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THE INFINITE.

BY PROF. S. A. WELTMER.

ONE of the greatest and gravest questions that man has ever asked is, "Can man by searching find out God?" In the days of the patriarch of Uz, this question agitated the minds of men, and it agitates man's mind today with as intense an interest as it did in the days of old.

Man has always believed in a Being in whose power he feels himself to be; yet what that power is has baffled his keenest research. For thousands of years man has bent over the cradle to learn the mystery of his origin, but no word of explanation ever came up from the little semi-conscious one that nestled there. For thousands of years man has strained his gaze into the gloom of the grave to unravel the mystery of his destiny, but no reply has ever come back from the voiceless dwelling of the worm, the clod and the coffin. All is mystery; yet man has always believed that a Being other than himself brought him into existence; man has always believed that he will go whence he came at the behest of the same Being that brought him into existence. Who, what, then, is this Being? "Who by searching can find out God?"

Although we may not know the Infinite to perfection, still every forward step that Knowledge takes brings her where she can indulge in a clearer vision; and in that clearer vision of what is known form clearer conceptions of what is concealed.

N Y P L



S. A. Waltham

It is a fact that our conception of any one thing is fashioned in some degree by our conception of other things. This is so because all truth is one: there cannot be varying kinds of truth.

So it appears that every addition made to our acquired stock of knowledge makes more valuable that kind which we already possess.

The greatest and grandest conception that man can form is his conception of the Infinite—the Great First Cause—God. All men acknowledge the existence of God, but how varying are their conceptions of Him. Let us try to formulate the conception of God that those of the so-called New Thought entertain. To do this it will be necessary to consider the prevailing conception, both historically and scientifically.

From earliest times there have been two theories concerning the origin of things. There have been other theories but these two have been the greatest ones. One theory is known as Dualism. This theory postulates the existence of two eternal entities, Spirit and Matter; and an attempt is made to explain the existing order of things from the inter-relations of these two entities. It is needless to say that this theory has involved us in a lot of contradictions, upon which man has wasted his greatest powers of thought, in the vain endeavor to reconcile them. Such contradictions as Fore-ordination and Free Will; Good and Evil; Deity and Devil; Subjective and Objective; etc., etc., have their origin in the theory of Dualism.

The theory of Monism postulates the existence of only one Substance, and that matter and mind are only different manifestations of this one Substance. The term substance, as thus used, means only that which lies behind or under all qualities or attributes.

I hold in my hand a something that I call an apple. Let us inquire what we know of this something. I gaze upon it with the eye and obtain color and form; but color and form are qualities. I bring it to the nose and I obtain smell or odor; but smell or odor is a quality. I bring it to the tongue and I obtain taste; but taste is a quality. I bring it to the tactile nerves or nerves of feeling

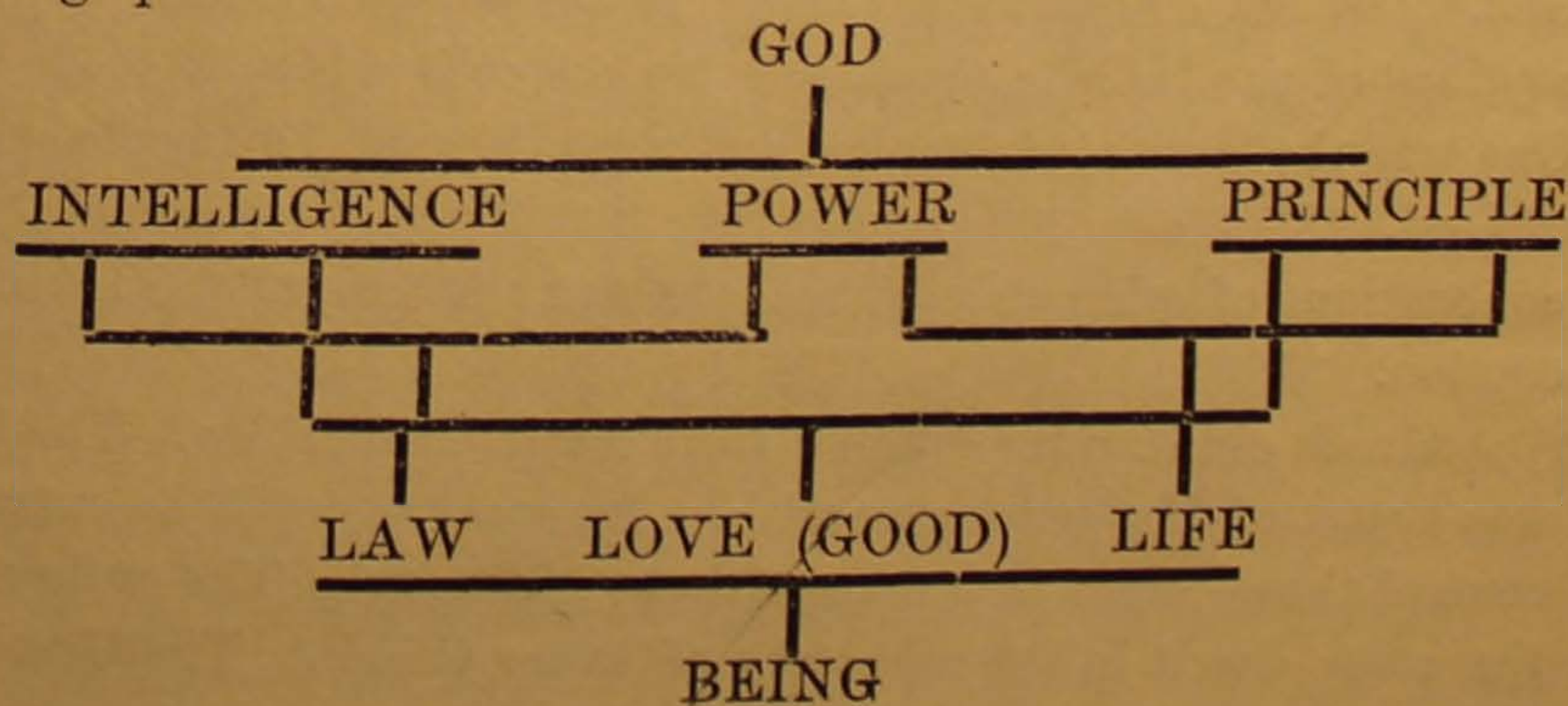
and obtain resistance; but resistance is a quality. Having gone the round of the senses I find that all I have obtained from them are qualities. Of the substance of which they are qualities the senses tell me nothing. I only know that it is.

When we come to mind we find that we have thought; but thought is an attribute of mind. We have emotions and passions; but these are attributes of mind. We have volition; but volition is an attribute of mind. Having gone the round of what I know of mind, I find my knowledge of mind to consist of a knowledge of mind's attributes or qualities only. Of the substance of which they are attributes or qualities I know nothing, save that it is.

Since we cannot know what the substance is that lies behind the qualities of which the senses tell us; and since we cannot know what the substance is that lies behind the qualities or attributes of that which we call mind, may they not be one and the same substance? That is a true philosophy which finds one cause where formerly there were supposed to be two.

This Universal Substance is also Intelligence—Infinite Intelligence. It is also Power—Infinite Power. It is also Principle—Infinite Principle. It is the Great First Cause—God.

The only term that here needs special mention is Principle. By Principle is meant, "The source or origin of anything; that from which anything proceeds." The principle of the oak tree is in the acorn; the principle of the eagle is in the egg. Infinite Principle is the source or origin of all things, that from which all things proceed.



This Universal Substance viewed as Intelligence and Power we call Law; viewed as Power and Principle we call Life; viewed as Intelligence and Principle we call Love (Good). Thus we have Intelligence and Power=Law; Power and Principle=Life; Intelligence and Principle=Love. This universal substance viewed as Law, Life and Love, we call Being—Infinite Being—God.

Here we see that behind all phenomena, is Being. Wherever Intelligence displays itself; wherever Power manifests itself; wherever Principle evolves, there is Being. Do we gaze with delight on the summer cloud as it lazily hangs, shirred as it were upon strings of intertwined amber and gold like curtains for the bower of the King of Day? It was Being that festooned it. Being gives to the lily its symmetry, and to the rose its blended beauty. Being is in the vernal bloom, in the painted flower, in the lighted star. Being is where the worm crawls, where the lion crouches, where the eagle soars. Being sits in the judge's seat, and watches by the cradle of the dying babe. Being dwells in prince's palace, and in peasant's hut. Being's voice is heard in the wild winds, in the roaring thunder, in the booming sea; is heard in the still small voice that speaks of duty and of destiny in the silent chambers of every soul. Is this Being a person? Momentous question! We will inquire.

The question is often asked of those who profess the new thought, "Do you believe in a personal God?" Without stopping to enquire others declare, "You do not believe in a personal God." When Christianity came into the world it found two conceptions of the Infinite prevailing on the soils where it took root. One was the Greek conception and the other the Latin conception of God. The conception held by the Greek was tinged by his conceptions of other things, and the same is true of the Latin conception.

Greek civilization differed from Latin civilization. The Greek was a part of his commonwealth. No statute could be enacted to control the conduct of a man without his voice. The authority of the state dwelt in the authority of every Greek. The Greek was not separate from the authority of the state, nor separate from his

fellow Greeks; he was one with the state and one with his fellow Greeks.

The highest human authority which the Greek could conceive was the state; and of this he was a part. The highest authority which he could conceive, "The Infinite," was tinged by his conception of the highest human authority. Hence, Deity dwelt in his creatures. God was the immanent, the abiding, the indwelling God. As the Greek looked out upon the world of nature, everything that he saw was but a manifestation of this indwelling Deity. Forest and field, sea and sky, mountain and plain, lake and stream, waving field and barren moor—these were but the fringes of his garment—these were but the veilings that concealed him from mortal ken. True, the Greek had gods many, but this was the Being behind all things; the unknown God.

When the apostle to the Gentiles stood on Mars' hill and addressed the cultured Athenians, he told them that they were too worshipful; for as he had ascended from the city he saw an altar erected to the unknown God. He then told them that he had come to declare this unknown God unto them; and quoting from a Pagan poet St. Paul said, "In him we live and move and have our being." Here the greatest propagandist of Christianity shows that his conception of God was the Greek conception of God, abiding, indwelling—the immanent conception of Deity.

Roman civilization differed from Greek civilization in that the Latin was not a part of the state in the sense in which the Greek was a part of the state. The Latin was not a sovereign, he was a subject. The highest human authority was the Emperor, the Cæsar. This authority was distinct and separate from that over which it exercised authority. This authority sat aloft on a throne of dignity and might be approached by only a favored few. When the subject would supplicate the sovereign, his prayer must go up through a course of courtiers or mediators; the throne he was unworthy to approach.

The Latin's conception of the highest human authority tinged his conception of Supreme Authority. God was no longer the indwelling, the abiding Deity, but the transcendental God, separate

from the universe. Seated on a throne on some far off portion of the universe, He, like Cæsar, could be approached only by the favored few. This necessitated a line of intermediaries, mediators, priests to bear up the petitions of the subject to the throne where Deity sat. No longer is man a child; he is the servant. No longer is he one with the Father. The Father and the child have been separated. No longer may men seek audience with hope of success, wherever he may be. The King of Kings gives audience only where his ambassadors may appear, and the subjects must treat those ambassadors as they would treat Him. His worship therefore took the form of court functions, and state ceremonials. God and the individual were separate. It is needless to say that the very terms of the theology that is founded upon this transcendental conception of God are terms of the Latin forum and the Latin court.

As Latin civilization overcame Greek civilization, so did Latin theology founded upon the transcendental conception of God, overcome the Greek theology founded upon the immanent conception of God. True, the immanent conception did not entirely disappear; it still remained, though overshadowed, struggling for a place in the thought of men. It is now beginning to reassert itself and the day is not far distant that will see it occupying its proper and ancient place in the thought of men. It is the "New Thought" yet the "Old Thought." It is the thought of Jesus of Nazareth, of Saul of Tarsus, of the Greek ante-Nicene fathers, of the gospel of St. John.

These two varying conceptions of the Infinite necessitated two varying conceptions of the universe. Hence, the Greek conception of the universe was that of an organism, having the elements, powers and potencies of all that exist within itself. The Latin conception of the universe was that of a great machine, the potencies of which lay outside of itself. In the Greek conception Being was within the universe, one with it; in the Latin conception Being was outside of the universe, separate from it.

The question remains, "Is this Being a person?" That will depend upon what is understood by the term person. If by person

is meant a being like the writer or reader, only on a larger scale, one of a class, then the term person cannot be applied to this Being. If by person we mean limitation, in any sense, either explicitly or implicitly, then this Being is not a person. In what does the essence of person consist? Does it consist in corporiety or form? Certainly not. Am I not a person when part of my corporiety is gone and my form radically changed? Most assuredly. What then constitutes a person? A person in the sense in which the term has been used when applied to God, means a being having intelligence, sensibilities and will. Having this meaning of person in mind, is God a person? Most assuredly.

Again, this meaning of person is the historical meaning applied to the term. In the early drama, when the actor came upon the stage to represent some historical or mythological character, he at first wore a mask which represented the character which he was representing. In time the mask was laid aside and the actor assumed a dress or garb to represent the character which he was manifesting. The term "personam" was then transferred from the mask of the actor to the actor himself, i. e., the actor became the "personam" of the character and that meaning has come down to our own day.

In the cast of characters of the drama we often see at the head of the cast the caption "*Dramatis Personae*." Some of my readers have seen the actor Booth in Shakespeare's play, "*Hamlet*." In that play, Booth was not himself but the prince of Denmark, i. e., the "personam" of the prince of Denmark. Some have seen Keene in *Richard the Third*. In that play, Keene was not himself but the personam of England's limping king. This is the historical meaning of the term person as applied to God and when rightly comprehended is not confusing, but when wrongly comprehended in this connection the result is "Confusion worse confounded."

God is manifested in Nature, i. e., Nature is His "personam." God the Father. God was manifest in Jesus the Christ, in all the fullness belonging to the nature of man, i. e., God the Son. God is manifest in the souls of men (not yet in fullness); God the Holy Spirit. God is manifest in all things, but according to the nature

with which He has endowed that thing. God is in Lebanon's cedar, in Sharon's rose, in the valley's lily, but according to the nature with which He has endowed the cedar, the rose and the lily. God is in the beast of the forest, in the fowl of the air, in the fish of the sea; but according to the nature with which He has endowed the beast, the fowl and the fish. "God is all and in all."

S. A. WELTMER.

NEW HORIZONS.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THERE are horizons for the wistful soul
Compelled in narrow heritage to bide:
I saw the sunset from the riverside;
Then straight I climbed a little flame lit knoll,
And there beheld the golden chariot roll
Through cloudy splendors, bannered pageants wide.
Then from my chamber, I once more descried
The fervid wheel turning the western goal.

And last, my mountain in the east resigned
Her bright tiara borrowed from the sun.
Now, air and earth were merged in eventide,
And I, with them, in peace, while something sighed:
"Put thoughts of far adventure from thy mind;
Try heights for new horizons, restless one!"

EDITH M. THOMAS IN THE CENTURY.

PALMISTRY.

BY PROF. LEO RENO.

PALMISTRY has become the accepted term for hand reading, and, while the word does not cover the science, popular usage has made it correct for all practical purposes. It is the same as Chiromancy. For the benefit of those desiring to know the true scientific name I will give it: "Cheirosophy," from the Greek word cheira, the hand.

It was known among the ancients of China, India, Persia and Egypt as long ago as they had history, and is used by them today, orally taught, handed down from generation to generation. Recent explorations in Yucatan, C. A., revealed among the rock carvings the names and faces of distinguished personages of that age and epoch. Beside their faces were carved their hands, every feature, even to the smallest detail of the hand, being executed with minute care. Under the pictures or carvings, were hieroglyphics stating that life was read from the hand. Among the ancient tombs and pyramids of ancient Egypt are found the same ideas, thus conclusively proving palmistry was one of their most prominent and practical sciences.

The finding of these signs all tend to show the existence of practical palmistry even before Bible times. This science has descended orally, from generation to generation, notably among the Persians; for instance, Abu Cadi, whose ancestors for eighteen generations, or over five hundred years, have practiced palmistry as a profession. The Abu Cadi's, as others, never use any books, transmitting their knowledge by practical demonstrations and oral instructions.

The Bible frequently mentions Palmistry, in many places, referring to its usage in that age (for refs. see Job, chap. 37, v. 7, and Prov. chap. 3, v. 16, and numerous others). Moses, ap-

parently was an adept in this art, from the fact that he was highly learned in the mysteries of Egyptian priests; this we infer from Exodus chap. 8, v. 16: "And it shall be for a token upon thine hand, and for the frontlets between thine eyes." (Frontlets should be remembrance.)

From the breaking up of the Egyptian Empire, the wandering Egyptians spread among the Celtic races of that time a small smattering of the science.

The men of letters of that time, who were necessarily the monks and priests, possessed a splendid knowledge of this art and as early as 1480 A. D. the first work that is in existence today appeared, called, "*Chiromantia ex divina philosophorum academia chyromanticio diligentissime collectum.*" Venetia. With engravings. It is now very rare.

Then the accumulated knowledge of the monks and priests was given to the world. The work was published in 1522 under the name of J. Indagine, a Carthusian monk of Erfurt. Unfortunately, he never lived to see his completed work published and enjoy the wonderful popularity with which it was received. It was translated into the German language and was published at Strasburg in 1523. J. Indagine, whose real name was John Hagan, gave the following title to his work: "*Introductions Apotelsmaticae eleg, in Chiromantiam,*" etc. This work ran through several editions through the century, showing the great desire for knowledge of this character during that time. Other works were published during the sixteenth century, but the titles are not available.

Among the books that have appeared later I will mention two which are especially valuable. "*Mysteres de la main,*" written by Desbarolles, and published in Paris in 1856. A large volume of one thousand forty-eight pages with five hundred illustrations. Certainly the most complete work published. Another work of great practical merit is the work of Loise Cotton, entitled, "*Palmistry; Its Practical Uses.*" Among the other writers who have added valuable works on the subject are R. H. Craig and "*The Adept.*"

Before taking up the practical uses of Palmistry, I trust the reader will pardon my digression in quoting M. Alexander Dumas, the eminent Frenchman: "To learn to know the disposition in the atmospheric variations of the hand, is a more certain study than that of physiognomy.

"Thus, in arming yourself with this science, you arm yourself with a great power, and you will have a thread that will guide you into the labyrinth of the most impenetrable hearts.

"To predict to a man the events of his life by the sight of his hand is not more extraordinary to him who has received the power of knowing it, than to say to a soldier that he will fight; to the barrister, that he will speak; or a shoe maker that he will make a pair of boots.

"The line where flesh ends and the nail begins, contains the inexplicable mystery of the constant transformation of fluids into horn, showing that nothing is impossible to the wonderful modification of the human substance.

"Well, if God has printed, to the eye of certain clear-seeing minds, the destiny of each man, on his physiognomy—taking this word as meaning the total expression of the body—why should not the hand give the characteristics of the physiognomy, since the hand contains the whole of human acting and its only medium of manifestation?"

It is impossible to estimate the value of this science in reading the capabilities and the proper ways to develop these capabilities in children. In Persia today, the successors of all estates requiring commercial management is decided in this manner. The commercial bureaus will bear me out in the statement that there are less business failures in countries where this method is pursued, than any others. To illustrate: in case you were in the hide and tallow importing business and had two sons. In this country the older of the two boys succeeds to the business. In hundreds of cases he is no more adapted to a business career than a sailor is to a farm, while the examination of the hand of the younger son would show exceptional business ability. The examination of the older son's hand shows a musician. Now can you blame the older

boy for making a failure? Do you wonder that it occurred, when you know that he was a musician? Would it not be common sense to put the younger boy in the place and allow him to make a success of it? You say, "Of course." Then when Palmistry will do this, why not, as Balzac says, "Arm yourself?"

How many men and women have wasted a life in the pursuit of a business that they were unfit for? How many are the failures that occur daily from this self same cause? It is not their fault; no, they do not know what they are doing. Practical Palmistry, practically applied, would correct all these wrongs.

In the case of those who heal the sick and afflicted, it is one of the most certain ways of locating the many troubles and their causes, and acts as a wonderful guide to the operator, as it lays the past life bare to judge from as well as the present. Accidents that have happened in childhood, improperly treated, forgotten by the patient, may be the cause of the trouble. As I have gone into the value of this science for healers it may not be amiss to quote from the great Paracelsus, who says: "It is a great error to suppose that Palmistry deals only with the hands, for it includes the significance of the lines on the whole body. Nor is it confined to the body of man, for it deals also with the trunks of trees and with the tracery on the leaves of trees. Every peculiar line, whether in the hand of man or in the leaf, has its meaning, which may save or lose the life."

The following may be of interest to those interested in the wonderful construction of the hand that places these signs and lines: "After the cuticle or epidermis forming the outer covering of the skin is removed the cutis vera appears and is seen to be studded with multitudes of minute elevations, the papillae of the skin. These papillae are either simple, conical structures or compound with two or three branches. They are largest in the palms and soles, being from one one-hundredth to two one-hundredths of an inch high and arranged in ridges; usually they are much shorter and irregularly distributed. The cutis is formed of a connective tissue, in which stellate connective tissue corpuscles and elastic fibres are abundant. It is highly vascular; the small arteries that

go to the skin give off branches to the lobules of fat in the subcutaneous tissue, then penetrate the cutis and form plexuses from which capillaries arise, which enter the papillae and form vascular loops within them.

“The nerves of the skin are the cutaneous branches both of the spinal and certain of the cervical nerves. They run through the subcutaneous tissue and enter the deep surface of the cutis when they divide into branches.

“As these pass toward the papillae, they unite to form nerve plexuses, from which smaller branches arise to form the papillae and terminate more especially in the palm of the hand, fingers and sole, which are the surfaces most sensitive to touch impressions, in the tactile or touch corpuscles.

“These touch corpuscles, discovered by Wagner and Meissner, are the peripheral end-organs of the nerves of touch. They may be single or compound; are usually ovoid in form; not unlike a minute fir-cone; and are transversely marked, from the transverse direction of the nuclei of fusiform cells which are an inverting capsule.

“Each corpuscle and each division of a compound corpuscle is penetrated by one and by never more than one medullated nerve fibre, but the exact mode of termination of the axial cylinder of the fibre has not been ascertained.”—From the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. 1, page 897. The foregoing illustrates the thousands of sensitive nerves that enter the hands to form the lines from all parts of the body.

Many people who are not familiar with Palmistry are prone to think that the lines are all that enter into the general readings of the hand. This is an error; the fingers, the thumb and the general condition of the hand as well as the nails and their shape all have their place in the reading.

In reading, never make an assertion that cannot be proven, thus insuring accuracy in the practice. Make a thorough practical application of the science for every day use. By glancing at a person's hand the palmist can absolutely determine the characteristics and disposition, is able to tell what he is adapted for,

what profession or occupation he should follow; if honest, thorough and energetic, or shiftless and lazy, should he work for him, with him, or should he work over him; by the examination of a child's hand, he is able to tell what characteristics to soften or eliminate, or which to develop to make perfect men and women; whether they should be trained for manual or mental work; what talent to develop or what to hold in check.

Looking into the hands of the men and women with whom he comes in contact, to see if they would be congenial or antagonistic.

To take a look at the hands of his children's playmates to see if they are fit moral associates for them.

To take the hand of the workman to see if he would be competent to do artistic work; delicate work; work requiring strength and solidity, or the heavy coarse work of manual labor; whether he would have to be shown every step in advance or if he would be competent to carry the work through to a successful termination.

In connection with Magnetic Healing, the condition, skin, nails, color and depth of lines, give a correct diagnosis of all diseases with unfailing accuracy; all this and more can be learned from the science of Palmistry.

To read the hand the following rules are observed: Compare the size of the hand with the body, whether the hands are soft or hard, if the palm is square or long, fingers short or long, relative proportions to each other and to the palm, fat or lean, smooth or knotted. Angle and length of the thumb. Length of the finger joints, shape of the finger tips and the condition of their nails. Fullness or depression in the palm of the hand. And the last but not least, the lines which are the index to the inner life of man.

There is only one law for all things in Palmistry, the same shaped finger means the same thing on whose ever hand it may be found, and there are but four kinds of fingers, square, conical, round and spatulate, so this is not at all difficult. There are two conditions, good or bad, thus following the law of nature.

LEO RENO.

ATLANTIS.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

I.

1. Or ever Spain was old enough to stand upon his tottering feet,
Atlantis reigned, sole monarch of the occident;
His subjects wore the proud insignia of intellect—
His industries, his arts, his colleges, his laws,
Were models for the younger nations of the orient;
Atlantis had no peer, his jurisdiction had no parallel—
Austere to every vice, in fealty to each virtue sworn,
Obedient himself to every tenet in the code of Truth,
A benefactor in the broadest philanthropic sense—
He ruled his people by the mastery of love.

2. His sylvan temples were the glory of the world,
And to the cult of Allah every votary subscribed;
The pulpit wore no sanctimonious mask to cloak hypocrisy,
Religion was the bulwark of Atlantian strength,
But it was free from all alloy—
No dogma dwarfed Deific attributes to serve vain-glorious conceit;
The oracles were pure, no musty volume fossilized their lore—
Truth ratified herself without sophistical harangue
And Wisdom held his searching torch in public view;
There were no chosen few—no preordained elect—
No sainted patriarchs—no unctious flattery of men—
No crime-condoning sacraments.

3. Who knew, might teach; all that he knew;
Whoever knew would not defraud his fellow of the right to know;
God (Allah) was a universal God,
A God benign, beneficent, eternal, infinite—

The ONLY ONE, the Origin and Ultimate—
 BEING Himself, uncircumscribed, unsearchable—
 Without a center or circumference, beyond the pale of words—
 Too condescending to ignore the law, too immanent within each
 life

To violate its slightest need,—too patient to retaliate—
 Too provident to damn, too sympathetic for revenge;
 Omnipotent in principles, omniscient in the operation of his laws
 And omnipresent in infinitude.

4. Atlantis was his advocate, a pundit and a seer—
 A master in philosophy, a sovereign in intellect—
 A king in thought, a counsellor in deeds;
 There was no churchianic creed, no civic pedantry,
 No haughty blazoning of wealth;
 Fortune was not a lottery; it was the righteous recompense of toil,
 The certain goal where age could rest his sinews from the stress
 of years.

5. Life was idyllic in that prearchaic age
 And every heart intoned an anthem to the God of love—
 Not Eros whom the modern laureates have crowned,
 Nor Cupid—archer to Caprice—
 But to Amoris, autocrat supreme,
 By whose ubiquitous decree each heart and brain
 Were complementally complete and complementally secure.
 Atlantian happiness was happiness divine,
 Atlantian pleasures never lost their charm—
 Each day was brimming with its own delights,
 Each night enhanced the pleasures of the day to come;
 The pulse of inspiration throbbed in every breast
 And through each sense exultant love poured forth triumphal
 songs—
 There were no inharmonious tones in all the scope of conscious
 ness:
 Emotion trilled her rhapsodies upon a sublimated scale—
 Thought drew incentive from the heart, emotion drew it from

the brain —

Without a blemish youth matured and age declined without decrepitude.

The very air was resonant with joy!

To breathe was ravishment, to labor was to thrill with ardent zeal,

To see and hear and feel were ecstasies—

To rest was bliss, for then the mind was dispossessed by faculties of sense,

And soul invoked such beatific benisons that weariness became ineffable delight;

From rosy dawn till dewy eve the hours bathed in peace,

From fervid noon the midnight drew its soporific balm—

Month followed month in cosmic symphony—

As Nature sung her tuneful lyric to the chorus of the years.

6. From infancy to youth the zest for knowledge grew apace,

From youth to prime it held its eager pace along the ebbing days,

From prime to age it bated not a jot of its avidity;

It never faltered, never waxed austere,

Its virile fires never cooled—

The embers of today blazed up tomorrow in fierce flame,

And thus life lived the golden years from cradlehood to hoary age—

And when Transition held the mystic portals wide,

Afflatus lent the happy spirit wings,

'Till, as the adoleseing moth escapes its cramping chrysalis,

The carnate intellect renounced its terrene shell

And with triumphant paeans soared to Paradise.

7. Yet there were no bereaved, no melancholy hearts,

For hand clasped hand across the shadowy gulf,

And heart communed with heart in still more fervent touch;

The vibrant voices of the whispering dead beguiled the lonely ones,

Beguiled them soon, to rapturous reunion in the Cosmical Unseen;

The waiting was an exquisite suspense;

For jubilant emotion charmed the soul—
 Which, in the overshadowing of its risen love, lived on entranced,
 Nor knew the beatific moment of its own release,
 So rapturous the transport of its ecstasy.

II.

8. The cycles came and went in rhythmic flow—
 The centuries grew gray and fell like yellow grain before the scythe
 of Time—

The Earth rolled onward in her scheduled track,
 Her seasons keeping runic measure to her circling pace.
 Her days and nights upon the dial of the years
 Played melodies in fluctuating strains of light and shade;
 The sun swung high his blazing torch to guide her course,
 The moon hung silver lanterns in the eyries of the night
 And with resplendent galaxies of stars,
 A nocturne sung in shimmering shadow-rays.

9. Atlantis grew to venerable age,
 His scions flourished like the mythologic Gods;
 Their feats of intellect transcended all humanity had known,
 Their valor was the valor of intrepid thought,
 But they were always patrons of the soil, apostles of the sod,
 And by a will-enchchantment, wrought such magical results
 That Earth herself recoiled;
 She shivered as she saw her hoarded secrets pilfered from her
 breast.

She staggered when they analyzed her heart
 And from its crimson veins exhumed the liquid ore—
 She reeled in terror when she saw her crucibles spread open to the
 sacrilegious light of day;
 And when from out her rock-ribbed frame they wrenched the vir-
 gin quartz
 She shook from pole to pole;
 A fatal augury proclaimed her doom when from the pristine vaults,
 The gold was drawn in molten purity;
 She saw herself drained to the wellspring of her life,

And hurled her shuddering form along its path,
Ploughing her sullen way through space;
The more she struggled to escape the more she was convulsed,
The more she fought against the agencies of mind the more mind
grappled her
And wrung the precious treasures from her storage beds;
Her ancient sinews creaked, her mountains tottered on their
pedestals;
Anon, she flung her craters wide and poured a deadly torrent on
her enemies,
She throttled Time and chained him in oblivion;
She thundered till her palpitating sides were rent;
She groaned in agony and filled the gaping wounds with fiery
floods;
She retched and scorching streams of sand flowed from her frenzied
heart;
She belched and deluges of scoria were heaped upon the sand;
She strained in every ligament and blasts of steam tore off her
coat-of-mail;
The winds converged and blew their fiercest hurricanes above the
seismic strife;
The clouds convened and shot their trenchant volleys in the vortex
of the winds;
The ocean spurned its bed and rolled in angry billows to the fray;
The atmosphere was strangled with volcanic fumes;
The sun was choked---there was nor day nor night---
A Stygian darkness covered all the sky;
A life-consuming avalanche of fire and hail
Gathered from all the corners of the earth and air
To wreak their vengeance on Atlantian intellect;
A mighty maelstrom gulfed the mingled tempests in
And quelled the fury of the nether furnaces;
The planet filled her ravening heart again
And drank till every shriven vein was foaming full;
She lurched as if she were a foundering ship upon a raging sea,
From side to side she heaved her ponderous weight

And qualmed beneath the impact of her muffled earthquake shocks;
She plunged from right to left, she rose and fell,
But ether held her taut and forced her back upon her stipulated track.

10. The massive armature that walled Atlantis in
Was split and piled in beetling pyramids;
The granite cliffs were splintered like thin glass
And ground to atoms by the boulder's giant heel;
Land there was none---the fertile soil had melted in the maelstrom's
greedy mouth
And left the naked rock all seamed and scarred and desolate;
The very stanchions of the lava deeps were rooted up
And twisted from their subterranean holds!
As far as eye could reach the bosom of the Earth was covered
with a swirling coverlet of spume,
It parted now and then and showed the havoc underneath,
And now and then it gathered in a towering spout, and tilting, fell
athwart the jagged battlements;
Tornadoes caught the scarlet cinders up and whirled them hissing
to the waves;
The smoking ashes rose in blinding clouds and soared and soared
beyond the range of sight;
The crater trumpeting grew less and less,
But every turret swayed and every pinnacle bent like a bough;
The fastnesses were all unsealed, the caverns were unlocked;
The catacombs gave up their crumbling skeletons;
The crypt its legend told in weird accents to the lurid day;
Grim mummies in their ghastly winding sheets
Were tossed as flotsam on the murky billow's crest;
The smouldering mounds of scoria careened and toppled to the
bellowing sea;
All that was underground came forth to view;
All that was superficial was entombed;
The archives of the past exhumed their tabulated tomes of stone;
The mysteries of ages gone were solved by flame;
The Earth herself told of herself, what erst was never told;

All that was spurious was then and there consigned to nether crucibles,
All that was enervated went as fuel to the furnaces,
All that was vitiated went to meet the vulcanizing test.
Tis thus the alchemists of Nature sift and fuse and blend, till not a vestige of alloy remains,
And then they levitate the refuse by the tramways of the ocean bed,
And in saline solution saturate it countless centuries—
Till transmutation turns the dross to loam for future enterprise to cultivate;
Volcanic chimneys dissipate the fumes and vent the vapors of the laboratories under ground.

PAUL AVENEL.

[To Be Concluded.]

HEALTH THE SUPREME LAW.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

IT is a trite assertion in religious circles that the world is constantly becoming more and more wicked. We are lectured till we are weary about the inherent depravity of human beings. The notion seems to have pervaded every profession and calling of life down to the curbstone politician and the policeman. They appear to regard every unoffending individual as a criminal that has not been detected.

Medical men take up the refrain and describe the human body itself as a magazine of disease, and as a receptacle of all manner of pestilence. Their talk itself is often distempered, and their literature replete with loathsome and direful imaginings. As the theologian discourses of inherent natural corruption, so the physician seeks often to impress upon his auditors the tale of natural proneness to all manner of bodily ailments, and that he, or such as he is, are best able to benefit them.

It has been charged on Paracelsus by defamers that he asserted it to be right, if God did not show how disease should be treated, to consult the devil. I do not believe that he made such an utterance, but it seems to be the gospel of the Modern Medical Art. As if in despair of finding adequate remedies in the world of nature, or by agencies offered to us, and by aid of temperance and personal cleanliness, it has become a favorite procedure to inoculate with virus to induce distempered conditions as a means of curing or averting others. In this way a gang of journeymen practitioners is set to infest every large town and city to poison school children with blood-diseases. It has been explained by Sir James Paget, of London, that by inducing a permanent artificial morbid condition of the blood by vaccination, small-pox may be kept away. Not "will be," for it will not be. Now there are

inoculations for a number of complaints equally vaunted, equally venomous. It is about as moral as the practice of the English rat-catcher, who occasionally, for the sake of future employment, deposited a nest of young rats in a neighbor's granary. Common sense and proper observation demonstrate to intelligent thinkers that such contaminating of healthy persons is not sanitation, prophylaxis or even justifiable practice. We would denounce the nurse or midwife who diffused puerperal fever, and many are ready to resort to extreme violence in cases of violation. Yet the bodies of unoffending children are raped and permanently disordered by vaccination.

If this world is to become a better place to live in, or even tolerable for the purpose, a more intelligent and truthful view must be taken of life and its conditions. Healing Art, the real Divine Science of Medicine, which ennobles the person who knows and practices it, is the higher and not the lower conception. It takes its point of view above rather than below the clouds.

I have every respect for learning, but that form of erudition which makes its utterances in a learned patois needs evoke little respect. I have little esteem for nosologic nomenclatures, but regard them very much as burial caskets in which scientific pretensions are embalmed, which intelligent people ought to bury.

The croaking of Frog entitled him as rightfully to the appointment of Surgeon General of the Animal world, as the mouthing of Greek names for diseases, and Latin terms for the organs of the body, shows a physician to be fit to treat sick persons. Fuss and feathers all.

Life is itself essentially a condition of health. Every function is a form of energy operating to a specific end. Every organ, every department and portion of our corporeal frame-work is constitutionally impressed and thoroughly permeated with a purpose and potency to do its utmost for self-preservation; each has its own depository of force and uses it for its own growth, expansion and active manifestation by the proper discharge of its specific functions. The stomach, for example, with the solar nerves which inform it, has its own source of energy, its building and recupera-

tive apparatus, and is really an intelligent organ in its way, understanding its own wants and able to make them known; in short, it does its own work with promptitude, ease and efficiency. What is true of the stomach in respect to individuality and vital qualities is true likewise of every other organ and group of organs of the body. They all have their own way of doing their proper work; they do it well when they are in good order, and fail only in proportion to their lack of sustaining energy. There is no arrangement in their structure for disease, no convenience for its accommodation, no provision which indicates that it has any place in the general plan or economy. It is an accident, something aside from the whole scope and purpose of the organism. It may only be set down as a disturbance, as a perversion of function, an agency to twist and distort from legitimate ends in our being.

I am aware that the corollary to this involves the conclusion that remedial agents generally are only such incidentally and are by no means so specific that others may not be found better suited and less abnormal. I can not believe in medicines, except as relative in their benefits. They disturb the order of the bodily organism and are tolerable only as they may possibly abate a greater evil. The Medical Art can hardly be believed or expected to expedite the elaborating of energy or to augment it at any given time. Nor can it assume a more efficient and advantageous distribution of the vital properties or forces, than would be made by the physical economy itself if left to an undisturbed administration of its own affairs. It may supply certain wants and provide for certain contingencies of an extrinsic character, but it can not furnish vital resources or even profitably interfere any further with the internal vital operations.

The polarising principle in every plant impels the stem to grow upward and the root downward. The organism of the human body operates according to an end as inflexible. When all its departments are in force there is good health, general and local. When there is a deficiency of energy the health of the part or parts will be impaired to the extent of that deficiency. In a sound state of the body, when all the parts are duly charged with

vitality, there may be considerable diminution of force in one or more departments, without derangement of action. But when the supply of energy is reduced to what is barely sufficient for ordinary use, a further reduction will be followed by disorder. When any part of the body has just enough energy for ordinary occasions, and it passes under circumstances which require more dynamic force to keep action to the standard of perfect health, then disturbance of functional activity is certain to ensue. This accounts for the occurring of disorders of various kinds in communities soon after sudden and great changes in the weather and when persons have been exposed to severe vicissitudes of cold or heat. Epidemics of various kinds, like cholera, fevers of different types, small-pox and its kindred exanthemata, grippe or influenza, are thus introduced and set in operation. The hypothesis of contagion is very largely mythical. The energies of the body ward off all disorder and disturbance while in their integrity, and the evil comes solely from their impairment.

Samuel Thompson observed that the majority of persons coming to him for treatment attributed the source of their disorders to having taken cold.

John Abernethy considered indigestion as the prolific parent of diseases. The colds and various forms of catarrh which abound with us owe their existence to indigestion rather than to contingencies of the weather or incidental exposure.

The mode of curative treatment which at first bore his name, appears to have been based upon that notion. He propounded it as a maxim. "Heat is life and cold is death." Intelligently explained, this maxim is true. When heat or vital energy is paramount in the body, no pestilence or morbid agency can disturb it. Even wounds and lesions heal promptly, which in individuals less endowed, would be liable to be intractable or even mortal.

Emanuel Swedenborg introduced one of his philosophic works with the dogma that "Love is the Life of Man." This most interior principle of our being when considered in its essential character will be perceived to be, as he so emphatically affirms, the very focus of vital warmth. Individuals under the impulse

of excitement or absorbing emotion often have no feeling of cold or heat, or external violence. In such cases they are abundantly alive and fortified against the increase of morbid influence. By a condition of this nature permanent and all-controlling, the stability of the health may be assured.

I know of no prophylactic—I believe in none, except that influence or energy that sustains and promotes the tone of health. The *VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ*, the vital energy, corrects disorder, removes morbid and effete elements and wards off the invasion of external evil. Any endeavor to tinker with a disease-creating agency to avert a possible malady is sheer charlatanism.

There may be some predisposition to disease on the part of individuals who are reduced so low in the scale of physical degeneration that it will require but little more of debilitating agencies to prostrate them. Likewise, as the various departments of the bodily organism are comparatively isolated from one another in regard to the immediate sources of their energy, there is often separate organic derangement. One set of organs may maintain normal activity while another falters. Nevertheless, the body, as a whole, has no suicidal tendency. It employs spontaneously all its energies and all its resources to repair every lesion, to replace every worn-out particle, to uphold every wearied organ. It never slacks in this till utter exhaustion has ensued. It bears particularly with abuses, permits excesses to pass unrebuked, makes up for everything, till its reserve of force is no longer sufficient. The Medical Art is wise, and even divine, while it regards these facts; but destructive when they are overlooked.

The expert physiologist is cognizant of the fact that when a function or any specific part of the organism is subjected to undue exertion a larger supply of blood flows thither to enable it to bear the strain, and to furnish material to resist future impairing. The palm of the hand and the sole of the foot are thus shielded by a callous, and the limbs which are most employed become enlarged in size and tenacious in muscular cohesion. The brain of the student enlarges, becomes more compact, firm of fibre and rapid in changes. Each special sense becomes quicker. Then again; there is provis-

ion made by sleep for the repair of every structure. A healing, restorative influence is diffused over the whole body. Wearied muscles are then invigorated, irritated nerves are soothed, worn tissues are repaired. Silently every torn or destroyed particle is removed and its place supplied by new material freshly wrought by the alimentary processes. Renovation is carried on everywhere and only with reluctance is any of the organism yielded to destructive metamorphosis.

So perfectly is this done, that external invasion is rendered impossible, except through a breach in the physiological defenses. There must be fatigue in some form or other, some impairment of energy, or destructive encroachment would be impossible. Peculiar atmospheric or telluric conditions are necessary to enable a pestilence to go forth on its mission of death. When these are changed as they are certain to be at the recurring of the seasons, the epidemic will assume a new type or disappear altogether. There must, however, be a nidus or matrix, a receptive condition in an individual or otherwise no specific contagion can find any lodgment. All definable disorders require two parent causes, one of which must exist in the body itself, by virtue of its incidental condition. When therefore, the body is in actual health, not disintegrated by fasting or excess, inclemency of the weather or exhaustion, the external agencies of disorder, whatever they may be, outside of actual violence, will be totally innocuous to it.

Beyond question or reasonable doubt there are means for recruiting the occult forces of life. Besides food, rest and the air for respiration, there are other principles which it is philosophic though hardly "scientific" to acknowledge, contributing to this very purpose. The functions which we denominate **MENTAL** are essentially virific. The sea of intelligence about us, so far certainly as it exists with the individuals with whom we are consociated, is a sustainer of life-forces and ever increases them. The universe itself is maintained in existence by energy and we are accordingly subsistent from it. Life is preserved and not destroyed by it; and for every bacterial tribe that a microscopic fantasy can devise or discover, there may safely be reckoned analagous and more power-

ful principles and essences having vital offices to renovate, sustain and perpetuate. Above the clouds that curtain in the human sight there is a golden radiance, altogether the converse of the gloomy, the dark and melancholic.

We perceive this from the qualities and conditions of the mind itself. When we despond, despair and mope, our vitality is depressed, and often in such moods death would easily supervene. But let joyous news, some exhilarating influence come to us, the cloud will be lifted aside; new life will animate us and even waning energy will be restored. Many have come back from the very door of death, have shaken off disease itself, have "taken a new lease of life," from being restored to joy, hopefulness and renewed interest in living. Every one of us is sustained by energy from the "inner man." The vital potency which we possess is commensurate, more or less, with the influence of the interior will upon the physical organism. Whatever energises the will increases vitality. The power of the body to resist disease is the outcome of the energy of the will. The timorous die early, the willful live long.

Much has been vaguely written about the power of imagination. The most extreme cases, such as cancer, rheumatism and dropsy, are recorded as having disappeared under fear or a strong emotion or medicinal action which resulted when a drug was only supposed to have been administered. The idea of the drug is virtually the drug itself. Many of the virtues of a medicine are planted in it by the belief of the physician or the confidence of the patient. Hence one man has found certain remedies beneficial, when with another they failed or exhibited diverse properties; and the pharmacy of one century has proved inadequate to the exigencies of another.

Imagination, however, is not a mere fabricator of fancies. It is itself a creator. It is the former of ideas which are themselves the causes and sources of things as we behold them. The human imagination is the outflowing energy of the very individual's own selfhood. That it should, when active, resist destructive agencies, or perhaps create them, is not a wonder. It is the mind itself

which is all-potent, and the mind is the senior, the lord, the sustainer of the body. The energy incident in the latter to resist disease and destructive agencies is, therefore, from the will, the interior principle. It has its source identical with that. This will be plain enough to those who are able to perceive and are willing to cognise the actuality of thought, emotion and will.

Even scientists of eminence and profoundness have declared this. Pereira has said: "Affections of the mind, by their influence over the corporeal functions, favor or oppose the action of morbid causes, and modify the progress of diseases. The methodical application of them constitutes the physical method of cure."

Unzer also remarks: "The expectation of the action of a remedy often causes us to experience its operation beforehand." Muller, the physiologist, is equally expressive: "It may be stated as a general fact, that any state of the body which is conceived to be approaching, and which is expected with confidence and certainty of its occurrence, will be very prone to ensue as the mere result of that idea—if it does not lie beyond the bounds of possibility."

We have this power of experience sneeringly denominated faith, and treated as though irrational and opposed to genuine science. There is no good reason for this. If faith is as it is described by an unknown writer, (Epistle to the Hebrews, XI:1.) the substratum of things hoped for and the elenchas or convincing demonstration of things not seen, then it is a superior faculty of our being. "By SCIENCE" says J. J. Murphy, "we understand many things which are apparently contradicted by sight, such as to mention the most obvious instance, the motion of the earth. Both Science and Faith are opposed to merely sensible perception, as transcending it; but as Science transcends sensible perception, so faith transcends Science."

I leave the matter there. Human society can not exist a day without faith, nor human life itself. It is the cementing element which holds all in place, and it needs no other logic to show that it is the element of physical as well as moral energy, immanent and not transient.

We are brought by our argument to these conclusions: That it is incident and inherent in the body when in integrity, to resist encroachment and distemper. That this integrity depends as well, if not primarily, upon a wholesome condition of mind as on physical soundness. That the will, imagination, faith, moral energy, may be set down as the ulterior source of this soundness and integrity. A wholesome moral condition is therefore vital to the entire corporeal structure; and after all due allowance for external circumstances and phenomena, we must consider the health, the life, the essential being, as not only the converse of sickness, but its actual prophylactic. It is the merry heart, upright purpose, the energetic will, that doeth good like a medicine, establishing soundness in the bones.

That mind which it is fashionable to demonstrate the conscious is the source of all things beneficial and it affords us our most efficient means of protection against pestilence and every form of physical distemper. This is Health, and health or integrity is the supreme principle of things.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

“DO THEY MEASURE TIME?”

DO they measure time where thou art? Dost thou know
 How the immutable, relentless years,
 Delaying not for human hopes or fears,
 In long processions still come and go?
 When as of old thy summer roses blow
 Art thou aware, thou who art done with tears?
 O, blessed habitant of other spheres,
 Takest thou heed of Earth's hoar-frost and snow?
 We count the years, and tell them, one by one,
 Since thy feet trod the path where silence is;
 How oft the harvest moon has waned, we say.
 Dost thou remember when thy rest was won?
 Or art thou like to the high gods in this,
 That unto thee a year is but a day?

JULIA C. R. DORR, IN SCRIBNER'S.

MIND OR MEDICINE?

BY W. M. STERLING, M. D.

IN writing an article for this Magazine from the practical standpoint of a practising physician, I will use every effort to reveal facts, as facts alone are what we want to deal with. In the first place I will call your attention to what is termed "Disease", and will define it as a condition of the body in which one or more of the functions of life are not properly performed—or a departure from the state of health.

We have two forms of disease, acute and chronic. The former runs a rapid course to either recovery or death; the latter a slow course to either recovery or death.

I will not enter into details of the structural or functional diseases, but will refer to disease in its broad sense. In health we have a physiological condition existing. In disease we have a pathological condition. I will take up for consideration chronic diseases, either structural or functional, and will boldly assert that "Disappointment is the lot of man" who depends upon the effects of medicine for a cure; and after an experience of twenty-two years, I am sorry to be compelled to honestly confess that medicine is, generally speaking, a failure; and I believe that more cases would recover if left to nature's own resources, only assisted by nourishment. And for the last few years I have come to the conclusion (and practiced it), that the least medicine that we take the better off we are. I want to state that I do not refer to obstetrics nor to surgery, which is a progressive and true science.

I claim that medicine is and acts as a foreign substance when taken into the system, and nature's first effort is to expel it from the system; and when nature is taxed to her utmost to eliminate disease, and you introduce medicine into the system, you add an extra task for nature to perform, thereby causing her to make a

double effort, one to eliminate the foreign substance, the other to eliminate the disease.

If we could depend upon the physiological action of drugs as it is theoretically given, we would have specifics, and that would mean a remedy and cure for all diseases; but unfortunately we cannot practically demonstrate what is theoretically taught, for the fact that there are no two constitutions alike. Then a dose of any medicine will not affect any two people in the same way, and as the system is constantly undergoing a change, you could not produce the same physiological effect (in the same degree), of any medicine twice in the same person—and as I say that medicine acts as a foreign substance it cannot assist nature, from the fact that some medicine acts as an irritant, and some medicine causes paralysis of the nerves, as for instance, cathartics act as an irritant and morphine, to relieve pain, causes paralysis of the nerves, and in both cases a pathological condition is produced, which nature has to remedy to restore to a healthy condition.

For the benefit of those who question my assertion I ask a few questions. In any disease, we would ask what is the pathological condition existing in said disease?

- 1st. What is the pathological condition existing in disease?
- 2nd. Does not medicine aggravate that condition?
- 3rd. If not, why does it not perfect a cure, or produce the physiological condition?
- 4th. If it has curative properties why does it not cure?
- 5th. If it assists nature, why does it not assist nature in every case?
- 6th. Does any medicine have the same effect on different individuals?
- 7th. If not, then is every dose of medicine given an experiment?
- 8th. If it is an experiment, then there is no law governing its effects.
- 9th. If there is no law governing its effects, then it is a failure.
- 10th. If a patient has no faith in a physician, he does not

want to treat that patient?

11th. If not, why not, if he depends upon the effect of medicine?

12th. Is it not a fact that truth is unchangeable and everlasting?

13th. If it is true that medicine assists nature, why does it ever fail?

14th. If it ever fails, it cannot be true and must be false.

15th. If it is false, then we do not want it. (Accept nothing but TRUTH.)

16th. When a law is complied with the results are always the same.

17th. The law that governs electricity today has always existed.

18th. The law that governs nature has always existed.

19th. The law that brought you into existence a healthy being, still exists.

20th. A violation of that law produces disease.

21st. A compliance with that law procures health.

22nd. The power that creates man is the power that heals. (*Not medicine.*)

23rd. If you comply with nature's laws, can disease exist?

24th. If you do not comply with nature's laws, disease does exist.

25th. Have you experienced that where disease exists, mental strain exists also?

26th. If nervous strain exists, does it not affect the other organs of the body, and aggravate the already existing disease?

In regard to the last two questions I will present them in this way. We will take the case of a tumor or abnormal growth of some gland. We find the cause that produces it is first an obstructed venous circulation, followed by an undue determination of blood to the part, and as a result an overstimulated gland. It begins to enlarge and the patient's mind is attracted to the part. Anxiety begins to exist, followed by nervous strain or excitement, the appetite fails, constipation comes later, and all the secretory organs are

impaired, and a lowered vitality of the whole system results, thereby placing nature in a condition unable to resist the progress or growth of the diseased part, and it keeps on invading more tissue. Medicine being unable to control, remedy or assist nature in these cases, the use of the surgeon's knife is universally recommended by all physicians, and in this I concur from a medical standpoint; but since I have thoroughly investigated the Weltmer Method of treating these cases (as well as all other diseases) and witnessed the cure of them (the tumor being completely removed) without a dose of medicine or the application of the knife, there remains no question in my mind as to the efficacy of the Weltmer Method of treating disease.

In treating these cases by the Weltmer Method the object is to produce a state of perfect relaxation of the nervous system, arouse all the secretory and excretory organs and glands to perform their natural functions, equalize the arterial and venous circulation throughout the system, build up the blood, establish a perfect circulation in the affected part; and the result will be a disappearance of the abnormal growth.

My object in presenting the above case is to show the effect of the mind and nervous system in disarranging directly or indirectly all the organs of the body, and as one organ becomes affected, another organ will sympathize and also become affected through the sympathetic system. So also if you restore one organ to a healthy condition, that organ will assist in restoring others to a healthy condition.

W. M. STERLING.

THE UNDENIABLE LIFE FORCE.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

LOOKING over an English Magazine, devoted to occult teachings, I came to a paragraph that arrested my attention. The English editor had quoted from a certain American writer and publisher in metaphysics, who had made the assertion in one of his magazines that Mental Science does not always cure. "Moderation," he says, "is the cry Mental Healers should listen to if they hope to obtain the public ear."

Moderation is a word the true Mental Scientist refuses to recognize, let alone to be guided by. And the only reason on which the writer referred to could base his assertion is that he is not a Mental Scientist at all, and, therefore, his healing is weak and ineffective.

There is no limit to the growth of mind, and hence there is no limit to what mind can do. I must confess that its powers, as I perceive their gradual development, actually stagger me. Fresh experiences, as they come to me day by day, disclose the God-like ability born of man's brain, together with the knowledge of how to apply this ability to the improvement of the body, not only of himself, but others.

It was an almost impossible thing for me to realize the creative power of thought. I could not conceive that thought was an actual substance. My brain demands a logical reason for all things. I can accept nothing until I understand it. So I kept reasoning on the subject of thought for years. What could it be; what generated it; if it were substance, how was it that I could not see it? Endless questions propounded themselves that had to be answered before I accepted the truths—I now know to be truths—on the subject.

Without making any effort of my own to experiment on this

wonderful thing, I was pushed forward by the intensity of my desire to learn the truth, until thousands besides myself realized my earnestness, and through me became as deeply interested as I was. We compared ideas, studied various theories, discarded old opinions, and finally some of us became almost discouraged. I do not think that any of us actually dropped the matter; I tried to and could not. It was life, and as life is positive to death, it would not down; no amount of neglect would kill it, or even weaken its budding growth.

Little by little I began to answer my own questions concerning thought. I found that it was an actual substance, and that it was generated by the human brain. A thorough study of evolution disclosed this fact to me. But why could it not be seen? (I was jumping at this question; for it can be seen; but I did not know it then.) However, I obtained an answer that satisfied me, though it was only partial truth.

"Our most powerful substances," I said, "are not visible to the eye. I can see the mountain; it looks too huge to be destroyed by a thing that is invisible; and yet the lightning flash played upon it long enough will crush it as one can crush an egg shell beneath his foot."

Farther on in my investigation, I became conscious that the lightning, fierce as it is, is only the negative pole of a force, compared with which it is almost nothing. This other force is magnetism.

The application of electricity or lightning to the uses of man was easily accomplished; machinery was constructed that became as leadings to it; that held and directed its movements.

Not so with its positive pole magnetism. Nothing could be invented that would bind its activities for the frailest part of a second. It passed through everything, and showed itself to be utterly uncontrollable by any method as yet discovered.

What did this mean? Years of investigation prove to me that magnetism is the life essence itself; that it transfuses all things, and is expressed through all things. The recognition of magnetism, which is the life principle within us and within all things, mani-

feels itself as desire; always desire; desire for something better than we have known; thus leading us toward a constantly improving ideal, and forming the basis of all growth or advancement. It may be called the soul of evolution.

I said that while electricity had been bound down to even the most menial work, by reason of machinery constructed for that purpose, magnetism could not be confined or held in place by anything ever invented.

But while no mechanism has ever been devised by human genius that can use and direct its power, it is a fact that man, whose bodily form is the result of magnetic fluid solidified by the process of personality, self recognition, has the capacity through his intellectual understanding of it, to be able to direct and control it.

Magnetism—which is the life element—can only be expressed through living forms. But so mighty is its power that no person however deeply he may be versed in this subject has more than the faintest conception of the extent to which it can be developed, not only in the curing of diseases and the protracting of life, but in the unfolding of a thousand new possibilities now latent in man and in the world he lives in.

Though no mere work of art has the power to voice this magnetic fluid, which is life itself, and only expresses itself in living organisms, yet the time has come when man who stands at the head of all organisms has begun to find that, as the natural son of this mighty power—being born of it—it is within the possibilities of his body to use it as nothing else has ever used it or ever can use it.

In the building of man the magnetic fluid has constructed the most elaborate piece of workmanship in existence; a piece of workmanship that grows and adds to itself, or rather unfolds out of itself new functions as rapidly as they are required for expression of a constantly growing intelligence. This has gone on until at last it may be said that the magnetic fluid, the life principle which pervades all things and without which nothing could exist, has found a voice in a creature of its own construction.

This creature, out of the wonders of his own mechanism, has

learned to give tongue to the magnetic element of which I have been writing; he has learned to translate it into thought and to send the thought abroad over the world wherever there is another listening brain waiting to receive it.

And, wonder of wonders, this thought is actual substance. That we cannot see it is no evidence against what I have said. We do not assume that electricity is nothing because it is invisible to our half-developed sense of sight. I accept the assertion as axiomatic truth that there is no nothing; that all that exists is substance, and as substance it reaches our nerves of sensation through channels but little understood by us.

The brain is the thinking machine; and thought is magnetism translated into an understandable force that can be made to convey messages wherever we want to send them.

And it is because magnetism, the infinite life essence, is capable of being translated into thought through the mechanism of the brain it has builded, that we can apply it to patients at a distance. It was intangible in its original form, before it had built the brain through which it could express itself; but it is no longer a merely undefined power beyond the use of man except upon the unconscious plane of growth. Man's evolution from the unconscious to the conscious plane has changed his relation to this strange and mighty force that was once his master, so that now his understanding of the truth, which has shown him how to convert the magnetic fluid into thought, gives him a power far transcending any power ever before manifested.

And this is why we heal. The knowledge of this high truth is positive to the world's erroneous beliefs in weakness, poverty and disease. When we have learned this truth beyond a doubt, when our reasoning faculties have confirmed it, and experience has not failed in a single instance to demonstrate it, we are in a position high above that where the masses are standing, and we can speak the word of positive truth to them either personally or by mental telegraphy, and it changes their condition, giving them health in the place of disease, strength in the place of weakness, self-confidence in the place of personal doubts which always lead to per-

sonal ruin; it makes men and woman where only the shadows of men and women were before; it lifts; it enlarges the brain capacity of all it comes in contact with; it is the world's restorer and beautifier and is even today in process of regenerating the entire race.

Mental Science is a duty all by itself. It stands alone and far ahead of the dead thought of the past ages—the dead thought which even yet sways and holds the masses in bonds of disease and death. This mighty science is the only one worthy of engaging the deepest interest of man. Other sciences are merely tributary to it. It is the ocean toward which every stream of thought is flowing, and it is the containant of everything the soul can desire. In this study every aspiration finds a pledge of sure fulfillment.

It is a fact that I never felt one hour's repose, nor one moment's unalloyed happiness until I began to study this science of man and his relation to the Life Principle; the magnetic fluid which constitutes the basic element of all being, and is the fountain that animates not only the human race but every form that exists. I was naturally strong and in comparison with others, I was self-centered; and it seemed that I ought to have been contented. But I was full of discontent that I now know was pushing me up from the dead level of ordinary race existence to become a discoverer of truths never before found, though sought for by many an Eastern philosopher whose name figures in the history of thought evolution, but whose efforts all went astray from the fact that he put his trust in other power beside that which he might have found had he devoted his study to the natural man by looking within himself until he perceived the true source of life and become conjoined to it simply by understanding it; by seeing it mentally.

I was a reader and a student of many things, and these things were all as dirt beneath my feet until at last I saw within myself that I had the key to unlock a heaven of strength that would overcome every form of opposition and show me how to mold my conditions in conformity with my highest desires. At this point the anxieties that had dimmed every hope of my whole life began to fall from me, and the veil of despondency that had gloomed every anticipation grew thinner until I saw the light of an everlasting

day shining through.

I continued to think upon the one subject of man's construction, until the entire process of his evolution became clear as it stretched back into the far away past; from that point I traced him up to where he now stands; and I discovered how every step of his growth was by his increasing knowledge of his relation to the magnetic fluid; a knowledge that constantly drew him into greater strength because it united him with the source of all strength.

When I came to this point where I perceived that his salvation lay in his union—through an intelligent recognition of the situation—with the first principle of his being, the infinite magnetic fluid that fills all space and that is the one and indivisible substance out of which every form of life flows, I was satisfied. I knew that when the race should understand this, its connection with the primeval Life Fountain would be established, and that it would never be weak or diseased or overworked or poverty stricken any more, and that all fear and anxiety would fall away from it forever.

I knew that when it had advanced this far into a true conception of its being, which it could only do through such a study of the situation as would reveal the full truth to it, that none of the frail conditions which rule on the negative side of life would prevail against it, and that from this point onward through eternity it would master time, fate and circumstance; it would become its own creator and the creator of such conditions as those pointed out by its most magnificent ideals. Who will say that the Heaven so long sought will not be found in the fulfillment of this thought?

HELEN WILMANS.

YOGA, REAL AND ARTIFICIAL.

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

OUTSIDE the narrow circle of the learned, the word Yoga was not known in the West until a few years ago; nor were the western people disturbed by the mental and moral confusion that followed in the wake of that word and the teachings it implies. It must also be said, that the accident was unaffected by the good that has resulted from the orientalism of Yoga. The word and its philosophy have been both a "a savor of death" and "a savor of life" to those who have felt its power. The reason for this is that the word stands for a principle and represents a method of life.

It is a psychological fact that words of that class to which Yoga belongs, always create schools of differing purposes and understandings, etc. They do so, because the human mind is double in character. One side of it tends to the real, to facts, and calls for experiences. Another side, only too often, hastens ahead of or refuses to recognize any facts and builds itself a philosophy out of material drawn from itself alone, thus setting up an artificial creation. It is not entirely at fault in doing so. According to the constitution of the mind, it must build a mental creation, one that ought to be a spiritual equivalent to external facts, and, according to its constitution, it must also draw the material from itself. But instead of allowing intuition and facts to proceed *PARI PASSU*, it, too often, hastens ahead of its facts and in self-deceit creates an artificial product and does not get that real and true representative it intended to get, and the material out of which it has built this phantom is only mind-shadows. It is this misconduct of the mind which is responsible for our numerous philosophical and religious dogmas, false morals and injurious practices. It is the fire of our hells and practically the only hindrance to spiritual life.

The word Yoga and the truth there is in it have suffered the fate of being misunderstood and misused in that way. It has undergone crucifixion. Its spirit has been driven out and its dead body "lifted up" and shown the masses that they might worship it. The real in it has been left in its primitive abyss, but its shadow has become the key to many mystic shrines. Its real meaning has been lost, but its form is discussed by sophistic scholastics of East and West. Real Yoga is almost a mystery.

What then is Yoga, real and artificial?

Real Yoga is that force, physical and moral [N. B. The two are one!] which "makes for righteousness;" that "sweetness and light" which "renders an intelligent being yet more intelligent;" which makes "reason and the will of God prevail." It is the way, the truth and the life of the kingdom of God within. It is both form and content of a perfected humanity. It is nature's method as well as goal. It never interferes with our freedom, but is that genius of the world, which co-ordinates opposites so that its great and final End is attained, viz., Being—Bliss—Knowledge.

Real Yoga is that light which both is and is "not on sea nor land." It illuminates all sentient existence and draws it to self-illumination. It is that Life which is, which was and which shall be; that Ocean whence everything came and into which everything tends for a Rest, that is, infinite self-activity.

Real Yoga can be seen most clearly in "dark things," but most of us do not wish to see it. It spreads night over us that we may not see the disturbing manifoldness of an illusory existence, the confusion of everyday life. It lulls us to sleep, that it may nurse us at the breasts of eternal Providence and feed us from fountains deeper and more glorious than consciousness. It uncovers our nakedness in wants, that destitution might open our eyes to see a world in which we do not want "these things" and so zealous is it for our salvation that it often takes away from us everything we hold dear, and often, too, throws a veil of oblivion over our memory of past joy. It often rakes us with pain and exposes us to dangers that we may realize that WE ARE WE, no matter what happens, no matter what winter colds freeze, what storms

destroy, what fires consume or water deluges. Plague and pestilence are Yoga in blessed garb; they are externals, which we ourselves create and which prove our rebellious dispositions and confused vibrations. All mutabilities are Yoga telephone messages out of the deep. We know the voice if we but listen. And drudgery is "the faith that makes faithful," a persistent suit of Yoga for our love.

Real Yoga comes at times as a gentle zephyr and as a tender nurse. Now and then it carols, but whether in time or out of time, it is always that mystic music which reverberates in solitude and silence. Often, very often, it is a strain in the minor key, plaintive and melancholic. Many nations have heard it. The Greeks of old and the Norsemen were familiar with it. All mystics of the heart are drawn by it to "The Fountain of Living Water."

Real Yoga is romantic melancholy in Burne-Jones; divine intellectuality in Shelley; volcanic in Goethe and freedom in Schiller. It is gigantic and heroic in Angelo and womanly sweet in Raphael. It gleams in Coreggio's color and entrances us in Guido. It is a human song in Gluck, celestial in Beethoven and romanticism in Wagner.

Real Yoga is master of life and holds the thread of the Norns. It furnishes the worthless with Sisyphus' stone and destroys both gods and men in Ragnarockur. Real Yoga is the Energy of Existence.

Real Yoga is too often a Cassandra voice. People will not listen to the deeper tones; they weary of the monotones of cosmic existence and call for PANEM ET CIRCENSES. They do not see, or will not see, that all daily labor is Yoga, no matter how mean it may seem. It does not matter that it destroys that which we prize the most, our egoity; the destruction is only apparent; the real ego cannot be destroyed. The more we are hedged in by duties and the closer the circumscription of our sphere of activity, the better for us; it is a Yoga of intensity and makes character. Most people do not desire the real yoga practices, because they are not self chosen and so give them no opportunity to pose as extra-

ordinary creatures. They would rather go to a GURU and adopt some of his methods, provided they are unique. But such Yogas are as a rule unsuitable because they are unnatural to the practitioner; they do not correspond to his needs or inherent characteristics. They are artificial to them, however powerful they may have been to the GURU in his training.

The artificial Yogas are numerous. Every crank has one. The best ones may be grouped under the three common heads as Karma-yoga, Jnana-yoga and Bhakti-yoga, or the methods of attaining the Highest by action, by wisdom or by devotion. It is of course unnecessary to use Oriental terms. Every Christian Evangelist is a Yoga of action, and so is every toiler in the vineyard. Most of St. Paul's doctrine is Jnana-yoga and the transcendental Bhakti is proclaimed by Mdm. Guyon in these verses:

'Tis not the skill of human art
Which gives me power my God to know,
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher * * *
'Tis love alone can tell of love.

Oh, when of God if thou wouldst learn,
His wisdom, goodness, glory see,
All human arts and knowledge spurn;
Let love alone thy teacher be.

It seems almost wrong to call just three forms artificial because they lie so near three similar methods employed by nature in converting us from an amorphic condition to one of order. Nevertheless they are artificial because they are man-made. But, of course, they are infinitely removed from the methods of the crank and the yogas preached by the numerous pseudo-occultists of to-day. It is especially the latter class of yogas I condemn and mean by artificial yogas in this paper. To mention any of them by name is not worth while, it would be an advertisement for them.

As for the three, it must be said that no one can or ought to practice any one of them with the exclusion of the other two. They are nothing in themselves. In isolation they are even worse than the methods of the crank and the destructive suggestions of a black magician. They become real yogas when they rise spontaneously and grow naturally out of our own nature and its degree of development.

Let us follow the real yoga as it reveals itself in those unmistakable motions we discover from time to time. They are intimations of a "love that excels understanding." Love alone can teach us to suffer in order to become impassive, which is one step to the Real; love alone can show us that to die is but another step to Immortality. Love alone can be a substitute for all that which we must abstain from in order to possess Truth, and finally, love alone can control those unruly passions which kill freedom and negate Union with the Divine.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

Transition.

"There is no death, what seems so is transition." 'Tis but the gate that parts the the Bounded from the Boundless Good. Soul—sick with earth's deep anguish we dimly stand, faint 'mid the falling shadows, and pray to enter through. A thin white hand, scarce visible, sways the vast portal and alone we walk from finite Man to God the Infinite—comrade of Truth and Heir of the Unknown.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

BY GEO. S. EDMONSON.

I. LONGING.

FETTERED and hampered with cares of life;
My soul's oppressed.
Fain would I rise from this endless strife
And seek for rest.
Long have I struggled and hoped for peace;
Long have I sought to obtain release;
My heart's distressed.

II. RIFT.

Hushed is the voice of the noisy world;
The day is done.
Trials and cares of earth are gone
With the setting sun.
Silent now in the depth of thought,
Comes the sweet peace that I have sought;
With God I'm one.

III. DESPAIR.

Now comes the night of my discontent:
Darkness descends.
Doubts that are sickening throng my mind,
But hope defends.
Wavering, faltering, on I go,
Clinging to Truth on which, I well know,
My peace depends.

IV. HOPE.

Darkest of all is the hour that comes
Before the dawn.
Soon shall I know that the thoughts I doubt
From truth are drawn.
Then shall no error my mind deceive;
Then shall I know what I now believe.
Behold! The Dawn!

V. LIGHT.

Grandly the light of descending Day,
Flooding the world with its beaming ray,
Chases the darkness of Night away.
All error dead!
All doubt has fled!

GEO. S. EDMONSON.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

AT the beginning of a new year and of a new century, the Weltmer Magazine salutes the public and with modesty asks that share of attention that its merits shall deserve.

The want that it will endeavor to supply is for a high grade periodical issued regularly and devoted to the exposition of the principles of the New Thought in general and of Psychic Healing in particular.

This magazine has for its policy the quest for truth. Its management recognizes that the whole of truth is not contained in any man-made system. Therefore honest convictions, founded upon reason, and respectfully expressed, will be welcomed to its pages. If this magazine should adopt a motto expressive of its

policy it would be: "Whoever knows may teach what he knows and all he knows."

It will be readily granted, even by the superficial observer, that the present is a time of unrest in the domain of thought. Men are beginning to examine the foundations of old beliefs; and the supposed rock foundation, in many cases, has been found to be but sand. Doubt is cast upon the stability of those beliefs that remain; iconoclasts would destroy all; mercenaries, to sell their literary wares, would urge them on. Therefore, the conservative must stand vigilant, on guard, challenging—testing all things—holding fast to that which is good: admitting nothing because it is NEW, but admitting anything if it be TRUE.

To this end the Weltmer magazine will give to its readers the products of matured thought only.

As an earnest of its intention it believes that it can point with pardonable pride to this, the first number. The names of the contributors are household words wherever the New Thought has engaged attention. Others of like renown will from time to time contribute to its pages. In this number we present the public with a sample of our intellectual bill of fare. If you like the fare you are invited to the feast.

Beginning with the February number all advertising which would be carried by any other first class publication, will be accepted for insertion in the advertising pages of Weltmer's Magazine.

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