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The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Indited for the Edification of the Elect by DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

Being an attempt to find the way in, the trail through
and the path out.

Herein I think my thoughts aloud
And scatter them afar
And, if I aim above the crowd,
And sometimes hit a star,
It beams and streams and seems to say
You jolted me the other day—
But I thank you for the jar.

Acknowledging as the source of all expression, the inspiration of Egeia, the wisdom-giving Nymph of the Fountain, unless otherwise signed, all prosy and poetic patterns of pyrotechny, novel and otherwise, originate from our own teeming brain-mill. None are trade-marked, copyrighted or patented, but strangers and the weak-kneed are cautioned against monkeying with them too freely, especially in public.

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SHRI UPENDRA BHAGAVAN

The Phalanx

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JULY

No. 7

Vol. II

"The truest philosophy is not too long for anything in particular, but to accept everything as it comes, and find out the reason of it coming."—Marie Corelli."

"Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit."—Lord Chesterfield.

An Anthem

BY THEODOSIA

Soul to soul or faith is given,

Soul to soul does courage run;

Through outer walls a bolt is driven,

Soul to soul our peace is won.

Then, make the harbor, fearless, sailor,

Climb the mountain pilgrim lorn;

Drop thy keys, thou ghastly jailor,

Heal the wound thy bands have worn!

Make an anthem, soul of woman,

Lift thy hands for victories won,

Martyred Saint or gory Roman,

Shields for thee the mother's son,

Guides them true, O, soul of loving!

Leads them swift.—The time at hand

Is visioned clear for Jacob's proving,

Keeps the strength for Samson's hand.

David sang of battles over,

Sheba's gold has wisdom won;

Golden dawn the night time's cover,

The victor's goal is that he run.

Make an anthem, soul of woman;

Lift thy palms for victory won;

David's faith meets armored foeman,

Ended conflict is Christ's—"Tis done!

Soul to soul is vision telling,
Soul to soul our faith must prove;
Outer walls but make the dwelling,
Inner life is that we love.

Make an anthem, soul of woman,
Lift thy palms for victory won;
Martyred Saint or gory Roman,
Shields for thee the mother's son!

Brimstone, sulphur and serpents do not create hell. It is necessary only to eliminate Love from the orthodox Heaven to create the orthodox Hell; and by transplanting that Love in Hell we could create perfect Heaven. The absence of Love produces the ten thousand horrors of Gehenna.—*Exchange.*

Faith

No definition of faith ever formulated surpasses that of Saint Paul: "Faith is the basis of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

At first thought, it may appear that Hope and Desire lead to Faith, but upon closer analysis, faith is seen to be the fundamental impulse, the inborn conviction that gives birth to desire, inspiring hope and stimulating effort.

Faith is really intuitional knowledge of the soul, the substantial thought of Universal Mind. Faith already *knows* the possibilities, which it whispers to desire, and Desire, unites with Will for accomplishment.

The entire action of the world rests upon faith—faith in personal power supplemented by faith in the power divine. Faith is the parent of all positive expression—goodness, virtue, love, truth—as well as the inspiration of lofty sentiment and noble deed. Spiritual faith is mental belief.

All human experience has for its ulterior object the unfolding and development of this mental quality of

faith. The little child is the living expression of perfect faith, but real belief can only come to it through trial. Education and environment should be so disposed as to allow the natural transition and growth of faith into belief that it may take deep, firm root and form the support and strength of future character. Unfortunately, this happens in only rare instances.

Faith has one single antagonist, capable of rendering it powerless and inoperative, namely, Doubt. The majority of people are born very much under the shadow of doubt, which endows them with what may be termed, constitutional skepticism.

This condition is one that negatives accomplishment, and trends to pessimism, misanthropy, and abnormal mental states. Doubt is disintegrating and destructive in its effect upon the mind and should be persistently driven out and allowed no place there. There is, to be sure, a reasonable caution which must be exercised for self-protection, but caution, though derived from fear and akin to doubt, is an entirely different thing and has a different effect from either.

Doubt is mental hesitation or refusal to believe or accept an idea. Whenever that inner luminary, Faith, begins to send out its thought-beams, and the mind senses the uplift and ecstasy caused by the light of faith, up jumps this self-installed domestic, Doubt, and promptly pulls down the blinds, exclaiming "No more of that, the house is light enough, further illumination would fade the furnishings."

But, in the great world, it is seen that all influences combine to increase the sum total of human faith. The church, appealing as it does to the loftier and more imaginative side of man's mental nature, has the widest possible influence in establishing conviction of the truth unseen and unmanifest, tending to put humanity in nearer touch with the eternal Ideal. Again, general intercourse—business and social—is a most potent influence in developing and expanding that human and practical form of faith, fidelity. Without this, it is impossible for man to ever realize the power of love or the beauty of holiness.

Furthermore, money which is said to be the "root of all evil," should rather be regarded as the chief means of establishing fidelity, since it develops faith and confidence between individuals and nations.

We recognize that money, as money, has no real value—no intrinsic value—only as it becomes a measurement of our faith and confidence in each other. A dollar leaves my hand in Los Angeles, goes to Yokohama, to Sidney, to Calcutta, and on to Liverpool, and thence around the world, passing through millions of hands and returning to me at precisely its original value. On its journey it has had the power—a power vested in it by the confidence of its holders—of purchasing one million times its actual face value, represented by things desirable to as many people, and incidentally raising the sum total of human confidence that much higher.

Thus money is seen to be the material expression of our faith, and so long as we require such expression it is unquestionably the greatest of blessings. How wonderful an agency for transforming an age of suspicion into an era of confidence is this magical stuff, money! That such transformation is taking place is apparent in business the world over, in all the greatest operations and transactions in which actual money is being more and more elided, and everything placed on the basis of credit.

Faith itself must be considered from various standpoints. Paradoxical as it may appear, the so-called skeptic has a stronger quality of faith than the recognized believer. In religion, the skeptic becomes the reformer, in business, the speculator—always a factor of evolution in any particular line—everywhere the man of most highly developed intuition, who spurns precedent, believes in himself, never doubting the operation and end of the superior law by which he is controlled. On the other hand the conservative man is bound by convention, believing only in that which he has been taught and to which he has become accustomed. Anything and everything outside of this he doubts and disbelieves.

All our great inventors, discoverers, leaders in every field of thought and action have been disbelievers—in established codes and methods—in the sanctity of the past or the perfection of the present,—but they *believed in themselves* and had the utmost faith in the future.

Yet, in contemplating these two types, the orthodox and the liberal, we note two kinds or qualities of faith, both of which it is essential to possess in order to become balanced in effort, so as not to stick like a post in the earth, or fly off like vapor to the sky.

All faith is good faith if it leads to action. "Faith without works is dead." It appears that there is a large amount of this dead faith stored up in the subjective consciousness of the race which *ought* to be set to work. Such faith finds expression in the many vagaries of religion and metaphysics, which, like the ground-plan and elevation of an architect, appear well-enough and perfect enough on paper, but which remain thus indefinitely without construction.

All the theorizing and speculation of all the wise men of all the ages on the nature of electricity is as nothing compared to one idea worked out by a practical electrician like Edison, or Marconi. The same thought applies to every other line of investigation.

True faith leads to concept, concept to plan, plan to construction. The whole world, nearly, seems content to rest upon the statement of its belief without endeavoring to substantiate it. Man believes in God. His mere belief expressed in words is no more than a mental abstraction. If, in addition to this, he have the true faith, it will lead him to practically investigate the nature of deity, and to mentally reconcile the relation of God to humanity. In a word, God should and would become to him a living, moving, actuating principle.

The abiding fundament in the human consciousness that God IS, to one who sees with the eye of faith, means that God is capable of *being made manifest*—visualized, so to speak. Those who identify God and Nature, recognizing the divine power in the manifest—

tations of natural growth, are already in possession of working faith that, if allowed freedom, is destined to lead the mind to most marvelous discoveries.

Hand in hand with this scientific development, there goes forward another which is to the former as the flower to the tree of centuries, and that is moral culture, the growth of love and the enlargement of human kindness, with which comes the abolition of fear and all that brood of monstrosities, doubt, envy, malice, hatred, jealousy, cruelty, love of dominance, lust, pride and sensuality that have so long brought and still bring, suffering to the human race.

The greatest of faiths that dominate the human mind is that universal faith in the permanence of the ego, or, as it is commonly expressed, the immortality of the soul. From the lowest savage to the most highly developed civilian this faith stands paramount to all, encompasses all others. It is at once the foundation of religion and the bond of human society, and still it remains a thing intellectually undemonstrated. Worldly experience derived from consciousness, denies it, and yet the mind clings to it with a tenacity most wonderful. The result of such a faith must finally lead the mind to investigations that will establish an intelligent proof of the fact.

The day is not distant and verily now is when this proof is virtually established in the consciousness of certain individuals who have mentally grasped the law of Nature's eternal renewal. All that is needed to make it universally known and apprehensible is the open demonstration of the law, and assurances are not wanting that this demonstration is speedily forthcoming.

This is, indeed, the secret of immortality, or permanent consciousness which man has first to discover in nature, and which when discovered will be seen to include a demonstration of divinity and be a reward faith.

The religious man whose faith rests upon the statements of dead men, or the suggestions of living foss cannot conceive of the possibility of prolonging his life beyond three-score years and ten, neither can s

a one believe that wars will eventually cease and that an entirely new social order will arise on earth.

Though he claims belief in God and future emancipation from suffering, his faith does not inspire the belief that God is actually to *become manifest* to human consciousness, dwelling it may be said with men in an eternal league of harmony and peace.

It is the dreamer, the Utopian, the enthusiast, who is even now at work solving the problems that the world declare unsolvable, controlling the elements, removing limitations, mastering conditions—in a word, carving out of the solid rock of faith the foundation stones of grander future structures, who stands upon the age and shall declare the glory of the new day.

They Do Not Need Our Scorn

Those under the shadow of sin do not need our scorn or our preaching. Sin brings its own punishment. It is ours to stretch forth our hands, strong and electric with human sympathy, and take hold of theirs, and lift them up again.

We may be kind, but we are not kind enough, not half kind enough.

It's so nice in later years to come across evidences of remembrance of good deeds and pleasant things one has done and said; but how ashamed it makes one feel to come across the fruit of unkind words and deeds. Little innuendos that have grown into damaging stories, stories told to provoke a laugh that have embittered the whole lives of the persons who were used to give point to the joke. It makes us pause and realize how low down our own level must have been for us to have said and done such things, how petty and mean we must have appeared to anyone higher up the hill then, when we find how despicable our conduct appears even to us when we meet its fruit later on.

We wouldn't like people to dissect our faults; we would rather they viewed us from the hilltop? Let us do the same for them; and if we must discuss them at all, discuss their good points.—*Home Chat*.

The Eleventh Hour

“They also serve who stand and wait.”

“For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers in his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market place. And said unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hours, and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive. So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first. And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny. But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny. And when they had received it, they murmured against the good man of the house, saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day. But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong; didst thou not agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way; I will give unto this last even as unto thee. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil because I am good? So the last shall be first, and the first last; for many be called but few chosen.”

A proper understanding of this parable will wipe out in our mentalities all selfish discriminations and lead us to see absolute justice in the great law of Compensation. It will also destroy or lessen the jealousy which the poor feel for the rich, the laborer for the capitalist.

All things are the Lord's and his mercy and bounteousness are showered upon the just and the unjust, the idle and the diligent alike. Man does not “own” the earth, nor any part of it—he is simply a lessee and tenant by sufferance of the Almighty, who places him in possession and ejects him at will.

Who hath established the law that exactly so much time expended—so much brain or brawn utilized—is to be measured in terms of money? Is there any natural law to justify man for slaving and working as he does? Do we not see everywhere that the less struggle mentally and physically that a man makes, the greater his accomplishment, measured in terms of actual happiness and success?

It is only the poor in spirit who are poor in fact and who eternally struggle and are ground to earth. Destiny it would appear smiles upon the rich, lessening their labors in proportion as it adds to their wealth. "To him that hath shall be added, to him that hath not shall be taken away that he hath." What is the principle of justice in this? Is it just?

To him that hath FAITH, all things shall be added, while from him that hath NOT faith, everything shall be taken away. Faith is the distinguishing element of success—it is the magnet which brings success.

The working man does not always have the most faith—often he has the least. The man who waits is not necessarily the idle man—he is usually the man who thinks while he waits, who has faith plus, and who is ruled by higher intuitions than the man always digging into work.

Hundreds of miners had prospected for gold at Cripple Creek, Colorado. Doubtless some had worn their fingers to the bone and some had died in the vain attempt to find wealth in the rocks. At last one passed by and without effort, by chance, picked up a piece of ore that a mule had kicked loose which decided the fortune of the discoverer and hundreds which followed.

Those who go in at the first hour, bearing the labor and heat of the day, may have more selfishness and less faith than those who come in later. The real object of work is NOT to "earn" a certain stipend (though that by custom is conceded), but rather to work off and eliminate certain inherent and constitutional qualities which stand in the way of easy success.

A certain distinguished playwright tells how that when he worked fifteen hours a day drudging as a

stage carpenter, he made only \$12 a week. Then he found an occupation where ten hours labor brought him \$25 a week. At last, he was able by two hours work each day to earn more than a hundred dollars. He very facetiously concludes that when he can find a way to quit work entirely he will become a millionaire: To him that hath (mental power) shall be added (material things).

The Lord, or fortune, appears very capricious in all this, as in the parable where he says, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" But in this apparent caprice we fail to find any injustice, although people are forever murmuring against the injustice of fortune, or fate.

Something within the individual makes, brings, ATTRACTS, the fortune always—or repels it.

Let us take another illustration to show the injustice of equalizing compensation for effort. Suppose a building is to be erected, and at the start, masons are hired to lay the foundation. Later on other workmen are employed to construct the different parts, and thus the whole building proceeds from the basement to dome—who then is entitled to the greater compensation, those who commenced or those who finished the building?

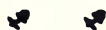
In the first place, all were "standing idle," no man had hired them, and in the next place, each one got his opportunity, each did his share of the work, each did what he *desired* to do and no more, no one was compelled to work.

Why should one receive more compensation for any certain labor than another? Is the basement of more importance than the dome—the cellar than the roof? Would it be of any account *without* the roof? Could the man who put on the roof have done it until the foundation had been laid and the building erected? Could anything be expected in the way of compensation until the work was complete?

The law is just and perfect because it applies to the whole and not to a part.

We welcome the man of the Eleventh Hour. He is the Man of Destiny who pulls us out of difficulty, who crowns the work. The necessary always has its reward and nothing is more necessary than the finisher, the Eleventh-hour man, who, by finishing and perfecting the work, makes it possible for all to realize the ideal embodied therein.

We want more love—more life—more light—and from Alpha to Omega love is the key and marriage the solution of every problem in nature, art and humanity. There is no need to grow weary or to sink, with such knowledge in our souls, *for souls know*, and have eyes to see, and ears to hear—yea, voices to speak with. For space is not, and time is naught, and one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day in the Divine Kingdom of the soul.—Euphrata.



Hanging on the Tail Board

No class of men are quicker to scent competition—no one quicker to denounce as an enemy to society any one advocating innovation in religious thought or moral practice than the preachers.

In this they simply display the very natural, human, instinct of self-preservation. It is the fight with them, as for other men, for life—for bread and jam. Preaching now-a-days is a business, like any other business, having been raised from its previous state of charity to its present position of social eminence and lucrativeness.

Being strictly of the parasitic class, feeding upon the public, the preachers are careful to keep a sensitive finger on the public pulse, and, if they note a sudden rise in temperature and recognize that their ancient soporifics and porous plasters no longer effectually soothe and draw, detect a too violent scratching at the place where the ecclesiastic tick is attached, or, what is most alarming, if they perceive the hammer of

reason raised and likely to break the manacles of fear, causing the sphincter of the parishioner's pocket-book to close spasmodically like a clam—if they note these startling symptoms presaging a return of the patient's sanity, instinct tells them that their usefulness is about outlived, and that one of these days they are likely to wake up and find their occupation gone, then they re-adjust themselves—move to a new spot, take fresh hold, apply a modified form of the old anaesthetic hypodermically—the patient sleeps off as of yore, and things go on as before.

Although the Bible plainly and emphatically teaches the doctrine of healing by mental suggestion, or prayer, which, according to all accounts, was successfully demonstrated in apostolic times, the preachers in later days, either from indolence or infidelity, failed to inculcate healing into their practice, choosing rather to spiritualize the matter and devote their entire lung capacity to the saving of souls.

They failed to perceive that in ignoring this cardinal point in the early Christian faith they not only exposed themselves to severe criticism from the non-sectarian and irreligious element, but weakened their position within the ranks of the church,—in fact, practically nullifying the whole scheme of theology and the intent of religion. Thus they gradually let slip from their fingers the one thing that would have given them a most potent hold on the people,—this one thing being the demonstration of the miraculous healing-power which Jesus declared all might possess even as he possessed it.

It remained for an humble and unknown woman endowed with far-seeing vision, a really remarkable woman in truth, to discover this weakness in the modern theologic structure, and to take advantage of it as she did in putting forth the Book, called “Science and Health with a Key to the Scriptures.” Stupid and obstinate old Theology! There you stood like a statue for ages, rigidly holding the Key. You did not employ it—no one dared to wrest it from you—till the Woman passed by.

While the system of Christian Science, from a logical standpoint, is perhaps quite as unscientific as theology, yet it differs from the latter in being consistent with itself and the teachings of the Bible. Moreover it *does the work here and now*, which the old theology left to God and a future world.

After this new system became established, and after the prophets of the Hebrew god had inveighed against it and sent up a mighty howl to heaven to send down fire to consume it, all without avail, when at last the churches began to be decimated and the interest of the people in the old theologic harangue waned because of the greater attractiveness of the New Religion of Health, then the preachers woke up, turned square about face, and began the introduction of Christian Science in the churches as a "branch" of their ministration.

Oh no, they do not *call* it Christian Science, not at all—they are quite too foxy to purloin the bottle without putting a new label on it. They call it "The Emanuel Movement," and of course declare it to be "so different." However, it is nothing more nor less than another attempt to revive the old apostolic practice of healing the sick by prayer and the laying on of hands—fundamentally and essentially Mrs. Eddy's very idea or "discovery," as she likes to term it. But the clergymen now unite in repudiating Christian Science, their rival and competitor, denouncing it and its founder—which by the way is strictly in accord with ecclesiastic methods from time immemorial—to denounce an ! to damn.

Bishop Fallows, a well-known Episcopal clergyman, in a recent lecture before the ministers of Chicago declared Christian Science to be "the worst heresy the church ever had to contend with." I guess so, yea, verily!—He further said it was being commercialized, that a cable had been received from Berlin to the effect that Christian Science churches are being established over there with startling rapidity, a statement which naturally would cause the Bishop and his clerical friends to prick up their ears and become apprehen-

sive for the future welfare of their pet contribution scheme, the Foreign Missions.

The Bishop proceeds to state that Christian Science is "a hodgepodge of foolish philosophy, concocted of persuasion and suggestion" (what an excellent definition of evangelical effort!) He calls Mrs. Eddy "a liar," doubts if she is "really alive," jumps onto the Christian Science missionaries abroad with both feet, and says a lot of perfectly ridiculous and unkind things which only a hard-pressed preacher or an unpopular politician would say, ending up his general arraignment with this shallow-fallow remark: "Give God the glory for the cures. It is true that cure *might* be due in part to medicine and in part to prayer."

Note how the preacher capitulates to his colleague, the doctor. Singular how closely allied the interests of these two; the preacher and the doctor, seem to be. There is a reason for this. The practitioners of medicine and theology are alike in one respect. They can perpetrate anything on the public without opprobrium or punishment, under the shield of science and religion which popular superstition will uphold and respect. But the doctor, when it comes to a show-down, has the stronger position. He can do absolutely *anything*, even to taking human life (ignorantly or deliberately), and he is absolutely shielded, while *occasionally* a preacher may be sent to jail.

In this new healing-business, the preacher is bound to be a rival of the doctor and woe betide him when this fact is established. He must always defer to the doctor, and divide up the business, or there is sure to be trouble. The preacher is wise to that fact, all right, and he is *not* going to tread on the doctor's toes.

Question 1. If cures are due in part to prayer and in part to medicine, *where* does Almighty God come in for his glory?

The Bishop concludes with this amazing remark: "The cures which have been effected by anointing with oil have been marvelous. In about three years, perhaps, the ministers will be given authority to *anoint with oil.*"

Question 2. What *kind* of "oil" would you use, Bishop?—Wizard Oil, St. Jacob's, Haarlem, Omega, Eucalyptus, Goose or Rattlesnake?

In lieu of any definite information on this point, I opine that if the anointing process becomes popular John D., the modern wizard in Oil, being a zealous Baptist himself, will hasten to evolve some special kind of Mica Unguent for the sanctuary, guaranteed, of course, under the pure food and drug act, that will be specially recommended by the clergy.

Question 3. And why in "three years," Bishop?

If Oil has been proven so remarkably efficacious, why not use it *now*? What is to be gained by "waiting three years?" Is it not akin of criminal neglect to fail to apply the remedy immediately?

Question 4. Furthermore, who is to give the desired "authority" to apply the Divine Goose-grease?—Will it come, think you, direct from God in the form of a special revelation, or is it likely to emanate from a synod of preachers sitting in solemn conclave?

The Emanuel Movement is a good thing—push it along! But *do* be generous and just enough to give that poor old octogenarian lady Eddy credit for the grand work she has done, not the least of which has been to make you all sit up and take notice of the passing of the preaching profession, and causing you to make a quick dash for the tail-board of the band wagon.

Let me remark as one who has made some study of "lubricants" that if ever the clergy *do* discover the Oil that *Mary* had in the box of *Alabaster* with which she anointed the *Feet* of the *Savior*, they may then cease preaching the word and become true ministers indeed to a suffering people, possessing the learnedness that their degree, D. D., would imply and *probably* putting the M. D., quite out of business. They will then be in no need of churches, salaries, of tithes, of christening, marriage and burial fees, with which to keep soul and body together, for the world will lay its possessions at their feet. But I fear I am talking to deaf mutes.

A Dream

I went into a house, or rooms, as I did not see the outside. The room I entered was four square, high and large and white, and not one thing in it but myself—no light was in it, but it was lighted all through with a soft, white light.

I saw nothing and I thought I would go out. I looked back to find where I had come in and there was no place; I found only the walls. I walked around to see if I could find a door but I could not. I felt there must be a secret spring somewhere, if I could but find it. I took my right hand and felt around the wall and suddenly I touched a secret spring and a great door flew open, showing me three steps. I went up these and came into another room just the same as described above.

This occurred seven times. I could never find the door I came in at, neither could I find any door to go out of, only as I felt my hand around and pressed the secret spring that was hidden from view. And every time the door opened, it showed me three steps. I went into seven different rooms and up the three steps seven times and found the secret spring seven times.

The last secret spring I touched opened a door into a garden—I going up three more steps—a world, the beauties of which no words can describe. There was no light, but it was all light, white and glistening. The walks glistened, the fountains sparkled, as did the trees and everything. The birds were so grand and such plumage I cannot describe it. Words fail me.

I did not move. I stood as one entranced, the door closing behind me. As I looked, I saw my real self, standing perhaps fifty feet away from me at my front or a little at the left, holding out her arms to me. She was dressed in white, soft, glistening robes, beautiful O! so very beautiful, smiling, transparent.

I looked at her, then at myself. I kept saying, This is I and that too is I (no one else being there). I looked and still looked, then I said I must go to I she is I. I started to go and awoke.

Enigma of the Sages

“Once upon a time, when I had been for many years of my life sailing from pole to pole, I was cast ashore upon an island which was like the Elysian fields, an epitome of earthly beauty. The island was ruled by Neptune, who rose from the sea, trident in hand, and conducted me everywhere. At no great distance we came upon an orchard in the midst of a meadow, the same being planted with a great variety of beautiful trees. Among these Neptune showed me seven enriched by particular names; and two of them towered above the rest. One bore fruit which shone like the sun, and its leaves resembled gold; the fruit of the other was whiter than lilies, and its leaves were like fine silver. The first was called the Solar, and the second the Lunar tree.”

“Let us have enough idealism to believe in a millennium sometime, and let us allow our optimism to color with added energy all our efforts for progress.

—O. F. Lewis.

Circumcision

“Will you kindly explain the origin and meaning of the rite of circumcision?”

It originated, like all other rites, in the practice of the ancient mysteries, which in turn originated from an observation of natural phenomena.

The real hidden meaning of this term is to be found in the original Hebrew of a number of Biblical passages. If you turn to Deut. 30th chapter, 12th verse, you will find this phrase; “Who shall go up for us to heaven?” The Hebrew words here are: **III IOLII LNV HSHIMIMH**. Taking the first letter of each word (by the rule of gematria) we get the word **MILH** (mulah), the Hebrew word for circumcision.

Now let us examine the fundamental meaning of this word. The verb **MUL**, generally used to express this rite, means to cut off or to purify. The same word

occurs as a preposition with the meaning, before, in front of. Allied words are, MILAH, "word"; MALEH, "to make full;" MALAH, "to well up" or "to salt."

Take the mind for the present entirely away from the rite and place it upon the phenomena exhibited in the generation and growth of the plant. As soon as the seed is placed in the earth where the conditions of moisture and heat are favorable, the wonderful activity begins to manifest. The shell bursts, and a tiny shoot appears above the ground. Soon the energies latent in the seed are exhausted, the growth upward comes to a standstill the shoot divides at the end forming two leaves. Through these it breathes and recuperates its energy from the light, its heavenly father, while at the same time it sends down a root to absorb a new supply of the energy of mother earth. Through this new supply of energy it is able to put up another extension, then stops again and puts out other leaves, and so goes on till the tree is complete within the limits of its form.

What I wish you to notice particularly here in this connection is the limit or halting place of formal energy, marked by the appearance of each new leaf. The inner reproductive force is from time to time necessarily cut off, and each new leaf means a new transfusion of divine solar energy. "Who shall go up to heaven" to save this organism? That which goes up is the sap containing the mother principle, being drawn up by the magnetic attraction of the light, the father. In truth here is where the Heaven stoops to earth and the kiss of the gods is in the green leaf, the plant itself being the offspring of this love. The sunlight is the creative word (milah). It makes full (maleh), causing the earth to well up with subtle sublimations of salt (malah), and this salt, or sublimed, purified earth, is what becomes formed into wood, bark, leaves and flowers. Each tiniest atom is circumcised, cut off, purified, raised—each twig likewise circumcised in order that the plant may be raised on high. This action is noted in the formation of the leaf, and still more in that of the flower. The reproduction in the flower marks the limit of exhaustion, as you may say. It occurs at the extreme end of the stalk, and happens

just to save the life of the species. Given plenty of nutrition and there is little or no reproduction. Horticulturists when they wish foliage feed the plant; when they wish seed or fruit they starve it. And still, it may seem somewhat far-fetched to say that the pruning of plants suggested such a rite as circumcision which obviously has no effect whatever one way or the other on productiveness. There is evidence, however, to believe that the ancients thought it did.

But back of this idea there is another which is undoubtedly the true origin of the rite. It is not too much to assume that the progenitors of the Hebrew race were certain very wise and advanced men that lived over the world cataclysm, and, knowing these great natural secrets, they endeavored to perpetuate them by every possible symbol. After they passed away, the meaning gradually became lost, but the rites were religiously maintained as according to tradition they had been delivered to man by the gods—these ancient wise men.

Something in the practice of the Magnum Opus so strikingly illustrates the mysterious union of the above with the below, that we cannot help believing that the idea of this rite must have been suggested by it. Here we see that the "below" actually does "go up to heaven" and bring down the influences. These that ascend are types of the Children of Israel (the "stars"). They are in the truest sense the Chosen Ones, being "cut off" (mul) from all surrounding (heathen) nations. They stand before (mul) the White Throne (the sun) continually. Their movement is round and round in an almost endless circle, hence the idea of their being circumcised, "cut off, around."

Circumcision thus becomes one of the grandest occult symbols, notwithstanding that as a religious rite it is both meaningless and barbarous. The alchemical application is clearly shown in Ex. 4; 25, 26, though I do not suppose that there is a Hebrew living who knows or would admit that this passage has an occult interpretation. This is the only place, I believe where the substantive MULAH occurs. The meaning is as follows: "Zipporah" (zippor, a bird) represents the volatile principle in our Earth. The "sharp stone" she uses is

an acid principle (the base of silex, sand). The "fore-skin" is the darker outer covering of the matter, which is considered its extremity. By the operation of this sharp stone her "son"—the object being created—changes from black to blood-red, and, being thus purified by this "cutting off" he is fitted to unite with the "mother" and hence is called a "bloody husband." The "Lord" that would have killed him in the inn (vase) is the sun (sulphur), but she, the Virgin Earth Mother, saves him from this calamity—rescues him to herself by the circumcision or cutting off of his mortal, corruptible body—and saves his soul, clothing it with an enduring form. This Great Work is actually going on in humanity today through HER redeeming potency. Through her, the WORD becomes effective, MAKES FULL, WELLS UP, SAVES BY SALT.

Thus we see that hidden deep in the mire of strange allegory there is a gem, but it has been a jewel in a swine's snout. Man in his ignorance has seen only the exterior covering of the symbol, and his observation has led to the most stupendous errors and misconceptions of life. Viewing the matter from the surface, he has found justification for every extravagance and wickedness that has for so many long centuries cursed the world and its inhabitants. It is high time that the mask be torn off, and that the truth so long hidden be revealed. In attempting to portray the comedy of nature under human figures the ancient writers have plunged the human race into a most frightful tragedy.

THOUGHTS.

New Thought, so-called, is like vinegar and capsicum, necessary sometimes, but should be taken in small doses. Philosophy is a soul mate, or affinity, of new thought, a very little doesn't do much harm, but a steady diet of any kind of philosophy, whatsoever will cause a well defined case of mental dyspepsia that can only be cured by turning to practical every day things of the "Earth earthy."

Living in the eternal now, with no anxious thought or new thought, for the tomorrow is like the prodigal son returning to his father's house.—Dr. Carey.

Sexual Customs of Jews

Let us note the impress that even partial sexual freedom—"for gentlemen only"—has made on a race that, without a country, scattered all over the world, yet preserves its autonomy and produces statesmen, financiers, artists, poets, musicians and actors of transcendent genius. The sex history of the Jewish race is a history of plural marriage, concubinage and divorce. To this, and to the measure of protection afforded to the sex-nature of woman by the Levitical law, is unquestionably due the strong vitality, energy and talent that make Jews a marked people everywhere. The customs which their great law-giver borrowed from the despised phallic religions of Egypt and Assyria—religions from which Christianity and modern jurisprudence could learn some useful lessons—have been the saving salt of the Jewish race. If woman was allowed full freedom in her sex relations the result would be the regeneration of humanity. This will eventually come to pass. Free, or autonomous, marriages are rapidly increasing in number and compelling public respect in all parts of the civilized world. They are invariably happy and productive of superior children. Even when only transitory they are not without advantages which, as general intelligence and knowledge of nature spreads, will be recognized and cordially welcomed as affording a solution of some of the most disagreeable and vexing problems of sociology.—Herma, in *The Alarm*.

An Open Letter

Harriet wrote to me the other day a long letter, and a sad one, all about being in "disgrace" and knowing not which way to turn, because Thomas, who had sworn stoutly to her that he loved her above the remainder of the world, had finally abandoned her. What shall I say if I sit down to tell Harriet what is in my heart about her case? Something like this, perhaps:

My dear Harriet: If you really loved and trusted Thomas, whatever fault was yours, was of the head;

you did not understand the nature of Thomas sufficiently. I remember that you were trained to think that your weak judgment defer to that of Thomas after the church organ had sweetly played extracts from Lohengrin for you; why should we expect independent thought from you before the state had really licensed you to love, honor and *obey*? Truly your judgment might have been better, but judgment is not supposed to be your forte. The real "disgrace" I, for my part, shall therefore lay upon the shoulders of Thomas, who, as far as I can see, has shown that he possesses uncontrolled selfishness and a cowardly heart.

Harriet, I suppose that you have seldom heard of any man who, deserted by his mistress, felt any sense of self-degradation at her perfidy. Under such circumstances do men generalize hastily enough, the poet insisting that all women are changeable, the churchman that evil entered the world via our good old Mother Eve. Grief at the weakness of another may overwhelm the abandoned lover, but not shame at his own superior steadfastness.

After all, I dare say it is not shame so much as fear, that rests most heavily upon you now, poor Harriet. Fear of the world that laughs or sneers at your misfortune; that will willingly break your heart and your young body on the wheel of its harsh censure, and throw away the remains of you without a thought of grief. You are docile, like many women, Harriet, but do at length pluck up courage enough to look about you now and think a little for yourself. Do you not know that "Society" curses you and praises Tom—or smiles at him as a "sad dog"—for the reason that you are *poor*, and nothing can be gained by condoning any faults of yours? A "sad dog" can bite an enemy or protect a home; but you, Harriet, what teeth have you? Surely it is not *moral* weakness that this same "Society" condemns, for in that case you know that Tom would not escape. But if you will not believe that I am writing truth to you, consider that these same people who have no mercy for your humble self, sit at the opera quite placidly while that brave and charming Tosca makes appointments with her artist lover, and i

does not occur to them that they should blush! That madam, with the wealthy husband for whom she does not care so much as you esteemed the very buttons on the coat of Tom—is *she* forever “ruined” if she adds a lover to her establishment? For heaven’s sake, or for your own sake, Harriet, do have a little common sense. Is a society which judges thus unjustly worthy of YOUR respect and deference? Some persons will contend that you showed too little consideration for the well-being of posterity; and these are perchance the very ones who urge the poor to fill the earth with wretched children whom they cannot feed or clothe. Other well-meaning folk would render you “respectable” by giving you the legal right to subscribe yourself Mrs. Thomas Jones; but I shall hope you will understand that nonsense and insult could not well go beyond the point of such a thought as that. You, as Harriet Brown, are an outcast until Thomas Jones (at any rate no better than yourself) condescends to cast the mighty shadow of his protecting name over you, and then, presto, you are restored to social health. Preposterous! I say that as Harriet Brown you are, or are not, entitled to our respect; that for Society to demand of Thomas the full recognition of his responsibilities would be well and just; but that to force you to enter a life-contract with a man for whom you cannot longer feel regard, would be a crime so stupid as to be worthy of nothing but—Society. A voluntary marriage with Thomas might possibly be an indication that you two had an affection for one another which you at least believed would endure, but a marriage into which either of you were *coerced* surely means nothing of the sort.

How do you know that, even if you were duly wed to Tom, with bell, book, organ, and the rest, that he would take care of you and a flock of little Toms and Harriets? Will a mere ceremony change a weak reed into a trustworthy prop? A fine life, I dare say, you would lead with Master Tom, with a divorce court perhaps looming up in the distance as a solution to the whole miserable affair! And at all events, will you not be better off, taking care of yourself and your little

one, than if you were compelled to live with a man who has shown that he does not truly care for you, even though he should refrain from beating you or taking to himself "affinities"?

Marriage laws, divorce proceedings, ordinances for "segregating vice,"—all made by men: Harriet, what in the world have you to do with any one of them?

For all of which good advice and round abuse of Thomas, I am not at all sure but that Harriet, if she is a typical woman, might dislike me with great cordiality. When have sense and the little blind god ever been on speaking terms?

JULIA.

Wonders of Coal Tar

"Coal tar, which used to be a waste, is now yielding a good photographic developer," said a chemist. "What is there, indeed, that coal tar won't yield today? This viscid black substance, which is the remainder of coal after the gas has been extracted from it, gives us perfumes, beautiful colors, medicines, and what not. We get over 16 shades of yellow, over 30 reds, over 15 blues and a number of greens and violets out of coal tar. Anilines these colors are called, and clothes we wear are dyed with them. Antipyretic, or fever-reducing, medicines come from coal tar. Antipyrine is one of the best remedies for fever that we have. From coal tar we also get the various efficacious headache powders and headache tablets that the druggists sell for 10 or 15 cents a packet. This ugly black stuff yields us delicate perfumes—cumin, the 'new-mown hay' of the perfumers; vanilline, from which the 'essence of heliotrope' comes, and the artificial 'oil of bitter almonds.'" A remarkable product of coal tar is saccharine, a substance surpassing sugar in sweetness. But the latest coal tar product is a developer for plates and films. The great dyewood and aniline manufacturers of Europe, handling coal tar in a huge way, are now going into the photographic business. They are making coal tar developers, experimenting in their laboratories with the aid of skilled photographers, and flooding the market with a developer that is at once excellent and cheap. When, we have to wonder, will the productive powers of coal tar be exhausted?"

—Exchange.

The picture of the revered Shri Upendra Bhagavan, of Baroda, India, which appeared in the January issue, was a great disappointment to us, owing to defective plate work. It did not in any way do justice to the original. For this reason, we take great pleasure in again presenting to our readers a more recent and more perfectly executed portrait of Shri Upendra.

The Order of the Phalanx

Sweethearts and Lovers:—The idea has been forcing itself on me of late that I ought to open the columns of the Phalanx Journal to contributions. I am sure you must get weary of my preachments, as I do sometimes of preaching. Suppose we turn this into an Experience Meeting.

Confession is good for the Soul—why not write out our confessions? What could be half as interesting or vital as the leaves torn from our various books of experience? Why, if we would only cease this everlasting concealment, this hiding behind a mask—if we would only step out into the open and let ourselves be known for what we really are—if everyone would do this today, the whole earth would be transformed tomorrow in one vast Millennial Camp-meeting where we might all with good reason and great joy shout Glory Hallelujah!

What is Philosophy but crystallized experience?—and what is more essential to Freindship than that our friends be allowed to profit by our experience? So, if you like the idea, and are not afraid to take the initiative, send me your confessions, and I will take pleasure in editing them for the edification of the Elect. Mind, I don't want your whole tearful life history—tell that to the Policeman, or forget it—just little, brief, pungent short stories from real life—something that comes from the heart of you, something you know will go straight to the heart of others. No, I won't print your names, nor ever reveal them. Cross my heart!

Nothing in the world is single.

All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—

Why not I with thine?

— Shelley.

