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WELTMER'S MAGAZINE.

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WELTMER'S MAGAZINE.



FREDERIC W. BURY.

SELF-RELIANCE.

By S. A. WELTMER.

THE investigator is the person who asks a question and answers it himself. The investigator is he who wants to know, who is willing to work, willing to see his own faults and overlook the faults of others. The investigator from this first standpoint, that of an inquirer, invests his own energies in effort.

In announcing Self-Reliance as the theme of this article the first impulse of the reader may be to say of himself, "Who am I that I should rely upon myself? What inherent, undiscovered power is mine? I have always depended upon someone else, sought counsel of those wiser than I, leaned upon an arm mightier than my own."

But when the fundamental principles of Christian metaphysics are recognized, this definition of Self-Reliance will be understood. It will be seen we speak of a power mightier than man's fondest dreams; a power that operates through man in response to his willingness to work—a willingness which has its inspiration in his desire to gain the mastery of himself. Related thereto, is that intuitive sense of method which deters the actor in his second effort in any given line from pursuing the same course which resulted in failure in the first effort.

This power which is brought into expression when man assumes these attitudes, is an unlimited effort.

The man who relies upon himself, trusts the power within him, and that power is God. By a little reflection it will be seen there is no power but God. The man whose personal effort is inspired by a desire to learn, who is not acted upon by some extraneous force, this man has the true estimate of Self-Reliance.

In the Metaphysical world, those philosophies which have appealed to the trinity of man's nature, have dealt slightly with the initiatives of successful effort. Here and there, a general direction has been defined which if followed, would enable man to achieve much. When Cromanus placed upon his school-room door the statement, "Things that have to be done must be learned by doing them," he was stating a general truth with regard to the achievements of mankind. In presenting that statement to five thousand people, not one dissenting voice would be heard. The fulness of its truth would be conceded in a moment.

Not less than one hundred ministers of the gospel have expressed to me their belief in the doctrine of the healing of the sick by "The laying on of hands," but they were ignorant of methods of practice. With them, this belief was not a truth demonstrated by experience, but instead, an accepted fact. They had never made the experiment, not because of any element of distrust in its efficiency, but rather because of their lack of knowledge of methods. Nor does this attitude imply either innate weakness or inexcusable ignorance. The fact simply lies in the realm of man's admission that he does not know how and his helpless acceptance of the situation. Men seldom try to do a thing they have not seen executed by another, nor concerning which they have received directions from another.

Of all the great men to whom Carthage gave birth, Hannibal alone could stand on the Alpine heights and say, "I will find a way to cross the Alps, or make one."

It has been said, ninety-five per cent of the human family are imitators waiting for some one to tell them what to do and how to do it. Wherefore? Because they have been educated to believe that certain people have by some special dispensation, distinctive talents not common to others. In fact that some one individual is in possession of talents that should have been distributed over a continent. This is a failure to recognize the fact that every person is endowed with a mind capable of receiving thought and evolving

whatever is presented for consideration—that through the modus operandi of thought, one man can achieve for himself whatever other men have achieved.

The statement that, "ninety-five per cent of the human family are imitators," has led some philosophers to conclude that man by nature, all except these five per cent, is a creature of circumstance.

Infuse into the mind of a child the belief that he is a victim of circumstance, because, perchance, he seems unable to acquire knowledge by his own unaided effort, and note the result. To a degree at least, his brain atrophies and spontaneity of action dies within him.

Encourage a child to respond to every awakening impulse of power and by the time he is eighteen years of age, the child will be versed in available knowledge beyond that gained in many of our universities.

All knowledge of which man is possessed came in response to the interrogations of the soul.

The system of universal education has given one great philosopher license, as he thinks, to declare that ninety-five per cent of the human family are simply dependencies upon the other five per cent. In that five per cent he finds the world's inventors, investigators, explorers and philosophers, but these are only they who have ventured to step from the great Highway into the unexplored wilderness and trusting to be guided by an invisible hand, have brought again its vast treasure. This disposes of the theory of the inheritance of power through successive generations. There is a possible sense in which this ninety-five per cent of the people might be regarded as creatures of circumstance—not by virtue of the circumstance, but by their own silent admission of choice or attitude. Having been taught this fallacy, they have rested in it, rather than assume the sense of responsibility which its rejection might imply, for to increase a man's capacity for action, to duplicate his power simply adds to his personal responsibility in the same ratio.

So let me declare—these people who are denominated creatures

of circumstance are not such because of any lack of birth energy, not because of any providential dispensation—any design on the part of the Author of man's being that one portion of the race should serve and worship another portion—not because in the general equilibrium of things one man must needs be a leader and all others followers. Under our present system of education, both in the home and the schools, the fact obtains that one child becomes willing to receive the answer to his question from another and to allow another to do his thinking. How often this is illustrated in the school-room, where the extraction of Latin roots, the solution of mathematical problems, the construction of rhetorical diagrams, is by the indolent pupil entrusted to his more active but genial friend, and thereby the grade of the obtuse pupil is maintained at the cost of another's effort.

A talented young lady once came to me for treatment. She had received the finest artistic training, had been furnished large opportunities for travel and sketching and had within herself the power to construct original art forms. Genius indeed she possessed, but it was the genius of indolence. She chose ease and luxury as a substitute for effort. She appealed to me to teach her the magic art by which she could realize the dreams of her ambition. I replied to her, "The picture on the painted canvas is not so much the product of a fine perception, of a latent genius, as of the disposition to trust the innate power and to work out by unflagging effort the art conceptions of the soul. Such conceptions can only take form upon the painted canvas when transcribed by the steady, patient hand of the possessor."

An invisible power has given to the autumn leaves their tints, to the wings of the birds their exquisite coloring, to the clouds in the western horizon their crimson hues. The artist is at ONE with this power, but the artist must also consent to be the medium through which this power shall find expression."

Michael Angelo was once asked by what power he was able all the long hours of the day to wield the heavy chisel before huge

blocks of cold marble. He replied, "I see an angel within this marble and I would give it wings." Michael Angelo had learned the divine philosophy of human effort, even to the extent of liberating the angels from their environment of stone. He who is able to accept this philosophy and incorporate it into his own action, is he whom the world recognizes, not because of his art genius alone but rather the genius of industry.

Harriet Hosmer, the American sculptress, was able to wield the chisel of the sculptor ten hours a day in the studio of the Great Gibson at Rome—Rosa Bonheur, whose "Horse Fair" has been pronounced by the art critics of the world a supreme creation, toiled in her studio at Paris more un-interruptedly through all the long years than toils the laborer who groans over his pick and spade.

The history of all human achievement is the history of individual effort.

The question may be asked, in view of these results, "How much should man desire to know? How much should he desire to achieve?" We answer, "All there is to know, all that has ever been achieved."

"To him that believeth, all things are possible," is the rock on which all successful achievement must be built. To be thoroughly self-reliant, to trust one's self, one must have a definite idea what power is being trusted. All power is derivative. God is the Author of power. He has defined Himself in defining "Omnipotence." Man drawing upon Omnipotent resources, draws upon the Infinite, the Exhaustless. When he trusts Omnipotence, he trusts the only power which never succumbed to resistance, which never was checkmated by any boulder of progress.

To illustrate: To the mind of man through the ages, electricity was regarded a most dangerous and incomprehensible power. To the mind of primitive man it was the thunderbolt of God's wrath. In the nineteenth century, under christian civilization, it gradually dawned upon the mind of man that power was for man's use, not

his destruction. The Wizard, Edison, early discovered that electricity exists in diffusion in the atmosphere, that its presence is universal. At seventeen, Edison was able to say, "I do not believe that such a thing as an impossibility in electrical invention exists." Even the scientists of that era discounted his statement and the press turned his opinions to ridicule. Twenty-five years later, when this magician had harnessed the lightning and driven his chariot of fire through every avenue of darkness in the cities of the known world, the same press which uttered its denunciations declared, "Nothing is impossible to Edison." In whom did Edison trust? From what Source did he draw supplies? The Infinite resources were his and to use a commercial term, "He formed a partnership" with Omnipotence. But these Infinite resources have been available to man since God set His bow in the clouds. Only Edison was able to see in the Rainbow of God's Promise, the Golden Day of electrical achievements.

Man has discovered at last that the power which he trusts is a power beyond human conception, that its scope is unlimited and that it is available to him in ratio with his own capacity to utilize that power.

Christ was the first philosopher who proclaimed the fulness of man's possibilities, but the slow feet of the centuries have scarcely measured the goal where those possibilities are revealed.

One of the strongest statements of the Master is found in those two pregnant sentences, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find"—and as if to satisfy man as to the character of that giving, He puts the question, "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or, if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? And as if the world should misinterpret, Paul emphasizes these statements by saying, "God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ." Thus from Supreme Authority, we have the assurance that all man's needs shall be met within the Infinite resources. But that supply is based upon two conditions, one of which at least, has been griev-

ously overlooked—"Seek and ye shall find." This is Christ's enunciation of the power of individual effort and that effort to be directed in the channel of his most imperative need.

It says to the artist, "If you wish to place upon the canvas a transcript of that landscape which is the product of the Infinite Thought, ask of the Great Artist the power to execute and it shall be given you. The execution lies within yourself. Relate yourself to the Infinite and the thought form shall be yours to reproduce, but God, Himself, cannot give it outline upon the canvas."

"Dip your brush if need be, in the rainbow or the sunbeam for tints, but by your own hand must they be thrown upon the canvas."

To comprehend what is involved in self-reliance, man must consciously or unconsciously have some comprehension of the limitless wisdom, presence and power upon which he can draw for his resources, if he but believe in the possibilities to be achieved through the mediumship of his own effort. Man then, in trusting this power within him, is trusting Divinity itself. Man, then, is only an agent through which Divinity finds expression. The supreme function of life is to manifest to the world the possibility of achievement through man's inter-relation with the Divine, for thereby he manifests to the world the Omnipotence of Deity. There is no power, no resource upon which man can draw, even to the slightest movement of his hand, other than the power of the Infinite, for God is omnipotent.

Omnipotence, possessing all power, hence beyond God there is no power and whatever expression of power there is in man is derivative.

Having discussed the general principle of Self Reliance, let me make a practical application. The little child never lacks self reliance. The new born child is an investigator. I have often looked into the eyes of a babe, clothed with all the powers of mind, and wondered what was its first conception of the new world into which those eyes, so late unclosed, are just gazing. Could one invade this realm of the unconscious, undeveloped soul, before it has learned to

find expression through the physical functions, it would be found clothed with the Omnipotence of its own related life, with the Omnipotence essential to its perfect achievement and with that omnipresent energy which would never fail while the soul was executing the mission committed to its keeping. Nor can human experience measure the range of possibilities which lie within the child were its primitive intuitions left unrevoked. The new born spirit reaches out its tiny hand to grasp a world, but every movement is checked by unsanctified lips which constantly cry, "Don't, Don't," and the parent of maturer years who himself has been checkmated in life's original purpose by some other erring voice, vainly thinks that within the path his unwary feet have trodden, lies the great Highway for those who shall come after him. Thus generation by generation, the Infinite design in individual lives is turned aside and the innate power to execute that design is frustrated. Is it any marvel that, like the tracks of our great Railway centers, which become interlaced through unskilled or careless operators till trains freighted with human lives collide and men are pushed to certain death, so human destinies collide and the Infinite plan is frustrated, possibly by the thoughtless act of unskilled hands. But it ever remains true, that, "Evil is done by want of thought, as well as want of heart."

Returning to the little child—the natural investigator—we find him taking risks in the most unexpected times and places which send perchance a thrill of horror to the observer, but if undisturbed, the child is unharmed except by the possible apprehension of those who cannot comprehend the child faith in that power which will not suffer a sparrow to fall to the ground without the Infinite care.

In illustration of this point, let me cite the case of that strange divine, Dr. Doddridge. It is related of him that in scaling a precipice upon an untraversed route, his horse suddenly took fright and horse and rider were plunged over the verge into the depths of the chasm. The horse was instantly killed. The Doctor to the incredulity of all who subsequently visited the spot, was wholly unharmed. Questioned as to his own consciousness of protection, he

replied, "I believe in Him who has promised that not a sparrow shall fall without His notice, and so I think the ministering angels spread their wings at the base of the cliff, caught me in their invisible arms and so breaking the force of gravity, saved me from the shock." Herein is expressed man's self reliance, a feature of experience which has been denominated by man as "special providence," and therefore misunderstood because of the broken links in the chain of evidence of God's protecting care. That broken link, that inexplicable mystery of selection, is found in the absolute self reliance of him who has found the kingdom of Infinite Power.

There is another element in Self Reliance which it is well briefly to discuss. That is, the capacity which one person has to weaken the force of another's self dependence by constantly citing his errors. There is nothing more destructive to human effort than the constant repetition of the want of confidence on the part of one's friends. Every man has the consciousness within himself of some infraction of the Law of his own Being. That consciousness is his remorse, that remorse is his punishment. There is no healing virtue in the citation of error. There is no redemptive feature in the enumeration of mistakes, and it may be asked, "Who is entitled to make that enumeration?" Surely not one who is himself also a violator of the Law. And who is not? Moreover, the accuser often betrays himself in expressing the want of confidence in another. In his knowledge of error, he is able to detect its manifestations, but the constant review of a mistake weakens the consciousness of self reliance upon man's power within or beyond himself. In the philosophy of Jesus Christ, the repetition of individual error has no place. Christ's philosophy builds a fortress about the soul, that it may not be invaded by forces from without.

To increase the individual power of Self Reliance, the soul cannot exhaust itself. The resources of the soul are indestructible. The soul always has its reserve and God is that reserve. He who will confidently draw upon this reserve, will find his own energy as limitless as Omnipotence, and "according to his need," is the di-

vine assurance of supply. But man's measuring line is man, not God. After centuries of struggle, in which the races have come and gone, and within each race or each epoch an individual man here and there has scaled the heights or invaded the depths, has bridged the chasm or tunnelled the mountains, yet the masses, foot sore and weary, have only slowly found their way across the bridges or through the darksome tunnels, which other hands have constructed.

The present is the age of race evolution, age of the recognition that the race is composed of units, that each unit is essential to the aggregates, that the weakness of a single numeral weakens the race summary. The whole teaching of Metaphysical Science is the differentiation of man from the race, of the unit from the aggregate, of the one from the majority—and the recognition of the higher truth at which some seer of the ages has casually hinted that "One with God constitutes a majority." But when the majority is segregated into units and each unit stands alone with God, then God's purpose in individual destiny will be achieved and race strength will be as the strength of the individual.

Of all the civilizations of the world, none other has so made possible the individualization of its membership as American civilization. And wherefore? American civilization is based on that declaration of the equality of man to man, which is the primal teaching of Him who came to bring peace and not the sword.

Under Roman civilization, in the mighty days of her imperialism, the individual was submerged in the state. "To be a Roman was greater than a king," but Rome ruled the world by the power of her imperial scepter. The glory of that scepter has departed, the sword of its conquerors has long since been sheathed in its scabbard. The Palatine Hill upon whose brow the mighty Caesars built their palaces, today is but the mocking evidence of the glory which has passed away forever.

The empires of Thotmes, of Alexander, of Cleopatra, have passed away as a tale that is told. Their courts were the centers of profligacy and power. They were the incandescent lights of

their varied epochs. But the peoples whom they ruled were as the aggregate of moths which flicker within the rays of the arc light of universal darkness.

Under christian philosophy, under christian civilization, in the centers of commercialism, in governmental dominion, under the highest social forms, under the most complete educational systems the world has ever known, man the individual is the center. The civilization, the governmental glory is as man is. It has been the glory of our Republic that when its Chief Executive fell under the stroke of an alien hand, there was no interregnum, no revolution, no storm centers. The nation had a thousand men, not men of court lineage, not men of aristocratic birth, not men of the lineage of the gods, but men born in the cabins, men born under the fatuity of circumstance. But men who recognized no fatuity, who knew no circumstance. Men who recognized the God within them, who felt the divinity of self and who brought from that divinity the power if need be to make a world.

This spectacle of a Nation's strength, constitutes the pivotal epoch of history. It has its possibilities in the possibilities of the individual man. No man who passes over the threshold of his own being and out into the great untried realm of human endeavor, taking God with him, will return to fall across that threshold bringing with him no garnered sheaves. It was only possible under our civilization, under the civilization built upon the basal rock of individualism, whose superstructure is today the world's ideal, for our own American poet, recognizing that national strength inheres in the individual, to write those pregnant words:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.
Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked Brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

S. A. WELTMER.

Expression, The Road to Power.

By FREDERIC W. BURRY.

EXERCISE is the basis of development. Our minds and bodies are governed by a law of circulation; and growth is accelerated when we act in accord with this law, by giving our entire being due exercise and expression.

Physical and mental efforts merge into each other. The mind is ever at work; and its activities always entail a degree of bodily exertion. Our bodies stand to-day as the highest expressions of force manifested on this earth. The greater mental activities which will now be the universal mark of mankind, will be completed with a more superb physical structure. Evolution is unceasing; the growth of nature never stops. Nothing can prevent Life's upward trend. Let us consciously join hands with this movement, and become living expressions of a new life, a higher stage of growth.

We need to govern our mental forces, to systematize and train those thought-energies, which we are now beginning to recognize in their true nature as creators. If our aim in life is to personify in ourselves those infinite ideals which rise in us again and again, we must order our daily affairs accordingly, and devote our time to the furtherance of this object. When we consider how much time is almost wasted on these frivolities which neither instruct nor hardly amuse us, time that intelligent beings should spend in more valuable pursuits, it is understood that opportunities for character-building have small chance to present themselves.

We have all had sufficient dealings with the world to be convinced that many of society's conventionalities are empty; and our business affairs even when fairly successful, seem hardly worth

the anxiety and attention given to them; we do not find the contentment we expected to follow success. The fault is in ourselves. The crown of success is the heritage of every man; he needs, however, to look upon all treasures as servants, as instruments given him to be used.

Everything in life is valuable only for the measure of individual freedom it gives us. Freedom, blessed Freedom! No word is more noble or more suggestive of real life. Every desire of the heart circles around the thought of Freedom, every effort of man is, consciously or unconsciously, directed to its glorious attainment. Conscious Freedom is the cardinal motive of existence.

In the moments of quiet reflection, when for awhile we close out the external world, and meditate on the infinite ideals that present themselves to us, we have a deep consciousness of freedom, which we long to objectify on the earth. The thoughts of strength that fill the mind seek for outer physical manifestations. We have a glimpse of our own creative nature, we come in touch with the divinity of our being, we enter the laboratory from whence the currents of material energy are issued, we come in closer connection with the Source of all energy, the center of our life. Yes, in those moments of meditation, we learn more about ourselves.

Knowledge of Self is at once expressed in a superior condition of the body. If we learn to look on the body as not merely a vehicle of the soul, but the image or expression of character, the instrument of the mind, always reflecting the latter's growth, we have discovered a basis of action by which we may govern ourselves.

Complaints of selfishness are heard every day. The natural dislike to an exhibition of the narrow selfishness which seeks only personal aggrandizement, and the appreciation of the public over any display of kindness, suggest the instinctive recognition in man of the larger Idea of Self-hood that will soon be general all over the earth.

For the world is entering a new cycle in the spiral round of evolution. The few who so far show forth a measure of the tre-

mendous potencies involved in nature, are only in the advance of the whole race—leading the way. Humanity must move together. No individual can move far in front of his fellows. A single step draws forward the whole race. Oh, the mighty power of the step onward!

In our daily periods of concentration, we shall learn what step to take. We must go on; and in the silence, we may discover what moves we can make to our advantage.

The calamities in the world, which appear so frightful are the workings of that negative, impulsive stage which precedes the birth of real intelligence in man. No problem can be solved until the individual awakens to the infinite nature of self. Only by this new birth in there a redemption from the disturbing vicissitudes of a semi-conscious existence.

The shadow of gloom, the darkness of adversity, have no foundation of reality; they belong to ignorance; and intelligence is the one light that can chase every black shade away.

As we learn to look upon all experiences as opportunities for enlarging our sphere of individual kingship, as lessons which deeply analyzed present the most substantial properties for our education, we feel thankful if it has been our lot to be placed in the midst of some special trials, for we can use them to our own greatest advantage.

If you study the career of any great man, you will find that his position is but the production of hard experiences; he had some difficult problems to work out, and the crown of genius was his for mastering them.

All inspiration has been purchased in the same way. No person need go far away for material with which to work. His aspirations open out fields of effort around him. And all celestial inspiring ideals are the result of personal effort.

One's ordinary daily duties are initial steps which lead to the goal of greatness. Let us master them, and we have added something to our character; if we have prepared ourselves for greater

tasks, these first steps will disclose others.

Then, our emotions are conditions which need mastery. Our bodily health and strength depend on a victory over all inordinate emotions. Our fears, worries, excitements once conquered, will mean true greatness, and a calm receptivity for all inspiration.

The various sentiments and ecstasies of the religious are the cravings of a deep affectionate nature for a conscious recognition of Self; these are the same emotions which out in the world find expression in the lowest forms of passion. What power shall be disclosed when the intelligent will takes every emotion under control; those emotions which are in their nature the creative forces of existence.

The student of life is, then, a conquerer from beginning to end. Just as the "survival of the fittest" has been nature's eternal mode of evolving one life out of another, the crown of life ever given to the victor, so for the enlargement of our character we must be prepared to face the struggle. Yet all struggles are eventually for the good even of the vanquished; for it is better to fall than to continue on a mere negative stage of existence.

We have fallen many times in the past. This is the day of resurrection. We are rising into a divine consciousness that we individually are the highest mediums of the Eternal Energy; and by our faithful recognition of our divine relationship, by our courageous portrayal of the infinite forces which belong to self, we shall march into the heaven of our inheritance, a kingdom purchased by overcoming all shadows of ignorance.

We have nothing to fear because we may notice some signs which seem to endow such conditions as disease, old age and death, and other negative conditions, with the element of power. Many people are discouraged, when after a period of careful self-treatment there yet remain the scars or marks of the old conditions. We must remember that life is unceasingly growing, that changes must come in our journey of existence. Then we shall understand that our bodies, our whole surroundings, the entire world, are gradually

changed to the character of our new ideals. If we perceive certain signs of fading, we must recollect that the old must perish, or rather pass through a stage of dissolution into the new.

At the same time, every sign of inharmony is a signal for us to guide our thoughts into positive channels, and in this way help to remold our personalities and environments with as little friction as possible.

There are many who look upon shocks and resolutions as natural essential features in the progress of life. It would seem that these harsh measures were, indeed, necessary for the majority. It rests with ourselves as to whether we shall move upward by peaceful means.

It is true that in the past, nations have even been raised through the terrible hand of war; but just as individuals are now learning the power to be gained by peaceful measures, so the nations of the earth are seeking to discard war.

Love is the garment of peace. Love prevents us from fretting over anything. Love annihilates those imps of anxiety. Love heals every scar, and gives the tint of beauty to all creatures. Love is the sunshine that penetrates every crevice, waiting only for us to be receptive to its influences.

We must place love on a pedestal of authority, side by side with intelligence, if we would out-picture, here and now, the bright ideals ever rising before us. We must harness the forces of the universe, making them servants to the developed intelligence. And all forces are in reality activities of Love. Some instances of personal devotion, which closely investigated prove to be selfish sentimental emotions, may be said to be Love's activities unguided by intelligence. Personal loves are right and natural, but when they are of that exclusive nature which shuts out one's interest for aught else, they betoken infatuation; and this is mental slavery. Love at its best, is that universal friendship which makes a man consciously one with all.

Nothing but intelligence can so guide the emotions of men

that they become of that tender, affectionate and practical kind which belongs alone to the love of friendship. The chaotic passions of extreme and exclusive love, when the person's interests are bound in some single narrow radius, are the cause of many calamities in private life. In nations a similar abnormal sentiment is often the cause of that frightful disaster, war.

Love for family or country is a false love when it means at the same time, jealousy, and even hatred for all outside these narrow limits.

How different is that infinite love which consciously views all nature as a unit, extending the thought of kinship to all creations and kingdoms of life. How at-home one feels in this beautiful world, when every object around is recognized as bearing a relation to us, and in fact identically one with our own life.

With such a thought of unity, we can never feel lonely. To be alone, only means to come into closer realization of the one life. The conception of Self then becomes interpreted as the birth of a universal consciousness. And this new birth does not swallow up the personal, but makes it the expression, the image of the one universal life.

To conceive of Self in this sublime light, seeing in Self the intelligence, the power, the God of the universe, is surely a vision beyond which imagination could never soar. And the knowledge that such a conception is not merely a figment fancy, but the one idea which is stamped with eternal truth and reality, suggests at once to what unlimited practical purposes it may disclose the way.

Every ideal resolves itself into this self-knowledge. All the activities of life tend in the direction of this goal. Yes, every desired solution of life's many problems comes through this new birth of consciousness.

Then the intelligent individual must be the soul of love. He must order all the affairs of his life by the standard of divine love. Our family and social ties must not be allowed to check the advance of those infinite aspirations which rise in us, thrilling us with the thought of freedom.

We need not entirely throw aside all customs, when we make a bold step in the world our mind has opened out to us; we must ever recollect that nature's law is by evolution, and that whatever new course in life we may feel impelled to take, it must be as a continuation of our old life. This implies that no thought of condemnation must be allowed to harbor itself with us, that we must be prepared to give all phases of existence, whether of the so-called good or bad types, their due value as essential elements of life.

It is a glorious field of action we take upon ourselves, when standing on a higher level than the majority, we order our affairs by the standard of our new conception of being. The recognition of unity, which is the recognition of love, must find expression in those unselfish deeds, admired by all men though few make much effort to emulate them.

Love is no longer considered as an empty sentiment, but as the one principle of existence, the one emotion stamped by science as a vital force.

Intelligence is the interpreter of love, the crown of love. The thought or word or deed expressed by love is recognized as a definite living force, which cannot but enhance the character of the one who gives out this vital current of energy, and at the same time benefit in corresponding degree the one who makes himself duly receptive.

All existence is known to be a series of activities, and our personal selves will be the picture of the character of our activities.

Every desire of the heart is for a larger conception of life. Every new experience we seek, every pleasure, every studious research, has as its object a personal consciousness of a more abundant life.

Since the discovery and application of the electrical forces of nature, life has been presented to us in newer light; electricity, while enlightening our outer world at night, has cleared up many obscurities from our mental vision.

Its wonderful powers prove that this great force of electricity

is a mighty experssion of the one eternal life-principle, which finds its highest manifestations in man.

What a vast storehouse of energy is each individual man! Each atom of his body is a point of electric energy, vibrating in a vortex of the highest etheric substance.

Let us learn to view the surrounding forces of nature, harnessed by man, as types of the infinite energies latent or active within his own being. Let us look around, and see in every form of life or power, a symbol of the force contained in each one of us.

Existence requires the consciousness of both positive and negative life, for its completeness. These dual elements constitute the activity of the Love-principle; and the consummation of all life is a birth of consciousness.

New life means a new birth, a new relationship of the ego to external conditions. The world presents a scene of periodical births and deaths. A glance at the vegetable manifestations of life, which are the embryonic first-fruits of the organic structure that finds its highest form in man, disclose a great law of nature, the law of continuous evolution.

Life cannot stand still. Motion is the first cause and necessity of all existence. If one form appears to die, it only evolves out of its disintegration a birth of another form.

We watch the trees shed their leaves in autumn, we observe the whole vegetable creation apparently dead throughout the winter, but we know by past experience, that in the spring a new and fuller life will rise from all these conditions which now appear inert.

There is no death! And yet, those shadows, those "passings over," they seem so real, so substantial; and death is therefore exalted as a power in the universe, whose dominion is supreme, whose coming is certain.

When we deny the existence of death, we mean that all reality is living, that all substance is a vital substance; we do not infer that the phenomenon called death is an illusion; it is indeed

real, as a shadow is real, and its extinction from our midst will come by the extension of consciousness, which shall flash its rays of light, annihilating every shadow.

Life is light. Light in its broadest sense means the recognition of life. The electric forces which manifest in the form of light in the external world are also the illuminating energies within man's own being. The material and mental energies of existence are one. The same force that illumines the earth also illumines the mind of man; and man's body reflects the light and sunshine as fast as it is generated in the matrix of the mind.

Growth, in the earliest stages of our existence, is slow; the whole world presents a scene of partial chaos in its infancy of semi-consciousness. Man, crowned with intelligence, alone has power to restore order and peace, and thus hasten the world's growth to a plane of harmonious conditions. The forces of nature must be guided by the personal directorship of man, ere they become the redeeming and saving forces they always are in their natural potency.

The extension of man's life, when individually he can feel and know himself as master of all the various energies within and without him, as fast as he rises to a condition of ripened intelligence, is the noblest ideal we can conceive of. It means not only a prolongation of existence, but a fuller recognition of existence, a recognition that brings with it enlarged power.

Such an extension means a widening of our vision into ever expanding realms of consciousness, the enlargement of our personal dominion over all conditions, until we put every dark shadow and terrifying spectre under our feet, standing at the apex of Being in that divine knowledge which is Power.

Perhaps some of us are at times over anxious to acquire this knowledge, which means so much for the one who possesses it. We spend long hours studying voluminous works which treat of life and its causes, eagerly searching for the light that shall make our path clear.

And yet we have to learn that the key to knowledge in its broader and practical sense does not exist in text-books compiled by men. They have their own value, but a profound research into the deep recesses of our own nature is worth far more than the study of books. Listening to the intuitive suggestions that rise in our moments of silence is of greater value than listening to the orations in lecture halls.

Nature, in its ceaseless activities throughout the universe, presents to the earnest seeker after Truth, a portraiture of life's causes, that far outrivals even the discoveries of our modern scientists.

We are often surprised at some unusual so-called gift of genius, manifesting in an unlearned person a degree of intelligence superior even to men who have studied hard for years. People are surprised at such a phenomenon, and do not try to explain it, but look upon it as a freak and abnormality that comes by chance. Too often such gifts of genius are accompanied with many undesirable emotions and passions that they even at times consider them as marks of insanity. Still, the powers of genius are so undeniably great, while their origin is sometimes wrapped in mystery, that we are impelled to the conclusion that genius is a mark of the divine excellence.

Genius is the key that opens the door of every temple of treasure; and genius is the birthright of all.

We are here to learn by experience the road to genius. We are here to manifest, one by one, those energies of the mind, which only need the leadership of our intelligent will to become infinite in their power as creators of new fields, new worlds.

Let us but grasp our opportunities, live out our Ideas—express, exercise ourselves. Then shall a mighty shower of long dormant energies electrify our surroundings, and without as well as within, we shall give birth to a wonderful new life and order.

FREDERIC W. BURRY.

The Sacrifice fo Iphigenia.

By ANGIE F. NEWMAN.

THE destiny of Iphigenia and the Fate of the Nations with which her history is so indissolubly connected, bear such intimate relations to the national faith of the peoples involved, that to a perception of the unity of action and the might of racial thought, a review of their mythological systems is essential. To this review, this number of the serial is directed.

Who then, are the gods of the great mythological systems of Egypt, Greece and Rome? The readers of this magazine believe in one God, the universal Father. That faith is so simple, so natural, it is difficult to think time was when that faith was but a latent germ. Nor is it a light thing to trace the mysteries of its evolution. First, a divine sacrifice, the costliest Heaven could give and at sight of which, in the firmament, sun, moon and stars, veiled their faces. Upon every leaf and bud and blossom of the fair earth fell the death tint, and the dead, clothed in the sandals of Immortality, once again, made foot-prints in the Halls of Time. A little later, for those who ventured to announce their allegiance to the slain Christ, were made ready the Mamertine prison, the Roman Catacombs, the Gladiatorial Arenas, the Pyrotechnics of Nero, the Fagots of Florence and Constance. But gradually it crept in upon human thought, the propitiation once made, there was no more sacrifice. The fire of the martyys kindled the smouldering embers of faith in the human heart, and trust became universal.

But what of those far away peoples of whom the ages have left us only the mirage? What of the Gods of classic literature, of ancient and modern art? The Gods of the sea, the air, the seasons, Gods of war and of peace, of storm, of fire, of famine, of har-

vest; the Mighty Gods, the path of whose chariot wheels were the cloudlet's margin or the billow's crest? Gods who in their banqueting halls feasted upon ambrosia and drank nectar from golden chalices, whose nuptial couches were the foam of the sea, or the sunbeam of the morning; Gods whose kingdom was universal, whose sentinel watch was set on Aurora's minarets, or in Plutonian shades; Gods, who with mighty strides stepped from their aerial palaces to their throne-rooms in the sea depths; Gods who were visible or invisible at will, who could transform themselves into the eagle, to swoop down upon the assassin and bear away his weapons, into the graceful swan, to decoy the incautious bather, or in the armor of the crested warrior upon the field of carnage to strike terror in hostile ranks; Gods who though in physical form, were unfettered by the laws of physical growth, as Mercury—the cup bearer of the Gods—who was born in the morning, invented the lyre in the afternoon and played upon it at the Court of Jupiter the following day; Gods who exacted tribute of men, if the clouds withheld their moisture, the winds untied themselves for a frolic, or a deep calm lay upon the face of the deep; Gods who were avengers of human wrongs or instigators of atrocious deeds, who forged the battle-axe, or directed the arrows of contending armies at will; Gods of human passions and caprices, whose altars ran with blood of the pestilence was stayed till the blistering sun cooled its fever; Gods at whose shrines Emperor or plebeian alike knelt in suppliance, and whose festive or votive offerings swallowed up the revenues of kingdoms?

It may be asked, shall that nation whose "A. D." constitutes the national recognition of the one true God, give thought to the ravelling remnants of dead faiths? If not so, then both the dead and living languages taught in our schools are unintelligible. In this age of rapid—all things—the classic treasures once available only to the student, or the tourist, are object lessons to youth. Who can understand the Laocoon group at the Corcoran, a copy of the Vatican original, who has not read the *Aeneid*, or "Vulcan forg-

ing the arms of Achilles" in the Book-walter collection at Cincinnati, who knows nothing of Homer? And to such, a thousand other groups in the parks and gardens, galleries and museums of our own land, are meaningless clay. The famous sculptors and painters of all lands, and all ages, have revelled in mythological subjects. Summer European trips for the students of American schools are multiplying annually. He who travels without Godly knowledge is without an interpreter. Nor need the student wait till he has mastered the language. A child may wander with Pope or our own unequalled Bryant among the Trojan slain, or with Dryden, join the fleet of Aeneas for a visit to the Carthaginian Queen.

Greek and Roman Mythology.

The voice of inspiration hath declared, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

There is no earlier period for the speculation of the geologist or the theologian than the beginning. Revelation, the highest authority because it is God's own testimony as to what He Himself had performed, asserts that "God created." But man, barbarous or man civilized, has in all ages projected his own theories as to the beginning of things terrestrial, many of which are of a type of that oriental hypothesis that the earth rests on the back of an immense turtle. But the Greeks, borrowing from the Egyptians, constructed a system of mythology which the Romans later modified and adopted, which, while it holds all the elements of the marvellous, yet at least, challenges our admiration for its cohesiveness. And what do the Greeks say of their Gods? Under the Greek conception of the beginning, there is first, Chaos or space. By some mysterious, undefined process, the Earth came forth from Chaos. The next step in the personification of nature, Uranus (Coelus), the heavens, united in marriage with Tellus, the earth. Of this union were born the Gods. Of their offspring, forty-five in number, the twelve eldest were called Titans, gigantic in stature and of phenomenal strength. All the children of Coelus and

Tellus, married and intermarried, and became mighty in dominion. Coelus, disturbed by the striking achievements of his children, became apprehensive lest they should conspire to dethrone him. Hence, for his personal protection, as his younger sons were born, he cast them at birth into Tartarus. In the *Theogony* of Hesoid, Tartarus is a world prison—far remote from earth, whither transgressors were borne and where they remained under "expiation."

Virgil held that Tartarus was the place of punishment for a given class of offenders; traitors to country or friendships—the disloyal to parents, etc. Under both Greek and Roman conception, Tartarus is a deep void beneath the earth, not wholly inaccessible to mortals as indicated in the story of Orpheus, who went to this realm to receive his lost Eurydice and bring her again to earth. It was possible, moreover, for mortals to attract the attention of their friends in this underworld by heavy concussion upon the earth's surface.

There was still another conception of the Greeks, sustained in the *Odyssey*, that Tartarus, or Hades, was a region far to the West. After the simile of the setting sun, it was the region of darkness—as the East of light. This was the Egyptian conception. Their pyramids were always built to the west and on the west side of the Nile.

Tellus, the mother of the Titans, unable to restrain Coelus and terrified at the destruction of her babes, devised a scheme whereby she hoped to protect the children and deter Coelus from farther aggression upon the rights of the elder children. She called a counsel of the Titans, sat in judgment upon the conduct of the father and urged that he be deposed. The counsel was divided, but the young prince, Cronus (Saturn), the bravest of the Titans, impelled possibly by personal ambition as well as motives of defence, acted upon the counsel of Tellus, conspired against the king, placed him in chains and Cronus assumed sovereignty. Cronus, meantime, had married a very charming Goddess by the

name of Rhea. Coelus, furious at his imprisonment, uttered the bitterest denunciations against Cronus and prophesied his own overthrow. The oracles had been consulted and it was their inflexible verdict that Cronus would be subsequently dethroned because of his infidelity to his father. But Cronus was too busy in the extension of his kingdom, to build Round Towers for the immolation of ambitious princes, as some later kings have done; and so, as male children were born to him, he, unceremoniously swallowed them. What vast revenues might have been conserved the governments of the world, in munitions of war, guillotines and the like, if the adoption of this method had become universal. But note how one wicked purpose is born of another, till tragedy succeeds tragedy for generations.

No king can bind with chains the flying feet of Sin. Queen Rhea had already given birth to five sons, all of whom had met this terrible fate. But Rhea was unaware of the concession of Cronus to his brothers, that the title to the throne should not inhere in the lineage of Cronus, and that in the event of male children being born to him, they should be immediately destroyed. Rhea's sixth child, a son also, was of remarkable physique and great beauty. It was the natural impulse of the mother to preserve its life, even at cost of that reception which might involve the life of her husband. Rhea wrapped an image of stone, in infants robes and gave it to Cronus, which he swallowed without examination. The babe was secretly conveyed to the shepherds who dwelt upon Mount Ida in the Island of Crete. But this babe in swaddling bands was the Child of Destiny, the mighty Jupiter of subsequent years. He was fed upon the milk of goats, reared and educated by the shepherds. Lest the place of concealment be betrayed by the cries of the babe, Rhea with great discretion had ordered that musical instruments be constantly played beyond the mouth of the cave in which the babe was concealed.

Among the Gods, time was not a factor in physical evolution. Within a year, Zeus (Jupiter) had grown to mighty stature and his

young blood burned with revenge for the destruction of the lives of his brothers. Two of the brothers and two of the sisters of Cronus joined the confederacy with Zeus, and Cronus was dethroned.

Zeus then put on the purple robe, brought into subjection all the forces arrayed against him and the universal dominion of Zeus was forever established. Cronus was banished and Zeus divided the empires of the sea, the heavens and the infernal regions with his brothers, Neptune and Pluto, whose lives had been restored by strategy. He gave to Neptune the dominion of the sea, and to Hades (Pluto) the lower regions; each having jurisdiction over the destinies of their respective realms. Poseidon (Neptune) the Sea Nymphs and the Gorgons, and Hades (Pluto) the Parcae (Fates) and Erinnyes (Furies). Hence, came the Hades of classical literature, gracefully denominated by Edgar A. Poe in "The Raven," the "Nights Plutonian Shore." Be it remembered, however, that Pluto is not the devil of christian theology. The conception of his imperial majesty was reserved for later and more enlightened conceptions, than any evolved in the mysticism of the ancient Greeks. Nor was Hades (the modern hell) altogether the home of the unreturnable, as will be noted by the following incident. Pluto was simply the sovereign of supreme authority over the souls of his dominion. Pluto was of personality and rank with the Gods of the realm of Zeus. An anomalous experience is recorded of Pluto in his search for a wife. He had been in great favor with the Goddesses, and not infrequent were his armours within the Court of his brother, but when Zeus assigned him to the throne of Hades, the Goddesses resisted the fascination of his wooing. To become Queen and sit with stately Pluto upon any throne might well be regarded the opportunity of the irresistible, but to accept a crown which must be worn in Hades involving isolation from other Courts, was a proposition which smote upon the heart of the most sensuous Goddess, and which blanched the lips and paled the crimson blush on the cheeks of the graceful Pluto. But men are

resourceful in wooing, surely not less so, the Gods. Undismayed, Pluto sitting in his chariot of gold drawn by four richly caparisoned steeds, reigned by charioteers in the livery of his court, traversed the fairy parks and gardens of that fairest of all lands, inviting by the magnificence of his equipage the scrutiny of the most careless eye. On a summer evening, under the softness of Italian skies, touched by the glow of a Sicilian sunset, Pluto thus leisurely rode by the sea about the most enchanting nooks in the far famed Isle of Sicily. Upon the Island is a delicate lake called by the ancients, Cyane, whose limpid waters mirror the opaline tints of the sunset clouds. Along its banks grew flowers of wondrous fragrance. Hither came the Goddesses to bathe in these perfumes and know the enchantment of their own personality mirrored in the beautiful waters. Within a wayward nook, close by the water's brink, Pluto suddenly discovered Proserpine accompanied only by her personal attendants who were gathering the rarest of flowers which they bound in girdles about the delicate throat of Proserpine. Now Proserpine was the daughter of Ceres, the stately Goddess of Vegetation. Her father was the mighty Jupiter. The fame of her wondrous beauty and the dignity and sweetness of her life were not unknown to Pluto. He commanded his charioteers to immediately rein their steeds. Pluto clad in the robes of royalty, sprang from his chariot at the opportune moment, lifted Proserpine in his graceful arms and bore her to his chariot before her lips, had they so purposed, could frame the slightest protest. On the brink of the lake, Pluto struck the receptive waters with his trident and opened a royal path to his kingdom beneath the seas. The waters closed tenderly over them and refused to give up their secret of love. Ceres, alarmed at the absence of her daughter, wandered about the earth in search of her lost child. At last, Ceres came one day to the banks of Cyane whither came all the Goddesses in their moments of revelry, to watch the sea nymphs, lifting their white arms in the foam of the sea, wooing the thoughtless wanderer to their caverns of pearl in the sea

depths. Ceres suddenly noticed something afloat upon the waters. It was discovered to be a fragment of the girdle of Proserpine. What it signified, Ceres was unable to determine until the nymph Arethusa, in pity for the mother's sorrow, related to Ceres the abduction of Proserpine of which she had been witness. Ceres went in hot haste to Zeus (Jupiter) and with such tears as only dim the eyes of fair Goddesses and fairer women, pleaded with him for the restoration of her child. Zeus, conscious of the dignity of a throne, the matchless virtues of Pluto, assured Ceres that it was no light honor to share such crown and throne with such king and husband in domain so vast and with prerogatives so limitless. Ceres was in despair. To her the words of Zeus were as a two-edged lance and she determined to teach the Mighty Zeus that the hand of woman might also bear a sword which if unsheathed from its scabbard, should not again be returned until it had executed its mission.

Ceres decided upon her method of revenge. Each God and Goddess was absolute in power in their own realm. As Goddess of Vegetation, Ceres cursed the soil that it should not bring forth. So all that year, not a blade of corn grew upon the earth and the moan of fainting women and hungry children could not be silenced. Ceres was inexorable. Zeus summoned her to his Court, and offered a compromise which was accepted. By its terms, Proserpine should be permitted to pass six months of each year upon the earth at her mother's Court, the other six in Hades as Queen on Pluto's throne. Zeus summoned Pluto and the terms of the treaty were ratified and peace and plenty came again upon the earth. The meadows of the valley put on their emerald tints, the waters of the brooklets returned to their withered banks, the song of the birds was heard again in the budding forests, and the butterfly gathered its sweets from the perfumed flowers by the waters of Cyane.

We may pause a moment to record the divinity of opportunity. Proserpine fulfilled an important mission, not only as Queen but

as benefactor to the subjects of her husband's realm. To Proserpine was committed the divine function of dissolving the mysterious union between the soul and the body whereby the soul could enter upon its untrammelled existence. This function, simple as it may seem, carried with it far reaching significance whose thought force has not yet died from the races of men. This function consisted solely in ministration in the death chamber by cutting a hair from the head of one upon whom the Angel of Death had set his signet. Thus, the death struggle was averted and the joy of transition was substituted for its agony.

Through this tradition came the ancient custom of strewing the hair of the deceased about the Chamber of Death, as an offering to Proserpine; then to tie it as we moderns tie crape, upon the outer door to indicate that death is within. In some Oriental countries under the force of this tradition, it was customary to call a priest, who should "Cut some hairs from the head of the dying that the soul might easily make its passage through the top of the head." It would seem incredible that the modern custom of flowers or crape upon the door where death has entered, should find its initiative in the myths of the buried centuries, yet such is the power of racial thought whose evolution is the initial motive in these articles.

Prof. Weltmer And His Philosophy.

AT a recent dinner at Hotel Loehr in the city of Nevada, given in honor of Prof. and Mrs. Weltmer, at which thirty covers were laid, the Associate Editor of the Magazine was invited to respond to the Toast

"Prof. Weltmer and His Philosophy."

It is given place in the Magazine by request of the guests as such an exponent of Prof. Weltmer and his philosophy as finds complete response in the consciousness of all those whose happy fortune it has been to listen to his lectures.

Mrs. Newman spoke as follows: "I am asked to speak of Prof. Weltmer and his philosophy. No theme could be more in consonance with this occasion. However, I am but a shadow in this presence. Yet a shadow is only possible in the presence of the sunbeam and I am happy in being the shadow in the presence of such a sunbeam. The most striking feature of the Weltmerian philosophy is in that it takes the discord out of one's nature. It restores to equilibrium both the physical and mental forces and thereafter nothing jars. Of all God's creations, man is the unsatisfied. He covers himself with interrogations. The violet is content to bloom in the valley sung to its slumber by the murmur of the valley brooklet. The eidelweiss is content to bloom in the Alpine summits, drawing its tint from the snows and slumbering amid the ice craigs, never questioning why it had not found its life in the valley. Nor does the violet ask from its lowly bed why it may not have had the vision of the regions which the summits lend. In all human experience, there is an ever present, unanswered Why. And so the mind of man has constructed many philosophies,

trusting to one and another that he might find the solution which the interrogation imposes. The most primitive religions, the most abstruse philosophies have each embodied within themselves this effort of man. Each has contained some germs of truth but these germs were fragmentary and buried beneath so much that is worthless, that the heart of man has not been satisfied.

The Theosophists in their seclusion, in the heights of the Himalayas, have found the solution in man's re-incarnation through millions of years. In each successive incarnation he pays the penalty of the wrongs of the preceeding incarnation until in some final impossible period, his debts are paid and his purified soul becomes one with the Great Invisible. And this Theosophy is extending its domain through out our own land and in the very heart of Protestantism.

Christian Science, with its army of followers, is seeking an answer to the soul's interrogation, but to many the answer carries with it a newer and stronger interrogation. They affirm there is no pain and no disease and every pulse of agony from every sick bed in the land denies the allegation.

MENTAL SCIENCE affirms it is all in the mind, not matter, and yet the delicate structure of the human organism utters its continual protest.

The Christian Church, denying all these, has swung to the other arc of the pendulum and its faith curists, disowning all effort of man, call upon the Infinite God to meet man's needs. Each of these faiths, and scores of other 'isms' and creeds, which through the ages men have constructed, have in them some germ of truth. But this germ is buried beneath extravagances, exaggerations, which test the credulity of other than an exceptional few. The Weltmerian philosophy is devoid of extravagances. It does not test the credulity of a single soul. It is the philosophy of the NATURAL and its truth is demonstrated in all human experience.

The Weltmerian Philosophy is the gathering into one treasure-house of the rubies and emeralds of all philosophies. Its truths

are the diamonds of God's thought. Other philosophies, each in their turn, have left God or man out of their formulas. The Weltmerian philosophy is a blending of the human and the Divine. It recognizes the kingdom within man which God has established and where, upon the throne of Being, He lifts up the Golden Sceptre to all who hold allegiance to that sceptre. The Weltmerian philosophy is the Christ philosophy, hence is the all-inclusive, the all pervasive, and the soul that accepts it has found the answer to its interrogations.

The Weltmerian philosophy is moreover distinctive. It is neither the co-efficient nor the exponent of the unknown quantities in any philosophical formula.

It does not stand as a numeral in any column of summaries. It stands as a distinctive unit. Ciphers may be added to the unit but the unit thereby becomes the multiple of the ciphers; the ciphers derive their value from the unit, while the unit still stands isolated and separated by a comma.

The Weltmerian philosophy from another view point, is the entirety, it is the whole thing. It is not a segment of truth, but truth itself and he who adopts it becomes again as the little child resting in the arms of its mother. Thus the soul rests upon the bosom of the Infinite and finds its own life in that Infinite Resource.

To him who receives this philosophy, all else is trivial—for under its touch discord and inharmony die and the storm of life is over. It is, then, the song of the lark in the trail of the storm. It is the amber of the sea when the waves are spent. It is the blush of the sunbeam on the angry clouds of the horizon. It is the Eolian harp in the broken casement of the chamber of pain played upon by the evening winds. Nor is it a ministry alone to him of the golden coffer who can purchase healing at any price. It is "the kingdom within," without money and without price. The Christ ministry is always first to the lowly.

PROF. WELTMER AS THE AUTHOR OF THIS PHIL-

OSOPHY is in his personality the exponent of all the philosophy involves. His own life is the great calm of the mighty deep on whose bosom any frail shallop may safely ride. His is the theory of non-resistance. He antagonizes no human beliefs. He simply correllates truth. The man who thinks in advance of his contemporaries in all ages has to a greater or less degree paid the penalty that thought imposes.

I have stood with reverent thought in the Piazza at Rome, upon the very spot where the fires of martyrdom hushed the mighty voice of Savanarola. I have wandered along the historic Arno which bore the despised ashes of that imperial form out to the great sea whose protesting waves bore to the shores of all lands the story of that martyrdom of thought. Savanarola thought in advance of his age but the supreme authority which condemned him to death, after the lapse of the centuries, grants an indulgence and absolution for nine years to the pilgrim to his little cell in the convent of San Marco, who bows at the chair in which sat the great spirit and repeats prayers for the repose of his soul. Up on an almost unreachable summit overhanging the city of Florence stands the Tower of Galileo. Within that tower another mighty spirit paid the penalty of his rashness. Galileo had dared affirm, in contradiction to the accepted theories of science, 'THE WORLD TURNS.' Under torture, he had recalled these words, yet muttering under his breath, 'It turns though,' and so he was condemned to the tower. Far up its rickety stairway, Galileo passed as the night came on to talk with the stars and Him who directed their orbits by His own Word. Preserved untouched in the upper room of that tower are the books and papers now sacred to the world, and any school boy of this generation who would deny that "the world turns" would be sent back to the nursery of his mother for initial instruction. Within this sacred area sat Milton to feel the harmony of another spirit like his own. And as I stood in the midst I said, "Of such martyrdom, thought is born."

In Greece, I wandered about the places of him whose feet have

long since passed over the snowy range of death into the pleasant valley which God has prepared for His Own. Places now sacred to the people of all lands as the atmosphere in which once lived and thought Blind Old Homer, who wandered from city to city singing the songs which came from the mighty octave of his own soul—thus earning his daily bread. Today seven cities of Greece contend for the honor of his birthplace and his *Iliad* is the text-book in the universities of all lands. Yet for hundreds of years Homer was declared a myth and his *Iliad* a weird tale of unknown things. It was my privilege in the city of Athens, as the guest of the wife of the American Consul, to visit the museum with its rows of glass cases of treasures taken from the walls of Troy by that devout archeologist, Dr. Schliemann. It will be remembered, Homer states that during the siege of Troy, the jewels of the court and the nobility were gathered together, sealed in a metallic case and cemented within the walls at a given point. The finding of this treasure would establish the identity of Homer and the validity of his tale. The wife of the consul had received from Dr. Schliemann prior to his death, the story of the discovery. As an Archeologist, he had been at his own expense conducting the excavations at Troy. The cupidity of the native workmen in their findings among the ruins had defeated some of his most cherished plans. By careful examination he had placed the location of this jewel case at a given point in the walls. When from either side the workmen had approached within a few inches of the locality, Dr. Schliemann, accompanied by his wife, tore away the remaining fragments of the wall and discovered the treasure. Mrs. Schliemann gathered them into the folds of her dress and by various ingenious devices of concealment, they were borne away undiscovered. Dr. Schliemann with great liberality presented them to the city of Athens. These cases contained brooches, bracelets, pins for the hair, rings, pendants bearing the head of Minerva, etc., after the exact description of Homer, and thereby the identity of the writer and his tale is established.

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through the known world.

A no less progressive thinker, a no less mighty soul than Savonarola, or Galileo, or Homer, is our guest today. They were but the discoverers of truth, as is he whom we delight to honor, and to the scenes of whose present activities will some day come the pilgrim of all lands to breathe the atmosphere which once vibrated with his thought, who restored the inverted currents of human life and taught humanity the Source of its Omnipotent Strength.

Of Prof. Weltmer and his philosophy, therefore—

'Tis a tale the winds are telling
To every passing breeze,
'Tis a NAME the birds are trilling
'Mong all the forest trees.

And song bird calls to song bird,
"Repeat this name to men,
'Till all of human sorrow
Has passed from human ken."

UNSEEN BLESSINGS.

Father, I thank thee for what has been
I thank thee for what may be,
But I know that better than all things seen,
Is a simple trust in Thee.

The sky is bright and the woods are fair;
The birds make merry din,
But the sweetest melody anywhere,
Is the music we hear within.

The peace that comes on a summer eve,
Brings rest to the tired brain.
'Tis the peace within, alone, can relieve
The heart of its weary strain.

Oh, sweet repose, that comes to those,
Who open the portals wide,
To welcome the peace that ever flows
In streams on every side.

The joy we give, in the life we live
Is measured full and free
By the good we find in what lies behind
The transient things we see.
Belle Taylor.

SPEAK IT OUT.

If you've anything to offer that will aid the cause of right,

Speak it out.

If you've any truth within you that will lend the world a light,

Speak it out.

If the fire is in your spirit and the passion to create,

You will feel it, you will know it. Then to labor. Do not wait.

Go about it with a purpose that will conquer time and fate.

Speak it out.

Should your heart contain a message, make it terse and make it clear.

Speak it out.

If it's new and if it's true, the world will listen, do not fear.

Speak it out.

In the realms of soul, expression is the dominating need,

Tell your thought by art or music, by word or by a deed.

If there's light, or love, or beauty in the product, men will heed.

Speak it out.

Do you say there's nothing new? Some thoughts bear telling o'er
and o'er.

Speak them out.

Just be sure you say them better than they e'er were said before.

Speak them out.

Do you make the weakling's plea that all the changes have been
rung?

Still we are but babes in progress, for the world as yet is young.

On the future's lips are sweeter songs than ever have been sung.

Speak them out.

There are other means than tongue or pen to tell the things you feel,

Speak them out.

There's the chisel, there's the brush, by which your dreams you
may reveal,

Speak them out.

Should you have no gift for these, yet do not deem your quest
in vain;

Be a worker, for by actions men their ends may best attain.

Let the deed be your interpreter to make your message plain.

Speak them out.

Do you thrill with God's great purpose, that impels you to aspire?

Speak it out.

Does the hope of something better burn within you like a fire?

Speak it out.

Never called the world for leaders, teachers, prophets, as today.

If you have, for love of humankind, a cheering word to say;

If your brain contains a thought to help upon the upward way,

Speak it out

—J. A. Edgerton, in Denver (Col.) News.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Weltmer's Magazine for 1902, a New Thing in Art.

The Weltmer Magazine for 1902, appears in new dress—an illustrated cover page. This is an art product purely original with Prof. Weltmer and which at once ranks him as a man of artistic power in the embodiment of philosophic thought.

The nomenclature of the Weltmerian philosophy is expressed in two Triads, the number three having been recognized through the centuries as the sacred numeral. The first Triad of the Weltmerian philosophy has its birth in the religious element and is expressed in the terms—Forgiveness, Agreement, Prayer. Thus it appears the philosophy had its birth in the germ thoughts of the Infinite Teacher. Forgiveness, the soul's preparation for its harmonious adjustment to every other soul in every province of effort. Agreement is basal in the philosophy of Jesus Christ, "Where two of you are agreed, etc. This unity, this coalition of effort on the part of two or more, as essential in all governmental, commercial, social, educational or physical structures of organization. Prayer as the soul's recognition of its relation to the Infinite Source of Being, and its appeal for the unity of effort in the consummation of life's purpose.

The second Triad has its birth in the scientific side of this philosophy (and true science is exact in its formulas)—Intention, Suggestion, Concentration. Intention—the full purpose in a given line of action. Suggestion—the basis of that effort. Concentration—the evolution of its problems.

In the art scheme which Prof. Weltmer has wrought out, he recognizes the chasm which has separated the controversial world. Upon one side, Religion; upon the other, Science; and the thought

attitude of the centuries of the impossibility of reconciliation—the data of science having invaded the hypotheses of religion. Under the Weltmerian philosophy, as represented upon the cover page, the Angel of Peace in white garments stands upon a graceful pedestal with the word, Peace, outlined with palm branches. The base of the pedestal bears the inscription, "An investigator is one who wants to know, is willing to work, can ask a question and answer it.—S. A. Weltmer."

At the right of Peace stands Religion. Peace gracefully extends her right hand to Religion. Religion, hesitatingly, gives her left hand to Peace. Science always inclining to Peace, boldly offers her right hand and is satisfied that Peace extends to her the left hand. Science holds in her right hand a roll of manuscript containing proofs of her investigations. Science has never wanted anything but Peace. Science makes for peace without concessions.

Religion timidly extends her hand to Peace, yet holds in her right hand an Easter Lily, a symbol of the resurrection of power by virtue of this coalition.

Above the brow of the Angel of Peace is inscribed the words, "The Conflict Ended." Religion and Science have found "The peace which passeth understanding." The conflict of the centuries is ended. Religion has become scientific and Science has become religious, under the brooding wings of the Angel of Peace. In this design, however, the Angel of Peace is slightly inclined toward Religion, as having always held within herself the key note of that song,—*"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,"*—which first fell upon the evening air of the Judean hills. That song cadence was carried by the whispering winds to the great sea which laved the shores of the Holy Land. It was borne by the waves in deep monotone to the shores of unknown lands; the shores whispered it to the cliffs which girded them; the cliffs echoed it from mountain peak to mountain peak; the valley brooklets bore it out to the deep seas till it again engirdled the Judean hills as an answering echo from the lips of all the ages—Peace and good will HAVE COME to men.

No more unique art conception, embodying the highest form of the highest truth—a unity of the truths of all philosophers—has ever been produced.

The execution of this conception has been wrought out by Miss Ina Martin of Nevada, an employee in the office of the Weltmer Magazine. Miss Martin in this execution has demonstrated the slumbering possibilities of her own genius. Prof. Weltmer submitted the thought form to artists of recognized ability, among them one who had long been an illustrator for Frank Leslie. In the competitive list, Miss Martin, without artistic training, without experience, has brought from the art chamber of her own inner consciousness a product which will bear the test of art criticism.

As a whole, the conception of Prof. Weltmer; the evolution of that conception by Miss Martin, has given to the Magazine a cover page which not only represents art in its supreme manifestation, but as well the artistic force and the ultimate universality of the Weltmerian philosophy. Prof. Weltmer, himself, herein announces to the world the ultimate purpose of his own philosophy as already constructed in the subtle laboratory of his own thought, and which he, by some divine alchemy has transmuted into the gold of finished art expression.

WHENCE COMES THIS MIGHTY HEALING POWER

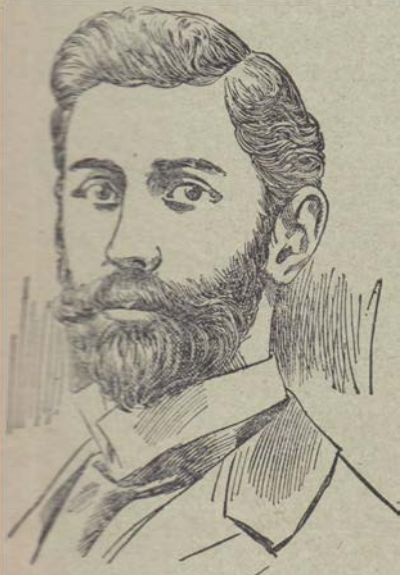
All the Land Wonders at the Remarkable Cures Effected by Professor Adkin.

ALL DISEASES CALLED INCURABLE.

Ministers, Doctors and Professional Men Tell How He Has Cured the Blind, the Lame, the Paralytic and Many on the Very Brink of Death.

FREE HELP FOR THE SICK.

Professor Adkin Offers to Help All Sufferers from Any Disease Absolutely Free of Charge—Professional Men Investigate His Powers.



In all parts of the country men and women, doctors and surgeons, clergymen and educators are wondering at the remarkable cures made by Prof. Thomas F. Adkin, discoverer of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment.

Prof. Adkin heals not by drugs, nor by Christian Science, nor by Osteopathy, nor by Hypnotism, nor by Divine Healing, but by a subtle psychic force of nature in combination with certain vital magnetic remedies which contain the very elements of life and health.

A reporter recently talked with Professor Adkin and was asked to invite all readers of this paper who are sick or who are worried by the ills of those dear to them to write to him for assistance. "Some people have declared," said Professor Adkin, "that my powers are of God; they call me a Divine healer, a man of mysterious powers. That is not so. I cure because I understand nature, because

I use a subtle force of nature to build up the system and restore health. But at the same time I believe that the Creator would not have given me the opportunity to make the discoveries I have made nor the ability to develop them if He had not intended that I should use them for the good of humanity. I therefore feel that it is my duty to give the benefit of the science I practice to all who are suffering. I want you to tell your readers that they can write to me in the strictest confidence if they are troubled with any kind of disease and I will thoroughly diagnose their cases and prescribe a simple home treatment which I positively guarantee to effect a complete cure, absolutely free of charge. I care not how serious their cases, nor how hopeless they may seem, I want them to write to me and let me make them well. I feel that this is my life's work."

So great was the sensation wrought in the medical world by the wonderful cures performed by Professor Adkin that several professional gentlemen were asked to investigate the cures. Among these gentlemen were Doctor L. B. Hawley and Doctor L. Z. Doane, both famous physicians and surgeons. After a thorough and painstaking investigation, these eminent physicians were so astounded at the far reaching powers of Professor Adkin and the wonderful efficacy of Vitaopathy that they volunteered to forsake all other ties in life and all other kinds of treatment and devote themselves to assisting Professor Adkin in his great work for humanity. With the discovery of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment eminent physicians are generally agreed that the treatment of disease has at last been reduced to an exact science.

In all some 8,000 men and women have been cured by the powers of Professor Adkin. Some were blind, some were lame, some were deaf, some were paralytics, scarcely able to move, so great was their infirmity. Others were afflicted with Bright's disease, heart disease, consumption, and other so-called incurable diseases. Some were sufferers from kidney trouble, dyspepsia, nervous debility, insomnia, neuralgia, constipation, rheumatism, female troubles and other similar ills. Some were men and women addicted to drunkenness, morphine, and other evil habits. In all cases Professor Adkin treats he guarantees a cure. Even those on the brink of the grave, with all hopes of recovery gone and despaired of by doctors and friends alike, have been restored to perfect health by the force of Vitaopathy and Professor Adkin's marvelous skill. And, remarkable as it may seem, distance has made no difference. Those living far away have been cured in the privacy of their own homes, as well as those who have been treated in person. Professor Adkin asserts that he can cure any one at any distance as well as though he stood before them.

Not long ago John Adams, of Blakesbury, Iowa, who had been lame for 20 years, was permanently cured by Professor Adkin without an operation of any kind. About the same time the city of Rochester, N. Y., was startled by the cure of one of its oldest residents, Mr. P. A. Wright, who had been partly blind for a long period. John E. Neff, of Millersburg, Pa., who had suffered for years from a cataract over his left eye, was speedily restored to perfect sight without an operation. From Logansport, Indiana, comes the news of the recovery of Mrs. Mary Eichler, who had been practically deaf for a year, while in Warren, Pa., Mr. G. W. Savage, a noted photographer and artist who was not only partially blind and deaf, but at death's door from a complication of diseases, was restored to perfect health and strength by Professor Adkin.

Vitaopathy cures not one disease alone, but it cures all diseases when used in combination with the proper remedies. If you are sick, no matter what your disease nor who says you cannot be cured, write to Professor Adkin today; tell him the leading symptoms of your complaint, how long you have been suffering, and he will at once diagnose your case, tell you the exact disease from which you are suffering, and prescribe the treatment that will positively cure you. This costs you absolutely nothing. Professor Adkin will also send you a copy of his marvelous new book, entitled, "How to Be Cured and How to Cure Others." This book tells you exactly how Professor Adkin will cure you. It fully and completely describes the nature of this wonderful treatment. It also explains to you how you yourself may possess this great healing power and cure the sick around you.

Professor Adkin does not ask one cent for his services in this connection. They will be given to you absolutely free. He has made a wonderful discovery and he wishes to place it in the hands of every sick person in this country, that he may be restored to perfect health and strength. Mark your letters personal when you write, and no one but Professor Adkin will see them. Address, PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN, Office 225 E. Rochester, N. Y.

OUR NEW OFFER FOR 1902

**Weltmer's
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Year and
One of
Prof.
Weltmer's
Lectures
"Intuition"
For One
Dollar.**

HAVING obtained the sole right to publish Prof. Weltmer's Lectures, we have chosen "Intuition" as being the best one for our readers. This Lecture is printed on fine white paper, handsomely set up in plain, large type and bound in heavy cover paper. We purpose to give each of our yearly subscribers, and every one subscribing before the First of June, 1902, one of these valuable little books. This is an opportunity to obtain one of Professor Weltmer's best lectures free, which under other circumstances would cost you one dollar.

This is one of the strongest lectures ever given by Professor Weltmer and it deals with a subject wholly new. It

holds within itself a line of success for many. It is the production of a successful man and carries with it his basic principles of achievement. If you would be successful, then provide yourself with the writings of successful men. This Lecture teaches you on which of your impressions to depend, and also how to place yourself in a position to receive impressions which if relied upon will bring you success.

Failure would be impossible for the man who uses this little book as a guide. It does not contain any perplexing theories, but is full of the simple problems to be met in everyday life, these problems if met squarely and according to the teachings of Professor Weltmer will result in success.

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