

Vol. 1

APRIL 1907

No. 4

THE OCCULT

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

NEW THOUGHT,

PSYCHIC RESEARCH

AND KINDRED SUBJECTS

EDITED BY

MRS DAN M. DAVIDSON



MAN FAILETH
THROUGH IGNORANCE

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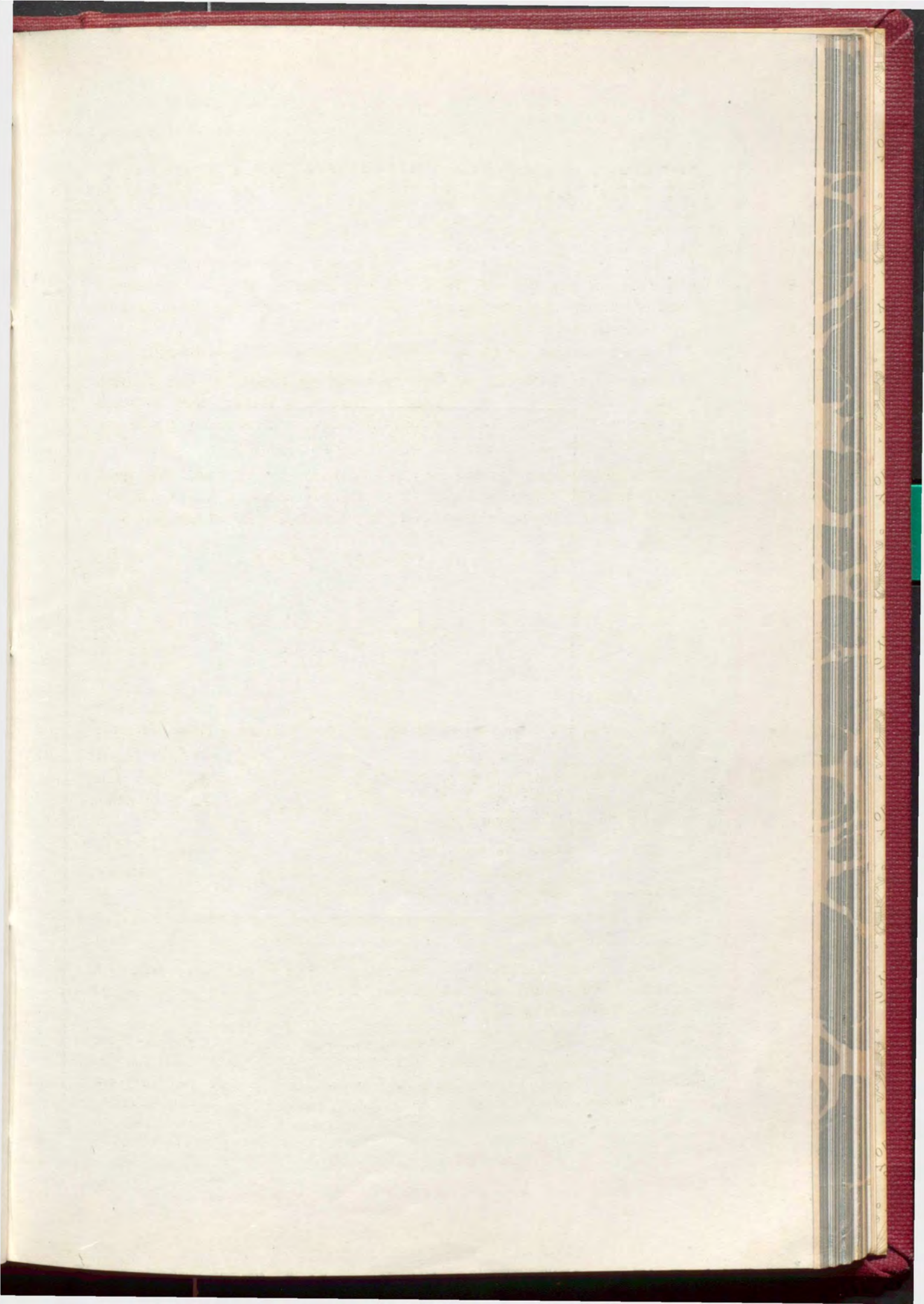
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Dear Friends, One and All: We started "The Occult" for you and it **cannot** live without **you**, so take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and go to work—**Now, not by-and-by.**



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



ANNA L. GILLESPIE



The Occult Motto:

“Onward! to Progression’s
Mountain top.”



Entered as Second-Class matter, February 4th, 1907, at the Postoffice at
Detroit, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3d, 1879.

BY THE WAY.

Here are only a few of the good things we have in store for May and we are sure all will enjoy reading:

B. F. Austin's "Ignorances the Real Devil." Don't you think the title is enough? It tells all about what it is.

W. J. Caloille's "Occultism—Its Meaning and Its Message," will help to lift the veil of ignorance and let the beautiful sunlight flood our benighted souls.

Will J. Erwood's "In the Realm of Thought," No. 4, and Yram Eeznil Yroma, "Be Ye Prophets of Hope," we trust will be an inspiration to all lovers of our beautiful "New Thought." Don't miss the May issue.

THE PRICE OF "THE OCCULT" WILL COME UP TO ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR ON JULY 1st, 1907.

How to Unfold Our Psychic Powers are the lessons Mrs. Davidson has been teaching personally to her pupils for years at \$5.00 per term, consisting of four lessons, but she has now decided to give them printed to any one subscribing to **THE OCCULT** for the small sum of fifty cents extra. For \$1.25 you will receive **THE OCCULT** for one year and the same four lessons (quarterly) she has charged \$5.00 for when given privately.

Our March, "Occult," was late, but we hope it will not occur again. Nevertheless we are glad to hear so many of the friends find time to write and ask all kinds of questions about the cause of its delay, saying they could not get along without their Occult. That's good news. Keep right on thinking so, and tell your friends the same, then we will receive a heap of subscriptions. To say we are delighted with the success of "The Occult" does not half express it, and only think, dear ones, you have helped to make it a success, and I am sure you will continue to lend a helping hand before the price goes up to one dollar, as it will soon.

But you can get the magazine if you subscribe **NOW** at the old price, 75 cents. We will come up to one dollar per year in a short time. But we want to give everybody a chance, so we tell you what to expect.

We are preparing our camp numbers now, and you will just be surprised; and we are keeping it for a surprise, too.

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DETROIT, APRIL, 1907.

No. 4.

Seventy-five Cents Per Year.

Ten Cents Per Copy.

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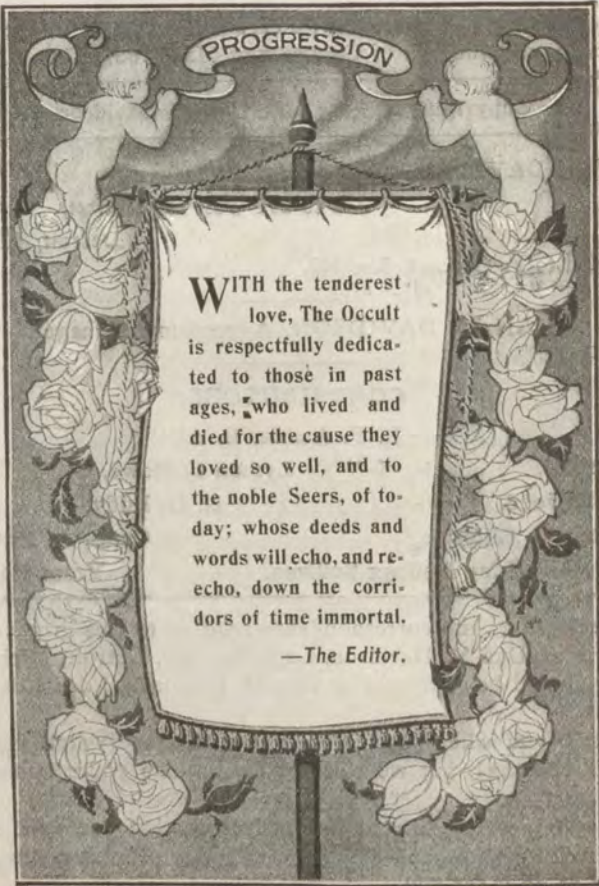
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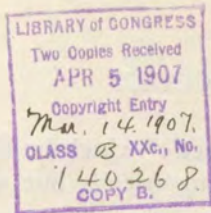
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THE OCCULT





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God helps him who helps himself.

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IGNORANCE—THE CURSE OF HUMANITY.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

“O! wad some power the gittie gi’e us
To see oursel’s as ithers see us.
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notions.”

—“Bobbie.”

HOW many of the human family are able to boast of their absolute want of ignorance? Who are so completely filled with wisdom, that the clouds of ignorance can not overshadow his intellectual world? Just think how we pass along the highway of life perfectly unconscious of our own shortcomings. How we look with pity upon our fellowmen and women whose views may, perhaps, differ from our own, never pausing to consider the injustice we do to the other fellow who has equal rights to his own views of life. For years the writer of these lines has been a student of the occult. After years of hard work that has placed her in a condition whereby she is able to understand and use these psychic powers to accomplish far more than she had ever dreamed it possible to do, and yet with all this time and money spent, with all the burning of the midnight oil, she has been told there is no such thing as occultism; that it’s all a farce, and by one we would least expect capable of expressing such a thing.

Sweetheart, do you think I pitied that man? Do you think for one moment I stopped to weigh the matter whether or not he had

any right to his views of that subject of which he had already proven his perfect ignorance? No! No! my friend; but quick as a flash, I was ready to defend my own from the standpoint of the faithful student, against the clouds of ignorance which obscured his clearer vision.

"By what authority," I demanded, "do you, with your limited knowledge of this subject, tell me, who has spent years of study along this line of thought, that there is no such thing as occultism? By what means do you know more of this than I? What authority have you to say 'Death ends all?' Are you in a position to know more of the unseen world than I? What right have you to say my faith is wrong any more than I have to say you know not of what you speak?"

"Oh, well," he answered, "I have no authority; only common sense teaches me the perfect absurdity of such a thing."

"My friend," I replied, "you have today illustrated the one great fault of the human race—ignorance—as I have never had it demonstrated to me before and I can assure you I shall profit by your teaching."


So ignorance is the curse of the human family, the great stumbling block in the way of progress. We find it on every hand, with the rich, the poor, the high or low, it makes no difference, it is always cradled in the arms of "the other fellow," not in mine.

You speak to the musician about music, or the physician about medicine, the engineer about his engine, the captain about navigation, and any of them will talk quite rationally, but the moment you tap on any other subject, he immediately shows his inability and rarely will he acknowledge his defects.

Oh, let us stop condemning the book we have never read, thereby uncovering to the gaze of those far in advance of us the want of knowledge in our own narrow spheres.

When men like Elmer Gates, Sir Alfred Wallace Russell and Prof. Crooks, have scientifically demonstrated the fact of occultism, why should we in our narrow conception of what is right or wrong show our ignorance by disputing a fundamental principle. Why not accept the truth, no matter from whence it comes, and when we come in contact with our superiors whose minds have broadened and developed along these lines, not show our defects by saying "I don't believe;" but in the name of all humanity let us learn while the opportunity is passing and not cast to the four winds of heaven the good that comes our way.

Oh, let us profit by the teachings of others, and in the end feel we at the least have grasped a little good by-the-way.



HOW TO UNFOLD PSYCHIC GIFTS.

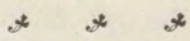
By Amanda L. Coffman.

Written for THE OCCULT.

STUDENTS into the mysteries of the occult should realize the importance and necessity of harmony within, to enable one to scale the heights of being. Look out through the windows of the soul and observe those who are near and dear to them that hover near, although unseen by the physical eye.

Some would reply, "How can we have harmony within when our environment is discord and strife?" We answer: change your environment, dispel the discord and strife by being a vibrating center from which will radiate sunshine and optimism. It takes sunshine to produce a beautiful flower and make each petal perfect. And so to grow spiritual we must have sunshine in the soul. With it we can develop every soul attribute and unfold its powers. Those without it are dead, though living. With sunshine in the soul we can defy environment, make harmony out of discord. As a result we will be happy. Happiness is one of the greatest paradoxes in nature. It can live in any clime, grow in any soil. It requires a life of unselfishness. Then we are at onement or in harmony with the divine within. Harmony is the keynote of heaven, the coveted goal of all. Practice the art of being kind, mellow your own nature, and your environment will change. And when you have reached that point in your unfoldment, you will be able to see at a higher rate of vibration, and you will hear voices that now you do not hear.

If you are pessimists you have not harmony within. The pessimist is a genius at finding out the ugly, hateful and disgareeable things. The cheerful past of the world are not attractive to them. Yea, the first steps toward the development of your God given gifts is to harmonize yourselves. Let love burn on the altar fire; earth will be an eden, and harmony will reign supreme.



Sunshine.

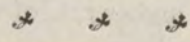
By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

Come, let us catch the sunshine
As it shoots across the way,
Let us grasp its joys and pleasures
Which will light the darkest day.

Don't cry that life's o'ershadowed,
By the clouds you give full sway;
Just say: "I will be happy
As the birds that sing and play."

When we listen to the echo
Of their sweet and joyous lay,
How can you dream of sadness
When all nature seems so gay?

So bid good-bye, my darling,
To the dark and gloomy past,
And with courage at the helm,
We will climb life's quivering mast.





STRANGE DREAMS AND COMMENTS THEREON.

By B. F. Austin, B. A.

(Continued.)

Written for THE OCCULT.

IN the following case a problem in book-keeping was solved in the dream state. It is from "Zoist," Vol. VIII, p. 328:

"My dear——: In accordance with your request, I herewith transmit you particulars, as they occurred of the peculiar dream, if such it may be called, which proved of so essential service to me.

"As I mentioned to you, I had been bothered since September with an error in my cash account for that month, and despite many hours' examination, it defied all my efforts, and I almost gave it up as a hopeless case. It had been the subject of my waking hours for many nights, and had occupied a large portion of my leisure hours. Matters remained thus unsettled until the 11th of December. On this night, I had not, to my knowledge, once thought of the subject, but I had not long been in bed, and asleep, when my head was as busy with my books as though I had been at my desk. The cash book, banker's pass book, etc., appeared before me and without any apparent trouble I almost immediately discovered the cause of the mistake, which had arisen out of a complicated cross-entry. I perfectly recollect having taken a slip of paper in my dream and made such a memorandum as would enable me to correct the error at some leisure time; and having done this, the whole of the circumstances had passed from my mind.

When I awoke in the morning I had not the slightest recollection of my dream, nor did it occur to me throughout the day, although I had the very books before me on which I had apparently been engaged in my sleep. When I returned home in the afternoon, as I did early for the purpose of dressing, and proceeded to shave, I took up a piece of my paper from my dressing table to wipe my razor, and you may imagine my surprise at finding thereon the very memorandum I fancied had been made during the previous night. The effect on me was such that I returned to our office and turned to the cash book, when I found that I had really, when asleep, detected the error which I could not detect in my waking hours, and had actually jotted it down at the time.

"P. S.—I may add that, on a former occasion, a similar occurrence took place; with, however, this difference, that I awoke at the conclusion of the dream, and was perfectly aware, when certainly awake, of having made the memorandum at that time. This, however, was not the case in the occurrence I have above detailed."

Mr. E. wrote later:—

"I have no recollection whatever as to where I obtained the writing material, or rather paper and pencil, with which I made the memorandum referred to. It certainly must have been written in the dark, and in my bedroom, as I found both paper and pencil there the following afternoon, and could not for a long time understand anything about it. The pencil was not one which I am in the habit of carrying, and my impression is that I must have either found it accidentally in the room, or gone downstairs for it. C. J. E."

A correspondent of the United States Gazette some time since gave an account of the manner in which the mode of making round shot was originally discovered. It is alleged that the mind of a plumber was long and severely exercised on the subject, but without his accomplishing any valuable practical result. One night he was suddenly awakened by a blow from his wife, who assured him that she "had found out how to make round shot." She dreamed of going into a shop to purchase a hat for her child, and whilst there made the discovery. Hearing a hissing sound, which seemed to proceed from an inner room, she inquired the cause, and was informed that they were making round shot. On looking up she saw a man pouring melted lead through a sieve from the top of the building, which fell into a tub of water on the floor; and on examination she found the tub contained shot that were perfectly round. At an early hour the next morning the plumber commenced his experiments by pouring melted lead from the top of the stairs. The result satisfied him

that the suggestions of his wife's dream were highly important and that he was about to accomplish his object. He then fused some lead and poured it from the top of the highest tower in the city, with still better results. Finally, he went to a mine in the neighborhood, and pouring the melted metal down a perpendicular shaft, he was delighted to find that he produced round shot.

Grave and profound questions have been mysteriously answered in the mind of the dreamer; and the records of Psychology furnish illustrations of scientific instruction, legal wisdom and literary composition, resulting from the orderly exercises of the mind in sleep. It is alleged that Dr. Franklin obtained a solution of certain political problems in his dreams, and that impending events were foreshadowed in a similar manner. The late Dr. Gregory, Professor of Electricity and Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, often obtained important ideas, scientific illustrations, and even particular forms of expression in his dreams, which were subsequently used in his lectures before the classes in the University and in his published works.

Khubla Khan, by Coleridge, is an exquisite fragment of a dream. The poet being in ill health, had retired to a quiet place not far from Devonshire. While under the influence of an anodyne—which the nature of his indisposition had rendered necessary,—his waking consciousness was gradually suspended, and in a tranquil siesta his brain gave a graceful form and becoming drapery to the beautiful conception. Macnish, in his "Philosophy of Sleep," also mentions the fact that Tartini, a celebrated violinist, once dreamed that the devil came to him and challenged him to a trial of skill on his favorite instrument. The inspiration that immediately followed the proposal resulted in the production of his remarkable musical composition, entitled "The Devil's Sonata."

In all of these cases cited there seems to have been an intensification of the soul powers in sleep. The mental faculties, freed from any necessary attention to bodily environment, seem to have been clearer and more active, the imagination stimulated to higher and unwonted flights, and inventive powers of the mind enlarged. It would seem that in many cases the mind in sleep becomes more receptive to ideas and impressions from without, and better attuned to the vibrations of loftier intelligence in both the mortal and the spirit realm.

VI.

Many dreams are recorded in which the dreamer apparently visits in spirit scenes and localities which he afterward visits in bodily presence and which then seem very familiar to him from his dream visita-

tions. These dreams are frequently quoted among the remarkable dreams that find their way into record and in a few cases we have not only the statement of the dreamer that he visits by a sort of soul flight some distant place in his sleep, but the testimony of others to his appearance and conversation in scenes from which his body have been at the time separated by long distances.

Among the latter class none that we have read appears to us more remarkable or better authenticated than that recorded by Dr. Brittan in his work, "Man and His Relations," p. 449 :

A remarkable fact of this general class was several years since communicated to the author in a letter from Mr. E. V. Wilson. My correspondent resided at the time in Toronto. On the nineteenth day of May, 1854, while he was employed in writing at his desk, Mr. Wilson fell asleep, and dreamed that he was in the city of Hamilton, some forty miles west of Toronto. After attending to some business, he proceeded in his dream to make a friendly call on Mrs. D—. On arriving at the home he rang the bell, and a servant came to the door, who informed him that her mistress had gone out and would not return for an hour. The dreamer thereupon left his name and compliments for Mrs. D. and started for home. At length, awakening from his slumber, Mr. Wilson found himself precisely where he had lost himself, half an hour before, quietly seated at his writing desk in Toronto.

Some days after the occurrence of this incident, a lady in the family of Mr. Wilson received a letter from Mrs. D—, of Hamilton, in which she incidentally mentioned that Mr. W. had called at her house a few days before, while she was out. She complained that he did not await her return, and said that, on learning that he had been there she had visited all the hotels in Hamilton in the hope of finding him.

On perusing this letter Mr. Wilson suggested that his fair friend must be crazy, since he had not been in Hamilton for a month; and that on the particular day and hour mentioned, he was at his place of business and in a deep sleep. His curiosity was, however, excited, and inviting several friends to join him, the party went to Hamilton and called at the house of Mrs. D. The lady herself met them at the door, and they were invited into the parlor. While the party remained, Mrs. D., on some plausible pretext, directed her servants to go into the room, and suggested that they should notice the gentlemen present and tell her if there was any familiar faces among them. Two

of the servants instantly identified Mr. Wilson as the person who called ten days before, and, in the absence of their mistress, left his name, which they remembered and repeated.

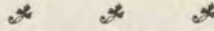
We venture upon no attempt at explanation. If the story is true we need not hesitate to accept the reported visits of angels and spirits to men. If true, one knows not just where to put the limits to powers of the human soul. If true, one sees a new interpretation of the New Testament scripture: We know not what we shall be, for we find sufficient proof of that statement in the fact (so fully demonstrated by such dreams as we have cited) we know not what we are.

(The End.)



*"Beneath the tallest monuments may be found
ambition's worthless dust, while they who led
the noblest lives now sleep in unknown graves.
Perhaps the bravest of the brave who ever
fell on roofless field of war was left without a
grave, To slowly mingle with the land he died
to save."—Ingersoll.*





THE JOYS OF REAL LIVING.

By Owen Orson Wiard.

AS we contemplate the opportunities of time, then compare them with those of eternity, we rightly marvel that humanity so tenaciously clings to earth life and its entanglements, giving little thought to that soul development which is so essential to real enjoyment here and hereafter.

That all we acquire in heart development here is an asset of priceless worth in the spirit life is undisputed. Oh, fellow pilgrims, beware of the enticing and bewildering allurements of the goddess of earth wealth. A mind attuned to the harmonies of the eternal ages, a soul entranced with woings of the greater life is more to be desired than the ability of a prince of finance or the gifts of a leader in the marts of merchandising.

We look through the glass darkly now, grasping only a smattering of the overwhelming truths of eternity, but we do know, man has an unceasing existence, all soul growth here acquired fits for a better appreciation of life's advantages on both sides of the grave. Once we master a passion or acquire a gift we have taken a step of progress that makes life worth more to us, and we are of greater value to our friends. No person should be so selfish as to wish to live for the amassing of wealth, for the accumulation of things.

The storehouses of truth are bursting from the weight of their burdens. Humanity is being called by the voice of the spirit to come and buy; "without money and without price" we are taught by the combined forces of nature that the things of earth are earthly. Then live in the spirit, for the spirit, of the spirit.

The possessor of knowledge of occult truth is an individual blessed beyond the limitations fixed for others of the human family. To know of the constant and close association which we enjoy with those in the greater realm of life is but to realize the greatest incentive to walk worthily, live nobly and love largely, with these influences to inspire the spiritualist should be so lifted into the phases of life mentioned in the message of the Gospel where the gifts of the spirit are promised, that their lives should be the strongest influence in attracting others to the truths and to the enjoyment of the fruits of this blessed spiritual philosophy.



THE EUGENICS.

By Addie L. Ballou.

Written for THE OCCULT.

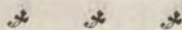
THE Eugenics—a somewhat recently established cult—a branch of which has recently been organized in San Francisco, have a wide and open field before them. The science of being well born may not have been acquired in good time for our own entrance into life, and for long years we have thought to be able to measurably compensate the possible errors of our progenitors by a more hopeful and certain being “born again” through certain mysterious mutations; which we have since learned cannot come about save by long and painful growth, out of old and erroneous conditions, into new and harmonious ones, through self-abnegation, and culture of more spiritual thought and aspirations. But the study of which may, however, lead men to see the necessity of laying the foundation for a better and happier future for the race; and that it is as possible to determine a better human production as to propagate a choicer breed of stock, or a newer graft or product in vegetation. Right generation, in a word, will dispense the necessity for re-generation.

What Luther Burbank, the wizard of the west, is doing in plant culture, the Eugenics may, and should, in time accomplish in human culture.

The rapid increase in the number of degenerates and criminals is not without its remedial cause; and its quick and sure termination, or decrease, is a matter of duty devolving upon the earnest work of the society of Eugenics, and of humanitarianism.

Every child born has a right to be born well, and sane, and endowed with the characteristics for happiness and usefulness. The undesired child, begotten of hatred and loathing of maternity on the mother's part, has the seeds of discord, sin, and crime sown within it apart from any hereditary or transmitted tendency or pre-genital strain it may inherit from prior generations. He has the molding influence of prenatal and educational impressions direct from the mother's thought and sensations during the first formations of the character-building, which are to go with him through life. Excessive passions on the paternal side which dominate and overflow through the brain the procreative element at conception, mark the type that contends for expression and mastery in the child as surely as that a strain of the African gives color to the blood.

It is a crime against higher nature to permit degenerates, confirmed criminals, deformed, and incurables, to reproduce their kind, and legislation in some of the states is beginning to take action in the matter. The state of Indiana has recently enacted a law to this effect, and action in a similar direction may follow in Californai, if not this session of the legislature, in the near future. Meantime, the Eugenics are preparing public opinion.



*Remember the pendulum of life swings long
and swift.*





IN THE REALM OF THOUGHT. III.

The Interior Man.

By Will J. Erwood.

Written for THE OCCULT.

"AS a man thinketh in his heart so is he," is a maxim which has sounded down the corridors of time for many centuries, and which is no less true today than it was when first recognized as a universal principle by the sages of an almost forgotten era. This fact it is which is spurring some of us on to greater efforts in the direction of realization, and the unfoldment of the real man within.

Whatever viewpoint of life we take—whatever concept of the relationships of mortals we hold—it seems to me self evident that, no matter what our attitude, it is what "a man thinketh in his heart" which lends the color peculiar to our viewpoint, concept or attitude, and demonstrates the old adage anew.

It appears manifest to me that this external phase of life cannot be the realm of causes, and that whoever looks upon it as such is doomed to disappointment and failure somewhere. For, as a general thing, such an one sees nothing in the world but so much matter—so many material atoms—the dissolution of which means the destruction of the hopes and the fears of mankind. To him everything mental

is but the product of the physical elements of the various, related, convolutions of the brain, and of the muscular system; and, according to his concept of things, when these atoms, or convolutions and muscles have become separated, and disintegration takes place, the end has been attained.

To such an one there is nothing but the material side of things—the external. There is no realm of causes, in his estimation, save what he can behold with his five senses, and, to him, who so speaks of anything which transcends this is but little removed from fanaticism, or insanity.

And to one who holds that attitude there is nothing in the theory set forth in the maxim quoted above. He sees nothing in the idea that there is consciousness which is not born of muscular action; that there is intelligence which transcends automatic action, of atomic structures, in its sublime achievements, and that there is an interior man, so to speak, of whom the exterior man is but the reflection, as it were.

He scoffs at the idea that through the conscious adjustment of the mental forces—the conscious awakening and action of that interior man—externalities may be changed at will, and the aspect of life in general be so broadened, and so heightened that it is as though one had been transported to a new world.

But, despite the scoffs and jeers of this materialistic skeptic, the evidence of the interior man, and his influence upon external things, is being amassed to so great an extent that almost "he who runs may read"; and the world of thinkers are beginning to assert with greater vehemence: "The cause of all conditions is to be found in the mental—the spiritual; and as the mental attitude is, so will the physical action—the external—be."

It is not the purpose of the writer to discuss at length the ideas of those who disbelieve the claims made by the advocates of "constructive and corrective thinking"—as the method by which success, health and joy may be attained—but simply to advance what seems to be very self evident truths and let every one who reads work out the problem to their own satisfaction. You cannot tell whether the ideas here advanced are true until you have tried them. And no one inclined to be fair will attempt to pass judgment until they have investigated.

To my mind it is the mental man who is the arbiter of our destiny, who is the "draughtsman" by whom the designs are drawn and thrown upon the external canvas of life, there to be fashioned into objective reality, changed, modified, or intensified at will. It is the interior man—the real man—who lives in the realm of causation; this real man has senses—a sense of provision and comprehension, of construction and

unfoldment—which are of such a superior character as to admit of but little comparison with the commonly known senses of mankind.

Man's senses, like music, run in octaves, and there will come a time when the human is so developed as to have, in active operation, two more sense attributes than are now recognized, and then the realm of causation will be very readily recognized as being interior to the utter abolition of the idea set forth by the man in whose opinion there is nothing but matter—naught but muscle and bones, flesh and blood.

In studying the men and women whom I meet, in traveling from one point to another, and analysing their various actions—their habits and their general status in life—I am forced to the conclusion that every unpleasant situation, whether of health, social standing, power or what not—barring very, very few exceptions—is due to the wrong system of thinking which prevails, and to the failure of the average man to “get next” to himself—to use a slang phrase—or in other words to realize the reality of the interior man and his possibilities.

And, indeed, to arrive at this conclusion I do not have to go to the “other fellow” for my example, for I may find the whole thing by the analysis of my own experiences, habits and view points—and I have found them, too—but, by studying the other fellow as well as myself, I find corroborative evidence, so that instead of having but one isolated case, their number is legion, and the cumulative evidence is so great that he who sees but the external world—without becoming conscious of the interpenetrating, interior force—has lost the real joy of consciousness, and of life.

The art of analysis is being developed to a very great extent; it has been trifled with to be sure, and in each stage of the world's growth there have arisen men whose claim has been that the acme of perfection had been reached in this art, and that, henceforth, no one should attempt to go farther than they have gone.

Physical things have been placed under the searchlight of reason and analysis; forces, purely physical, have been scanned; the action of muscle and tissue, sinew and bone, has been scrutinized with painstaking care; revelations have been made, but still man has not been satisfied. That ever present “why” has loomed up before us, and spurred us on, until now we analyse our thought, the mental states of individuals, and their effect upon the lives thereof, and are arriving at the conclusions set forth above, i.e., **that to know man and all external things,—to understand their real nature and significance,—we must look to, and become acquainted with, the interior man,—the real man.**

Thus, to me, back of all we are, physically and externally, there is that, living, conscious, individualized, spiritualized ego, who holds the same relationship to the external man, as does a Master Musician, a Handel, to an organ upon which he plays exquisite tunes. First one "stop" is pulled out, then another, and so on until every stop is thrown wide open, every pedal in use, and the air is flooded with such a volume of exquisite music, such a symphony of entrancing tones, that all souls are lifted up.

True, the instrument is sometimes imperfect, and even a God cannot produce the most perfect harmony upon an imperfect instrument. But this does not daunt the Master Artisan—the conscious ego, for he has it within him to remodel that instrument. To reconstruct its numerous parts; to discard one here and one there, replacing them until he has builded to suit his individual needs, then . . . well, then he will know what it is to live, to joy, to create, and he will produce such harmony as will bring joy to the world. And all of this is the lot of every soul who wills to give expression to its inmost powers.

And so, reason as we will, we are confronted by the fact that everything external is the fulfillment of an interior cause, and we go back once more to the mental side of man, and to the maxim already quoted: "**As a man thinketh in his heart so is he**"; and, going back to that proposition, we begin to realize more than ever the need of **the conscious adjustment of the mental forces** to the end that we may evolve the most from the experience of living.

I believe the above phrase, "**the conscious adjustment of the mental forces,**" covers the entire ground, and gives to us the gist of the New Thought philosophy. For, when we have consciously adjusted our mentality—that is, learned to consciously and systematically arrange our thought energy—we will, as a natural sequence, so adjust our actions as to conform to the natural way of living, and this will mean the readjustment of every physical atom of our being, until every vestige of physical disease will have been eliminated, and the proper equilibrium will have been established.

And how to do this? I believe three words cover the ground and give us the key. They are: Analysis, Concentration, Optimism. Analyze every thought; its effect upon you externally and interiorly; then select those which produce the harmony, the strength and power, and **concentrate your whole mental power upon them**, and season them with that **Optimism** which knows no fear, sees nothing ahead but growth in every experience; transmutes failures into successes; sees the flowers beneath the snows; the sunshine behind every cloud, and knows that there is God within. There can be no failure, no sick-

ness, no despair—nothing but gradual, sure, real development if such a course is pursued.

There can be no doubt as to the mental attitude giving the whole coloring to life; I mean no doubt in the mind of the one who will analyze his, or her, feelings, mentally and physically, for back of every act, of every passion, of everything, is the mental picture which has been thrown upon the screen of consciousness, and evolved into objective reality. Thus, we may make life hallowed, or unhallowed, bright or dismal, according to the color of the warp and wool of thought which weaves in and out through the loom of the mind.

Prentice Mulford, one of the Deans of the New Thought, has said, in Number Fifty-eight of his White Cross Library, "Life is a science which has no end. There is no stage in existence when we can say, 'We are finished.'" That means eternal progress, growth unlimited, and eventual power beyond the comprehension of man in his present stage of development. But right here is where the previsual power of the interior man comes in. It enables him to catch a foregleam of the heights to which he may rise, through the conscious adjustment and use of his mental forces.

Ah! this leads me to paraphrase that noble man referred to above, by saying: **Living is the science of revealing, to the external world, the interior man; in other words: Living is the science of so adjusting the elements of the external man as to make them a more fitting expression of the real man; the soul man; the interior man.** And this can only be done by that interior man himself.

Do you see the point, Comrade? We must catch the soul of the phrase quoted at the beginning of this essay. We must not only catch the grouping of the words, but we must embody the principle in our mental make-up, if we would carry out the science of living to its comparative perfection.

And, the above being true, the important consideration is to purge the mind of the elements of fear, the dismal forebodings, the pessimism, and their kindred, for sure as today is, they are destructive to the well-being of every soul who harbors them, and will interfere with the fuller and more free expression of the powers of that interior man of whom we have been talking.

And, an optimistic, earnest, powerful train of thought must be directed through the mentality; this it is that gives the courage so needful to every one upon life's field of conquest.

The interior man is a builder, if you will let him be one; he will build up so strong an organization of power within you that you may

smile at many of the vicissitudes of life. He will reconstruct your physical economy to suit the needs of the "superior" man, and thus may he function to a more perfect degree. The elements that will be used are mental. Mental energy will be sent coursing through every atom of the being until the whole is revived, and pulsing with joyous life, energy and activity.

The thought structures which are in keeping with the interior aspirations will be set up and guarded; the mental energy will be **consciously adjusted** until everything about us conforms to the higher order of things; we will move and live in a world of our own creation, and will have the ability to enjoy it because it is suitable to our requirements. And thus we have growth.

And the best part of it all is that **you and I** may do these things for, divested of all the externalities which have grown up of a wrong system of thought classification and direction, **we are the interior man ourselves**. And as such we have the right—the inalienable right—to determine as to what we would be.

Here are the keys, then, as I conceive them to be: First: **Analysis**; second, **Concentration**; third, **Optimism**; and to sum it all up:

The Conscious adjustment of our Mental Energy—our Thought.

This is done by the interior Man, the Ego.

The Interior Man is the Infinite Will

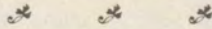
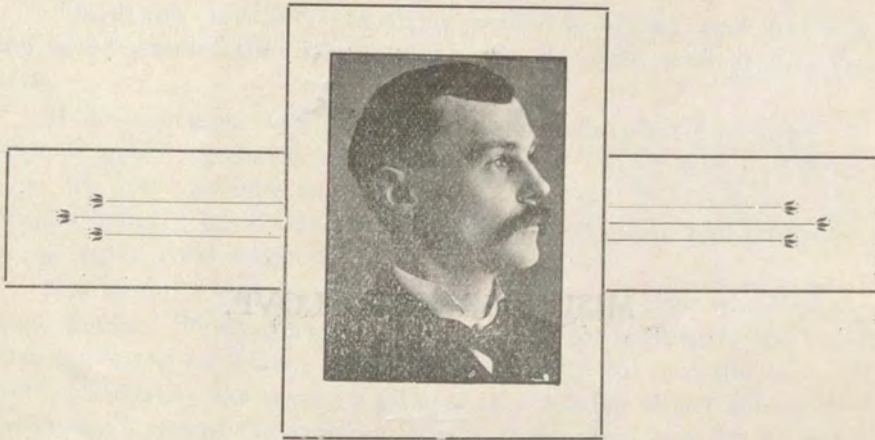
Made Manifest. Therefore, the

work of the interior

man is Divine

L A W .





Beyond.

By Chart A. Pitt.

Beyond the mists of the valley,
 Beyond the lights of the town;
 Where the hope-born forces rally,
 Where life's sun in the West, goes down.

Beyond the reefs, complaining;
 Beyond the night and the storm;
 Beyond the "Dream-God's" reigning,
 Breaketh another morn.

Beyond the long road's bending,
 As it sleeps, in the moonlight, still;
 Onward, its way it is wending,
 Climbing another hill.

Beyond death's thin veneering,
 Beyond the fast-falling tear;
 From the heights, the traveler is peering,
 And smiles o'er his coffin and bier.



MISUNDERSTOOD LOVE.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

IN reply to several letters I have received inquiring what to do under like circumstances, I pen the following sad story which came under my observation some years ago, concealing only the names of those involved:

"Hubbie, dear, don't you love me?" whispered the soft voice of the gentle, loving little wife as she tenderly laid a hand upon her husband's shoulder as he sat smoking his pipe and reading his evening paper after the day's work was over. The wife had just finished putting the children (two beautiful little girls, aged eight and ten) to bed. She had worked hard all day, and now with the evening shadows she was ready to pass the time, her husband spent in reading, in lonely silence. Oh, how her poor heart ached for one word of love.

As his wife's pleading voice fell upon his ear, Harry Warner replied, without raising his eyes from his paper:

"Of course I love you. What are you talking about? You don't expect me to be always telling you of it, do you? Don't I act it?"

"Yes; but oh, my husband, acts do not satisfy a lonely heart."

"Lonely!" he exclaimed, laying aside his paper and turning to look into the sweet face of his wife, "What have you to make you lonely? You have the children and this beautiful home I have worked

so hard to pay for that you might live in comfort and yet you are not satisfied. I should like to know what more a man can do?"

"Oh, Harry, love me, love me as you did before we were husband and wife," pleaded the little woman as she put both arms around his neck.

"I do love you, Nell, and I can't understand what you mean. I can't do any different; if you are not satisfied I can't help it; I have done my duty; go now and leave me to my paper." Unclasping the clinging hands from his neck he pushed her to one side, and returning to his paper, soon forgot he ever had a wife.

Not so with Nellie, the tender little heart had been wounded as never before. Turning away without a word she walked to the window and stood for a long time, gazing wistfully out into the moonlit night. Suddenly she caught a glimpse of a moving object among the shadows. Turning she gave one glance at the silent man buried deep in his paper, then waved her hand to the creeping shadow in the distance, and was answered by the shadow stepping for a moment into view, and as quickly disappearing in the direction of a deep wood which bounded the north side of the Warner property.

Standing for a moment gazing from the window, Nellie Warner turned and, walking to the table, she lifted her work basket and, in a voice choking with pain, she said:

"Good night, Harry."

"Good night, Nel," he replied without lifting his eyes.

"Good night," repeated the faint voice as she gazed longingly at the man she once loved so dearly, and still loved better than her own life, but poor, little neglected woman, she did not know it.

Had the man, left alone in that room, only known from what a loving word, a kiss, a fond embrace, would have saved that home, would he have given them? Or would he still have said, "I have done my duty." God forbid.

Stealing softly into the room where lay her sleeping treasures, Nellie stooped and pressed a kiss of mother-love upon the upturned faces; no tear fell from the burning eyes; no sob echoed from the parching throat, but with face set, and ghastly, she tiptoed to the writing desk and snatching a pen she hastily wrote the following note:

"Good-by, my husband, I cannot bear your coldness longer; had you only said one little word of love, only given one kiss, you would have saved me; but, alas, it is too late. Take good care of our babies, as I know you will, and never let them know how unworthy their mother is of their pure love. Once more, good-by, your heart-broken wife, NELLIE."

Placing the epistle where her husband would see it the first thing in the morning, she stole from the house and to the wood to meet the scoundrel who had supplied the sweet words of love the husband neglected and thought so foolish.

The next morning, as Harry Warner was about to descend to the breakfast table he spied the note, picking it up, he hastily read its contents, and with a groan of agony he fell unconscious to the floor, and it was here he was found, when he failed to appear at the breakfast table, by his little ones when they went in search of papa and mamma.

Hours later this man paced the floor of his forsaken home, a physical wreck, his heart broken, shame and disgrace stamped upon a name hitherto unstained.

"God above me," he cried; "how can I bear it? Nellie! Nellie! come back to me, come back, come back." But only empty walls answered his call.

Days, weeks, months, and years passed and not a word was received from the lost wife. Harry Warner had grown old and feeble; his once raven locks were snow white, the brow was furrowed with the lines of care, the fine physique was fast losing its proud strength, the step was slow and halting. He had lost all interest in life, the hope of his early manhood was crushed, he had nothing left to live for, hope was dead.

One beautiful spring morning, just three years after the disappearance of his wife, Harry Warner was standing leaning against the very tree under whose spreading branches poor Nellie had plighted her unholy love. He had stood for a long time gazing into space, when he was suddenly aroused from his dream by hearing a low moan. Turning quickly he saw, kneeling at his feet, a woman whose form was thin and emaciated, whose hair was white; whose ghastly face betrayed the stamp of death. Silent and speechless he stood. At last the pale lips moved, and he caught the faint whisper:

"Harry! Oh, Harry! Forgive me; I've come home to die!"

Without one thought of the past, or a moment's hesitancy, he stooped and gathered the loved form to his heart, and cried aloud:

"Forgive you! oh! would to God I could forgive myself; at last, at last!" raining kisses upon the lips and marble brow upon which the death dew had already fallen.

"Dear husband," whispered the sweet voice, "you love me now, don't you, darling?"

"Love you, dear one; I have always loved you, today better than ever."

"Harry, my only love, kiss me again. I'm going to leave you—good bye." And with a sweet smile of peace the tired spirit sank to quiet rest.

Found only to lose her, only for one moment, did the man gaze into the silent face of her he felt he had so wronged, only for a moment when the heart strings snapped and the weary spirit took its flight. The strain had been more than he could bear, and clasped in each other's arms, their bodies were found hours later.

Moral: Look before you leap.



ANNA L. GILLISPIE.

Mrs. Anna L. Gillispie, whose portrait appears as a frontispiece in this magazine, was born in Portage Co., Ohio, of Orthodox parents. In 1889 she entered the field as pastor in the spiritualistic faith, and was stationed with the first spiritual church of Lockport, N. Y., for five years.

In 1904 she took charge of the First Spiritual Church of Port Huron, Mich., where she remained for some time, having in connection with her work one of the finest lyceums in the state.

Later she removed to California, where she served as pastor of the People's Church, in San Francisco. Here she also conducted a fine lyceum, both church and lyceum being destroyed by the recent fire and earthquake. After which she returned east, and at the present writing she is holding the position of National Superintendent of Lyceums, to which she is devoted, working faithfully and hard for its success.

Mrs. Gillispie has a host of friends, especially among the little folks "to whom" she has ever proven a loving friend and teacher. Mrs. Gillispie is also a successful teacher of dramatic art and physical culture.

The Editor.



DID WELSHMEN FIND AMERICA?

Evidence Discovered in the Southwest That White Men Visited This
Country Before 1300.

From the Baldwin Scrap Book.

NOT since the Spanish war has Columbus received such a jolt as was given him when Major E. H. Cooper, well known as an explorer of the homes of the cliff dwellers, returned to Chicago, last week, from the southwest, with proof that Welshmen lived in America a century and more before Columbus was born. And not only that they thus antedated the sailor from Palos, but that they preceded La Salle and Marquette to the Mississippi, entered the mouth of that noble stream nearly 400 years before d'Iberville heard of it, turned into the gloomy Arkansas and up that stream journeyed to the Rockies centuries before the gold seekers footed the trail to Santa Fe and Bent's Fort.

That is the story that Major Cooper reads on the blade of a battered, rusty, crudely-made iron knife which he carries in a hand satchel as one of his most treasured possessions. The plainly decipherable date line, "1257," on the blade furnishes an approximate date for the Welsh discovery, confirmed in part by the date 1300 as approximately the year in which, according to Indian tradition, the red men were visited by the white men who brought the strange weapon.

Major Cooper relates a strange but convincing story of his adventures in the southwest, which led him to the belief that Welshmen antedated Columbus in America. He says:

"Twelve years ago I was visiting in a village of the Creek Indians. There are many Welshmen in the western states, and I had two of them in my party. We had just arrived in the Creek village and I

was exchanging greetings with the head men, when I heard the two Welshmen making comments on the camp in Welsh.

"To me it was unintelligible jargon, but the oldest chief stopped and listened. Suddenly leaving me standing and gaping, he ran to the Welshmen and embraced first one and then the other, speaking rapidly in Creek—which they did not understand—and then more slowly pronouncing words which made them start and stare in amazement.

"'Well, here's a good one,' one of them called to me a moment later. 'Here's an Indian who speaks Welsh.'

"On investigation I found that many words in the Creek and Welsh languages were similar, though different in pronunciation. Then one of the chiefs related the following remarkable tribal tradition:

"It appears that many years ago—we reckoned back by Creek chronology and made it about 1300—when the Creeks, Navajos, and Utes were great peoples, there came among them up the Arkansas river a considerable number of white men. These whites came as friends. They brought many strange customs and language. They were adopted into the tribes and lived with them. As their influence increased the white men pressed upon the Indians manners and their customs, but chiefly speaking from their tongue. They told the Indians that some day other white men speaking these words would come among them and they must preserve these words to greet them in the memory of this first coming.

"You can gain an idea of the faithfulness of the Indians and their traditions when you realize that centuries had elapsed since that time and it had not been forgotten.

"After that I made a trip to the Welsh iron work and learned that the Welsh at that time were the only European people putting dates on the articles they manufactured. I also had the statement confirmed from Wales to this country that toward the end of the thirteenth century three shiploads of men sailed away from the land in search of adventure in the far western part of the ocean. These men never returned and were never again heard of.

"The knife with the strange date line I secured from a resident of Sulphur Springs, Ark., who had picked it up encrusted an inch thick with a sulphur deposit. I scraped it clean and discovered the date, 1257, and that it was of the same pattern as those made by the Welsh at that epoch. Of course that is not proof of a Welsh discovery, but taken with the other incidents, the traditions, and the fact that other similar relics are said to have been found along the same valley, I am persuaded that there is a probability of truth in the story."

Think of Me.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

Will you think of me, my darling,
When the evening shadows fall,
At the twilight sacred hour,
When night's mantle covers all?

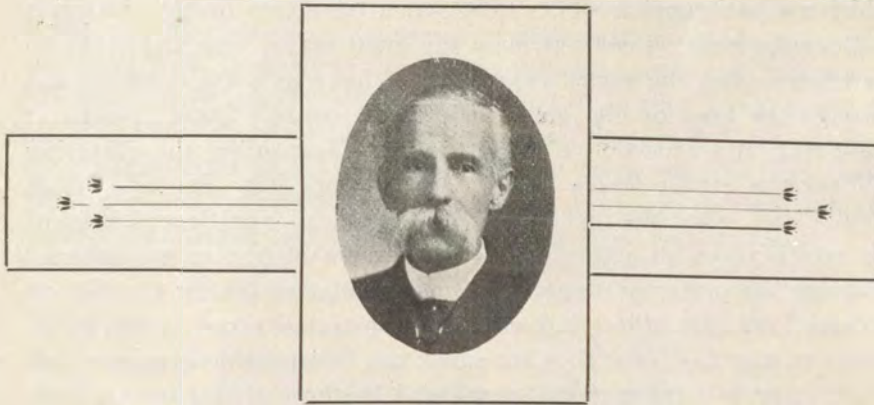
Will you think of me, my darling,
As you wander forth alone?
Will you pity and forgive me?
See? I'm longing to atone.

Long and dark the way seems, darling,
To the one you've left alone;
But she'll struggle on and upward,
Hoping, praying you'll come home.

Will you think of me, my darling?
Watching, waiting for you, dear,
Watching, waiting, always hoping
Thou art ever drawing near.

You have not forgotten, darling,
How you pledged your love so true,
How you promised to be faithful,
How each time you pledged anew?

But life's shadows came, my darling,
And we've drifted far apart,
But, when death's mantle falls, my darling,
Will you think of me sweetheart?



Nature the Law and Loom—Astrology the Webb of Life.

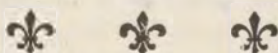
By N. H. Eddy.

Written for THE OCCULT.

NATURE embraces the formative principles in all things. Look in whatever direction you will one cannot help but see the expressions of life, be it in the vegetable, animal or human sphere of existence. The starry heavens are like the shuttle of time, working in accord with these universal forces, weaving the threads of experiences into The Web of Life. Nature works with unerring law in all of its procedures or expressions, be it in whatever line or direction its force seeks demonstration. Look into the face of the beautiful flowers and note the fine exhibition of Nature's force that has wove into expression the varied and delicate tints which delights the eye with its beauty or the sense of smell with its fragrance, so in all other directions of nature, there is found the action of natural principles, through which the loom of life weaves into expression the web that goes to make up the eternal existence of all things, although there may be many and varied external expressions, yet time never waits for no one or no thing, but ever marches onward in its ceaseless round of motion, never stopping in its progress or unfoldment, but is constantly weaving the varied threads in the web of life's experiences for the eternity of things. Life's evolution of forces portray the different eras of time and the expression of same. Each era is marked with some new unfoldments for the advantage of humanity. Literature, art and science are ever coming to the front, as are many other things, all of

which are but stepping stones to higher attainments in life's progress and development. Look out upon the great sea of time and what do we observe, but the varied expression of force as manifested by and through the laws of life and principles of nature. Look upward at night time and what do we see in the vast expanse but the glittering brilliancy of stellar forces lighting up heaven's high dome? But it may be said, what has that to do with the thread, shuttle and loom of life which plays an active part in the drama of human experience? Through the power of observation and calculation during the history of ages long past, there has come demonstrated proof to many an observer who has spent time for same, the indisputable evidence that all life is greatly influenced through and by these stellar forces, their movements, motions and revolutions bearing an effect upon all life. The combination of forces create the different expressions of life. We see the effects and the natural tendency is to look for the cause as there must be some cause, in order to bring into results that which is termed effects. It has been ascertained and proven that the planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune have, like mortals, a nature and influence, also by their movements, correlations and aspects with the Sun and Moon, that they do leave a magnetic impress upon the varied forms of life of which humanity is the highest type. Astrology is a demonstrated science, it is one of the principles in nature's forces. The earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours, so does each planet have its revolutions and movements. The belief or disbelief of the people makes not one iota of difference, for the laws of life work right on. The universe is governed by the principles of nature's forces, and all life is but the demonstrated in the various forms of existence. This is the Web of Life that is ever being woven by and through scientific principles, or the universal law of nature, and each person coming into the sphere of existence is stamped at birth by the magnetic and correlative force of nature's universal law that is in operation at that time. The expression of these natural tendencies are varied somewhat as per conditions and environments in which the native is placed to cultivate or restrain same, and for the short space or period of existence allotted to humanity in this sphere of possibilities there are but few, compared with the whole, that come into line of interest and understanding regarding the true basic principles of these subtle forces or laws of nature and the working of same, because the great portion and masses of people are either shifting from point to point, struggling to gain the material or physical sustenance. Else through greed for wealth and agrandizement are seeking for their ease and pleasure, little dreaming of the underlying laws or principles that are propelling

their very existence day by day. Many are drifting along as it were in the world of things or the drama of life's existence and experiences with but little thought or care as to the real issues and outcome of same; nevertheless the intricate Web of Life is ever being woven by the loom and shuttle that is playing an active part in the threads of life's experiences, through the working of these natural laws, basic principles and universal forces in nature. Astrology is a science, and one of the threads that go to help make up The Web of Life.



Englishman's Tribute to the Stars and Stripes.

(From the Baldwin Scrap Book.)

IN Los Angeles are five gentlemen, each representing a different nationality. One is a Russian, one a Turk, one a Frenchman, one an **American** and one an Englishman. These five frequently assemble together and tell of the comparative merits of the respective countries they represent and thus their companionship is a source of instruction as well as entertainment. Recently they gave a champagne dinner to which a few friends were invited. During the course of the meal it was proposed that each one of the hosts give a toast to his native country, the one giving the best to be at no expense for the feast. The result was as follows:

The Russian—Here's to the stars and bars of Russia, that were never pulled down.

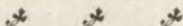
The Turk—Here's to the moons of Turkey, whose wings were never clipped.

The Frenchman—Here's to the cock of France, whose feathers were never picked.

The American—Here's to the Stars and Stripes of America, never trailed in defeat.

The Englishman—Here's to the rampin', roarin' lion of Great Britain, that tore down the stars and bars of Russia, clipped the wings of Turkey, picked the feathers off the cock of France, and ran like h—l from the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America.

The Englishman was at no expense for the feast.



*Why not let our words of kindness and our
acts of love echo on the sounding board of time.*



PRAYER.

By Dr. J. H. Mendenhall.

Written for THE OCCULT.

IF memory serves correctly, you once asked me something about my views of Prayer. Well, as I look upon this subject, your own asking this favor of me, is, in a sense, Prayer; for Prayer in its simplicity is the making known of something wanted. And when the want is supplied it bespeaks a mighty truth, in Nature—even the Law of Demand and Supply, for it reaches from the simple in Nature, through the Occult to the Divine.

For to me the most simple thing in life, numerically speaking, is the ONE, the I, containing in its little selfhood the hidden, unrevealed forces of the All in All; and said forces when properly used by the I's respectively unlocks the occult and leads one to the discovery of truth—the Alpha and Omega of being. With this view of the subject before me, were I asked who or what thing in Nature—in Life—prays most, I would answer, I don't know; for ALL things pray, and they pray unceasingly, too.

The Atom, probably, in Nature's processes of evolution, prays to become Molecules.

Molecules pray to become Organisms; and organisms pray to become Worlds. These ask to become Systems, and those to blend with the Universal Whole.

Remember, that to pray is to want to need—or ask, and this means Action. The outreaching for that that is wanted. The thing wanted, needed, naturally is that which brings the petitioner nearer perfection; in other words, moves it forward in the line of Destiny. Were prayer unanswerable then there would be a sad mistake somewhere. But causes make no mistakes in producing effects. Were such a thing to happen, then chance, and not Law, would reign. But true to the order or Law of things, we find that the Earth, for its purposes, requires time and place. Both these are found at hand. The robes of verdure that serves to beautify and bless require conditions to germinate and grow, and the Earth and Air furnish the same. The flower bush, the forest tree, and the cereals that spring forth from the ground bloom and fruit in the air, ask silently for light, and darkness, rain and sunshine; and behold, the rains fall, the sun shines, and with the planetary movements both light and darkness come to the call.

The whole of the animated kingdom says move—ask or pray for the necessary conditions—the outfits and functionings, respectively, essential to the fulfillment of their purpose, use or mission in their respective spheres, and each and all find their demands fully answered.

Man is not an exception to the general rule. Of all objects in the great make-up of nature's hosts, the human being seems to be the most complex, the most masterful and progressive. Indeed, he is, in a broad sense, a microcosm per se. Hence the greater are his wants—his askings; and they cover both the outer and the inner deeps. Man by every element, every function and every desire of his life is an active, asking, praying being, and all his prayers are and will be answered, "except he prays amiss." You see I accept the language of the Nazarene Sage. And you ask how can a man or woman pray amiss. I answer ONLY by expecting and striving to obtain an end contrary to the law, by which it can be and is produced. To reach the goal of the human soul one must first OBSERVE through the senses; second, THINK with the mental faculties, and third, APPLY one's observations and thinkings to the great work of one's integral, harmonious unfoldment, and be happy.

This is prayer with its answer.



“THE BORE.”

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

IN 1894 we, my husband and myself, made a trip to Eastern Canada, stopping a short time at the beautiful city of Moucton, New Brunswick. We will pass the beauty of the city and speak only of what is known as the bore.

In the northern part of the city flows a salt water river — mile wide, whose tide ebbs and flows as does the ocean. The mouth of this river is wider than the river itself at Moucton, and when the tide in the Bay of Fundy begins to rise it shoots the water up this river in a perpendicular wall. It was a clear moonlit night when we stood on the bank and waited to see this great freak of nature. The surface of the river far below us was like one great sheet of glass, in its quietude, as far as the eye could reach, not a ripple could be seen, while the steamers lay on their ledges in low water waiting for the tide which will carry them again to sea.

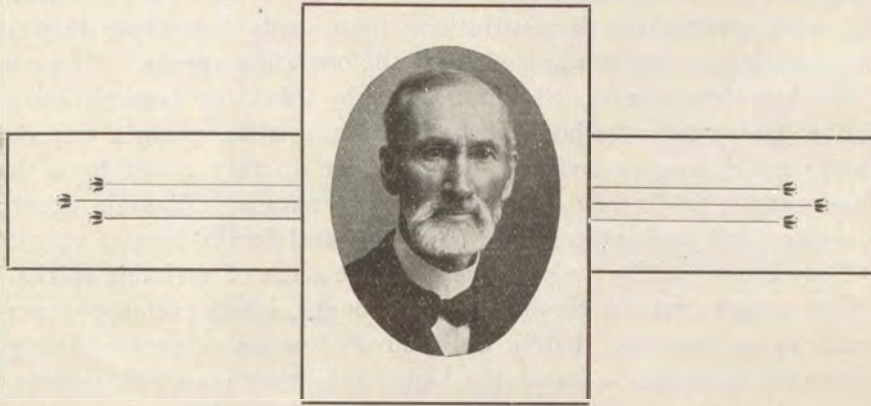
Hark! in the distance we hear a noise like the far-away roar of a train of cars, only much louder. This lasted for twenty minutes, growing louder and louder, until it fairly deafened one, and when at last we could see far ahead of us a great seething, roaring mass bearing down upon us carrying death and destruction to all in its path. It turned the heart sick with fear of what might happen should it burst its bonds.

On! on it comes; nearer and nearer it draws, a mighty, roaring foaming mass from three to fifteen feet high. At the time we witnessed this great nature's wonder it was up to its limit.

It was a never-to-be forgotten sight, the great volume of water rolling over and over again, sending forth a noise that even the most deafening thunder can not equal, and the moment it passes the ear, all is again quiet and calm, as the lull after a terrific storm. Only a foaming mass of water, and its many boats, which until now had been hid from view, were left to tell the tale.

In only one other place in the world does this same freak of the tide occur, and that is in India.

Sometime in the future I will tell you something more about the high tides of the Bay of Fundy, which are the highest in the world.



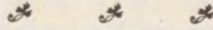
GRADATIONS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

By Lyman C. Howe.

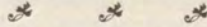
Written for THE OCCULT.

THE Literary Digest, February 16, presents some views of Spiritualism that are a little unique, and they seem to represent the reasonings of the Church, inasmuch as they proceed from Dr. Papponi, the late physician to the Pope. Quotations are made from the writings of Etienne Chasles, to the effect that: "Dr. Lapponi's views are particularly interesting from the fact that he was a devout Catholic, as well as being in intimate relations with the Supreme Pontiff." Mr. Chasles observes: "Inasmuch as the Church of Rome considers spiritualistic phenomena to be merely demoniacal manifestations, it is of necessity very rarely that an active Catholic meddles with the controversies that are raging around the subject of Spiritualism." He further says, "Dr. Lapponi enumerates the most characteristic and common spiritualistic phenomena, and declares that science is compelled to acknowledge them as not only superior, but even absolutely contrary to the most general and most familiar laws of biological, physical, or physiological sciences, and that they are of a supernatural order." "Spiritualism teaches us, as plainly as we could desire, the reality of that supernatural world, of which rationalism and materialism earnestly, but vainly, strain every nerve to prove the non-existence."

Again, Dr. Lapponi is quoted as saying: When we consider the exertion of intelligence, of will, of love, or hate, which is manifested in many spiritualistic demonstrations, there really is nothing illogical in opining that immaterial beings are the operating agents." "I mean that these demonstrations are not caused by a fluid, or dynamic emanation issuing from the body of the medium, now assuming a material and visible, now an invisible form." "Nor do they result from the intervention of forces as yet unknown, natural although occult, superior and perhaps contrary to the natural forces known to us." "They are caused by the entrance upon the scene of veritable spirits." "Our reason does not recoil from the thought, which philosophy permits us to entertain, that in the graduated series of created beings there are beings to be found of a higher rank than man, and endowed with physical strength superior to his." * * * "To these beings we attribute, in our poor human method of expression, the title of spirits, as though we wished to compare them to air, or gases, because, like the air they elude the apprehension of our sense of sight." This presentation of the subject is a great improvement upon the stereotyped sermons against spiritualism, and with a little fixing would be creditable to the Spiritual rostrum. But like all things religious it cannot grasp the grand, all-embracing philosophy of Spiritualism. The distinguished doctor does not seem to realize that human beings are graded in progressive order, and that there is no "higher rank" required to account for all he accepts. But religion seems to be incomplete without the "supernatural." Superior talent, and superior strength, do not require the explanation of a superhuman class of beings. There are numberless men whose mental and physical capacities are a hundred-fold greater than a babe of 4 weeks of age; but that does not require us to believe that these men are supernatural beings. That same babe in 30 years of progress may be able to outdo the man that was so far in advance. We may regard spiritual men and women as superphysical; but even that distinction may be doubtful; for we hold that all human spirits have bodies, which have physical aspects, and as compared with their most sublimated interiors they are physical, only a grade higher and finer than these primitive houses of clay. The thinkers of the world are rapidly falling into line, and accepting, and vouching for, the facts of Spiritualism, and crediting them to some kind of spiritual agency, intelligent and individualized. Whatever fancied creations are conjured up to explain they all find it pointing to something wonderfully human; and in graded relation to men on earth, advancing toward a higher estate, representing larger wisdom, deeper, sweeter, truer love, and higher moral sympathies.



*Let us remember our own faults, thereby
overlooking the faults of others.*



OUR LITTLE BROTHERS.

By Yram Eeznil Yroma.

Written for THE OCCULT.

There are very encouraging signs of growth in the world's idea of the sanctity of life human and sub-human, and the Occidental carelessness of the rights and comfort of animals is beginning to give place to the dawn of a kinder, broader thought concerning them and their whence, why and whither.

Man in his pride has been loath to acknowledge his intimate kinship and consequent obligation to the animal kingdom, and evolution was a bitter pill to swallow, but has made the world clearer eyed to see, and stronger to dig out the truth, and braver in bearing witness to it. Already many minds are repeating Thoreau's thought that "animals are but undeveloped men standing on their defence awaiting their transformation." And to these humble kinsmen man owes a duty, to help them on their way as they have helped him on his. Or, as Ernest Bell puts it:—"It may well be doubted whether in developing in the hound only those qualities and capacities which lead to bloodshed of his fellow creatures we are not doing him a moral wrong, instead of developing those higher faculties which he possesses."

The degradation of any part of creation cannot but be a degradation of the whole, while every uplift of even the humblest creature carries all nearer the perfection for which the whole creation strives.

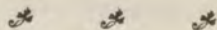
The time is coming when humanity will incorporate into its laws this acceptance of animals or man's "little brothers," vivisection will be outlawed, and vivisectors in the estimation of mankind will be moral degenerates.

The differences between creatures are not of kind, but of degree, differing stages of progress in the advance of the soul from this one source, by the one path, to the one goal. The most ancient and purest teaching of metempsychosis was not of the return of the human soul into animal embodiment, but the progressive re-embodiments of soul through all the sub-human expressions, 'till having by these embodiments or experiences evolved that complex character of which man is the expression, it enters upon its human stage.

The 28th, 29th and 30th verses of the first chapter of Genesis do not say that the sub-human kingdom were given man for food, but for "meat," which might as readily signify embodiment, or flesh that sustains, strengthens and develops man's nature or character, as food that but nourishes his body.

To animals was given the vegetable kingdom for "meat;" if this meant food, then all animals, save man, should be herbivorous, and the instinct that makes some animals carnivorous would be an inversion. The vegetable kingdom is the pathway of expression for the soul to its animal phase or expression, and the animal the pathway to the human, each kingdom "meat," sustenance, means of progress by which the soul learns, masters, progresses, evolves, dominating each stage in turn, till arrived at manhood it comprehends, or has dominion over them all.

The spirit of man, individualized expression of the Great Spirit, evolves self-conscious character or soul by experience on every plane of expression from the inorganic and the simplest forms of organic life up through this ever more complex types of vegetable, animal and human expression till the Christ or Divine type is evolved, and the soul or character becomes a perfected manifestation of Spirit, the individuality becomes radiant, apotheorized, one with the Father because of like nature and having perfected the portrait, image, likeness to Him.



**ALL IS GOOD.**

By O. V. LaBoyteaux.

Written for THE OCCULT.

There are those whom we meet and in passing greet,
Giving but little thought to the great mission wrought
By the variance of their lives from ours,
Who in their hearts are little understood.
In the aggregation of the world's creation
May be found perfection with little reflection
By variance of other lives from ours,
And our own hearts are little understood.

Whether leaf or flower each has its own bower,
And in their expression we read God's confession
By this variance in the lives of flow'rs;
All fill their parts in a world that is good.
Do not your free life blight by refusing the light,
Given abundantly, even redundantly.
Through variant life in this world of ours,
Filling our hearts when better understood.

Be ye ever wary, refusing to tarry
Along ways that are dim, where merry phantoms grim
Beckon to thee to while away the hours
Begging thee forget God's great brotherhood.
We need not look above to find the fount of love;
The universe abounds and in music resounds
With love that is endless in this world of ours—
Soul of all life if only understood.

Happiness is exultation within ourselves superinduced by an act of kindness to either man or brute. Pleasure is that false sense of joy we feel upon the gratification of our own desires regardless of

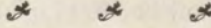
the feelings of others. Happiness is everlasting; pleasure dies with anticipation. Which do you consider worth while?

Every man creates his own god, and he is just as good or as powerful as the god he creates. No two people in the universe have the same conception of god, hence that god must be a creation of the individual mentality. A "god-fearing" man is a moral coward, for being a part of god he is afraid of himself. By a man's conception of god may his own life be gauged. If he believes in a god who is revengeful, beware for there is vengeance in his breast. If his god says "the wicked shall be cast in a fiery furnace for everlasting punishment," ask him not for bread to appease thy appetite, nor water to quench thy thirst, nor a pillow whereupon to rest thy weary head, for he would recommend thee to an almshouse.

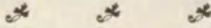
Sister, when you went to your club meeting the other day don't you remember how tired you got listening to that puny little woman with the pinched look recounting her many ills, and didn't you notice the spirit of the braggadocio expressed when she told you, "why, I had to have the doctor five times this week." What a relief when the conversation finally drifted to more pleasant and elevating subjects. Brother how do you like to meet that chronic whose first greeting is "My gracious, how tired I am; my back aches so all the time, and I am just all shot to rags." In the name of all that is good, sisters, brothers, don't get the habit. Every time you grumble about yourself your growl not only falls upon unsympathetic ears, but it drives a nail into the trouble that fastens it all the tighter to your system. It is an acknowledgment of sin to profess to be other than healthy. I think it was Elbert Hubbard that tersely said he would rather be found in jail than sick in bed, for in jail he would have been guilty only of transgressing some man-made law, while in bed he would be the violator of that greater law of the universe. Spend no time praising god for your good health—you are out of harmony if you don't possess t.

How much attention do you pay to the "knockings" of the habitual "knocker," and what is your estimate of the man? Judge the estimate and opinions of others by those of your own under the same circumstances and don't become a knocker. Judge all acts by the motive that prompted them. If the motive does not conform to your idea of right, still you should be charitable, for have not you also erred? The best way to learn the application of the golden rule is to study our own faults.

The Museum.



In this department we hope to interest the Antiquarian, Pioneer, Indian, Historical and China, relic hunters.



LOST ART OF THE STONE AGE.

The Stone Implements Once Made by a Tribe in New Guinea.

(From the Baldwin Scrap Book.)

THIRTY-FIVE years ago one of the greatest factories for making implements of the stone age such as adzes, chisels and spear points was near the east end of New Guinea. One of the small tribes there had made a reputation for chopping stones and grinding them to perfection by great effort.

The natives carried on a barter trade in these objects, which were sold all along the coast clear to the northern shores of the island. The tribes, far and wide, were certain that no other makers of stone implements rivaled the craftsmen of Suloga.

About five years later an epidemic swept the villages occupied by these stone workers nearly clean and with them died their special art of fashioning these articles. The few survivors fled to Suloga Beach, where they built two houses, in which they and their descendants have lived.

A British anthropological expedition led by Dr. Seligman recently visited the remnant of the tribe, where they found an old man who said to them:

"My grandfather was a famous worker of stone and he taught his son, my father, whom as a child I often saw at work. Undoubtedly he would have taught me as I grew up, but for the big sickness. He died and I was never taught, nor were any of my generation."

The explorers visited the quarry from which the volcanic stone that was fashioned into implements was obtained. They saw that a vast amount of work had been done there.

The stone flakes that had been chipped from pieces of rock covered acres and were several inches in depth. Among these stone chips were many implements in the earlier stages of manufacture, but no finished tools were found.

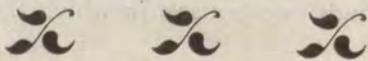
The natives say their fathers used to break the rocks into workable fragments by dropping one upon another from as high as a man could lift. The ultimate shape of the implement depended greatly on the workman's skill in cleaving; and after he had secured his piece of nearly suitable shape the work was little more than begun. The tool had then to be carefully roughed out, and finally came the grinding, which was hard and long work.

The explorers found about a dozen of these old grindstones. The depressions worn into them by the grinding process were circular, showing that the grinding motion was round and round rather than back and forth. Sand and water were used to help the grinding process.

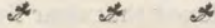
Many unground stones were sent to other markets to be polished by their new owners, but the natives all say that no other stone workers were able to obtain the beautiful, even polish of the stones that were ground at Suloga.

These objects are now in great demand for museums and private collections. The leader of the British expedition writes that traders find that they can afford to pay from \$25 to \$50 in trade goods for a superior specimen and are sure to sell it again at a handsome profit.

Only a vague idea of the detailed methods used to produce these stone objects can be obtained. This is unfortunate, as all the light that can be thrown upon the modern stone age is needed to explain thoroughly the processes of manufacture in prehistoric times.



Humanitarianism.



With loving sympathy this page is respectfully dedicated to the memory of a faithful friend—my dog.

SAVED.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

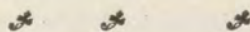
TALKING of dogs understanding and giving warning in time of danger, takes me back some twelve or fifteen years ago, when I, in company with my husband and youngest son, were stopping at one of the leading hotels of Syracuse, N. Y.

Our rooms were on the first floor and consisted of a fair-sized parlor and bedroom. In the parlor was a large baseburner, it being cold weather, and my son a lad of some twelve years slept on a couch near by.

My pet dog (a very rare specimen of black and tan, being an East India breed, a tiny little beauty weighing only about five pounds) slept with me covered snugly beneath the clothes to keep her warm, for she was very sensitive to the cold.

One bleak night, about two o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by little "Jennie" crawling out from beneath the bed clothes and whining to go out as I supposed, so speaking to my husband I told him to dress and take "Jennie" down. He immediately arose, and when he began to dress the dog ran back and forth from the door to her master, barking in a low quiet voice, to show him she did not wish to go down, but wanted her master to follow her to the parlor, so I said: "Something is wrong in the parlor," and springing out of bed, I rushed to the next room to see what was wrong, "Jennie" running ahead; as soon as we crossed the threshold the sight I beheld I will never forget. My little pet stopped in front of the stove and gave one

bark and ran back to me. Upon retiring for the night my husband had forgotten to shut off the drafts, but had left them on full blast and we found the stove and pipe red hot to the ceiling, and in a shorter space of time than it takes to tell it, the house would have been in flames and we would have been hemmed in with no means of escape. Can you imagine how we loved that dear little darling after that?



BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

WE are in receipt of a beautiful cloth bound book of 352 pages entitled "Universal Spiritualism," by the well-known author and lecturer, W. J. Colville. This book will at last fill the vacant chair. It will sweep the mist from the eyes of humanity, as the fog disappears before the sunlight. I regret that time and space will not admit of a full review.

The following are a few of the many subjects the author handles with ease:

"The Question of Spirit Identity."

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WITH THE CHEF.

Strawberry Ice.—1 quart of strawberries—red, ripe and sweet, 1 lb. of sugar, 1½ pints of water. Cover the strawberries with the sugar and let them remain some time to form a thick red syrup. Pick out a few of the berries to be mixed in the ice at last. Rub the rest through a strainer into the freezer with the syrup and add the water. Freeze without much beating if a crimson ice is wanted, and add coloring if necessary. Throw the reserved berries on top of the strawberry ice in the freezer and mix them in when the ice is to be served.

Strawberry Punch.—Prepare strawberry syrup as directed for strawberry ice and add to it half pint of sweet wine and freeze. Color bright rose.

Peanut Wafers.—Chop very fine a pint of the shelled nuts and mix with 3 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of milk, a little salt, a cup of sugar creamed with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Flour is added to make a soft dough, which is rolled very thin, cut into strips and baked in a moderate oven.

Peanut Sandwiches.—Cut bread, brown or white, into thin slices, butter lightly, spread with cream cheese and a layer of finely chopped nuts. Press slices together and cut size or shape desired.

Waffles.—To a quart of flour add a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of melted butter and sufficient milk to make a thick batter, then add two eggs well beaten, mix thoroughly and bake at once.

White Puffs.—One pint rich milk, whites of four eggs whipped stiff, one heaping cup prepared flour, one scant cup powdered sugar, grated peel of half a lemon, a little salt. Whisk the eggs and sugar to a meringue, and add this alternately with the flour to the milk. (If you have cream, or half cream half milk, it is better). Beat until the mixture is very light, and bake in buttered cups or tins. Turn out, sift powdered sugar over them, and eat with lemon sauce. These are delicate in texture and taste, and pleasing to the eye.

Potato Croquettes.—Season cold mashed potatoes with pepper and salt, beat to a cream, with a tablespoonful melted butter, to every

cupful of potatoes. Add two or three beaten eggs and some minced parsley. Roll into small balls; dip in beaten eggs, then in bread crumbs, and fry in hot butter.

Tomato Salad.—Take off the skins with a sharp knife, cut in thin slices, and lay in a salad bowl. Make a dressing by working a teaspoonful of salt and made mustard, half a teaspoonful of pure pepper, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; then whip in with a fork five tablespoonfuls of good vinegar. Pour over the tomatoes and set on ice, or where it is cool, for an hour before serving.

Transparent Pie.—Three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of rich cream, three tablespoonfuls of jelly, flavor with lemon. This makes one pie. Bake with one crust.

Peach Bavarian Cream.—Cook a pound of ripe peaches, weighed after they are peeled and sliced, with half a pound of sugar, and rub them through a sieve. Soak half a package of gelatin for an hour in enough cold water to cover it; then stir it into a teacup of rich milk or cream, which should be boiling hot, and when well dissolved add it to the hot marmalade. When pretty cool and before it becomes firm, beat the peaches smooth, and stir in a pint of whipped cream. Dip a mould into cold water, fill it with the mixture, and set it away to grow firm. Turn out and serve with a garnish of preserved peaches cut in quarters.

Queen Cakes.—One-half pound flour, one-fourth pound of butter, one-fourth pound of sugar, two eggs, one-half teacupful milk or cream, one-fourth pound currants, one-half teaspoon carbonate of soda. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, add the currants and flour, stir well together, add the eggs, well beaten and part of the milk or cream; warm the rest of it and dissolve the soda in it; add to the mixture and beat ten minutes; flavor to taste, put in small pans and bake fifteen minutes.

Snowdrift Cake.—Three cups flour, two cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder. Sift the flour, and do not pack it while measuring.

SWEETHEARTS, if you have any nice recipes for cooking without meat, send them to The Occult, so all your friends will get a taste.

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