

This Issue: "MORE ABOUT TELEPATHY," by The Editor.

Vol. VII.

JANUARY, 1909

No. 1

THE

# SWASTIKA

A MAGAZINE OF TRIUMPH

Edited by

DR. ALEXANDER J.  
McIVOR-TYNDALL

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One Dollar per Year

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under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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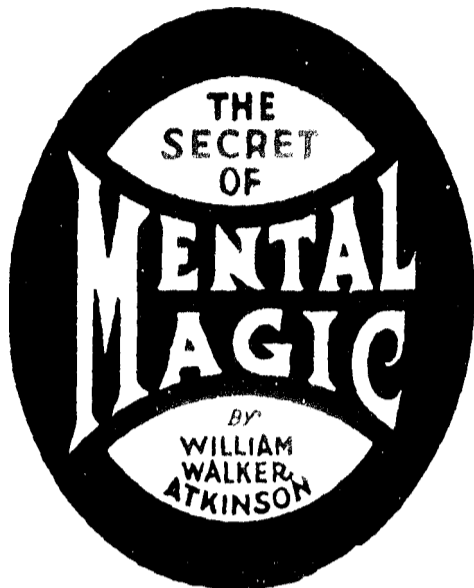
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**Dr. McIvor-Tyndall** will discuss the much-talked-of Woman's Rights Movement, in an article entitled, "The Psychology of the Woman's Rights Movement."

**Professor Edgar L. Larkin** will tell us more of the wonders of the "New Bible," Oahspe, and of the new science which he has named "Scioahspe."

**George Edwin Burnell** has not yet named his new installment of illumination, but it doesn't matter, because whatever Burnell says or writes is worth more than you are asked to pay for THE SWASTIKA in years.

**Yanoske Isoda** will tell us something of the marvels of healing which have for centuries been a part of the priesthood in Japan.

**Dr. George W. Carey** has a splendid contribution in his articles on "Influence of the Sun on Vibration of the Blood." "Aquarius," will be the theme.

**Augustus Wittfeld** asks and answers the question, "Who Are Socialists?"

**Henry Frank** Agnes Von Waldberg, Gurdon A. Fory, Elizabeth and others will have something to say in the February SWASTIKA MAGAZINE, which will be of interest to our readers, and our Personal Problem Department, which is a popular feature, will have several pages of space.

**Excursions Into the Realm of Psychical Research**  
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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  
1742-1748 Stout St., Denver, Colo.

**Vol. VII**

**JANUARY, 1909**

**No. 1**

[Entered as second class matter December 18, 1906 at the Post Office at Denver, Colo., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.]

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With such names as George Edwin Burnell, George W. Carey, Henry Frank, Professor Edgar L. Larkin, Yono Simada, and many others, the issues of 1909 should exceed, if possible, the past year.

We have engaged Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, who has had more practical experience in the field of Advanced Thought and Psychic Research than any other writer of this century, to edit THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE for this year. He will be ably assisted by Mrs. McIvor-Tyndall and a score of capable writers.

Some of the important suggestions and subjects which will be taken up during the coming year are: "The Psychic Research Field;" "Metaphysical Healing;" "Scientific Thinking;" "The Elements of Success;" "The Ideal Made Real;" "Telepathy and Its Phenomena;" "The Cultivation of the Finer Senses;" "The Ethics of Socialism," and every phase of the Advanced Thought Movement.

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# THE SWASTIKA

A Magazine of Triumph

Vol. VII

JANUARY, 1909

No. 1

## Editorials

It almost looks as though we may hope for the death of the monster that has held in subjection the divine in Humankind, during all the ages. With the advent of the almost general acceptance of continuance of life after Death, the problem with which the orthodox churches are now wrestling, we find the emotion of Fear, gradually becoming attenuated, and there is hope at last, that the terrible Thing may die of lack of nutrition sooner or later.

HAVE WE SOUNDED  
THE DEATH-KNELL OF  
FEAR?

Even the most conservative of orthodox ministers are now emphasizing the love and the joy of God, ignoring as far as possible the erstwhile favorite lash of punishment for the offender who fails to obey the injunctions of the church law makers.

With the death of Fear of God, and all that may await us in the Great beyond, there must also come the death of fear of each other, and when human beings no longer fear each other, what may we not hope for on this otherwise beautiful planet called earth?

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Persons who are at all sensitive to the vibrations of either the mental or psychic planes of activity, complain of a feeling of intense pressure upon the brain, and a corresponding sensation of extreme depression and fatigue, indicating that we are entering into a higher stata of atmosphere. The result is that the struggle for supremacy, the competitive strife that has been waged in the commercial world, is being felt in those centers of the brain that respond to mental and to psychic influences.

COMPETITION ON THE  
MENTAL AND PSYCHIC  
PLANES

The Century has seen the establishment of numerous societies, cults, and religions, each one believing that theirs is the best, if not the only right way.

Each of these organized centers is striving with all the power they can command to bring into their particular fold those who are not yet affiliated with any church or organization.

The result is a "confusion of tongues" indeed. It is more, it is a confusion of vibrations on at least three planes of life-activity, resulting in a most severe drain upon the life-forces of those who are in the least susceptible to these vibrations.

If one might sit forever in the calm of the Silence, one might avoid these disintegrating forces, but to take any part in the physical or mental activities of every-day life, is almost equal to entering a den of ferocious beasts, with the hope of preserving one's life in the body.

Unity must surely mean something different from that which we see manifested in the present Metaphysical and Socialistic Movement. At present we seem to have taken competition with us into the mental and psychic activities.

\* \* \*

What a tangle of words we find these days, in seeking to explain the differences (?) and the similarities in our creeds and our understanding of Truth.

#### THE ENTANGLEMENT OF MERE WORDS

One of the most popular of the many teachers along Metaphysical lines recently stated his position in regard to the subject of spirit communication, in words approximately as follows: "I know there are many good people who believe in the claims of Spiritualism, but as for me, I want none of it. I prefer to go straight to God with my questions and searchings."

This attitude of mind practically says that when we go out of the body, we are dead, inert matter, or something less worthy than when we are manifesting upon this plane of activity, otherwise, why should we not be worthy of an occasional thought and a "how-do-you-do?" from the lips of the aforesaid teacher, after death, quite as much as while we were in a position to pay for a course of instruction or subscribe a dollar a year to his publication?

The trouble, however, is not so much with our comprehension as with the entanglement of words.

The Christian Scientists loftily declare that they "do not believe in spirits, but in Spirit," and then they try to tell you how it is that they recognize a difference between the individuals known respectively as Mary Brown, and Jim Walker, even though there is but One Universal Spirit permeating and actuating all manifested life.

They mean just what we mean, and the Science teacher who does not believe in spirits, but only in Spirit, really knows that death does not change us in the least and that if his beloved

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wife, who recently passed from earth life, was a beautiful spirit while in the flesh with whom he could converse, she still must be, since all is, as he tries to say, but contradicts, one Universal Spirit, "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be."

It seems that the idea of a personal, anthropomorphic God has as many lives as a cat. Nearly all the self-styled "scientists," of the Metaphysical persuasion, are looking afar off to some unknown and incorporeal, but distinct and separate entity, for their God, considering their fellow men, either in the physical body or on the invisible planes, as inferior, and *created* creatures of this entity.

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What is "phenomena?" It does not matter what Webster says about it, we may define "phenomena" as the visible result of an invisible cause, and all New  
 WHAT IS PHENOMENAL Thought and all metaphysical stu-  
 AND WHAT LAWS ARE dents will understand it. Healing,  
 DIVINE? prophecy, clairvoyant vision, tele-

pathy, hypnotism, psychoma, and trance, are, therefore, alike and coequally "phenomena." But, just tell some of these "science" healers that healing is no less phenomenal than is spirit communication or prophecy, and they will assure you that healing is the result of a "divine" law, while prophecy or clairvoyance is "error" and "mortal mind."

\* \* \*

Oh, this silly pose of superiority, which besets many who have "come into the Truth," as they deceive themselves into thinking.

A FAR-OFF CREATOR It is like tanglefoot to the poor fly,  
 VERSUS HUMAN LOVE and proves the old adage that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Suppose that when pain and loss and sorrow come to us, as they will come to all of us at times, and we long for just a ray of human kindness and human sympathy and the help of a human hand, we are coldly left to ourselves and are told to look to God for our material aid, we would feel that the erring mortal mind would be a better consoler than an unanswering Creator.

Let us not forget that whatever may be the Source of Power, which we have designated as the Absolute or God, the expression of that power can come to us only through human beings. These human beings may have reached a very high degree of wisdom and of omnipotence, and they may be invisible

to purely mortal eyes, but they are none the less human beings, notwithstanding their god-like attainments.

\* \* \*

"Living in Two Worlds" is an hitherto 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 seems like a direct message from the great soul of Helen Wilmans.

## More About Telepathy

**I**N THE October issue of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE, I tried to make clear a certain existing distinction between what may be termed thought-transference, and that which properly belongs to telepathic communication.

I have since received many letters from persons in various parts of the world, commending the article in the October issue, and asking for something further on the subject of "Telepathy."

Although the word itself was coined by the Psychic Research Society, it is used by them to describe transference of thoughts, feelings and direct messages, indiscriminately. Many even seek to explain the appearance of "ghosts" apparitions and tales of haunted houses, by the phrase "telepathy."

Strictly speaking, however, and following the hint of the root of the word, telepathy *must* refer only to soul feeling, as apart from transference of mind-impressions.

One may be expert at receiving and transmitting mental images, words, and messages, and yet have no success whatever in telepathic communication.

To succeed in transferring a mental message, whether in words or images, one must have a strong, positive mind, and the power of direct concentration.

Telepathic susceptibility depends upon the emotional nature, and upon the degree of soul consciousness which we have attained, because telepathy is soul-feeling, and *not* mental force.

However, when it comes to the psychic faculties, they are so sensitively, so completely harmonized, that the exercise of one "sense," seems to call into play all the other faculties.

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## A MAGAZINE OF TRIUMPH

senses, the sensation of *feeling*, is more complete, more comprehensive, than is any one of the other five senses.

We may hear something and not have that intimate knowledge of it, that is conveyed by a sense of *feeling* it.

Thus we hear music and although the tones are there in their completeness and harmony, yet if we do not *feel* the music, in our soul, we do not really know what music is.

Again, if we feel the harmony of the music, and if it appeals to our psychic faculties, we at once conjure up corresponding sensations of sight and touch. In short, we *feel* in every fiber of our being, while we hear only with our ears and see with our eyes.

This then is the point of distinction I make, and which, although I have never seen it brought out by other experimentors or writers, will, I feel certain, commend itself at once to those who have had any degree of experience in experimental research.

Telepathy is the transference of emotions, and sensations between souls, while thought-transference is the transmission of words, ideas, or images, from mind to mind.

Thus, telepathic communication is possible *only* between persons of a certain degree of soul-development, and between whom there is a degree of emotional sympathy, while in transference of thought, one dominant, positive mind may affect another without there being any degree of sympathetic vibration between them.

The soul is emotional and intuitive.

The mind is non-emotional and analytical.

Excessive soul development, without a corresponding cultivation of reason and mental power, will generally result in hysteria, or some form and degree of emotional expression that is often pronounced "insanity" by the pathologist.

Expression that may be perfectly normal on the psychic plane, may be quite abnormal, and therefore "insane" when brought onto the physical and so-called "practical" plane of activity.

But, primarily, the person of awakened soul consciousness is sensitive to emotional vibrations. He responds quickly to pain and sorrow, joy and pleasure, and enters with intensity into the conditions of those with whom he comes into close relationship, and even superficial contact, unless he also has learned to preserve a balance between reason and emotion, between mental force and soul expression.

It is said of this temperament that they enjoy and suffer more than the unemotional temperament.

In short, they *feel* more.

This ability to *feel*—to make a part of one—whatever condition one contemplates, is the first requisite to the reception of telepathic communication, because in instances that may correctly be classed as "telepathic," there is never a direct message sent or received. There is simply the transmission of emotion.

From this *feeling*, there may be awakened the sense of clairvoyance, which correctly senses the image of the feeling or emotion which has been telepathed, just as the intense feeling of a musical composition may call forth mental images corresponding to the musical emotion.

This may seem to many a too fine distinction, but it is a distinction that I believe to be necessary in classifying phenomena.

The soul "senses," or faculties, are infinitely finer than our physical comprehension, although they are not distinct faculties, but rather an extension into finer realms of the faculties known as "physical." (See article in November issue on "Extension of Consciousness.")

An instance of telepathic communication is the following:

At one time I met a young musician at the house of a mutual friend. The young man was of an intense emotional nature, unrestrained and anything but what may be termed positive in thought.

It was said of him that he was always either the gayest of the gay, or else in the depths of despair.

On this occasion he appeared to be in one of his most buoyant moods, and seemed full of life and happiness.

It chanced that during the evening we found ourselves together alone in a little alcove removed from the other members of the company, and as we sat for a moment in silence, a feeling of the most terrible depression swept over me. I felt without really knowing why, that the man beside me was, or had been, contemplating suicide.

I looked at him, and at that moment he made some light-hearted remark to a passing friend and got up and left me.

The feeling continued to haunt me, and later in the evening I sought out the young musician and engaged him in conversation. I secured his confidence, and in his impulsive way, he told me that he had been seriously considering suicide for several days past, owing to the fact that he had become involved in heavy financial losses through gambling, and because of this, he had quarreled with a young lady with whom he was deeply in love. The combination of troubles seemed too much for his emotional temperament, and he had made up his mind to "get out of it all," as he put it.

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The strange part of the matter was that during the evening, he had put the entire affair out of his mind, and apparently was as gay and light of heart as any one present, and I questioned him about his thought at the time.

He said that while he was in company with others, he did not feel depressed, and in fact did not think about his troubles at all, but the moment he found himself alone, he seemed to instantly become a prey to the most destructive sensations.

I make this point clear to show that it was not an instance of direct transference of thought, which would have reached me as a formulated decision, or as a mental picture. Instead I received the message telepathically, from the soul of the young man, and it came to me as a feeling of terrible weight and trouble and death. I seemed to be the young man himself, and I fully realized and lived for the time being, his every emotion.

Another instance that illustrates this phenomenon of feeling, occurred last summer. My wife had the misfortune to injure her foot, under rather peculiar circumstances. Passing an alleyway as she was walking on one of the principal streets of the city, she was struck on the instep of her right foot by a baseball with which some boys were playing in the alley. I was away from home at the time, some five hundred miles distant, and was seated at a table writing, when suddenly I was seized with a most acute pain in the instep of my right foot. So severe was this pain that it was some minutes before I could conquer it. It did not occur to me to connect the circumstance with a telepathic incident until I received a letter from my wife telling me of the accident to her foot, and by comparing notes, I found that the pain had been felt by me at almost the identical moment that the ball had struck her foot, and also that she had not at the moment thought of me, or of telling me about it.

An instance of transmission of thought is the following, and one may readily note the distinction.

While engaged in some writing in one of the editorial rooms of the Denver Post, some time ago, I was conscious of certain words apparently being whispered into my ear.

The words were meaningless to me, but I heard them distinctly. I looked up and inquired of one of the reporters at a desk near by if he had spoken those words and what he meant by them.

He, somewhat astonished, assured me that he had not spoken a word aloud, but that he was intently centering his mind upon an attractive headline for the story he was writing, and had formulated that sentence in his mind.

This is an instance of transference of a specific thought, without any deeper feeling or idea concerning it than the vibration of the words themselves.

Thought-transference, therefore, is the act of transmitting a clearcut decisive thought, or word, or mental concept, and may or may not be accompanied by telepathic communication.

Telepathy is *feeling*—the transference of emotions, and the soul being the seat or the dynamo of emotion, telepathic communication is soul communication—the language, not of the mind, but of the soul.

*Wm. D. D.*

## Prosperity of the Body Under Egoism

### PART II.—THE SHAMELESS FOREHEAD.

**T**HE false body is nothing, therefore there is no accusation against those who destroy it. If it had been something, it would be truth, and permanent. Because it was discovered that the false body had not the characteristic of truth, many adhered to the idea that there was no body at all. But the great teachers insisted upon the idea or doctrine of the resurrection of the body; they insisted upon healing, and upon the removal of those infestations which come from society, from climate, from racial conditions, from heredity, and all the doctrines of sanction and disgraces, of the removal by penetration of the ego into the very essence of the body, driving out shame, driving out the possibility of disgrace, so that the sting of degradation could be removed.

In truth, the body consists of mind,—mind in the form of openness, that is to say, rationality, an open window, and spreading open like the leaves on a tree, like the wings of a bird. And when a certain idea of condemnation attacks the body, the feeling is to shrink, to drop down this openness, to close up against it. So that if you say to some one, "This thing that you did was very wrong,"—that poison enters into his mind, if he believes it, and poisons his openness, poisons his expansions with dread, with fear, with shame, with disgrace, and so on.

The result is that the ability to see the real body escapes him. The policy of human thought is to make it absolutely impossible for the conviction of a body to live, so that even a sentence issued from your mind that is not interpreted to be

abstract, that evidently means something concrete, definite, falls as if it were killed.

Even the sentence of scripture says, "The letter killeth." Or such a sentence as, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." If, on the other hand, we deal with abstractions and we use large, flying ideas, and the body is not brought into notice, the personality is not presented, not accused, not called out, then it passes as an acceptable proposition.

The very entrance into life, physical life, which was described in the scriptures as the mystery of divinity,—divinity manifested in the flesh, the word made flesh,—is seized by the principles of the mind and pushed aside, killed, destroyed, lest it should come about that the doctrine of a body should prevail.

Something like fifty years ago, in these states, a doctrine of healing was started. It went on until it became quite a general idea that any one could get well of whatever was the matter with him. Now not one healer out of a hundred can do the work. Why? Because the shock and surprise has been counteracted.

If it should be actually discovered that an instruction intended to eliminate from the human body the infestations which society manufactures and pushes into it, which makes people so bad looking that you have a bad feeling, these infestations of disgrace, of dishonor, of shame, or of liability thereto, keeping up and nourishing the conviction of death within them,—if, I say, any teaching proposes to draw that out, to destroy that poison, there will be two kinds of attempts to stop it. One will be that it will be interpreted abstractly, and the other, it will be attacked by the protectors of human beings. So far this instruction has developed a high reputation for abstraction. We propose to keep that reputation up; it is a valuable asset; it is a citadel, it is a tower, it is an absolute fortress of defence; it is, as they used to say, God. God is a tower into which we can run. Why? Because everybody can afford to believe in God. That does not make much difference. God is such a handy, convenient idea to throw your old ideas at that you do not intend to do anything with. He will keep them all safe for you.

"Yes, I have a God, and all my best ideas go to him, and I have not any; he is a glorious being, I am a skunk, a hog. I have to wear clothes for decency's sake, and I ought to wear a veil for the way I look!" And verily the angels say, Amen! In the same fashion it might become a policy of this instruction to speak concerning the golden person, from which they would

infer that the body which they possess was not the body of truth, and they would affirm that they were perfect, and they would deposit their words of perfection just outside of their skin.

Now it is possible for this great healing to escape those who are afraid. Do not imagine that you are going to receive the benediction of light as long as you hide within you the enemies of your life. What enemies? Those ideas, those principles of character, those viewpoints, which, if touched upon, would disgrace you.

If in all the circumstances of human life there could be found one circumstance which would embarrass you, that circumstance which you keep covered by your deportment, by your clothes, by your hypocrisies, or any other means, it will result in your speaking of a perfect body as some body that you have not yet obtained.

The flesh of which your body is made is as good as any flesh in the universe. There is no other kind: there never was, there never will be. What is the reason that climate and decency keep you busy furnishing artificial invisibility?

We do not concern ourselves with Kapilarite doctrines of nakedness. We are not interested in the fanaticisms of clothes or fashion, but to arrive at a suspicion why it is that so much pains are taken to keep this body of flesh down.

Do you think that all this army, this deluge of attack would be made upon something that was not liable to vindicate itself? It is because the flesh you possess is liable to receive the spirit of resurrection, the spirit of health, the spirit of sanctity and holiness and strength and immortality.

It is because of that that it is buried in these infestations, buried in determined characters, buried in constitutional civilized righteousness and unrighteousness. It is just because you have the perfect body,—in the flesh of your hands, which you have not yet discovered.

It is because that flesh is able to bloom with immortality that it is kept busy at many things, kept in limitations, so that you never find out what your hands can do, or what your feet can do; you never find out what your body is capable of at all.

You might try them upon the trails of the mountains, you might wrestle with the waves of the sea, you might undertake certain adventures of climate; but with all elements to help you, you could not prove the capacity and power of the very body which you possess. President Simon Newcomb, who is the most guaranteed man perhaps of orthodox science in these states, has

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stated that the human body, flesh, personality, relieved of its embarrassments and under the influence of human life, just as it now stands, could accomplish more incredible miracles than have ever found their way into tradition.

Now, therefore, the candidates in this instruction are not supposed to refer the discovery of personality to some mystical, strange, inflammatory body which they are going to arrive at by death or by illumination, or by any of the means which their minds have contrived.

Discharge shame from your body and let intelligence defend in such an undertaking. That is the first thing. Remove the liabilities of cold and heat. You can do this. Do not allow food to have power over you—or drink. Again, do not be afraid of the influence of people, and do not believe that some people are clean and some unclean.

Perceive that flesh is immortal, by the simple fact of refusing to introduce into it degraded conceptions. There is nothing that could really degrade the flesh. Now the seers discovered flesh. Humanity had never known it until their day. It is their gift, the gift of vision. That gift again and again will be presented to you.

How do you accept it?

By refusing to brand it with explanations of how you got it that are false, with explanations of what is going to happen to it that are false, with ideas of what may or may not occur concerning it that are false.

How shall you do this?

By filling your mind with reason, and shutting your mind against irrationality long enough to obtain that magnificent gift of indifference which results in poise of mind and poise of body, wonderful immunity, radical abolition of value sense, and unlimited confidence, magnificent devotion.

The body you now possess, the flesh you now have is fit for immortality. Death cannot touch it, birth cannot do anything with it, it is not subject to shame or disgrace, it cannot be slain, it cannot be hurt. That is the truth.

That is no mystical, abstract point. It is the veritable discovery of personality. You may be defeated. Age in and age out you may be defeated against this personality, and you will receive, thrown at you, this or that sort of a body, and you may say, "I can make nothing of this, it is too damaged, it is too unlikely, it did not happen to come through the right sort of parents,—it did not come through human parents at all maybe, there was not enough blue in the blood, did not receive a good

character, no fortune and certainly not much in intellect or intelligence, and here I am expected to demonstrate immortality in the flesh; as for me, this is incredible!"

We have, therefore, given a brief notice concerning the discovery of personality and the battle that has been fought to keep it. So far the average human being believes that there has been no success in the keeping of personality. That fact is not true.

Every one who has wanted to keep his personality has kept it. Cowards cannot keep anything.

It is possible for the members in this instruction to see the nature of this discovery and not to think that they must now go about and discover it again for themselves. This is a bit of unnecessary egoism. You have not to discover anything for yourself if it is discovered for you.

Take another look at your hands. A lady said to me one day, "Just look at these hands! The knuckles large,—that comes from washing and kneading bread." "Ah!" I said, "Ah!"

And she said, "Do you laugh at honest labor?" For God's sake! I laugh at what I please. It would not be satisfactory unless I told you that she asked me to treat her for a week for those knuckles and that they reduced and came down to their proper size. Very simple. Knuckles grow big, or small, according to the way one feels about it. Do you know that?

We have given an account of the discovery of personality. It is as if you had it in hand. You will never really be able to get rid of it, but you may throw it down many times; you do not need to throw it down unless you like to.

The resurrection of the body is nothing more nor less than to stop thinking evil of it and do not allow anything to convince you that you have a bad body. It is known that when they wanted to get the hair off the head of the human race they began to teach them to wear hats.

One would say, if that is so, let us never wear hats again. It is much cheaper to leave them off. Maybe the true head has a hat on it. God help us! Maybe hats grow on the true head like hair.

O what fearful things we see and think of! And clothes and shoes!

Concern yourself with the shameless flesh and think no evil thoughts, and there shall come really a consciousness of life. There would be so much vitality in your head that a hat would not stay upon it.

The Buddhists used to say that it was objectionable for ladies to get the truth. Just think of it! You have heard of the tonsure. Because when vitality comes, hats fly off. What do you think of that?

Suppose the hair you have done up so nicely should receive a spurt of vitality and turn into, as the Greeks used to think, so many snakes tied to your head and dancing around. You have not nourished these conceptions; you do not know the effect of life. Strange things come to those whose minds broaden; but it is recorded in the books,—“Consider these strangers, they may be God.”

It is not always by the help of imagination that one comes to credit his personality. It is by the relief of the body of its infestations; first of society, then of the elements. Remove God, remove earth, water, air, personality, everything, and let the body live.

This is not so difficult. It is stated that the body of Jesus shone so with light that even his clothes glistened like gold and silver. That is the body smiling.

You have seen light come into the face of one who smiles. There is an expansion of the smile. There is an ecstasy which would contribute itself to your whole environment, driving out of your body shame and out of your neighbor's mind scandal.

So that it is said in the great books, “Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue,”—those in whom the light lives, the light that vitalizes the flesh and fills it with the glory of health and immortality.

(CONCLUDED)

*Henry Em Burnell*

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A dollar put away in a purse ceases to exist.

An idea kept in the head is useless.

Both are useful only when in circulation.

Circulate your ideas if you want to circulate the other fellow's dollars.

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Strike thou the note of Love, Great Spirit of Truth, with such power within thy soul, that it may carry in endless vibrations throughout Eternity.—  
M. Evalyn Davis, in “Revelations of the Life Beautiful.”

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The debtor is ever a shame-faced dog with his creditor's name on his collar.—MacKay.

## Living in Two Worlds

*By Helen Wilmans Post.*

DEAR SWASTIKA FRIENDS:—

"I am sending you the enclosed article, although I don't know as you will allow as big a child as I am to compete for the "prize" for a ghost story, but any way, I have always intended writing some of my experiences. Most of them go far ahead of anything I have ever read. Little Helen and Jean have grown right up with us, although they are invisible to others. They have shown us their new dresses and hats and are about the most alive girls you ever saw."—*Extract from letter accompanying the following recital:*

**I**T SEEMED to me that I lived almost as much among the dead as among the living. I passed through a phase of life between the ages of two years and thirty that only the doctrine of Evolution can explain. I seemed to be constantly attended by a body of animal spirits that possessed a partial human development. I was as familiar with these creatures as I was with my own brothers and sisters. The moment I shut my eyes I could see them, and I talked to them frequently. This frightened mother, but father was greatly interested and asked many questions.

Among these creatures was a magnificent lion. He was in almost constant attendance on me. There was a white deer that I admired greatly. Also there was an unnatural creature that was almost but not quite human. I used to ask him why he didn't go off and be a man, and the question embarrassed him. There was a horse that was perfect in every part except one foot; that was more like that of a cow than a horse.

There were several other creatures, but those I have mentioned were in constant attendance; and I was not always kind to them; I bossed them about a good deal. But my experiences with these partially developed creatures were only a small part of what I could tell if Dr. Tyndall had not limited us to time and space. For I lived in many strange places; frequently far away from the light of the sun, where there was another kind of light, thick and yellowish, and where there were trees and many strange growths that seemed to be related to the unaccountable character of the light and air.

Some of these things frightened me awfully; the trees were so intensely grand and mighty; I could walk a hundred yards under one far-reaching, gigantic limb, ready to faint every moment lest it should fall and crush me. The impression of these trees never left me. To this day I will take a nervous chill if

I find myself alone for a moment under a tree with wide-spreading and far-reaching branches.

This is only one of the many strange things that occurred in my childhood. I seemed to live in places of unequal development; as if I might have been an inhabitant of the world when it was very young, and again after the lapse of a thousand years. One time I was a cat among cats; nothing but cats; but this seemed to be only a passing glimpse of an unusual experience. Still I recall the beautiful and playful little kitty babies, and I am very fond of them to this day.

And then I was among immense herds of wild animals, and was always one of them; and I remember that I was seldom free from fear. It seems now, as I look back upon my life, that I have lived thousands and thousands of years; always in a state of more or less fear; always more or less unhappy in consequence.

Let me stop a moment to explain. I have been asked to write the precise truth about these experiences.

Well, what I have written is absolutely true as far as it goes, but a big volume would not hold the half of what I could truthfully say about the occurrences of my past life.

I have lived in two worlds all the time, and there is almost no order in which they presented themselves for my occupancy. I am never so entirely out of one world and in the other as to be confused, but very frequently I have to search my memory to find the beginning of an impression that has led to a circumstance relating to something prophetic that was going to happen and that did happen.

My friends know how I left California and came to Chicago on a newspaper engagement. I left my two daughters in San Francisco; they had been married, one of them just before I left.

I found myself pretty lonesome in Chicago, and when, after awhile, the wires brought the news of a grand-daughter just born to Ada—Mrs. Powers—it will naturally be believed that I intended to see that baby or break a trace trying. But I didn't get off right away.

This was the second baby. The first having been dead born. When I reached California in the company of a friend named Cora Ellison, a doctor by profession, there was the baby almost a year old.

I reached the house directly after daylight and found Ada in bed with the little dark-eyed mischief leaning her elbows on her mother and watching me with great interest.

I remained in San Francisco a month, and when I returned to Chicago, I took Ada and the baby—little Helen—with me.

This narrative has nothing to do with the externals of our life; they were difficult enough, but we lived and were happy in ourselves and the baby.

One beautiful afternoon I took Helen out in her carriage for a walk.

We halted under the shadow of a large church and a feeling like death came over me. When I could endure the feeling no longer, I turned and went home. I knew that something was going to happen, but I could not guess what it would be.

Indeed, nothing happened for months, and the uneasiness I had felt was wearing off. I was busy all day every day writing, reading proof, etc., for the paper on which I was engaged.

One day I opened the door into a sitting room and met Helen face to face. She had heard me coming and she wanted me.

"Take Hocken," she said; "Hocken wants oo."

I had to make her understand that I was too busy to take her.

But from that moment another fit of uneasiness about her came over me and never left me again.

I don't want to describe the slow creeping of the months that carried her down to the grave. Our hearts were breaking. She didn't seem very sick, and her suffering was not great. She just gradually died.

I was in the kitchen wornout with watching. It was winter, now, and very cold. Some one opened the door and said, "*The baby is gone.*"

There was no need to tell me of it. I knew it, and was in another world where I saw the little darling lying in the middle of a large fine bed, and leaning over her was my Uncle David Wilmans, who had only been dead a year; my mother was by his side and at least twenty of my close relatives and friends who were gone, helped to fill the room.

It seemed to me it was hours before little Helen was sufficiently aroused to notice any of the persons present. The first one she noticed was her sister, Jean, who had been dead born a year or more before Helen was born. She kept looking around as if in search of some one she knew, and she was very quiet, but restful, and I thought she was happy. At least she was not unhappy, I am sure of that.

I must hurry this to a conclusion. The next day we took her to be buried. I have already mentioned how cold it was.

At last, the grave being filled up, someone stepped forward and placed an armful of magnificent white frozen lilies upon it. All of a sudden the right side of my face and neck turned warm, and the little natural voice spoke:

"Flowers, Mama! Ah! Ah!"

I cannot write it in a way to give a true idea of all she meant.

"Flowers, Mama!" The concluding syllables, were just notes of admiration. She was present with us and was as far from being in that cold grave as any of us. Indeed the warmth of her breath on my cheek gave unmistakable evidence that she was in a climate where no artificial heat was needed.

But for being limited in space, I would tell how, for months and years, the baby was with us, always as happy as a bird, and nearly always accompanied by her sister, Jean. They grew out of babyhood into girlhood under our eyesight, and have always seemed as much with us as if death had not made an effort to separate us.

Being limited for time, I will only narrate one or two small events to show how perfectly natural things occurred after Helen died, and before we knew that she was always with us.

One day Ada wanted to lock a door but the key wouldn't turn. I started towards the door myself and, all of a sudden, I saw Helen peeping through the keyhole; the back of her little tow head was in front of me, and it was the busiest little tow head ever seen. Then I knew what was the matter. She had filled up the key hole with beans before she went away and she was there to try to remedy her naughtiness.

But this was not the first time I had seen her after she left. Our family had been invited to take dinner with a neighbor the next Sunday after the funeral. There were tarts on the table, and during the meal I saw Helen leaning over the dish and asking for one. She had always called tarts "whole pies." They were little whole pies to her; so when she looked at me and said, "Hocken Ho Pie," I thought she might be hungry, and the thought turned me faint.

Oh if our baby was hungry and had nothing to eat. I was haunted by the idea and could think of little else all day and all night, too.

But the next morning as I stood by the sink washing the breakfast dishes, I suddenly saw my mother as plain as ever in life, and Helen had hold of her dress and was looking up in her face. Mother took down a plate of cake and tarts from a top shelf and offered them to her.

I cannot say anything more about this. I don't even know that Helen took anything. I only believe that the event was something enacted to relieve my mind. Mother had on a common dark calico dress and sunbonnet, which I had seen her wear many a time, and Helen looked as natural as the day she was taken down sick.

If these forms, and the many others I have seen, were not built out of my thought, then there is no doubt about life after death.

At this time I know something better than life after death; it is life before death. There is no use for death in this world, and we are making rapid strides toward its conquest.

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## Spiritual Freedom

*By C. L. Brewer.*

**G**OING back to Los Angeles, after an absence of nearly a year, I ran into one of those intense emotional revivals, so common in recent years, and characterized by "Pentecostal manifestations," such as healing, trances, contortions, speaking with tongues, and the "gift of prophecy." Besides attending the meetings and studying the phenomena at close range, I enjoyed the confidential friendship of a highly educated lady who was a leader in the movement.

For years she had been continuing the evangelistic work of "saving souls" in the good old way, while studying New Thought, Spiritualism, and Metaphysics. She was Psychic herself, often saw, and talked with, both good and bad spirits, and was quite proficient in the art of "casting out devils." In this movement she had received power to speak in four languages, and was the first to obtain the gift of prophecy. She talked freely to me of her own experiences, and those of others; and this enabled me to understand the phenomena much better than I could otherwise have done.

Private meetings of the most earnest and gifted workers were held in her parlor, and even more wonderful demonstrations given there than at the public meetings. On one occasion, I was told, the "tongues of fire" materialized on the ceiling, and fell on their heads.

One Sunday afternoon I entered this wonderful room and found several people there, as usual, "filled with the spirit." A lady I had not met before was at the organ, and while she played,

the beaming hostess told me how, for years, she had possessed the gift of painting beautiful pictures without thought or preparation, and playing splendid pieces of unwritten music, which remained with her, so that she could repeat them at any time. After a while she rose and turned toward us with radiant face, and glowing eyes that rested on us like a benediction, and saying, "Oh, isn't it beautiful—beautiful?" in a voice so vibrant with joy that it almost broke. And then, though no one asked her, and there was no apparent occasion for it, she stood just as she rose from the organ, with one hand resting lightly on the back of a chair, and for nearly an hour poured out to us in rapid, flowing, well-turned sentences, the story of her life.

As a little girl, growing up in poverty, she passionately desired to play and paint, but had no instruction in either. While still a school girl, she married a man who, it seems, kept a private school; and for fifteen years she drudged away as a teacher, with the desires of her soul denied and scoffed at by her husband and allowed neither time nor money for the development that she craved. But, by secret and persistent work, she finally painted a picture which conquered all opposition, and secured her freedom in that respect. In a similar manner she taught herself music, organized a music class among the pupils, and achieved such success as a teacher that all the other music teachers in the city came to learn her methods.

And then, in some way which she did not explain, there was a change from poverty and drudgery to wealth and freedom. She was a social leader in a large city, a prominent member of the largest and most fashionable church, an active worker in all the woman's clubs and a student patron of the liberal arts and sciences. Her ability as a writer, speaker and manager was recognized everywhere, and her services always in demand. She was brilliant, beautiful, popular and proud as Lucifer. In every gathering she was the witty center of a gay circle, and always dressed to the limit of fashion.

After several years of this the scene changed again. While visiting in another city, she was attracted by curiosity to a Holiness meeting in a dingy hall she would never have thought of entering at home. There she became "convicted of sin," and for several hours, while her body lay unconscious on the floor, she was conducted by the angels through hell, where the future of her past was unfolded, and then through heaven, where a still possible future presented. At last she made her peace with God, and the few faithful ones who remained in the hall to

watch were rewarded by seeing her spring up, shouting, "glory! glory! glory!"

The rest of her visit was devoted to telling her wonderful story to others, in private and public. She made the journey home a gospel service for every one in the car. The story of her conversion was in all the papers, and a lot of her friends met her at the depot to joke and tease her about it; but her radiant face and overflowing joy silenced them, and she made the walk to her home, like the historic one to Emmaus, an occasion for expounding the gospel of Christ. Immediately upon arrival, with hat and gloves still on, she went to the telephone, called up the secretaries of the six woman's clubs, of several of which she was president, and sent a peremptory resignation to each of them. Then she called up the minister of her church, asked for and obtained the privilege of leading the Wednesday evening meeting, and made him promise to advertise that fact in the papers. Then she ransacked her wardrobe, and discarded a cart load of fancy dresses and stunning hats, which she would then have been as much ashamed to wear as she was proud before.

All this time the "Consecration" glory was upon her, and whenever her lips were silent her heart still sung and shouted. Her conversion was the wonder of the day, and when Wednesday evening came the big church was full to the doors.

She spoke to them with inspired eloquence and power, and expected to have them all singing, praying and shouting; but they all sat through it still as statues and dumb as clams. When she finished they still seemed stupefied, and she went down the aisle, shaking them and saying, "What's the matter? Aren't you glad? Why don't you shout?" Finally they got up and slipped away in dumb astonishment and disapproval; for they were dead in the fashionable sin, which they called religion. In a few weeks she withdrew from them, and joined a little mission church in the poor, down-town district, and took part in all their work, even to going out to sing and preach on the streets.

Such had been her life for several years, and she found it rich and beautiful beyond expression. It was truly the "life more abundant," for all her faculties for expression and enjoyment were fuller and stronger than before. She painted and played by inspiration, and the pictures and songs remained, as a blessing to all. She was still strong, healthy, witty and eloquent; and it was a constant wonder to her husband that she remained the same sweet and loving wife as before—his Darling Dolly,—just as she had always been.

While telling this, she stood before us as a living picture

of the freedom and glory in which she lived. No trace of the stiffness, pride and vanity of the Mortal Mind remained to mar the full expression of the soul. Her body, from crown to toe, was habitually poised in gracious relaxation—an ever ready instrument for the Spirit's use, and wearing such an expression of buoyancy that we would hardly have been surprised if she had just stepped up off the floor and walked around in the air.

It is not my purpose to discuss the character of the spirits, or Spirit, by whom she was thus liberated from elemental limitations and enabled to be and to do what seemed to her most pleasant and commendable. You may say, if you wish, gentle reader, that Spirit, or spirits, had nothing to do with it, but that her own sub-conscious self, by long concentration, and brooding desire, generated the power to subdue the body and the objective mind and conquer a hostile environment, and so win the right and opportunity to freely express itself. What I want to call attention to is the possibility of similar joy, freedom and spontaneity for all of us, regardless of our religious beliefs or philosophical ideas.

For it seems to me that this glorious liberty in which she evidently lived and moved and had her being, is, and of right ought to be, the natural condition of every one of us. Stripped of the religious garb in which it appeared to her, it is the native air of the poised and awakened soul, aware of its inalienable heritage of dominion and power. It should be the portion of all—the universal sign-manual of proper self-confidence and enthusiasm.

Just fancy what a glorious change it would be if everybody should awake to a realization of her exultant freedom and spontaneity, even without any change in their religious, political or social ideas. No more frowns or scowls. No more long faces or cross looks. No more suppressed laughter or hidden smiles. No more good wishes unspoken or glad hands withheld. No more helpful impulses denied expression or opportunity for gracious service timidly ignored. If we would all unchain the angel self, for just one day, I think we would all echo the words of the inspired musician, "Oh, isn't it beautiful, beautiful!"

It is easy to laugh at these religious enthusiasts, and no doubt they are badly mistaken about some things. But they have almost a monopoly of some gracious and beautiful qualities, the lack of which makes our lives poor and barren in comparison. And these qualities, be it noted, are not the property of any religion, or the incidentals of any philosophy. Freedom, poise, power, spontaneity, with the abiding atmosphere of buoyancy and joy, is the rightful heritage of every one.

# Beauty for Beauty

*By John Milton Scott.*



HE earth lies in beauty.

The earth fulfills in beauty.

I can not look upon the earth's sky, day time or night time, but that beauty smiles upon me, filling my heart with its peace, quickening my soul with its grandeur.

I can not look out anywhere upon the world, but that I see beauty, kindling for me its dawns and days, yearning unto me in its seasons and its years, passioning unto me in its lives which, for very beauty of them, fellowship and sing in the joy of pure loving.

As from every angle of the diamond light flashes, so from every angle of the earth, beauty.

Among the myriad millions of them, there is not an ugly leaf anywhere.

In all the earth there is no formed thing bereft of beauty.

Even serpents and life-forms, which ignorant fear has taught us to dishallow, justly beheld, reveal unto us the truth that they are not aliens in the kingdom of beauty.

Each dust mote, in truth seen, carries with it the beauty of its origin, as much as this feather shows that it came from that winged staccator of scarlet, my royal, dusk-epauletted, night-crowned taniger of singing fire and flame.

When winters desolate, the snows, to what eyes can see, are radiant of beauty, their flakes as no jeweler on earth could fashion them.

What we call ugly has its emphasis from the fact that this is beauty's world, even as the discord is known because the symphony holds all the winds in its glory, and of interruptions for this concord of sweet sounds we are impatient.

And always is the ugliness being graced unto beauty, the spirit of beauty insistent upon healing and blessing each thing with some grace of her divine glory.

True of my kind, also,—true of the human world, as of the earth whose heart is ever blossoming into beauty.

From no one has beauty fled, leaving any human temple desolated of its presence, the commonest of them afire with beauty, when come the Moses-eyes pure enough to behold.

And here, also, the ugly has the power of its ugliness, because it is an intruding, barbarian alien.

Or, better, because it is beauty shaping, but not yet seen

in any realization of itself; for everywhere in the human kind beauty is at work, that she may overcome each evil of the imperfect with the good of the perfect, so that the whole earth be beautiful as the spirit of Him who has passioned it into His beautiful skies.

What religions have sought—alas! so often with the ugliness of desolating dogmas—is just that the beauty of the Lord, our God, be established upon us, that, able to give Him beauty for beauty, we might worship in the beauty of holiness; for what is worship but giving unto God beauty for beauty, even as the beauty of my heart is now rejoicing in the beauty which this day rejoices into the beauty of its night.

When beauty is awake in me, I can not but be filled with beauty, when adoring the beauty in the sky.

In the beauty of me adoring the beauty of God, my heart perfects.

The beauty of holiness becomes, then, not the phrase of a psalm, nor the ecstasy of a moment, but the motive and transforming power of a life,—the attainment of a character,—the realization of a divine soul,—the fellowship of God, the Beautiful, in the everlasting beauties of the eternal life He is living with His own infinite charm.

So, to be beautiful,—that is my noble eagerness, that so always I answer beauty with beauty from atom to angel, from this blossoming thorn to the Christ of the Eternal Loveliness, from this little child to the Divine Motherhood out of which she came to hallow the earth,—the name of whose goings forth is God and Father, but whose Being's Name is just, Mother.

So unto the rose, beauty for beauty, and it is the One Beauty of God.

Unto the sky, beauty for beauty, and it is the One Beauty of Spirit.

Unto the Christ of my human kind, beauty for beauty, and it is the One Beauty of soul.

Unto her whom my soul loveth, beauty for beauty, and it is the One Beauty of being.

Unto God, the Beautiful, beauty for beauty, and this is the One Final Perfect,—the One Beauty of Being, forever and ever heavens and universes of beauty without end.

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Discover self, if search be short or long, I say discover self! Then know thyself and then record a solemn vow and let it be *I Can—I Will—I Dare—I Do.*—*Helen Wilmans.*

## Environment

By *Albert J. Atkins, M. D.*

**W**E HEAR much, these days, about the effect of environment, but how does it affect us?

Through sensation? But how does sensation work?

Through sense organs, but how do sense organs work?

They just work, that's the whole story.

The eye with its keenly sensitive apparatus is taking millions of photographs every minute.

These photographs, good or bad, become the memory plates which lie in the minute chambers of the brain cells to be called up when we reserve the thought currents and reflect.

Reflection brings the pictures before the mind like a moving picture show, and we are affected by each scene recorded just as we are when we go into a Nickelodeon. It is not strange, but wonderfully simple, when we understand it. To reflect, therefore, means exactly what the term implies, namely, to throw upon a screen a scene of some kind by illumination.

The power of will directs the life-forces within the human brain and they image the experiences written there and throw them upon the screen of the mind for comparison.

We call this "imagination," and this statement is correct, for it means actually and literally, just what it says. There is no better word to express the process.

Every other sense organ works on the same principle as that of the eye. That is, they register in the brain cells the effect of everything with which they come into contact, and they make no mistakes. They are mathematically correct.

If there be a mistake, arising from sense perception, it lies in our judgment of effects. We may not have had sufficient experience with the condition, to form correct conclusions.

However, it is evident that environment affects us through sensation, but is equally evident that there is something higher than sensation, connected with the human body, which has the will, and the power to analyze sensation itself.

What is this higher power resident in each and every human organism?

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It does not take a psychologist to perceive that we have become victims of the very machinery we have set in motion and that something must be done looking toward a less strenuous, less complex, less competitive life.—*McIvor-Tyndall.*

## Capricorn: The Goat of the Zodiac



CIRCLE means Sacrifice, according to the Cabala, the straight line *bending* to form a circle.

Thus we find twelve Zodiacal signs sacrificing to the sun. Symbolized by the devotions and sacrifices of twelve disciples to Jesus.

Twelve months sacrifice for a solar year.

Twelve functions of man's body sacrifice for the temple, Beth or "Church of God"—the human house of flesh.

Twelve minerals—known as Cell Salts—sacrifice by operation and combining to build tissue.

The dynamic force of these vitalized workmen constitute the chemical affinities—the positive and negative poles of material expression.

The Cabalistic numerical value of the letters g, o, a, t, add up 12.

Very ancient allegories depict a goat bearing the sins of Israelites into the Wilderness.

In the secret mysteries of initiation into certain societies, the goat is the chief symbol.

In Alchemical lore the "Great Work" is commenced "in the Goat" and is finished in the "White Stone." Biochemistry is the "Stone the builders rejected" and furnishes the key to all the mysteries and Occultism of the Allegorical Goat.

Those persons born between the dates December 21 and January 19 come under the influence of the Sun in Capricorn—the Goat. Capricorn represents the great business interests—trusts and syndicates—where many laborers are employed. Thus Capricorn symbols the foundation and frame-work of Society—the Commonwealth of human interests.

The bones of the human organism represent the foundation Stones and frame work of the Soul's temple (Soul of man's temple).

See Solomon's Temple. Bone, tissue composed principally of the phosphate of lime, known as calcarea phosphate or calcium phosphate. Without a proper amount of lime no bone can be formed, and bone is the *foundation* of the body.

A building must first have a foundation before the structure can be reared. Thus we see why the "Great Work" commences in the Goat. Lime is *white*—hence the "White Stone."

In the 2nd chapter and 17th verse of Revelation may be found the alchemical formula of the "White Stone."

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a *White Stone*, and in the Stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

In the mountains of India, it is said, a tribe dwells, the priests of which claim that man's complete history from birth to death is recorded in his bones. These people say the bones are secret archives, hence do not decay quickly as does flesh and blood.

When the molecules of lime phosphate fall below the standard, a disturbance often occurs in the bone tissue and decay of bone known as *Carries* of bone commences. Phosphate of lime is the worker in albumen. It carries it to bone and uses it as cement in the making of bone.

So-called Bright's disease (first discovered in a man named Bright) is simply an outflow of albumen via kidneys, due to a deficiency of phosphate of lime.

When the Goat Salt is deficient in Gastric Juice and bile ferments arise from indigested food, then acids form which find their way to Synovial fluids in joints of legs or arms or hands and often cause severe pains, but why the chemical operation, which is perfectly natural, should be called rheumatism passeth understanding.

Non-functional albumen caused by a *lack* of lime phosphate, is the cause of eruptions, abscesses, consumption, catarrh and many other so-called diseases.

But let us all remember that disease means not-at-ease, and that the word does *not* means an entity of any kind, shape, size, weight or quality, but an *effect* caused by some deficiency of blood material, and that only.

Phosphate of lime should never be taken in crude form. It must be triturated to 6th x, according to the biochemic method, in milk sugar in order to be taken up by the mucous membrane absorbents, and thus carried into the circulation.

Capricorn gems are White, Onyx and Moonstone. Astral colors, Garnet, Brown, Silver Gray and Black.

Capricorn people possess a deep interior nature in which they often dwell in the "Solitude of the Soul."

They scheme and plan and build air castles and really enjoy their ideal world. If they are sometimes talkative, their language seldom gives any hint of the wonderland of their imagination.

To that enchanted garden the sign, "No Thoroughfare," forever blocks the way.

*George W. Carey*

## Benedicite!

(FRET NOT THYSELF.)

*Samuel A. Boyd.*

**A** GAINST the roaring tides of Fate,  
Of Want and Discord, Fear and Hate,  
I pitted Pride and Will;  
I sought, in straining strength and nerve,  
To make those cruel Forces swerve,  
By cunning Power and Skill!

No more I struggle or contend,  
Or on these spirit-forces bend  
The hostile thrust and blow;  
"We wrestle not with flesh and blood,"  
Then meet not Hate with hateful mood,  
This—O my spirit!—know!

For in the Silence, rapt—profound,  
By Temple Walls engirdled round,—  
I heard, from forth the solemn hush,—  
Like Moses by the burning bush—

"O Baffled, struggling one! be still!  
And let thy soul with Love-light fill;  
Then let that Love-light pour abroad,  
To permeate each soul with God!

"Lo! Peace and Bounty on thee wait;  
And Love—which ever conquers 'Fate'—  
Shall all thine arid life bedew,  
And crown with fruit thy brothers, too!"

Thou truth of all the aeons—Love!  
In thee we are, and live, and move;  
From stellar space—from forest tree,  
Thou breathest—"Benedicite!"

## Sintoism and Modern Spiritualism Compared

**O**CCIDENTAL students of the religions of the Orient not infrequently become much confused in their search for the origin of Oriental philosophies and religions, owing to the fact that ancient traditions have been handed down by word of mouth in an almost unbroken line, from the most primitive times to the present.

Very few thinkers seem to have fathomed the truths, expressed allegorically, in ancient Mythology.

The story of the union of gods with mortals, and the rule and power of these mythological god-humans, has, during the many ages of tradition, become degenerated into literal history, as it were, entirely ignoring the esoteric or allegorical truths contained therein.

The underlying truth in Mythology, is the one that Man is in reality divine—God-attributed—and that “he took upon himself flesh.”

It is the same story that we receive in the Christian and all other religious presentations—God came down to earth as Man.

The word “Shin-To,” means literally, “The Way of the Gods,” and should be interpreted to mean, “the method of regaining or reclaiming god-hood.”

As god-hood suggests all power, it is not difficult to see how, reasoning from the purely materialistic power of warring rulers, it came to be understood that the master-ruler, the Mikado, of Japan (and the Emperor of other nations), must be a god, or of super-mundane origin.

This view, however, seems to have been entirely overlooked by many English chroniclers and a very natural corruption from a spiritual idea to a temporal one, has not been sufficiently considered.

“The from Heaven shining deity,” is a phrase commonly used to designate the Mikados, and is still in use, although, contrary to general belief, the Japanese people do *not* regard the Mikado, as literally of Divine origin, as the Christians do Jesus of Nazareth.

Wisdom and power are attributes of divinity, and these two attributes are again expressed by great light—“the from Heaven shining One.”

Again, we may see this universal idea expressed in the halo above the heads of saints and saviours, typifying illumination. Heaven is always, in all religions and traditions, expressed as Great Light, while the lower orders of beings are said to be "in darkness."

So much for a little clearing of the way, in dealing with this very big subject, in a few words.

The everlasting circle or wheel of Involution and Evolution, is aptly expressed in the esoteric meaning of "The way of the Gods."

Out from the Absolute to the outer expression of power—Man, we have come. Back to the Center, or Absolute we go, and become "One with God," or we become "gods," according to the way we choose to express it.

This then, is the central truth in Sintoism, and this it is that has given rise to the assertion that Sintoism spells "ancestor-worship."

To the literal-minded, the one of merely sense-consciousness, this central truth may appeal as a form of worship, instead of in its true sense, just as we find among devotees of the Catholic Church, those who seem to literally worship the Virgin Mary, or the saints, entirely overlooking the fact that they are representatives of the everlasting and eternal truth that Man may become god-like—i. e., conscious of his godhood.

In the light of modern research and the highest expression of the Advanced Thought of the day, it seems to me that Sintoism, in its purity, is the highest type of religious expression ever formulated.

Compared with modern Spiritualism, we find many concepts common to both these religions, although there seem to be many varieties of Spiritualists; and consequently a varied interpretation of that new-old philosophy.

For example, I have talked with persons who believed in "spirit communication," and who, for all of that, held strictly to some orthodox creed, and believed that Jesus was "the only begotten son of God."

But, the points of similarity are noticeable in the way in which both religious systems regard the experience of death.

A Sinto funeral resembles a wedding feast in Occidental countries, much more than it partakes of any suggestion of burial service.

It would be very bad form indeed to condole with a family professing Sinto belief, when a member of the family has "gone to be reborn into Paradise," as they say.

With this belief in promotion into higher wisdom and surer knowledge through the experience of death, it is small wonder that Sintoists turn to their beloved and progressed ancestors for the guidance and blessings which they should be glad to bestow.

That this attitude toward those in celestial spheres, should have, during the ages immediately past, have degenerated into servile supplication and worship, is most natural, since the entire world was swept with an overpowering wave of materialism, of cruelty and slaughter and death.

Those who dwelt "in the high places" on earth displayed their power in barbarous and fiendish ways, and the poor suppliant who often begged in vain for mercy of an earthly ruler, carried this same attitude of supplication and worship into his spiritual seekings.

This attitude of mind we find alike in the Orient and the Occident. Those great waves of feeling that seem to submerge nations, and which the astrologers account for by the position of certain planets, affect *human nature*. It matters not where that human nature is found nor the color of the skin.

From reverence and respectful attention it is not a far cry to that form of adulation and homage that is ever born of Fear, and which passes for worship, whether it be worship of an alleged "god," or of men.

We see something akin to this reverence for dead friends and ancestors among Spiritualists who often display a respect for the advice of their "spirit friends," that is quite out of keeping with the character of those friends while in the body.

Sinto temples are as unlike the general idea of a church interior as it is possible to imagine.

There is nothing to hypnotize the devotee, neither image nor statue, nor mantrams, nor mystery of any kind.

Outside the temple is to be found a play ground, and at the entrance we may find a dancing pavilion, or some place of amusement and recreation. The inner temples are maintained only as places of concentration, where the follower of the "Way of God" may seek converse with some guiding ancestral spirit, through the instrumentality of the temple priest, who is comparable with the most gifted Spiritualistic medium, but until recent years at least, without the medium's incentive to commercialism.

It is said that of late years, the priests of the Sinto temples display their wonderful ability to materialize forms and to render audible and intelligible the voices of "the dead," etc., for money, and this fact led to an edict from the government to cease these practices, branding them as "black magic."

Buddhism as practiced in Japan, is of course, quite different from the original teachings, owing to the fact that the system has necessarily become influenced by Sintoism.

But since Sintoism, is much more an intellectual philosophy than a form of worship, it is natural that Buddhism with its complex and mystical concepts, its impressive ritual and its hope of reward and fear of punishment, should gain the ascendancy over the common people just as the carefully copied system known as Christianity was inaugurated to awe, and inspire with a combination of fear and reverence, the minds of the children of the human race.

It is evident that, as the century progresses, modern civilization is going back to the remote past for many of its most inspiring thoughts. It would not be strange if the Occidental world were to return to Japan, under the name of Modern Spiritualism, the very essence of her ancient and pure spiritual philosophy, Sin-to-ism, just as the Occident is now handing back to the Orient her borrowed system of Buddhism, under the guise of Christianity.

After all, "The Way to Godhood" is what we are all seeking, and an exchange of religious systems is no more than an exchange of house-wives' recipes.

*Yours. Simada.*

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¶ "Somewhere in the world my one white hour awaits me."—  
*Melanie Alice Weil, in "The Book of My Heart."*

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¶ Somewhere, never Passion falls  
 Below the violet tone:  
 Somewhere, Love's purled music floats  
 O'er peaceful seas of Light:  
 There, dwells the day in deeps serene,  
 And wings away the night.

—George Gordon.

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Human beings, in their search after happiness, are like a moth enmeshed in the bottom of a glass. The poor moth rushes blindly from side to side of his prison, when, if he would cease his frantic striving but for a moment and look up, he would find his way unimpeded and his rise swift and painless.—*McIvor-Tyndall.*

## Excursions into the Realm of Psychic Phenomena

(Continued from December issue.)

**I**N OUR last report we mentioned the fact that The Intelligence operating through the ouija board, evidently possessed knowledge independent of the conscious minds of those composing the circle. Subjected to further tests, the power operating the board would read sentences in designated books in the library, count the pieces of silver in the dining room side board drawer, accurately enumerate the contents of work baskets and in various ways prove the ability to penetrate walls and closed cabinets in a manner thoroughly convincing.

If we kept The Intelligence too long at this sort of task, however, we soon found that he or she would leave, saying, "I am tired." "You make me do too much."

We asked if they all "on the other side" had this experience of feeling fatigue, and the answer came:

"It isn't tired as you understand it, but some of us have not control of enough power to keep us going so long."

An Intelligence giving his name as Jim Lamson, came to the board one evening and the following conversation ensued.

The ouija board quickly spelled out:

"I wish you would sing something. I can always get more power when I hear music."

Accordingly, some one began to sing "America," and the board tapped out the tune in measured strokes of the feet of the board, on the table, until the verse was ended, when it quickly spelled out "Thank you."

"Tell us something of your experience," we urged and received the following:

"I was a High School student, when I died. I lived in Cleveland, Ohio. I was killed by jumping out of a burning building. It was quite a long time before I knew that I was what is called 'dead,' and I suffered terrible pain from my back which was broken."

"Do you mean that although you were not in your body, still you felt the pain of your broken back?" we asked.

"Oh, yes. Until it was made well over here, I suffered terribly."

"What was done to you?" we asked.

"I was taken to a hospital and cured," was the answer.

"Are the hospitals like those on the earth plane?"

"They are buildings like those on earth, but they don't have instruments and things, like the earth hospitals. They make people well by use of 'mind-electricity,'" was the reply to this query, and then he added, hastily: "They give me a lot of music vibrations, because I am so fond of music and it makes me feel better."

"Where are you?" was our next query.

"I am right here in the room, but don't have to go through the doors or walls to get here. I can be anywhere else you like at the same time," came the reply.

"What are you doing—how do you live and spend your time?" was the next query.

"I am learning all the time, and I attend all the lectures I can. I am learning to travel just now, and I can go very quickly sometimes."

"How long have you been out of the body?" we asked.

The reply was: "I cannot be certain, because we do not reckon time here, as you do, but it is probably about seven years."

We then asked for certain information about the future of some of the circle, and received most hesitating answers, as though the Intelligence were very uncertain, or else hesitated to predict anything.

While commenting upon this, between ourselves, the hand instantly spelled out, "We are not allowed to tell things of that kind, because we are liable to make mistakes. I will go now and send some one who will tell you more than I can," and we were as thoroughly aware that a presence had left the circle as though some one in the flesh had stepped out of the room. At almost the same moment, the hand of the person operating the ouija board began playing a tattoo on the table, to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," and almost simultaneously, every member of the circle (there were six of us on this occasion) began singing the refrain of that old war song. The board jumped with a leap to the letters and spelled out the following:

"I prefer not to give my name, but I was a soldier in the war between the North and the South. I was in the New Hampshire volunteers. War is a great mistake, and we find that even over here, the hate engendered during such conflicts remains after people leave the earth-life. My work is caring for the old soldiers who come over here without any one to look after them."

We asked him if he would tell us anything of future events in the lives of those present, and he replied:

"Yes, I can see many things for some, and not so well for others, but all things on this plane are subject to change, and, therefore, unless we are able to get back into the spiritual consciousness, we cannot predict with absolute certainty."

"How do you foresee? That is, what is the process?" we asked.

"I see a succession of pictures—they pass before me like a panoramic review of photographic films. Some of them are obscure and others are very clear. Sometimes these pictures appear to be back of the person, as though already passed, and sometimes they are some distance over the head, and we know that they have not yet passed through the experience."

"Does Death give rest?" questioned a member of the circle.

"Sometimes, if the person leaving the body has done a great deal of good, he is kept for some time in a state of quiet and rest and is made to forget all earthly cares, but he is allowed to regain his memory of earth-life sooner or later, because he must be given the opportunity to remain in the earth sphere and help those left behind, if he so desires."

"Are there any exceptions to this?" we asked.

"Oh, yes, there are some persons who attain so high a degree of spirituality while in the body that they instantly rise beyond the earth plane and cannot return, because of the extreme volatility of their body," was the answer.

"Have you ever seen the Source of all Life, or God?" was the next question put.

"As far as we are able to penetrate to the ethereal realms beyond us, we find some power higher and above us. We but obey instructions from the spiritual spheres, and they, in turn, look to something which seems to be above them in the use of this universal power. The higher we go in the spheres, or circles, the greater light we find, and those who inhabit these lower spheres, have to be specially prepared to enter the spiritual spheres."

We paused for a moment to discuss this statement, and when we again resumed the questioning, the Intelligence had gone and another influence could be distinctly felt in the circle.

This one was a woman, and seemed very timid and beseeching. Her request (spelled out rather laboriously) was that we should tell her husband that she was still living and that he was not to give the baby to his sister, as he wished to do, but to take care of her himself.

No amount of questioning succeeded in eliciting any information as to who she was, or where she had lived. The only

tangible point of information we could get was the one that we should deliver this message, but to whom, or where the message was to go, she seemed not to be able to recall.

This incident illustrates a very common occurrence with those who pass out of the body, obsessed, as it were, with one dominant idea. The idea remains, sometimes for years, but the connection between the idea and time, or place, seems to have been broken like a skein of thread. This, doubtless, gave rise to the early teachings of "lost souls." They are not lost in the sense of being destroyed, or thrown into a place or state of suffering, but they have lost their bearings, and their identity, much as insane patients on this side of the Veil frequently lose the consciousness of their place and individuality.


Something of the traditional belief in Purgatory will form the basis of our report for the next issue.

THE EDITOR.

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## Occult Mexico in the Light of Oahspe

By Edgar Lucien Larkin.

OME up here in imagination, ye SWASTIKA folk. I am standing on the top of the colossal pyramid of *Teotihuacan* in far-away Mexico. This place in space is mystical, occult, esoteric. This vast structure is absolutely pre-historic and pre-legendary. The Aztecs surely were not the builders—so it seems to me. Coming out from the City of Mexico, the mighty volcano of *Popocatepetl*, was in sight all the way. Its snow and ice-clad summit, a giant crater, is in altitude 17,782 feet. And its mate, *Ixtaccihuatl*, slightly lower, is not far away. Both rose far above heavy banks of clouds. From this pyramid I see vast ranges of mountains enclosing the great Plain of Mexico, the lovely lakes, the city, the Cathedral city of the Western Hemisphere. The scene is inspiring indeed. But the pyramid! I am actually, at, last, after waiting all these years, hoping always against hope, standing on the top of a world-famous pyramid. Its huge base is larger than that of the Pyramid of *Khufu* in occult Egypt. This Mexican pyramid is 718 feet square and 377 feet in height. The top is a flat square about 85 feet on a side. But I am in a place once drenched with human blood, the blood of human beings slain to appease the wrath of almost implacable, imaginary gods. When I first saw the pyramid from a distance, a huge column of smoke was rising

from the summit. I easily imagined that it was like the smoke of ancient sacrificial fires. But the fire was consuming tons of weeds. The Mexican government has a large force at work stripping the entire pyramid free of centuries of growth of vegetation. Roots are cleared out from interstices between stones, and new mortar is being put in to save the pile from disintegration. Mexico is aroused to the necessity of saving all the ruins in that most wonderful country.

From the moment I arrived, I have been impressed with every ancient thing, as being purely Egyptian. In the Hall of Monoliths in the world-famous National Museum of Mexico, I saw traces of Egyptian art, sculpture, stone-carving and engraving. A huge slab of stone bears a carving of a human figure exactly like those found in Egypt; features, dress, head dress and all. Outside by the door is a stone ten feet long and two and one-half feet square, weighing many tons. But on the top is carved a mummy case lid as though there were a body within. But it is precisely similar to lids on cases everywhere in Egypt. Now according to all old style history, this stone was brought from Egypt to Mexico—a feat in itself; or sculptors came from Egypt to carve this great mass of rock into shape here in Mexico.

#### OAHSPE TO THE RESCUE.

But all ancient history, whatever, is overshadowed mightily by the astounding book, *Oahspe*. This new world bible for all races and conditions of men,—this new latter-day revelation, this mighty book so soon to sway the nations of the earth—so soon to put an entirely new aspect on Psychology, Mind-Studies, Anthropology, Ethnology, Ethnography, Archaeology, all ancient history and all religions of mankind and upon all things human, ancient and modern, and upon the future career of man, came to my rescue, while in the museum, and on the pyramid—It teaches that branches of the same wonderful race of Nation builders, temple and pyramid architects, and world civilizers radiated from one great ethnic center of radiation—in a vast continent named Pan now submerged in the Pacific Ocean.

The islands of all Polynesia are simply high places of ancient Pan. Minute details of the submersion of this continent, the destruction of hundreds of millions of people, the escape of survivors, their dispersion on ships, and landing in different parts of the world, and their foundation of great nations, are given.

Some of the ships reached Japan, others, India, and still others China. Important was the career of the survivors who reached Africa and Egypt. All Asia was civilized by people from Pan.

These mighty men also sailed to North, Central and South America. All Mexico now speaks in stone, in sculptured ruins, in overturned palaces, monoliths, and statues, the very voice of submerged *Pan*. Countless hieroglyphics are now trying to speak—only awaiting some new Champollion to translate them.

But it is my opinion that Oahspe contains the key, for it presents hundreds of glyphs, and proclaims over and over that they are the writing of *Pan*.

Everything I saw as I wandered over ruins, and amid carved, sculptured and painted walls confirmed Oahspe in a most convincing manner.

A ruined city is now beginning to be exhumed—*Monte St. Alban*, in Southern Mexico. I saw a literary man just arrived from the scene of the excavation. He saw glyphs almost like those in Egypt.

Why! Mexico is actually as a city of *Pan*. To my amazement, signs along the streets contain the word *Pan*!

Then I went to see that one great copy, now out of print, of the original *Aztec* dictionary, made by a Spanish linguist. Its very pages bristle with the word *Pan*.

I counted thirty-eight words beginning with pan, and there are thousands more with pan in the middle, stored up with many prefixes and suffixes. In fact, the entire Republic of Mexico is a colony of *Pan*.

And the language, daily life, habits and customs of its pre-historic peoples revolve around the word pan, and the civilization derived from the deluged continent.

To me, after having read Oahspe, all is clear as the sun at noon. For we have Japan, Copan, Mayapan, Panopolis, Panama and countless others.

That is, you must submit, dear reader, to have everything upset, recast, revised and made over.

All your religion, history, psychology, archaeology must meet mighty changes. And now I want to go back to Mexico, take Oahspe, compare glyphs and remain a year.

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What a man wants in time of trouble is for someone to stand by him, not a God who is filled with loving kindness and tender mercy, but who does not lend a hand.—*Ex*.

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Nature has given us two ears, two eyes, and but one tongue—to the end that we shall hear and see more than we speak.—*Socrates*.

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True religion is a condition of the mind, not a matter of architecture.—*McIvor-Tyndall*.

## 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. McIvor-Tyndall must enclose \$1.00 for same.

WHAT CONSTITUTES FITNESS FOR PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION?—"Occultist," Frankfort, Ky., asks: What constitutes the best safeguard against fraud, and misleading experience, in our investigation of those phenomena that are called "psychic?" Also, do you consider that ninety per cent. of the phenomena witnessed is fraudulent?

Answer: The desire to know the absolute, unfailing truth and then to look for it, is the best qualification I know of, for the successful investigation of psychic phenomena. Be discriminating without being critical, be patient, just and open minded, and if you are seeking nothing but the truth without any preconceived idea, or prejudice, you will surely be rewarded by finding that occult phenomena are very common in our every-day life. As to professional seances, I am convinced that even on those occasions where mechanical devices are resorted to to produce awe-inspiring phenomena, there is an appreciable element of reality.

The following instance will illustrate the truth that, where one asks in sincerity, he will receive, even though he may ask one who has not faith in himself:

A certain young man of an artistic, psychic temperament, was stranded in a certain city together with the theatrical troupe with which he had been associated. Looking about for a possible means of sustenance, he chanced to see a sign bearing the inscription, "Spiritual Medium." It gave him the idea that he would be a medium. He had visited them on occasion, and had decided that they simply told him whatever they "took a notion" to tell him, and he thought he could do likewise. He therefore put out his sign and was rewarded by having for his first patron an old gentleman who had been a spiritualist for years. In relating the experience to me, in proof that "there was nothing in it but guess work," the young man told how he sat back, and closed his eyes, "for effect," and then he just "let loose," as he expressed it, and told that old man anything that came into his mind. The startling part of it lay in the fact that he told him truthfully many things relating to his past life, and then "guessed" about the future, so marvelously that the gentleman was delighted with his mediumship.

Now the point is, that the young man was extremely sensitive to impression, and when he thought that he was a good "guesser," he was simply transmitting the messages impinged upon his sensitive mind by the influences which the old gentleman had himself brought with him. Of course, the man was in his own mind, an utter "fraud," but in truth he was not.

IS SUICIDE WICKED?—Querist, asks: What is the condition of a suicide after the experience of death? Do you believe that a person committing suicide is punished, or is it what the orthodox would term "wicked" to take one's own life?

Answer: It depends upon the motive that prompted the taking of life; or, in other words, the state of mind of the person committing suicide.

If one were to seek to get out of the physical body merely because of the hope that he may thereby shirk the tasks and conditions of this physical environment, he would find himself with the self-same problems to face that caused his rash act, because the conditions were the result of mind, and would not be lessened by physical death.

On the other hand, every person who dies in the performance of an act of heroism to save another, commits suicide, as it were, since his act caused his death, and the high purpose and the forgetfulness of self, are qualities that make for character and soul consciousness. Taking one's own life is not wicked, but it is, in most cases, extremely foolish.

REALIZATION AND PERCEPTION.—A. N. M., Santa Cruz, Cal., writes: I read so much along New Thought lines, and it all appeals to me as truth, but I seem to fail when it comes to "demonstrating" as you call it, in my every-day life. I believe, indeed, that we may accomplish many things by simply feeling that we can do them, but how can I get the feeling that I can, when it seems to me that the things I would like to do are beyond my ability to accomplish?

Answer: I find work much easier of accomplishment if I but realize that I am simply the instrument through which the Universal Life Energy flows and performs its work. Not that I wish to become a negative thing, merely transmitting force, but when I put myself into harmonious relation to the Law of Activity, without the consciousness of personal effort, or exercise of will, I find the work "doing itself," as it were.

If, however, your trouble is not so much with the energy to do, as the self-confidence that you *can do*, I would suggest that you rigorously take yourself in hand, and compel yourself to attempt the things you think are beyond your ability. One cause of lack of self-confidence is the prevalent idea that *things* are of more importance than our own development, and that to "spoil" something you are trying to do, is a terrible waste. Assume the

attitude of mind that looks upon all external life, as so much plastic material for you, the sculptor, to mold into what shape you will.

Get the feeling of mastery in your mind, by realizing that you are a part of the Creator, and not a thing created, and the accomplishment of whatsoever you will, comes as a natural consequence.

You are in the position of the majority, who, from the intellectual standpoint, perceive, but do not take into their consciousness, the message of Truth. As long as we merely perceive anything, we are outside and separate from it. When we take it into our consciousness as a part of us, re-alize (make real) the condition we seek to express.

PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY.—S. A. B., Portland, Oregon, writes: Some time ago, you answered a question relating to physical immortality, saying that you do not consider it so important a question, as many others. I would be greatly obliged if you would state your reasons for not considering it of major importance. Is not Death the cause of nearly all the sorrows in this physical existence, and if this were eliminated, surely there would be much more happiness in the world.

Answer: I am but giving you my viewpoint when I say that I consider the question of physical immortality one of lesser importance in the sum of the world's problems. You may think differently and many others do think differently. My reasons for so thinking are these: There are numerous cases where Death comes as a happy release from undesirable conditions to persons who could not, at the present stage of the world's Thought, find release in any other way. Again, as long as we have the competitive, fighting-each-other system of commercial civilization that we now have, prolonged activity on the physical plane would be a hardship to almost every one—rich and poor alike.

Again, there are men in the world's activities today who have so little conscience, or development of soul, that, did they not know that they must face the problem of death, there would be no check to their selfishness. When we outgrow the necessity, we will doubtless outgrow the experience, but for the present, Death is a blessing.

THE PROBLEM OF FREE-WILL.—Joyce, Alameda, Cal., sends the following: The problem in the New Thought, or Metaphysical Philosophy, that I can not solve, is the one that we are free-will agents, and that we make our own conditions and environment. How can this be true when a child is born with physical or mental defects, and when members of the same family, obliged to live together, are inharmonious by temperament? Must we not be bound by all these conditions, and this being so, how can we be responsible for our conditions and be actually free-will agents?

**Answer:** We are, as a race, free to choose what we shall make of this external life. Everything we see about us, the present complex civilization with all its apparent hardships and advantages, suffering and pleasure, is a thing of Man's own creation—the result of his free-will to create whatever he desires. But we find that very few of us exert our privilege of choice. We drift along under the spell of the race thought, under the belief in tradition, ethics and ideas formulated at a time when the world was young. In short, very few persons really think their own thoughts. They merely accept thoughts that are ready made, and call it Fate. This they need not do if they choose to wake up to their own power and inherent right to select and decide, and think their own conditions and environment into existence.

**OBJECTS HAVE AN AURA.**—Dorcas S., Green River, Wyo., sends in the following: Do you believe that objects, such as letters or articles of wear, have an "aura" like a person? I can sometimes feel the very presence of a person, knowing their temperament and their mental state, by taking in my hands a letter or other article which they have touched. How is this?

**Answer:** There can be no doubt that we impinge upon objects the radiations from our bodies. Thought being a something, it is only less tangible in degree than the letter itself. Our soul senses are merely an intensified or etherealized extension of the physical faculties, and are different only in degree, not in character.

**IMPOSSIBILITY OF DEFINING GOD.**—P. Gregory, Denver, writes: You say that one school of metaphysicians say that "God breathed outward" and thus came manifestation. Now, what is their idea of God in that case? Is it the biblical idea of a personal God? Also, if any person can communicate with a departed soul is that a proof of itself of immortality? I think it should be.

**Answer:** It is not possible to state any definite concept of God, because such a concept must inevitably vary with each one of us—even when the fundamental idea of a personal God was rampant. The metaphysical school mentioned seems to have a kind of conception of God as a spiritual "personality," but this differs with the different members.

The question of proofs of individual immortality is agitating the minds of scientific investigators, even when they do not deny that there is some sort of inexplicable phenomena between the seen and the unseen.

The reason why positive proof is so difficult to obtain is because it is known that the mind is subject to "hallucinations," "self-deception" and all sorts of tricks whereby it establishes the apparent verity of that which is not, etc. And so, although I

may know that I know, I can't make my knowing satisfy the doubts of others regarding that which they may not see, hear, taste nor smell.

WHAT IS THE ABSOLUTE?—Mrs. T., Los Angeles, Cal., asks: What do you mean by "The Absolute?" (2) What is our relation to the absolute?

Answer: The term "Absolute" practically means God—or Omniscience. The Absolute is the all of reality, and must be unlimited; that is, knowing neither time or space, cause or effect. It must comprise all that ever was or ever will be, not as past or future, but as now. It is the one and only life or being. To thoroughly define or comprehend the Absolute would be a manifest impossibility, since all there is must be indefinable and impossible of definition in terms of comprehension. Whatever is All cannot be compared, as there is nothing to compare it with. All attempts at defining God have been very limited, necessarily, because consciousness unfolds through comparison, and each advance in race consciousness calls for an enlarged comprehension of God.

As to our relation to the Absolute, since the absolute is all of reality, we must be the Absolute, because there is nothing else to be.

## THOU ART THE GLEANER

The new year hath for all a pledge of hope;  
A promise whose fulfilment rests in thee;  
All thy heart yearns, and all that thou dost crave  
Are bounteous Nature's off'ring unto thee.

Thou hast not learned to garner unto self  
Thy portion in the harvest of the years;  
Thou failest golden grains of love to see,  
Thy harvest, oft', is portioned but of tears.

Bemoan not, then, the heavy lot of man,  
Nor rail that this is Nature's stern decree;  
Remember that each conquered self doth count  
A forward step 'twixt fellow men and thee.

That chasm wide, upon whose farther side  
You scarce discern another fellow man,—  
'Tis self alone, can bridge the gulf between  
And prove "The Fellowship of Man."

—Augustus Wittfeld.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED

Conducted by

Kenneth D. Lyle

**MIND, THE BUILDER**, by A. A. Lindsay, M. D., and published by the Lindsay Publishing Co., Portland, Oregon. Price, flexible leather cover, heavy antique paper, \$1.00.

Dr. Lindsay is a writer who aims to make clear and understandable to the average student, the fundamental principles and truths in soul culture, and it must be admitted that in this he succeeds admirably. Dr. Lindsay's former books, "The New Psychology" and "The Tyranny of Love," have had a wide circulation, and this, this latest book, should commend itself to every student who is seeking a concise and readily understood method of Mental Science. The chapter on "Concentration" is especially helpful, and corrects many erroneous statements on the subject of concentration. Other chapters are: "Body Building," "How Body Tissue is Modified and Made," "Soul Culture," "Three Methods of Character Building," "The Psychology of Habits Building," "Psychic Powers and the Value of Knowing the Immortal Talisman," "Science and Individual Perpetuation."

**THE BOOK OF MY HEART**, by Melanie Alice Weil, published by The Library Shelf, Chicago, Ill. Price, \$1.00.

Nothing more beautiful in sentiment and in setting has ever been put out by the New Thought than this lovely expression of a lovely soul.

The book is artistically printed on old Stratford rough antique paper and is bound in brown silk vellum, printed in gold. Each page has an elaborate decorative initial, head and tail piece, done in two colors. If you are looking for a beautiful and dainty gift book, you cannot do better than to secure one of these books by Miss Weil. Here is one of the many original and beautifully expressed sentiments in the book: "Love is not blind—rather possesses such clarity of vision that it discovers virtues divine and secret, undiscerned by the dull eyes of every day."

And here is another: "God, I would have a responsive brain, yet rather would I have a responsive heart. I would that I might see things clearly, yet rather that I might feel them keenly."

**FADS OR FACTS**, by Rayon, published by the author, at Ohio Building, Wabash Avenue and Congress Streets, Chicago, Ill. Price, cloth covered, \$1.00.

The author here in reviews the history of healing, prediction, clairvoyance and the various phases of subconscious phenomena. Rayon is an unusually clear and forceful writer, and is evidently deeply versed in mystical lore.

**REGENERATION**, by S. A. Weltmer, published by the Weltmer Institute, Nevada, Mo. Price, flexible cloth cover, \$2.00, revised edition.

Professor Weltmer is so well and so favorably known for his remarkable work in healing, that this book, "Regeneration," will undoubtedly have an immense sale, in its revised edition, as it has in the earlier numbers.

The whole subject of healing, as practiced at the Weltmer Institute, is analyzed and made plain. The following statement will give an idea of the basis of the work:

"Every particle of life force in your body is primarily a thought,

secondly a secretion, lastly bodily tissue nerve substance and physical strength. Every secretion formed in your body is formed as the result of an intention exercised by the will, either consciously or unconsciously, objectively or subjectively. Every impulse of the human body which adds to your life or growth is generated in the creative center and is indicated by its increased activity."

PSYCHOMA, (Soul-Sleep), by Helen Rhodes, published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

Psychoma will meet an ever increasing demand for something lucid and devoid of mysticism in the investigation of psychical problems and the development of those faculties of the human mind that are classed as "subconscious." The author has a very convincing and original way of expressing herself. For instance: "The food of the soul is aspiration. Spiritual maturity does not happen. The soul only stirs in its sleep at first, from impacts from without, and sinks into lethargy as the experiences pass, conscious only of itself in all the world, as it seeks response in the contentment of material life."

Taken all in all, Psychoma will be found to be one of the most interesting and valuable publications along New Thought lines of the year.

Order of New Thought Reading Rooms, 526 Fourteenth Street, Denver, Colo. Postpaid, \$1.10.

LORDS OF OURSELVES, by Edward Earle Purinton, published by Benedict Lust, New York. Price, paper cover, \$1.00.

Those who know Purinton's epigrammatic style of writing, to say nothing of his wonderful insight into human nature and experience, will not need to be urged to order this latest book from his trenchant pen.

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**THE WATSEKA WONDER:** Do the Dead Return? E. W. Stevens, M. D., author; published by the Austin Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y. Price, 50c.

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**THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW AND BEYOND,** published by the Psychic World Pub. Co., 1119 Washington Street, K. C., Mo. Here is a book without an author in the usual sense, since it is the account of Life Beyond the Veil, as submitted by "Rose, the Sunlight," through the phenomenon of mediumship.

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#### MAGAZINE MENTION.

REASON, B. F. Austin, editor, Rochester, N. Y., for December contains a splendid contribution from the pen of that inspired genius, W. J. Colville, entitled, "Practical Lessons in Spiritual Science," which we wish every one might read.

THOUGHT, Sheldon Leavitt, M. D., editor, Magnum Bonum Co., Chicago, Ill., has in its January issue, along with other good things, an editorial entitled, "The Value of Spirit," which we advise readers to digest.

QUEST, Walker C. Smith, editor, Colorado Springs, Colo., contains in its January issue an article on "Why Should Women Have the Ballot?" It is convincing.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, John Francis, editor, published in Chicago. In its issue of January 2 contains an editorial that we would like to see read far and wide. It is "The Celestial City."

THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, published by the Theosophical Society, N. Y., is a splendid publication. The last number (October) publishes the first installment of a series of articles by Charles Johnston, on the subject, "Natural Psychical and Spiritual Bodies."

THE LIGHT OF REASON, James Allen, editor, published at Ilfracombe, England, publishes a beautiful Christmas number, with several illustrations in colors of picturesque Ilfracombe.

POWER, edited by Edgar Prather and published by the Power Pub. Co., Denver Colo., has a fine number in its January issue.

THE VOICE OF THE MAGI, published in Waldron, Ark., sounds a high note in Advanced Thought.

THE SOCIALIST WOMAN, published in Girard, Kans., for December is unusually good for this intellectual magazine. Josephine Kaneko, ably assisted by Kiichi Kaneko, edits a fearless publication in the interests of Advanced Thought on many lines.

THE HINDU SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, edited by Shishir Kumar Ghose, published in Calcutta, India, is a high-class magazine devoted to spiritual phenomena.

THE MYSTIC, published at No. 7 John Street, Adelphi Strand, W. C., London, Eng., is one of the most fascinating and original publications along Advanced Thought and Mystical Science that come to our table.

THE OCCULT REVIEW, edited by Ralph Shirley, published by Wm. Rider & Son., 164 Aldersgate Street, E. C., London, Eng., is always an intellectual treat to the student of the Occult.

THE SUNFLOWER, weekly, published and edited by Frank Walker in Hamburg, N. Y., is one of the best papers devoted exclusively to Spiritual Philosophy and Phenomena.

THE OCCIDENTAL MYSTIC & OCCULT, edited by Frank D. Hines, published by the Mystic & Occult Pub. Co., Denver, Colo., contains much excellent common sense advice on physical health as well as spiritual attainment.

THE PROGRESS, an independent weekly published in Minneapolis, Minn., is another of the many publications which leads in everything pertaining to Man's advancement and progress.

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**She Had Experience**—The Right Rev. Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln, who is now nearly eighty, was once taking an airing at the seaside, when he found some difficulty in rising from his low chair.

Seeing his predicament a young fisher girl hastened to his assistance and helped his lordship to his feet. Dr. King was profuse in his thanks, but the girl, who had no idea of his identity, begged him not to mention it.

"That's all right, sir," she said with a laugh. "I'm used to it. I've often had to take father home when he's been a good deal drunker than you are."

His holiness, Pope Pius X., has incurred the ill will of his flunkys at the Vatican, says a Rome dispatch. The other day the Pope felt somewhat faint from the heat and was given a glass of tokay. In the afternoon he again felt unwell, and as the morning draught had fixed him up in no time he asked for the same wine, and another bottle was opened. "Why can I not have what remains in the bottle that was opened this morning?" his holiness asked. Then they had to explain to him that a bottle, once opened, was always emptied downstairs. Pius immediately gave orders that in the future any bottle of wine opened for his benefit was to remain in his room until emptied.

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The Writer—"Penury, my son, is the wages of the pen."

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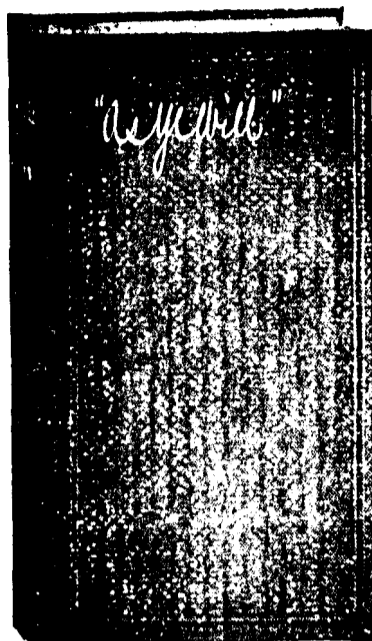
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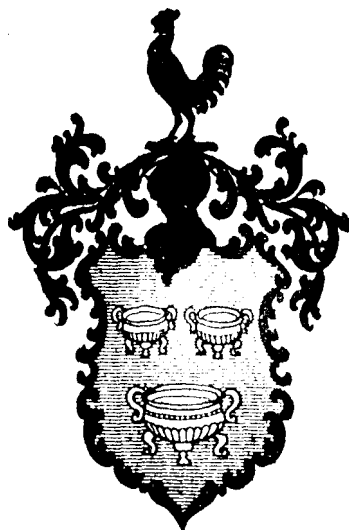
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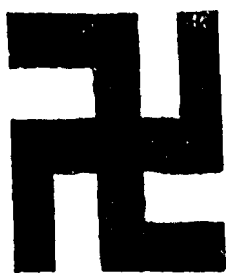
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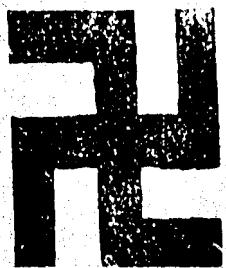
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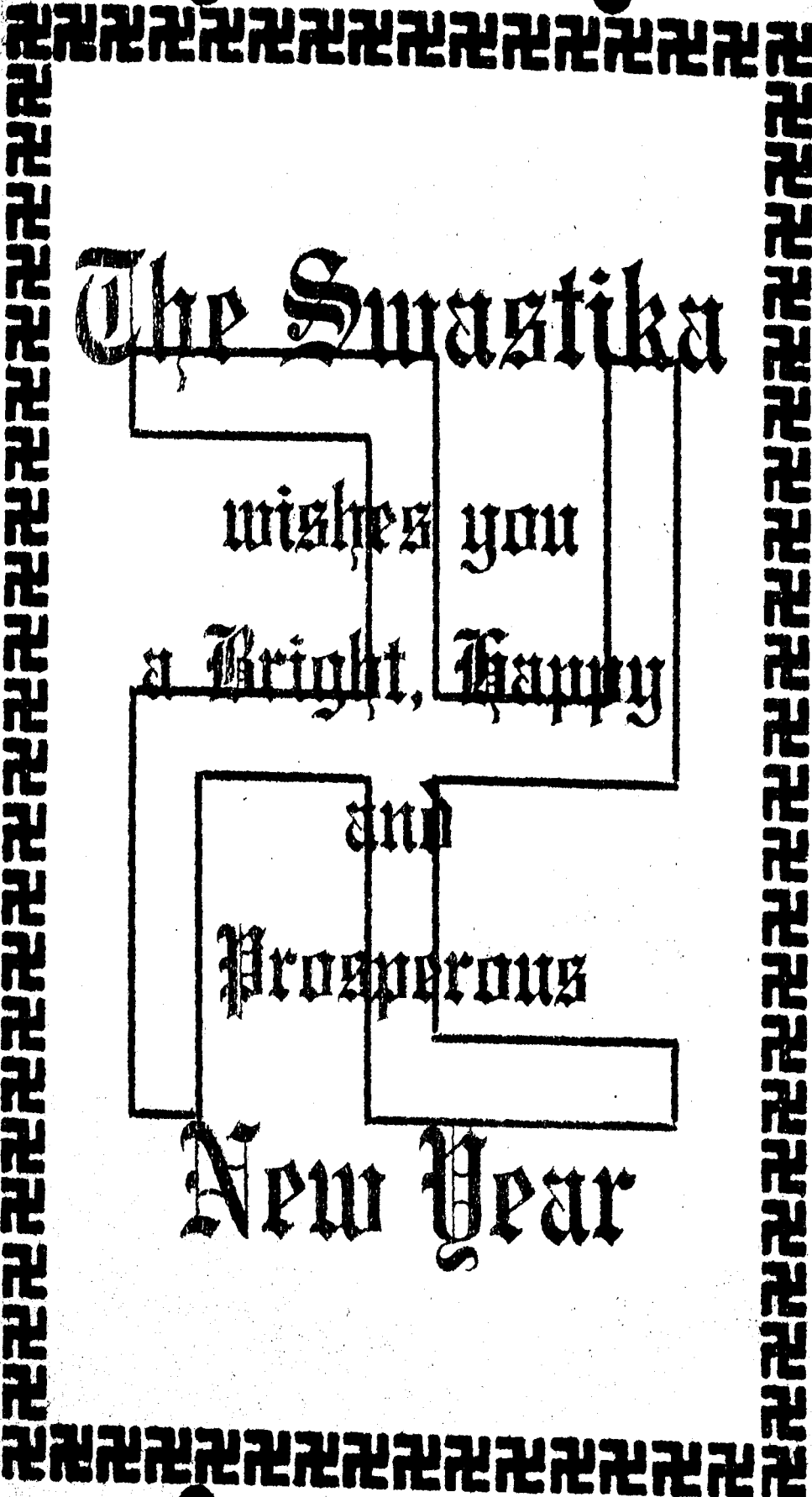

A lack of these elements, or a lack of proper balance, is the cause of every disease that afflicts the race. The different symptoms manifested in disease, to which medical science in the past has given names without end, are produced by the same identical cause—namely, a deficiency in some of the constituents of the blood.

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