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NO. 3

WELTMER'S MAGAZINE

KEYS TO UNIVERSAL
THINKING

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YOU AND I—(Poem)

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WORLD NEW THOUGHT
FEDERATION DEPT.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS' CORNER

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EDITORIAL

MONTHLY METAPHYSICAL
REVIEW



THE CONSOLIDATION OF FULFILLMENT AND WELTMER'S JOURNAL

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ERNEST WELTMER, NEVADA, MO. \$1.00 THE YEAR.

Don't be a Perpetual Calamity Howler About the State of Your Health.

Announcement

Prof. Weltmer and his assistants are now organizing the graduates of the Weltmer institute and of other schools of Suggestive Therapeutics into a society for mutual advancement and more effective co-operation. One state organization has already been effected, and steps are being taken toward the perfecting of similar organizations in all of the states.

The first permanent state organization of this kind was formed in Peoria, Ill., at the convention held for that purpose on the 10th and 11th of May, with a charter membership of thirty-eight members. The new organization is called the Illinois Association of Suggestive Therapeutics. At this convention a constitution and by-laws were adopted, officers elected and plans were laid for the future. Anyone who is interested in the organization can obtain a copy of the constitution by applying to S. W. Weltmer, Nevada, Mo., or Mrs. Allie B. Weimer, Secretary, Woolner Bld'g., Peoria, Ills.

Something which will be of particular interest to Weltmer's Magazine readers is the fact that this publication was selected as the official organ of the Association. We shall in the future carry one department devoted exclusively to the developments in this line of the New Thought movement, keeping in touch as closely as possible with matters of medical legislation, new discoveries in therapeutics, improved methods, etc., and the observed effects of old systems of suggestion, and in fact, we shall make this department a news bureau of developments in the new healing movement.

We shall soon have several avenues of information as the states become organized and as soon as the 1907 crop of medical laws begins to be enforced we shall have some very interesting things to chronicle on that line. We think that this department will not go begging for news, but shall take care to see that nothing is published therein which is not of general interest.

If any of our readers know of anything which would be of use for this department we should be glad for them to send an account of it to the editor. We shall pay for those items we use.

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Keys to Universal Thinking

WILBUR THOMAS.



TRUTH is the right perception of things—Character is right relation to them. Intellectual perception of truth does not imply character. It is one thing to project a fact or a precept into the mind, but it requires another and a finer chemistry to precipitate it into conscious character, that its possessor may have individual proprietorship therein, and live in spontaneous, automatic obedience to its requirements. Truth, the unknown quantity in the great equation, reduced to its simplest form, may be thus indicated: x equals righteousness. Character, then, is the highest expression, the ultimate statement of truth.

He who lives in particular sees truth in particles, and is forever deceived by the endless play of local circumstance and temporary condition. His deductions are drawn through the grosser forms of material logic, and his conclusions reached through laborious mental processes into which his "personal equation" enters so

largely as to impair if not destroy their value. Error is but the supposed logical deduction of partial knowledge of mis-related facts.

He who lives in the universal, will not be deceived by circumstance, nor will the seeming of things lead him into error. Related facts will seek each other from their own gravity—and associate themselves from their inherent affinity, by a chemistry as infallible as that which combines the elements in material nature, and by the same unconscious process.

Such spiritual vision will pierce the material symbolism of nature to the heart of things, and discover the constant life principle, of which all form is but special manifestation under given condition, and of which all religions, symbolism, substitution, sacrifice or service, is but a rude expression according to the need of the worshipper.

"Universal thinking" may be defined as that plane of thought in which the mind perceives the thread of life to be continuous, the life principle in nature a unit,

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the life thought a single thought, in which the soul having risen out of the particular into the universal perceives itself to be all-related, and views all special manifestation in material Nature as phases of her unfoldment, none of them original, none ultimate.

Alike is the spiritual aspect of Nature, religion, in its organic sense, is seen to be but a continuation of Nature's evolution, a passing phase of human growth; its formulated creeds, symbols, sacrifices, and service, but means to ends all alike idolatrous, differing only in degree.

To reach the plane of Universal Thinking and absolute *being* is to rise out of these material aids to growth and worship, and perceive directly that for which they stand, and which men seek through the visible form and service of organic religion. It is objective religion become wholly subjective; the union of the soul with the unit of life; its oneness with the source of universal power, whereby it can say of a truth, "All authority in heaven and in earth is given unto me."

Much depends upon my own subjective condition. Truth will take its color from the eyes with which I view it. The facts of objective material Nature stream into me through the medium of my senses, and I become their sole interpreter. Out of my objective conception of them is my objective uni-

verse builded. That alone exists, to me, which has been brought to my attention, and then only as it reveals itself to my understanding.

Thus every man is, in an important sense, the creator of his own universe, and his *perception* and *conception* of truth is its character and limit as well as his own. That is to say, objective Nature and my subjective self will always be in perfect poise.

I cannot know truth except it dwell in me, hence knowledge of truth is extension of Being.

Truth and life are one. To know the truth aright is life eternal.

Not a mere perception of truth as a matter of observation, but *right relation* to it, that it may enter into and become the fiber of consciousness, alone, can reveal to the soul the principle of life by which I may become its absolute interpreter. In so far as I *know* the Truth, I am one with the unit of life and have entered into Absolute Being.

At last the universe becomes a sanctuary and my own Soul its Holy of Holies, the habitation of the Supreme God-head, the receptacle of Truth—Nay, more it has become the Truth and the Life. The facts of Universal Nature streaming into me suffer no refraction and make their perfect picture on the highly sensitized plates of my consciousness.

What then, are the necessary

conditions that truth may enter into me and become a part of the spiritual fiber of my being?

First. Simplicity. I must ever be a trusting child at the knee of the Universal Mother. "Except ye become as little children" ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom of Truth or any other Heaven.

Heaven and Truth are one.

Heaven is Harmony.

Harmony is right relation.

Right relation is life.

What are the qualities of the child-mind? — Simplicity, Confidence, Sincerity.

Second. The second in this trinity, Confidence.

I may be called to surrender all that I have thought vital to my faith, my happiness, my hope, but I must know that out of the dead ashes of error will rise a higher faith, a larger hope, a more abundant life. I must know that truth is best, and out of the ruin of the destroyed temple will arise a more beautiful, even the shining temple of Truth, wherein shall be neither altar nor priest, symbol or sacrifice, nor any form of substitution whatsoever, for the soul has become that it sought through these material aids and entered upon the eternal plane of absolute character and universal being.

Third. Personal purity. Nothing so darkens the mind as vulgar and profane thinking, or depraved and vicious practices. Could the

finer rays of truth penetrate such a foul atmosphere as this, they could find no place to make their appeal, and would fall powerless upon the sightless orbs of the soul. "If the light within me be darkness, how great is that darkness."

All things are pure to him who thinks of them in the relation for which nature intends them, and he alone will be led to their right uses, or get to himself the highest pleasure possible to their contemplation or exercise.

Fourth. I must be true to the highest I see. This is one of the positive conditions of growth. So long as I fail to express in character the truth I see, my perception of higher truth will be at best, but dim, but let me live in the spirit of perfect obedience to the highest I see, and my vision is already extended.

I must press against the limit of present attainment always if I would grow. Let me but stand on the highest fact of my experience and look upward when lo, another fact, of which I had not dreamed before, beckons me on to higher achievement.

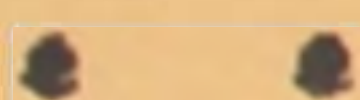
Fifth. Sincerity, perhaps the rarest quality of the human mind, the third in the trinity of graces, will lead the soul into all truth.

Nature is quick to detect a false or fickle lover, and will have no trifling. Sincerity is the "open sesame" to her sacred realm, the perpetual passport to her royal

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favor. Only he who truly loves her will she admit into her unveiled presence, and to him alone will she confide her dearest secret, even the secret of life. He who comes in any other name than that of sincere desire to know the truth that he may do it, will knock in vain for admission into her confidence, although he be admitted to her outer court, can never profane her inner sanctuary with his presence.

Simplicity Confidence, Sincerity, these are the prime factors of the subjective condition into which the rays of truth may fall without refraction. These are the elements comprising the atmosphere of pure desire in which the soul must live, if it would be led into all truth, yet these are conditions of growth within the easy reach of all.



Having now briefly considered the subjective conditions by which I may dwell in the truth and the truth in me, let us for a moment turn our eyes outward.

First. There is no such thing as a law of nature, in the legislative sense. What is usually termed law is her necessary and uniform mode of action. The fact of uniformity begets the idea of law in the mind.

Nature is the great storehouse of truth. The study of life is essentially the study of nature, her methods and processes of unfold-

ment. How shall we get the keys to these?

I shall make no attempt to trace the development of life, but only indicate some of the methods of deduction which must enter into the solution. Some immovable and unchangeable beacons, from which we may always take our reckoning, whether in the coastless primeval sea, the universal tropics of the Mammalian age, the living present, or in the distant plains of the unrealized future hobnobbing with the civilization yet to be.

To deny the existence of these federal facts, is to deny the unity of Nature and bring the spirit of prophecy to naught, for it is only by grasping the principles that are continuous and common to all stages of development that I may trace the unity of things, and follow the thread of life backward to its origin and forward to its consummation.

Second. What nature has once done, under like conditions she will always do. Her chemistry is invariable and positive and its results infallible.

Third. Life is a response to a condition in nature. There is no key that will unlock more doors than this. Tell me the kinds of life that predominated in any age, and I will tell you Nature's predominant condition. This proposition is capable of the utmost application to all specific forms of

life, in whatever age or condition.

Fourth. Nature never placed any complex creature into the economy of life without parentage. I shall offer this without comment, but will say, however, that no argument is needed to sustain it, but a simple appeal to the facts admitted by every unbiased mind of moderate information.

This is a far-reaching conclusion, and destined to modify the current theology of the world.

Fifth. I must not attempt to divide the infinite which in its nature cannot be less than the all. There can neither be addition to nor subtraction from the sum total of things. Nature cannot be considered separate from her inherent potencies and affinities. All change is due to the conditions under which she operates.

All form is but special manifestation of a continuous life principle, and trace it where you will, is but a new combination of pre-existing substance.

Nature's power to combine, under any given condition, is the limit of her power to organize into life.

The capacity of the creature to enter into relation with Nature is the limit of its power to enter into life.

From the dawn of organic life until now, has been a growing prophecy and promise of a creature who could enter into relation with Universal Nature, and in

interpret all her truth in terms of consciousness and character.

The beginning of its fulfilment is found alone in man, who has plainly declared himself to be the child of Universal Nature and established his kinship, by heredity, to all that is below him, and his heirship, by promise, to all that is above him. The unity of things can only appear to him who has discerned his universal kinship, and learned himself to be all-related.

This is a late discovery of the soul. The royal marriage of the finite to the infinite, the conception of the Holy Ghost, the issue of which is the birth of the soul into the plane of absolute character and Universal Being. Its oneness with the source from which all harmony and order proceed, and which is forever organizing the universe into specific forms of life and power.



The common fluency in many men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.—Swift.

SPIRIT.

NONA L. BROOKS



PIRIT is the living substance, the intelligent force of the universe.

Spirit is omnipresent because it is all permeating, all enfolding, all enduring, because it is all and of all.

Spirit does not relate to any one particular form, or to any special quality of form, but to all form and all substance.

And we, you and I, are living in a world which is alive with the aliveness of this pure spirit substance, and daily coming into the realization that no matter what form it may take or what disintegration may manifest, it is merely a different appearance of life, because spirit in essence is unchanging, and in quality is everlasting. God is spirit.

The beauty of the broader philosophy is that it brings us into a closer relation with what we know as God. We no longer separate ourselves from the infinite spirit. We are intimate with God. We walk with Him and talk with Him and we abide in His presence because we are conscious of our relation to Him.

In that consciousness our viewpoint of life changes; many things which we have regarded as commonplace and undignified seem to us imbued with a finer force and a purer life quality because we are relating ourselves to the God life; we see with a finer discrimination and a purer conception, as all life is seen when the vision is undefiled. Then when the spirit within comes into a recognition of the spirit without, when the

true realization comes to us of the unity of spirit and with it the recognition of the oneness of life, we have entered the New Heaven and the New Earth; then indeed we are born again.

The great use of our meetings, our church meetings and our social gatherings in the church work, is that we may come more and more into the realization of truth and that we may strengthen each other in our greater consciousness of the supreme soul of that infinitely divine being whom we know as God and in whom we live and move and have our being in Spirit and in truth.

As a withered leaf falls from the vital parent tree, the old idea of our lack of divinity has passed away. We know that man is divinely human and that the divine in him is not merely a spark, but is an influx of pure spirit force.

To speak of the spark of divinity is almost as misleading as to ignore altogether the divine in man entirely. Divinity is great in its glorious fullness and while we may have temporarily obscured it by our ignorance, it is always there, only waiting for us to release it from its external crusts of obscurity, that it may shine forth in all its radiance.

You have all heard of the child who asked his mother when she was washing his face, "Mother where does the clean go when my face gets dirty?" Perhaps we may ask "Where does the good go when the evil appears?" because like the clean on the boy's face it is in reality only ob-

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scured by a little surface coating which the waters of truth will easily dissolve. All of impurity is dissolved in truth, and no matter what error we may encounter in ourselves or during our ministrations, in others we may know that in the pure spirit atmosphere of truth all imperfection is made clear and all impurity is dissolved.

As we realize more clearly our own relation to infinite life we also perceive our responsibility in that relation. We know that as we touch people, in fact as we touch the world at all its varying points, we give it as we absorb from it, our own quality of spirit substance. When we are filled with the radiant force of the love spirit, we permeate with our very presence every atom with which we come in contact—the flowers themselves take on a fresher life as we generate the vivifying current of our love.

Do you not see how we ourselves would thrive and expand in the atmosphere of our own creating, if we generated only thoughts of love—if the spirit force which we manifest

was the radiation of the pure love spirit? That is what we might call living a live life, a life of power and joy and abundance. That is the life which means freedom and which gives us a renewing power.

While we cannot exist apart from spirit, we can live more and more in the consciousness of the spirit, thus abiding in the very center of all life and all intelligence. I should like to so live in the very center of God's being that I am conscious of that divine life flowing through me steadfastly out to the world. And I should like to know that while I am in the center of that inner life, that every other man is also in its holy center and that the same blessing and power which comes to me also comes to him. Then you and I and all the world of men shall come into the consciousness of the spirit and its manifestation in the truth and love of our own immediate lives.

Through this life giving touch let us realize the New Heaven and the New Earth, every atom alive with God.

No field is overcrowded for the man who thinks for himself and is not afraid of hard work. The young men who are crying out that there is no chance today would not succeed any day. It is the cry of the weak and incompetent, and all occupations are overcrowded to the indolent who have not sufficient ambition to incite them to rise. The eye of the world readily discovers whether a man has the iron in his blood which can withstand the friction of this commercial age, or whether he is of soft metal which may be bent and twisted without resistance, at the first hard knock.

Often the worst foe to overcome and the one to make all others appear trifling is Fear. Conscious power clears away the mist and you behold the star to which you may hitch your wagon—the star of your destiny.—R. E. Marshall in "The Business Philosopher."



"He who does not provide for his own house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel." And I think he who provides only for his own house is just equal with an infidel.—Swift.

Pinto's Prank.

GRACE M. BROWN

Pinto was lonesome.

All the long sunny morning he had scampered around the big log house waiting for his young mistress to come out and take her usual ride.

"Come," neighed Pinto, "the air is sweet, the waters of the Winnemucka are sparkling, the mesa is broad and free. Come with me."

But for the first time since his youthful master had gone from the great wild ranch to an eastern school and the frail little cousin had been Pinto's special care and roamed the broad prairie with him, Pinto met with no response to his call.

"Oh! oh! oh!" snorted Pinto, "I know what's the matter; it's mail day. She is always late when she waits for that slow old Nero to bring the mail. Why don't they send me? What foolishness such things are anyway, and today of all days when there is a new grading camp over the hill and a strange tepee near the path in the grove."

"Come, come," whinnied Pinto, "don't bother about the great iron monster over in the town. There is nothing worth while in the town, nothing really worth while but me, but me, but me," And Pinto kicked up his jolly little hoofs and raced around the rambling old house again.

Inside the house, in the hospitable sitting room with its wide fireplace and crude furnishings, sat Muriel with her letters. Once a week

came the bag full of mail, and only those who have lived apart from all the world know just what mail day means and what untold treasures are these messages from the outer world.

There was a letter from Dad—her dear, doting indulgent Dad—who never failed to write a long newsy letter to his heart's treasure so far away, in time for "mail day." To-day there were letters from school friends and one from her big sister who had graduated and was in all the flutter and excitement of an anticipated trip abroad. And most treasured of all was a letter from mother. Her sweet, gentle mother, with her dainty graceful presence, so different from Aunt Hannah, loving, capable, managing Aunt Hannah, her mother's older and only sister, who had managed that delicate mother into safe and happy life many years before, and who now was so capably managing Muriel into health and strength.

"Why don't you go out and take a ride? Just hear that Pinto begging you to come," called Aunt Hannah as she passed by the open window on the way to the milk house. "If she only had something to do. She must have some work to occupy her mind." And Aunt Hannah's busy brain set itself in action over the problem which invariably faces those who are responsible for young people. "That is what she needs," said Aunt Hannah to Pin-

to, who raced up to her and poked his soft pink nose into her face "She must have some work. Now if I could interest her in some of these Indian children around here she might have a kind of a kindergarten."

"I know, I know, I know," said Pinto.

"Let's see," mused Aunt Hannah aloud to Pinto, "How shall we manage it? Never mind just now, here she comes," as the slight drooping figure followed her across the field.

Now Aunt Hannah was truly a guardian angel to the neighborhood for a hundred miles around and more. Black, white, red or yellow—in her sight they were all one with her and one with God. It made no difference to her whether they were horse thieves or church deacons; possibly if there were any favor she would have leaned toward the horse thieves; if they needed her she was always ready.

She it was who helped many Indian families to help themselves, and when they could not, or more probably would not, there was always some way she could serve and save. Of course she was always being imposed on, and when Uncle David with his strong practical world wisdom remonstrated with her for having too much love and too little wisdom, she always thought, "Well, it's all right if they impose on me, that is their lookout. I shall do the same thing tomorrow if it comes my way."

Dear blessed Aunt Hannah, if

there were only a few more such saviours of men!

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, dear Aunt Hannah, I want to go home. I don't want to get well; I want to go home; I want my mother." wailed Muriel as she threw herself on the bench which cosily invited occupants, just outside the milkhouse."

"Of course you do, honey love; of course you do." And Aunt Hannah settled herself comfortably on the hospitable bench and took the sobbing Muriel in her sympathetic arms. "Just you wait until Uncle David comes up from the corral and we'll manage it all right. You shall just do and have anything and everything you want. We'll soon see to that."

Oh, the wisdom of Aunt Hannah! Well she knew that the way to curb the desire is to make its gratification easy.

"No, I don't want to ride; I am tired of Pinto; I hate this wilderness; I want to go ho-o-me." And the great splashing tears blurred the pretty blue eyes as Muriel buried her face in Aunt Hannah's generous blue apron.

"Huh!" sniffed Pinto, "Tired of me—me. Didn't she come here on purpose to amuse me? Am I not the most important creature here, and we all know that there is no place but this? What does she mean by home? Is not this home? Something must be done, I'll find it—you see, me, see me, see me."

And Pinto gave a snort which plainly said "Good-bye, good-bye, foolish little maiden," and galloped

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away over the rolling prairie where the mesa rose calm and serene in the distance.

Down in the valley all dotted with the tents of the grading camp raced Pinto. He whirled around and around and tossed his saucy little head in the very joy of living. "Just see those foolish horses tearing up this beautiful earth with their great plows," said Pinto. "Such stupidity—such waste of force. 'Why don't they come and race with me instead of disturbing the ground? I suppose that is what they call work. I wouldn't work; I haven't time to work. Life is only for play.'" And he flew across the prairie toward the grove where he had seen the little tepee the day before.

"Does nobody live here?" said Pinto, walking around and around the tepee. "There must be a papoose or a puppy somewhere near. Maybe there is sugar in here. I haven't had a lump of sugar to-day, and all because its mail day."

"Ah," as the curious twinkling eyes looked in the flapping door, "Here is just what I am looking for. Am I not clever? Was there ever such a smart pony as I?" And his soft fuzzy little tongue gently touched the hand of a sleeping brown baby lying just inside the door.

Pinto knew all about babies. He had taken care of more than one waif of the prairie. Indeed, on one occasion he had watched three little papooses while their mothers were sitting in solemn conclave over the

latest pattern of blanket.

"Wake up! Wake up!" said Pinto, caressing the baby with his velvety tongue. 'Yah-Um-Goo,' answered the baby, stretching his little body as he wonderingly opened his great black eyes. Then he reached out his fat brown hands toward Pinto, who rolled him over ever so gently and tried to help him get up.

"Why don't you get on my back? I have carried ever so many little animals like you," said Pinto. "Google-goo-goo," gurgled the baby as he wiggled with ecstasy at the thought.

But the little sturdy limbs were scarcely ready yet, and the child could only roll out into the sunshine while Pinto stood waiting for him to get up.

Then the tiny strong hands caught the pony's long tail and pulling himself into a sitting posture he put one firm little arm around Pinto's leg and drew himself up standing.

"That's right!" nodded Pinto. "He is an Indian baby sure enough. They all learn to use their limbs that way. I tried to teach my own little master to walk, but they wouldn't let me. I know everything—I know, I know."

The shadow of the hills lengthened. The freshness of the universal breath swept over the prairie while Pinto grazed along with the sturdy laughing child clinging to his leg. Sometimes the tiny boy tumbled and rolled for a little distance, then he held onto Pinto's tail

and crawled; again he pulled himself upright and shouted with delight as he realized his coming strength.

So the pony and the child wandered along as hundreds of Indian ponies and Indian babies have wandered before until the little tepee was lost and Pinto and his charge were alone in the wilderness.

"Yah-yah-yah!" which in his baby language meant "I'm hungry," cried the wee boy.

"I'm taking you home just as fast as I can," said Pinto. Muriel will give you some sugar, just as she did that prairie dog I took her the other day."

"Yah-ah-ah-ah!" roared the small creature, rolling over and over on the ground.

"Hurry up! If you were not so stupid you would get on my back; I can see the tops of the chimneys now; we are almost there. Do get up!" implored Pinto.

But the tot only rolled over and over more furiously than ever, until finally as the shadows ceased to lengthen and the sun dropped out of sight, the dark eyes closed and the weary little wanderer was fast asleep.

Now wasn't that a predicament for a wise and confident pony? He had fully intended to take the small animal to his mistress in time for praises and supper, and here he was fast asleep; and Pinto knew very well, for he was well acquainted with the habits of Indian babies, that he would not move for many hours.

However Pinto was not the kind of pony to give up an undertaking, so he said to himself, "I've brought it this far; I will wait." And with every sense alert this loving conceited freak of a pony stood over the trusting little child of nature to protect it from the sneaking terrors of the prairie.

"Where do you suppose Pinto is?" said Muriel when they all gathered on the wide porch after supper. I have searched everywhere for him and he does not answer when I call."

"He'll turn up directly," said Uncle David; "he always shows up in time for supper," for Pinto was quite one of the family, and both Uncle David and Aunt Hannah had thoroughly spoiled the loyal old Pinto who had been the friend and companion of their only child.

The darkness settled heavily over the old ranch house and Pinto was forgotten in the discussion of the late news, a week old to be sure, but news a week old is very new way out on the Wyoming plains.

The day was done and as Muriel went to her own little room a fresh pang of heart longing came over her. She forgot how steadily she was coming into her birthright of health and strength; she only knew as she sleepily closed her eyes that she longed with a soul longing for her beloved home and her own people.

Listen! What was that terrible sound which came out of an immensity of silence and sent a tremor of horror through her entire being? Muriel had heard the terrible cry

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of the coyotes before, but this was different.

The blue eyes were wide enough her bed, with, for her, extraordinary energy.

Was not that Pinto's familiar call? Yes, surely she could not be mistaken; but that was different, too.

Another long, low howl, another wild call from Pinto, and Muriel was struggling into her dressing gown and slippers as she frantically fled toward Uncle David's room.

"Quick! Quick! Uncle David; something awful is happening to Pinto. Please come and help me."

"Oh, go to bed, child; nothing is wrong. Don't you worry about anything happening to Pinto; it's only the coyotes and they won't bother Pinto. You've been kind of nervous and pinnickity all day, poor little girl."

"But, dear, dear Uncle David, something is calling me—I feel it in my heart. Oh, Aunt Hannah, help me! Listen to Pinto; he is not so terrified for nothing! For God's sake, come!"

Aunt Hannah was already dressed. She heard the terrible cry and her woman's instinct recognized the message sent to her soul.

Uncle David was sure that Muriel was mistaken, but something in the intensity and force of her mentality overcame him and he hastily dressed and, taking his rifle and lantern, he followed the excited girl as she fled out into the night.

The herders were already aroused and with their dogs and guns they

too were ready for action, if action was required.

"Sure enough," said Uncle David, "that is Pinto and it does sound kind o' queer."

Like a bird Muriel was speeding over the plains she knew so well, closely followed by Uncle David and his men. Straight as an arrow she followed the snorting cry of terror which Pinto was making. Never once did she falter, although she had lost her slippers and the delicate feet were torn and bleeding, until she came to the trembling pony and his charge.

Peacefully resting in the arms of an infinite love lay the beautiful sleeping child.

The howls of the pests of the wilderness died away in the distance as the men with their rifles robbed them of their midnight meal.

"Lord save us all!" exclaimed Uncle David. "How in His name did that pesky papoose get here. Must be a couple of miles from his home. About two minutes more and there wouldn't have been any papoose but a few bones."

"Dear Uncle David, the Father himself sent us to save this child," replied Muriel. "No, I want to carry him; he will be frightened when he wakes up."

"Not much," laughed Uncle David, "You couldn't scare those kids; he's mighty lucky to be living." But the laugh was plainly an effort, and it was with a great tenderness that Uncle David lifted Muriel with the waking squirming baby in her arms onto Pinto's back,

and the awed little procession turned toward the house.

How bright and cheery the big homely old room looked. How fragrant and welcome the hot coffee which Aunt Hannah had ready when they came out of the chill dark with its unmentionable possibilities into the atmosphere of home.

With her lips Aunt Hannah only said, "Let's give him a bath and something to eat and in the morning we will find his folks," but in her heart she said, "The blessed Muriel has found something besides that dirty little papoose."

When the weary baby was warmed and comforted, bathed and fed, when he had stared at the lights and the strange faces and again dropped to sleep, Aunt Hannah tenderly bound up Muriel's bruised and bleeding feet and the two women came very close to infinite things as they whispered of what might have been.

And why should a person fear failure? Honest effort can never fail but always results in success of some degree.

Perhaps, then, you fear the appearance of failure, and why? If you are wise you know this for what it is, only an appearance; you know that you have through your experience taken a step at least, towards the successful accomplishment of the thing you started out to attain or have perhaps discovered (which is sometimes more valuable) that the thing cannot be done, surely another form of success.

"Yes," snorted Pinto, "that's always the way. Look at the fuss they make over that naughty baby, and they have forgotten all about me. Didn't I go and get the baby? Didn't I work all the afternoon trying to get it here? And then the ungrateful little creature had to go to sleep right in sight of the house. It was I who kept those coyotes away until they came, and then they shut me up in the corral with never a word of praise and not a bite of sugar."

But the self-righteous Pinto was weary. He knew he was the most important center in the universe, and was not that enough for any spoiled, fat, virtuous pony to realize?

So he went to sleep confident in his own virtue. He had done as he always did, exactly the right thing, and if he was not appreciated why that was not his fault, of course.

Why, then, should you fear the appearance of failure?

Because the public will for the time being, judge you by this appearance. Here again, if you are wise, you will not be bothered by the public judgment of you for the public is not the equal of a thinking independent individual. The public is an idiotic sheep which follows always some bellwether, and its opinion is generally but the perpetuation of some ancient mistake.

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I have known men of great valor cowards to their wives.—Swift.

World New Thought Federation Dep't.

Edited by ERNEST WELTMER.

I HAVE a letter from Mr. John D. Perrin, president of the Federation, in which he tells me that we shall have a representative in attendance at the Peace Conference at The Hague next month. This is good news to all new thoughtists for if there is one thing on which we are "strong" in international relations, it is Peace.

Mr. Perrin also tells me that small clubs are being organized all over the country under the direction and with the assistance of the Federation officers. I am glad to learn that this is so. I regard this as one of the most important phases of the Federation work. It is the local club that will be of the most assistance to the people at large, keeping them interested and instructing them in the progress that is being made, in a manner that can never be equaled by the general organization. Every locality blessed with two or three new thoughtists should have its club which meets as often as convenient for study and mutual help and all such societies should keep in touch with all others through the Federation. In this manner all the local needs can be met and at the same time isolated members of the Federation can be connected with others in all parts of the world. Such an arrangement also makes it possible for the Federation to keep in closer touch with its membership, reaching all the members of one club through its secretary.

Anyone who is interested in the proposition and thinks of starting a local club should correspond with Mr. Perrin about it. His address is 786 South Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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The organizing convention of the Western District of the World New Thought Federation will be held in Denver, Colo., beginning with the fourth of July.

It is important that all who are in this district should either attend this convention or write to some one who will attend, or in some other way show their interest in the work that will be done there. It will be the Western District officers to whom those in the Western's territory will have to look for any assistance they may get from the Federation in the matter of organizing clubs, obtaining positions as teachers, healers, etc., of employing others through the Federation or any other form of service the Federation is prepared to render. These District officers will also be entrusted with the task of bringing them into touch with the different parts of the movement and they will represent them at the general convention to be held at Niagara Falls next year.

Therefore everyone in the Western's territory is interested in the choice of officers and the articles of organization, and should manifest that interest at the time when it will do some good.

Do not think now, that I am talk-

ing for myself, or hoping that my words may help me to get some particularly showy place in the organization which will be perfected at that convention, for I have not the least thought of such a thing and could not, on account of other work which is nearer my heart, accept any position to which duties were attached and would not have any other kind. My reason for placing so much stress on this question of individual interest in the Denver convention, is that I think the matter very important. In fact it is the foundation stone upon which the whole of the future structure will be built, and is therefore all-important. It is easier to avoid mistakes now than to correct them later. Each man and woman who will be affected by this convention should have a voice in its proceedings.

For full particulars write Rev. Nona L. Brooks, Denver, Colo.



The convention of the New Thought Metaphysical Alliance mentioned in last month's magazine, which was held in Boston April 21, 22 and 23, was a very successful meeting. The program was excellent and the meetings well attended. The interest shown by visitors and those not usually interested in New Thought conventions was very encouraging, giving evidence of the growing interest in and spread of the New Thought.

Among the names of the speakers at this convention we find those of Henry Wood, Eugene Del Mar, Prof. Josiah Royce, Rev. De Witt T. Van Doren, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, Rabbi Fleischer, Julia Seton Sears, Rev. Frank C. Haddock, Rev. Stephen H. Roblin, Rev. David C. Torrey, Harry Gaze, Rev. Alfred H. Brown, Henry Frank, J. A. Egerton. There are others, but we have not space to give them all.

Some of these names are new to most New Thought readers and there is a surprising number of "Rever-


ends" in the list which is due in part to the fact that one session of the convention dealt with the subject, "The Relation of the Parochial Ministry to the Spiritual Healing Movement," which was addressed by several ministers. Perhaps it may also be that the ministers are becoming interested in New Thought, a condition very much to be desired by all who have the good of man at heart. When the ministers learn to preach a liberal, sane religion in the place of the orthodox theology born in credulity and nourished by superstition which is usually heard from the pulpit, the religious advance of the nation will be very rapid.

The average orthodox church-goer looks to his minister to do his thinking for him, his own mental processes being confined to the act of agreeing with what he is told. It would be difficult to assign a limit of the minister's power for good or ill, but it is not hard to discover what is the effect of the average preacher's labors. Most men do not dare to think for themselves; their rule of conduct is the rule of fear and prohibition, their thoughts and character are reflections of the teachings of others.

We look to see this condition remedied when the ministry shall have come to understand New Thought and realize the importance of the individual.

It is very encouraging to see that ministers of the better class are growing broad enough to attend and take an interest in New Thought conventions and study New Thought principles, and great credit is due the New Thought Metaphysical Alliance for holding a meeting, the first of its kind, which will help to bring about this condition.

The officers of the Alliance are so much encouraged by the interest shown in this convention that they are making an effort now to have a convention in England in the near future. This is another good move and one that should succeed.



You and I.

JULIA SETON SEARS

We have lived in a star in the solemn sky,
Where the blue shut out the smiling earth,
Don't you remember, dear, you and I;
And we held the key to our soul's rebirth.


Up there your eyes have looked into mine,
Up there you have spoken your soul's deep truth
Though your heart has forgotten that vow sublime
It lives in the conscious cosmic proof.


To-day there are pathways all unknown,
Which had their birth in these dear dead days
And here in the reaping we walk alone,
And gather our harvest through winding ways.

There are ages between the past and now
There are mighty cycles to come and go,
But between our lives stands that deathless vow,
It calls to us, and we hear, and know.

We close our life to the call of sense,
We open our soul to the voice sublime
To know—to recall—this is recompense,
And our now is aglow with a joy divine.

Across the ages you call to me
From the heart of the now I answer your cry,
From the star-world lost, to the world to be,
Living—Loving—You and I.





You and I.

GRACE M. BROWN


We are living to-day on the dear old earth,
And learning its lessons, you and I.
We are voicing the word to the children of men
Which we heard in the wonderful days gone by:

The mighty cycles which come and go
Have vanished across the mists of time,
But the truth which enfolds in its love embrace
Still lives and speaks with its voice sublime.

Aye, we close our life to the call of sense
As we give ourselves to the service of truth,
And our hearts are aglow with a joy divine,
As upon its altar we lay our youth.

What matters the life on the radiant star,
What matters the bond of the deathless vow,
When in your beautiful shining eyes
The love of truth is reigning now?

Adown the ages you answer my call
From the heart of the universe, dear, I cry
And we meet in the service of glorious truth
Living—Loving—You and I.



Holmes's Magazine

Prayer.

Wellmer's Magazine

and recognition with which that child offered his prayer, has always received an answer. The child in its simple philosophy, in its pure, unalloyed and unchanging trust, did not ask or expect God to do something for it that it believed its *self* capable of doing on its own account.

Here is another child story which illustrates this: A little boy was saying his evening prayer beside his younger brother. The brother who was not taking the occasion seriously, saw a little pink foot sticking out from under the other's nightgown, which he kept tickling, interrupting the other who had repeated some parts of his prayer several times: "Bless papa and mamma and aunt Jane," he prayed for the fourth time, and then, "Oh, Lord just excuse me a minute while I knock the stuffin' out of Jimmie."

He didn't ask God to stop Jimmie. He realized that if Jimmie was attended to, he was able and he was the one to do it.

No prayer is legitimate unless it involves the necessity for a change which does not in any sense ask infinite law to change. Then you say,

One cannot spend a day in the woods or on the river without being insulted by everyone he meets asking him if he has "killed any thing," or how many fish he has caught, or if he has "had any luck," which is generally understood to mean the same thing. Is it not disgraceful that men should think that one has nothing else to gain by close contact with nature? Men generally seem to think that there is no other reason for going among the wild things than

would it be legitimate to pray for rain? Certainly, that does not change the law. Pray for rain by producing the conditions which will cause it. The futility of the great volume of the prayers we have offered and to which we have not received an answer, is due to the fact that they are not really prayers, but formulas of words, and, many of this kind having been offered to which no answer has been received, we have lost faith in the process.

The disrespect existing now for that most important of all religious functions, the very foundation principle of all active worship, is due, not to the fact that it is not a legitimate and powerful action, but that we have been using a process which is entirely lacking in the virtue of true sincerity.

The sincere prayer of effort which arises from a desire to know and a perfect trust in one's right and power to learn, the prayer of heart and hand, often too deep for words, which seeks harmony and not special dispensation, is legitimate, and will always be answered.

to destroy them, and many more admire a tree for the amount of wood and lumber it will make than admire it for its natural majestic beauty. And yet these same men and women too, pretend to love things and people. They are mistaken however, they love only themselves and feel the necessity for some other things. The feeling that something is necessary to them and their pleasure in the service it renders, is what they call love.

Associate Editors' Corner.

COZY CHATS.

GRACE M. BROWN



TRULY no greater tones of wisdom peal down through the ages than sometimes come from the lips of a little child.

The other day a tiny boy, scarcely old enough to realize his own individuality, came running into the house, and with eyes big with excitement and voice quivering with a new idea, said to his mother, "Mamma I runned away, but I couldn't run away from myself and I was just as sorry when I got away off as I was before I started, so I cried and Mr. Larson heard me and brought me back to you, so now I will be good."

No, the dear little creature could not escape from himself and from his own tears by any other process than by expressing his "sorry" and by changing his attitude to life by "being good."

Every day we see people running away from something. They think they will find health in a different climate—that they will escape inharmony by changing environment—that they can free themselves from poverty by running away—in fact that they can avoid evil by external methods. But they soon discover that all inharmony, whether it takes the form of sickness or poverty, is in themselves and the only way they can free themselves from any condition which binds, is to change their attitude toward life and not attempt to run away from themselves.

To be sure change of environment is many times restful and useful; change of occupation is usually beneficial, but not with the idea of escape or of getting away from something we do not like. That is an impossibility, because if we attach any person or any condition to ourselves, we alone are responsible, and we might just as well recognize that we must bear that responsibility wherever we are.

Another thing, we never have the impulse to escape from anything we do not fear, and we never fear anything unless it is greater than we are, nor do we ever fear anything which we understand. So what we must do is to relate ourselves to life in such a way and in such a spirit of love, that nothing can threaten us, because we are filled with the greatness of life and nothing can harm us—because we recognize ourselves as a part of it through our understanding of its relation to life and to us as a part of life.

* * *

The child had his idea of changing his condition, which was that he would now "be good." Being good simply means being "Of God" and God in that sense symbolizes the individual conception of the law. To the child who was running away from his mother, being good simply meant obeying her orders. His idea of God could not be beyond his own capacity, for no creature can think beyond his capacity, and his law was his mother's command.

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The man who thinks he is escaping from evil or in biblical parlance "fleeing from the wrath of God" has his opinion and idea about being good. His conception of God is according to his capacity and his goodness depends upon his understanding.

The child broadened his conception of life by discovering that he could not escape from himself and from his grief, but he could conform to the law and so dissolve his sorrow.

The man broadens his conception of life every time he recognizes a truth and so develops within himself a broader understanding of himself, and the observing man grows greater than his problem and frees himself from his sorrow, as he relates himself in harmony with and to the law.

* *

How easy it is to blame some one else for the suffering which comes to us, and how easy it is to credit ourselves with our own happiness! It is quite natural to think that the good things of life come to us because we deserve them, and that the evil things are of an entirely different origin.

Of course in one sense there is no evil, but we have grown into the habit of calling all this negative appearance, this lack of opulence of health and wealth, evil; just as we call all lack of heat, cold. Then where evil exists, pain exists, and we rebel and blame some body or some thing for a condition which we have attracted and which we must dissolve.

One effectual way to dissolve negative effects is to realize what a lot more good there is in our lives than evil. Think of the abundance of all things which we require—abundance of light, air, water and food and love

—for these things are for us in unlimited supply if we only take them. Yes, when we think of the genuine comfort which most of us have—our sorrows and lack of supply grow very indistinct by comparison.

But if we close ourselves to the opulence of the universe, it is our privilege to live in negation—if we prefer to close our homes to the blessed sunshine and the sweet pure air, and to close our hearts to the joy of love and to its sweet pure expression—we may live apart from it all, for unless we respond to Nature's offerings and appreciate her abundance we cannot receive it; Nature's laws are one with all law, and the law in its perfectly free action leaves all creation in freedom.

So we need blame no one but ourselves for all our ills; only I can be unkind to me, only you can be unkind to you.

No man can depart himself from the opulence of life unless he chooses to do so; if perhaps he has chosen such separation unconsciously he can reverse his attitude to life and relate himself to it by becoming one with his good—his God.

All he need do is to recognize his divine privilege of possession. Let him think positively, then he will soon act positively, and all of good comes to the soul that recognizes the positive all good.

* *

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.
—Swift.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.—Swift.

MUSINGS

ERNEST WELTMER

I have just been CONSISTENCY thinking that perhaps some would accuse me of inconsistency on account of the apparent disagreement between what I wrote last month, and what I have previously written. And perhaps they are right. I may be inconsistent—What of it?

Did you ever see anyone who was consistent in his expressions if you take one expression as a fixed standard by which to judge the others? You can not judge men in that way. You cannot judge their expressions by each other but you must judge their expressions by the men themselves, and then you will see that they are always consistent with the man who produced them and so in a sense with each other.

Consistency is not wholly a matter of likeness, nor of immediate agreement but rather is a matter of agreement in end or purpose. Thus, lifting the foot is not consistent with the act of putting it down, except as both of these acts are a part of the other act of walking.

And some of the things I say to-day may not agree with the what I said yesterday except as both statements are the result of my aim to tell truly what I think.

I am not bound fast to any creed or code and hope that I may never be—and I do not propose to limit my expressions to any set formula.

Is this too personal? I know of one very dear friend who will be

greatly shocked upon reading this, but it will not be the first time this friend has been shocked, and I want to write what I have, in the manner I have, as a step to getting better acquainted with our readers.

• •

Our readers will see that I have not said much this month. Now this is not because I have had less to say, but because others have had more. I have written more during the last month, than usual, but when it came to the "make-up" of this number I kept crowding what I had written into the background to give space to other things, until there was no room left for me. Next month I expect to more than make up what I missed this month, so those whom I have been so fortunate or unfortunate as to please with my work will not lose anything and those who have found my words distasteful will have had a rest and can endure it.

• •

A letter from Nona L. Brooks received just as we are going to press contains the following:

A Conference of the Western District of the World New Thought Federation will be held in Denver beginning the evening of July 4th, at 8 o'clock in the Divine Church, Clarkson and E. 17th Avenue.

The afternoon meetings will be devoted to business. In the evening there will be good speaking and good music. President Perrin and many prominent workers in the New Thought will be present.

There will be two meetings of special interest on Sunday: a business meeting Monday afternoon and a reception Monday evening, given by the Divine Science Church to the visitors.

Weltmer's Magazine

S. A. WELTMER, Editor.

GRACE M. BROWN, ERNEST WELTMER
Associate Editors.

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By ERNEST WELTMER.

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EDITORIAL.



ALTHO everything appeared in favor of the passage of the two bills mentioned last month, before the Arkansas and Illinois legislatures, they both failed. The Arkansas bill did not come up in the Senate for the final reading, because there were so many ahead of it, and the whole medical bill, amendment and all, was lost in the Illinois legislature.

This is on the face of it, a defeat for the movement for fair play, but in reality it is not such a cruel defeat as it seems, for a great deal of good work has been done, and many obstacles have been thrown in the way of trust legislation, in at least these two states, which will render more difficult the future passage of the pernicious enactments which have lately been the fashion.

The fault has largely been ours that we have made no effort to counteract the efforts of the medical regulars to get a monopoly of the healing business and a perfect control of

the people so that they may experiment on them freely and use them in their scientific(?) work to their heart's content.

There is no doubt as to their sincerity in thinking that if they can get all the laws they want, they will be able to make the people generally more healthful. We do not think that they are plotting to make the people sick and then force them to take treatment of only themselves, but we do think, and with good cause, that they are in this, but making one of their usual "experiments," that the "people" are already suspicious, and that they have but small chance of gaining their ends if we will but wake up and do a little educational work. The men who go to our legislatures are of average intelligence, and sometimes are even above the average, and they only need to be shown both sides of the question to make them see where justice lies. And, it is our opinion that where it is "politically" possible, they will vote with the side they think is in the right.

In America there are honest men everywhere, even in our law-making bodies. Their methods often smack of the ancient slave market, where the rights of others were freely sold, and they are generally too dependent upon the uncertain favors of political bosses to care or dare to make much use of their own minds in considering the meaning of measures they do not themselves introduce, being chiefly concerned with discovering what effect any certain attitude toward other bills will have upon the bills they are nursing, and upon which they rely for their own par-

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ticular soft snap; but many of them are honest according to their light (darkness?), and some of them really have the good of all people at heart. While there is of the last mentioned class perhaps only a leaven in the whole baking, they are still of sufficient importance to insure the people some small degree of liberty, if they are labored with in the proper manner.

What we need is that someone shall show these men that there are other systems of healing besides those which use drugs, and that these other systems cure diseases even after the ordinary means have failed. We need to prove to them that the florid speeches of the M. D. members of the legislatures are largely inspired by self-interest and by the powerful associations behind them, and that many of their severe denunciations of "quacks" could be with equal truth applied to the very men who voice them. It is only necessary to quote some of the speeches of the masters of medicine; those men who through long experience in their profession have grown to regard the health of their patients as of more importance than the system they are using, and have learned to know the true value of the diploma which means so much to the young doctor and the board of health, to prove to any unprejudiced man that the science (?) of medicine has not reached that state of perfection which would entitle it to a monopoly of the practice of the healing art.

These men say that every dose of medicine is an experiment on the vitality of the patient; that more people would get well than is now the

case if there were not a drug store or a doctor in the world. They realize from sad experience that they are not at all sure what the results will be when they give a dose of medicine, that they can only excite Nature to further efforts and perhaps in some of their "experiments" lend Her a slight assistance.

This they realize from their own experience, and now, from their observation of the methods used by the "mental healer" they are being forced to see that there are still other things which can be used with good results for the same ends, and the more liberal and pecuniarily successful are even willing to admit that they have overlooked something. But those who have just finished expensive courses in the colleges, and have yet to make their way to fortune, see in these new methods a danger which they do not feel like meeting in the open field, and so easily come to the decision that if they are not made masters of the health of the people with omnipotent power to enforce the acceptance of their toxins and serums and tinctures, the poor dear (idiotic) people will all be killed by the quacks. So they elect a few members to the state legislatures and start the mill going that is to grind out this gigantic trust ready-made, really believing that they are doing the "people a favor."

We must give these modern saviours credit for sincerity, but it is well to bear in mind the principal source of this beautiful faith in themselves and also to acquaint the better and the freer class of our lawmakers with the facts.

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There is not a great deal of difference between the spirit that would strangle religious freedom and that which attacks man's right to say who shall minister to his ailments. One of the stock arguments of the ancient religious oppressor was the same applied to a different part of man but in the same sense, that we hear so often now; "We have the only balm that will cure the sin-sick soul. Those who do not believe (as we do) will be doomed to everlasting torment. (It is strange that they were not willing to let that punishment suffice, but must also seek to punish the heretics' bodies as well.) We must have power to force men to accept our remedies for afflictions of the spirit; we must have a religious monopoly." And we all know the result of their getting that power.

As long as there existed a religious monopoly there was no religious progress and, while in this day of independent scientific investigation such a condition could never be entirely duplicated, to give any one system of healing the complete monopoly of treating diseases would be equivalent to restricting investigation to one line of the healing art.

When the medical fraternity shall have proven that they can really heal diseases, when they shall have ceased to make experiments, when the yearly thousands of dogs, guinea pigs and even human beings shall no longer be sacrificed to their thirst for knowledge which they seem never to acquire; when they shall have proven that they have *one* remedy that will, of itself, cure disease, then, it will be time to begin talking of giving them the right to say who

shall treat and who shall not. Until then, it might be well for them to remember that the time has not been so very long past when *they* were called quacks and that their own masters now say that they do more harm than good.

Now, we do not wish to be understood as arrayed against the regular systems of healing. They have their place, and it is an important one. The practice of medicine is productive of many beneficial results, many of which are wrongfully attributed to the drugs administered, however. We do not think that on the whole they are really so harmful as even their own masters declare they are, except where a blind enthusiasm for their profession leads them to claim for themselves many things which are not theirs and causes them to confuse scientific knowledge of physiology and pathology with unfounded theories of the usefulness of the one and cause and cure of the other.

We do not object to the study and practice of medicine (altho we have good reason, coming into constant contact with sick folks whose almost universal complaint is, "I have been to doctors and specialists all over the country and they do not even agree as to what is the matter with me, and I have spent all my money and useful time in a vain search for relief." A complaint which is not always so mild as that,) but we do object to the limiting of the study and the practice to one class whose whole system is "experimental." We wish to see every method given a chance to prove its merits. And we think that the systems which emphasize health instead of disease stand the chance of doing the least harm while they are finding out what they do and do not know.

E. W.

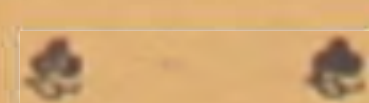
The Open Letter Box.

The Ups and Downs of The Healer VIRGINIA J. HURD

Healers, like people in all other occupations, have their ups and downs. The ups are alright and one feels so good when he has been able to help some poor soul to come up from the depths of despair and inharmony to the plane of health that the downs are not so very difficult.

We are called as a rule, after the M. D.s have given up the case as hopeless and have told the patient so, and then if we do not extricate him from beneath the load of discouraging suggestions given him by the physician and his surroundings, our treatment is called a failure. Some people seem to think that any other system but the orthodox schools of medicine should raise the dead in one trial. Such a case as this is one of our "downs."

Then we have a patient who is very low but who puts himself into perfect harmony with our treatment with the result that he is soon well and happy. Then it is that we realize what can be accomplished by complying with the laws of being and in the joy of successful accomplishment, forget the painful experiences we must inevitably encounter in our practice.



Dear friend and brother:—

I see a request in your last issue for your subscribers to use the Open Letter Box department for the air-

ing of their ideas; I should like to say a few words on the subject of Perfection.

This is a subject of far-reaching importance to the human family, for, without the possibility of man's arriving at perfection life would be a failure. There are degrees of perfection and some lines of work in which man is engaged are far advanced, but I cannot say that I think anything has reached the perfect stage for everything seems to be undergoing constant change.

But it is evident that the perfect state is not a problematic theory but a proven fact. Many things that were formerly thought impossible are now common occurrences and man is constantly growing in his knowledge of what is possible. Diseases which formerly baffled the skill of the physicians are found to yield readily to the new mental methods of treatment. This is but one of the steps in the climb toward perfection.

There is a great First Cause lying behind all the works of nature which is perfect and governed by absolute law, and man is one of the products of the law, which we call God. No man has seen God and he cannot see the cause of his growth, but he grows just the same and he is growing toward perfection the fulfilment of the law. There are many other phases of this subject but I will not touch on them now, believing that brevity is best.

Wm. McD.

Monthly Metaphysical Review

Edited By ERNEST WELTMER.

Dr. Duncan McDougall of Haverhill, Mass., has been making some experiments which he claims prove that the soul of a man is a gravitative substance, or at least that it is connected with such a substance which it takes from the body, at death.

He calls this the soul substance and asserts that according to his tests, it weighs from three-eighths of an ounce, to over one ounce and one-half. The experiments on which he bases his report were made with five men and one woman, two of them being invalidated by conditions which rendered the results uncertain.

We may say then, that the Doctor's theories rest upon the results of only four experiments and that, in spite of the fact that the results in all these were practically uniform, they are quite insufficient proof of such an important question.

However one test is as good as a thousand for proving that something is taking place, and while we do not think four experiments entitle the experimenter to make a new theory of the soul or declare an old one proven, we are forced to grant that the results he has found merit serious effort at explanation.

Dr. McDougall's results have been explained by some scientific men as being due to the setting free at death, of certain gases which are held in solution by the blood corpuscles during life, but this explanation does not take into account the fact that he

did not find any loss of weight when experimenting upon dogs.

The experiments on which this explanation is based were made upon mice and it seems that Dr. McDougall should have found a loss of weight in the dogs upon which he experimented as well as in the men.

We quote here some extracts from Dr. McDougall's report of his experiments. He says:

"My first subject was a man dying of tuberculosis. It seemed to me best to select a patient dying with a disease that produces great exhaustion, the death occurring with little or no muscular movement, because in such a case the beam could be kept more perfectly at balance and any loss occurring readily noted.

The patient was under observation for three hours and forty minutes before death, lying on a bed arranged on a light framework built upon very delicately balanced platform beam scales.

The patient's comfort was looked after in every way, although he was practically moribund when placed upon the bed. He lost weight slowly at the rate of one ounce per hour due to evaporation of moisture in respiration and evaporation of sweat.

During all the three hours and forty minutes I kept the beam slightly above balance near the upper limiting bar in order to make the test more decisive if it should come.

At the end of three hours and forty minutes he expired and suddenly coincident with death the beam end dropped with an audible stroke, hitting against the lower limiting bar and remaining there with no rebound.

The loss was ascertained to be three-fourths of an ounce.

The loss of weight could not be due to evaporation of respiratory moisture and sweat, because that had already been determined to go on, in his case at the rate of one-sixtieth of an ounce per minute whereas this loss was sudden and large, three-fourth of an ounce in a few seconds."

"The same experiments were carried out on fifteen dogs, surrounded by every precaution to obtain accuracy and the results were uniformly negative; no loss of weight at death."

This is perhaps the wrong time for one to express an opinion on this subject as it seems to us to have been insufficiently tested—however it appears to the writer that the difference observed in the men and the dogs may have been due to some mistake in the observations, because the Doctor failed to remark the loss that would occur upon the death of latter if the older experiments with the mice are to be depended upon.

We will confess that this opinion is perhaps influenced by prejudice for it is our opinion that in degree, dogs have souls as well as men—if either have them.

However, we hope that this experimenter and others as well, will investigate this question fully, for the results they obtain by carefully conducted experiments will quickly take the questions affected, out of the realm of theory into the world of proven fact.



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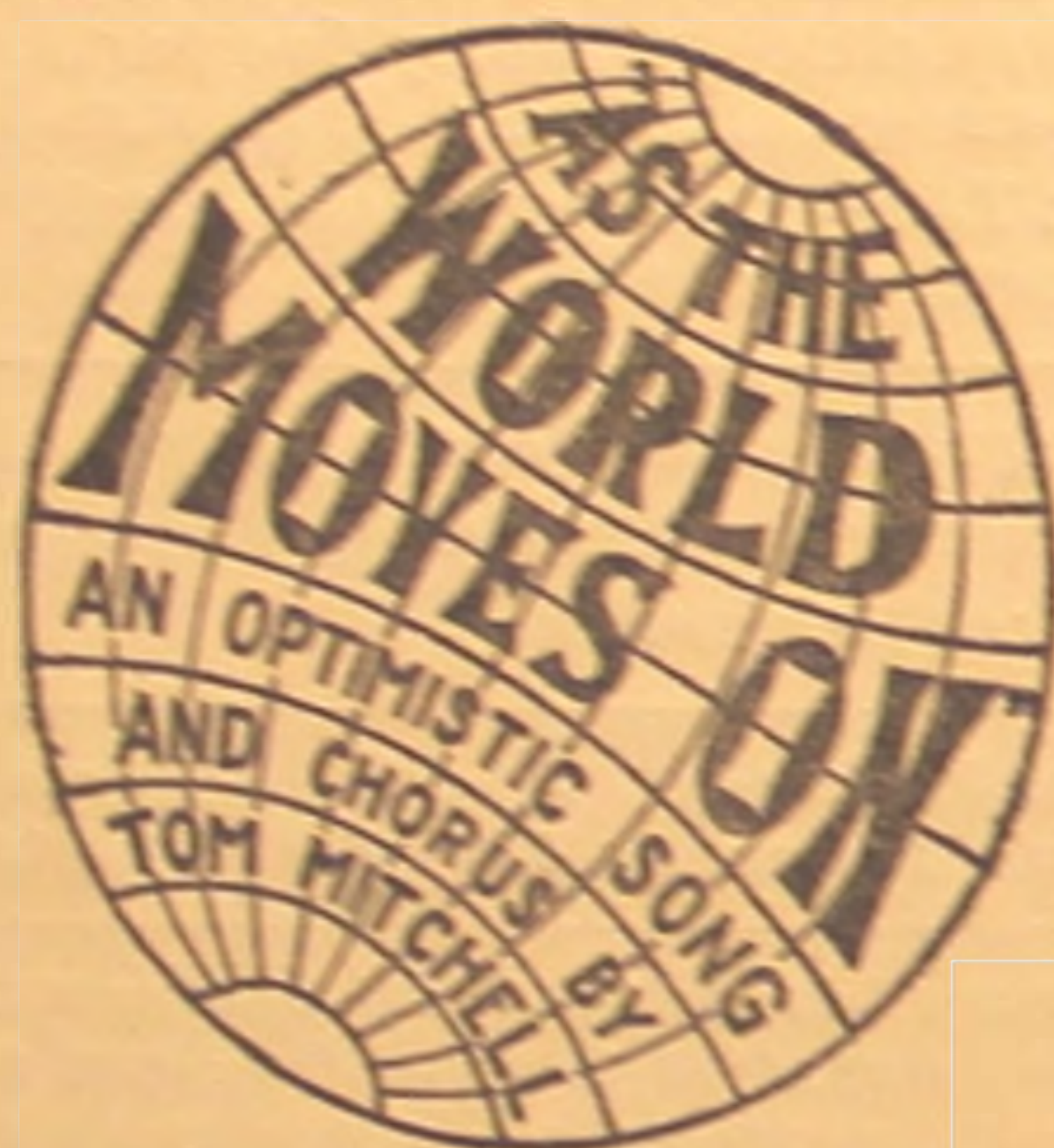
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Women are to rule this planet psychically.

This explains the colossal movement of Woman, now in her battle for freedom from a hundred centuries of sex-slavery, for Eugenic societies of women are now being established here and in Europe.

Within eight months, a flood of letters from women has deluged this beautiful mountain observatory, half anonymous, and many dotted with tears, imploring me to write and thunder against this appalling servitude.

I have accepted the task and will lash the earth and sea with the oppressors of women who must pass under the rod of maternity.

Stupendous works are now beginning.

Society will be torn up by the roots and our very habits changed.

Listen! This vast upheaval is now being caused by the spirit world, in self-protection.

This immense world does not want its "many mansions" filled with the pitiful unharmonic spirits of unharmonic human beings brought into this world, the earth, by unharmonically joined men and women.

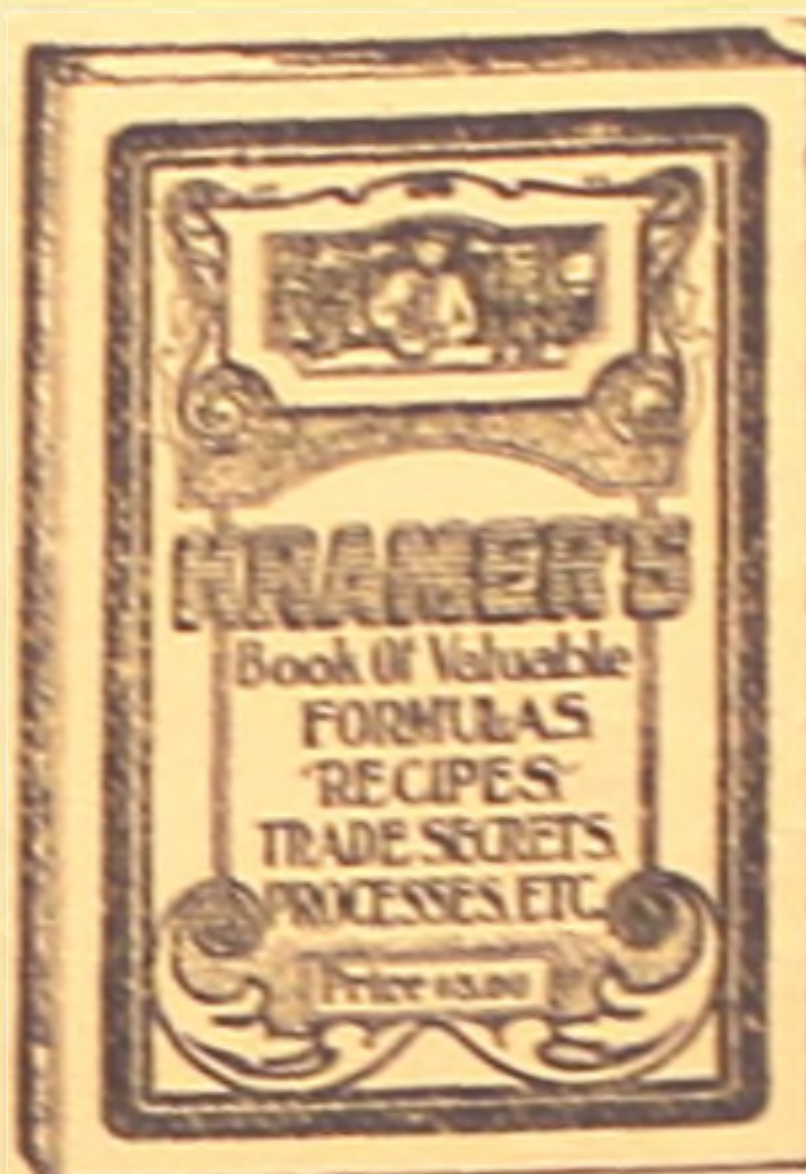
For women will rule the earth psychically within 50 years, aided in every possible way by the vast spirit world.—Prof. Larkin, in The Balance.

To read the foregoing over the name of a scientist, even an astronomer, is not according to tradition as we understand it. It seems to the writer that the women have really been ruling the world in the past, tho perhaps not by the "psychic" method. The women certainly have the best of rights to an equal share in the government of the nation and they would certainly have it very shortly if they all really wanted it and were willing to accept the position that it would give them, but our observation has been that they do not wish it that way. There are

some of course, who would like to be on equal footing with the men but the majority seem to prefer their present condition of the power behind the throne to that of one of the powers on the throne. Most women would rather rule by soft winning ways than by plain out-spoken business methods or even by the dirty underhand methods of ordinary politics. They like to delude themselves with the belief that their husbands are the stronger; like to "look up to" them, even when they know if they will be honest with themselves, that these same husbands are nothing better than cowardly bullies who take advantage of their superior physical strength and woman's trustfulness. It is really a very much mixed up affair and there is something to be said for both sides of the question. We should be glad, personally, to see woman enthroned as man's equal in social liberty and man developed to the point of moral equality with woman, and we think that the woman has the power, if she would but use it, to make all these things so, for there is never a man worthy of the name who does not in large degrees express the ideals as he understands them, of the women with whom he associates.

However, if Prof. Larkin is right and the "spirits" have really "gone in cahoots" with the women, that will no doubt settle the matter without our bothering about any of these other questions.

The result of a series of endurance tests conducted by Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale was announced by him Wednesday. For-



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ty-nine persons were examined, including students, physicians, nurses and instructors, and the tests were such as holding out the arms as long as possible, deep knee bending and leg raising with subject lying on his back. Prof. Fisher says that the nonflesh eaters have greater endurance than those accustomed to the ordinary American diet.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

In a letter just received from the Latent Light Culture Institute of Tinnevelly Bridge, South India, is an announcement of the proposed publication of a new periodical. I quote from the letter:

"From Jan. 1908, we have decided to publish an Occult Monthly under the title of 'The Latent Light Culture Journal.' Our aims being to discuss with unbiased mind occultism in all its branches, shades and conditions fitted to all needs, purposes and aspirations to humanity at large; to compare the relation that exists between Eastern Mantras etc. and Western Hypnotism, Suggestion, etc., to mark out a rational system of both the Occident and Orient to quicken the evolution of the soul."

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.—Swift.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he has contracted in the former.—Swift.

WANTED—A man to put up a sanatorium at my mineral spring.
H. E. Faidley, Burr Oak, Kas.

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LIFE is many-sided and it has as many possible points of view as sides. The question of viewpoint is important to the individual since his angle of vision determines what part of life he sees; the purchase-power he has upon its treasures.

The man who regards this life as a mere step to something beyond it; who regards the present of importance only on account of a fancied relation to the future, needs, deserves and very likely, has made for himself, all the troubles which, as his present lot, compel him to take an interest in the present. This attitude with its resultant woes, places a man in the position of living in the present for the worst it holds for him while he is trying to get ready to live in the future for what he hopes it will bring. Life is important for what it holds for one now.

Man lives only in the present. Tomorrow never comes and yesterday returns only to the dead. Life is always and only in the present tense.

You are living now and will always be living now, in the degree that you live at all; therefore, live in the present for all the best it can give you and do not bother about death until you are done with life. Do not spend your time in selfishly seeking some future heaven for yourself; glorify your life by making this a present heaven for some one else. Besides, you cannot know what is going to happen after you die, however much you may believe about it and you do know that you are living now and that a life of present industry, usefulness and cheerfulness will make you happy. And happiness is the best promise of happiness; the only foundation upon which a habit of happiness can be built.