but now they know it. When I came they were so young that the event left no impression on their minds."

"Thank god for the knowledge that you are not Heinrich's mother. I dislike him."

The countess smiled for a moment. Then her face resumed its former expression and she said:

"There are two more facts which I wish to reveal to you. It now becomes necessary to do so. One fact is, *my mother was a gipsy girl*, a member of a universally despised race. But she was so noble and good that no one even suspected her origin."

The countess watched the expression on the face of Fritz. When she saw nothing there but surprise and interest she continued:

"My father met with an accident when he traveled in Switzerland shortly after quitting the university. He fell from a precipice and broke his right leg below his knee. He was found unconscious by some gipsies who were camping near by, that day. They took him in one of their tents and put him in charge of their doctor who was an old woman. She had a daughter who was then a beautiful girl. Both woman and daughter nursed my father back to health, and my father said that the woman re-set his broken bones better than a surgeon could have done. But I think my mother had a good deal to do with his speedy recovery, for as soon as he was able to walk they were married by a Swiss clergyman. My father communicated this fact to the count before we married. Until recently only he and I in all this country knew the secret, but once the general reminded me of it in one of his fits of bad temper in Heinrich's presence, and now he also knows it. But as matters stand now it does not matter."

"Indeed it does not; but tell me, mother, if I am allowed to ask, did you ever love any man before or since you married?"

"This is the second fact on which I wished to enlighten you. Yes, my boy, I did love another man long before I was married, and I have never ceased to love him. I sold my body into bondage, but my soul was bound to him. Love is the bond of the true marriage between two souls. My heart has been weeded to one man and my body to another. Shocking, isn't it? The pure and innocent world is so easily shocked! But your father married me with the full knowledge of the fact that my

heart belonged to another. He flattered himself that in time he would be able to win my affection."

"But why did you not marry this other man?"

"Because he was a poor student of Philosophy at the university of Göttingen at that time and dared not dream then of supporting a wife and family. Now he has become a veritable giant in the world of thought. He is even now actively engaged in molding the New Thought which is taking root, particularly in the United States of America."

"What is his name and what is this New Thought which you refer to?"

"Never mind his name at present; you will meet him face to face some day, and he will teach you. The New Thought is a new revealing of Truth which will stem the tide of materialistic thought that is threatening to plunge the world into spiritual darkness. However, it is too vast a subject for present discussion. You are not quite ready yet to understand it; we will pass this by therefore."

"But if I do not know the gentleman's name, how shall I know him when I meet him?"

"He knows you and he will recognize you when you meet. Besides, I will show you his portrait."

With these words she rose and went to an antique secretary. Pressing some secret spring a small drawer opened out of which she took an old looking daguerrotype case, which she gave to Fritz.

"Here, I present you with this treasure. For years it was the only comfort which I had. The time came however, when I did not need it any more, for I became clairvoyant, and now I can see him whenever I like. It was when that fever overtook me that I first saw him clairvoyantly. My thoughts were continually with him for days. In my delirious moments I called loudly for him to come and take me. One memorable evening when the fever was at its height the room grew dazzlingly bright all of a sudden. The light was not radiated from any center but seemed to be the light of another world, the world of Spirit. In this light I saw him coming towards my bed. He stood there calm and still, gazing at me tenderly. He laid his hand upon my fevered brow, and oh, the sweet thrill that passed through me. I grew calm in-

stantly. I besought him to take me with him for I thought that he had died and now came from celestial regions. He shook his head disapprovingly and said: "Not yet, my love. You must live for the sake of that sweet little soul that soon will call thee 'mother.'" Fear not and live; I shall be with thee henceforth and help thee over life's rough places. Now we will heal thee and make thee *seeing*."

With these words he raised his eyes to heaven as if in prayer. Soon the light grew brighter and there appeared another presence. He—it was a man of majestic form and mien—seemed to radiate a dazzling white light in which played rays of all colors. He however seemed to concentrate the blue rays upon the region of my heart and the head. Then he took from a case seven little pipes, of a form similar to the little metal pipes in an organ. These he threw at me and they sank into my chest. There was no pain, however, only a delicious feeling of relief stole over me. Then he laid his hand upon my lover's head and he in turn placed his on my brows again. Now there sounded all through my being strains of the most heavenly music. It filled me with peace and ecstasy. Finally it grew fainter and fainter, until it died away. Then the master took his hands from my lover's head and touched my forehead directly over the eyes and said: "Let her be seeing henceforth. Now rest and sleep. Rest secure in the arms of Eternal, Ever-present Love. It never faileth those who trust."

Then I was wrapped in a sweet, calm slumber until once more I awoke and became conscious of my surroundings. At first I thought that my wonderful experience was all a dream, but there was that delicious peace with me still and I remembered that the master had said "Let her be seeing." It flashed upon me that he meant *spiritual seeing*, so I determined to try if I could see again clairvoyantly. I closed my eyes and tried to penetrate the gloom that lay over my spirit. At first I could not see any difference, but by and by it grew a little brighter. I could dimly perceive the outlines of several objects. I desired to see him, and lo, a shadowy form approached me in the semidarkness and I recognized him. He spoke:

"Do not strive to see too clearly at once. The newly

awakening sight requires some time to unfold. As the days pass by thy vision will grow clearer and the light become brighter. Now, since we are able to see each other let us understand the situation. I am still on earth and in the body, but my intense desire for higher wisdom and knowledge has brought me in contact with a teacher on the other side of life. He is a master, and although he has taught me many things, I am as yet the merest tyro compared with him. Some day I shall be like him.

"Although you did not tell me I knew what your marriage with the count had cost you. I knew further that your life on earth would be one long chain of miseries and oh, I longed to help you. At last I got permission to do so but only under condition that I will not claim you as my own until death breaks the bond which ties you to your husband on the external plane. My desire is that you should become reconciled to your present conditions and surroundings, and that your feelings towards the count be more charitable. Learn to pray 'Father forgive him for he knows no better.' Only under these conditions can we meet and see each other clairvoyantly."

"Of course I consented. Life became more bearable and I became in a measure more reconciled to my fate, but oh, I long to depart and be free to bestow my heart's rich affection on the object of my love without restraint."

Fritz had listened with growing interest. He was astonished, to say the least. Now he asked:

"Is this true? Is there such a thing as 'second sight' or clear seeing?"

"My son, I am a living witness to the truth that there is such a thing. Some day when the sorrows of life have chastened you and when the things of time and sense are losing in value in your estimation, you also will turn to the mysterious realm of Spirit and there you will seek and find the meaning of life's great mysteries."

Fritz had opened the case while his mother spoke and now he beheld the image of a young man of about 25 years of age. It was a noble looking face which he saw, with dark hair, beard and eyes, high forehead, Roman nose, fine mouth and well rounded chin. But the feature never to be forgotten by those who saw them once were the eyes. They were clear, penetrating and search-

ing. They were of the kind that seem to look down into your soul whenever their glance rests upon you. Fritz gazed at the picture thoughtfully for some time while his mother sat beside him with closed eyes, yet with an expression as if her mind was in far off regions. Fritz now closed the case and put it in his inside coatpocket. He said: "It is a face which I like. I shall appreciate the gift and take care of it well."

The countess opened her eyes and returned: "Yes, I shall go soon and I would not leave it here for unappreciative eyes to see and unhallowed hands to touch. Since I have learned to see with my spiritual vision it matters not whether I am in the flesh or out of the flesh. I can see him at all times and speak to him."

It was he who informed me a minute before you entered that you would be here, and yet he is many miles away from here, in fact he is at present in South Amerika."

"The mystery grows deeper. How did he know that I was coming?"

"Because he has taken a deep interest in you, and although you can not yet see him, he can see you. He is watching over you for some time. Yes, we knew of your marriage at the time it took place."

The countess then told Fritz several circumstances connected with the marriage ceremony, the name of the town and the name of the clergyman who performed the ceremony."

Fritz was perfectly nonplused. At length he gasped forth: "Then you know Arda, my wife?"

Indeed I know her and I have seen and met her on the spiritual plane. She is an angel."

Now the countess took both his hands and looked into his eyes with tender, motherly solicitude. She continued softly, but impressively: "Your wife is a fair white lily, but she has already suffered from the scorching breath of physical passion. My son, seek first and always her love and she will freely open towards you and bless you with a sweet reciprocal feeling on the physical plane. I would tell you the secret of real marital happiness and felicity, but I know you cannot bear it now. *He* will tell you when the right time comes. You are now going to a land where spiritual growth will be easier and more ra-

pid than in the foul mental atmosphere of Europe and
 ————”

“How did you know that I intended to go to America?”

“My son, you seem to forget that I told you that both he and I have been watching over you and that we know your plans in rough outline.”

“Then you know that I have seen my uncle, that he has given me 5,000 Thaler and a letter of introduction to his friend the bishop R. in state?”

The countess nodded. He then continued: “This leaves me practically nothing to tell, and as it is getting late I will leave you, dear mother, and the home of my youth just as I came, like a thief in the night. I left Arda in Coblenz, and she is very anxious for my return.”

The countess begged him to remain and take some refreshments before he left. To this he consented. She then rang the bell and ordered a lunch and wine to be sent up. When this had come and Fritz was enjoying the repast she said: “You must not conclude from my conversation that we are watching your every word and act. It is only when great crises are near that we try to watch over you in loving solicitude and care, and this will be the case even after I have passed to the realm of spirit. I do not yet possess the power to actively interfere in your behalf at a distance, but he does, and whenever you are in need of help, direct your thoughts to him and he will do what he can for you. He is a master, but the masters seldom interfere arbitrarily in the affairs of those they love. They never seek to control, but they always seek to help, to teach and to guide those who ask them to do so.”

Half an hour later mother and son embraced and kissed each other Fare-well. Later events proved that it was their last fare-well on Earth. The countess had warned Fritz not to be seen in the grounds among the crowds. She concealed her real motive to him however. Thinking therefore that she wished him to remain unrecognized by any of the villagers, he left the mansion through the rear portal and wended his way through an extensive vineyard towards the bank of the river by a small path which was seldom used. A few minutes' walk brought

him to the boat-house. He stepped into the deserted building and brought out two oars. These he placed into one of the small boats and unloosened this from its moorings. Soon he was floating out on the broad bosom of the river plying his oars vigorously while he sung softly some verses of the old fare-well song to the Fatherland:

"Nun ade du mein lieb' Vaterland,
Lieb Vaterland, ade." etc.

A spirit of sadness came over him as the lights in the home of his childhood faded from view one after another. He realized that he really never knew his mother. What a revelation this night's interview had been to him! It had given him a glimpse into a strange and unknown realm, a realm which had always seemed to possess no reality until now. A thousand questions rose in his mind which he was unable to answer.

In half an hour the railroad bridge just above Coblenz loomed into view, and then also the lights of the city and the town of Ehrenbreitstein opposite, as well as the long line of lamps on the pontoon bridge connecting town and city. He made for the shore just below the Imperial palace, and finding a ring in the stone casement he moored his craft and sprang ashore.

Just about that time another figure approached the boat-house which belonged to the estate of the count von Wittenstein. It tried to pierce the gloom with a pair of glowing eyes. All at once an angry ejaculation burst from the lips of that figure.

"Tausend Donner! he has gone." It was old Zinka. She had watched for Fritz and been outwitted. She muttered defiantly as she turned back: "Never mind, my birdie. We shall yet meet. When Zinka has set her heart on carrying out a plan she never fails. He sails for America in a few days, but what matters it? The seas are not broad and deep enough to take you out of my reach. When the right time comes I shall find you. His present wife must die or be parted from him and all the rest that stand in my road must die. He will marry one of our race like the Baron, his grandfather, and so his large estate will become a resting-place and a refuge for all Romani who need rest and protection. We had such a refuge as long as the

good baron lived, but he was comparatively poor. Yet he was always willing to give food, shelter and protection to the poor gipsies who wandered his way. He was a good man but not a strong man. Fritz is strong. As the owner of his father's estate he will go to the German Reichstag and once there I want him to introduce bills which grant us greater privileges and more freedom. Ha, ha, ha; Zinka is a good fortune teller, never misses the mark. The future will be brighter for my people. Fritz will be my tool or—he will go the way of all who have opposed me before in my plans." The old woman looked like a daemon risen from the infernal regions as she pressed the hilt of the dagger which was skillfully concealed below the dirty old military coat which she wore. Soon however she had disappeared among the shadows of the trees that fringed the river shore.

The gipsy had spoken truly. Fritz and Arda set sail for New York the third day after this memorable Kirmis day.

(To be continued.)

Book Reviews.

From THE TEMPLE PUBLISHING CO., 33 and 34 Masonic Temple, Denver, Colo.

"THE LIVING CHRIST:" An Exposition of the Immortality of Man in Soul and Body. By Paul Tyner.

This work is designed to show that the perpetuation of life in ever increasing strength, fullness and beauty of manifestation is entirely within the powers of man when awakened to fuller consciousness of his true nature. The argument takes up successively (1) the scriptural evidences going to show that Christ demonstrated the fact of immortality in the flesh; (2) the proofs of man's bodily immortality afforded by the natural science; (3) relations between individual and racial thought, showing the divine body to be a necessary externalization of individual and racial consciousness of the divine life. The sociological importance of the truth of bodily immortality is emphasized by a description of the City of Christ and a forecast of the changes heralding His second coming. Much new

light is shed on the problem of Christ's resurrection and the book has special and vital interest for religious teachers, physicians and students of sociology. 12mo, cloth, gilt top; price, \$1.00.

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English readers may forward all orders for the New Man Publications to our agent Mr. George Osbond, Scientist House, Norman Avenue, Stoke, Devonport, Eng.

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