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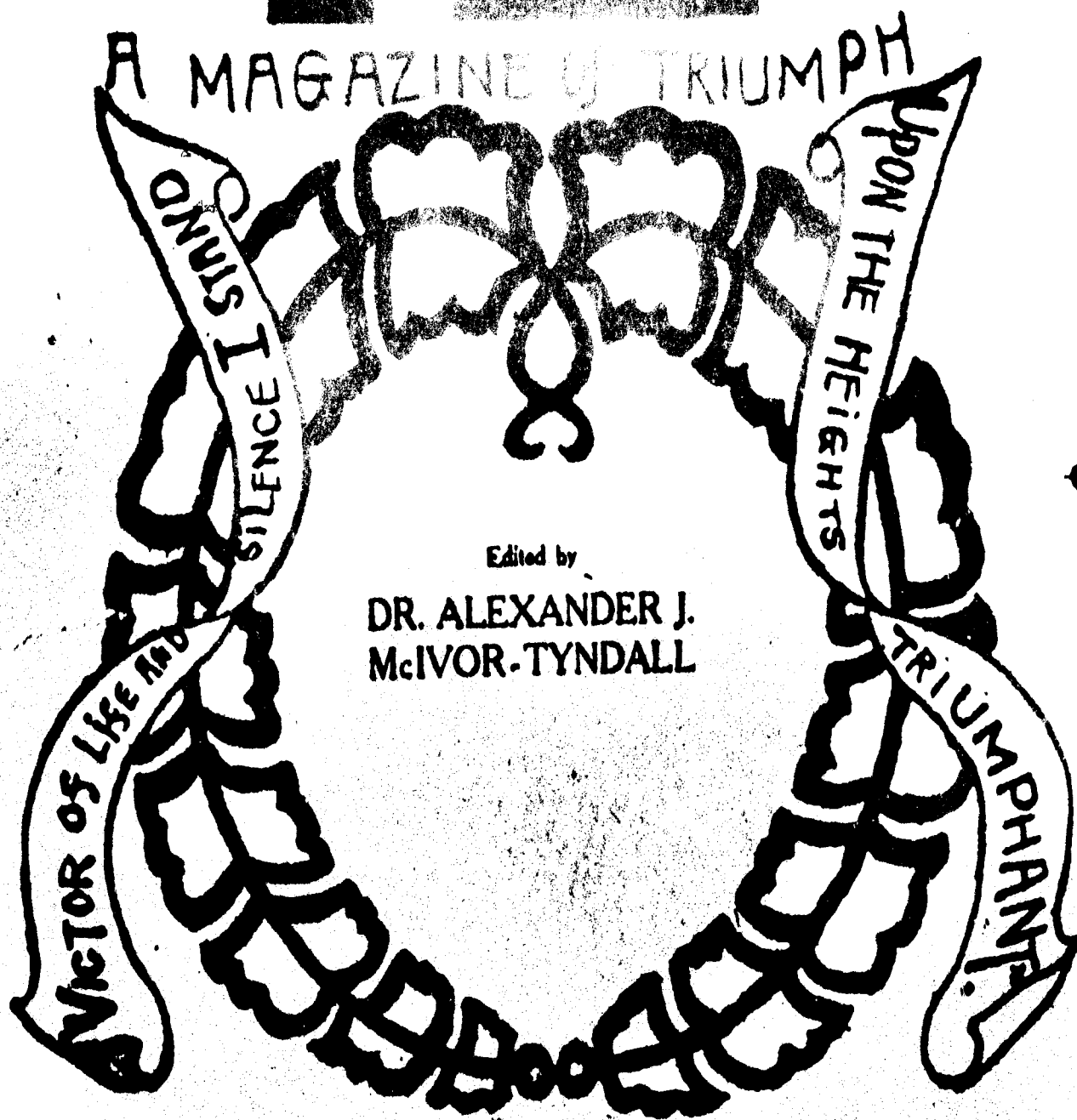
VI.

DECEMBER.

No. 4

# THE SWASTIKA

A MAGAZINE OF TRIUMPH



Edited by

DR. ALEXANDER J.  
McIVOR-TYNDALL

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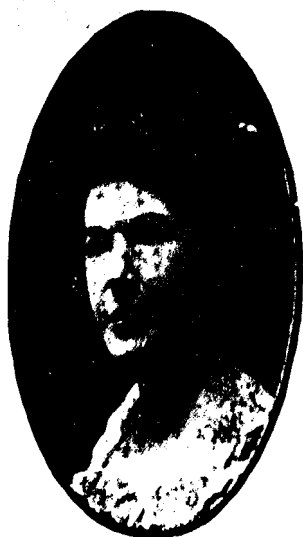
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**"Living in Two Worlds"** is an unpublished article by the late Helen Wilmans-Post, telling of her experiences in the realm of psychical phenomena.

Shortly before her passing on, Helen Wilmans sent this article to THE SWASTIKA, but for various reasons we have not published it until now. It will seem like a direct message from the great soul of Helen Wilmans and will, we know, be much appreciated.

**"The Prosperity of the Body Under Egoism,"** by George Edwin Burnell, will be continued in the January number. From the numerous letters we receive regarding this most remarkable article, we are assured that there will be a goodly number of SWASTIKA readers who will not want to miss any of Burnell.

**"Influence of Sun on Vibration of the Blood,"** by George W. Carey, is a contribution which we heartily recommend and which meets the needs of a great many of our readers, for something scientific and original along astrological and biochemical lines.

**"Shintoism and Modern Spiritualism,"** by Yono Simada, which was crowded out of the December number, will be a feature of our January issue.

**"Oahspe, and Its Science,"** by Professor Edgar L. Larkin, is something that every one is eagerly looking forward to these days. The mysterious book of Oahspe, is said, by those who have studied it, to be the most remarkable work ever printed. Prof. Larkin will tell us more about it in the January number.

**"Something More About Telepathy,"** by Dr. McIvor-Tyndall; Editorials, and reports of the Excursions in Psychic Phenomena, will be especially interesting features, while there will, as usual be many other good things which you cannot afford to miss.

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A Magazine of Triumph

Edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Devoted to Psychic Science, New Thought, Metaphysics, Socialism,  
The Solution of Personal Problems.

Published By

THE WAHLGREEN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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**Vol. VI**

**DECEMBER, 1908**

**No. 4**

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# THE SWASTIKA

A Magazine of Triumph

Vol. VI

DECEMBER, 1908

No. 4

## Editorials

Well, it is all over and the people have decided by their vote that their faith is grounded in the efficiency of the Republican party as directors of the government of this country. Therefore, we may rest assured that the decision is right. No reform, no progress, no change of any kind can or will be beneficial, except it come by the will of the majority of the people, and in as much as the will of the majority has been indisputably expressed in the results of the recent election, we may assume that everything is as it should be. It is all very well to talk about the influence of money and the control of the Trusts and that sort of thing, but the fact is, that no one can arbitrarily determine or control another's vote, under the system of voting in use in this country. Mr. Taft has been elected President of the United States by the will of the majority of the voters, and since it is the will of the majority, we may justly expect that the next four years will give the country exactly what the people want and what they have asked for—whatever that may be.

Therefore, say we, let us unite with the majority and hope and work for the greatest success possible under existing conditions.

Whenever existing conditions fail to satisfy the majority, we will have a change. Until that time comes, we can all afford to wait.

\* \* \*

There is one feature of the recent campaign that we feel like commenting upon, after which, we are glad to say, we will abandon the subject of politics. Here is the point. It is probable that there are few—  
NO HONOR SAVE point. It is probable that there are few—  
IN CHARACTER if any—men in this country today more highly respected for their capabilities, their brain capacity, their honesty of purpose and high standard of integrity than is William Jennings Bryan. Everywhere—north, east, south and west—of this broad land, crowds flocked to give

the Democratic candidate welcome, and to listen with respectful attention and appreciation to his argument, and yet they would not vote for him. We made the prediction eight years ago, and we repeat it now. Mr. Bryan will never be President of the United States.

Which goes to show that the position of Chief Executive of this country is less of an honor than a business proposition; and also that the American people know that the office of President cannot add anything to Mr. Bryan's standing nor increase his popularity.

\* \* \*

In truth, people are awakening to the realization that no man can, by the "taking on" of any so-called "honorable" position, become more than he really is.

THE PASSING OF CHARACTER, force, power, individuality and  
HERO-WORSHIP sincerity were never held at a higher valuation than they are now, although to admirers of Mr. Bryan it might seem as if the public failed to appreciate the possession by Mr. Bryan of these qualities since they did not reward them by giving him the highest office within their power to give.

The following, taken from the editorial columns of the daily press (The Scripp papers), states the situation very clearly:

"The other day Nodzu died. You didn't notice it, did you? No, and you are inclined to ask: 'Nodzu? Was he a clown or an acrobat?'

"The newspapers had to explain who he was, so they gave him seven lines on the thirteenth page and that was the end of Nodzu.

"But three years ago or so Nodzu was a hero—a war hero. He it was who 'forced the passage of the Yalu and fought the fierce battle of Nanshan, beating the Russians back,' and all the world rang with his acclaim. Today the world forgets. Not only does it forget, but it forgets that it has forgotten.

"Nor is Nodzu alone in his forgottenness. You can safely bet yourself 10 to 1 that you cannot name the Japanese General who defeated the Russians in a series of the largest land battles ever fought upon the planet. True, he re-established his fame a few months ago by coming to America and distributing several hundred dollars in tips to the waiters of the Auditorium hotel, but even at that, everybody's forgotten him—except the waiters. You can safely bet yourself 5 to 1 that you do not know the name of the Asiatic who swept the Russian from the seas and utterly broke the naval power of a first-class European power, a thing unprecedented in the world's history.

"Now, is all this a matter for sighs and tears over the mutability of human fame and the fickleness of the public mind?

"Not a bit of it!

"After he had done his war work, it's all right for the war hero to be forgotten, unless he then proves himself something vastly more than a war hero.

"It's the most encouraging sign of recent civilization that the war hero

is so soon reduced to his proper level in the public mind. Once, the war hero lived on his laurels forever. Now, he goes to work and makes good in the peaceful, work-a-day world, if he would not be buried in the dust of forgetfulness.

"That's one reason why people pay so little attention to the revelation that 'the hero of San Juan hill' wasn't on San Juan hill at all! The revelation comes too late. We had almost forgotten that there was a San Juan hill."

The point is that we are rapidly outgrowing the kindergarten stage of life, which ever holds up the "reward of merit" bait for right thinking and right living. "Virtue is its own reward," and if, as the phrase has been parodied it is sometimes its *only* reward, still that is sufficient. No one profits so much by an act of unselfishness, or heroism, and adherence to principle, as the actor himself, and nothing that the world may offer in the way of recognition or homage, can add one "jot or tittle" to that which he is.

It is a healthy sign of present advancement that the doer is forgotten in the deed.

\* \* \*

## The Rationale of Clairvoyance



WENTY years ago, there were comparatively few among the many who realized the power of clairvoyance—the faculty of the subconscious mind which enables us to describe distant places or to predict events which are still in the future.

I can remember ten or twelve years ago that a person possessed of such a power was looked upon as something abnormal and uncanny. Gradually, enlightenment has spread until now even among the most ignorant, we hardly find a person who has not some conception of the actuality and the normality of those ultra-mundane faculties represented by telepathic phenomena, clairvoyance and the power of prediction.

Not every one who is a clairvoyant has the gift of prophecy, although the two phases are apt to appear together. We know that our physical senses are interdependent. The taste of a thing depends very much upon the sight of it, for example. When it comes to the psychic faculties, this interdependence is still more apparent. And right here, I want to make clear, the fact that our psychic faculties are not something distinct and separate from the senses that we term physical. They are simply a finer, more intense degree of these same senses. We know that all about us in our daily commercial life, we find people of varying degrees of perception—purely, we may say, of intellectual perception.

There are those who are slow of comprehension—not quick of ear, or eye, or understanding. Then there are those who seem to comprehend in one word, what it takes others many words of explanation to understand.

As we rise high in the scale of intellectual cultivation, or rather in mind-concentration, we unconsciously enter the field of the psychic faculties. We live much of our time in the finer realm of psychic life, without being aware of it. Intuition, is after all but an extremely sensitive, intensely fine sense of reason—an extension of the faculty that is ascribed to the physically conscious mind as the highest development of the physical senses—namely *reason*.

Therefore, you will readily see that there is nothing strange, peculiar, mysterious, or supernatural in the manifestations of natural clairvoyance. It is a quick perception of *that which is*, and it corresponds on the psychic plane, to our physical sense of sight. The psychic sense of hearing we have termed clairaudience, and the psychic sense of feeling, we term "psychometry." The language of the psychic self—is telepathy. But, as a matter of fact, these senses blend so harmoniously that it is sometimes impossible to distinguish exactly which of the avenues of sensation is employed in receiving and sending impressions. What we wish to do, is to make clear, the distinction between direct thought-transference, telepathy and clairvoyance. I have given you in as few words as possible the rationale of all the psychic faculties. They are simply an extension of the highest development of the physical senses. In direct thought-transference, only the words, or meaning of a specific thing is conveyed. Thought-transference may involve no degree of the clairvoyant faculty whatever. It implies simply the transference of specific thought-forms from one mind to another, without the necessity of speech, or other physical means of such transference. An example of clear-cut, and distinct thought-transference is the following, and it is an actual occurrence. I was doing some work in the editorial rooms of the *Denver Post* a few months ago, when I distinctly heard certain words.

I looked up, and asked one of the men sitting in the room with me, if he had made that remark, and as the words were meaningless in themselves, I also asked him what he meant. He said that he had not spoken aloud but that he was fixing his mind upon an attractive heading for the story he was writing and those words had come into his mind.

He was concentrating so intensely upon the words that they reached me but without any sense of their application, or meaning. Everyone has had the experience, doubtless, of having the



words of a song or poem in his mind, and suddenly some one in the room would break into the song, or quote the words. These are instances of direct transference of Thought, and although we really know comparatively little of it as yet, we still know that it is not an uncommon phenomenon.

The faculty of clairvoyance comes into play, when we feel or see, or "sense" we may call it—something which does not exist consciously in the mind of another, or something upon which another is not concentrating. "The faculty of seeing through opaque substances," is one of the definitions given to clairvoyance. But we are to learn these days that there are no opaque substances. Everything, however dense it may appear to the limited sight, in reality is luminous.

There is another phase of clairvoyance, however, which is almost indefinable. That comes as a sort of "inner conviction"—a certainty that is in no way dependent upon comparative circumstances, or reason. Clairvoyance may not always include prediction, although it is generally associated with prediction. But, there are instances of distinct clairvoyance, which do not in any way include prophecy or prediction.

For example, a party of which I was a member once experimented with a young boy of seventeen years of age, who was a remarkable clairvoyant, but who utterly failed when it came to prediction. He would describe in detail, the appearance of a person or a room which he had never seen, tell the contents of a sealed package, or in any way tested, prove the possession of a power to see through supposedly dense objects. When asked what would happen the next day, or the next week, he would refuse utterly to make prediction, saying he could not foresee. If urged to try, his statements generally proved quite wrong. So you see that clairvoyance does not always presuppose the power of prophecy.

#### HOW TO BECOME CONSCIOUS OF THE FINER SENSES.

Among various nations or localities, this power of foreseeing is noticeable. The people of the Scottish Highlands, for example, have earned the appellation, "the canny Scot," because of this extraordinary gift of prophesying, while other phases of psychic phenomena are not more common with them than with others. Personally I have always had this gift, although of late years I have learned not to voice my predictions too broadly. When a child, I used to utter predictions about almost everything that came under my observation. I did this absolutely unconsciously without knowing the reason why. I mean by that, the

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words would seem to force themselves out of my mouth without my volition—or without any realization on my part that I was uttering something that had not yet occurred. Many children get scolded for telling what their parents consider lies, when as a matter of fact, they are stating as actual occurrences something that has not yet taken place, but which later developments prove true.

Now, the question naturally occurs to all who know that postulate of Mental Science, that "we are self-conscious, responsible beings," as to how it can be possible to predict events, when we ourselves have the power to make or to change events. The average idea of prophecy presupposes that an inscrutable Fate or God has already ordained such and such an occurrence, and we have nothing to do with it. But I want to make plain to you the fact that it is *because* we are responsible for our lives, that prophecy is possible. The cause is this: All relative events—experiences and occurrences that take place on the external plane—are the effect of causes which we have set in motion sometimes years previous, and sometimes they are causes which others have started years before we are born.

This looks like fate, doesn't it—when we talk of our reaping the result of causes set in motion before we were born? How then are we responsible? you will ask. The reason is that we are subject to the dominant thought of the race—we are under the relative law of cause and effect—*until such time as we rise above it and become self-acting.*

When we have once got into the vibrations of the *higher law*, we are in tune with it—at one with it—and we ourselves *are* cause. Do you see the difference? A shot fired in a certain direction will invariably hit a person in line with that bullet, whether that person be innocent or guilty—whether he be an intended victim or the victim of an accident. But, if he have the power to foresee—that is, if he vibrates to a finer, higher key than that of the occurrence, he will escape that condition by stepping aside from it.

The power of clairvoyance, particularly when it includes prophecy, is not merely the power to know what is inevitable. If that were the case, it would hardly be a desirable gift. We need not trouble ourselves with that which we cannot prevent. But every extension of Man's consciousness brings us into a conviction of the absolute Goodness of the Universal Law. That is, every faculty which we cultivate into the finer and finer realms—makes us that much more immune from disastrous and unpleasant consequences.

The man whose mind is cultivated, has the advantage over



the uncultivated man, not only as regards material comfort, but also in every possible way that makes for happiness. So we may easily discover that the cultivation of the finer, higher faculties of the human organism, gives us more and more immunity from unhappiness, more and more freedom from the limitations imposed by the relative law of cause and effect. Personally, I have been saved many times from accident, from financial loss, from various forms of distress, and I have also saved others, by my power to foresee. If I have the vision that enables me to see a precipice before me in the direction that I am walking, I may turn aside from that precipice. If the power to foresee it was not also accompanied by self-control and a free will—it would do me little good to know that I must walk into it.

The faculties of the higher Man, the divine ego, are the safeguards against the network of material and mental vibrations which are all about us. And it is only by cultivating and realizing the use of these faculties that we may escape some of the conditions which are at present converging toward a crisis in the world's history.

*Wm. D. D.*

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## THE LOVE THAT IS WISEST

*Margaret McIvor-Tyndall.*

It is because I love thee, Dear,  
That I ask for thee, not ease,  
Nor wealth untold, joys manifold,  
Nor from care a sure surcease.

It is because I love thee, Dear,  
That I hold thee worthy of grief,  
For the soul grows strong that battles long  
With the shoals of Life's coral-reef.

That love is wisest and best, Dear,  
That looks not at the seeming joy;  
But knows the gain that comes through pain  
Like gold from out alloy.

# The Triumph of Individuality

By Henry Frank



THE attainment of *individuality* is the climax of Evolution. To be like one's self and like no one else, is the most difficult achievement of moral culture.

*Civilization is the grave yard of individual character.* Within the realms of civilization fashion is the arbiter of one's thoughts, impulses, purposes, ambitions.

One durst not think aloud lest one offend the Popular Standards! In so-called-civilization one must dress like every one else, lest being out of good form one be declared out of one's mind. And, indeed, to the socially ambitious one might as well be dead in the body as out of date in fashion.

So limited to a single standard is our type of civilization and culture, that our very buildings reflect it in the wearisome monotony of architecture, which stares at us from four square walls, characterless windows, and unadorned porticoes and vestibules.

A congested population smothers individuality in the birth. If one desire to be wholly one's self, one must abide in some secluded spot, where alone one may commune with the starry firmament, the flowery fields, and, unashamed, lie down in Nature's robe upon the dewy grass, oblivious of the stressful and tumultuous world without.

Fashion is a vulture devouring the promethean fires of independence.

If one wear a too-long coat, a too broad hat, and a flat, square-toed boot, when Fashion dictates the opposite, one feels like a culprit, bearing on one's back the marks of the stinging lashes of Society's rebuke. One feels like slinking into some narrow byway to escape the gaping and insinuating crowds.

Stupendous, indeed, is the nerve of the innovator. He is ever the martyr. The first wearer of the high silk hat was mobbed in London. He who summoned courage enough to protect his hide and garments from the attack of Jupiter Pluvius by the suspicious weapon of the Umbrella was made the instant victim of the ungenerous mob.

What the crowd cannot understand it fears; what it cannot possess it envies. Hence the sad fate of one who differs from the rest!

Yet are we not all a little myopic when it comes to surveying

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the unusual without prejudice? How utterly abominable in our sight would seem today the clothes of a hundred years ago.

The stage clown creates his greatest sport by merely wearing habiliments which have long gone out of mind.

An American dressed in the clothes of a Frenchman, with his wide and floundering trousers, his brilliant waistcoat, and steeple-shaped silk hat would arouse our risibles whether seen on Broadway or on the mimic boards.

In Washington's time who would dare to have attended a Presidential reception clad in claw-hammer, white tie, hard-boiled collar, straight-trousers touching the instep, and the broad expanse of an immaculate bosom shining through the curved yawn of a black vest?

Hoopskirts are curios in museums, and any respectable woman might earn a rich wager who would dare to invade the populace concealing one beneath her swelling gown.

Behold the sheath-skirt! She who parades in one is instantly both cynosure and culprit. The jails are yawning for her who dares expose that long-concealed support, be the innovator a daring actress or a social leader.

Yet if Fashion so decreed, women might fearlessly walk the streets clothed with no more impedimenta than cumbers the ballet dancer or the buffeting swimmer.

Fashion says you may walk on the beach clothed in your right mind and abbreviated skirts, but woe to you if you attempt to venture too far and bestride the board-walk in your folly!

The fashions of one decade become the freaks of another.

The crowd clamors for but one Ideal: *Monotony!* Any variation, the slightest, wrenches it into distortions that result in outlawry.

When the free spirit flees from the crowd it rejoices as a convict flying from his prison.

The real reason why the hordes of city folk flock with such ardent avidity to the shrines of rural worship, when the golden god of summer announces his advent, is the *love of freedom*, which prompts us all to Nature's sweet abandonment.

To cast off the pompous mask and mockery of imagined civilization, and return to Nature's unaffected ways; to don the primitive, loose-falling raiment of the sea-shore, and cleave the briny wave, or roll on the sand-swept beach; to be ourselves; to do as we like fearless of envious critics; to ask no questions or worry ourselves about the opinions of others; to wear what we like and eat what we like, and like little children return to

Nature's innocence; this is the joy, the charm, the triumph of summer's boon for which we all give thanks.

And why? Because we are freed from the chains and limitation of conventionality—the bane of comfort and the Nemesis of sincerity.

Great souls are ever defiant of popular forms. Genius makes its own world.

*Eccentricity is the mark of character.*

Yet how few of us dare! Because we are all afraid of criticism. How few, indeed, in all the world dare to live the lives they most desire.

Nature cries ceaselessly for expression, and we, slave-masters, ruthlessly suppress her.

Though the slave-masters of natural impulse, by compulsion of social form, we become ourselves the slaves of the forms we institute.

We bury the dead past yet yield to its resistless tyranny. Nevertheless, each soul cries for liberty, for individuality, for independent submission to Nature's simple guidance.

Each of us hears the cry: "Seek seclusion, Commune often with thyself. Be honest!"

Why do we so dread to look into our own souls and on the surface of the inward mirror behold the reflections of our genuine and unhypocritical selves?

The one cure of the curse of civilization is that each should learn to be truthful to his own convictions, and though the world scorn and hate us, for our intrepidity, yet in the joy of our hearts we should find recompense sufficient.

Why should we lie to ourselves that we may believe as did our forebears? Why must we study the same books, read but the same Bible, repeat the same prayers, and mumble the same repetitious Creed, merely that we may follow in the footprints of our fore-fathers!

Obedience to form is slavery to authority. How few be there who durst think, lest they fail to think precisely as those who went before! The average person is "scared almost to death" if he be asked to express an opinion in ethics, religion, science, politics, before he can learn what they who are authorized to speak have said.

O the shallowness of the pates that hold the brains that have been poured into ancestral moulds!

*Better think and be wrong than right and be stupid. A grain of temerity is worth a ton of timidity!*

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The Imitator is the unconscious clown of the circus called Civilization.

Dare to be yourself even though, like Dogberry, you are forced to "write yourself down as an ass."

To be sincere commands respect even for a witless soul. But to be insincere makes even a genius detestable.

Insincerity is the sign of insanity—the dream that one is other than in truth he is.

Sincerity is the soul of common sense.

He who most unlike himself would other be,  
Himself slays first and then his liberty.

## Prosperity of the Body Under Egoism

### PART I.—DISCOVERY OF PERSON.

(Continued from November Number.)



HE infestation of honoring the principle of birth in parentage guaranteed the destruction of this conception of personality, which was stolen and put up as it were in the mind as an effigy so that the doctrine of *Videha*, the doctrine of bodilessness, might succeed against the discovery of personality as brought forward by the prophets.

Now the candidates in this instruction should be familiar with those descriptions of the body which are offered by the men and women who have seen it. We are informed that if any person should meet himself he would drop dead at the sight thereof. Why?

Listen! Every human being has in himself, consciously or unconsciously, an assured conviction that he will die. If then you should come into the presence of a power such as your real self personally is, that idea would be instantly demonstrated, as every other idea that might be in your mind.

So that if you came into the presence of so great a realizing power it was said that you must not have these ideas in your mind when you came. The nature of the true body is that every thought is instantly made real by its power, its presence, its consciousness, its vitality. A suggestion proceeds instantly to its finish.

In those nations where parentage is most honored we find the circle of their thought and experience very brief and easily surveyed, the customs prevail, the memory is not changed. They do not have opportunity to air their thoughts.

They proceed upon a short, easy orbit. The dishonoring

of parents scatters the race, destroys the home, interrupts concentrations, attacks pride, violently removes the possibilities of shame, and establishes what the ancient prophet called the shameless forehead.

They used to say that no candidate for truth could ever perceive the body as long as it was possible for him to be made self-conscious, as long as the principle of egoism was able to stab into his nature and drive out infestation.

Ever in the history of humanity there have been renewed attempts on the part of those who are horrified at personality to interrupt the confidence of man and his conviction of a body.

They point out the fact that life is a short interval of trouble from the cradle to the grave; that there has never been offered any cure of this; that the endeavor on the part of the human race to live the personal life cannot succeed; that disease, poverty, pain, trouble, accident, vicissitude, calamity, is all against him; that the elemental world is determined to eat up man personally.

The difficulty comes about in this way: When the reason shows the mind that the truth is all there is and the definitions and statements of what that truth is like in abstract terms convince the candidate that he has not any body, from which he infers that in order to be rational he must lose the sense of personality. This seems to be a valuable piece of information, because he has heard that all the great things of life are accomplished by those who lose the sense of self; that the body should be in a state of unconsciousness until it could be absolutely put out of possible existence, routed out absolutely; that you could not rely upon death to do this, therefore you must resort to reason.

It is one thing to remove a false impression of a personal life, and it is another thing to undertake to remove whatever that magnificent entity may be that is known to be the personality of being, as the ancients used to say, the golden person. Probably if a policy could be adopted which would remove the infestations of society in your body at the present time, it would attain such a remarkable power that it might occur to you that you had a sufficiently perfect body for all your desires. It would become so magnificent, so expanded, so miraculous in its power that it might occur to you that no other one would be necessary to seduce the universe into the gift of immortality.

The candidates in this instruction are entitled to the information that the dishonoring of parents, the annihilation of the devices of egoism in the form of the removal of the fear of covetousness, the destruction of the principle of chastity, the annihilation of the doctrine of non-killing and non-stealing and the

removal of the fear of dishonesty, the annihilation of indirection, has very little to do with the reversal of those principles that are discredited in human society.

It ought to be possible for the human mind to perceive the removal of an entity without the introduction of its opposite. It is comparatively simple to explain the attack of egoism upon the false body and its determined intention to prosper the real body without spreading the idea that moral evil is a medicine for man's bondage and helplessness. There is not any argument known to vindicate the policies of viciousness excepting the truth, that they do not exist.

Now the introduction of the rule,—Thou shalt not kill,—for instance, which was to prevent the mind from going further into the conception of a body than the conception of its surface to undertake something more than a tangible conviction,—was intended to destroy the attempt upon the part of those who would foster the conviction of a body by means of tangibility and establish the conviction in rationality.

The idea that we are assured of our bodies because we can touch them, because they have skins on them, has found itself too weak to amount to immortality. Those who are acquainted with the nature of human life know that the emotions of human life, which breed in the sense of touch, do not render the race happy, but rather otherwise; so that reason proposes a medicine of indifference,—the renunciation of tangibility and the determination to arrive at the conviction of a body from insight, from rationality, from the argument of absolute understanding.

As soon as the human race developed the conviction that there was a body, this body began to break forth in certain evaporations, that is, the senses broke out upon it. The result of that tendency of the body in its surface to become what seemed to be an attack upon its environment, in the form of the five senses and afterwards several more, consisted in the creation of a vast mental world which to those who had insight proved that those bodies were turning into mind.

Their turning into mind was taken to be evidence that they were mind. Just the same as when we say, ice turns into water. It really was water. When the body through the senses develops a life, that is, an air full of ceremonies and everything misinterpreted, unless you have the invisible mental key, so that you have no idea of what your neighbor is doing because you are not able to read his mind, you cannot tell whether this one is going down town to steal or murder or what by the way he walks, or any line of testimony from his actions.

These invisible ideas that move people were born out of this blossoming of the skin into senses, the inner life, the deep functions arrived at by the principle of egoism, or penetrability, not having yet offered their argument concerning the conviction.

They thought by introducing honor into the principle of parentage they could get command of the inner life in the form of the blood. They said, We will establish blue blood in certain lines of life that will stand for certain ideas; certain traits of character shall be represented. So they thought by introducing the idea of honor into the principle of parentage they could influence the blood of the race with the conception of a body, and they thought that if the blood could be induced to believe, and all the character that goes with the blood and vitality induced to believe in the existence of the body, they might be able to get one that would be immortal, that would be able to overcome the idea of death arising in the conviction of birth.

This was found to be inadequate, therefore the principle of honor amounted to playing into the hands of death, because honor was a sequestration instead of a universal being. The very idea of honor was a conception that this entity is better than that entity and therefore we honor it.

(End of Part I.)

*Larry Edm. Burrell*

## THE MYSTIC BORDERLAND

*By Helen Field.*

There is a mystic borderland that lies  
 Just past the limits of our work-day world.  
 And it is peopled with the friends we met  
 And loved, a year, a month, a day,  
 And parted from with aching hearts yet knew  
 That through the distance we must loose the hold  
 Of hand with hand, and only clasp the thread of  
 Memory. But still so close we feel this land,  
 So sure we are that these same hearts are tune,  
 That when in waking dreams there comes a call  
 That sets the thread of memory aglow;  
 We know that just by stretching out the hand  
 In written word of love, or book, or flower  
 The waiting hand will clasp our own once more,  
 Across the silence in the same old way.

## Divine Chemistry and Surgery

SAGITTARIUS, THE CENTAUR OF MYTHOLOGY.  
NOVEMBER 22 TO DECEMBER 21.



OTHER Nature is a haughty Queen. She will not tolerate opposition from a King, but she will co-operate with child or man, prince or pauper, the ignorant or the wise.

In this, the fourth article on the influence of Sun on the vibration of blood at birth, let us consider time from November 22 to December 21. During these thirty days the sun passes through the fiery celestial sign Sagittarius, represented in human expression by the thighs.

The body of a horse, with arms and head of a man—the symbol of Sagittarius—shows strength and motion directed by intelligence. The arrow (see drawn bow of Sagittarius) has always been used as a symbol of prophecy and no “specimen” or *bric-a-brac* is more cherished than flint arrow points.

There is a deep alchemical meaning in the quartz arrow point.

The North American Indians treasured a legend as follows:

“Once upon a time the earth became infested with an army of demons who killed the inhabitants and devoured their bodies. Finally, after many thousands had been destroyed, one of the mighty chiefs prayed to the god of ‘Bow and Arrow’ to send assistance to the besieged tribes.

“The god of ‘Bow and Arrow’ in answer to the chief’s prayer, sent an army of Centaurs who rained arrows on the demons and utterly annihilated them. The ‘Bow and Arrow’ god then informed the chief that the arrow points might remain as charms against future invasion by the demons.”

The chemical name for flint or quartz is silica, or silicea. This salt in exceedingly attenuated form, or molecular state is a constituent of blood. It is found in hair, nails, the membranes that cover bone and nerves, also in bone.

The molecules of silica are sharp-cornered and in cases of deposit of “pus” (disintegrating organic matter) these little lancets cut a passage out along lines of least resistance. What marvelous knowledge is here displayed.

Millions of intelligent artisans, or surgeons at work in the human temple—ceaselessly at work day and night, while we sleep or wake.



Those born between dates November 22 and December 21 come under Sagittarius influence.

These people are strong and swift like the Centaur and have the gift of prophecy and thus hit the mark like the archer.

The arrow point is also symbolized in the Sagittarius native by their ability to transfer thought. When a "Sagittarius born" centers thought on a brain centre miles away the invisible aerial wires that run everywhere throughout space, and impinge upon all brain cells, vibrate to the rate of motion called thought waves, and thus messages may be received and read aright by one attuned to the pulsation of Nature.

Governing planet, Jupiter: gems, carbuncle, diamond and turquoise.

Astral colors: gold, red and green.

In Bible alchemy, Sagittarius is represented by Levi, the third son of Jacob, and means "joined and associated." In the symbolism of the New Testament, Sagittarius corresponds with the disciple James, son of Alpheus or Archer.

*George W. Barry*

## Socialism

*"O, God! that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap."*  
—Hood

**N**OW will Socialism be inaugurated? is the question repeatedly asked by both friends and enemies of the movement. There can be no cut and dried program for Socialism, no more than has been for other social changes that have come into the World's history.

When our forefathers declared their independence from the yoke of England, they did not and could not make any fast or iron clad rules for the people. The new laws were adjusted to the needs of the times.

No man could have foretold what social and industrial system would follow Fuedalism, yet we tried Capitalism, which is rapidly destroying itself. In slavery days the question fired at the Abolitionists, was "How will cotton and rice be produced without slaves?—What is to be done with the negro?"

In anti-Revolution days, advocates of King George asked "How can we get along without a King?" "What kind of a government are you going to inaugurate?" None of these questions could be answered off hand—social evolution alone answered them.

Socialism says—let that class of property be owned collectively, which is used collectively—which shows by its nature to be a public necessity, and let property which is not of public utility be owned individually. We have now socially conducted property—every school house is a social institution, every public library, every city, state and national building. Highways, parks, postoffices, ships, harbors, water and lighting plants, all fraternal and benevolent societies are not formed on competitive lines, but on Socialistic.

One way of starting the "Socialistic Commonwealth" might be the simple expedient of taxing the land until it would be cheaper for capitalists to sell, than to keep it, as the people did in Australia.

Another way might be, condemnation proceedings in the Socialistic courts taking possession and paying "By right of Eminent Domain," a principle well established by our good old capitalist system. It would be an easy matter for the government to take over the control of the Standard Oil Company in payment for the \$29,000,000 that they owe the people for robbing them.

Under the laws of evolution, Socialism is already upon society. We are well started on the way to public ownership of public utilities and the means of production. More and more each year we look to legislatures, to the State, and to the government to own and direct industries whether it be a school, a dredger, a railroad or a water plant. It is in this way that the idea of Socialism is over taking that of individualism.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan, our recent Presidential aspirants, vied with each other in promulgating the radical doctrine of Centralization, politically and industrially. This is a strong tenet of Socialism.

Whether corporations and all industries shall be controlled by the Federal Government, or the separate States, and whether property rights and taxation are to be under National or State control, will soon mark the parting of the ways, in the course of Anglo-Saxon self government.

Another far reaching Socialistic ideal is the agitation now going on, of the International Union of American Republics. This means Unity of the Western Hemisphere. It is gradually dawning on the minds of men that in co-operation and unity, there lies power and strength.

To wrest the field of opportunity from the few and give it to the many, is the mission of Socialism. The owners of oppor-

tunity (the land monopolists and money kings) demand their toll before any of us can fill our dinner pails.

Capitalism can no longer keep its grafting system going. Millions of men are now out of work and are unable to buy back the goods their toil produced, although they are suffering for them and are willing to give for them that which will produce more goods of the same kind, namely their labor. But the capitalist stands like the dog in the manger and says "No, I must have profit." The moloch, called Trade is relentless. Where is the line of money madness to be drawn? 'Tis pitiful to see men wasting the best of their lives in a mad scramble for money. Sacrificing peace of mind, honor and love for what in the eternal countings is of no more value than the dust of the highway.

Rapidly indeed, has the sentiment been growing that money rules and that human life and liberty are nothing, when placed in the balance of organized gold. It is an amazing thing to consider that if the workers of the world knew their own power, they could at once destroy this colossal sham, called popular government. The ballot in the hands of an enlightened people can be a saviour.

The real Socialistic struggle is between the principle of labor and the principle of privilege. When "justice" wields a sword on the poor, and but a lathe on the rich, the cheated class will retaliate. Thus we see in Pennsylvania the lawabiding disposition of the people was so weakened, by the exploits of the Standard Oil Company, that a man who tapped a pipe line of Standard Oil for two years was found innocent by jurors, who heard that same man plead guilty. Think of the colossal injustice of the mass of humanity being placed at the mercy of the robber coal and oil barons. The very name of Standard Oil has become a stench in the nostrils.

In the Dark Ages the problem of the poor and unemployed (mendicant and marauders) was solved by the nobles and the rich church corporations who housed and fed them, today the problem of the unemployed (hobos and millionaires) is again with us, when it should have been solved centuries ago. Since the dark ages, the marauder has degenerated into the political grafter, the corporation thief, and the spectacular philanthropist.

I use the word "degenerated" advisedly, because the marauder exhibited at least a degree of physical courage, while his modern prototype, hides behind the shadow of the law for protection.

Unearned wealth on the one hand, and grinding poverty on the other, is the great cause of earth's miseries.

Hence we are having protests from the balanced people, and bombs from the unbalanced, according to their temperament.

We live today surrounded by "bread-lines," insane asylums, jails, poor-houses and potters fields. These are called "features of civilization."

Socialists are working for the coming of the day when brotherly love and kindness will supplant "civilization" as thus depicted.

We hope and believe that there will come a day, when women will not fondle lap-dogs while cold and hungry children are walking the city streets, without a home.

The church trust, and the state trust, that does not square with the golden rule, will one day be weighed in the balance and ground to powder.

*L. Ingalls*

## Excursions into the Realm of Psychic Phenomena



HE world is turning spiritualistic. This is evident in the drama, in music, in literature, and even in yellow journalism.

"The Mills of the Gods grind slowly," but they invariably give us, sooner or later, the gist of Truth.

For the past century the world was materialistic—so materialistic, that even those who did know something of that mysterious Beyond, to which the race has ever journeyed, dared not make their knowledge public for fear of being confined in a mad house, or insulted and villified as a "fraud."

This attitude of the public mind has greatly changed in the past ten years, and in the ten years to come the change will be even greater. Twenty years ago we prophesied that there were just two subjects upon which the Thought of the immediate future would be focussed. Those two subjects are: Spiritualism and Socialism.

The observing individual of today may take a cursory glance over the field of the world's activities and see for himself how prophetic was the statement.

But, there are several phases of both these movements—Socialism and Spiritualism.

The kind of Spiritualism that the public are looking for today, has been outgrown by the student of occultism. The kind

of phenomena that Hamlin Garland speaks of in *Everybody's Magazine* and over which the public is becoming more or less "crazed," is the sort of phenomena that the occultist left behind on the path of Progress many years ago. Not that it has not its place and purpose. It is the "reward of merit" which is held out to the earth children to induce them to continue their studies into the marvels of the Unseen.

When we make the statement that there is a clearly defined, logical and concerted plan of action instituted by the *counsel of the wise*, who though invisible to the average development on this earth plane of consciousness, to bring into the perspective of the physical (the normally visible) the realization of the actuality of a world about us, within elbow reach of us in fact, we are making a statement that will be understood and corroborated by every one who has progressed to any extent in this wonderful study of the Unknown.

It is at the request of many of our readers that we publish this series of reports in connection with experimental seances, dealing with the probability of what is commonly called "spirit communication." In doing so, however, we wish to make clear certain facts which the superficial investigator seldom discovers, but which the occult initiate soon learns, when he seeks to fathom the cause of phenomena.

Firstly, the term, "spirit communication" is not applicable to those phenomena which one finds in seances in which objects are moved about, forms materialized and voices heard. Such phenomena are never produced by those entities who dwell constantly upon the spiritual plane. In fact, messages from the realm of pure spirit are comparatively rare, and are never received upon the physical plane of consciousness. The person who is still in the body, in order to receive communication from the spiritual realm, must lift himself above the strata of mortal mind, and also above the strata of psychic activity. This is achieved as a rule, only in the Silence, and is *never* accompanied by visible phenomena.

It would not do to arbitrarily state that true *spirit* communication is never received in seances, but the fact remains that the instances are few and far between.

Those who are invisible to us, those who have left the physical body are not, then, any more "spirits" than they were while in the body. And we will, in referring to them, call them "Invisible Entities," rather than "spirits."

The subject is so complex, at the present time, because of the chaotic conditions which we on this side of the veil are passing



through, that we can only touch upon the most important facts in connection with the pursuit, through psychical investigation, of the various phases of intercommunication.

The reason that so many erroneous messages are received from "the other side," is because we so seldom get beyond the mental or psychic planes of being, in our communications.

And since everything upon the outer planes, (physical, mental, and psychic) are subject to change, no message from these planes can by any possibility be depended upon as absolutely authoritative.

The word is spoken *in the spirit*, and is brought forth upon the outer planes.

When we receive a message from the spiritual plane of being, we may know that it is absolutely true. The question is to know when it emanates from the spirit, and when it is merely the result of mortal mind—and unauthorized from the essence of Truth.

This is what Mrs. Eddy was getting at, and which she expresses so vaguely when she talks of the "errors of the mortal mind," and warns against healing that is accomplished through any other means than Christian Science.

The spirit *only* is authoritative. Mental and psychic activities are not dependable, neither are they always undependable, because they *may* have back of them the authority of the spirit.

We will explain this a little more clearly, by using an illustration that all may understand.

At the head of every enterprise, every business, or organization of any kind we find some one who speaks with authority as far as that particular enterprise is concerned. Assisting this authoritative head, we find men and women who act in the capacity of servers. Their business it is to carry out the instructions, and the objects of the enterprise.

Should you seek information from any one of these assistants, you can not be certain that your informant is speaking with authority, unless he can convince you that such is the case.

Should one of these assistants make a promise to you that is not backed by the head of the organization, it is quite probable that he cannot fulfill that promise, even though his original intention was not to mislead you in any way.

This is a crude, but reliable statement of the conditions that prevail on the other side. Occasionally, an emissary is sent from the realm of pure spirit to convey a message to one in the body, and such a messenger is authorized and instructed in the purpose for which he is sent, but, more often, so-called "spirit" communi-

cation, is nothing more reliable than "mortal mind" communication.

The instances here quoted are from that vast area of consciousness, just beyond the borderland of physical manifestation and mental consciousness. Their value lies wholly in the fact that they seem to point to the nothingness of the experience called death, and the continuance of the same mental states which prevailed while these entities were clothed in a physical covering.

The experience I here set down can be corroborated by several of the best known and most trustworthy citizens in Denver.

The "seance" began with the primitive method of communicating, known as the "ouija" board. The person who operated the board was a child of nine years of age.

As we sat around the room, without putting out the lights or otherwise making favorable "conditions," the child's hand was seized violently, and these words were spelled out "My name is Fred G. Mc———. I was a gambler." (I prefer not to give the name in full although it was given). "I lived in Empire, Colo." We asked how long he had been out of the body and he replied, "I don't know, but I will ask."

We did not go back to the question, but he volunteered the information that he had killed a man on earth and must work out his repentance.

The child's hand remained passive, and she herself was totally unconscious of what the letters spelled out. The hand wrote: "Murderers live over here making opportunities for people to do good, until they become sufficiently purified to pass on to the other places."

The question was put to this intelligence: "What other places do you mean?"

Before answering he wrote out: "You make too much noise. I can't see what you are asking."

Then he replied: "There are places where we can not go to, because the light is too strong, but people from there visit us, and direct us what to do."

We asked, "What kind of people?"

The answer came: "Angels of Light, who have the control of all of us here."

We asked him if these "angels of light" were once human beings and if they had ever lived on earth, and received the reply: "Of course."

Then the hand shook, the force seemed to leave it, and the letters spelled out the words, "I am tired. I want to go now."

At almost the same moment the hand of the child was again seized and the following message was written:

"May I talk? I am not acquainted with you. I am Katie Walker. My home was in Bedford, Mass. I was a millhand. I love to talk to you."

We asked how she chanced to come to us and she said:

"I saw you by electricity. I came over here twenty years ago."

We asked her what she was doing and she replied:

"I am helping my father teach the Indians."

We asked her if she could see into the room, whereupon she gave an accurate description of every one in the room, and told us how many glasses there were on the side board. We then asked for some evidence that she could see the interior of the room without depending upon the knowledge contained in the minds of those present. Instantly we received the message that if we would take down a certain picture on the wall, and take it apart, we would find between the back of the canvas and the thin board covering that protected the picture, a tiny piece of white paper.

We did as requested and found a very small piece of white paper.

Subjecting the invisible intelligence to further "tests" to prove that she could see without reading our minds, we were told that if we would take from the book case the fourth book on the lower shelf, counting from the right, we would find on the 127 page and the fourth line the word "health." We did so, and found the word as indicated.

Much of the information received in these seances is of so personal and intimate a character as to make it impossible to relate.

The point in many seances of this kind, is the one that many of the intelligences communicating, state that they are "not allowed" to give information regarding the life and the conditions in the Beyond.

The reason for this is obvious. People go out of the body without any knowledge of the conditions that await them in the Invisible, and if they were allowed to report their experiences as Truth, there would be such a diversity of statement that we would not know what to believe.

In these reports which we will continue in our next issue, we want it understood that we do not claim them as communications from the realm of pure spirit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Problem of the Affinity

**A**ND now comes the evidence of a new and baffling problem for solution. It is the problem of the "affinity." We are in fact, "in the midst" as the fashion chroniclers say, of an affinity craze. All the current periodicals are aglint with brilliant dissertations upon the subject, and as usual, the pulpit arises to remark that we really must not have it—which is about all the light the pulpit ever succeeds in throwing upon any of the world's problems.

The physicians, too—God bless 'em—are having their innings on the subject of the "affinity disease," and one learned gentleman from Philadelphia—where else could he be from—pedantically diagnoses the malady, as a species of "neurotics." I have often wondered who the shrewd human was who first coined that word "neurotic." Like charity, it stands for a multitude of shortcomings in the sum of knowledge with which the average physician has to do business.

If a person has evolved beyond the limitations of the grosser physical sense consciousness, and sees and hears and knows that which is not perceptible to the average thick-skinned individual, he is diagnosed by the learned medicos as a "neurotic," with the evident intention that "that will hold him for awhile." So, the affinity affliction, is an evidence of neurosis, says the Philadelphia man who probably has had sufficient leisure to find out almost anything—providing he but had the brain to know when he had found it. And it is an evidence of the "ungodliness" of the age, says the dear, stupid clergyman, who is generally "from Missouri" and couldn't grow brain-activity enough to perceive the truth, in a thousand years, anyway. And the magazine space writer doesn't care what it is due to, so long as it furnishes him with an interesting topic upon which to build his bread and butter. In the meantime, the problem is becoming more and more general, and the near future may see a new sort of "specialist" for the cure of the affinity microbe. It will look odd to say the least to see signs dotting the principal streets reading: "Affinities Removed Without Pain." "Affinities Absolutely Cured In One Treatment," "Affinity Victims Treated Without Drugs," and that sort of thing.

Nevertheless, the problem is a serious one indeed. It is serious because, like the divorce problem and the race problem and all the other world-problems, we must have them to deal with so long as we refuse to learn.

The human race is entering upon an area of consciousness hitherto undreamed of, save by the illumined few. We are outgrowing the limits of mere sense consciousness and we are becoming soul conscious. During this gestative period we are like the chrysalis that has but half escaped from the shell of the caterpillar. While vaguely sensing the fact of his new and untried experience as a winged creature, he is still held by the fetters of the worm-mold, and must crawl for a time.

The human chrysalis has made for itself conditions consistent with its crawling state. The group idea in any form is very empirical indeed, yet has it been necessary. We have therefore grouped ourselves into races, nations, and families. That the marriage tie has been considered "sacred," God-made, and eternally lasting, is an evidence that we have always groped, however blindly, for an ideal of harmony, expressed in the much-abused word "affinity."

But, when we try to make a union that is founded upon nothing more than expediency, or sense attraction, take the place of the irresistible urge of soul attraction, we have of course to deal with a problem that is difficult of solution. Persons in these days, are living in two distinct worlds, or planes of consciousness. The life of the physical senses is carried on, side by side, as it were, with the life of the newly-awakened soul consciousness, that the race is "growing" much as the caterpillar is growing wings while still in the worm-mold.

The soul knows not the laws which the sense conscious race formulated for our guidance. The soul is a rebel. It is determined to be free, just as the half-developed caterpillar, doubtless longs and struggles to fly, feeling its untried wings, even while held to the earth.

With an "affinity" for the freedom of the air, the poor caterpillar is yet held to the earth by its former conditions, and it is only because of this affinity for freedom that he at length emerges from his chrysalis.

A boy of 19 marries a woman of sixty in the face of tremendous opposition and the world is aghast, because our old ideas were that the body is about all there is to us, and we felt that such disparity in age was inconsistent with the natural "affinity" which should exist between physical organisms. But, when we consider that the soul is ageless, and that the customs and the built-up traditions of mere sense consciousness, have no jurisdiction over the soul life, we may readily perceive that the union is a perfectly natural one.

So, too, with the matter of race amalgamation. A white



woman of education and refinement marries a negro equally refined and cultured, and again our ideas of "propriety" are shocked. But the union is a perfectly natural one from the plane of our newly-acquired senses—the soul senses—because color is literally but "skin deep" and the soul is color blind.

Some highly esteemed man or woman who has always held strictly to the narrow way of "respectability" (which is simply a word used to express a person's willingness to do exactly what is expected of him), suddenly obeys an irresistible urge to forfeit all the supposed advantages of worldly position, to spend his life with one who is "outside the pale," and press and pulpit again utter roars of disapproval. What does the soul know of the rights and privileges of press and pulpit?

The soul's business is to soar. It must ever refuse to crawl at the bidding of dead men who imposed devices that should lead the animal man safely into the stall of Conventionality.

Neither the present nor the future can safely be provided for by adherence to past concepts. The world is making history today as never before.

Do I then imagine that there is justification in the case of every person who succumbs to the "affinity" microbe?

Certainly not. But whose business or right is it to draw the line? Who shall say that this one is justified in leaving a loveless home, while the other is not? Not I.

Many a person who is operated upon for appendicitis, is discovered, on examination, to have no appendix at all. But the doctors all thought that his life depended upon having the operation, and the patient, too, thought so, and surely it isn't your business nor mine to rise up and insist that there is no appendix there—because, after all, we might have been wrong.

All hail the coming of the "affinity."

It will teach us that the soul knows neither color, nor condition. It will teach us that because some self-appointed agent of a Supreme Ruler, has declared that "God has joined two persons together," it doesn't make it true.

It will teach us that children should be taken care of by right of humanity and not by right of ownership.

It will teach us that we have a right to our own persons, and that no contract that ever was drawn up by priest or law, can bind the human soul to material ideas.

*Margaret W. L. Finkel*

# The Philosophy of Error

*By Augustus Webbfeld.*



"O Err is human," saith the poet, yet there is a divinity in error which the meliorist recognizes and of which he takes advantage in the unfoldment of his being toward the perfect state.

The errors of our inexperience are obliterated from the active mind by the ever-present weed of the application to the problems in hand, yet are stored by the subconscious against the requirements of the future, to be flashed by the semaphore of of consciousness as a red light of danger or a green light of cautiousness. The bright white light of a clear track is the lure to speed in achievement.

The cautiously brave realize the possibility of the unexpected and are ever watchful for the accidentals unaccounted for in their plan of progression. The brighter the signal for swift accomplishment, the more alert are they to the dangers of over-confidence, and the postulate of safety must resolve itself into the certainty of fruition ere their vigilance is relaxed.

Errors of judgment compel the attention of the delinquent, and their analysis and review awaken the mind to a broader conception of the subject. The weak points of their deductions are made apparent, and the failures of today augment the treasures of the mind in proportion to their degree of impression.

Errors of judgment are the stepping stones to greater wisdom, and the pinnacle of perfection can only be reached by a persistent application of the law of progression. The powerful, masterly mind ever rises above the wreckage of his ruined temple, and, from the piled-up debris, views with equanimity and greater confidence the enlarged vista of opportunity. Undaunted by defeat, he quaffs not the bitter cup of despair, but, realizing the beneficent quality of disappointment he stands triumphant in purpose.

Errors of commission, other than those of judgment, may be considered as voluntary and involuntary. Voluntary errors are the index of the unstable mind or temperament. They have their origin in those qualities which identify the weak and unresourceful. Fear, hate, avarice, cowardice and kindred vices breed errors of commission for which the individual is reluctant to assume responsibility, but is eager to hazard a gambler's chance of benefit. The mentally strong, when they commit such errors, do so with a full realization of their deed and a willingness to abide by the results of their action, oftentimes coupled with a consciousness that,

what at the time seems erroneous may eventually work out new opportunities from which a selection can be made possessing possibilities of ultimate success.

Errors of omission, due to lack of consideration or inexperience, or prompted by insincerity of purpose are perhaps the most prevalent. The errors of the unthinking class pale into insignificance when compared with the errors of the unscrupulous or those devoid of conscience. The phrase "I don't care" sums up a majority for the disciples of insincerity. The doffing of the mantle of irresponsibility is a proclamation of purpose and a forward step in the elimination of error.

The errors of ignorance possess the redeeming quality of being educational factors in the lives of the lowly; guide-posts along the highway which is travelled by the awakening souls seeking to escape from the thrall of darkness with which creed and dogma have cumbered them. Purpose points the way and reward beckons in the distance, while sympathy extends the hand of fellowship to the worthy.

Nature never errs, and the child of nature who is true to his parent minimizes the possibility of error. The performance of natural deeds is the expression of nature in the individual. The suppression of nature and the repression of natural instincts in man postpones indefinitely the consummation of the ultimate in the scheme of creation. We are struggling ever onward toward man-made ideals, our eyes, like twin compasses indicating the direction of our minds, and with desire at the helm, we steer an erratic course, menaced by the rock of error and made impossible by the rushing current of adversity—that bitter cup of tonic properties which nature offers to the aspiring.

The stream of life flows unerringly through the fertile territory of opportunity, on the right is resolve, and on the left is endeavor, while the goal lies ever onward, ever upward; an enigma to man, an open book to nature. Accept her as your pilot and travel faithfully toward the goal, content in the knowledge that in the great beyond there is awaiting you another chapter of the book of life; another experience, newer, nobler and grander, for which the experiences of this life are preparing and purifying you.

Harken to the wisdom of Epictitus; time is the test of wisdom, and his philosophy has lived through twenty centuries of strife for the spiritual:

"He who is discontent with things present and allotted is unskilled in life. But he who bears them and all the conse-

quences arising from them, nobly and rationally, is worthy to be esteemed a good man."

"All things serve and obey the (laws of the) universe; the earth, the sea, the sun, the stars, and the plants and animals of the earth. Our bodies likewise obey the same in being sick and well, young and old, and passing through the other changes decreed. It is therefore reasonable that what depends on ourselves, that is, our own understanding, should not be the only rebel. For the universe is powerful and superior, and consults the best for us by governing us in conjunction with the whole. And further, opposition, besides that it is unreasonable, and produces nothing except a vain struggle, throws us into pain and sorrows."

## The Twain That Are One

*By John Milton Scott.*



HE twain that are one flesh.

Because they are first one spirit.

Because they were first in the Creative Thought, One Being.

Because God, out of His Everlasting Deeps, loved the one for the other, and truthed the other for the one.

Because in the Infinite Perfect, they are ideal one.

And journeying through the divided world, they are to become actual conscious One in the same Infinite Perfect.

In the world divided, he is a divine truth, in search of his completing divine love.

She is a divine love in search of her completing divine truth.

Nor will he ever know the peace of perfection until he finds her.

Nor will she ever know the joy of a finished holiness until she finds him.

Nor until these twain make one will the creation of God completed, give unto him its everlasting glory.

And he is the meaning of her, and she cannot be interpreted without him.

And she is the divine soul of him, and he cannot be immortal without her.

Together only and eternally can they become one being of rejoicing holiness, interpreting the inmost reality of God to the timeless cycles of the deathless life.

And if he find another than she the chord perfect cannot sound. And if she find another than he, the life perfect cannot live.

This is why there are discords on the earth, and why life is ever shadowed of death.

This is why there is no marriage unless it be of the very spirit of God, partaker of the divine nature in the absolute reality of its Truth lying in the bosom of its Love, in the endless joy of begetting an everlasting universe.

In the image and likeness of God created he them, male and female created He *Them*.

And as they find each other in the eternal findings of love the creation completes, the joy of God seeing that which He has made is verily and eternally good.

And the flesh is holy.

Who thinks it unholy defiles the highway unto the holy City of God.

He pollutes the river of life, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.

Who thinks the flesh holy casts up a highway unto the holy city of God.

He has within him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

The outermost court of the temple is holy, because of the Divine Indwelling.

Upon the Inmost Altar, the Love Eternal shines in the Truth Eternal, and the Shekinah of the Everlasting Presence glows and eternally greatens.

Male.

Female.

Man.

Woman.

Marriage.

Not by the lip of priest, but by the life of love.

The twain, one flesh.

The twain, one mind.

The twain, one eternal being.

This is the redemption of the race.

This is the bliss of the heavens.

This is the holiness of the angels.

This is the satisfaction of God.

This, the Only Begotten of the travail pains of creation.

This is the resurrection and the life.

This is the glorification of the Son of Man in the glory which he had with the Father before worlds were.



This is the glorification of the Daughter of Woman in the glory she had with the Mother before earth's starred the sky.

This is the new heaven and the new earth in which dwelleth righteousness.

And the righteousness is the truth of him and her loving on every plane, and the love of him and her truthing in every breath, in every beat of the heart.

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## The Value of Self-Assertion

*By Agnes Von Waldberg.*

**I**T is a great mistake for us to object to self-assertiveness in others, or imagine that it is in any way injurious to us to accord to them our recognition and encouragement; for the welfare of the race depends upon every member of it becoming a distinct and self-supporting entity. Most of us are only parasites and echoes, and it is this parasitical or "something for nothing" disposition that is the cause of all the evil in the world. With a right amount of self-respect and pride in our own attainments, we would scorn to accept that which we had not earned by our own honest efforts. No one can become a real entity without self-respect and self-assertion.

We often hear people say: "He is much too important; it does me good to take him down." They seem to consider it an offense to themselves for one to have a large sense of his own importance.

It has been my experience that the person who realizes the truth and unity of all life, and his own importance in the scheme of things, is more capable of being unselfish and helpful than the one who is too ready to give up his individuality, bury his talents, and throw the responsibility for his actions on someone else. According to the Bible, if grandpa Adam had refused to be tempted by Eve there would have been no loss of Eden. We can form no worse habit than that of depending on someone else for our support and guidance.

Neither should we attempt to carry responsibility that belongs to another, or to shield him too much from the results of his actions; for experience is our best teacher.

I have known parents who, because of their love for their children and their desire to make life easy for them, failed to teach them the necessity for self-control and reasonable self-denial; and who regretted it most bitterly when these children grew up

into pleasure-loving weaklings who cared not how or where they obtained their pleasure or means of self-gratification, just so they obtained it.

It is this much lauded, but short-sighted unselfishness of those in responsible positions that is to blame for the large class of frivolous, passion-ruled children (yes, children, though some of them are gray-headed) who turn the world into the sad place to live in that it ought not to be.

To assert yourself does not always mean to follow your desires; but on the contrary, to control your desires and resist evil influences by the use of your judgment. "The mind's the standard of the man;" Indeed, it is the real self, or entity; therefore, true self-assertion lies in using and being true to your own judgment. You cannot be true to others unless you are true to yourself. Our records show that most of our worst crimes are committed by people who are too ready to sacrifice themselves, or their honor on the altar of desire; most always that first of all desires which we call love, and which is turned into degrading passion, instead, when we allow it to lead us into actions that are injurious to ourselves and others. True love is an enlightening sentiment revealing to us our source and true nature, and teaching us to preserve in inviolable purity—ourselves.

To give up our own individuality is neither generous nor kind; yet we should be careful to be right, and assert only the truth of ourselves. To declare that we have great ability without expressing it in our persons is telling an untruth; as it is, also, to say no one can do anything better than we can, that we are perfect, and all such statements as many make under the belief that to declare them will make them true. We should distinguish between our possibilities and the actual facts regarding us; for instance, I cannot walk a tight rope and carry a man on my shoulders, as I have seen some women do, though it is possible that I might learn to do so by understanding and perseverance; thus, we can enlarge our abilities every moment that we live.

While it is true that in the sense that I am infinite life, and one with all that is, all ability is mine; still the extent of my individual ability is measured by the amount that I express in my own person. And when we are unable to distinguish between that which belongs to us and the property of another or the whole, we are lost to the sense of proportion and relation through our singleness of consciousness, which is selfishness, since we are unable to consider anything but ourselves.

To my mind, this singleness of consciousness or sense of self developed to the exclusion of all else is the worst thing that

can befall us, notwithstanding that the Christian Scientists and some others seem to think it a good thing to be striving to obtain it. I think I can show that, if there is such a thing as death, it is death. Let us see if we can imagine what it would be like: Since all space would be filled with a single substance of equal density, there would be a complete cessation of all motion, and consequently of all light, warmth, sound and feeling. There would be no love; for love must have an object; it is desire for something outside ourself. If there were nothing outside ourself there could be no desire. All sensation would cease; for sensation is but the recognition of another presence, or force. In fact, we would be in the position of having lost all through gaining all. Is not this the condition that the eastern philosophers call "blessed Nirvana?" If it is, I do not want it, thank you, you may keep it. I want to live and love and laugh and sing and hear others laughing and singing, and to know that we are all expressions of the one Infinite Life, in which are all things.

What can be better than this plural consciousness of the many in one; and to see behind us and before us an eternity teeming with infinite variety and visions of rare beauty? Of course, there must be shadows sometimes too, and we shall hear the sound of weeping and the cries of pain; for, just as there has been in the past, there will be pain that will leave its impression that will not disappear till we have learned its full meaning and removed its cause. But when our understanding is developed to the degree that makes of us real entities we will recognize our troubles to be nothing more nor less than beneficent winds which by bending and buffeting us serve to strengthen our fiber as a young plant is strengthened by the breeze. If we had no obstacles to overcome we would never learn to stand alone.

I have heard people say when relating their past troubles: "I had no place to turn to, no one to advise me, no one to depend on but God and myself!" Do you not see that when you have God and yourself you have all that is? All you have to do is to assert your intelligence, use your talents, and you will be surprised at the generosity of the master. I believe that if our understanding were rightly developed our worst troubles would be no more difficult to contend with than our daily rising and dressing is at present.

The attainment of this satisfactory condition depends upon our personal, or individual development into strong self-supporting units; and any wanton or envious act that retards the progress of a single soul, but helps to rivet the chains of darkness on mankind, but, not matter how cruel it may seem, that which helps a per-

son to assert and develop himself is good. It is through the self, the "I am," that we enter the kingdom of light; each person is himself the gate through which he must enter. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors that the king of glory (cosmic, or God consciousness) may come in." To this end it is good to depend wholly upon ourselves even if we make mistakes. Our mistakes should teach us to examine ourselves for the cause of our failure rather than blame something outside ourselves. "Know thyself;" find the weaknesses and remove them; this is self control. Self-knowledge and self control are life eternal; we gain them by asserting ourselves in the right way.

The best way to enlarge our consciousness is to recognize each and every living thing as another expression of our own being, and we must remember that true self-help lies in helping others to a better understanding of life and its responsibilities and possibilities. There is no one so weak and small that he cannot be helpful to those around him; the wisest can learn from the weakest.

While it is right for us to feel pride in our attainments, we should not be vain of them, or allow ourselves to imagine that we are better than someone else who apparently has attained less; for not living that others life, we are incapable of judging of his attainments.

One grain of deception or self-segregation is enough to work untold evil. So long as we lie to ourselves and to each other we cannot enter the kingdom, which is truth. Be careful when entering into the larger life that you do not let go of your individuality and lose your power of distinguishing between your own personality and others. I knew an insane woman once who was Grover Cleveland one day, Queen Esther the next, and some one else the next. Her condition is an example of what might befall us if we fail to make proper use of our intelligence; so let us have faith in ourselves, put ourselves to the test and "Be of good cheer."

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Leave all to Love. Love gets the problem solved while mortal mind is making the first stroke of the pencil in the working of the sum. The Spirit of Love is all there is anywhere in space.—*Lucia B. Griffin.*

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Some day the real of souls shall love and then no more shall degenerate blendings of human inertia, inhabit this earth, to linger in cess-pools of consolation or strife! Selfishness and Selflessness shall pass away and selfness—the true of you and me—will live here in peaceful action.—*Alzamon Ira Lucas.*

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## Two Lives

*By Zellah M. Goznell.*

We live two lives—the outer and the inner; one a busy day life, where the mind is employed in a thousand practical thoughts, where ambition is regnant and gold or fame the goal; the other, the life of twilight and eventide, when, all the cares of day hushed to sleep, we watch the setting sun slowly disappear beyond the horizon and the stars glimmer forth like beacon lights to the soul which is immortal, when we seem to feel the presence of those near and dear to us, though they may be far away and some beyond the line which separates the mortal from immortality; when the white moon replaces the glaring sunlight and tender and gracious dreams supplant the tumultuous cares of day.

When we have passed the shores of mortality and have been gently wafted into the realms where all sorrow shall pale and vanish beneath the glorious beams of heavenly splendor; where summer is perennial and flowers never fade, every thorn that pierced our hands here, every shadow that dimmed our vision, every brooding, black-winged care shall disappear and the white-winged Dove of Peace bide over all hearts. This, then, is the life we know in immortality and can know here, if we but know ourselves.

Great minds have spent years in a vain endeavor to teach man to know and cherish this inner life, and still he stretches out his hands, blindly rushes on, searching for something, and that something he does not understand, yet, desires.

New religious sects have been founded; new ideas advanced, but none have proven soul satisfying; but buried deep in memory's home, the Soul, is just a glimpse, oh! so faint, of something that is satisfying.

Have you ever asked this question? "Is this all we get out of this life, merely enough to eat, drink and wear, and nothing more?" Then, have you heard a still, small voice within you answer, "No, not all." That answer came from your own Soul, dear one. Stop and think. Get acquainted with yourself. Listen while your Soul proclaims itself and gives you peace. Listen to the voice within you. Your Soul is trying to give you comfort, trying to drive away all doubt and fear, and teach you to recognize your power, ever and ever repeating to you: "You are Godlike, you are powerful. Cease your vain search for satisfaction outside and look within."



You do not need new creeds or prophets. Know yourself and man will be a glorious conqueror. Jesus, the great teacher, bids you seek. "Seek and ye shall find" your own souls and reach the goal. Cling to the inner life, for it only brings peace.

Life is the race. Love and perfection the shining goal, wherein earth-wearied spirits shall find rest eternal, joy everlasting and power beyond compare.

## A Souvenir from Japan



EAR SWASTIKA FRIENDS:—

Many thanks for your kindness in sending the books and magazines which came to hand all right some time ago. I lost no time to read and felt a renewed interest swelling in my bosom.

While in America, I was held in a peculiar spell whenever I got mail from home,—something indescribably singular which is quite different from the mere endearing feeling for home, and which I would never have experienced if I read the same letter in Japan.

This very feeling caught me the moment I received the package sent by you from the hands of the postman. I could not then but help to set myself musing about the things I saw, smelt, tasted, felt and heard in America. Memory was stirred. Verily muse I did upon the almost endless chain of recollections of the American friends, and scenes. And it was hard to break away from this state for some time, indeed.

Glad you have sent Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's books. I am going to mail them to one of my friends, a priest temple-attendant of the Myo-Sin-ji. (The Marvels of Mind Monastery) one of the five biggest centers of Zeuns in this country. I know he will be very pleased to have them.

Hereafter every opportunity shall be made use of by me in making known the name of McIvor-Tyndall and THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE among Japanese as a hero who never hesitates to do anything in his power for the cause of the Japanese in America, and as the foremost exponent of the new school of the philosophy which came into vogue, thwarting the old biased Christianity and its narrow-minded theology. I shall be pleased to have several copies more of each of the Doctor's works, because I have in mind some of my friends who are surely glad to read them.

I am going to send you the best and most novel souvenir of

Kyoto, which is not even thought of or is not offered for sale by any dealer,—the dried and pressed leaves of the Bodhi, or to be brief, "Bo tree." Its proper name in Sanskrit is the "Pippala." It is well known to American students of the Oriental philosophy, and hardly requires any comment.

It was under one of these trees at some place along the Nirajara river in the province of the powerful Magadher that our lord Buddha, Sakamuni—may glory be unto him forever—went deeply into the Mokshaic state and worked out his saviourship some three thousand years ago.

Since then, as a matter of course, the tree began to be treated with reverence, throughout all the Oriental countries, and especially in some places in northern India it is almost apotheosized and receives praise as a sacred thing. (See "India and its people.")

These specimens I am sending you were picked at the front court yard of the Mausleum Temple of Ai-kan Do Monastery. This is situated at the skirt of Higashiyama, the Eastern hills, and stands right next to the Nan-Zen-ji, where I study the Yoga practice. At the higher court yard therein you have an almost entire view of the City of Kyoto and back of it is the pine-covered knoll.

The scenery is superb. It is one of the four head monasteries of Sukhavati Buha School of Buddhism, and was established almost one thousand years ago.

The tree from which I picked the leaves was planted by the patriarchal abbot of the temple. He went to China to get ecclesiastical education nearly ten centuries ago. In these days, going to China is a matter of little trouble, taking just two days and two nights, and traveling in the luxuries of the twentieth century.

Yet it was then a feat of untold perils and hardship which we, of this civilized age, can scarcely conceive of, and required a man of indomitable will and perseverance.

Voyages were undertaken once in two or three years, only when at the dispatching of diplomatic agents, and it took from one month and a half to fully two months for one way at that.

The tree was brought back in the face of these difficulties by him who spent a number of years in the celestial kingdom, then governed by the Tong Dynasty. There is a legend about him and the tree which the people there never get tired of telling. They say:

"Aye, Sir, Holy man and saintly he was, that second Abbott. From childhood, he was different from others; he was quiet, pious and had a great compassion for all living things. He grew not wrathful when spoken ill of and pleased not when appro-

bated. It was always the wish of his heart to become a Shramana, but this his parents liked not at all and tried to dissuade him, but in vain for his will was not flexible.

"Finally the parents gave way and consented, but reluctantly. When he was brought to the monastery and before the Abbott priest, founder of the temple, to be ordained and initiated, the latter looked at him for some moments, and clapped his hands and said, 'I am well pleased today indeed, and today I have found one worthy enough to be my successor. This is verily a living Bodhisattra,' and made him gladly his disciple. The young fellow was still more pleased, and set himself at work hard and earnestly. When he studied the ways of the lord Buddha, he soon distinguished himself above his fellow initiates, and when he was sent forth on a tour, as missionary, he brought into the happiness and sunshine the hearts of suffering humanity. Well came out true the prediction about him.

"It was always at the bottom of his heart to go to China to further his study, for China was the brilliant center of Oriental civilization, and as he grew old this wish took firmer root and became unshaken. One day he spoke to his master priest about this, who, of course, gave his consent. Grant was obtained easily through efforts of the older one, and making preparations hastily, he was soon on the journey to China over the mountains and seas.

"After many months of perilous traveling, he reached southern China and went immediately to a very famous monastery, where he was well received by all and particularly by the head priest who said, 'I knew of his coming long ago. I shall teach him all I know, and let him preach our teaching to the eastern islanders' (that is, Japanese). He staid there several years; during which time he earnestly applied himself to study, so that the elder bonze soon had to teach him the very secret doctrine of Buddhism, which was not and is not written in any book, but which has been handed down orally through every generation of the patriarchal priests from Buddha.

"Then he set out on the tour of a mendicant friar, to attain priestly virtue and merits and to visit at the same time every known Shramana of that day. Before he left the monastery, he wanted to have a substantial stick, for the staff is the most indispensable companion for the tour, and finding in a Bodhi tree in the yard there a branch suitable for the purpose, he broke it off and made a fine staff out of it. He carried it throughout his wanderings, as if 'blown by the winds and borne by the water' (this is a particular way for expressing the life of Yogi-like wan-

derings. Japanese call the novice Yogo Un-sui, that is, clouds and water, and the meaning of it is so plain that it needs no explanation) and it assisted his tired feet greatly.

"After sometime of this life, it turned out for him to return to his native land and to succeed the Abbotship that was awaiting to be filled. Still yet the Bodhi staff was with him and did great service in his wandering. When he embarked in a junk to cross the sea that is lying between China and Japan, it was with him as before, and when he was plodding his way from Kyu-shu to Kyoto, it was as yet dutiful in assisting his tired feet. After all he got back to this Abbey and his mendicant trips were at an end.

"However, it was hard for him to cast away, or to put into the woodshed the staff that had been very faithful in his begging life, and he stuck it deep into the ground here. And lo! sir, in a few days it revived again and took up water, shot out vigorous new branches, sprouted new leaves and it thrived into this tree."

This is, of course, the same old miraculous story narrated of holy men and saints of yore, and should not be given much credence.

But that he was a very godly man and went to China for his study in those ancient days, and that he brought back this tree is true. The monastery where he studied is in the interior of Southern China, near the Dong-Tay, and is well known to every Buddhist. Also there yet flourishes vigorously the Bodhi tree from which this one issued. Again this original tree can trace back its generalogy to a very old large Bodhi tree which grows in the enclosure of a famous temple in Cash-mir, in Upper India, and this, moreover, can be proved by history clearly.

To express this in another way, this particular tree has itself represented by its issues in China and Japan and they are growing all in Buddhist monasteries. I think this is very remarkable, do you not? And this is the reason that I picked them and dried and send them over to you. Let me add that I am positively sure that you are the first western people to come in touch with the tree.

There are three pieces in the parcel and I wish each one of you, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, Mrs. McIvor-Tyndall and Mr. Simada, to have one of them. If you preserve it carefully or put it away in your most favorite book, I shall feel satisfied that all my efforts have been well paid.

Still another word. To make the better souvenir I should have picked those that have the berries on, but they are all on the upper branches and are beyond my reach. I had therefore to make the best out of the case. When I was in the act of picking them, I was caught by the gardener and the watchman who reprimanded me.

manded me severely. I had to apologize, and blushing ran away.

I am back in Kanazawa for vacation, because the summer in Kyoto is vigorously hot, as is the case with inland cities and Kyoto is one of them. There is no large river or lake which can be of use in tempering the climate, and besides it is surrounded nearly on all sides by ranges of steep hills which obstruct the passing of breezes.

Zen monasteries have very long vacations; they rest as long as they work. There are two semesters in one year and one semester lasts just three months, hence they work six months and rest another six months in a year. The first semester begins May 1st and ends in hot July, and the second term opens from November to January. They use the vacation for begging trips and for the general unfoldment of spirituality, or they may go back to their home temple and assist their master priests.

I wish to write a whole lot more; this is only one-third, but I am getting very tired of writing. Will send another mail right quick. I want to be excused now this time. I ever remain

Yours affectionately,

YANOSKE ISODA,

Kanazawa, Japan.

The strong man fights fair. He relies on his strength to win.

The man with a righteous cause fights fair. He relies on his cause to win.

The brave man fights fair. He would rather lose with honor than win with honor lost.

Cowards' weaklings, men with a cause unjust—such men are ever ready to foul if hard pressed in a fight. The blow below the belt, the dagger in the back, the venomous arrow, the poisoned yell, slander, lies—foul fighting. These are the weapons of the man with a craven heart, the man who fears.

Fear—the most terrible thing in the world. All this world's realities of wrong for all time do not total such an awful sum as fear. Truly, the man who fears is possessed of the devil. His life is a burning, living death beside which death itself is an angel of grace on a cloud of peace.

Wherever there is a capitalist who grasps a part of the meaning of Socialism, there is a capitalist who fears. He thinks that shrewdness is wisdom and that force is power, and, moved by the lever of fear, he first tries to fight philosophy with sophistry, and to oppose science with cunning. Worst of in the test by argument, his fear grows greater. Then his craven heart comes to the relief of his crafty mind—they are always together. Craft tells him he cannot win by reason. Cowardice tells him he may win by force. Fear eats him like an acid.

The unemployed parade. "Police!" cries the capitalist in a paroxysm of fear. "Club them!" Confession of cowardice: He dare not even look at the main prop of his prosperity.—*The Miner's Magazine*.

## Personal Problem Department

Readers of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE who desire their questions answered free of charge in these columns may send in their questions to the EDITOR PERSONAL PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, if they will send their name and address with their letters of inquiry. Otherwise, they will not be answered. For purposes of identification, the writer may suggest initials. Those desiring a personal and private letter of advice from Dr. Mc-Ivor-Tyndall must enclose \$1.00 for same.

**WHAT RELIGION HAS DONE.**—"Orthodox," Waltham, Mass., asks: Do you hold that religion has never done anything for the race? It seems to me that you sometimes fail to give due credit to the pioneers who have brought Christian nations to their present high standard.

**Answer:** Religion in its true sense, is the motive power back of all advancement. But I do not consider the spread of church doctrines synonymous with religion. Religion is the soul's aspiration for harmony, love and peaceful human intercourse.

Candidly, I do not think that the Church has done much toward bringing about these ideals, because I believe that the Church like other man-made institutions *reflects*, the thought of the times, rather than influences.

**WHAT FATE HAS TO DO WITH US.**—Mary T. J., Pueblo, Colo., writes: If I understand Mental Science correctly, it postulates the affirmation that we make our own fate, or environment. This I know positively to be untrue in my own case. Everything that I plan and expect with entire confidence seems futile, while in spite of every effort, some power beyond my control determines what I do, and everything connected with me. Can you explain this?

**Answer:** Your soul desires are in contrast to your mental desires, or ideas of what you want. You have doubtless made a positive choice of that which you wish, without being aware of so doing. The result is that your soul desires maintain and yet, not being in intelligent harmony with those soul desires, you *appear* to have that which you have not asked for or wanted.

For example, you have probably at some time in your life experienced an overwhelming desire for knowledge, for growth and rapid advancement in the School of Life. Having once done this, you will find circumstances and conditions encompassing you which will give you this knowledge, and rapid growth, and at the same time, the merely mortal mind *thinks* you want thus and so. In other words, having placed your case in the hands of the Higher Law, you are being taught and taken care of, according to your wishes. If you will realize this, Progress will be much easier for you.

**HOW TO DIRECT THOUGHT.**—W. D. B., Ft. Worth, Texas, writes: Is there not a simple formula which you can give me, that will enable me to send thought successfully? Would like in as few words as possible the *modus operandi* of transmitting a thought message.

**Answer:** The ability to send and receive thought intelligently, cannot be mastered in a moment or taught in a simple sentence. Nevertheless, some persons have found the following method easy of mastery. Realize a specific thought as you would a message to be sent by telegraph. Center all your force upon the words, and picture in your mind, the invisible message traveling through space like a wave of light, finally reaching the person to whom you wish to send it. A little practice of this will result in astonishing success.



**THE PROBLEM OF "RIGHT AND WRONG."**—H. J. K., Columbus, Ohio, writes: Will you make clear to me the question of personal responsibility for the acts of others, and how, and in what degree we should consider the feelings of others in determining our conduct in life. If an act of mine gives another pain, even though I am innocent of any desire to cause that other suffering, must I not reap the results of such acts on my part?

Answer: There can be no absolute standard of right and wrong in human intercourse. What was "right" from the standpoint of the savage, is "wrong" from the cultured viewpoint of the Twentieth Century man or woman.

That which your highest judgment approves, is right for you to do, even though the world may call you a criminal for your conduct. If the simple pastime of a game of cards seems wrong to your conscience, then so it is, while if you can justify yourself (not deceive yourself) in any line of conduct whatsoever, then you are "right" from that viewpoint at that time, even though you change tomorrow.

**"Right" and "Wrong" are relative.**

**THE NEED OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.**—"Scientist," city, writes: Please give me your views upon the question of athletics, physical culture and general body training. If mind is all, why do we need exercise, or care in the matter of diet?

**Answer:** If your mind desires, and seeks and really has health, it will seek to express that health in activity. That is all there is to exercise—the expression of the activity of the mind. All external life is *expression*. By expression we increase and enlarge our consciousness. The need of physical culture has not changed, but the idea of physical culture has changed. That is, we have outgrown the mere sense consciousness, that sought the enlargement of muscle, and we have discovered that mind needs expression. As we indulge that desire for expression, the outer covering (the physical body), becomes pliable to Mind—expression.

So, too, the first law of dietetics, is formulated in the mind. We desire certain kinds or combinations of foods, and we naturally seek them.

**WORKING FOR REWARD.**—"Disappointed," Dallas, Texas, writes: I regret to say that I have found New Thought people as a rule very ungrateful. Is this a symptom of advancement in such persons? I was taught that gratitude was a virtue.

**Answer:** The point that you are to concern yourself with, is not whether the recipient of your kindness is grateful or otherwise, but whether you yourself, are acting from motives of pure kindness, and not for hope of reward. When we seek for reward, we are not acting from kindness, but from motives of selfishness. Real gratitude will find expression in one way or another, although we may often mistake mere "gush" for gratitude.

**ABOUT THE OUIJA BOARD.**—A. Helander, city, writes: If you have had any experience with the ouija board, would like your opinion, and also as to whether any harm can come from its use.

**Answer:** I think you will find your question answered in this issue, in our reports of Psychical Research experiences. The investigation of phenomena is fraught with danger in a certain sense, but not if the person investigating, will always preserve his or her own individuality and exercise his right to determine his actions. This is true in dealing with visible as well as invisible entities.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

Conducted by  
Kenneth D. Lyle

**THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT.**—Poems and prose pastels, by Lillian Hartman Johnson, is a beautiful holiday gift book, just from the press of The Myers Printing Co., and would make a welcome holiday offering to any lover of the beautiful in art and poetry. The book contains one hundred pages of poems and essays, and is artistically bound in white leatherette and gold, with half-tone portrait of the author. Printed on best Strathmore deckle-edge paper, and is priced at \$1.50. This edition is limited. There is also a \$1.00 edition, done in heavy art cover, egg-shell paper.

Some of the chapters which will appeal particularly to the soul seeking the uplift of inspiration are: "The Christ of the New Century," a poem embracing much of the New Thought. "What Am I?" is an essay touching the heights of inspiration. "Let the Soul Through" is another gem. And perhaps the very heart of the beautiful book may be found in the "Rhymes for Children," of which there are a number. If the reader is looking for something dainty, artistic in appearance, and uplifting and helpful in sentiment, to offer as a Christmas gift to a friend, he can not do better than to order "The First Christmas Gift" of the author, 1019 Lincoln Ave., Denver, Colo.

**THE WORD MADE FLESH.**—Lessons in Healing, by Grace M. Brown, is a book that will unquestionably have a wide circulation, as it meets a very general demand for a concise, clear-cut and definite mode of procedure in the study and practice of healing and self-healing. Mrs. Brown is one of the most successful writers in the New Thought field, and in this, her latest book, she has sounded the depths of the metaphysical principle of healing.

The book is priced exceptionally low, and is excellently typed and printed on heavy white paper, bound in white and violet, paper cover, 50c being the price asked. Order of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE, or sent free with a year's subscription to THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE, 1742-1748 Stout Street, Denver Colo.

**A COUNTERFEIT CITIZEN**, by Sam Scudder, published by the Broadway Publishing Co., N. Y., is a novel with a purpose. The story deals with the process of "manufacturing" American citizens out of foreign material. In a preface the publishers say: "In offering this novel to the public, the publishers consider that they are not only presenting an entertaining story, but are placing before the American people one of the most powerful impeachments of the naturalization evils in this country that have ever been put into print." Price, \$1.50. Order of publishers.

**THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN**, by Rev. Nona L. Brooks, pastor First Divine Science Church, Denver, published by The Power Publishing Co., 730 E. Seventeenth avenue, Denver, Colo.

This is a beautiful booklet of thirty-two pages, neatly bound in purple and gold and tied with silk cord.

The statements are clear, simple and practical, and are the product of a

close and intimate association with children of all ages for several years, and the study of the fundamental principles of life and the law of unfoldment and expression.

The subjects discussed in this most sensible manner are: The Training of Children; Character-Building; Rewards and Punishments; and Cultivating the Imagination.

The definite instructions contained in this booklet are invaluable in any home where there are children; to "produce the all-round man and woman; the one definite and powerful in activity as well as strong and serene in meditation; the man of affairs as well as the seer and teacher. And these traits should be combined in one personality."

Price, 15c; in lots of ten or more, 10c each, postpaid.

THOUGHTS OF A THINKER, by Alice Amanda Josselyn, published by the Fowler & Wells Co., N. Y. A cloth bound book of about one hundred pages, dissecting the claims of Science and Health, and other works along the lines of Metaphysical healing. Price, 75c, postage 5c extra. Order of publishers, N. Y.

### MAGAZINE MENTION.

THE MYSTIC, published weekly with offices at No. 7 John street, Adelphi, Strand, W. C. London, England, is an exceedingly interesting publication, dealing with occult forces, planetary influences, and psychic research. Among the attractive, and novel features is a department devoted to "Planetary Fashions and Symbolic Dress," with illustrations, and answers to correspondents along those lines.

THE OCCULT REVIEW, edited by Ralph Shirley and published by William Ryder & Sons, 164 Aldersgate street, E. C. London, England, always contains some particularly good reading. Among the contents for November is a contribution by Scrutator, on "Demonology;" "A Study of Lafcadio Hearn," by Bernard O' Neill, is altogether too short and does scant justice to that idealist, but it will be gladly read just now as anything about Hearn is eagerly welcomed.

LIGHT, a journal of Psychical, Occult and Mystical research, published by the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110 St. Martin's Lane, W. C. London, is one of the best publications of the day, along the lines to which it is devoted. The issue of October 3 has an excellent editorial on "The New Negro," commenting upon a discourse recently delivered in Chicago by the Hon. S. Laing Williams.

REASON, edited by B. F. Austin, A. M., and published by the Austin Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y., contains many interesting things pertaining to Spiritualism, but perhaps the most wonderful is the account in the October number of a conversation with an advanced spirit.

THE NEW REFORMER, Vol. 2, number 6, is received. It is edited and published by D. Gopaul Chetty, 15 Venketroyar Lane, Sowcarpet, Madras, India. The following words from the pen of the editor, will give an idea of the helpful purpose of this publication. He says: "Love is at the bottom of all progress of Society. Caste is the monster that kills that love in India." Speed the work of "The New Reformer."

THE FREE PRESS, is a Socialist publication published weekly at New Castle, Pa. The issue of October 13 is a Special Debs edition, and is good reading.

THE TRUTH-SEEKER, published at 62 Vesey street, N. Y. City, and edited by E. M. Macdonald, is uncompromising in its search for truth as the editor and contributors see it, and it must be admitted that they see clearly enough. Our only fault with the "Truth-Seeker" is that it does not see far enough, as regards the facts of psychical research.

THE DAY, is a new publication, dealing with the questions of Advanced Thought. It is published by Roger Brothers, Deposit, New York, and is edited by John R. Meader. The splendid appearance of the initial number indicates able management, and a prospective field of usefulness. Some contributors in the October issue are Swami Paramananda, Charles Brodie Patterson, Lida A. Churchill, Hereward Carrington, Muhammed Barakattullah, Jane Brownlee and others.

THE NEW THOUGHT, for October, contains a timely article on "The Value of Vivisection," by J. M. Greene, presenting excellent and irrefutable arguments against the inhuman practise.

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## TALKS WITH SWASTIKA READERS

Notwithstanding the fact that the past year has been rather a trying one in all departments of the world's work, and particularly, perhaps, in the matter of printing and publishing, we feel that it is a matter for self-congratulation, that our subscribers have been so encouraging in their support of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE, and so loyal to the principles which we enunciate.

Many of you have not only renewed promptly, but have paid up your subscription for two and sometimes five years in advance.

We want to express our heart-felt appreciation of this, and we also want to remind those who have neglected to do so, to send in their one dollar now, for THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE for 1909.

We have had many urgent requests from those interested in the Advanced Thought work, to make THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE a co-operative enterprise and to allow our subscribers the privilege of sharing in the work of spreading Truth, in the only way they can, by becoming one of us in the enterprise of publishing.

It is probable that we may take up this suggestion in the near future and make THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE a journal of Co-operation.

In the meantime, we trust that you will express your appreciation and approval of the work we are doing, by an early renewal of your yearly subscription. Add to it, a two years' renewal if you can see your way to doing so, and we will guarantee to give you the best New Thought publication ever printed.

There are other ways in which you can show your loyalty to THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE. We sell everything in the line of New Thought and Occult literature, and any book order which you may send to us can be filled as promptly as through any other source.

We also ask you to patronize our advertisers. Each and every one advertising in THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE is worthy of your patronage, and you help us by answering their announcements.

Another thing: We have been delayed, owing to unavoidable causes, in securing from the factory, the silver SWASTIKA emblems which we offer with each yearly subscription.

The name and address of each and every subscriber who has not received the "good luck" charm has been carefully preserved, however, and no one will be forgotten when the symbols arrive, which we are assured they will do very soon.

## SWASTIKA NEWS ITEMS

The programmes for the First Annual Convention of the National Association of Suggestive Therapeutics, is issued, and the Convention is set for November 30, to December 5, at the Weltmer Institute in Nevada, Missouri. Mr. S. A. Weltmer is National Secretary, and the object and purpose of the Convention is to protect those practicing drugless healing in any form, from prosecution under unjust laws, and to assist the people in their right to select their own medical advisers and attendants.

The Convention will doubtless be a great success.

Frank M. Craig writes from R. F. D. No. 2, Tent Colony, Edgewater, Colo., that he has several furnished house tents which he wishes to devote free of charge to the use of consumptives, or other unfortunates. While he prefers persons interested in Advanced Thought, Mr. Craig, is willing to assist to the extent of his ability any worthy ones who may like to join the tent colony. There is a school and reading circle connected with the colony.

The Auckland, New Zealand, Success Society writes to us of the continued success of the Society and of the rapidly increasing membership.

The Society was organized for the purpose of "instructing members how to awaken and develop the dormant faculties of the brain, and to make use of the mighty and mysterious agencies around us." The work of the Society is progressing with encouraging rapidity.

**SPIRITUALISM.**—The Open Door to the Unseen Universe, by James Robertson, which we reviewed in the November issue, was quoted as priced at \$1.00. The price should have been \$2.00 and the book is well worth the price asked. It is issued by L. N. Fowler & Co., London, and Fowler-Wells Co., New York, and may be ordered through THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE, 1742-1748 Stout St., Denver, Colo.

Kenneth MacNichol, whose contributions to THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE are among the most valued of our offerings, is winning laurels for himself on the San Francisco, California, daily press. For a youth not yet 21, Kenneth gives promise of great things.

Professor Knox, of Bryn Mawr College of Mental Science, Seattle, Wash., lectured to large audiences in the Albany Hotel Convention Hall, during the week of November 22, and some excellent classes were formed in the study of Mental Science.

Our good friend, Alzamon Ira Lucas, and Mrs. Lucas, write to us from Boise, Idaho, where they are most successful in teaching the principles of Limitless Life.

"Occult Mexico in the Light of Oahspe," which was crowded out of this issue, will be published in the January number.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do.—Emerson.

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**Heaven Indeed.**—Not long ago Rev. Frank W. Sneed, D. D., of the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, preached a sermon on the "Delights of Heaven." In the course of his talk he said that although all would be perfectly happy, the amount of bliss accorded to us would be regulated to our capacity. In illustrating this he compared different men to different sizes of cups, and said, "Some of us will be pint cups and some quart cups, but we will all be full."—S. D. A.

**Paternal Pride.**— "Well, how's your daughter getting on in college?"

"She's not learning much out of books, but she can already borrow money as well as her brother in the university!"—From "Meggen-dorfer Blatter."

**Of Course It Couldn't.**—Pat Casey and his friend Michael Casey were unloading the van in their usual haphazard fashion, and were handling one barrel very carelessly.

"Hi, there!" said the man in charge of the job, "be careful with that. 'It's gunpowder.'"

"And why," queried Pat, taking the opportunity of an instant's rest, and an argument. "Why should we handle gunpowder with such particular care?"

"Well, don't you know that a barrel of that same gunpowder exploded last year, and blew ten men to smithereens," roared the foreman.

"Oh; then be aisy," said Pat, "sure it couldn't do that now. There's only two av us here."

**Perfect Contentment.**—Uncle Joe Williams was a rural philosopher of the corn-fed variety in the corn-belt of Indiana. One day he astounded the neighborhood by posting the following notice on a piece of land which he owned not far from the bank of Little River:

"This hear 40 akers will bee giv'n to enny man what is purfekly contentid."

As might be supposed, there were numerous applicants for the land. The following is a fair sample of the conversation which ensued:

"Air you sure you air perfectly contented now?"

"Yes, I am certain of it."

"Then what in Sam Hill do you want of that forty acres?"—C. Y.

**At a Ball.**—"Are you amusing yourself, Eugenio?"

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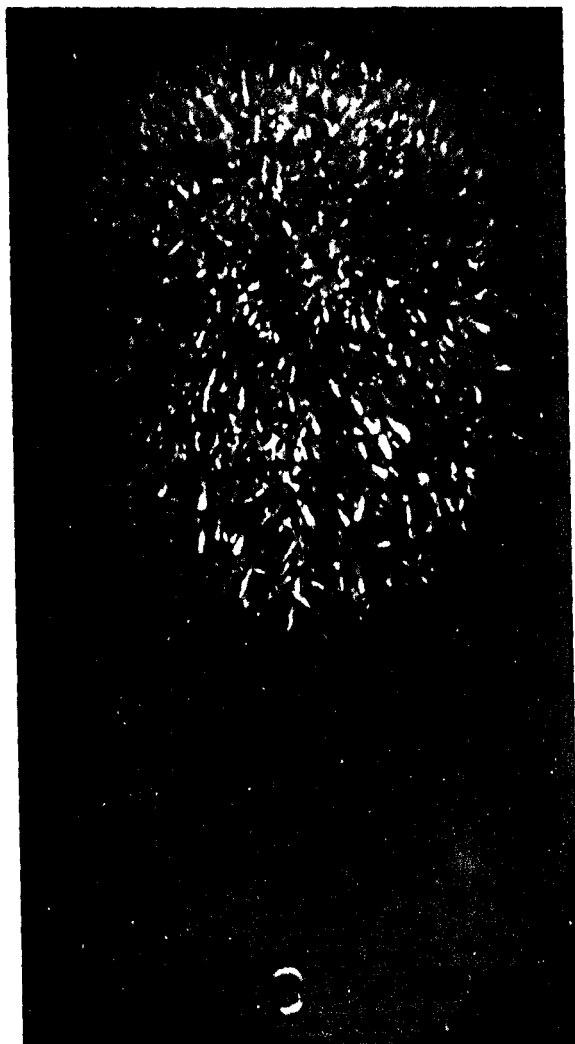
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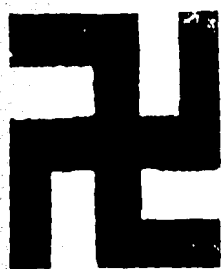
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