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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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
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
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Living as a Fine Art.

A Series of Soul Culture Essays. *)

By H. H. Brown.

No. 5.

Truth as our thought of God.

The Truth shall make you free. Paul.

Thou art the full ocean of knowledge and bliss. The Vedas.

It is the Truth—yes, the Truth—that saves the world.

Geo. MacDonald.

Truth is eternal, but her effluence

With endless change is fitted to the hour. Lowell.

Progress is only the unfolding manifestation of Truth. Since Truth is infinite, progress must also be infinite. Human progress is in part an instinctive, and in part a conscious, manifestation of unfolding Truth through man.

Discovery is man's new perception of what is. Invention is man's conscious application of his perception to life. Through discovery and invention civilization is possible. Thus it may be said that civilization is fossil Truth. Every individuality on the road of evolution from amoeba to man, is also fossil truth. And even man himself as soon as he stops growing, or better, as soon as he stops evolving, also becomes fossil Truth.

"Fossil Truth" can be written over every rock and strata, over every plant and animal. The "arrested development" of the scientist is truth stopped on the way. A dammed up stream of the infinite.

"That lichen's crinkled circle

Creeps with the Life Divine.

Where the Holy Spirit loitered

On its way to this face of mine."

And we can write "Fossil Truth" over every edifice and statue, on every invention and machine, on every creed or theory, on every poem or drama, on every completed thing. Live Truth is in the soul. It flows through brain

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and hands and fossilizes as it materializes into form. The form is fixed, but Truth flows on. It *was* there. It made the form but is not in the form. It is in the soul of man and *is* the soul of ALL. It is in the soul of man; it is also beyond, above, around, the soul of man. Through the human soul it will build yet other and innumerable forms. "From within or from beyond," says Emerson, "the light flows through us and makes us know that we are nothing, and the Light is all."

Dead forms become the foundation for the newer manifestations of truth. The old prepares the way for the next step in the line of evolution.

"The new must e'en supplant the old,
As Time's unceasing current flows,
Only new beauties to unfold
And brighter glories to disclose,"

Man started on his earth-way when the first bit of protoplasm was formed from chaos, and was well started when, from protoplasm the amœba was crystalized for all individualization is under one law i. e. that of crystallization. Man thus early started and is on his way still. He is ever coming. Will he ever come? He is now brute-man. Will the brute in him be outgrown or become subjected to the spiritual man? Will ever the tooth and claw of the brute in him give place to Truth and Love as we dream of them in the ideal human? Unhesitatingly I answer, Yes. Evolution has not yet finished its work through man. Instinctively and unconsciously it is still operant in man, and to a greater or less degree each man is a conscious factor also in his own evolution. The degree of this consciousness will continually increase until the evolutionary process is entirely under his control, then will man be master; will "have dominion over all things" and through the application of Truth perceived he shall thus, by his conscious and controlled evolution, destroy the ape and tiger in himself and be Man in the true meaning of the word—Man as Spirit; Man as the embodiment of Truth: Man through whom the current of divinity has its way; Man who is "a living Soul." It is to help him to the knowledge and the conscious application of it in his own development these essays are written, for they are based on the affirmation—"I can be my own Destiny! I can be the determining factor in my own evo-

lution." And this is done, only in the faith and by affirmation of that faith, "I can and I will be master!"

Thus each dead form everywhere from rock to idea, from flower to civilization, from fin to religion, is only the grave from whence the angel of the resurrection—Evolution—beckons forth the next manifestation of Deity. And Evolution is in man only the voice of the "I am."

Nature is all spirit and has only one law, that of Spirit, There are no breaks in her line of development, She has only one life, one method. Man and not Nature has divided her manifestations into the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. Therefore these kingdoms are arbitrary and man finds no satisfactory dividing line between them; they constantly overlap and defy separation.

It is man and not nature that divides rock into groups and epochs, and therefore these groups over and inter-lap epochs and are constantly dovetailing together. It is man, that divides plants into varieties and families, and animals into species and genera, and therefore he is constantly forced in imagination, to supply the "missing links," which if found would destroy his divisions and knowing then no species, he would have only one unbroken chain of life in its development from protoplasm to man; the beginning and end both unknown, and beyond the ken of sense. Nature knows only one manifestation of the one life, of which man and love are one, with snake and revenge, all manifestations of the One that, or who, is Existence, Power, Life, Truth or Love, for while these all to us are names for the "Power behind phenomena" they are names of the Nameless Something, that consciousness tells us *is*.

If biology has anything for the artists of life, it is the fact, that in nature there are only successive, gradual and orderly modifications from one organization to another, from the simplest form of the vegetal to the most complex of the animal world, from the most crude fear to the sublimest system of worship, the most profound philosophy and most perfect society. The "dead past" is the crystal of the "living present," as the present will be for the promised future. The "I am" is "moving on the face of the water," now as it ever has been. And best of all, "The Me" can consciously direct that movement within its own body and thus be *Conscious Destiny*.

Still another lesson is there from biology, viz;—All the Present *was*, in the past; it was present to the ego, that was the law, that was the builder, and knew the future from the beginning. And the Future is now with us in the Ego, that will evolve it from within. All time is consciously now to him who knows the law, and in recognition of the "I am," decided what it shall be in manifestation, and says "Be still and know that I am God."

It follows from this, that Truth is God; that it is infinite; that it is a fixed quantity; that it depends upon neither time nor space, but that time and space are manifestations of itself; that it depends not upon human perception or manifestation, for Truth says; "Before Abraham was, I am."

As the external world was before the eye and waited for it to perceive and report its beauty, so Truth was, and waited, and still waits for the soul to consciously perceive and reveal it, in thought and conduct.

Present conception of Truth must be changed. The Individual must be subordinate to the whole. We do not find Truth. It finds us. It is Cause; we are effect.

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.

They master us and force us into the arena,

Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."

Ideas are human glimpses of truth. They may be plural, but Truth is ever singular. There is One God only and It is indivisible. Therefore Truth may be spoken of, but never "truths." With this idea of plurality, must go the conception of Truth, as of human creation, or of human finding, or possession. It is not "my" or "your" or anybody's truth. It is my or your perception of infinity.

With this freedom from the old, and in the liberty of the new conception, will pass away the idea that Truth is weak and needs human championship. "Truth is mighty and will prevail" is the old motto. Truth does not need man but man needs Truth. Therefore no one should contend for Truth; all it needs, and all the truth-lover should do, is to proclaim it and let it have its way in and through him, and like sunlight it will, by its own infinite potency, conquer all souls ready for its beams. To contend for Truth is to become a partizan or a sectarian, each of

whom contend not for Truth, but for his own little conception of Truth, and this very conception because of their contention, becomes error. Affirm, assert, suffer if necessary, for your right to proclaim your perception of Truth or your opinion even, but do not forget that you contend for your own personal liberty, and not for Truth. To proclaim Truth you must first be free. "God will not make himself known to cowards." He cannot make himself known to slaves.

Truth like Life then, finds us, makes us, manifests through us, "restores us when wandering," and when it has its way through us unhampered and unhindered, manifests in success, health and happiness.

This being true, it follows that all statements of truth are limited by human weakness, ignorance, partiality, prejudice, in fact by all human limitations. Human perceptions are therefore subject to the law of evolution. Only the free man can therefore be a truth-teller. All creeds, treatises, discussions, opinions, constitutions, and statements of theologic, philosophic, or scientific, faith must yield to the modification of other minds, just as inventive opinions when materialized into inventions have been modified by others. The statement has no life, its life passes on to some latent thought and will be reincarnated from some more receptive mind. Every statement has power of suggestion, and hence the power of literature, and the spoken word.

In the same sense that God is said to be in spirit, can Truth be said to be in book or creed. They are manifestations of Truth, and are of no value to man, save as he shall from them, gather stimulus and knowledge, and inspiration, to make himself receptive to the same divine flow, and be himself a reporter of Truth. Walt Whitman with wonderful insight says; "Men shed Bibles as trees their leaves."

Each statement of Truth is therefore only a temporary manifestation of the Eternal; to be, like early protoplasm, evolved through many forms, to a perfect manifestation. When that perfect statement comes, the perfect man has come, for he only can state perfection.

"Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly father is perfect." Perfect in Spirit and in Truth, but ever necessarily imperfect in manifestation, or there would be no

immortality for men. Truth has through him eternal evolution. This is the price of his immortality.

When once this conception of Truth becomes the controlling influence in any life, there is no attempt to divide that life from the one indivisible life of which it is a manifestation. There will then be no longer truths, but Truth, as the power of life. No longer any fetters of limitation, but liberty, in the thought of oneness with infinite Truth. No longer is he man, but lost in, and one with, God.

But let it ever be remembered that while ideas possess us, we have the power to say *what* ideas possess us. We have the mighty power of choice. Thoughts are the manifestations of divinity and once possessing us become masters. Human mastery lies in the power to choose. We can choose; we can decide to what vibration of Deity we shall respond. Upon the choice of the present depends present joy or woe; and upon the results of present choice incorporated into character depends the future. We can decide. We do decide. But that choice is rarely a conscious one. Just to the extent that one consciously determines his ideas, to that extent does he become master of his life. Choice is destiny. By choice we become our own Fate. When we shall consciously choose wisely we shall know only Joy and blessedness.

Here lies the distinction between brute and man. Man can choose his destiny, brute cannot. Man may determine his career; that of brute is unalterably fixed. Man is brute, plus the power of choice. To the extent he exercises this power, is he man; to the extent that he instinctively drifts with his environments he is brute. He, to a greater or less extent chooses, and is therefore bruteman, when the majority of his conduct is self-determined he will be man-brute, and when all his conduct is controlled by conscious choice then will he be—Man. And Man is coming!

(To be continued.)

Opulence; its Attainment.

V. Faith and Will.

Metaphysicians generally are fully aware of the importance of Faith, but it is seemingly one of the most difficult things to cultivate. As it is so important a factor in the mastery of poverty that we will discuss it in this chapter for the benefit of those who have not read our article on faith elsewhere.

The soul of man is one with the Soul of the Universe. It shares with the Oversoul all its attributes of Knowledge and Power. The student is asked to halt here for ten minutes and meditate on this stupendous fact. Let him grasp it if he can!

In order to develop an independent personality, the soul of each man exercises its creative power and creates a form in time and space through which it is brought in contact with the external world. Here it encounters limitations of all kinds. It meets with matter of slow rates of vibration. It has to use this matter in building its physical organism. This latter portion of man comes in contact with matter in diverse conditions and it finds resistance and limitation. The physical avenues of perception are developed, and they report these facts. Out of these reports there is developed a *sense consciousness*, and what a small, limited consciousness it is!

As soon as the soul works in the coarser grades of matter in which it builds its form, it identifies itself with this form. It points to this and that pitifully limited sense-consciousness, and says "This is I." It is like some mighty giant that sleeps and dreams he is bound hand and foot and cannot move, or at best, move very little only. *It is the dream* that binds and limits him. Man in his sense-consciousness is like this giant. He sleeps and dreams. In his dream consciousness he imagines himself weak and limited, and he forgets his real Being in God. And yet, the great majority of men cling frantically to this sense-consciousness and refuse to let go of it, as if it was their all. They persecute those who would break that slumberous spell and set them free. There have been persons in former ages, and there are many to day, who have awakened to a consciousness of

their real state of Being which I will call *Super-Consciousness*. It is that condition of the soul where it feels itself one with the Source of all Power, and where it becomes aware of its real attributes. When it once awakes and identifies itself with its real Being, then it sees that the sense man is only *a part* of itself and not the whole. Then it perceives that what we call ordinary consciousness is only a condition of somnolence or partial paralysis.

And now what is Sub-Consciousness? Sub-consciousness is that part of the soul in which are stored away the individual as well as the racial memories. It governs the involuntary actions and functions of the physical body. In it seem to be stored away the experiences of the animal man far antedating those beginning with human history. Just how these memories are transmitted to every human soul is an open question still. Some account for them through hereditary transmission, and others through the theory of re-incarnation. But this is immaterial as far as practical results are concerned. Most all scientists, philosophers and metaphysicians recognize their existence in man.

Super-consciousness is above the plane of ordinary consciousness, and sub-consciousness is below it. The soul may temporarily or more permanently identify itself with either plane and live on the same.

The body in its involuntary actions and functions is dominated by the subconscious mind, which means by the memories, and habits acquired in the past either by the individual or by the race, in the outer world. Since these former experiences have been made in the realm of limitation, the subconscious mind imposes these limitations on the involuntary functions and actions of both body and brain. Man's evolution has been a constant battle with these limitations. Through the action of his free will he has constantly changed and modified inherited tendencies and added new memories to his stock of unconscious memories which have externally made him freer and more of a man.

We have seen that the soul of man shares its attributes with God, the Oversoul, but that it forgets its real nature through its too close identification with the animal, or sense-man, or that part of itself which is limited by its

subconscious mind, by environment, by time and space. But, to carry our simile regarding our sleeping giant further, suppose someone suggested to him in his sleep that he was not bound but free, could get up and walk and use his arms; that he could hear, see, smell, taste, and come in contact with things more real than those which he sees, hears, smells, tastes, and feels in his sleep. If you could make him believe this and rouse him from his paralyzing sleep for a time, could he not do the things that you claim he can do?

It is so with every man. Tell one who is enthralled by his sense-consciousness that he can heal his disease, that he can overcome poverty, that he can hear and see things above the plane on which he lives, or hear and see things on this earth a thousand miles away, and his limited sense-consciousness will at once say "No." The physical senses have never reported such a case, and therefore he doubts even the possibility. But you hypnotize him, that is, you put his sense-consciousness to sleep for the time being, and you may be able to make him do those things.

You tell a drunkard that you can cure him of his habit and he may doubt your words. He has perhaps tried repeatedly to conquer the habit and failed, so the sense-consciousness has recorded these failures and it now says through the man "I don't believe it." But you take this man and hypnotise him a sufficient number of times, and you suggest to his soul that it is powerful and *can* rule the animal or sense man, and his appetite. In this way you will appeal to his inner and real sense of power and you induce his soul to *exercise* her power. You will cultivate a subconscious belief in him which will reach into and dominate his ordinary sense-consciousness when the man is "awake."

You suggest to the sick man under hypnotic influence that in his soul, or real being he has power to restore order and harmony in his physical system, that the soul that built the temple may repair it, and you appeal directly to its latent restorative powers and stir them into life and activity. The mental healer does the same thing in a different way. He either appeals to the soul direct by way of telepathic thought transference, or he teaches the patient the truth about his real being and powers. If he

can overcome the belief of the sense-consciousness in his limitations and lift his patient on a higher plane of thought and belief, he will appeal to the seat of power in him and it will respond by sending its life-giving currents into the physical organism. Its health-giving activity had been paralyzed by the patient's belief in his limitations.

The soul is like a wonderful reservoir full of life, power, goodness and strength. But these powers are locked up until we dig channels for the outflow of its latent forces. Or, we may liken it to some powerful dynamo in which mighty forces are stored up. These forces, however, may remain locked up forever, unless we attach wires to the dynamo, along which they may flow outward. Faith and belief are the channels which open up that vast storehouse of power. But faith and belief cannot exist without the things in which we have faith. These things are represented to us by ideas and suggestions. If therefore we can create faith sufficient in our own powers, or those of another, we make a demand on those powers and they will respond with a sure reply. He who studies man is astounded by his stupendous possibilities, of which, alas, the great majority are entirely ignorant. They live in the sense-consciousness, and the senses report nothing but limitations. All the so-called miracles which have been wrought by different individuals can be duplicated or reproduced by the humblest child of God "if it hath faith." But the faith that is needed is that living, ever conscious faith that permeates the whole being. Very few people possess that high degree of faith which is needed to call to life and action the transcendent powers of the soul.

The soul has the power to attract to its physical counterpart all the external means which it needs in its work and mission on earth, such as the necessities of life, money, comforts, books, works of art, etc. It must first recognize its need of these things on the external plane and then it must have faith in its power to bring them. Love has ever provided for all of man's needs, but man must put himself in the right relationship, or in the proper attitude to the things or conditions which he desires. This he does through faith. Through faith he sets up the proper vibrations, or throws out magnetic rays of wonderful

power and potency which will establish that mysterious attraction which brings the coveted things and conditions to him, or him to them.

I have proved this abundantly to my own satisfaction within the last three years, and anyone else can do the same who renders obedience to the conditions. In the first years when I experimented along these lines, I met with varying degrees of success. Whenever I went through periods of depressed mental and physical vitality, and I allowed the old sense of limitation to rule me, I experienced a perceptible falling off in my financial returns. But whenever I passed through periods of increased hope and vigor, there followed always a more abundant inflow of dollars and cents. When this had become an established fact through repeated observations, I had learned my lesson.

Helen Wilmans referred some years ago to a gentleman who had almost every wish gratified, although he had no business. He neither worked nor spun. If he wished money for a horse and carriage, for a house or anything else, it was sure to come from some quarter. When I read the article in question, my first thought was like many another person's who reads this: "Incredible!" But now I have come to believe in the possibility of such a thing. Although the gentleman in question does not labor as you and I do, I believe that if he can demonstrate the power of mind over matter and material conditions, he has returned to the world an adequate equivalent for all that he receives from it.

Some years ago a gentleman who was in destitute circumstances walked the streets of London one damp chilly evening. He was on his way home when he was accosted by a child who begged him for food and shelter. Its only relative had died in poverty and squalor that day. The gentleman himself was the father of a number of children and he did not know where the next morning's meal should come from. His first impulse was to take the child to some orphanage. Then like an inspiration it came to him that, if God was a father of mercy he would enable him to provide for one more in his family. Here was an opportunity to test the power of faith. He took the child home and kept her. The same evening some unknown friend sent a bundle of provisions, and the

gentleman found himself after some time as able to support his increased household as he had been able to support the original number. When the next opportunity presented itself, he took another orphan into his family, and after a time still another one. Soon his benevolent character became known and money and supplies were sent to him from all directions. He now runs orphan asylums and cares for over 3000 children, *although he never asked a cent of any one.* Wonderful! isn't it? Behold the power of faith! Jesus preached *this* kind of faith, the faith in the power of the soul through its oneness with God, the source of all power, to accomplish all needed things. Seek ye *this* kingdom, seek to understand and believe in your own Self, and "all else shall be added unto you." Behold the lilies of the field. They neither work nor spin, and yet Salomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these. Oh, for a living, a saving faith, such as the Divine Man possessed, and such as he preached to his followers! "If ye had faith like a grain of mustard seed! What wonders could ye not do! Poverty, among other limitations would become a thing of the past.

Let everyone seek to develop this faith. Let us believe that omnipresent Love wants to give us all we need. Our little faith, our sense of limitation, drives or keeps the needed things away from us. *Demand* that what you desire shall come to you. "Pray *knowing* that ye receive."

(To be continued)

The Powers of the Soul.

By W. J. Colville.

IV. Meditation.

Among the helps to spiritual unfoldment most prominently brought before the attention of the world by Eastern and Western philosophers no question has received more attention than that of Meditation, which, though

closely allied to concentration is by no means identical with it. Concentration of thought upon a chosen ideal object serves and suffices to rivet attention thereon, thereby successfully preventing distraction of attention. Meditation follows immediately upon concentration as the next great step in a continuous chain of logical development. Having selected an ideal and determinately concentrated thought at a given point, the mind must be allowed to act without restraint. In the Psalms we often read about meditating upon the Law and finding great pleasure therein. The psalmist evidently was well familiar with the prophetic method of allowing a word or sentence to act as a suggestive aid to the natural formation of a homily, so that the exposition of the text would be vital, original, inspirational, instead of dry, scholastic and conventional. Memory is both a help and a hindrance to meditation according to whether we use it or permit it to use us. Memory is a repository in which is treasured up all the impressions we have received during our present existence, and probably its archives contain also the records of a pre-existent state. However valuable memory may be it serves for retrospect, but not for prospect. Out of its abundant stores it may furnish us much valuable history, but it is lacking both in the elements of prophecy and in ability to supply us with daily bread for daily need, at least, if it be admitted that we are sometimes the recipients of fresh experiences which have had no exact parallels in our past career.

Meditation does indeed open up the treasure house of memory to the extent of acquainting us to a wonderful extent with our faithfully recorded history, but more than biography can furnish is supplied to the waiting heart and intellect through the royal gateway of right meditation, which is one of the eight necessities according to the Buddhist creed, if we would tread the mystic eight-fold path. The monotonous repetition of a word is sometimes a legitimate preface or introduction to meditation, but stereotyped utterance and pattern formulas are only on the threshold; they may be in the *pronas*, but they are surely never in the *adytum* of the temple, the holy inward place. The mystic syllable *AUM* or *OM* is used by all the mystics of the East as a talisman and as a powerful aid to interior development, but spiritual en-

lightenment cannot be secured by merely repeating the venerated word. The true, living Master's Word must be a vital, vitalizing breath, impossible to all until they have reached a plane of interior consciousness where, free from all material distractions the intellect bends obediently to catch the voice of the indwelling soul, and listens only to implicitly obey. The story of the prophet Elijah is highly significant of the career of an Adept, one who has passed through various stages of initiation, encountering in turn the various elements and all the elemental forces at work in the production of earthquake and tempest and the appearance of fire, until at length the still small voice is heard, and the Lord is present in the voice, though not present in any of the elemental heralds.

We have to encounter all the elements within ourselves; Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, must be successively encountered. Then, when victory over all has been fully gained, the inward voice is heard clearly speaking, the at-one-ment between the higher and the lower has been accomplished, and the neophyte is now a hierophant. Initiation is always a gradual process, and although a new conception may take place suddenly, a gestative period always ensues to ultimately result in a new birth or complete regeneration. When so honest a man as Emerson recommends to his readers to "assume" virtues, it would be a libel on the philosopher of Concord to accuse him of having counseled hypocrisy which is an immorality. To the philosophic mind the case is clear that the surest way to attain unto perfection or, at least to competency in any direction, is to steadily contemplate the wished for goal. Among the strongest of Emerson's sayings is the marvelous epigram "I, the imperfect, adore my own perfect," a sentence involving a tremendous paradox but no contradiction, though surface readers must ever fail to see its consistency. Such enigmas stimulate enquiry, stir thought to its central depths and for that reason they furnish excellent examples of the sort of phrases most profitable for the purpose of salutary meditation. If you feel that you do not fully comprehend a chosen sentence, repeat it over and over, letting its meaning open out to you as it assuredly will in a manner resembling the unfolding petals of a flower. A word or sentence should be dealt with tenderly, caressingly, as

people speak of rolling a sweet morsel under the tongue. Honey is a term often employed in Oriental poetry to characterize the inward sweetness of a spiritual precept, and sometimes the word is spoken of as being bitter to the first taste, though after it has been digested in the inward parts its deliciousness is beyond description. Great words are like great pictures which at first produce but the faintest idea of the magnificence and wealth of beauty they actually embody, but which gradually reveal their containment to whoever with artistic eye gazes steadfastly upon or rather into them. A great word, such as Beauty, Strength, Trinity, Faith, Hope, Love, or any other you may choose to select as a guide to meditation will open itself out to you and reveal a fullness of meaning which you never previously imagined it could contain. There is nothing much less edifying than a perfunctory, parrotlike reiteration of syllables in a monotonous singing manner merely for the sake of obeying the hard and fast rules of a cut and dried mechanical exercise but there is infinite helpfulness in the good custom adopted by true seers and prophets everywhere,—and by all who wish to become such—of allowing a word, sentence, or object to open up its inward grace to the ear of the silent listener, and the eye of the quiet beholder. A good direction has sometimes been given in the following words: *Imagine yourself a spectator without a spectacle awaiting the appearance of a spectacle.* It is not difficult in this connexion to employ the familiar illustration of an attendant upon a theatrical or stereopticon exhibition seated in the theatre awaiting the rising of the curtain, or the appearance of the first picture to appear upon the screen now blankly stretched across the stage. Of course if you are meditatively inclined and a single word meets your eye, you are naturally inclined in the absence of any other point of interest to hold your gaze and with it your thought uninterruptedly till the thoughts suggested by it and through it chase away the mere external object which formerly was all you had to behold. Words are—as Mrs. Gestefeld has truly said in one of her admirable books—storage batteries which contain imprisoned energy which can be released unto us. The conventional interpretations given to words by those who never enquire more deeply than their smallest dictionary mean-

ings, are by no means such wide definitions as the accepted canons of precise etymology allow, and when we add to mere derivation all the wealth of significance which original intent, history and tradition have unitedly bestowed, we do indeed feel when we stand before a word that it is a mighty storehouse filled with almost incalculable treasure. Henry Wood's "Ideal Suggestions" are having a very wide circulation in homes, schools, asylums, hospitals, and institutions of all varieties, and though they challenge a good many popular ideas, and do not exactly conform with the entire belief of any special school of metaphysicians or others, they are on the whole well calculated to afford food for really profitable meditation. Let us take two of them as examples. We select at random from the collection of between twenty and thirty. "*I am part of a great whole,*" and "*pain is friendly.*" The first of the two is purely philosophic and opens up an immense field for enquiry and speculation super-added. At first the meaning may be somewhat vague, but obscurity or uncertainty quickly vanishes if we do but let ourselves go out upon the current of the mental stream and float or drift whither soever it will naturally lead us. The primal suggestion is certainly that of harmony, solidarity, co-operativeness, and much else that we all need to feel far more intensely than we usually do. Meditation on the words uttered and repeated just as many times as you may feel it desirable to repeat them (but no oftener) will soon suggest some such thought as, What am I? then, What relation do I bear to that whole of which I am a part? What is the whole? will be another question sure to present itself. Questions, you may say, for easier asked than answered. Quite true; but the very object of an exercise such as meditation is to draw answers to our own questions out of that measureless unseen universe of knowledge which can be tapped by all who are brave and industrious enough to let themselves go out into the universal and receive therefrom whatever special message it may hold for each individually as well as for all collectively.

The second of the sentences though of a different general character will often prove quite as helpful as the other, and in times of suffering and distress it is likely to prove of extreme and lasting benefit. Wise intellects ne-

ver seek to beg questions or ignore facts. Facing music bravely is a good, sound expression, but when we are called upon to face difficulties we are utterly in the wrong if we permit ourselves to think that difficulties are to master us when it is we who are to master them. Pain is an effect, not a cause. From ignorance or mistake it springs and instead of being hostile in itself it is a benefactor, for without it we should not learn wisdom. To fight against results while remaining ignorant of causes is to perform a madman's act, yet that very course is the one pursued by all who wish to banish consequences which they foolishly regard as evil instead of getting back of effects to causes and triumphing, as whoever will can, over the errors of the hidden state which manifest in untoward symptoms.

Pain is friendly for two reasons: first because it warns of danger and calls upon us to discover and stop a leak or attend to a neglected duty. Second, because it frequently accompanies a work of reparation and is the sign that the workman within the structure is engaged in repairing breaches and making sound the injured edifice.

As you permit yourselves to follow out in your own respective ways the suggestions which come to you while you are engaged in profitable meditation, you will soon discover that there is vastly more of the prophetic instinct in us all than we have usually believed. *Let your light shine* is a very suggestive saying, for it simply conveys the fundamentally important idea that we must give the light that is in us freedom to shine forth without struggle and without repression, and remember further that it is your light and not some one else's that you are to let shine out. People hamper and hinder their development grievously by their stupid endeavors to imitate or copy others, or in some way conform to a uniform standard of belief and practice. Uniformity is death for it is stultification of individual possibility, and without individuality it is impossible for any one to be healthy, or happy, or in any ordinary degree really successful, to say nothing of becoming truly great.

Topics for meditation are numberless, they will suggest themselves to you at every turn, but whatever you do, dear students, let us implore you never to permit yourselves to be cramped or fettered by the "thus saith"

of any school or teacher. All teachers and teachings can be helpful if you keep an open mind and remain ready to accept truth wherever you may find any, but there are no exclusive custodians of truth on earth and as every soul is here to fulfill a distinctive mission in expression, no two can have exactly the same expression, or gain precisely the same degree of truth. As I must do my work and you yours, my meditation must show me my way, and your meditation must show you yours. If we are alike sincere and open-hearted as well as open-minded, we shall both receive enlightenment, but in some special way your aspect of guidance must differ from mine and mine from yours. Agreeing to differ but never disagreeing, we can walk our distinctive paths, you honoring me and I honoring you. Then, when at length we are both far more enlightened than to day, we shall see where our respective truths converge and melt into the larger ray of which our side-lights were useful, but very moderate fractions.

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.)

Chapter IX.

A little over two years have passed since Fritz, Arda and baby Albert set foot on American soil. A different life had opened to them from the moment they did so. Fritz had for various reasons dropped all the insignia of his rank and shortened his name to Friedrich Stein. His uncle's letters of introduction had paved the way for him in the new country. He had been engaged as organist at

bishop R.'s cathedral in one of the great American cities. The bishop was a German, and the congregation which was in charge of the priests belonging to the cathedral was mostly German.

Fritz had become very popular among his fellow men. Although he kept his past history from the knowledge of even his more intimate friends, it was whispered about that he belonged to the German aristocracy, that his father had disinherited him because of his democratic sentiments, etc. These rumors, and also his genial manners had made him a great favorite with the people.

Fritz had become the leader of the Arion singing society. This was the leading singing society in the city and somewhat exclusive. It was supported by the wealthy Germans and counted among its members the best German talent. This society had built for itself a magnificent hall, known popularly as "Germania Hall," which served as a concert hall and a meeting place for the members. The immense concert room was one of the largest in the city and its acoustic was pronounced the best. The society took great pride in its productions of the German Oratorios and the lighter class of operas. Under the direction of Fritz it had experienced a wonderful growth. It had acquired a point of perfection of rendition and performance never reached under any of its preceeding directors. It attracted universal attention with its matchless productions, and the receipts from the sale of tickets were a source of satisfaction to its officers and members, as well as a cause of envy of other institutions for popular amusement.

Fritz had worked very industriously at the composition of his opera and now it was finished. It was to be the first to be produced the coming season. The society had grown more enthusiastic over the work as they proceeded in the practice. All who had the privilege of hearing any of the parts during the rehearsals bespoke great success for it, and now the evening for its production had arrived. The great hall was rapidly filling and eager faces were awaiting the rise of the curtain. At last all the seats were filled and newcomers had to stand. The orchestra had assembled and its members were busy tuning their instruments or hastily running over some of the more difficult passages of their parts, untill all was

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one confused mass of sound, chaotic and inharmonious.

At last the director steps up to his stand and raises his baton. Silence follows immediately, and all instruments are brought to their proper positions. The stillness that reigns for one brief moment is in marked contrast to the previous orchestral hubbub. Then an electrifying crash follows, another on, and still another one, and after that there ensues a wonderful harmonic jubilee. Gladsome melodies played on various instruments are playfully chasing each other. The violins are laughing, caroling and gamboling, the flutes and piccolos are imitating the birds' joyous thrills, the oboes and clarinettes imitate the murmuring of the brooks. Ever and anon there is mysterious whispering and rustling. Now the notes of the french horn come to the ears of the entranced multitude sounding a hunter's signal which is re-echoed again and again. It grows louder and louder and the wild tumult of the instruments portrays the excitement of the chase. Then there is a boom, followed by an abrupt stillness, broken only by the trombones and bassons which imitate sounds of agony, like those coming from a wounded animal. These are presently drowned out by the loud hurrahs of trumpets, french horns, tenor horns and others. Then the whole orchestra joins in one triumphant chorus, which after a little grows fainter and fainter untill it almost dies away. And now the character of the music changes. All is tranquility and peace. Again the soft whispering of the trees and the murmuring of brooks suggestive of a quiet moonlight scene. Now some carressing notes gain prominence. They are played on the viola and they have in them the soft richness of a woman's voice. The cello replies in an ardent tenor. There is questioning and answering, which ends in two jubilant notes which almost sound as if they come from loving hearts which have sought and found each other at last.

But what is this? Is it the rumbling of distant thunder or is it a muttering of envious fate? One can hardly tell. Nearer and nearer it comes and now all is mournful and plaintive. There is strife and contention, and the wailings of agony suggestive of the heart longing of lovers which a cruel fate has parted.

But soon there is a change, and the sounds form into a

great hymn of triumph and thanks-giving. True love has conquered at last over all obstacles and enemies. The wedding bells are ringing and a wedding march is played which again melts into solemn, measured orchestral tones in imitation of that empress of instruments, the pipe organ. The subdued gladness of these strains is indescribable, and when the overture is ended there is a prolonged and deafening applause, which seems as if it would never end. A feeling comes over Fritz which he has never experienced before. For a moment he loses his selfpossession and the bows he returns to the public appear hasty and flurried. And yet there is a look of triumph in his dark, sparkling eyes. He feels that all this applause is personal, for himself alone, and he is lifted up, almost intoxicated. Then there is a sharp pain. She, for whose fitting introduction he originally composed this overture is not present. Baby Albert is sick, and Arda has been kept at home. He had expressed his regret before he left her, and she had said "Never mind, dear Fritz, I will hear it later." But he was not entirely satisfied. He felt her regret, which was not due altogether to her inability to listen to the first production of his opera.

During the short pause that follows there is some hasty tuning of the string instruments. The people exchange their views in regard to the overture, mostly in flattering terms. This introduction has raised expectancy to the highest pitch. Two men leaning against a pillar supporting the gallery were engaged in a lively criticism. They were evidently musicians. The younger man said: "What a splendid tone-picture. All is life, motion, sparkle, and glow. He has condensed the whole sentiment of the opera in the overture."

"Yes," replied the elder man, "the sparkle and joyousness of youth pervades the whole, but his attempts at seriousness are evident failures. He is too young yet to be very serious; he has not gone through the tragic part of life. He promises well, however, and——"

His further remarks are cut off by the orchestra which has begun again. The curtain rises and the first act begins. It is nearly as great a success as the overture, although Fritz called it the weakest part of the whole.

The curtain now rises on the second act. Everything

has proceeded smoothly and without break of any kind. Fritz conducts both orchestra and singers with marvellous skill. Like the wand of a magician, his dexterously handled baton seems to draw into action this one and that one, then whole portions, and again the whole. The orchestral coloring is often quite novel and original, betraying the genius of the composer no less than does the general character of the music.

One of the dramatic scenes of the second act now opens. The falsely accused lover pleads with his judges and accusers, trying to vindicate himself. His rival is the main witness, and the duet between the two has in it all the elements of fire and passion, of love and hate, of innocence and malice. The hero makes a final passionate effort at vindication. All eyes follow him with almost breathless interest. The whole vast audience is kept spellbound with excitement. All at once there is a loud snap somewhere among the players. The E string on the violin of the first violinist has broken and in an apparent flurry he knocks down his music stand. It falls over against the stand of the next man which is upset in turn. Two important parts in the orchestral accompaniment are missing, and the accompaniment sounds defective. The little incident is making the other players nervous. The director raps sharply for order. There is evident hesitation in the parts played by the few other players who are engaged at this moment, which sensibly affects the hero's singing. Soon a faint whistle is heard in the audience. The people are getting nervous and uneasy and there follows considerable hissing. In desperation Fritz reaches for one of the violins which is not being played at that moment, and he plays the leading violin part with vigor and decision. The other players now follow in time once more and the singers proceed with more firmness and confidence. Through his energetic and prompt action Fritz has saved the scene from utter annihilation, but the fateful incident has marred the beauty of the whole. It has dampened the enthusiasm of the audience perceptibly. The feeling of security and confidence has suffered.

The third and last act now opens with a lively movement. The knotty plot unravels, which gives occasion for the expression in music of various feelings and emotions. The disagreeable incident of the second act is al-

most forgotten when the supreme moment arrives where the parted lovers are once more united. Here Fritz has been at his best. His portrayal of joyous, ecstatic feeling is really sublime and matchless. The important duet between the two lovers begins. The accompaniment is rather meagre and subdued in order to bring the voices into bolder relief. All at once there comes a confusion in the whole. The first violin is one measure behind the others and is so prominent that it confuses the other players who are at that moment in action. Again the whole scene threatens to go to pieces. Fritz vaguely suspects foul play now. He remembers that he has on one occasion reprimanded the violinist severely, and the man had behaved haerish and sullen ever since. He caused these disturbances in the most critical moments in revenge for a fancied insult.

There is a chorus of hises now. People seem to be hissing in different parts of the house. Some cry "Down curtains." Others cry as loudly "Down with the hissing."

The heroine has just finished her part. She now advances one or two steps to the front and motions to a policeman who quickly steps up to the first violinist and arrests him. He hurries him away, and another man slips almost unobserved in the vacant chair. He has a violin ready and in a moment he has found the right place. He begins to play very calmly and coolly and confidence is once more restored. Most people in the audience hardly know what is wrong. But in spite of all the efforts which the orchestra and the singers make, the enthusiasm has cooled. The magic spell is broken and many give a sigh of relief when the curtain drops. There is an air of disappointment which amounts to chagrin or sadness among both players and singers. The whole had promised so well, and now it ended so badly.

Fritz seems crushed. He still stands before his music-stand and stares vacantly at the score before him. He turns away with a groan. A tear glistens in each of his dark eyes and he mutters: "Failure!"

As he turns to go one of the singers steps up to him and whispers: "Frau von Staden asks the pleasure of your company on her way home."

Fritz thanks the man and proceeds to the lady's dress-

ingroom. He knocks at the door. It opens and Frau von Staden steps out. She has hastily changed her dress and is ready to leave. Fritz tries to speak but she closes his lips with her hand and lays her arm in his. She hurries him through the passage to the rear entrance where her carriage is waiting. The door closes on them and they are driven away to her house. In about five or six minutes they enter the luxurious sitting room of the singer. She throws off her cloak and falls gracefully on the sofa. She motions to him to sit down beside her. When he does so she takes his hand gently and says: "I would not allow you to go home and make yourself miserable over this affair. I heard of the plot in time to save us all from the worst, but not soon enough to prevent what has happened. This statement signed by two witnesses was handed to me after the second act was over. It reads as follows: 'Mr. Brand, the first violinist has declared in our hearing that he will wreck the performance to-night. We did not think that he would, but after what has happened in the second act there is no doubt that he means more mischief in the coming act. We believe that he acts in concert with the managers of the leading operas who have spent several hundred dollars for tickets which they have distributed among loafers and drunkards with the direction to hiss at the slightest hitch in the performance.'

After reading this note I sent for a policeman and directed him to arrest Brand if he should try to cause another disturbance. I showed him the note. Then I sent for Bauman, the first violinist at the Lyceum, whom I had seen in the audience. I told him of the plot and begged him to stand ready to take Brand's place. This is the whole story in a nut shell."

Fritz pressed her hand warmly and said: "You seem to be my good angel. This is not the first time that you have placed me under obligations. Let me thank you from the bottom of my heart."

□ "Please don't. Are we not friends, and surely, friendship is nothing if it does not express itself in deeds of loving helpfulness. But what a master you are! The opera is your italics. You belong to the world. What a pity that you should play the piper for muffs and hypocrites."

"Alma." She had struck a tender spot in him, and he uttered her name as if he was in pain.

"Confess now, you do not feel happy in your association with the church. In the first place your temperament is not suited to the work you are doing in the church, and in the second place I have noticed that we are *growing*. Devoted Catholics are not in the habit of reading Swedenborg, Jakob Boehme, Theosophical literature, etc. Your soul has been touched by the divine spirit and it yearns for freedom. You are reaching out for light and you are not feeling happy. There is a sharp conflict between your former beliefs and the new truths to which you are awakening. Why not end it and sever all connection with your mater ecclesia?"

"Alma, you astonish me. You read me like a book. I will not deny the truth of your statements, but would you advise me to turn my whole and undivided attention to the opera after to-night's failure?"

"Who talks of failure? This will only be a stepping stone to a most complete success the next time. This will advertize you," she continued after a minute's pause. "I have taken care of that." She smiled archly. "I saw the whole situation at once. I knew that the managers of the other operas would bring their influence to bear on our city editors, and try to have them publish unfavorable criticisms. So I sent for my three millionaire friends and hurried them off on a visit to our editors. To-morrow morning you will find such headlines over long articles like these: 'Deep plot laid to bring a work of genius into discredit.' 'Local theatrical managers hire miscreants to hiss Mr. Stein's new opera into oblivion and disgrace. Scheme fails.' 'The marked success of the Arion performances and the able leadership of Mr. Stein cause insane jealousy,' etc. etc. all of which will make people curious and draw their attention to you and your work. They will all want to see and hear it, and we shall take good care that nothing unfortunate happens the next time."

"You are a wonderful woman, and I really believe that you could steer a dunce into greatness."

"You are very flattering to the dunce but not to me" said the singer laughingly. Then she continued: "You are too modest for this country. But modesty will starve

to death even in the old country. Remember Weber, Mozart, Lortzing, and others. I believe in letting people know what we are and use every means to do it. If we render the world a service, let the world pay. No money, no fiddling, that's me. Fiddling, no money, that's you."

Fritz laughed in spite of his bad humor. He said: "I admit the truth of your position, but I dislike to appear mercenary. I do my work because I love it and not for the sake of filthy lucre."

"You are inconsistent like all men," she replied. "In the first place, you need the sinews of war which you are pleased to call filthy lucre. In the second place you do not love the associations in which your position as organist throws you. Then why remain in an uncomfortable position? Perhaps, after all, it is for the sake of the filthy mammon that you stay there. Rrrrrats!" She was furtively watching the effect of her thrust.

Fritz pretended to be very indignant. He said with a great show of irritation: "Alma, you reason like a woman."

"And you reason like a man."

"You are bound to have me out of the church."

And you are bound to stay there, so stay until you grow tired. But I shall be your friend just the same and I shall prove it by compelling you to eat supper with me. No remonstrance, please." She rang the bell and gave orders to the servant who answered her call to prepare a light supper on a small table which she moved in front of the sofa. Then she sat down again.

(To be continued.)

We are in receipt of a copy of Washington's Vision, a pamphlet of special interest at present, when nearly every one speaks and thinks of the war to the exclusion of almost all other subjects. The pamphlet also contains an article on "European Railroad Traffic" by J. George Heid, a chemist doing business in St. Louis. A copy of this pamphlet will be mailed free by mentioning this paper and addressing J. George Heid, Accurate Service Laboratory, 4506 Blair Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Book Reviews.

Flora Parris Howard of Los Angeles Calif. sends us a neat little volume entitled "Idols Dethroned." Price 50cts. It aims to be helpful and is very practical. The subjects discussed are various and the chapters are concise, strong and to the point.

She pleads for individual reformation and gives practical hints for self-help. Taken as a whole it is a very helpful little book, particularly for beginners in the New Thought.

From Fanny M. Harley Publ. Co. Chicago, Ill. "Between the Lines" by Hannah More Kohaus. The list of Contents will give our readers a suggestion of the many good things contained in this book. They are: The Nature of the First cause. Man's Nature and his relation to God. Personality. Thought and Imagination. The Nature of Evil. Practical Application. The Word. The Two Gates. The Holy Spirit. The Christ, Fragments. Daily Aspirations for Living Soul. The Bible.

From the same firm:

"Heilbroun. Drops from the fountain of health" by Fanny M. Harley, The Author is too well known to enlarge on her good qualities as a metaphysical writer. The contents of this book are a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in "Universal Truth" during the first years in which the author edited this fine magazine. They were entitled "Healing Paragraphs." She says in the Preface: "That they are filled with vitality is testified to by the author, because of the great help she derived from writing them and practising them in her own daily mental training. They have been to her living words of Life, Health, Strength, Plenty and Peace, which they will likewise be to whomsoever will read and understand them in the heart, and practise them in the experiences of every day living," to which we can heartily say Amen.

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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