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THE SHRINE OF SILENCE

A BOOK OF MEDITATIONS

By HENRY FRANK

|

THIRD EDITION

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by

HENRY FRANK

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with Dr. J. W. L. &
the author

Henry Frank

TO THOSE WHO SEEK
THE GOD WITHIN
AND TRUTH IN SINCERE THOUGHT
I DEDICATE
THESE SILENT MESSAGES
OF LOVE AND LIGHT
AS VOICES OF THE MORN.

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Biographical Note.

Henry Frank was born in Lafayette, Ind. He was educated in the Public School system of Chicago, Ill., at Phillip's Academy, Andover, Mass., and in the Northwestern and Harvard Universities. He entered the Methodist ministry and was ordained in Kansas in 1878. He afterwards held important charges in Kansas, Minnesota and Wisconsin. In 1888 he was pastor of the Congregational Church in Jamestown, N. Y. During this pastorate he experienced a change of views and organized the Independent Congregational Church in the same place, securing a very extensive following. This Church was established to expound the principles of the new Theology. In 1897 he launched in the City of New York the Church now known as the Metropolitan Independent, founded for the purpose of inculcating the five following propositions:

1. To expound the principles of a rational and scientific Religion.

2. To search for the underlying principles of harmony in all religions and creeds, and free the mind from traditional bondage.

3. To teach ideal Philosophy and the New Metaphysics.

4. To study the Science of Being and cultivate the uses of the soul faculties in the practical relations of life.

5. To strive for the amelioration of Society through the exaltation of the Individual.

Mr. Frank is a frequent writer for prominent magazines, has published a book of poems and many minor treatises, is the author of the "Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth," and edits a monthly magazine, entitled "The Independent Thinker," devoted to advanced religious and philosophical thought.

He has a large following throughout the country and lectures every Sunday morning to his congregation in Carnegie Lyceum, this city. It was in connection with this work that Mr. Frank wrote out the series of Meditations, published in this, his latest, work, "The Shrine of Silence."

The Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton recently wrote a letter to Dr. Frank in appreciation of the unique work he is accomplishing in liberating and educat-

ing the popular mind, from which we publish the following extract :

“We liberals in the church are doing our best to make it possible for the next generation to find honest and comfortable shelter in the old historic churches. But for the present some shelter must be found for many men and women. Shelterless, few can stand alone. . . . What form the church of the future is going to take, I do not know ; but I am quite sure that some chapels in that Cathedral of the future are being built by men like yourself, apparently working without any reference to the great design of the historic church, but building so well for character and conduct that their structures must needs be taken up into the building of the future.”

THE PUBLISHER.

Preface to Third Edition.

When the prompting came to launch a work of the somewhat novel character of the Shrine of Silence, it was followed by much hesitancy and misgiving. Would it be welcomed? Would there not be disappointment to the reader because of the discontinuity of thought—the absence of argumentative unity—the somewhat sketchy outline of each distinctive idea presented?

Who can foretell what the reading public will demand?

Such a work needs must find its own constituency, for its prospective readers must live in many lands and be far separated.

What then could afford a more delightful surprise than to find the book instantly called for, and three editions in two years required to satisfy the demand.

Those who scan these pages for discursive treatises, for long drawn out contemplations or arguments, will surely be disappointed.

The author has but one object in presenting these writings to the world. That object is to strive to arouse a thoughtful mood in the reader, coupled with an immediate awakening of the higher spiritual forces of his nature.

To some the thoughts may seem to be radical, disruptive, disorganizing, iconoclastic.

But not if they read the spirit of the author into the lines.

His persistent purpose has been to make clear the line of mergence between the so-called scientific and so-called spiritual—terms which in the popular mind too often connote contradistinctions, but which to the student of the Unities equally kindle the higher emotions of the soul.

The author has especially attempted to engage the religious mind in the realities and experiences of this life, rather than to incline the vision of the reader to the contemplation of an after world still vague and illusive.

What may be hereafter is best discerned by what now is?

To grasp the possibility of a present heaven, and eke out something of its joy, must needs make the heart crave for its continuance, and thus invite the future into the present.

But chiefly to fix the mind on contemplations of an ever sought-for but never realized Beyond, has been a waste of spiritual energy through the ages, from which the culture and knowledge of the present time are saving the wise.

The author seeks to aid and encourage the study of the time that now is—its wants, its demands, its opportunities, disappointments and triumphs, believing that the mind thus awakened will be better able to appreciate whatever possibilities may lie beyond the grave.

The spirit of the book may be caught in these lines from Matthew Arnold :

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done ;
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes ;

That we must feign a bliss,
Of doubtful future date ;
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose ?

It has afforded me untold gratification and encouragement to receive from so many diversified sources words of enthusiastic admiration—not so much of what the book itself is, but of the results generated in the reader by its perusal. Nothing could be more pleasing to an author than such personal testimonies, sometimes amounting almost to confessions and conversions.

To all who have thus written me I wish to express my profound gratitude, and to assure them that such communications will always be respected as sacred confidences.

HENRY FRANK.

NEW YORK, 1905.

—

The Shrine of Silence

The Soul Its Own Destroyer and Restorer



H E N Poignant
Grief attacks
the heart and
clouds of gloom
hang low;
when cease the
birds to sing
and torrents
flood the main;
when Hope can-
not uplift her

wings, but sinks to earth; when dark is all the world
and every song's a dirge; is there escape, is there
rescue?

The Shrine of Silence

Yes.

Gloom is a complexion of the Soul, not of the skies.

Light leaps not from the Stars but looms from Within.

The sun may always shine in the Soul; it may always be Daytime in one's heart.

The Great Demiurge need not be sought for in the heavens—he may be found in one's own bosom.

Where thoughts are generated, there is creation!

We are our own Creators: we mould our morals, we build our frames.

The Demiurge of the skies cannot worry us with clouds and tempests if the Demiurge of the Soul commands the day to shine and soft zephyrs to breathe.

Let us become acquainted with Ourselves.

Let us realize our own powers.

Let us conjure Courage, Hope, Faith, Joy, Peace, Goodness, Victory.

Let us gather the flowers that breathe sweetness and the ripe fruit of fairest trees.

Let us be good that we may attract goodness; forgiving that we may be forgiven; truthful that we be not deceived.

The Soul Its Own Destroyer and Restorer

As we are to others, others will be to us.

Love begets love; kindness, kindness. Let us bless others that we ourselves may be blessed.

All activities are mutually reflexive: all thoughts mutually suggestive.

The correlations of Nature are Compensatory, and all are commensurate with the Energy of Intelligence expended.

We not only make others better by our being good, but we doubly benefit them if we are conscious of an effort in their behalf.

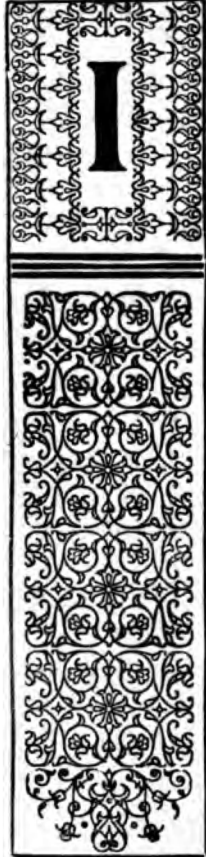
Intelligence utilized in Morals is the beginning of Character.

The chrysalis which generates the butterfly reveals in the winged insect so much of its environment as it could intelligently appropriate.

Its wings are tinted by such hues as affected the chrysalis during its period of gestation.

Thus every forming character is affected by the environment of Thought and Feeling which affects it and as we consciously love or hate we make or mar those we know for good or ill.

The Transforming Power of Ideals



IF WE contemplate the Ideal we exalt the Commonplace.

To dwell in sordid, narrow, contracting thoughts, deadens aspiration and overclouds the star of hope.

To dull, plodding Beasts of Burden, there is no beauty in the flowers of the field, or in the golden orbs of heaven.

To him, who within discerns the Vision of Beauty, all the world is beautiful.

Glorious landscapes which elude the genius of the artist's brush,—moonlit mountains, silvered streams, corruscating cascades, azure canopies, the marshalled hosts of heaven, and booming ocean tides that mark the march of time,—are ever hung within the Gallery of the Soul, to him who would behold.

Dreams are the Prophecy of Facts.

The Transforming Power of Ideals

Poetry is the chord of harmony that thrills with melody the prosy walks of life.

Let the mock-bird's song intoxicate thy soul, O Plodder; howbeit, thy body sweats with weary toil.

Thou hast within thyself, O Man, the Kingdom of the Divine.

Thou art the Companion of the Infinite.

Within the alembic of the mind thou canst, by Hope and Love, transform the base alloys of Woe and Want to Peace and Golden Joy.

Open all the Windows of the Soul, and let in the air of heaven.

Snap the chains that bind to sodden sense, and soar aloft among the stars.

Be thou the Master of thy Fate, and conquer as a god.



They that Love Shall Sing "Resurgam"



WHEN all the
world's abloom;
when the Golden
Sun rises in the
central heavens;
when ornaments
of rarest flowers
bejewel the bos-
om of the earth:
when soft, warm
zephyrs call back

to life the dormant powers of nature that have lain
nigh unto death through winter's tedious spell;
when the moon's yellow lamp lights the paths of
heaven with warm and mellow beams, and gilds the
rimpling waves of rivulets; when the voices of ten
thousand birds are twittering in the boughs, and
earth awakes from her snowy tomb, gorgeously gar-

They That Love Shall Sing "Resurgam"

landed and robed in radiance, 'tis fitting time, indeed,
to sing the Anthem of the Resurrection.

And shall we sing "*Resurgam*"?

Shall we rise again?

If so, beyond the grave?

Why wait? Can we not here, each hour, each
moment, say "*Resurgam*"?

The Soul, bound behind the prison bars of Ignorance and Error, shall it not now escape and rise into the Light?

The Soul asleep beneath the cloud and flame of Passion, Lust, Selfishness, Indulgence, shall it not now awake and flee those Demons of the Darkness?

The beautiful Story of the Resurrection told in all religions is an Episode of Human Life.

As the Suffering Savior symbolized humanity, his resurrection symbolizes the rescue of each struggling soul from the gloomy depths of moral ignorance and self destruction.

Let us trust the Laws of the Universe as implicitly as does every seed and plant and bird.

There is, indeed, but one law in all the world—that LAW is LOVE.

He that loves is risen.

The Shrine of Silence

The Angel of Peace rolls away from his dark tomb
the Stone of Error.

He lays aside the gloomy garments of Despair
and clothes himself with Hope's "raiment white as
snow."

His countenance once foreboding, now "like light-
ning" illumines his atmosphere.

He is saved.

Love is the Resurrection Key.

It unbars the gates of every Grave of Sin.

It opens the Doors of Heaven to every ascending
soul.

To love is to save and to be saved.



Deeds, Not Creeds, Make Character



OW much there is
in one little Act!

Perhaps we
shape our Characters more by
what we Do
than by what we
Think.

The equilibrium of the universe is maintained by evenly balanced interactions.

The equipoise of character is attained by so

balancing the interaction between Mind and Body that each may reflect upon the other habits of Harmony, Concentration and Directness.

We cannot think a smile without expressing it;

The Shrine of Silence

yet we may voluntarily force a smile and then inwardly enjoy it.

We can control our emotions if we learn to order and control their expression.

Would we not know anger? then let us resolve not to act anger.

Howsoever the seething fires of passion burn within, speak not the word, utter it not even in silence to thy soul, and thou art safe.

Speak!—and the storm sweeps on apace, swift and resistless!

Would we not harbor Hate? then let us not be hateful.

By acting lovingly toward others, we become lovable.

By speaking kindly and tenderly, we ourselves become kindly and gentle.

Nature pays all her debts in the coin of compensation.

Honest acts beget honest thoughts; good deeds beget good purposes; deceiving others we learn to deceive ourselves.

Grasp the hand cordially though the heart be cold; speak the word softly though anger heat the veins; say you forgive, though your bosom be inflamed with vengeance, and relentless; smile, though your spirit be dark with frowns and cursings!

Deeds Not Creeds Make Character

Soon the transformation will ensue: sunlight will supplant the darkness; flowers will blossom in the desert; refreshing showers will subdue the barrenness of the arid drouth.

We live in what we do.

Our Thoughts are the Storage of our Deeds.

Let us so act that the storehouse will be filled with Images of Beauty and Paragons of Perfection.

Then shall we in Deed and Thought realize at last our Pure Ideals.



Spiritual Expansion



S EXPANDS the circumference of one's spiritual horizon, one sustains a Calm Poise and more Heroic Attitude

Conscious of finite limitations, the soul mistrusts its

powers. Oblivious of narrow confines—bounding into the Infinite—the soul transcends the body and achieves a seeming miracle.

The wounded warrior, bleeding, fights on, spurred by enthusiasm, his soul literally dragging his dying body, till both succumb in the Joy of Conscious Victory.

The Spirit abides in the Atmosphere of Freedom. Its poise is towards the high expanse of heaven.

Spiritual Expansion

Its restive wings beat against the prison bars of flesh.

It finds Peace only in Ascension.

Its capacity is Limitless Expansion.

It lies within the plane of the Infinite.

Spiritual perception is the true microscope, magnifying the minute spectra of the universe into visible realities.

Conceive thyself, O Man, ever expanding into the Infinite—day by day drawing to thyself potent and resourceful forces—as expands the Seed into Tree and Fruitage—and thou shalt know that thou art a god, compassing the planet and the universe.

Close thine eyes to the flesh—its passion and its pain.

Conjure, in silence, the Spiritual Powers that give Life and Peace—that cannot die—and thou hast found thy Saviour and thy Heaven.



Nature's "One Increasing Purpose"



THE Universe is the expression of an Idea.

A sublime and triumphant Purpose is manifest in every atom.

From Molecule to Mountain, from Mammal to Man from Seed to Star and Solar Worlds

"I doubt not one increasing purpose runs."

Thought is the persistent agent. Mind is the ever potent factor.

All nature thinks by reason of Omnipresent Mind, indwelling in all, through all outworking.

Vaguely expressed in lower, semi-intelligent forms, it ever ascends through Perfecting Organisms, until in human Self-Consciousness it discerns itself and crowns with its glory the Individuality of Man.

Nature's "One Increasing Purpose"

The Infinite finds in self-conscious, intelligent Man, the first express recognition of its Unlimited Possibilities.

Man is, himself, at once, the Conception and Comprehension of the Universe.

He who knows himself, knows all.

For he learns All but as he learns Himself.

Nevertheless, he alone who ascends the heights of the spiritual vision and beholds the glory of the out-lying world, knows how Transcendent are the possibilities of the Soul.

Would we ascend these heights?

Then let us poise, in the Secret of the Inner Silence, on wings of prayerful meditation, and be borne to Worlds beyond the Senses, where reigns the Soul Supreme.

Then darkness shall dissolve in light, and error melt before the truth.

Arise, O Man, from the world of delusion and realize thyself Infinite, Immortal and Divine.

The Unity of Nature



THROUGHOUT Infinity, the self-same Heart of Nature throbs.

From Primal Force to Final Man one impulse moves forever.

Each minutest atom houses the Omnipresent Power. The

vastest orb, that floats in spacial blue, the self-same Energy sustains.

As each smallest section of a magnet is itself a magnet,—full-polarized from tip to tip—thus every particle of nature is surcharged with one pervading Potency—identical in principle, but manifold in manifestation—which maintains, proportions and perfects the Drama of Existence.

There is but One Force variously working, and but One Substance infinitely variegated, that consti-

The Unity of Nature

tutes the totality of what we call The World. And e'en the substance, itself, when analyzed, dissolves into the Force Invisible, that generates it.

And what is Force but push, potency, power?

And what Power, greater in all the universe, than that we call the Living Thought?

Whence is Thought; who first conceived it; who generated it?

Thought is inherent in, and inseparable from, all that is, that has been, and that ever shall be.

In the beginning was Thought, and Thought moved upon the Face of the Deep.

In the cloudy *nebulæ* of primordial vistas, Thought throbbed in each Titanian Atom.

Thought called together the Invisible Substances and changed them into various Form and Fashion.

Out of the Unseen came forth Visible Expressions of existence.

Each was sustained as each absorbed the Universal Breath.

For, as Thought labored, Things were brought forth.

In Motion toiled the primordial Breath of Being: for, naught that moves but breathes.

Each gilded Dot of Dust, that dances in the sun-beam; each Chemic Particle of air that throbs with

The Shrine of Silence

Sensitive Approach of invisible affinities; each substance fused within the cooling caldron of the earth; each wave of ether or magnetic Pulse of Space; each slanting beam of light that ploughs the field of blue with fabulous velocity; each form of matter, be it spear of grass, or bubbling brook, or throbbing cell; exists but as it moves; and moves, but as it in-breathes the Everlasting and Sustaining Energy, which is at once the substance and intelligence, the promise and potency, the beginning and the ending, of all that is, or ever shall be!

Thus, Thou, O Man, thyself art but breath of That, within thee and without, which sustains, informs, and guides thee from ignorance to intelligence, from Coarse Clay to Conscious Being.

This breath is thy persistent prayer; and as thou prayest, or desirest, thou dost inhale from the responsive air the invisible potency that shall exalt thee or demean, rejoice thee or distress, ennoble or degrade.

Fill all thy soul with Breath of Love, and Truth, and Honor, and Sobriety; with Breath of Sympathy and Hope, of Justice and sweet Charity; and thou shalt feel thy Kinship with the Forces that sustain the Universe and give thee Victory in every battle, or Honor in defeat.

Where Reigns the Thought Divine



UT of the variant powers of Nature each seed gathers to itself what power it requires.

Unconfused the energy within breathes out its wants and all the world re-

sponds. From the Universal Cornucopia it selects that only which it requires for life and sustenance.

Silent and alone, within the heart of the earth, the Seed-Soul lifts its prayer aloft, till angels and ministers of light and love surround it.

All Nature is strung with Chords of Sympathy.

Each chord is vibrant with the want of every creature.

The Shrine of Silence

Each breath is a prayer.

The ambient atmosphere is the Recording Angel.

He who at the Shrine of Love breathes the Prayer
of Hope shall never fail.

He, who at the Heart of Peace absorbs the silent
strength of Invisible Powers, is ever strong.

The sunlight carries in its beams the winged mes-
sengers that pulse within the waking bosom of the
flower.

The World of Thought enswathes us round with
Potent Energies which each of us may use, if we
but absorb and vegetate.

Enter the atmosphere of Light and Love and
breathe deeply of that Vital Air that sustains and
triumphs.

Give your breast to the throbbing elements that
penetrate the utmost atoms of your being till you
shall be athrill with the Sympathies of Nature.

Nothing conquers him who is Self-Conqueror.

He conquers self who conquers thought.

Thought, if good or ill, is the Spirit of God walk-
ing in the garden, or the Reptile coiling among the
leaves, to lead to light and love or tempt to want and
woe.

Invite that thought which cools the fevered breast,
as a limpid stream on the desert's edge; which calms

Where Reigns the Thought Divine

the heart though the tempests rage ; purifies the mind
though temptations assail ; sweetens the soul though
bitter be sorrow's "fennel leaf" ; and invigorates the
resolution, though oftentimes smitten by defeat.

Here is the Path of Virtue and the Fortress of
Success.



Life's Promise



RET not nor worry over By-gones; heed not the haunting Wraiths of Fear.

Each day hath burdens of its own.

Fulfil the Obligations of each hour, oblivious

of the past, unanxious for the future.

Of what avail if Carking Care emaciate the cheeks, and purple Rings of Agony encircle wan and languid eyes.

The Weak shall perish : the Strong alone survive.

Venomous microbes are dangerous only to impaired, anæmic bodies.

Here they find indigenous and fertile soil, and speedily devour the organs of vitality.

But the strong, of virile health and robust frame,

Life's Promise

Nally with such microbes, and unconsciously expel them from the system.

Thus they who cultivate an honest conscience, and a cheerful mind, who maintain Allegiance to the Truth, and yield to the soothing influences of Love, drive from their souls the miscreant microbes of Fret and Fear, of Envy and Suspicion, and flood their paths with Glad and Golden Light.

Each day, new-born, reopens life afresh.

Each dawn is flushed with hope, and the rising sun calls forth the "tunes of Memnon" from every waking heart.

Nor tears, nor groans, funereal gloom or melancholy's sigh, can aught avail for Errors of the Past.

Forward is the call.

The future recks not of defeat.

Nightmares can affect but those whose conscience finds, in figments of the mind, the real reflections of the soul's deserts.

Let Hope awake thee from thy slumber with a smile, and as the lark and linnet welcome the dew-wet feet of morn upon the flowery meads, go thou, and welcome, too, in every breeze the Breath of Life, and Joy in every radiant beam.

Fulfil each task with buoyant heart; keep to thy work and judge not.

The Shrine of Silence

Whoso is evil thou knowest not save as thou art
evil.

Be true to thyself.

Live for Love, for Honor and for Right.

Hate not.

Forgive.

Then shall thy life become a Beacon Light to wan-
dering mariners and thy voice a Song of Strength
to faltering and enfeebled souls.



In the Silence of the Solitude



OLITUDE is the Soul's Opportunity.

When alone with one's self the Mirror of Thought reflects the Images cast secretly on the background of Life's experience.

When the harsh, heavy, clashing sounds of the outer world are forgotten, in the Silence of the Soul the Symphony of Peace is heard.

When the stormy waves of passion cease to beat upon the shores of thought; when in the pine tree-tops the soft winds sigh with stupefying melody; when the twitter of birds and the hum of insects soothe the soul into silent reverie; then alone do we know ourselves and read the chart of life aright.

Silence is the Voice of Sanity.

The Shrine of Silence

Passion, Storm, Confusion, are children of a brain distorted.

When the strain and stress of Duty pain you; when lowering clouds descend, and lightnings gleam and thunders crack above your head, seek some lonely Cave within the Hollow of your Heart, and there commune with Thyself in the secret silence of thy soul.

Thither shall Peace pursue thee; there shalt thou find thy God.

When silent, when alone, at rest,—open the Windows of thy Being to the inflow of such thoughts as emanate from Truthfulness, from Sympathy, Tenderness and Love; refuse to recognize an Enemy or a Wrong in all this world.

Discern thou but Goodness, Beauty, Harmony and Mercy in all and in thyself, and thou shalt come forth into the cold daylight of the Conscious World other than thou wast,—a Child of Day—radiant as a summer's sun.

Be thou the Friend of Silence and she shall bless thee with her Crown of Peace.

The Evolution of Individuality



THE achievement of Individuality is the highest triumph in nature.

It is the transformation of Chaos into Order, Confusion into Harmony.

It differentiates the crown-

ing corolla from the in-bosomed sunbeams.

It fashions the figures of the stars and defines their orbital processions.

It evolves all creatures from Monera to Vertebrates, from Microscopic Animalcule to Majestic Man.

It creates the manifold distinctions between Nature's myriad features, which make knowledge possible, and man Supreme because of this knowledge.

It registers in humanity the Consciousness which

The Shrine of Silence

centres in Self, and transforms a muttering Animal into an intelligent Being.

To know this Self is the secret of success.

Be not as others, but as Thyself must be.

Work out your own Salvation and Evolution by dint of penetration and inward scrutiny.

Lead Thyself above thyself into the Mystic Realm of the Undiscovered.

Know Thou art better than at any moment thou knowest thyself to be; for as one mountain peak succeeds another, so ever does thy towering Unconscious Self ascend above thyself discovered.

Enter the realm unconscious—the Kingdom Deific!

Ascend, ascend, till Thou art crowned a king—a god!

The potent forces of Nature are pushing thee on—on to the revelation of thyself diabolic or Thyself Deific.

Look at Thyself fearlessly, without disguise.

Art thou a Monster?

Behold, above thee hovers an Angel—image of thyself, and yet unlike thee.

Contemplate the Beauty of that Image and thou shalt be transformed as beautiful.

Art thou a Saint?

The Evolution of Individuality

At thy feet crawls the Serpent of self-deception;
from thy shoulders, as from Zohak's, leap the Hor-
rible Monsters that would devour thee.

Be on thy guard; contemplate but thy Better Self
—invisible embodiment of Goodness, Purity, Pa-
tience, Love and Truthfulness; and as the morning
mists dissolve in the Golden Light of day, thou shalt
become That which thou dost behold.

Trust thyself; yearn for Thyself yet unrevealed.

No other can be thy god—thy savior.

The responsibility of Being is on thee.

There is no vicarious redemption.

Rise thou through the mists of Doubt and Fear
and Self-Delusion to the sunlit summit of thine
Ascending Consciousness.

Ascend—till thou shalt merge in the Universal
Consciousness, and, Beyond Limitation, know that
thou art One with the Infinite.

The Faith of Science



FAITH founded on Fact, sublimed by Hope, is the basis of the most exalted inspiration.

To realize that we are One with the Universe, whole, intact, indestructible, per-

manent, affords a basis of Religious Aspiration, incomparable in human experience.

To know that Harmony is the principle that underlies the Integrity and Permanence of all Worlds, as well as of the tiniest Sand-Grain, is to grasp the knowledge of a Power which sustains the Hope of the Soul, and guides the heart in every hour of grief.

Destruction is a delusion.

The Faith of Science

Transformation is the goal of Nature's disorganizations.

The minutest atom cannot be annihilated.

Change is the Woof that ever alters the Warp of Worlds: ever altering but never obliterating.

Nothing that is shall ever cease to be.

The flower that fades and vanishes has not gone;—its Form dissolves: its Essence still abides. Nay, rather, it passes from Phenomenal Visibility to a Form Invisible.

For Form is the indestructible Frame Work of all Being.

To trust that Power that builds and holds harmonious the wandering Worlds of Space is not the faith of fear or blind obedience—it is the Consummation of Intelligence—the Triumph of exalted Wisdom.

Love is the Key that unlocks the Temple of the Eternal.

Let us cultivate in our hearts this Sustaining Principle.

Nature will then reveal to us her Secret.

We shall enter in and know the Truth and the Truth shall make us Free.

To trust is an unavoidable contingency of Limited Existence.

The Shrine of Silence

The Limited must trust the Unlimited.

But when we ascend to the understanding of *Ourselves Unlimited*, then we learn we are trusting not imaginary or transitory potencies, but Infinite Being, which is the Source and Sustenance of all we are, have been or may become.



The Supreme Man



MAN is the Climax and Culmination of Forces which for ages have been seeking Harmonious Expression.

Freedom bespeaks contention.

Nothing is free which has not fought for independence.

Nature's primal harmony consisted in homogeneous monotony.

All things were similar because Individuality had not yet been evolved.

Without individuality, itself the result of struggle, there can be no order.

Before the Individual Form, Chaos prevailed.

Hence the preservation of Order depends upon the Persistency of Individuality.

This is true of all Nature as well as of Man.

When the ever contending forces of Nature attain the Point of Repose, then manifold forms evolve, struggling upward, from molecule to

mammal, from mammal to man.

The Shrine of Silence

Hence Repose, or the perfect balance between opposing forces, is the pivot of harmony, the basis of individuality.

Repose is oscillation—the even swing between outlying extremes.

This swing is the Natural Vibration which constitutes the Invisible Chain that binds the universe together, constructs each form of life, and evolves the complex brain of man from the lowly cell that quivers beneath the microscope.

Only, then, is man fully himself, when in Perfect Repose.

In the Secret Silence he attains Complete Consciousness, oblivious of conflict, aloof from discord, swinging as a bird upon a lofty branch, far removed from what distracts the soul from the Symphonies of Peace.

To attain this triumph is the Supreme Desideratum of the human heart.

Thus shalt thou attain who seekest not in vain, and thus shall be thy Song of Triumph:

“I am the Culmination of perfecting Powers.

“In me Blind Forces attain to Consciousness: the Infinite becomes Self-Conscious.

“I am the Seër and the Knower; the Soul and Sense of things, the Magnet of all Harmony.

The Supreme Man

"I am Peace, Perfection, Patience, Power.

"I am the Central Point on which converge the contending Energies of Space, fusing in me the Human and Divine.

"I am all informing, all sufficient. I draw unto Myself all that I need out of the Abundance of Nature, as the seed gathers from the sun and soil the essence of flower and fruit that lie within its bosom.

"I am Harmony, Happiness, Health.

"I wait, serenely, and all things come unto me.

"I am Conqueror, Owner, Sovereign.

"I *will* and it is done!"



You



THROUGHOUT
the realm of na-
ture Freedom
reigns.

Life is capable
of large achieve-
ment only when
untrammelled by
needless limita-
tions.

Nature's limi-
tations are essential ; and she has put bounds even to
Freedom herself.

Within its minute compass each atom is free ; but
its freedom extends not to unrestricted encroachment
on other atoms.

Each atom is an eternal individual persisting
everywhere in its Indestructible Identity.

So is every individualized human being ; and
while externally its freedom may be narrowed by
environment or imposition ; within the invisible con-

You

sciousness the Silent Voice of Freedom whispers confidence.

You must and always shall be Yourself, though you remain conscious through infinite ages, and personate through countless visible forms.

The Force of Freedom is forging you on to perfect its own expression in your life; and only when it finds complete expression will you really be transformed into the supreme consciousness of yourself.

YOU—YOU—*are the greatest thing in the world.*

The evolution of the self-conscious "I" is the Supreme Achievement of Nature.

To know this is to know all.

"Man, know thyself," is the rule wherewith to measure the universe.

But man can only know himself as his Freedom expands, and within her Boundless Realms he beholds himself reflected in the mirror of his unrestrained and natural deeds.

Each man must live out his own life. There is no Vicarious Suffering between individuals: each man vicariously suffers but for himself: *the man of to-day suffers in the birth of the man of to-morrow.*

But YOU, who travail and writhe, are giving birth to Yourself and paying not another's, but your own, debts in the great Accounting of Eternity.

The Shrine of Silence

Therefore each life cries for freedom that the battle may be the sooner finished and the triumph the more speedily attained.

Good can find her expression only in Freedom.

Limitation is the cause of Evil.

If every human being were free to work out his own ideal each would soon outwardly express the instinct of his Native Goodness.

For none is evil, no, not one; save as coercion and limitation repress the Divine Nature and make that which is Good seem to be Bad.

Man, know thyself, that thou art good as is all else; and seek thou Freedom that she may nurse and voice thee as thou art—pure, perfect. and inviolate



The Unconscious Self



RAIL and faulty is
the frame of
man.

Flitting and
evanescent are
the phenomena
of life.

Change is the
ever intertwining
thread of ex-
perience which

weaves the Fabric of Knowledge and builds the
Form of human Character.

Swiftly fly the shuttles of thought across the loom
of consciousness, where sits the Silent Weaver who
guides the threads and shapes the Web of Life.

Thy thoughts, thy passions and proclivities, thy
plans and purposes, thine hatreds and affinities, these
are the threads that build the meshes of thy charac-
ter.

We are that only that we think, or that thoughts
have woven into us.

The Shrine of Silence

Each atom of matter, each throbbing cell, within the mouldering House of Clay wherein we dwell, is but the form and mantle of some Spiritual Energy which moves mysteriously within.

Somewhere amid the complex and transitory phases of existence abides that which is Constant,—the receiver and all-knower of all that is.

That is Thyself; thy Soul.

Here converges and is focalized each several activity of mind and heart, each impulse and sensation, each purpose and momentary impress.

What thou canst seize, each instant, out of the multitudinous array of images that haunt thy mind, is thy Temporary Consciousness; and that which the wand of Memory conjures from the deep abyss of Oblivion, and maintains as the Constant Factor of existence, is thy Self-consciousness, individual and persistent.

Within thyself lies the vast abyssm of the Unknown.

Here thou abidest forever.

'Tis the Office of the Mind to resurrect the Soul from these abysmal depths, that in the Image of our Thoughts we may behold Ourselves as truly we are, and thus transform the Base and Vicious into the Beautiful and Perfect.

The Unconscious Self

With the brush of the Conscious Thought we paint upon the canvas of the Unconscious Self the flitting Images of Life.

Consciously or unconsciously we cast upon the soil the seeds of reckless thoughts.

Once planted they must grow, for good or ill.

And yet the Soul, is its own Gardener; it may cleanse the soil of every vicious and undesirable growth by planting assiduously the Seeds of Purity and Love, Truthfulness and Justice, Honor and Integrity.

Guard thy thoughts as the worthy parent guards the companionship of youth; and guide them as the charioteer controls the reins of fiery steeds, and thou shalt be Master of Thyself, and builder of that Tabernacle wherein thy soul in peace forever may abide.



The Supreme Ideal



ONE Power pervades the Universe.

It makes for Peace, Perfection, Harmony.

There is but One Ideal and everything is pushing on toward its fulfillment. Nothing

is lost. No atom but has its place.

There is no waste in the final economy.

Affinity, union, organization, dissolution and reorganization, ever nearing a higher approach to the Perfect Ideal,—this is the plan and order of Nature in which we read the Meaning of Life and its potent Purpose.

The Supreme Ideal

So to shape the trend of action that it shall run harmonious with the Perfect Whole,—this is the Secret of Success, the Key to Happiness.

Though Nature knows no waste, there may be waste in human action because of ignorance of the Law of Union and Affinity.

When the Proper Poise is attained then invisible forces play upon us to accelerate our labors, and ease the movements of our mind.

Then we sail on as in a well-built boat skimming the surface of smooth waters and driven by a firm and favorable wind.

When we have lost our poise, and Fear and Foreboding seize the mind, we drift upon agitated and uncertain waters, whithersoever the cruel powers drive us.

First we must learn that we have power to calm the waters and guide the Vessel of Life at our pleasure.

The control of Self is the control of environment.

Let the atmosphere of thy thoughts be calm and peaceful and influences shall enswathe thee soft and soothing as the mellow setting of an Autumn sun.

Breathe Peace upon thy soul and thy thoughts will be strong and refreshing as sea-winds on the shore,

The Shrine of Silence

scattering from thy purified heart the refuse of the past.

Command thy Fate; order thy course; perform thine act accordant with thy will: and then with calm, expectant poise, await the exhibition of thy strength.

Thou, O Man, art Maker and Ruler of thy Sphere, and naught can transpire save that thou commandest.

Discover thy secret and use it for thy good, thy neighbor's and the world's.

But he who finds the Priceless Jewel and sells it for a Mess of Pottage to aggrandize himself or gratify luxurious taste or ambition's avarice and greed;—let him beware the apples of Sodom and the bitter Dead Sea fruit!

He who plans in goodness shall achieve the Good.

All is good to him who is good, but evil to him who hath no goodness. †

Seek thou the Vision of thy God—thine own Soul's Purity—and gaze thereon till thou thyself art transformed into a Paragon of Righteousness and thou shalt become Master of Thyself, and Ruler of thy Sphere.

The Unknowable



NATURE is the
Paragon of Con-
sistency.

Her methods
are precise.

Her ideals are
perfect, her cor-
relations harmo-
nious and her
laws unalterable.

Error lies not
in the processes of the Universe: but in the false per-
ceptions of human consciousness.

To know the Whole of Truth we must know the
Whole of Nature.

Partial knowledge is never certain, for it has lost
its relation to the Perfect Whole.

Nature acts.

Man thinks.

The Shrine of Silence

He reads his own ideas into Nature's processes and substitutes his reasoning for her methods of Causation.

Man knows nothing of Causation, because he knows nothing of the Origin of things.

He knows Order, Relation, Sequence. Nothing more.

Truth consists in the appositeness of human thought to external representation.

A thought perfectly mirrored on the face of Nature is the realization of Truth, for it is the Soul of Consistency.

A truth cannot be one thing in the mental world and another in the material.

But, because the universe is infinite, whereas the ken of human vision is circumscribed by the horizon of finite intelligence, the goddess of Perfect Truth is never seen.

We behold her, only, through a glass darkly.

Her thousand tongues clamor forth her claims through nature's myriad forms, but her Secret Voice is never heard, nor broken the sphinx-like silence of her ancient lips.

None knows Truth; no, not one.

Hers is the Mystic Secret of the spheres, and her Bosom the Pavilion of all Mystery.

The Unknowable

Man can never know entire; yet ever more and more.

It is better to search for Truth and not to find, than never to have searched at all.

Truth is the Siren of the Stars who beckons to some far-off Elysium unattained.

And yet in the rapture of her song is joy; in the shadowy revealment of her form the illusionment of triumph.

Hers is the mirage whose dissolving imagery allures and disappoints, yet prophesies that universal knowledge which somewhere must abide.

Truth reveals herself in adumbrations; not in dazzling orbs of light.

She casts her splendor through refracting prisms, but the perfect ray is never seen.

She coquets and captivates, but never satisfies.

Hope on, dream on, and search forever, Man, for Her whose attainment were Nirvana, and whose every visitation more enriches thee than the fabled kisses of angelic lips.

Be thou the Child of Truth and thy tongue the Trumpet of her Triumphs, and she shall honor thee with Crown of Liberty and Life Immortal.

Light



IGHT is invisible
Light.

The glory of
Day fades on the
brow of Even-
ing, and sinks
within the sable
folds of Gloom.

But the vibra-
tory bosom of
the Ether palpi-

tates with ceaseless radiation, unseen by those who
have not eyes to see.

Light is everywhere: Day, eternal.

Eyes there are which behold what human eyes can-
not discern.

The bat and owl laugh at the feebleness of man.

To them the daylight is the night; and what to
us is sombreness and gloom to them is garish as
the sun.

Light

Were there forever Dark, and naught but the moon's pale light and constellations' splendor to illumine the night, the eye of man by gradual adaptation would see as keenly as now he sees what heaven's illumination spreads before his view.

There is no night, save to him who cannot see the Light.

As somewhere, in the irradiant Dark, there is an eye to behold the Unseen Splendor, which to other eyes is Sombrous Gloom, so within the murky shade of human life there shines for him who can discern it, the Soul's Unclouded Glory.

It never sets or rises, but floods the widening horizon with ineffable resplendence:—

The Light that hath not ending nor beginning, but was, before the colonnade of stars upheld the arches of the sky:—

That was ere sang the "Sons of God" for joy, or ere the snowy dust of stars besprent the Milky Path, or circled in the swirl of nebulae to shape the orbs of space:—

The Light that carnal eye cannot behold, yet throbs within the bosom of enswathing Ether:—

The Light that is the Life of life, and Mother of all Being:—

The Shrine of Silence

The Light that suckled the first-born atom and
hungered for the Birth of Worlds.

The Light that generates yet dies not, but grows
upon its giving.

The Light that lighteth every man that cometh
into the world as well as every dew-drop that quiv-
ers in the dawn.

This is the Light that was and is and is to come;
the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

This Light art thou, O Man.

To know this Light is to know Life eternal.

Thou hast the Eye to see.

It is set as a deathless jewel in the brow of Love.

It glows on the forehead of the Truth.

It is an unflawed crystal on the breast of Purity.

Its lids are never closed.

It knows no night.

Its gaze is fixed forever on the Glory of the Day.

Look thou and behold that that fleshly eye dis-
cerns not; the Light that prophesies Eternal Life
within Thyself.

The Mind Infinite



UNFATHOMABLE
is the depth of
Mind : infinite its
potencies.

Thought is the
Measuring Rod
of the Universe.

Man is the
thought-unit of
all possible per-
mutations.

Beyond his mind is nothing : within is all. He
thinks and creation follows.

For creation is not bringing into being *ab initio* ;
but transmuting into existing form that which be-
fore was, but was not yet knowably existent.

Creation has always been ; will ever be : without
beginning and without end.

The universe has always been and yet is forever
becoming.

All things are possible, but all things do not yet
exist.

The Shrine of Silence

Man thinks, and presto! the non-existent is!
Out of the Womb of Being man begets the Child
of Thought.

The mental image becomes the physical verity.
There is nothing that man can think but what
will sometime be.

The sacred, secret dream becomes the secular commonplace.

The angelic visions of an Angelo adorn immortal canvases that hold wondering multitudes entranced.

Floating images dance vaguely through the brain of the inventor, when lo! they appear in living realities: words click through limitless space on trembling wires; speech thunders on delicate threads to listening ears separated by nameless leagues; the human eye pierces opaque bodies till all things become transparent; e'en landscapes and ordinary scenes are transported through measureless distances, till man begins to realize the wonders of fabled fairy land, and all ancient mysteries lie uncovered to his studious gaze.

Mind is the Master: Thought the Magician.

The wandering spheres of heaven shall yet yield to its mandates and with it the mystic thread of Ariadne will wind through all the labyrinthian spaces of the infinite, to draw unto the knowledge of man

The Mind Infinite

the mysterious powers that maintain the Universal Equilibrium.

Nothing is impossible to him. He holds the Key of the Universe.

Thought is that key : the universal Demiurge : the infinite Creator.

It builds the brain : the channels wherein flow the ruddy drops of life ; bony phosphate and animate corpuscle.

It is bliss or bane ; peace or poverty ; hope or harassment ; joy or jaundice.

Thou art as thou wouldst be, O Man.

Thyself thy God : thy very Devil.

Conjure by the potent Powers of Mind what thou wouldst possess of the world's cornucopia, and it is thine.

Art thou poor, miserable, abandoned and forlorn ?

Awake ! thy god awaits thee.

Conjure Happiness, Hope, Wealth and Wisdom, and they are thine.

All is thine, O Child of the Universe, thou universal god, wilt thou but know Thyself.

Awake, arise, and *be* Thyself and the elements shall become thy servants.

On the Heights



IVE in the Light.
Ascend the
Mountain Tops.
Be clothed with
Sunbeams.

Seize the stars
and scatter Sil-
ver Mists of
Glory around
you.

You have
within, the Mystic Presence—the great Magician.

Think! and more wonders surround you than pur-
sued the magic friction of Aladdin's lamp.

Is your life accursed? are the heavens inky black?
do pitfalls menace your footsteps? are you like Ores-
tes pursued by Furies who lash you with their ser-
pentine locks?

Pause—think!

Be clothed in your Right Mind.

On the Heights

*You are but spreading the image of your own
fancies on the canvas of your outward experience.*

Change your thoughts and your fancies will
change.

Picture Peace, Prosperity, Light, Joy, Hope,
Energy, Ambition, Success, and presto!—the world
is transformed:

The heavens palpitate with supernal glory—an
angel sits on every star—each universal atom vi-
brates with the quenchless joy of triumph and frui-
tion!

“’Tis not in our stars but in ourselves that we are
underlings”; that we are miserables!

Fate is the product of Mental Force.

Destiny is the Child of Self-Determination.

As the crystal’s formation depends upon substance
and environment, so does human character.

But the mind fashions its own substance and
shapes its environment as the potter does the clay.

The Dreams of the Heart are the pearls without
price.

As we think, we are.

Let us think that which, to desire and achieve,
would bestow Peace, Happiness and Comfort on our-
selves and others.

Cosmic Vibrations



HY are flowers beautiful, colors harmonious, and sounds musical?

Because we have senses attuned to the harmonious vibrations which flower, color and sound emit.

Music consists not in the harmony of notes—but in the soul's consciousness of Harmonious Relations.

What is music to the Savage is torment to the Saint.

What is beauty to the Artist, to the Dullard is a bore.

Our soul-sympathies must needs become finer and

Cosmic Vibrations

more delicate, that our senses may be more delicately attuned, till they come in touch with the Higher Vibrations that beat at the bosom of the universe.

God is the Centre of Cosmic vibration:—that Universal Substance which thrills with the vibratory harmonies expressed in rose-leaf or star-dust—in insect's wing or brain of genius.

Thought is a wave of mental energy.

All vibrations are thoughts.

Would we become One with the Universe, we must think the Thoughts that sustain the universe.

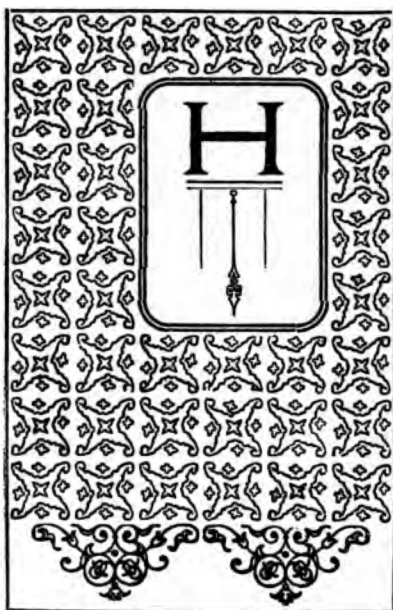
Harmony, Order, Equilibrium, Rest—these are the universal, sustaining principles.

“Think on these things,” dwell in thoughts of Harmony, Love, Peace, Restfulness, Gentleness, Hope, Courage and Truthfulness,—and we steal the Secret of the Cosmos, and touch the Heart of Deity!

If we love, we live.

This is Nature's Law, on which rests the Ethical Order of all Worlds.

Words That Burn



E WHO is happy in the Choice of Words is a master among men.

Language is the Raiment of the Soul.

It fits the invisible self as clothing fits the body.

If it be graceful, fluid, limpid and melodious, it bespeaks a mind luminous with inspiration and a heart redolent of

love. Words are the visible paths through which flash the currents of electric thought.

Words That Burn

Speech is the instrument of logic.

He who is impoverished in language is illy furnished in mind.

To think clearly one must speak exactly.

Each word can have but one meaning at a time, and woe to him who discerns it not when needed.

In every word is wound up the unimaginable associations of past lives, and innumerable memories which momentary usage may awaken.

A word speaks as vividly to a conscious soul as does a human voice.

In Every Word is indelibly written the History of the Race.

Language is the embodiment of all science.

The larger a man's vocabulary, the more encyclopædic his information.

Words may be dull and heavy as the sodden earth; or bright and limpid as a liquid stream; full of laughter as a babbling brook; or coarse as sounds of grating wheels.

They may flutter cheerily as the morning breeze among the budding boughs of Spring, or thunder as the roar of whirlwind amid the Tempest's Doom.

They may be feeble as a sickly child, or stentorian as the voice of Cyclops.

They soothe, they cheer, they goad, and triumph,

The Shrine of Silence

or they dishearten, deaden, and destroy; and this they do though the lip that speaks them may be innocent and the heart that prompts most merciful.

Words live their own lives and make of us too oft unwitting dupes of their designs.

Watch the words that leap into your mind and chain them to thy teeth, ere they goad thy tongue to speak them unawares.

Words are thieves and steal away our brains in wanton guile, or angels fluttering through our souls with brands of Golden Light.

Words are friend or foe, heartless and unrepentant; or generous of good as the rains of Spring, that nurse the suckling soil.

But words themselves are the children of emotion.

Live thou where thy heart shall be bathed in the Light of Love and all thy promptings be toward Honor and Nobility, and thy words shall be pure as the crystal snow and brilliant as the morning star.

Feel right and thou shalt think right.

Act right and thou shalt speak right.

Let all thy thoughts be merged in Sympathy and Justice, thine ambition be to dwell with Purity and Righteousness, then shall thy words be beautiful as a Poet's Dream and perfect as an Artist's Model.

The Power of Prayer



O FEEL a Conscious
Unity, in love
And life, with the
sustaining energy
That reared the Pil-
lars of the Uni-
verse,
And holds in awe the
reverence of man,
Is full attainment of
the heart's desire,

And rich ecstatic vision of the soul.
To know the Thrill that ravishes the breast,
When vibratory pulses of the spheres
Send through the soul their flaming messengers
Of Light and Life, is evidence of God.
To pray is not vociferation of
The lips, or audible exclaim; but calm
Communion, in the secret silence of

The Shrine of Silence

**The Inward Thought, with Truth and Light and
Love.**

**As seeds, embosomed in the earth, absorb
Its chemic essences, and rob the sun
Of his bright hues, till flowers smile and swing
Their perfumed incense in the air; so man,
Absorbed in contemplation of the Good,
The True, the Beautiful, divinity
Reflects within himself, and outwardly
Reveals the qualities he contemplates.
In thought, the purpose of thy prayer hold fast—
Thy mind's desire and thy body's needs:—
Ere long, from Nature's plenitude, shall come
The Substance prayed for and—thy hope fulfilled!
For all is thine to order and command.**



Thoughts That Breathe



LET not the Heart
grow weary, nor
the Soul de-
pressed, in striv-
ing after Truth.

To search is
the privilege of
man; and 'tis
Nature's prom-
ise, to reveal.

The universe is
full of Forces making for Harmony and Happiness.

The Supreme Ideal is The Beautiful.

The prompting of every heart is toward the Good
and True.

Nature loves completion and "hates a vacuum."

In the ever completing purpose of life Perfection
unfolds and the Invisible Man comes forth.

Know thou, O Man, that thou art yet unseen by
Thyself; thou dwellest where the Invisibles abide,

The Shrine of Silence

and canst behold thyself in naught, save in impalpable images of Thought and Memory.

Thy Thoughts are the flowerings of thy Desires; and thou canst of these make a garden of delicious fragrance and entrancing beauty, or a tangled wild-wood, full of prickly briars and distressful thorns.

To build the House Beautiful thou needst but muster the Children of the Mind, and they will serve thee as Architect, Master-Mason and toiling Artisan.

No man in all this world need be without a Home.

Nay, each man hath his home, though oft he knows not where he lives.

As thou thinkest from the early blush of dawn till thine eyelids tremble at the summons of sweet sleep; yea, e'en as thy dreams command thy wandering images to play their several parts upon the stage of phantasy; thou dost build, stone by stone, timber on timber, to the towering roof, the house wherein thou dwellest.

Here are thy banquet halls; thy chambers of reverie; thy chapel walls of worship; and thy slumber rooms of peace.

Here, too, thy riotous living and thy devouring sins.

Thoughts That Breathe

Here, the brooding demons of avengeful wrongs; the blood-stained spots of murder, where with Invisible Weapons thou piercest them who, unawares, fall beneath the unseen blow.

Here dost thou lay the golden floors, and jessamine walls, the amethystine ceiling of thine enduring heaven: here, the sulphurous and suffocating Caves of Woe, where, reeking in the fumes of thine own making, thou dost curse imaginary gods that gave thee birth.

O Man, thou art thine own Creator, and thine own Destroyer.

Make thou the secret Garden of thy Soul sweet with the fragrance of such thoughts as give Cheer and Hopefulness, Joy and Exultation to all who enter.

Cultivate the *habit* of entertaining thoughts of Love and Goodness, Peace and Purity, Beauty and Forgiveness, Chastity and Charity, and these will be thy Tutelary Deities to guard and guide thee: thy Ministering Angels to inspire, strengthen and preserve.

The World of Illusion



O BE alone—alone
with one's self—
far removed
from the shadowy Illusions of
the outward
world, and see
but those images
the soul discerns
on the screen of
the submerged

Consciousness—this is Realization—Triumph.

How insubstantial, vain and illusory, are the shifting scenes and kaleidoscopic movements of this ever present, yet ever unknown World of Sense.

We live in dreams; and all we see and know are but the ghost-like phantoms of the Imagination, which dissolved by the keen analysis of science vanish into the Unknown.

The Earth that seems so firm and massive, so in-

The World of Illusion

dissoluble and compact, is constantly ~~evaporating~~ into circumambient air, and each solidest substance of its surface has between its molecules vaster distances, proportionally, than the cosmic interstice that intervenes between this planet and the Sun.

Each apparent substance is but an aggregation of imaginary, Invisible Points, held together by Invisible Powers, and the entire Cosmos is but the ocular effect upon the human consciousness of the Vast Swirl of titanic forces, gathering in momentary nodules, which for awhile swing rhythmically in the Sea of Space and anon return into Primordial Dust.

Chaos and Cosmos are one and the same; each is but the effect upon the human mind of similar forces playing, alternately, in tune and out of tune: and, of a truth, this mighty world,—the curtaining blue of the heavens, the gorgeous pageantry of suns and stars, the flush of dawn, the dreamy pensiveness of dusk, the vast globe itself on which we dwell—its rock-ribbed bowels and its heart of fire, its tumultuous oceans and its wind-swept trees, its multitudinous people and the product of their toil;—all, all the glories of civilization, its chef d'œuvres of art, its marble temples, its enginery of war, its shrines of adoration and its shambles of the

The Shrine of Silence

market place, are but Images of Thought,—the “in-substantial fabric of a dream,” which shall in time “dissolve into air, into thin air, and leave not a rack behind.”

But not forever is the Impress gone.

The soul within hath silently registered all the flitting forms of vision, and there forever shall the record lie known to him only who hath power to recall.

Here is thy home, O Man, thy life eternal.

Here abide, and hold communion at the invisible shrine of Thought and Meditation.

Out of the Silence shall arise for thee Visions of beauty and of love, of tenderness and truth. Thou hast the power to conjure.

Recall, out of thy dead past, the Vanished Idols of forgotten dreams, and worship those Ideals that slumber not where Beauty calls, nor sleep unresponsive to the touch of Love.



Hope Begotten of Gloom



WHEN the Pall of Gloom hangs low; when pain of disappointment for the Failure of Ideals oppresses the soul; 'tis well to know that all of life is not contained in a single

effort; that "art is long," and Truth at last achieves her end.

'Tis better to try and fail than not to try at all.

The Hero lives in the soul's purpose, the heart's ambition, the mind's idealism.

If not always expressed in the outward deed, in the physical triumph, heroism may live in spiritual qualities which inspire the weak to hope if not to attain, to aspire if not to soar.

Even a Dirge is comforting to a soul in pain.

The sad heart is so chorded that every wave of sympathy thrums from it its melody of joy.

The Shrine of Silence

Outward Triumph is often Inward Failure.

To think high and lofty deeds, though our lives are commonplace, is to live among the gods and hear the rustle of the angel's wings.

To weep is sometimes better than to laugh.

A Tear is often but a molten Jewel, which will sometime crystallize again and bedeck the soul as a priceless pendant.

To know that nothing fails except the false is to hold the key of life's profoundest secret.

Truth is too vast to be revealed all in a day.

To-morrow waits upon yesterday and the present is forever forward.

To-day is always, and eternity abides in the flitting moment.

Fill out each little moment of time that nestles thee upon its breast and all the anxious hours will await thy bidding.

To Master a Moment is to Conquer a World.

Weep not except thy tears exude from pain that but forestalls thy joy.

Life is beyond; the past cannot be resurrected.

The morning breeze sweeps from the Opening Horizon whence looms the rising sun. Let us arise and forward, though the day be long; the pilgrimage oppressive.

The Sun Sets Not forever, nor shall our Hope.

Man Immortal



HERE livest thou,
Man; thou some-
time Worm of
Earth?

Thinkest thou
this encasement
of tanned and
hardened flesh,
its gallowses of
bone, and wire-
work of nerves,

is the House of thy Habitation? What to thee is
the Music of the World?

Naught but that which can vibrate on the tough
strings of thy tympanum?

Knowest thou naught but the visible world which
encloses thee in cloud and gloom, or in vapory at-
mosphere of sodden density?

Be still, and listen to the Music that is audible to
thyself alone!

Behold the Visions that arise in Silent Moments,
when with Thyself thou seest, behind the Veil of

The Shrine of Silence

Things, the Immortal Images which are cast on the Screen of Eternity!

Enter the realm of the Cause of causes, where unrealized Ideals still glimmer in the Dawn of Truth; and there discern the Undreamed Possibilities which invite thee and await their consummation.

What is this little ball of dust—thy body?

Constituent of infinite vibrations, volatile as vapor, it is to thy true power pliant and flexible as threads of gossamer woven of the wind, subject to thy command, subservient to thy purpose.

Yet, how oft is this little body the tyrant-master of thy Better Self: how oft its pains pierce the citadel of thy being, and usurp the Throne of Power; ousting, as it were, the Spirit, with mock terrors and shadowy authority.

Know thou that where Thou livest is never night or gloom, nor grim foreboding of approaching woe.

Day is eternal.

Nor enter here the strident noises of the marketplace, the gruff demands of Avarice, the mockery of vain Ambition, or Envy's green and galling visage of mischief and despair.

Here is Perennial Silence.

Calm as waters mid-sea, kissed by the velvet lips of orient zephyrs, is the bosom of Him who abides in the shadow of Almighty Truth.

Man Immortal

The realm of matter is to thy soul as plastic wax to the artists' fingers. Thou canst mould it to thy purpose and shape it after thine Ideal.

Thought is the pointed stencil which traces the form and features of this mould of dust that mantles thee; canst thou but hold thy thought to noble and exalted purpose, each lineament will speak its virtue to the world and flood thee with the consciousness of unearthly power.

There art thou indestructible as eternity, immovable as the stars from their irrevocable orbits, silent as pulseless heart of the fathomless sea, and pure as immaculate ether in the frigid zone betwixt revolving worlds.

O Man of the Dust, know thyself.

Worm of humility, Coward of space, know thou art the full and complete expression of the God of Nature, and more than thou art can no being become.

Behold thyself Immortal, Immaculate, Omnipotent.

Steadfastly gaze thou upon the Glory of thy being, till thou shalt be "changed from glory unto glory," and the blotched and miry mantle of thy mortal frame shall dissolve and reveal the divine rays of Beauty, Purity, and Love.

The Dream World



HAT is a Dream?

The Phantasm
of a forgotten
thought; the re-
turning wraith
of a Departed
Deed.

It comes to
remind us what
we have been;
sometimes, of

what we may become. There is in dream both
warning and inspiration.

There we behold how Monstrous we are; how
Glorious we would become.

The Dream of Good is the hope of the soul; of
beauty, the Glory of art; of truth, the Aspiration
of knowledge.

All life is a dream, and each act its realization.

We dream, to dream again, as purple mists on
mountain tops embosom the reflected light, but are
themselves embosomed in the sleeping lake that lies
below.

The Dream World

All is fleeting, evanescent, like clouds that fret the summer sky.

But, as ofttimes we behold in them strange imagery of sculptured beauty,—pure idealizations of artistic form,—which stay only to give a hint and then forever disappear, so a flashing thought, a moment's impulse, sometimes becomes a revelation to the soul responsive to its meaning.

To become masters of our dreams is to harness the forces of Nature.

He who aspires to the Highest encroaches on the confines of the Mysterious.

The artist dreams before he paints or carves; the poet's song is heard before it is sung; truth throbs, like a raging fire, in the soul before it bursts to startle the world.

*"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."*

Let thy Thoughts be beautiful, and thou shalt behold Beauty everywhere.

Dream thou of Love, and mellow will thy bosom be towards every aching heart and crying want.

Lift thy spirit to the stars, pursue Celestial Paths of knowledge, and the Unseen World of wonder will draw thee to itself, and, through thee, spread its beams of Wisdom, Power and Glory.

The World Ideal



THE World is beautiful to him who discovers its Ideal.

Nothing in Nature is perfect; yet man holds in his mind's eye its Perfect Image.

No flower was ever so harmoniously formed as that which man himself beholds.

He who views an object through the perspective of the imagination discerns its ideal.

The gnarled and shapeless oak offends the eye which sees it closely; but, beheld from the forest's edge, its very deformities become harmonious.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," because the mind builds better its own vision when the eye sees but dimly.

The Man Within beholds the Glorious Sculpture of his soul's creation.

The World Ideal

The Outward Eye sees in straight lines; the Inward Eye in curves.

The outward eye knows only the vulgarisms of the real; the inward, the visions of the ideal.

The eye within is the Poet's eye; the eye without, the Plodder's.

To see subjectively is to discover a universe the objective eye hath never found.

The Subjective man is the man Divine—the man of dreams, of prophecies, ambitions and attainments.

The Divine Man creates his own world, and uses the world that is, as his footstool from which he reaches to the stars.

He lives truly who lives the Life Divine.

Not in thought only, in reason and deduction, does this man toil; but in intuitive discernment, in rapt illusionment of dreams and hopes, in ecstasy of song and rhythm, in visions of a world unseen.

He is divine who becomes creative, whether in art, in character, or in service to mankind.

The Genius of Originality is divinity, and he becomes most divine who becomes most Himself.

Trust thine own genius, O Follower of the Truth; be true to thyself, deal honestly with all mankind, and thou shalt reach victoriously the goal of Peace and perfect Rest.

The Virtue of Oblivion



O BE Calm amid Conflict, peaceful in pain, and hopeful in the face of utmost disappointment, is life's truest philosophy.

To realize that yesterday is done; its deeds

for good or ill forever marshalled in the serried ranks of time; its spoken words, forever unrecalled, echoing down "the ringing grooves of change"; its life ended where to-day's life but begins; is not to despair but to be quickened with a New-Born Inspiration.

We cannot unmake the Past but we can new-make the Present!

'Tis needless to mourn a Day Lost when a Living Day is still in the hand.

The Virtue of Oblivion

Life's experiences—its defeats and triumphs—must be calculated in averages.

Each season is neither all Sunshine nor all Storm.

Each day is neither all Smiles nor all Frowns.

But always enough sunshine mantles the earth to build the forest oak and crown the golden grain; to deepen the rose's blush and gladden the song-bird's heart; to gild the murmuring rivulet and mellow the summer air.

He who beholds the storm-cloud, though aghast at its destructive force, knows that the Peaceful Sun reigns behind it and soon will scatter it with Beams of Glory.

Forget the storm-cloud and think only of the King of Light who rules beyond.

Forget the Pain of Disappointment, the Anguish of Sorrow, the Exasperation of Ingratitude, the Scorn of the Envious, the Success of the Iniquitous.

These are but the shifting clouds that darken the panorama of life's changes.

Ere long 'tis brightened with Smiles of Sympathy and Love's sweet Cheer; with Songs of Peace and Whisperings of Hope; with shouts of Victory and the dawning of a fairer day.

Be brave and aspire; work and wait: anon, the

The Shrine of Silence

transformation :—the horrors of the nightmare fade
and living interests return.

Fear not, worry not, sorrow not, nor fret.

Each day, accept what is in store, making better
the Offerings of the Morrow by making good the
Promises of To-Day.

Thus find the Secret of Happiness; the Reward
of Patience.



The Yearning After Immortality



O·LIVE forever—
'twere well were
Happiness for-
ever sure.

Does Man
crave Immor-
tality?

Yes, because
he hopes some
day, somewhere,
to find the Ely-

sium of Peace. But if in all worlds to be there
were no surer peace than here would man still
wish to live?

Forever would he love his Heart-Pains, his fruit-
less Strivings and his Ashen Hopes?

Would he still yearn to chase the sunbeams, if he
knew they were ever but reflections from the river-
wave?

Would still the iridescent bubble of Hope's Al-
lurement lead him on, if he knew anon it must burst
and vanish into "thin air"?

The Shrine of Silence

The Hope of Immortality springs from the Hope of Happiness. He who enjoys life, would live always.

But Despair is the mother of the Night, and her offspring are Darkness and Death.

The yearning after immortality is not its proof, save as the yearning hope of everlasting happiness may prophesy the final Fruition of the Race.

And yet instinctively we feel we must live always, for we cannot think that we have not always lived.

Non-existence is inconceivable.

We know that we are born in human forms, yet we cannot trace the origin of consciousness within these forms.

Backwards our memory sinks into the vistas of the beginningless beginning; and forwards, as we gaze, we discern not the horizon that divides the Upper and the Lower Skies of our momentary being.

Hence the instinct of life—the Dream of Immortality.

And it is a beautiful dream.

It dreams of life not only, but of peace, of happiness, of justice, of fraternity.

It dreams of all that is best and most exalting in the human heart, which some day shall be realized.

It dreams of the Crown of purity and beauty, of

The Yearning After Immortality

nobility and honor, that shall sometime rest on every brow.

To make immortality desirable we must make this life successful.

To be successful the heart must be at ease.

Let us find, then, the secret of happiness that we may make of this life a joy and of the hope of immortality an inspiration to sublimest ends.



A Prayer



INFINITE and Supernal Presence, by whose power we are sustained, whose light is our illumination, we desire to know and be quickened by thy warming influence, in every thought and impulse of our natures.

What Thou art we cannot know save as we realize thy presence in our consciousness.

We desire to learn, and be upheld by, thy Spirit of Harmony, of Peacefulness and Love.

We desire to dwell in the conscious unity of Spiritual Brotherhood.

We desire to know no evil in our neighbors; to free ourselves from all suspicion, envy, misinterpretation, or unkind insinuation.

We desire to recognize only good in all.

We desire most of all to hold steadfast in our spiritual discernment the divine

A Prayer

reality which constitutes the real being of each of us; knowing which, we are freed from the Illusions of temporal experience—as the sun knows not the shadow that falls beneath its ray.

We would live above the cloud, above contention and distress.

We would know the inexhaustible resources of sweet and sacred Silence.



The Mystery of Birth



BIRTH is the bursting of a New Life into being: a life though old yet young.

It becomes the individualized expression of manifold powers, embosomed

in its form. A crystal, a flower or a man, is, each, a birth-form of beauty and of wonder.

All births are immaculate as each springs from the unimpregnated bosom of the all-enveloping Life.

The legend of the Christ-birth but symbolizes the bursting into consciousness of that Supernal Self, of whose being we have only faint glimpses while tabernacled in this Mould of Clay.

The Mystery of Birth

The Christ-child we ourselves possess in the manger of the human heart, where Love, Wisdom, and Goodness, lie buried in the rubbish of Passion and Depravity.

Remove the swaddling clothes of Ignorance and Fear, and the dimpled face of the Holy Child will beam upon our vision.

Love is the pregnant power of nature that gives Form to Life and Beauty to Being.

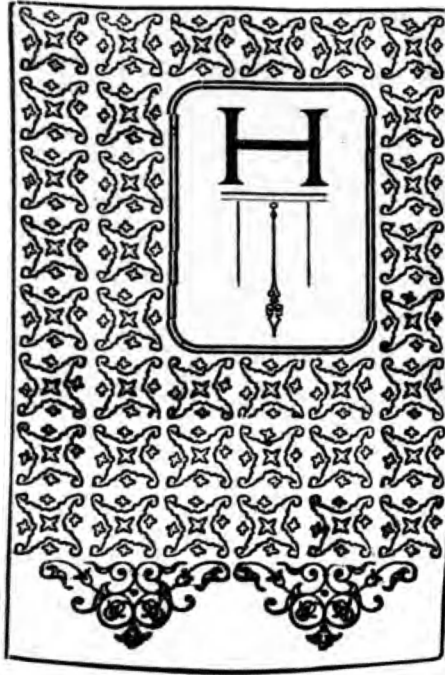
Wisdom is the temple wherein the Child of Love is worshiped: where the God of Goodness lingers to bless, forgive and fructify.

Each human life in pain, in want, in suffering, is the Manger Cradle where the Christ-child lies waiting for those who hope to worship him in duty done to man, in joy secured through service. All other adoration of the Christ is base idolatry.

Unlock the Stable-door of thy Heart, O Man; enter and find there the Child awaiting thee who invites to Peace, Purity and Mercy.

Love and obey that Child and happy shall be thy life, prolonged thy days of usefulness, and blessed forever for the good thy Deeds of Love have done.

Near to Nature's Heart



E WHO lives near to Nature's Heart lives the longest, learns the most, and dies the happiest.

Nature is the Divine Guide. He who passively follows her will pursue Paths of Righteousness and Peace.

To be wise is to be natural; he who

perverts Nature injures himself. The supreme Power that sustains the Harmony of the Cosmos will also sustain us in harmony and happiness if we yield to its Pervading Presence.

Near to Nature's Heart

Nature is truthful: she never wanders from her course; she attains her ideal. Truth is her inspiration and her abiding principle.

We are the Children of Nature.

If we obey the Truth we too shall be perfected and beautified.

In Truth there can be no error.

In Truth there can be no darkness; for darkness is confusion; but where Truth prevails order exists.

Hence, in Truth there can be no failure, no sin, no death.

These are but Shadows devoid of Substance.

In Nature they have no existence.

The light is supreme; somewhere the sun is ever shining.

Likewise, Truth never sets, though like the sun she may cast countless shadows.

If we live in the Truth we shall live in the light.

Light is eternal; darkness is momentary.

Night is but a shadow; it passeth away; but the day is everlasting.

Let us rest in the bosom of Nature; press close to her heart; feel our Kinship and learn from her the Lessons of Life.

The Divine Habitat



Can man become conscious of his Divine Nature?

If he have such nature there must somewhere be access to it.

In the mere struggle for existence on this

necessitous plane, man does not easily realize his divinity.

The battle with Earth and Flesh, with the devouring elements of Time, so absorbs his consciousness in transitory demands and momentary duties, he misses, betimes, the flashes of splendor that break upon his soul.

If he pause but long enough to look steadily into the Empyrean of his being he discerns Visions of Himself which transport and glorify.

The Divine Habit

He wastes his time who "gazes into the heavens" for glorified visions:—he may find them within himself.

But he must shut his eyes to Carking Care, to Selfish Wants, to Base Appetite, to Angry Passions, and contemplate that which is the better part—the Pure, the Good, the True.

He must strain his soul's eyes for his own Ideal; when he beholds it let him long and lovingly contemplate it.

It is his Divinity.

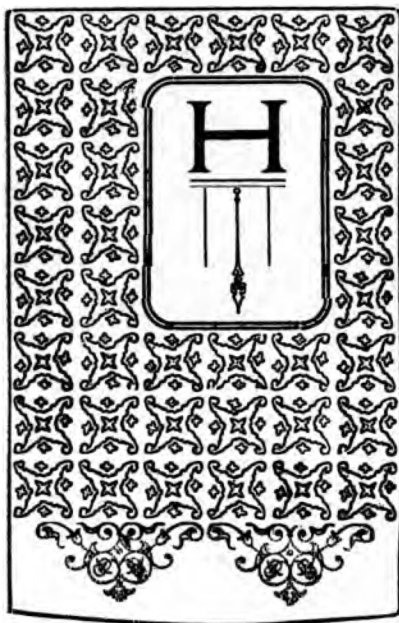
Let him lose himself in the Sea of Glory which surrounds him, as the earth is swathed in the light and warmth of a summer sun.

Then will he see the Triumph of Truth, the Virtue of Goodness, the Power of Purity; hear the Song of love; realize the unknown forces of his spirit, which will thrill him, like currents of electricity, with consciousness of Strength beyond his normal state.

Here he will find his Divine Habitat: here his indwelling divinity.

It is the Light, the Love, the Beauty and Goodness that reign within him who yields to its presence.

Peace That Passeth Understanding



EAVEN hath no boon more precious than the gift of Perfect Peace.

The silent soul seeks kinship in the Silences of Solitude.

She seeks aloofness — segregation.

She wots not of woe and worry, plaint and pain; of traffic's fierce contention

or vain ambition's stress. Her voice is the Whisper of Love; her emotions, trembling chords of Melody; her speech, the incarnation of Light; her touch, the thrill of Joy.

Peace That Passeth Understanding

To be alone with her is to be hidden in a Secret Cave, where earth's harsh sounds cannot obtrude; where sylvan zephyrs soothe the brow, and swish of ocean waves falls like a lullaby on childhood's ears; where Silence sways upon her rhythmic breast the infant World of Peace.

To be thus alone is to hold communion with the Thoughts Immortal of all time; to live where poets dwell, on golden islands fringed with golden light; to listen to the voice of Wisdom that speaks in every nodding flower, and yearning breeze, and timid stream; to find a Philosopher in each blade of grass, and a Savior in the broken reed whose wounds are healed by Nature's Love.

Who knows not peace, when all alone he listens to the song-bird's burst of joy; or gazes pensively on floating clouds in green-lit skies, or on verdured islands throned mid-sea, and crowned with myriad hues of slowly setting suns?

Seek thou, O Slave of Human Toil, the solitude and silence of the Soul.

Meditate where soothing strains soften the breast, control the passions, and exalt the Child of Love which lies concealed in the secret Manger of thy Heart.

This is that for which thy spirit, and that of all

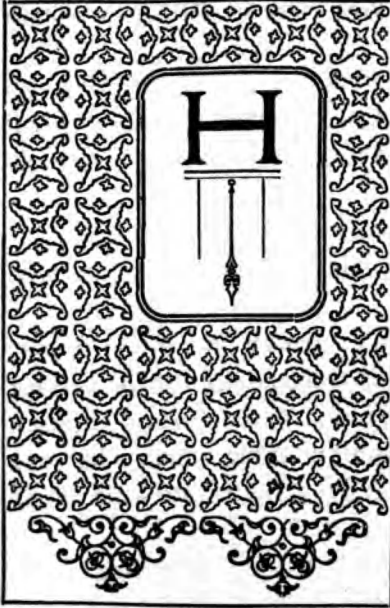
The Shrine of Silence

mankind, forever yearneth—Peace that passeth Understanding, Peace that is eternal.

O, Calm immortal, not in Heaven dost thou abide, nor far beyond the Stars, or Cosmic Dust of age-born spheres;—but here, within the Mystic Temple of the Soul, silent and serene, the Bride of Conscience and precious God-child of all Truth.



The Uses of Life



OW Few in all the world appreciate the legitimate uses of Life?

What are we here for?

Why do we live?

Why do we toil, sweat, suffer, and expire?

Is life worth the living; is the victory worth the struggle?

After all is won in this life

what Priceless Trophy do we possess?

Our Joy is commensurate with our Aim.

If we live in externals we shall be disappointed in the evanishment of our ideals.

The Shrine of Silence

Wealth, fortune, pleasure, position, honor : what are these?

Momentary Illusions in a dream-world of Mockery and Deception!

Gilded Palaces: what are these, but Iridescent Bubbles, which the first blast of misfortune dissipates into thin air?

Honor, Position, what are these, but Mawkish Distinction conferred by Sycophants and Hypocrites!

A Fool may wear a Crown; Lickspittles may create a King.

But only God can make a Wise Man.

What pleasure can this world afford to him who seeks but pleasure?

The maddest scenes of revelry pall on the senses; *ennui* dulls the edge of anticipation, till the keenest and most pungent temptation nauseates and disgusts.

For the blasé voluptuary there remains but one more scene to enact on the stage of life—the act of suicide.

He has drank the contents of every Chalice of Delight, and like the insatiable bee sucked the juice of every flower that blossoms in the Gardens of Pleasure, till inebriated by sensuous indulgence, he awakes from delirium with disappointment, and emptying

The Uses of Life

the liquor of his veins in libation to Momus, expires with Disgust upon his lips!

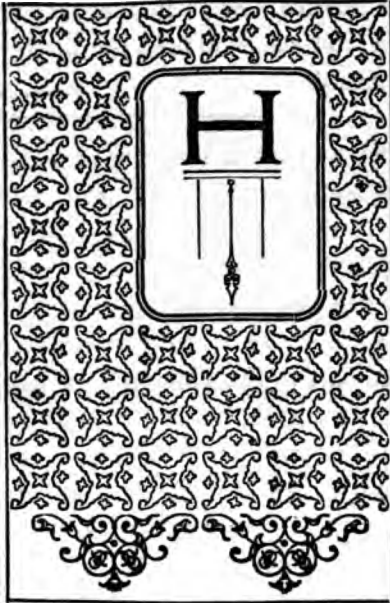
And yet, despair not, Earnest Soul, for life is full of promise and priceless joy for thee.

So to live that we become Useful in thought, in labor and in sympathy, to those who need our help—this is pleasure inexhaustible.

So to live that we shall add something to the Universal Fund of Information; so to live that we shall uplift the Downfallen and Despairing and lead their palsied limbs to the Temple of Hope and Reassurance; so to live that we shall alter the habits of men from Vice to Virtue, from Selfishness to Sympathy; so to live that we shall remove impassable boulders from the paths of earth's Sisyphean toilers, and give them opportunity to extract from life the Wine of Joy, whereas now they suck the Bitter Herbs of Pain; this is ambition worthy of the gods, whose triumph Crowns the Victor with undying honor.

Such triumph thrills Humanity with Faith in Man, and writes within the Book of Life the prophecy of final and indefeasible Ennoblement.

The Scandal Breeder



AST thou beheld
the Serpent's
Guile?

How sly and
subtle; how cun-
ning and con-
vincing; how
base and beauti-
ful!

'Tis bent alone
on selfish acqui-
sition.

It seeks its
end regardless of
pain or penalty,
terror or timid-
ity.

Fascinated by the splendor of its opalescent tints, its bewitching curves and coils, its quintessent gracefulness, its suffocating soothfulness, the victim falls within its power, little knowing its pleasurable approach is the embrace of death.

The Scandal Breeder

Such is the voice of one whose Velvet Cadences are the unsuspected Whisperings of Sin.

The eye of such is oft aglow with the magnetic fervor of Sincerity, while the hand deceives with the warmth of Love and the thrill of rare Devotion.

E'en sometimes he is self-deceived and thinks by pouring eloquent annoyance into the listening ear he medicates the soul and purifies the heart.

But in the end Aggrandizement or Vengeance is the motive of the Scandal Breeder.

He crushes without pity and beheads without remorse.

The Innocent are his victims; the Defenseless he destroys.

He lurks in unfrequented bypaths; blinks at the day, and glides noiselessly through shaded spots unseen, where innocence awaits him unsuspecting, and truth is ruined without recourse.

He is the Slayer of Peace, the Murderer of Sleep, the Annihilator of Hope and the Vanquisher of Life.

He is the Father of Lies and the Founder of Hells.

Assuming authority he speaks "by the card," winning by Falsehood while Truth is gagged, and debauching by Insinuation lest Candor entrap him in his own destruction.

The Shrine of Silence

His weapon is the stiletto; for the sword is too conspicuous.

He stabs in the dark and rushes under cover.

Like the serpent, he wears the Livery of Innocence, kisses with a Poisoned Fang and embraces with the Clutch of Death.

And like the serpent, too, his fate shall be:—trampled upon by the Avenging and pursued by the Indignant.

The poison of his tongue shall filter through his veins and distill in every drop of blood the essence of its agony!

He has "sown the wind and shall reap the whirlwind!"

The ghostly blood of all his victims shall cry aloud from their graves and incarnadine his dreams with Visions of avenging Madness.

Let him beware!

As we sow so shall we reap.

Thoughts that fly on the Wings of Speech, as oft return to flay the Perpetrator as they find the Victim.

Truth is the only rock that can rescue the Wronged, and save the Innocent from death.

Fly to the Rock; and whatsoe'er be the power of the waves that assault thee, thou hast thy Savior, from whom the terrors of hell cannot disjoin thee.

The Fate of Martyrdom



REEDOM hath
her battles
fought in human
hearts as oft as
on the crimsoned
fields of war.

Ere ever
sword slashed
tyrant's breast,
some soul had
borne the brunt

of Human Woe and suffered for the Race. Humanity is a vast mountain immovable save by some volcanic outburst.

Not until Sufferance becomes unendurable does the Timid Lip of man reproach.

Not until the back of a slave bleeds with wounds that cry to heaven does Sympathy weep or Justice intercede.

Not until some martyr has mourned in silence because of the Ignorance of Man is Tyranny unhorsed or Bigotry unchancelled.

The Shrine of Silence

As one plant slightly varies from its species and thus inaugurates a new genus, so one soul borne down by the weight of truth,—discerning a Goal of Triumph of which humanity dreams not, swings back the Door of Time upon its rusty hinges and guides the race to higher plains of Liberty and Light.

Martyrs may be Prophets or Pretenders.

The Martyr who follows the Torch of Reason will light a funeral pyre which shall become a beacon to unborn generations.

The Martyr, who, crazed by imagination, plunges into the vortex of emotion, emerges a Fanatic, misleading his adherents, and crowning Bigotry at the shrine of Ignorance.

To die for a Belief does not make it a Truth.

Neither is a Truth more a truth because it has its Martyrs.

But when Truth becomes so o'erconquering it masters a Mighty Soul, it lingers not in crypts or caves, but finds in him its Sword of Triumph and its Shield of Wisdom.

We adore our heroes who perish for an Idea more than those who conquer races or establish kingdoms.

He only is a Hero who dares to think: and who,

The Fate of Martyrdom

by thinking saves the Race from Sin and Suffering,
is indeed a god.

To think is to agitate the invisible chords of
space.

Each thought trembles on the Unseen Wires and
communicates its meaning to unsuspecting minds.

No man thinks alone.

Each throb of the brain thrills somewhere a kin-
dred brain.

Sometime this kinship will become so vast the
race will feel the instant tremor of each inspiration.

Thus are Revolutions born.

Thus have come the Reformations of all time.

Thought is conceived in Silence; but its Birth is
amid the Clash of Arms and Howl of Tempests.

Brave is he who breaks the silence with the Utter-
ance of Speech and bares his breast to the Blade of
Sacrifice.

Thus he becomes a Martyr robed in death's Crim-
son Mantle, but crowned with immortal Bays of
Honor.

Let us commune with the Martyrs of Truth, that
in the Silence we may hear the echo of their words
and feel the inspiration of their lives.

Their Poverty will enrich us—their Shame be-
come our Glory.

The Shrine of Silence

Not until we emulate the Fate of Martyrdom, and realize the Emptiness of Earthly Vanity, shall we learn that they alone are Leaders of the Race who avoid Popularity and scorn the mawkish baubles of Appreciation.

The spurned Martyr of yesterday is the world's Glorified Saint of to-morrow.



The Kaleidoscope of Progress



TRANSFORMATION is the Key
of Progress.

In Nature
there is no pause.

Motion is uni-
versal, change
everywhere.

Rest is rust.

What ceases
to progress must

retrogress. There is the Eternal Rhythm of end-
less vibration, which moves forever forward or
backward, toward the goal of either advancement
or degeneration.

Water, backed up from its native course and
dammed against the living current, grows foul and
putrefactive.

The molecules of iron, lying frictionless in inac-
tivity, are consumed by the atmosphere and trans-
formed into a useless oxide.

The Shrine of Silence

Nature is constantly manufacturing either the useless or useful; she cannot cease to be productive whether the issue be for good or ill.

Whether Nature be instinct with Purpose, or disport herself in the makeshifts of Transitory Accident, she never ceases to perform.

It is for us, who are the Embodiment of Creative Possibilities, to discern the purpose of all activity and turn Performance into Productivity and Movement into Progress.

Forever forward must be the Far-off Goal of our Ideal.

Mankind do not always progress.

Often have there been periods of retrogression; when lofty ideals have been besmirched and chariot-eers have dropped their guiding reins, suffering the crunching wheels to fall backward on the hillsides of time.

As Waves of the heaving ocean rise and fall, lashing their Hoary Crests furiously against the shore, then tamely recede, so ever has Humanity rushed forward under the lash of impulse pursuing some far-off Height of Progress, only again to relapse into Desuetude and Inactivity.

Nature's laws are inscrutable; but experience has

The Kaleidoscope of Progress

taught us that they may be implicitly obeyed and with impunity.

The discovery of a natural law is the moment of inspiration.

The wise pursue; the foolish alone are timid.

Not Transformation, then, is Nature's only law, but Progress.

Moving toward an ever nearing but never attaining goal, is Nature's trend.

Trust such activity as reveals a Sublime Ideal.

Fear not where Nature guides.

Truth is the only prophet—Justice is the Supreme Arbiter.

Howsoever onward thine inspiration leads thee, follow thou and falter not.

Fear not Thyself when Light is on thy Path.

The Curtain of Illusion



HEN skies are
hung with Hazy
drapery of ver-
nal days; when
Golden Lambre-
quins bedeck the
horizon's edge;
when yon Vast
Solitaire, mid-
heavens, flashes
his r a d i a n c e

through cosmic bounds; when pouting bud and flow-
ering branch and purling stream and mating, song-
ful birds, all declare that Nature's Bounteous Time
hath come to cheer and beautify; then, instinctively,
the Heart of Man, though bent with pain, renews its
hope, and Universal Praise swells from the lips of
humankind.

How rare are those dark, blue skies bejewelled,
nightly, with their myriad pendants!

How human, how soulful, the little flowers that
leap forth in field and meadow, heavy with Love,
radiant with Joy!

The Curtain of Illusion

Now there is no sadness in all the earth.

Brightness and beauty, gladness and cheer—these are the chords whose harmonies vibrate throughout the world.

And yet though bounteous with life, all Nature bleeds with death.

Life lives on life.

Nevertheless, that which is absorbed finds in its very death a glorious resurrection.

In Confusion there is Order; in Discord there is Harmony.

Nature is paradoxical and contradictory.

She says "Study not the flitting phases of my visage; look within my heart and find the law that moves and guides me."

And thus does she teach to every man the Rule of Charity and Path of Justice.

Know the heart, the motive, the Secret Thought within, and ofttimes the Frown shall prove to be a Smile; the Curse a Blessing.

Man is what he thinks.

His thoughts are the roots of his being.

Thou canst not always judge him rightly by the vagrant branches, or scattering leaves, or incidental fruitage of his toils.

The Shrine of Silence

**These oft deceive; as does the worm-eaten apple,
of the aged orchard's strength and fortitude.**

**To know each man as he is in his Inmost Self, is
to find the Common Bond of human sympathy; to
draw aside the Curtain of Illusion; to discern the
one Small Space of Being where Good and Truth
abide.**

**Here is perennial Spring : a sky unflecked and sun
unscreened, in deathless Day.**

**In such a Vision, illusionment is vain, for Thou
who seest hast attained Reality.**



The Affinity of Thought



THE Mind has its Atmosphere as has the earth.

At times it is dull, dank and dark. Anon it is bright as the day and luminous with thought.

It may be elastic and re-

silient as the wintry air, or soft, spongy and unresponsive as the "muggy" atmosphere of summer solstice.

It may glow with the Effulgent Splendor of the soul, when animated with lofty genius, and display Brilliant Gems of inspiration in the Firmament of Fancy; or it may trail upon its bosom dull and dismal clouds that stupefy the senses and deaden aspiration.

The Mental atmosphere is most sympathetic and contagious.

The Shrine of Silence

The cheery mind begets the cheery spirit.

The ripple of laughter spreads from lip to lip as spread the ripples of a pebbly brook.

The cry of pain, the tear of anguish, awake the responsive chord and harrow the heart with mere imagination.

Minds are magnets, positive and negative, attractive and repulsive, swayed by a spiritual affinity, that binds or separates, as atoms are affected by the forces that control them.

Cultivate those Thoughts which spring from Happiness and the mind will be Radiant with Peace.

See in everybody but the Embodiment of Goodness; the Expression of Purity; the Voice of Virtue and the Soul of Justice, and ere long thou thyself shalt be endued with the qualities thou hast attributed to others.

If thou art destitute, in pain, sick and crestfallen; know that Thou Thyself art not thus accurst; 'tis but the Shadow of thyself; for Thou art far above the "muddy vesture" that enfolds thee.

As the sun though screened to the human eye by intervening clouds is ever luminous, thus is the soul of man.

Free as the forces of Nature; boundless as Space,

The Affinity of Thought

genial as the air of Paradise; it knows no blight, it feels no pain, it yields to no discouragement.

It is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. When the Conscious Mind ascends into the spiritual atmosphere of the Eternal Day it has found Nirvana—the Peace that passeth understanding, the final Triumph of the Soul.

Here entering we shall abide in the Bosom of Imperturbable Assurance.



The Mystic Union



HERE is a Realm
where Freedom
reigns supreme.

Where con-
sciousness of
conflict, pain and
disappointment,
enters not.

Where Si-
lence soothes the
soul, and calms

the restive Passions of the Flesh. 'Tis where one
lives alone; "far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife"—the ever changing scenes and stormy strug-
gles of earth's pilgrimage; alone in the Silent Cen-
tre of the Soul; conscious only of the One Presence
that holds the senses bound, and removes the
Shackles of the Spirit as it soars to Realms of Song
and Cheerfulness.

There one meets One's Self: face to face, as in a
mirror; studying the strange reflections of thoughts
and deeds that are no more.

There, too, one feels the thrill of sympathy; to
which the human heart attuned, its chords vibrate
with emotions strange and glorious.

The Mystic Union

There one puts one's finger on the very Heart of God and feels the Universal Pulse that throbs with mankind's Highest Hope.

At that point Man and God are one; matter dissolves in apparitions of the mind, and one's spirit broods upon the face of the deep seeing in all things but reflections of one's self.

An instant of such Ecstasy is a Vision of Immortality.

At such moments all men become poets, seers, dreamers; the human is divine, and heaven is realized on earth.

This is the Mystic Union which everyone may enter who pauses at the Fount of Wisdom and drinks the waters that flow from the Eternal Silence.

There—are rivulets of love; refreshing draughts of peace; bubbling eddies of joy; deep currents of hope; while fluttering round the sparkling spray, lo! the radiant bow, that holds entranced each worshiper, who sees therein the Promised Calm, when shall cease the Stress and Strain of Fear.

In such Union is triumph—

In such inspiration Joy Unspeakable.

Whosoever will may enter and find Unceasing Rest.

The Seat of Heaven and Hell



FEAR is the father of superstition and the mother of all misery.

Terror is the club with which giants afflict weaklings.

The veil of mystery is the talisman of

priests and the shroud of dupes. Ignorance flees when pursued by a shadow.

The dream of a world to be, full of the stress of pain and woe for those who in weakness foresee the fate of the damned, is the nightmare of humanity—the *fata morgana* of universal fear.

Imagination is the charnel house wherein mankind discerns itself the victim of eternal vengeance and fuel of inextinguishable flames.

The hell that men have feared has caused them

The Seat of Heaven and Hell

more pain than any hell, beyond the grave, they may encounter.

The heart is the home of hell when tortured with a thousand images whose fierce grimaces foreshadow its imagined doom.

The mind is a hell to him whose walls are pictured with the scenes of Dantean suffering some dread theology may generate.

The fancy of the human mind is shaped by fear or favor as clouds at dawn are colored by the rising sun.

Grim foreboding and the dread of something after death which the clear eye of reason cannot here discern fills the halls of fancy with fearful images of pain and agony.

Hell is born of vengeance as heaven of forgiveness.

The images of hate are horrible; of love, beautiful and endearing.

Hate is the father of devils and without him were no hell.

Hell is the hidden place—darkness, oblivion.

Thither would hate all his victims cast.

Love's children are born of the light, and their place is heaven, the home of beauty, peace and cheerfulness.

The Shrine of Silence

There is no heaven outside of one's self, nor hell.

One can never escape oneself : one will never *go* to heaven or to hell ; one is ever there, as momentary fancy tempts or resolution guides.

Fear naught in all the world, but thyself.

No devil can seize thee—but thyself.

His forked tail is thy troubled conscience ; his cloven foot, thy self-deception ; his sulphurous caldron, the consuming flame of passion, pride and blind conceit.

And yet thou thyself art superior to all thy fancies.

Banish from thy gallery of thought and imagery all forms that frown with formidable foreboding, that rouse thy fear or force thee to yield to stronger powers than thine own.

Be thou supreme.

Invite hope, happiness, cheerfulness and light.

And as at length the glory of day removes from heaven the gloom of night so joy will supplant sorrow, ambition spur the heart, and hope, unconquerable, defeat the hosts of death and darkness, unhappiness and despair.

The Resurrection of Man



THE supreme effort of Nature is expression.

Expression is organized form.

Without form Nature were beyond apprehension. The essence of being is homogeneous

and indifferentiated. In expression formless essence becomes manifest in organized substance.

To find Right Expression is Nature's struggle toward the Ideal.

The yearning for this expression is the pain the heart oft feels when groping blindly for something it cannot grasp.

The Poet's vision, the Prophet's dream, the Philosopher's fancy, the Worshiper's idol, the Reformer's revelation—these are but the effort of the all-

The Shrine of Silence

discerning spirit to evolve what will better express its potency in the realm of concrete forms.

Oft in tears and the moisture of agonizing sweat, the artist groans before the unchipped marble or the virgin canvas, waiting, waiting, for that Supreme Moment when the faint, vague intimation shall pass into complete expression, and the portrait or statue shall stand visualized in the mind with perfect outline of lineament and contour.

That is the Moment of Inspiration: the instant of ignition, when the soul is lit with the fires of heaven and the heart consumed with enthusiasm.

Then Sanity is banished and Genius becomes insane.

Then etiquette, conventionality and commonplace are forgotten in the dazzling presence of Divine Illumination.

Then is the poet born, the artist created, the enthusiast conceived.

The hope of expression is the spur of inspiration.

A vision of the Impossible is the maddening challenge that makes of men Inventors, Magicians and Conquerors.

Whatever man may seek he shall sometime find; whatever he conceives he shall sometime invent, whatever he dreams he shall sometime realize.

The Resurrection of Man

There is Nothing Impossible in the realm of Potential Achievement.

Man is the Thaumaturge of Nature.

He waits only his hour of inspiration, when spirit unto spirit uttereth speech, when the Universal Instigator spurs him with Suggestion; then, more fanciful than mutations of the clouds, or Prospero's dissolving views, are the Inventions of his Skill, the marvellous Products of his Genius.

SELF-RECOGNITION is the proudest and most profitable discovery of man.

Then is he resurrected from the Feebleness of the Flesh to the Magic Possibilities of the Soul; then is Mortal Man transmuted into Immortality and the Worm of Earth into the Divine Man of the Heavens.

Expression becomes the Realization of Ideals, and Self-recognition the Revelation of Deity

Herein is Man resurrected from the tomb of Mortality, and clothed with the deathless beams of Glory, when he discovers within himself the Realm of Divinity, and utilizes the powers which heretofore he has ascribed to some external god.

Know, then, O Man, who thou art, and searching for thy Deity discern THYSELF.

The Force of Ideals



IDEALS are, like Jacob's ladder, stepping rungs to heaven.

Dreamers are the world's regenerators.

Beyond, the fluttering angels of fancy flit and allure the wooing soul.

The more ethereal and diaphanous the forms that fascinate, the more eager the heart to aspire and embrace.

That only is Love's Passion which can never be possessed.

When once conquered the Idol fades and palls upon the sense.

Art's strenuous persistence is determined by its vanishing ideals.

The Magic Brush has never yet transformed the canvas to the dreamer's satisfaction.

No Pygmalion has ever so enkindled the speechless marble that a living Galatea has emerged from its heart.

The beautiful myth is itself the Dream of all

The Force of Ideals

dreams: the desire to incarnate the loftiest conceptions in animate forms of expression.

But Beauty is unknowable; Love is unattainable; Hope rides her starry chariot beyond the horizon's reach; and Joy mocks her radiant smiles with showering clouds of tears.

'Tis the Universal Deception—the fancy that a final victory awaits,—which lures us on. And in that glimpses of a glorious triumph oft flit across our paths, the Goad of Ambition never falters, nor ceases the Spur of Inspiration.

'Tis well. For Nature's Universal Lie is her only Truth!

The end is never: the beginning forever.

Always shall we strive; never attain.

Victory lies in the Effort of each moment; not in the compass of a distant goal.

Yet the moment were never victorious, were not the goal beyond.

We search the heavens to find still undiscovered worlds.

But once conversant with familiar skies they cease to charm and woo us.

'Tis the Unknown that spurs the fancy and agonizes the heart.

Nature is a Coquette and removes her veil but slightly from each feature of her beauty.

The Shrine of Silence

Were she to reveal her beauty all at once she would dull the edge of appetite with the full sense of satiety.

Thus when ideals of morals or of art descend to the crude plane of matter in flesh or marble, in deeds or letters, they repel us with familiarity, and pall us with subserviency.

The gods must never wander from Olympus.

Ideals must inhabit the Empyrean.

Temples were made for Men, not deities; hearts for Dreams, not realities.

The Unreal is the only Reality we experience. With this we must be content or fade in ignorance.

Men may become gods; but gods never men.

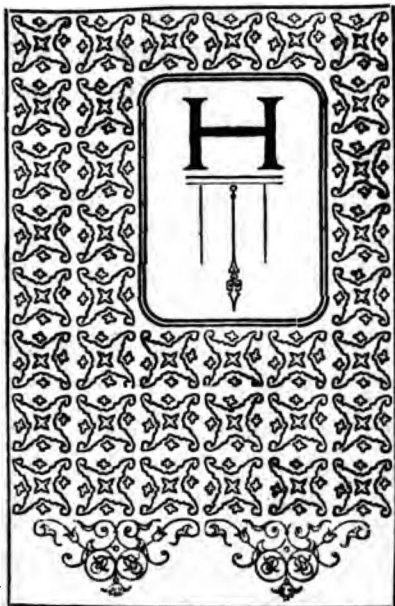
He is the true "Incarnate" who lures us with the deception of his greatness.

If his Crown be jewelled with ideals which men may never seize, how much they grasp, he is indeed the Guide, the Savior and Restorer.

But if we mistake Him for his Ideals, we lose them both, and he who was Redeemer becomes Destroyer.

Worship in the Temple of Fancy the enrapturing images of Beauty, Truth, and Love, and thou shalt find the Key that unlocks the Mystery of Life.

The Power of Resolution



OW hardly Fate
may cast thy
lines, how op-
pressed with
Toil or with
Misfortune
mocked; faint
not, nor, self-
accused, bow
down to Dark
Despair.

To bewail dis-
appointment is
but a waste of
virtue.

The energy
expended in a

groan is sufficient to achieve a multitude of victories.

The force which unites the elements of a drop of water is strong enough, if suddenly released, instantly to destroy a human life.

By the conservation of her forces Nature establishes Perpetual Equilibrium.

The Shrine of Silence

Conserve thy powers in Achievement, dissipate them not in Anxiety.

Let each Defeat encourage a new Resolution.

Look up; look up! Though the sea rock and roll beneath thee, and thy little craft be beaten and battered by the billows—look up!

The sky above is calm and serene.

Climb on—higher, higher—though thy feet sometimes may slip, climb to the Topmost Mast of thy surge-swept vessel and fix thine eye on Heaven's Blue.

Then will not thy heart grow faint or thy dizzy brain succumb to hungry waves.

Nothing can withstand the determination to achieve.

The genius of the human mind is the despair of immortal gods.

Nothing is secreted in the nooks and crannies of the universe which the Keen Scent of Man will not ferret out.

His Mind is the Lever that lifts mountains from their base.

It snatches Stars from their orbits and dissolves them in the Chemists' Crucible.

It weighs and measures the invisible atom and rides, like Ariel, between the planets in chariots of

The Power of Resolution

ether drawn by chains of lightning and steeds of tireless energy.

It penetrates the Empire of the Invisibles, tears spiritual hierarchs from imaginary thrones, and declares there is naught in all the world that rules but Thought.

To the genius of man the universe is but a pleasing puzzle, which day by day he dissects into its original parts and sometime shall know it in its entirety.

Who then art thou that darest speak of failure?

'Tis not writ in the dictionary of Man.

HE has never failed.

Nor dost thou ever fail—thou who art immortal and supreme. What seems failure is the strenuousness of effort.

To thyself—perfect, unconquerable—it is not failure.

THOU art ever successful and determined.

Still, whatever thou seemest to be but RESOLVE to ACHIEVE, and not all the Lords of Heaven or "Procuresses of Hell" shall withstand thy firm advance.

Defy defeat and laugh at danger.

Assert—assert thy Powers and giants shall tremble at thy Voice. Brave thou the stormiest billows

The Shrine of Silence

—thou hast thy life-preserver—the Consciousness
of thy Divinity.

Be thou a mariner on life's sea, whose trust is
stayed in the pole-star of Eternal Hope.



Discovery of Deity



PENETRATING
the vistas of the
Unseen, man
yearns for a
revelation of the
Unknown.

Trembling
adrift amid the
innumerable
worlds he gains
confidence as

each new fact is learned. Traversing the Universe with flashes of thought more swift than waves of light or sound, he gathers the Infinite Data, of space, and weaves them in the Fabric of his Philosophy.

But lost amid the spacial deeps where myriad universes wander he hears the echo of his wail, that e'en the Highest Knowledge is but Vanity, and

The Shrine of Silence

pleads for the Impossible, the Indefinable, the Supernatural.

Somewhere amid the unapproachable avenues of space he meets the Creation of his Fancy—the final solution of his problems, the Supreme Oracle of universal fate. That which he himself cannot solve, he relegates to the Realm of Mystery, whose sacred key the Infinite alone possesses.

Calm pervades his being and Man sinks into the *ennui* of intellectual stagnation.

The realization of Deity overpowers the consciousness of Humanity.

Man becomes a nonentity—God the totality.

Man is less than an atom—God the infinite Integer.

Man is darkness—God is light.

Man is depravity—God is purity.

Man is slave—God is master.

Man is fit only for everlasting suffering and shame—God alone can judge—His will is supreme!

And Nature chants her Threnody of Woe as man relinquishes his mental prowess.

But anon his Slumber is disturbed by agonizing Dreams.

Visions of a Supremes Self rise before him.

'An all-compassing Ambition seizes him to grasp

Discovery of Deity

all knowledge, and champion the Fate of the Eternal Curse, rather than linger the Dupe of Ignorance and the Child of Night.

With the besom of a fearless, searching mind he sweeps, with one swath, all Forms of Fancy and Gods of the Imagination from the impenetrable depths of space, and crowns Himself, puissant, unconquerable, immortal.

His will is redoubtable—his word, almighty.

Henceforth no gods can retard his progress through the most formidable avenues of discovery.

His Mind is Infinite, and the Infinite Universe must succumb to the Focus of his Penetrating Search.

Man absorbs the Deity and by realizing the Mystic Unity he liberates the all-conquering Forces of his Being.

His God is everywhere and chiefly in himself.

He becomes a Thaumaturge and the miracles of Nature are repeated in his laboratory.

God is not far from him and he communes with Him in each thought, aspiration, effort and achievement of his life.

He has not robbed Heaven of its Deity, but he has exalted Himself into the Realization of his own Divinity.

The Vanity of Self Pity



URSE not thy
Sorrow.

He who hugs
his Grief har-
bors a Coiled
Viper at his
heart.

Melancholy is
a demure Siren
who lures us by
the strange sad

music of her notes. She compels us to believe that
pain is pleasure, and darkness fairer than the day.

Her minor notes and thrilling bass throb with
anguish and despair; he who leans his heart in sym-
pathy soon learns to love the Prison-Cell better than
the wind-swept heights of Freedom.

To him the tear-wet cheeks of pallid night are
dearer than the rosy lips of blushing dawn.

The Vanity of Self Pity

Hope drags her wings and love's fair eyelids droop.

He hears a groan in every passing breeze and in each ghostly shadow spies a Lurking Foe.

Fear chisels his coward lips and Gloom drapes them with her murky veil.

His trembling knees refuse to hold his palsied frame; he sinks bemoaned and pitied, forgotten or despised.

The World of Affairs has no room for Cowards.

They are trampled to death and shame buries them in the potter's field of obscurity.

Self-pity is a Mephistopheles misguiding many a Faustus.

Listen to its soft and seductive syllables of sympathy and you are lost.

Once you feel yourself outraged, the victim of untoward fate, the footstool of your foes, and the target of misfortune's errors—the arm of Mephistopheles is round your neck and his chains of bondage are entwining you.

Heed not your heart when it cries "O pity me"; nor look upon the purple lips of pain when they tremble with despair.

Crush thy coward fear and despise the tears of melancholy. They are not thine.

The Shrine of Silence

Thou art other than the house that harbors thee.
Thou canst destroy this house and yet abide.

Sorrow betimes surrounds thee and Misfortune
bombards from her vantage ground.

Nevertheless, remember her fortifications are of
gossamer and her belching cannon puffs of passing
vapor.

By one Strong Word thou canst dismantle them;
by Resolution thou canst disarm the pigmy hosts of
Melancholy.

Say thou to Sorrow, "I will not weep with thee":
and "Despair, thou art a liar."

There are no devils that can torment thee, for
their torment shall but goad thee on to triumph.

Say thou:—For me the Breath of Life is per-
fumed with the Fragrance of undying Hope.

The Night is short and the Dawn is rich with
prophetic hues of Golden Day.

Joy is the key-note of my song and Expectant
Triumph my source of inspiration.

Down with Grief; let Gladness reign. All life
is good.

What comes is best.

The Mystic Gallery of Art



WITHIN the Gallery of the Soul are hung the Masterpieces of Nature's genius.

Here Realism is supreme.

No poetic, dreamy atmosphere pervades.

The outlines

are bold and clear; the lineaments severe and rugged; the *ensemble* solemn and impressive.

Our thoughts and deeds are the Motley Pigments of the palette.

Memory sways the brush that paints the immortal canvas.

In moments of introspection we tread the echoing corridors and review the landscapes and the pensive scenes—comedies and tragedies and commonplaces—haunts of love and melancholy—of joyance and

The Shrine of Silence

abandon; we see the lips we kissed and blessed—the hearts we pained and wounded; we see the very words we spoke in tenderness writ golden on the air; our thoughts of anger and envenomed envy, Vampire-Winged, flying like portents of approaching doom.

Each Secret Thought is there, portrayed in shadowy outline; each word, each deed, returns like the wandering wraith of departed friend.

We are but Moulded Thoughts: our lives and bodies but Casts of Mental Images.

These thoughts are our Mentors and Nemeses: they guide us to Happiness and Paradise, or lash us with Whips of Vengeance through the Halls of Hell.

Be just, be good, be true, be brave, be virtuous and pure, and angel-winged shall be the Visitors of Peace that hover round and hallow you.

If hate and harshness, intrigue and selfish end, be our base thought; if avarice gripe the heart, and vengeance seethe the soul—then harpy-hoofed and horrid ghouls shall haunt and hound us.

Lift the soul into the sunlight; breathe love on every heart; use thy power to know only the Good and see only the Pure—and there shall hang for thee in Memory's Hall such Visions of Beauty as shall charm thee to Elysian Realms of Peace.

The Song Universal



NATURE hath her
Heart attuned
to melody.

There is music
everywhere;
canst thou but
hear it:

In the swish
of ocean wave
and sway of
pine-tree top; in

murmuring brook and breathing wind; in voice of
bird and insect's wing; in howl of tempest and the
thunder's peal; in earthquake's roar and torrent-
flood; in crash of avalanche and crunching Arctic
floe.

Canst thou but hear, all sounds of earth are tuned
to harmony: the anvil's ring; the thud of axe; the
engine's snort; the tramp of hoofs; the rattling

The Shrine of Silence

wheels; the shout of men; the children's laugh; the hateful curse; the wrangling words; the scuffling feet; the puffing smoke; the whistling steam; the bullet's crack; the cannon's roar; the groan of pain; the song of joy; the clasp of hands; the prayer of lips.

These all are melodies to him who hath the Soul of Song.

He who lives above the roar, hears only the echo of its vanishing sound.

Keep within the Silent Centre; be at peace; love; chide not; be good, pure, true; be considerate; be forgiving; pursue your ideal; be patient; wait; listen—till you hear the Music that shall set you Free!

All Nature is rhythmical.

All lines are curves.

All sounds are musical.

Look for Beauty and you shall see nothing but the Beautiful.

Listen for melody and your heart shall be thrilled with Song.

The Mind is the musician; Thoughts are the notes.

Let them be swayed to harmonies of Peace, of Restfulness, and Mercy.

Truth Triumphant



TRUTH sublime,
whose head is
gently poised
On Peace; up-
held by im-
perturbable
Repose, and con-
sciousness of
honesty;—
To follow thee,
implicitly as

Seeks the wandering lamb the shepherd's out-
stretched arms,

Is Life's exultant End. We find than Thee
No higher hope, nor goal or god beyond.
The heavens spread thy Bannered Glories far
As human eyes expand, and e'en elsewhere,
Amid the multitude of orbs that crowd
The undiscernèd depths of space.

The Shrine of Silence

**For thou, though crushed by envy or deceit cannot
Be conquered nor dismayed. Not human thought,
Nor creed, nor potent force of human will,
Nor theory's fantastic house of cards,
Nor selfish stress of proud Ambition's sway,
Nor stern decree of law, nor aught that thrives
On Dream's illusion, or Conjecture's risk,
Can check the ceaseless current of thy Power,
That crumbles Error's edifice to dust,
And carries on its breast the flotsam of
Delusion's realm to the wide ocean of
Reality. However wise, none knows
Thee fully, nor shall thy Perfect Self discern;
For thou art Infinite and complex as
The spheres: 'Tis but thy Apparition moves
Within the plane of human consciousness.
But, who pursues thee, finds at last thy Source,
Beyond the realm where Sense deceives the Soul.
Though inexhaustible the Fountainhead
Whence flow the myriad rivulets of Truth,
Who drinks but one sustaining draught is born
Anew, transformed to kinship with the gods.**

The Inner Vision



O HIM who in
the love of
truth seeks
Good
In all, and Joy
in every hu-
man breast,
The world re-
sponds with
Bounteous
plenitude.

The clouds that lowered o'er his path dissolve;
The night returns to day, and golden skies
Illuminate his course; he sups with Hope,
And sips the Cup of Happiness; his Soul
Arises o'er the Barriers of Flesh,
And revels in its native liberty.
Impassable as were the obstacles
His progress once delayed, he heeds them not,
But laughs impossibility to shame,

The Shrine of Silence

**Till mountains melt, and obstacles dissolve.
But who, through Fear, or spurred by Envy's goad,
Suspects each soul is secretly allied
With forces of the Dark, and evil-fraught,
Sinks in the gloom he images o'er all.
Pray thou to that Divinity that lives
In every human heart—the Good Within—
And shut thine eyes to what the world miscalls
“Impure” and “bad,” and thou shalt learn to trust
Thy fellowman with e'en thy Purse and Pride,
Thy Reputation and thine All! For he
Who soars above the petty jars of life,
Absorbs the breath of Heaven's Harmony,
And feels the world attuned to Peace and Love.**



Fear and Hope



FEAR and Hope
cannot abide to-
gether.

Fear is an in-
cubus; a poison-
ous power.

Hope has wings.

It uplifts, ex-
hilarates, illu-
mines and glad-
dens the Soul.

Fear is a roiled and muddy stream.

Hope is a pure, crystal spring.

Fear nauseates.

Hope invigorates.

Fear is disease.

Hope is health.

Fear is death.

Hope is life.

The Shrine of Silence

These are not figurative expressions, but statements of fact exhibited in human experience.

Fear flows from ignorance.

• Hope is heralded by knowledge.

We need not be ignorant, for the fountain of knowledge flows for all.

Let us look Within. Let us learn ourselves.

Let us discern the Inextinguishable Light that shines in Every Soul. We know that this light is Truth, Life, Freedom.

Let us drink deeply from that fountain whose waters are fed by the Springs of Eternal Hope. It gathers the streams of Courage, Joy and Cheerfulness.

If we know Truth, Freedom and Life—error, slavery and death cannot conquer us.

If we know Love, Peace and Plenty—want, distress and fear are banished.

Seek the Path of Knowledge, that ye may enter the Temple of Truth.

The Evolution of Thought



THINK and, therefore, I am," said the great Descartes. But the rather let us say "*I know* that I think, and therefore am I."

Thought is both personal and impersonal; conscious and unconscious.

Incipient thought exists in the primal forms of being exhibited in Jelly, Sponge, or Moneron.

Yea, in Primordial Prophecy of Life, where things inanimate conjoin to build from out dissolving forms new modes of being; or in that vague and distant time when Primal Force electrified the Universe, and Ceaseless Motion whirled the spheres through space, and traced the orbits of their revolutions—there was Thought, inherent and commanding. Thought was, but not yet known unto itself, nor unto others.

The Shrine of Silence

"Day unto day uttered speech and night unto night showed knowledge"; but no ear was there to hear, nor eye to see; nor yet, withal, a mind to grasp, conceive, or comprehend.

The Spirit moved upon the face of the deep; a shadowy adumbration of that manifold Forthcoming World, when Conscious Life would rise from groveling forms, and climb from sea-slime and anemone to creeping reptile and the fleet-winged bird, to simian and hirsute aborigine, e'en unto him who hath become the "lord of all creation," supreme, unconquerable, triumphant Man!

But he alone hath Conscious Thought.

Thought thinks itself, and generates its offspring, within the soul of man.

Yet he who sees the Panorama of his Thoughts displayed upon the Canvas of his Consciousness as though he witnessed in another the scenes on which he gazed, is, notwithstanding, the Master of each scene, if he but choose to order and control.

Thought thinks, self-conceiving and self-issuing; yet We, who live because we Think, may turn the current of our inmost thoughts, and make them subject to our wills, and slaves of our own cunning.

No mind can control my thinking, if I choose, Myself, to be the Master.

The Evolution of Thought

He only is enslaved whose Sluggish Will doth cringe and cower before the Sterner Wills of those who dare.

O Man, become thyself ; know thine own thoughts, and thus, *Thyself* discover !

Thou knowest not thyself till thou canst command the passage of the flitting Messengers of Mind that register thy Hopes, Impulses, and Desires.

Make your own history and let the angels write it ; else shall the devils scrawl upon your once White Soul the horrid hieroglyphs that symbolize Defeat and Death.

God is, because He thinks ; and Man, because he knows that thought which is his God's !



The Symbol of the Flame



EHOLD the Fire-
lights upon the
Hearthstone.

How they
flicker, fume,
and flutter!

The heart of
flame from
which they
burst throbs
ceaselessly with

strife and pain. It coils and writhes; and groans
and hisses.

Hither and thither it flings its restless arms, con-
suming whatsoe'er its Fiery Clutch may seize.

Anon fresh fuel maddens it, dimming its glory
with a veil of smoke, through which red sparks, like
gnashing teeth, grind and splutter.

Dark sinks its splendor within the circling globe
of gas. Gloom envelops it; death's door seems shut
against it.

But lo! ere thought can realize it, all is changed.

The Symbol of the Flame

With one wild roar of furious resolution, the Red Giant flings his fiery mane athwart the hearth, and towers with terrible triumph to the blistering roof, holding in awe all who meet his blinding gaze.

The Flame, at length, is Master of the Shrine, and they who worship him are soothed and warmed.

This, in symbol, is the story of the human Soul.

It, too, contends in conscious struggle with the enkindling fuel of life's antagonism, sometimes sinking in deep gloom, again, flaring forth in triumphant splendor.

Like the flame, when death's grip seems fast upon it, and the Veil of Despair envelops it, with sudden burst of resistless Joy, it tears the veil asunder, and attaining the full height of its ascending stature, swift brandishes the Flaming Sword of Life, holding at bay the foes that tremble at its power.

As when the flame, triumphant, glows at twilight with calm and conquering brilliance, as if saying, "The struggle is ended; behold my Crown of Light": so the Soul, when the long, slanting beams of the last, rare twilight hover o'er the vanishing years, exclaims "'Tis finished: I have conquered the Fuel of Earthly Sorrow and experience: henceforth my Crown of Glory awaits me."

His is the crown of glory whose heritage to hu-

The Shrine of Silence

mankind is a Life of Noble Deeds, of generous sympathy and splendid magnanimity.

Upward, upward, let thy Flaming Spirit ascend, till its lucent beams blend with the bending skies, and thy soul become as pure as the fleckless Blue beyond.



The Mystic Birth



INFINITE and inconceivable are the Forces which congregate in a Single Life, exhibited in earthly form.

No life is single; but each is an assemblage of a multiplicity of lives.

A birth is not a sudden creation of an individual form, but the climax of the slow accretion of the ages, from the First Breath that rocked the cradle of the universe to the travail of a mother's soul.

Conception lies not in the function of the physical organism, but in the Creative Potency of persistent ideals.

All great souls were conceived by the Holy Ghost—that Circumambient Presence that breathes divinity in every pulse of life.

Nothing is, but lives.

Inanimate existence has no place in Nature.

The Christ was conceived, indeed, "before the foundation of the world;" as was every breath that throbs in living things.

The Shrine of Silence

Each life reflects the energy that generates it.

The Flame-Fused Rocks embedded in the bowels of the earth; the Crystalled Carbon of forgotten ages; the Translucent Gases quavering in the photospheres of worlds; the Chemic Essence that whispered mutual love in primeval substances, and brought forth offspring unlike themselves; the Slimy Womb of earth's organic lives that nestle in the bosom of her watery breast; the first Timid Bud of generating flora; the strange suggestive form that merges the Flora and Fauna of the earth,—that physical bridge, spanning a mighty gulf in nature; the Things that creep within the dust and look not unlike moving sand; the Invisible Mites that flutter in the sunbeam; the prowling Forest-Beast, the chattering and half-human Ape; all, all Forms of Life, have each their primal energy, sprung from some Ideal, that conceives and brings them forth.

Likewise is Man.

Not else conceived is he than whatsoe'er hath been before and shall hereafter be.

The Ideal finds always its expression in some reflecting form.

He who speaks and gives forth Love, hath of Love been born.

The Mystic Birth

He whose heart is spurred by Truth is Truth's own chosen offspring.

All character lies in the heart of man, as each oak within the acorn.

We are not born at once; but are re-conceived and begotten each day.

Nor was the Christ but once revealed to earth. Each moment is He born in every Thought of Goodness, and Motive urged by Righteousness.

Each human heart is, indeed, His "manger cradle," whose humility and degradation are the swaddling garments of his infancy.

The Christ is but the culmination of every human life struggling towards the Ideal.

Everywhere is Bethlehem; each human Hope is the guiding Star; each yearning soul is the suffering and rejoicing Mary; and every triumph echoes the Magnificat that thrills mankind with Conscious Victory.

Here is the Mystic Birth: here the Yuletide: in each hoping, suffering, triumphing Human Heart.

The Loom of Progress



O R E V E R
through the
Loom of Nature
flies the shuttle
of Transforma-
tion.

The myriad
meshes appear
and disappear on
the ever chang-
ing Warp and

Woof. The labyrinthian threads cross and recross
in kaleidoscopic evolutions.

But the loom abides: forever weaves the Tireless
Weaver. The Fabric and the Form may change, but
everlasting are the Frame and Former.

In Nature there is no death: there is but disap-
pearance.

Nature's forms are apparitions—transitory and
ephemeral.

The Loom of Progress

The insect for a day beats its bosom against the prison air and is no more.

Man himself the god of earth, lives but an instant in the light of endless ages.

And yet the Universe, as one, abides, and Man, the species, continues on.

Nature's speech is the Language of Hope.

Her voice is the Song of Life.

She never annihilates. She conserves every force. She is the Supreme Economist.

He is the wise man, who in pursuit of knowledge follows Nature's method.

To destroy Error is but to scatter effete and useless moulds of matter.

But the mouldering trunks and decaying leaves of dying forests become the mother-bosom for the nourishment of forests yet unborn.

Within the form of Error abides the substance of Truth.

He who thinks Truth vanishes when Error flees is the Fool.

He is Wise who separates the Wheat from the Tares, discerning that Which Abides in the midst of Evanescent Things.

Knowledge is the Goal of search.

The Shrine of Silence

**Be not content to see error only; swing not alone
the iconoclast's mace.**

**If with thy left hand thou destroyest, build again
with thy right.**

**Search on till thou knowest all that can be known
in Nature, fearing not the Riddle of any Sphinx
whose lips of stone have held imprisoned the Wis-
dom of the Ages.**

**For in thine own soul there sits the Judge of
Truth, and before him all ignorance shall vanish.**



The Infinite



KNOWLEDGE of the Infinite is the fondest desire of the human soul.

Man recognizes his limitations. Nevertheless he perceives that his limitations are

ever expanding: the horizon of his interior vision ever widening.

Will man grasp the Infinite?

He that conceives Infinity may himself be infinite.

Truth is born of comparison.

As man compares what he is with what he feels he must be, he discerns the plane of the Infinite within the ken of his Interior Perception.

The outward world suggests infinity because of its immeasurableness.

The Shrine of Silence

But man *feels* infinity because he can conceive no limitations to his ever-expanding powers.

The aspiration of the human soul toward the Infinite, is therefore its loftiest attitude.

To aspire is to hope; to hope is to achieve.

Trust, then, O Man, that thou canst attain the unattainable; that *there is no unattainable save only to him who fears to attain.*

Gaze into the vistas of the Unknown and demand its secret.

Defying the Unknowable, declare that all can be Known.

This is the "open sesame" to the mysteries of Nature.

This is the key that unlocks the Wisdom of the Universe, and brings man face to face with Deity.



The Vision of the Seer



VERY human being has the Poet's instinct.

He gazes for the thing within itself.

He refuses to be deceived by appearances.

He penetrates to the Perma-

nent Being within, preferring to ignore its transitory phases.

The rose's beauty is not its color, form or fragrance; but that Vision of the Rose which lives forever in his consciousness, separate from all association.

He sees not the flower, but its wräith—the ideal.

Thus the Invisible becomes visible. Man hath an Eye Within which sees what the eye without cannot discern.

The Shrine of Silence

The Eye of Clay sees only what is fleeting and ephemeral.

The eye within—the Spirit's Eye—beholds the permanent form, the Idea, which knows not change or death.

There, Beauty is a somewhat all different from whatsoe'er is beautiful. There, Love is not the thing beloved, but some Divine Model which moulds unto itself all hearts that love.

There, Order is not the process of harmony and equation, but that Form Divine after which all things are fashioned that become orderly and harmonious.

The eye within seeth first the Spiritual Ideal ere it can be transmuted into physical reality.

The idea is divine.

The expression is human.

By discerning and holding clearly in thought these inward, heaven-born ideas, we slowly rise from things Base and Lowly to things Sublime and Lofty.

As within the Universe there must exist the ideals or models of the Divine Mind, after which all forms of expression have been patterned, so in the human soul there abide Eternal Ideas (images of the Divine Mind) which, when seized by the understanding, may be visibly reflected in the Life and Character of each of us.

The Vision of the Seer

Dwell within thyself.

Worship in the Temple of the Unseen.

Behold, within, the God Invisible, whose attributes are Justice and Love, Beauty and Power, and thou thyself shalt be clothed like him and become Happy and Immortal.



Regeneration Through Thought



LESSED are they
who expect, for
unto them shall
all things be
given.

Blessed are
the Joyful in
heart, for with
them will all
men rejoice.

He who seeks
the light finds it. Whoso, like the owl, shuts his
eyes to the Garish Day, complains that it is ever
night.

The air is full of rapturous sounds of joy; lift
thine ear and listen: how foolish the inward groan!

If thy soul be Gloomy and Despondent, go forth
in the open air, where Glorious Sunshine thrills the
atmosphere, and breathe into thy lungs long and fra-

Regeneration Through Thought

grant draughts of Nature's inspiration, knowing with every breath you inhale life, hope and strength.

Expect each day, as the Curtain of the Night is drawn from thine eyelids, that but thoughts of Kindliness and deeds of Goodness will concern thee; look for the brightest flowers in thy pathway; hear only such sounds as shall make Glad thy heart and Cheer thy spirit; hold thyself in thought aloof from discouragement or fear; know that only that can be thine which shall bring thee Success and Comfort, Courage and Achievement.

It will come; it will come.

Be thou but strong and persevering and thy thoughts shall prevail.

Naught in Nature can withstand them.

They are fleetier than piercing beams of light; more consuming than flame; more penetrating than electric current.

All substances dissolve before them. Thoughts are the Mercurial Messengers of air, which permeate the Bounds of the Universe and establish the Foundations of Fate.

Not only are we What we Think, but we may consciously make ourselves What we Will.

He whose eyes are constantly sweeping the heavens for new stars shall in time discover them.

The Shrine of Silence

As the Cuttle Fish darkens the waters with his Inky Blood, concealing himself within the impenetrable gloom, so oft we, too, shadowed by fear and benighted by failure, o'erdarken our mental atmospheres with Thoughts that drag us into the Deeps of Despair.

Courage, thou that art afflicted; and hope, thou that despair'st.

The whole world is Within Thyself.

See thou the light There, and the light is everywhere.

Lift up the sun of the rising day within thy heart, and lo! without, the world is radiant with Joy and big with promised Victory.

A legion of Bright Powers surrounds thee, invisible presences, to guide, uplift and sustain.

These are the Thoughts of all the Good who before thee and with thee have been striving to better and exalt humanity.

Trust thou in These powers and in Thyself and thou shalt conquer.

Expression



UT of the Depths
of Suffering the
heart cries for
Wisdom.

Truth is the
Desideratum of
existence.

Error is a
Stalking Shad-
ow ' that blights
and beglooms.

By hope Faith aspires to knowledge; Knowledge,
by demonstration, awakes to Reality; Reality blos-
soms into Wisdom.

Truth is that unchangeable law of the universe
which establishes the coincidence between the Idea
and the Reality—the Hypothesis and the Demon-
stration.

Naught that thou thinkest, O Man, is true till

The Shrine of Silence

that thought is evidenced in Expression and registered in Nature.

Only when the Universe responds to thy soul, does the soul discern the truth.

If thou thinkest goodness, purity, love, thou must embody these thoughts in thy being ere thou canst know their virtue.

To Think is not always to Know.

Thought may be the Ormuzd or Ahriman of being—the god of Darkness or the god of Light.

Think thy thoughts into Form—*will* the Idea into Expression.

Think Love by loving, Goodness by being good, Honor by the exercise of virtue, and Integrity by freedom from dishonesty.

Then hath thy thought Verity and Realization.

By thinking adapt the Individual life to the life Universal; this is the secret of happiness, the joy of existence.

Thus come Wisdom, Peace and Plenty.

Nirvana



S BEYOND the
Storm - Swept
Cloud abides
forever the azure
Calm, so beyond
the conscious
realm of mortal
strife rests the
Soul serene and
imperturbable.

On lofty mountain tops the clouds fall beneath the feet of the observer; within the valley vapory forms encircle the brow and mantle the body with dank and loathsome humors.

When jocund beams of morning trip lightly on the rim of day; when cheerful notes of birds resound through echoing woodlands; when fragrant breezes quicken the blood and flush the cheeks with ruddy glow; we gather to ourselves the vitalizing forces of the air by which we live and grow.

The Shrine of Silence

In the Light of the Sun there is Life and Laughter.

But when clouds lie low; when shafts of light are shattered, and, like broken swords, pierce not the gloom that shields them from our view; when gnawing East Winds gripe the marrow of our bones and wrack them with rheumatic pains; then do we learn in Darkness there is Death, in Shadow there is Sorrow.

All this is spoken in similitude:

On the heights of the Soul, where abide the light of Love, the cheer of Healthfulness, the inspiration of Goodness, the awakening of Hope, the tenderness of Sympathy; there is the cloudless sky—the Everlasting Day.

Who on the Heights abideth hath found Nirvana—Heaven.

Within the depths of animal instinct, passion and impulse: where breaks the harsh echo of the Strident Voice,—the Angry Word; where selfish purpose sways and mean ambition builds its Cunning Intrigue; or where Avarice with cold and fearless calculation makes of Love a rigid corpse; there is Night—cimmerian Night.

He who sinks to these depths treads the fiery Paths of Hell.

Nirvana

Each of us hath power to lift the curtain of the mind that shall unveil a World of Bliss and Beauty or of Torture and Deformity.

Each thought is an artist painting on the canvas of the soul the figure of Apollo or Apollyon—Elysium or Tartarus.

Dwell in thoughts of Peace, Truth, Kindliness, Love, Gentleness, Mercy; forgive the wrong; forget the offender; and thou shalt enter Nirvana.



The Prod of Doubt



HE sluggish mind
and sodden soul
are food for vul-
tures of bigotry
and vampires of
superstition.

Fear is a chain
whose gyves im-
prison slaves in
cells of igno-
rance where en-

ter not the rays of wisdom or love's purific beams.

To doubt is to think.

To think is to suffer.

In suffering is safety.

When tempests of mental agony disturb the heart
and thy little bark of faith is swept amain far from
its native moorings, rejoice!

Dark, ominous clouds shall cover thee: dashed
shall be thy skiff into hollow depths of seeming
death; the waters will engulf thee and thy bones
will melt like wax; e'en shall thy boat be shivered

The Prod of Doubt

on the rocks and thine affrighted body tossed nither
and thither on the rolling waves; but through death
thou shalt arise to life renewed, art thou but Faith-
ful to Thyself, following the light thy soul enkin-
dles, which guideth to that haven where Truth's
beacon burns forever.

Truth is safe; truth rescues; truth gives peace!
Where truth is there is God.

Where Truth is there is eternity.

She is "without shadow or variableness of turn-
ing."

She is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Truth and the Universe are one.

Nevertheless as a cloud fashions the sunlight to
its form, deadens its glow and chills its fervor, so
oft the mind of man disfigures truth and, by reflec-
tion false, false shadows her in realms of thought.

In the end he sees his error and if wise fears not
but forges higher.

To fear is to fail.

To hope is to aspire.

To aspire is to conquer.

"Truth only" be our motto, come what will.

Through life or death, despair or hope, Her only
let us worship, and peace shall bless our standards,
joy inflame our hearts.

The Foundation of Success



COURAGE is the progenitor and prophet of Success.

Courage is the offspring of an educated Will.

A well-set will is born of earnest thought.

What we earnestly desire we can achieve. Hope springs from Desire in the face of Disappointment; and of Desire Light is generated though Darkness circumvent.

If we wish we may be Masters of our Fate.

Our Lives are patterned after our Thoughts, but we may shape those thoughts for good or ill till they become a scourge or blessing to our being.

Let us resolve that we yield not to discouragements—to dark forebodings—to evil insinuations. Let our minds be fixed on the triumph of truth.

The Foundation of Success

We know we shall succeed in every right undertaking when our minds are fixed on success.

We know that thought is all powerful. We will think aright that we may live aright.

To-day we banish from our minds all thought of gloom, of timidity, of anxiety, of distress, of whatever retards our forward look in our hearts and in the world.

We face the Day, we behold the Light, we follow the Sign of Victory.

We are panoplied with Courage, and our Star of Hope is on high.

Nothing can daunt us. We are children of the light. We hear the truth, and we shall obey the truth.



The Transmutations of Thought



O THINK aright
is to live aright.

To think the
truth is to be-
come the Truth.

Truth is sub-
stance; error is
shadow.

Truth is light;
error is dark-
ness.

We desire to become truthful in all things that
we may dwell in the light.

Darkness generates fear; fear is bondage; bond-
age generates discomfort, disease and death.

Therefore, let us flee the darkness of error, which
would enslave us. Then, we shall know the Truth
and the Truth shall make us free.

We know if we think the truth we shall speak the
truth.

We desire that our tongues shall not lead us astray
by rash words.

The Transmutations of Thought

If we are truthful we will be honest, generous, forgiving, gentle and loving, for we know the infirmities of all men are like our own.

If we are truthful ourselves we will drive error out of others. They will then see the light as we see it and they will live in harmony with us as we with them.

Without truth we are miserable; with truth we are always happy and blessed. Let us repeat over and over to ourselves till it becomes our permanent thought:

"Truth is Light.

"Truth gives Peace.

"Truth will ever Conquer."



The Transmutations of Thought

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Forbearance



FTTIMES, by
chance within
this narrow
world,
Inhabitants of
earth are cast
in close
Relationship re-
pulsive; when
contempt
Is born of inti-
macy—hate of
fear.

'And yet Forbearance, child of Charity,
Oft wakes suspicion of another's worth,
Which men should heed; for none so base but good,
In germ, at least, within the breast abides.
Forget the overgrowth of evil and
Behold the hidden, secret spot divine,
Where God has kissed the soul. Does one offend

Forbearance

Thy taste refined and gentle manners by
His speech of rudeness or behavior brusque?
Hath one, with breath acidulated, mocked
And scorned thee, till thy heart was writhed with
pain?

Remember, habit oft belies the truth,
Distorts the judgment; and who thus offends,
Some base environment hath taught, perhaps
E'en from his mother's milk, till Nature brands
Him, thus aborted, with obnoxious mien.
Conditioned otherwise that same coarse breast
Were meek and tender as the timid fawn's.
Thou hast thyself the mystic wand can touch
In every heart the spot where love abides.
Speak gently and the basest soul responds
With gentleness as of a cooing dove.
Oft we ourselves another's viciousness
Awake, which else were dormant. Kindly think
And speak, and all the world is kind to thee!
Be this the motto of our daily lives:—
Think only best of every one; ourselves
Become as is our thought of those we meet.

The Final Goal



WE FIND in Nature's simple laws the End And Purpose of all being. Health is there Contagious and inherent; base disease, Abhorrent; and the foul decay of flesh

That clothes the soul, repulsive to the eye
That sees but purity. She knows no wrong
Nor aught of evil fears—for all is good:—
The clouds that shroud the day enrich the earth;
The tempest's desolation marks the path
On which shall rise the matchless monuments
Of future geniuses. The Tear of Grief
Shall sometime catch the iridescent glow
Of Hope's rare radiance, and cruel Hate,

The Final Goal

Beshamed of Love, shall court oblivion;
Injustice and ingratitude be lost
In the vast sea of universal Right!
He who thus strives to hear the constant beat
Of Nature's honest heart finds good in all:—
Health in the ambient air, joy in each breath;
And holds within his view the mystic powers
That built the pillars of the sun, the earth's
Support, and all the wonders of man's growth.
For at the heart of Nature dwells sweet Peace
And Life Eternal, he may find who will.



The Snares of the Envious



EWARE the en-
vious one, and
jealous, who
In heart con-
ceives to snare
the innocent,
And smirch the
virtuous; who
halts not to
Control the
Mystic Force
for selfish
ends,

And conjure Powers of the Dark to smite,
With cruel word and innuendo, those
Who toil in love for human happiness!
But who, with weapons of the soul, would slay
The good and merciful; would darken day
With Envy's blighting train of clouds and turn
The smile of laughter into sorrow's groan;
Himself deceives and, like the scorpion,
Envenomed by his wrath, his own breast smites
With deadly blow, and falls accurst of all.

The Snares of the Envious

Supreme are Love and Gentleness and Truth,
Though sometimes seems the cruel enginery
Of Might and Force to drown with grating sounds
The Music of the Soul. Gaze thou alone
On yon fair stars that deck the brow of Night,
And shine eternally, though tempests wrap
The earth in darkling gloom, and know that Truth
And Goodness are as firmly fixed amid
The Powers that impel humanity.
Trust thou that every day shall bring thee Joy,
And Hope's returning cheer, as thou dost trust
The golden sun shall each day nurse the world,
And thou shalt know but pleasant dreams o' night,
And conquer daily o'er opposing foes.



The Mystic Monitor



MAN knoweth not himself who heareth
but

The constant utterance of outward
thoughts;

Who shuts his senses to the whisper-
ings

Of silent sounds, that move inau-
dible

Within the chambers of the soul,
which speak

With muffled lips and quavering
breath,—too soon

Abashed and silenced by the noisome
world.

Who waits, in solitude ineffable,
Companionship of unseen presences
That tune the heart to symphonies of
peace,

Or stir the deeper chords of life, and
rouse

Ambition's hope, or flight of poesy,—
Hears, from within, responses of the
soul,

That come from far-off heights of

heaven, where sits

The Mystic Monitor

Supreme, the Spirit of Eternal Truth.
As yields the earth, in form and fructify,
To cosmic powers that sweep the circle of
The solar spheres; as stirs within the seed
The World-Life of Eternal Force that shapes
All things, animate or dead; so man,
In outer form and sentient self, is built,
By silent thoughts that weave unseen the woof
Of conscious being. The Soul is Master of
All fate. The Will, like Cerberus, hath power
To suffer or repel approaches of
Such influences as exalt or curse.
Know, then, O Man, thyself expression art,
In form and character, of that thou most
Desirest. None so much to blame as thou
For failure; nor avails for thy success
A world of opportunity, be thou
Inapt or sluggish. Arouse the soul within,
And yield thou to her wooings, till she crown
Thy brow with fortitude, thy breast with peace,
And whisper secrets of divinity,
That lie unuttered in the deeps of thought.

Where Man Merges in God



LIKE as an infant's winsome cooings woo

The mother's tender heart;
or as the brook

Uplifts its vapory lips to
kiss the sun's

Embracing bosom; so the Child of Light,
And Hope and Aspiration, finds in Life,
Supreme and circumambient, response
That thrills and wakes the soul from lethargy.
Asleep in thoughts material and coarse,
The mind is like the severed sunray, held
Within the prisoned gloom of crystallized rocks,
Whose jewelled glories, unignited by
The living light, lie hidden and unknown;
But when released, with variegated glow

Where Man Merges in God

Give back his lost effulgence multiplied.
And thus with joy ineffable the soul,
Awakened and once more envisioning
The universal source of Being, thrills,
With symphonies of song and psalms of peace,
Him who in ecstasy doth realize
Immortal Union of All Life in One!
To feel that thou art brother to the oak;
Or, with the zephyrs chant the orisons
Of praise at blush of dawn; to feel athrill
With throbbings of the mock-bird's breast, and read
The mystic meaning of his song; to merge
The miseries and musings of the race
Within the compass of thy thoughts and hopes;
To find old Homer's dreams indigenous
Within thy breast, and Shakespeare's genius kin
With thine, and Wagner's harmonies forestalled,
'And all the fluent rhapsodies of speech
That fell from human lips forewrit within
Thy latent consciousness; till all mankind
Seem mirrored in thy soul, and Nature is
But reflex of thyself, and Thou, with all
Commingling, never lost to consciousness,—
This is Nirvana, Immortality,
The All in One, the One in All, eterne!

The Good in All



IT IS better to die for a truth than to be honored by a lie.

All knowledge is relative.

The standard of the absolute is unknown.

Truth is discerned only in adumbrations.

She seldom shines with full-orbed glory. We see her by reflection.

Hence, the eye of Faith more often pierces the vistas of the Unknown than the voice of Understanding.

When man's soul, in contemplation, rises to a realization of the great World-Soul, he perceives the blending of the beams of faith and fact in the radiance of discovery.

He then knows the Truth, for Truth electrifies and makes him free. He has reached the Mount of Transfiguration.

The Good in All

Worship consists not in genuflection, obeisance or adoration, but in conscious absorption of Wisdom and Love.

The universe is ceaselessly athrill with the cosmic currents of harmony.

All things move toward perfection.

Change is everywhere; but the trend of all transformation is toward the Ideal.

In the perspective of the world-evolution, we discern the goal of the Infinite Good.

The Good is everywhere. The Good is eternal.

To apprehend and realize the Good is to mount the threshold of the Temple of Wisdom.

The absorption of Love within this temple is the consummation of ideal worship.

Drink love from every flitting moment, as the honey-bee sucks sweetness from every passing flower, and earth shall be a Paradise—life an Elysium.

The Divine Man



FROM out abysmal
deeps of De-
ity,
Unconscious and
unknown amid
the worlds,
Unfolds the Soul
of Man, off-
spring of life
And radiance di-
vine. God's
Spirit, his;

And pure as essence of the stainless snows
That fall unflecked on mountain heights. His power,
As infinite as Deity's, impels
Him on to compass unknown worlds of thought,
And solve the myriad mysteries of space;
For sometime as a book unsealed shall pass
Before his gaze the panorama of
All being. Divinity reveals itself

The Divine Man

In him, unconscious of his source; but he
Shall yet attain and know he lives in God.
The fountain head shall feed his soul with flow
Of ever-living streams, and bear him back
To conscious unity with life Divine.
Then shall he know his power is limitless,
His mind is infinite, and he but need
To trust the force within, and toil in love
And earnestly, for that he most desire,
And nothing can prevail against his will.
But he who seeks through selfish strength to win
What sordid arrogance commands, shall fail,
And seek relief in death. Who lives for Love
And human goodness only shall prevail.
They are the Kings of Earth, who crowned with
power,
Their fellows serve and suffer for the Truth.
In them finds Deity his Conscious Self,
And speaks with Wisdom's words and Heaven's
peace.

The Over-Soul



I AM the Spirit that pervades the deep :
All-Father—the impenetrating Soul
And Life of all the essences that
throb
Through pulsing billows of Eter-
nity!
I am the Word :—Expression, cease-
less and
Creative of all formal being ; I—
The Alpha and Omega, that was, is
And is to be ; forever self and one,
Though myriad-mirrored in Illu-
sion's glass.
Not lost, alone and wandering, is
man,
Nor aught that breathes and moves ;
for Life is One,
In atom, leaf or brain. From out-
most star,
And nebulous mists of space, to
earth's coarse rind ;
From archetypal hosts of heaven to
man ;
There is but one eternal presence—
God !

The Over-Soul

For naught that is, but has forever been.
But One, the Spirit of all space—the all
Pervasive solidarity of soul.
Forever have I lived in all the sons
Of men—in flower, bird and radiant beam.
All thoughts are mine; all lives are mine, and all
The nameless wealth of worlds I own. I need
But touch the key and lo! the universe
Responds with Harmonies Ineffable;
But breathe, and from the reservoir of Life
My soul, surcharged, ascends exultant o'er
The darkling depths of clayey confines, and
Its proud way wings o'er Freedom's height, un-
chained!
Who knows this Union, immortality
Hath won, despite the consciousness of flesh.



Friendship



ARE is the union
of kindred souls.

As chemic elements commingle in due proportion to bring forth richer forms and complex substances, and thus from
Primal Chaos

evolve the World of Beauty which enchants us; so mingle the elements of Friendship in kindred spirits; changing oft the crude contour of life into a landscape, bathed in rich and mellow tints of softened splendor.

The mingling of emotions, that flow through sympathetic channels, makes music to the quickened heart, rarer than the murmuring of moonlit streams on pebbly shores, or the laughter of wind among the tree-tops, when dreamy mists o'erveil the dew-wet eyelids of the dusk.

Friendship

When friendship knits two souls as one, in perfect peace and trust, their Dual Lives are an impregnable intrenchment against combined assaults of all opposing foes.

The radiance of their Pacific Eyes illumines their mutual paths, the tremor of their Claspings Hands through each soul sends swift messages of reassuring hope: the soft, low note of Kindly Speech, which bounds from lip to lip, is like the lingering echo of a full-toned Chime, dying on the evening air.

Friendship is the swaddling band that wraps Infant Love in the manger of experience.

It is the sturdy thread that weaves the web and woof of life's companionship.

It is the only lasting filial bond that ties the restive child-life to the parent's breast—for filial love oft vanishes when respect expires.

It is the wreath that crowns the bridal brow with life's promise of Undying Joy when two young hearts together troth for Weal or Woe their mutual fates in love.

And when, at length, the twilight mists of age receive the long and slanting rays of life's declining sun, behold how friendship writes thereon in golden letters the one word "Victory," and vanishes from human forms to live again, invisible, in other hearts

The Shrine of Silence

its mystic wand shall conjure. Hast thou a friend, who tried and true, has proved untarnished, unalloyed?

Then hast thou wealth rarer than gold of Solomon's mines, or all Golconda's diamonds.

"Grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel;" honor him with devotion's homage; wash his feet, as the penitent Magdalene, with Tears of Joy, and crown him with thy Trust and Troth, thy Gratitude and Service.



The Meaning of the Trinities



NATURE hath her
Supreme Trin-
ity; Energy,
Mentality, Affin-
ity; or Motion,
Consciousness,
Community.
This Trinity is
One; for
through this
Triad moves the

Cosmos—the composite Unit and final Expression
of the All.

Man, too, hath his Trinity like unto the Infinite.

The Infinite he knows proportionately as he knows
himself. Would he learn the processes of Nature,
let him learn the processes of his own marvellous
being.

First in Nature is Motion, Action, Breath. Thus
of Man the legend says; "God breathed into his nos-
trils the Breath of Life."

From Action man evolves to Thought—and here,
like Nature, enters the realm of creative evolution.

The Shrine of Silence

Thought is a spark which engenders a universal conflagration that consumes all the substance of existence.

Thought is a wave ceaselessly impinging on contiguous waves which move on through the ocean of infinite unfoldment.

Thought is the invisible framework on which the structure of the manifest universe is reared.

So, too, thought is the invisible skeleton on which is fleshed the mortal frame of man.

But thought exists through opposition.

By contrast thought discerns itself.

Thought is, therefore, sociable; it cannot live alone. Hence again the legend: "And God saw it was not good for man to be alone."

Thence came the handmaid, the companion, the spiritual affinity.

From this primal opposition and affinity of thought have developed the Family, the Tribe, the Community, the State, the Kingdom, the Commonwealth, the Republic.

Hence, as in Nature,—Energy, Mentality, Affinity have evolved the marvel of the Cosmos; so in Man—these, too, have evolved the wonders of the Social Civilization.

This Triad of Forces constitutes the fullness of

The Meaning of the Trinities

Nature and all the prophecy of human achievement. Conserve these forces in every activity and relation of life and large shall be the growth of thy being and the affections of thy heart.

Thou shalt then know what it is to be One with the Universe: to live with Nature: the companion of the song-bird and the murmuring brook; to hear the music of the stars and the mad minstrelsy of aspiring elements sweeping through space from atom to infinitude.

Then will the ocean be thy mighty harpsichord, on whose invisible strings unseen fingers thrum the passionate melodies of life; the hills and towering heights shall stand as conquering armies and beckoning sentinels, guiding on to the nearing goal of Human Triumph and Emancipation, from the gall of ignorance and pessimistic fear.

Then shall the unseen God roll back the Veil of Night from his brow and reveal himself in thine own being, throned on thy heart and sceptered with the prowess of universal knowledge.

Man, behold, thou art the God incarnate!

Thou art the little Universe: the Universe without is thy reflection only.

Therefore, know thyself and thou knowest all. Be thyself and thou shalt become as God.

The Self-Unknown



MAN that is, is but half conscious of what he is.

Behind the veil of the unknown lies the Larger Self.

The deeper Tragedy of Being is acted on the unseen stage within.

We are not that which we seem, but that which least we seem to be.

Man knows not himself till the Crisis comes.

Then the Knave oftentimes becomes the Saint, and the Hero blanches as a Coward.

Deep buried within each of us lies the sensitive plate of the Unconscious Self.

Thereon is photographed every passing thought, impulse and desire; every hope and every hate; every love and longing; every pleasure and pain; every curse and prayer.

These photographs flash, betimes, on our consciousness and either affright or delight us, demean or exalt.

Sometimes when we behold these visions we seem to

The Self-Unknown

enter a foreign and unknown realm, howbeit that which we behold should seem most likely, for it is the Most Real and substantial that we shall ever experience.

And yet, like an "insubstantial pageant faded," they swiftly vanish into "thin air," and "leave not a rack behind."

These visions are not our Dream Selves, but are Real Selves; there we live, howbeit unconsciously, yet constantly and forever.

Within the Unconscious the silent threads of the unseen forces weave Secret Forms that fashion character and mould the issues of being.

We are chiefly unconscious: we are only momentarily conscious.

For that which we are most, we know not: that only do we know which fitfully awakens us and then shall be no more.

Our Conscious Selves shall pass away: they are but shadows cast by the eternal sun within that knows no setting.

Our Unconscious Selves are inextinguishable, born of the essence of the universe, kindred with the eternal power that balances the cosmos.

To know the Unconscious is the effort of existence. To know this is to know God.

The Builders of Character



OUR Thoughts are
our Controlling
forces.

They image
themselves in
our visages, our
deeds and char-
acters.

They are the
the Makers of
our Fortunes,

the Fashioners of our Fates. Indeed, our Thoughts
are our Fates: for as we think, we become.

The joyous thought diffuses the countenance with
light—the thought of pain and woe mantles the
features with gloom and darkness.

Hope illumines the eye; fear covers it with filmy
cloud.

Love carves his bow upon the lips and Happiness
dimples the cheek with smiles.

The Builders of Character

Physical courage builds the figure of the athlete; cowardice shrivels the body and pales the anæmic veins.

But as our thoughts control our fortunes, we may control our thoughts.

The Will is the Gate Keeper of the Citadel of Character.

We may allow thoughts to enter as we choose. An undesirable thought will fly from us as the beast pursued flees the hunter's weapon.

Right living waits on right thinking. "'Tis not in our stars but in *ourselves* that we are underlings."

Would we arise and triumph? We have the power within. There abides a God who avails for every conflict.

Each moment the Victory is ours do we but choose to claim it.

Above the gloom and gore of war, the fume and flame of battle rage, smiles serenely the unconcerned sky.

Thus, Thou Thyself, as free and unconcerned, dost gaze upon the baser battle fields of pain and passion, awaiting Recognition, in the lull of fury and the breath of peace.

Behold—thou art Above—not here in mortal flesh.

The Shrine of Silence

As descends thy Consciousness from on High,
shalt thou ascend to realization of Thyself Supreme.

Await the command of Truth, and Love, and
Cheer, and then, obedient to thy instinct, claim thy
Divinity, and assault the fortresses of error till they
fall beneath thy conquering blows.

Thou art divine and as a god thou shalt achieve.



Aspiration



ASPIRATION displays in man its loftiest quality.

S o m e w h a t, this Moral Force is found in every feature of the universe.

It seems to be instinct in every atom to yearn

for ascent and sublimer ends. In each combination of chemical substances the atom rises from a lower stratum to a higher, either in energy, in form of beauty, or in functional relation.

The vagrant nebulae become the rolling spheres, balanced in empty space by the even rhythm of a measured motion.

The floating gases change into flower, fruit, and forest, and then ascend into animal and human realms, ceaselessly aspiring to loftier planes of Being.

Nor when all forms and forces centre and combine in man doth the natural aspiration cease.

The Shrine of Silence

Still onward is the Hope and Spur of Human-kind.

To ascend in thought, in desire, in knowledge, and in power, is the aspiring trend of human passion.

For this, all the evils of the race : its triumphs and defeats, its woes and joys.

To lift the eyes and see the heavens is an inspiration.

To lift the Heart and find New Hope is exaltation.

But to lift the Inner Eye, and behold the heaven of the soul, affords a touch of ecstasy that is divine.

The soul is the registry of life's experience.

The soul is the prophecy of human purpose.

The soul is chart and compass on the pathless sea of Being.

Having ascended from Atom to Organism, from chalk-shell to bony-skull, from cell to cerebrum, man still yearns for higher experience.

He that was the Sea-slime has become the Soul.

To know the soul, some day, as now he knows the sea-slime, is man's last desideratum.

Thus aspire till thou shalt learn, indeed, that thou art not Flesh and Blood alone, O Man, but substance ethereal, whose essence is supernal, whose consciousness divine.

One With the Universe



WE KNOW there is
but **One Law** in
all the **Universe**.

One Life per-
vades all things.

The life that
throbs in the
quickenin g
pulses of man is
not other than
the life that

trembles in the radiant beam. The life that animates
the growing plant is not unlike the life that weds in-
animate atoms.

To live the **Life Universal** is to become **One with**
the **Universe**.

To become one with the universe is to enter into a
knowledge of **Supreme Mind**.

To know this **Mind** is to know **Life Eternal**.

In the knowledge of the universal we all become
as one.

The Shrine of Silence

If we absorb thy essence, O Mind Eternal, as frail plants drink in the essence of sun and soil and air, we know, as they become like unto those elements, we shall become like unto thee.

To accord with the Supreme Will is to become conscious of the Highest Powers.

The Will of the Universe is Universal Good.

The Will of the Universe is Universal Harmony.

We desire so to live in act, in thought, in mutual relations, that we ourselves shall manifest the fruits of goodness, and inspire the love of the good and the true in others.



The Power of Truth



RUTH is more
powerful than
error.

Truth ever
conquers.

Error con-
quers in appear-
ance only.

Truth re-
mains. Error
vanishes.

We know the law: As we think we are.

Our mental attitude establishes our moral characteristics.

Our physical organism is but clay cast in the mould of mind.

We are the rulers of ourselves when we rule our thoughts.

We can rule ourselves because we become self-masters when we sway our regal powers.

We shall not suffer base and impure notions to possess us.

The Shrine of Silence

We would breathe on all hearts the breath of Peace.

We would fold all lives in the mantle of Love.
We would forgive all wrong and show mercy to those who are weak and frail.

We know, if we scatter seeds of kindness they will bear fruit of gentleness and love.

As we love we are loved.

If we hurl the poisoned dart of hate into other breasts it rebounds and pierces us the deeper.

If we speak harshly, harshness rebounds.

If we enswathe ourselves in an atmosphere of gloom, despair, self-commiseration, self-condemnation, they who enjoy the light will flee us, or themselves become self-condemned and debased.

Let us clothe ourselves with radiant thoughts of Joy; let us banish the Night and abide in the Day.

We are children of the Light.

We shall welcome only thoughts of Goodness, Purity, Truthfulness and Mercy.

Our tongues shall not wound; our thoughts shall not poison.

Within the most repulsive human form *we discern the angel.*

We are all members of one brotherhood.

We commune in the Sphere of the Spirit.

Self Knowledge



AN know thyself."

To know one's self is to know the Universe.

Indeed, we know the universe only as we know ourselves.

The mind is the mirror which reflects every form.

We see nothing but the image. The Form without we accept by faith.

The image within is the only fact.

The Soul alone is the Seër and the Knower.

The eye beholds the outward image inverted.

The soul images the object correctly.

To the eye the tree points downward. To the soul its branches aspire heavenward.

The unseen is all that we see—only the Invisible is visible to the Soul.

He who lives in the Temple of the Invisible lives in the Eternal. Here Illusion vanishes and Reality reigns supreme.

The Shrine of Silence

He contemplates that which moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

He stands steadfast amid the whirling phantasms of Fancy and Delusion.

He conjures by his thought that which he desires.

He who in the Invisible beholds the Good shall in his life realize its triumphs.

To desire deeply, yearningly, soulfully, is to grasp a force in Nature and turn it to one's uses.

Wouldst thou be good—think Goodness.

Wouldst thou love—dwell in thoughts of Love.

Wouldst thou cease to worry—conjure the images of Peace and thy soul will find its halcyon moods.

Wouldst thou be true—image to thyself the Truth and ignore the False.

Thou hast within thyself thine own ideals—these are thy gods.

Discern those which uplift, exalt, purify.

These worship in thy thoughts.

Those which debase and debauch turn thy thoughts against, for lo! the angels of light flutter near—not in the heavens, but in thy Soul—and they say "Look on us—we are good to behold."

Turn and keep thy eyes fixed upon these!

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Man, Infinitesimal and Infinite



MAN is but an Atom in the immensity of Space.

Compared with the innumerable worlds that constitute the universe he is infinitesimal.

Compared with the planet, which is his habitation, he is in size but as a grain of sand to the sea shore.

In physical strength, compared with the puissant forces of Nature, he is but as a thread of gossamer to the teeth of the whirlwind.

His breath is slighter than the softest summer zephyr; the storm-wind silences his shriek; his voice is to the thunder as dripping rain-drops to the booming sea-tide.

He is but an Evanescent Vision, vanishing in a night: but a Foaming Bubble, extinguished by a passing wind.

Nevertheless, though infinitesimal, Man is infinite.

His is the most potent force in Nature.

The Shrine of Silence

He conquers the sea, commands the stars, and
twists the thunder to his uses.

Himself but puny, he possesses the secret of Na-
ture's puissance.

The power that made all worlds is his.

He is himself the Culmination of mental evolu-
tion.

The Mind universal finds in him its fullest ex-
pression.

Knowing this Mind, Man becomes conscious of
the Infinite.

He passes beyond the sphere of limitations. He
projects his organized powers into space and be-
comes a universal factor.

He orders the physical and moral potencies as his
servants.

He may clothe himself with the mantle of Ideal
Beauty: rob eternal Truth of her secret mystery,
and command the Stream of Goodness to flood his
life with refreshing showers.

To know this Power is man's highest privilege.

To use it to his righteous advancement is his op-
portunity.

Thus to know himself aright is to know God.

The Fruition of Justice



O BE just is the
Acme of Human
Duty.

To do an in-
justice is to tie a
millstone around
one's neck, which
one must needs
drag in misery
through life.

The Respon-
sibility for Injustice can be released only by Justice.

If we have done a wrong to any one let us right
that wrong before the sun goes down.

To be Just is but to learn that Humanity is one
Brotherhood.

To do justice to another is but to be just to one's
self.

Justice is the foundation of Love: Love is the
inspiration of Justice.

If we deal justly we will love one another.

The Shrine of Silence

**If we love each other we cannot but be just to
one another.**

**When Love possesses the heart its music is like
the ripple of a brooklet flowing among the rushes.**

Love dwells where Peace is.

Peace is the fruit of a Good Conscience.

**If we deal justly and love our fellowman, we shall
know the Peace that is enduring.**



What Is Love



O LOVE is to touch the Secret Key of the universe.

It thrills the chords of harmony that vibrate through space. Responsively the soul is thrilled.

The Soul of the Universe and the Soul of Man are One.

To become conscious of this Unity is to feel the thrill of harmony.

This thrill of harmony is Love.

Love is the fruit of thought.

Love cannot dwell with Hatred, Envy, Jealous Cynicism, Captiousness, Intrigue, Selfishness.

Love abides with Goodness, Gentleness, Forgiveness, Truthfulness, Mercy.

Love is the Golden note of Joy.

The Shrine of Silence

**It thrills with pain and passion, while it soothes
and heals.**

**Love is a Morning Zephyr whispering among the
Rose Leaves.**

**Love is the breath of Spring melting the icy heart
of Winter.**

Love is a sunburst through a murky cloud.

**Love is the music of the brook playing among the
reeds.**

Love is Light.

Love is Power.

Love is Peace.

Love is Life.

Love is God.



The Folly of Fear



HY do we fear?
Why do we worry? Why are we
tormented?

We suffer
ourselves to be
scared by Shadows—frightened
by Phantoms.

Why are we
afraid of the

dark? Because we cannot see. When the light
flashes how foolish we feel on account of our nervousness and distress.

We suffer ourselves to be worried because we look
only on the shadows of life—at the dark shades cast
on the landscape—and forget the bright light behind
all, whose presence is the occasion of the shadow
and the gloom.

Let us look away from the Shadow to the Substance—from the Cloud to the hidden Sun.

The Shrine of Silence

Knowledge, Wisdom, Love, Hope, Confidence, Truth—these constitute the sun—the Golden Day. Let us think steadily on these things and we shall be full of Light and Glory.

Error, Darkness, Fear, Envy, Hatred, Worri-ment, Despair—these are the unhappy Visions of the Night. Let us flee them—refuse to entertain them.

They are illusions of ignorance—a deceptive mirage—cast on the mental atmosphere.

Let us look above them and behold the sun, clear, unclouded—the Sun of Truth, calm and halcyon—amid the storm and stress of doubt and fear!

Then shall we become Children of the Day, clothed on with thoughts of Life, Liberty and Love. Our minds will then be pure Intelligence, our hearts folded in the mantle of Peace.

Who would hold a scorpion to his breast and hope to live; who would gash his vitals and think to survive?

Fear is like a shattering bullet piercing one's frame.

It terrorizes life, dismantling every stronghold. It slackens the tension of the nerves till they grow unresponsive to attack and refuse to warn the coward spirit of approaching foes.

The Folly of Fear

Fear unhinges the doors of the heart and slaughters each defenceless guardsman.

Fear itself fears naught but Courage.

Be firm in Mind and the Heart grows strong.

Be bold in Hope, and Melancholy shall forget her jeremiad.

Let thy countenance be a flaming Sword of Light, defending thee from approach of every foe that Fear can conjure, and thou shalt prove that a child of Truth is unvanquishable and free.



The Healthfulness of Cheer



HEER is the Key-note of Health.

Hope is the Criterion of Courage.

The Optimist reaches the mountain top; the Pessimist retreats to the valley.

"Nothing daunted, ever onward," is the only motto that assures success.

Look not backward, look forward! Look not downward, look upward!

Do not trace Failure in the sands with the Finger of Despair.

Study triumph in the process of the stars and the resistless Order of the Universe.

Know that the end of life is for Good, for Happiness, for Conquest, for Victory.

The Healthfulness of Cheer

Hold, with the grasp of a dying man, to every thought that cheers, invigorates, encourages and forges forward.

Hurl from your soul every intimation of fear, weakness, pain, distress, defeat, disaster.

The Trend of the Universe is toward an Ideal. The trend of Individual Life is toward Perfection.

Fix your Inner Eye on that Ideal and hold the image firmly in the Mirror of the Mental Vision.

All the Forces of the Universe fight for you if you follow the intimations of universal laws.

Harmony—Love—is the aim and climax of all converging forces.

Cultivate Love,—and Peace, the fruition of Harmony, will equalize all the forces that play upon your being and establish you in Strength, Health and Success. Be this end the burden of our desires—the purpose of our existence.

Fear is the function of Distress, Disharmony, Destruction.

As fire consumes the fuel so fear consumes the body.

Fear seizes the moment of weakness and inoculates the Microbe of Disease.

Fear is followed by the train of Gloom, Melancholy and Despair.

The Shrine of Silence

Cheer invigorates like a cloudless realm of ozone.

Cheer vitalizes, conserves, regenerates and sustains.

A Sincere Smile is above the price of diamonds and rubies.

A Cheerful Countenance requires no Bank Account—it is eternally solvent and controls the Market.

Smile when you can, but be cheerful always, whether through tears and pain, joy or comfort, sunshine or shadow.

Then is your estate a Kingdom, your sceptre the Common Good, and your crown the Universal Friendship.



The Harp of Life



THE Universe is an assemblage of oscillating atoms.

All that we see or feel is but the rhythmical result of Swaying Motion. Every atom is elastic, bounding to

and from every other atom with responding sympathy.

Were our ears attuned they would vibrate with the Ceaseless Music that floats through space.

Nothing is absolutely solitary. Nothing is wasted—nothing lost. Not an atom—not a vibration.

As Flower and Fruit spring from falling seed, so Human Life from human life, and Thought from thought; till Knowledge grows to Understanding.

Each life is like a Harp-String trembling with myriad notes.

These notes are our Thoughts and Deeds which attune other hearts to ours for good or ill.

The Shrine of Silence

When twangs a chord with angry blow somewhere it beats upon another's breast the storm that lashes it to fury.

When from within a Pensive Note floats softly on the air, somewhere its Minor Melody shall find a heart in which to rest.

We all are one. Our Thoughts are mutual. They constitute a Single Atmosphere.

Let us flood it with hallowed lights of love. Let every particle be thrilled with Mellow Notes of Mercy till each shall stay his neighbor with Words of Cheer and Trustfulness.

Then shall we hear the music of the "Choir Invisible" that sings the Good of all Mankind.

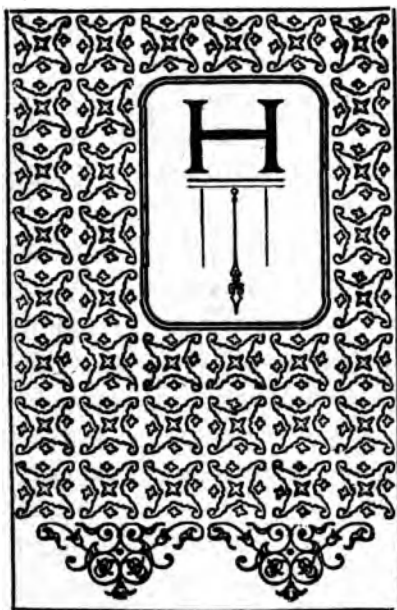
The Harpischord of Life shall then respond to the touch of Invisible Fingers, trained only to the Melodies of Mercy and Harmonies of Happiness.

Each Chord will respond with a thousand notes to Love, and Joy will sweep the strings with unremitting fervor.

Hang the Harp of Life from the Windows of thy Soul, and let the air of Heaven only stir its sleeping strings to life.

Every Kindly Thought shall woo it;
Fingers of Forgiveness strum it;
Wandering Winds of Love move through it;
And Melodies of Hope burst from it.

Ideas the World's Regenerators



E WHO thinks
revolutionizes
history and re-
forms mankind.

A great
Thought is more
valuable than
Great Wealth.

Men have
fought for Ideas
more than they
have for Riches.

To think is to
agitate.

The mind that
whips the ocean
of humanity

with Thoughts, sweeps from its surface the flotsam
and jetsam that hinder progress and befoul its wa-
ters.

The Shrine of Silence

All the great Conquests of the Ages have been the
Conquests of Ideas.

Therefore to succeed, one must think.

To progress, one must pursue ideals.

The Dreamer is the Herald of the Dawn.

The outcast prophet of to-day wears the crown
to-morrow.

Hold in thought That Which is Good for thee
and for mankind.

How difficult of attainment, how scorned of the
conservative; the dearer let it be to thee, the less it
is beloved of all.

Know only that it is Truth; that its breath is
sweet and pure; that its worship exalts and digni-
fies; that if humanity is crowned therewith, it shall
be blessed and glorified; then fear nothing; hold
fast that which is good and await the victory.

But Thought is strong relatively to its Poise.

Patience is the axle of the wheel of progress; per-
severance is the iron fellow.

If firm and positive Thought be the Charioteer
then shall the idea at last be driven to the goal of
triumph.

Learn what is good and pursue it in spite of scorn
and hatred.

*Hold the Idea long and firmly in your mind and
the world will accept it in spite of itself.*

Ideas the World's Regenerators

Nothing can conquer thought except thought.

In the mind of each human being sits the god of darkness and the god of light. Here is the eternal struggle.

According as we think, we triumph.

Each one of us is responsible for the misery of the world. For by thinking we can make it better.

Strive, then, to make the Good and Righteous Thought so strong that evil cannot prevail. Then will each be blessed because all are happy, and humanity will be crowned with Millennial Peace.



Entering the Silence



O BE at peace with
one's self, with
all the world—
this is the High-
est Consumma-
tion.

To be undis-
turbed by the
rush and roar,
the tempest and
confusion of hu-

man affairs—this is devoutly to be wished.

To stand firm, unshaken, like a rock mid-sea—
undismayed by the thundering waves that boom
against it—this is the Highest Victory.

This victory is possible to us all.

Every soul hath within, the Temple of Peace.

One need but retire from the world and enter.

There one may commune, every hour, every mo-

Entering the Silence

ment, in thought, in silence—while without the storm sweeps on.

One need but breathe his thought, and lo! soothing vibrations, soft, quiescent, pacific, his being shall enswathe.

Then is he alone, though millions march around him.

The Centre of the Universe is Eternal Calm.

The Centre of the Soul is Golden Silence.

To retire into the Silence is to find the peace that passeth human understanding.

Thought is the Key that unlocks the Temple door.

Think in silence, and Peace, the sister of Silence, shall console thee.

Let not angry thoughts, or hateful, envious or false, uncharitable or deceitful, grasp this Sacred Key.

Let it be alone in the hands of Love and Gentleness, Truthfulness and Mercy.

Then shalt thou hear those mighty words, "Peace give I unto you."

This is "Eternal life."

Action the God of Achievement



MAN is not only a product of Nature; he is also a factor.

He co-operates with natural agencies for the achievement of specific ends. He has Self-Consciousness, Self-Will, Self-Purpose.

Unlike the automaton, Man does not move only when urged by impetus or impulse.

He thinks, designs, creates. All living things share somewhat with him this divine power.

He alone is Supreme among the Conscious Factors of creation.

By the marvelous power of selection the very fauna and flora of the earth have risen from the lowest and most simple forms to the highest and most complex.

Within man alone, however, lies the Consciousness of Inherent Powers, transforming his own estate and modifying the environment against which he must contend.

Hence it is not for him merely to receive what forces may play upon him; or with folded arms se-

Action, the God of Achievement

renely await such Elements of Good as, by thinking, he may draw unto himself. He must think and act.

Would we enjoy fruition? We must not only hope, but also achieve. Would we carve anew that Mould of Life, in which we dwell? Not only must we dream and image to ourselves that which we would become; we must cleave the marble with an artist's swing and force the voiceless stone to sing our praises.

Man must not only *be*; he also must *become*.

Hope; dream; conceive; these are man's secret Inspirers and Guides.

Work; live; achieve; these are the Powers that goad him to action; that hew the primeval forests; build cities and civilizations; weave the Thoughts of Genius in the Tapestry of Words; draw the stars to earth and steal the Secrets of their Spectra; mount the anxious winds of quest and fly to the uttermost parts of the world in search of the "holy grail" of Universal Knowledge.

Be not a pliant plant of the wind-swept plains; drooping 'neath the withering sun; laughing as the buoyant breath of spring returns.

Be the god who guides the winds; beats back the tempest and controls the elements. Then art thou MAN—Demiurge of earth; Voice of heaven and Herald of the dawn of Liberty and Life.

Easter Day Meditation



HENCE is the
Common Source
of Life; the
common good of
men; the prom-
ise of the Com-
mon Conscious-
ness that shall
make the joy of
One the para-
dise of All?

Somewhere in this ever-changing world there must be the Unchanging Origin and Essence from which all things proceed.

That which is, is the Unmanifest. The Manifest is ever Naught.

But that which is Unmanifested is the Power within the Manifested.

Spiritual energy is Nature's supreme potency.

Behind matter, form and phenomena, lies the In-

Easter Day Meditation

visible Essence whose permanence assures the Perpetuity of Existence.

The Visible is but the transitory figure of the Invisible.

The sun-ray's shadow, imprisoned in the chemic plate, reveals the invisible form that else had not existed. But did it not *subsist*? had it not being without our knowing?

Thus lives the Universal Spirit unrevealed in Nature save in changing forms; unfelt, unknown, save in life's vicissitudes and varying experience.

Out of the Cosmic Dust this spiritual energy shapes the stars and suns and swinging constellations; the globe on which we dwell; its myriad forms of life; the breath that sways the forest-trees; the chirrup of the insect; the song-bird's melody; the flower's incensed soul; and the slowly creeping consciousness of man, from the cooing babe to the towering genius of the race.

Every form is a revelation; each birth, a resurrection.

That which is Within must come forth and be known; thus are we born again; thus is life ever renewed and immortality achieved.

Thy soul, O Man, express Image of the Universal Soul, is thyself. Here is life, truth, reality.

The Shrine of Silence

Say thou to thy Soul: Arise, come forth in thy grave-clothes; be clad in radiant beams of light.

With the key of Love open the prison bars of death.

With Hope's exultant song rejuvenate the springs of life.

Come from the Cave of Clay; cast off thy mantle of gloom; awake from oblivion's sleep.

To-day all Nature symbolizes the Drama of the Soul. Let it come forth from its Wintry death in the Spring time of our joy and make us strong, full of Hope and beautiful with Life.



The Soul's Mirror



IN THE MIRROR of the Soul are cast ten thousand images: reflections, all, of life's Vicissitudes and Trials. Like floating phantasms, they come and go, momentarily re-

minding us of things that are no more.

Each day's deeds hover, like a *fata morgana*, on the morrow's horizon.

Would we see ghosts? We need but enter the Halls of Memory; there they crowd upon us thick as battling clouds in summer skies.

What thou hast been, again shalt thou become.

Over the grave of every deed hovers the vision of its history.

Good memories, and merciful, are thy Ministering Angels; foul deeds, and evil, the tantalizing Demons of the Dead.

The Shrine of Silence

Three Kings contend, O Man, for the mastery of thy trembling soul: Memory, Imagination, Will.

As Memory lifts the veil on Tartarus or Elysium, joyful are thy tears, or sad.

The realm of the Imagination is the battle-field of human conduct.

Upon the canvas of thy soul the wizard-artist paints scenes of beauty and of grandeur,—of love's benefic bliss,—of honor, pride and power; or images of woe and want, of ugliness and shame.

Thou canst conjure forms of good as well as evil; as well the forms of beauty, as things misshapen, damned and deadly!

The soul itself hath power to choose.

Cast out the images of gloom, and welcome forms of light and love.

Heed the Overtures of Hope and Mercy, and thou shalt see no more the stalking Form of Fear, or Hate's Medusa Face.

Draw the sunbeams into thy bosom, and thou shalt radiate with warmth and life.

Control thy Memory, order thy Imagination, and be master of thy Will; then hast thou conquered Self and Sin and overcome the Powers of Darkness.

Night shall vanish, and Day reign forever and supreme.

Peace



NOT 'mid the smoke
and dust of
noisome
marts,
Where strident
sounds offend
the ear and
grim
Forebodings
darken Hope's
adumbrant
dawn;

Where stratagem and crass dishonesty
In competition, fierce contending, lay
Deceptive nets for young, unwary feet,
As Virtue faints, appalled at Sin's approach—
Not there hath Peace her temple reared for man.
But where the Stilly-Voices of the night
Their secrets murmur; where the splashing waves
Swish through submissive sands, or kiss the rocks
With passionate embrace, the moon their breasts
With gold o'ermantling; or on mountain tops
Where stars assemble, and misty Messengers
Of earth and air commune, and sylvan hymns
Awake Æolian harps, and Silence speaks

The Shrine of Silence

With Wisdom's tongue—there is Her far abode,
Whose worshipers approach with feet unshod.
But not alone where blue Columbia rolls
Amid primeval woods, or rocky heights
Uplift their gilded spears to sentinel
The stars; or slumberous brooks and crooning
sounds

Induce to languorous repose, art thou,
Rare Peace. But in the Speechless Silence of
The Soul, when, lost to consciousness of earth,
She 'waits the Spirit's soft approach, and feels
His rapturous embrace, art thou, O Child
Of Joy, begotten. "Be still and know that I
Am God," thou sayest, and at thy feet we fall
In reverence obedient and proud.

* * * * *

In Silent Solitude we woo thee now.—
Alone and closeted with Thoughts Sublime
We lift the Windows of the Soul, and 'wait
The Breath of Life Peace brings upon her wings.
Her syllables are soft; and velvet is
Her voice of Love; her bosom tender as
The down of Mother-bird, while covering
Her unfledged young. We hear the beating of
Her breast that palpitates with joy. We rest—
And feel her soothing waves; alone with Peace!

The Heavens Reflect the Soul of Man



O M E T I M E S
within the
azure vault I
see
The symbolism
of the soul dis-
played
In variant hues
that tint the
canopy,

From fiery red to lambent violet.
The tender Blue—the soul's serenity
Portrays, when Peace her halcyon wing o'erspreads
Above a nether world tumultuous,
Where Fear and Terror cast portentous gloom,
In clouds incarnadined or orange-flamed.
In Autumn's russet haze of mingled Green
And Gold the dreamy ecstasy of soul
Expression finds; whilst timid clouds afloat,

The Shrine of Silence

O'erfretted with electric beams of cold,
Unsympathetic moons, and friendless stars—
The soul depicts on evil bent, forlorn.
When twilight breaks the Bars of Night and paints
The pearly Gates of Morn with violet
And opalescent tints, the soul discerns
Its self-seen purity and feels the thrill
Of sacred Love, soft as the radiance
Of virgin dawn. . . . To contemplate the skies
And read therein the soul's large history ;
To hold communion with the stars, and hear
The songs of constellations swaying through
The corridors of vast and echoless
Abyssmal Depths of Space, ofttimes exalts
The mind ; discerning in each filmy cloud
That floats, or in the silver threads that weave
The meshes of the Starry Robe of heaven,
The handiwork of One Great Power whose Name
Unspeakable is writ o'er all the World.
As are the heavens above the earth ; as light
Forever shines, though darkness shade our path ;
Thus may the soul in aspiration and
In silent thought forever rise o'er gloom,
Exultant in the joy of consciousness
Divine. Thus Man becomes incarnate Truth,
And Truth unbinds the galling chains of Death !

The Everlasting Yea



THE Heart of Nature is the Soul of Harmony.

The universe is an attempt to express an Ideal.

No ideal is attainable.

When it is realized it ceases

to be an ideal and becomes a fact.

Nature's approach to Perfection is the proof of the Perfect Ideal unrevealed.

Hence the Good inherent in every feature of Nature. Nothing is wrong; nothing is evil.

To see the Good in All is the keynote of life's Song of Triumph.

All, indeed, is good, for Good is the goal of all.

Sin, Sickness, Death, Suffering, Sorrowing, these are good.

The storm cloud, the thunder, earthquake and cataclysm, plague and disease, these are good.

The Shrine of Silence

The Swamp's miasma and the sun-swept Mountain Mist; the bird's Plumage and the serpent's Fang; the Flower's scented smile and the brier's prickly breast; the city traffic's Roar and Rattle, and peaceful fireside Dreams; Love's pæan and Hate's anathema; Hope's prismatic arch and dark Despair's cimmerician cave; the Joy at the Cradle, the Tear at the Grave; all, all are Good.

To see the good, to think the good, to feel the good in all, this is religion—inspiration!

To dwell on the Good reveals the Good.

The Cloud cannot always be, because the Sun is sunk within its bosom, consuming its foreboding gloom.

Be thou the Sun consuming the Evil that surrounds thee. None is thine enemy, no, not one, for thou art the Enemy of None.

There is no wrong in life, in society, in politics, in justice or in human kind, but what by thinking thou canst undo.

Hold to this thought and see only the good out-working through all, and at the last that which is now a dream will be realized.

Our right thinking will right the world.

Of thought is Action born; and by Right Acting we herald the millennium.

The Final Truth



RUTH shall ultimately prevail.

'Tis not in Nature that Error should forever stay.

We see Truth only in reflections, as we see the light in broken rays of refracting prisms.

The Perfect Ray is unbroken and intact. Who has ever seen it, and who shall say that Human Eye shall e'er behold it?

As the atmosphere purifies, the ray is less refracted.

Thus as we remove the mists of error and deception from our mental atmosphere, ever nearer do we approach the Perfect Truth.

The Shrine of Silence

He who would have perfect peace let him never abide with Error. It cannot prevail. It must be crushed.

He who clings stubbornly to it must go down in the crash, as the mistletoe perishes with the falling tree.

Error is the Mephistopheles of faith.

It persuades us with Vain Deception till it becomes our God.

Let not the love of friendship or the opportunity of power blind us to the deception of erroneous belief.

When we behold the truth let us not fear to cast aside the Old Love even though our heartstrings tremble with pain.

The Vision of Truth is the Gateway of Heaven.

Error guards the portals of hell.

Error is hell, Truth is heaven.

What is Truth? It is the revelation of Nature's verities.

He has the Truth whose thought is corroborated by Nature's fact.

Thought, unverified, is pregnant with deceptive fancy. It generates the brood of wandering phantasies which have peopled the Pantheons of Mythology and Theology's Invisible Realms.

The Final Truth

Let us knock only at Nature's heart and bid *her* speak.

He who heeds must fight, though, at the last, his Peace will be supreme.

Fear is the enemy of Truth, as night of day.

**Love banishes Fear as the morning light the mist.
The Child of Truth is the Child of Light and forever free.**



Transfigured Man



AN is not content within narrow limitations. The earth cannot contain him.

He defies the Confines of the Body. He breaks his prison bars. He aspires. He soars.

He is conscious of that which is not fed by bread alone. He must have soul-food; else he shrivels and decays.

He seeks within himself that which is Higher than himself.

Anon he learns that Higher Self is but himself.

Seeking this, he seeks the divine.

Here he holds communion—here he prays.

He who knows himself, ever dwells in aspiration—his prayer is ceaseless.

As the flower drinks the sunlight—his being absorbs the Light Divine.

He aspires toward Purity, Love, Gentleness, Kindness, Peace, Truth and Goodness.

Transfigured Man

He abides in these powers.

He holds their image in his mind.

He sees. His mind is clothed anew.

He is transformed.

Such is true prayer :—

Not the vain vaporings of Superstitious Selfishness; but the transfiguration of the Human in its aspiration after the Divine.

He who Sees the Deepest, sees himself first and then God.

Who finds God first, loses himself.

When Man so expands in consciousness he compasses the Universe, he discerns in Himself Transfigured, the realization of Divinity.

He that hath found Himself hath found God.



At the Shrine of Silence



O HIM who in
the Calm of Sil-
ence awaits the
Voice of Nature
she speaks her
Inmost Secret.

Not in noi-
some sound is
heard the Mys-
tery she guards.

S t o r m f u l

thunder reveals ~~not the~~ hidden path of that mys-
terious force that thrills the void of space,—but the
noiseless flash.

The Power that binds the infinite orbs of heaven
treads with “wool-shod feet” from star to star un-
heard amid the enginery of worlds.

The inexhaustible Furnace that burns eternally
on high, whose rays of heat slay and resuscitate,
build and destroy, whose labors are endless and
whose stored energy is beyond compute, emits no
sound the human ear discerns.

At the Shrine of Silence

Yet how stupendous are its infinite achievements!
Nature's most Salient Powers are her Silent Forces.

The calm and restful mind, in contemplation,
hears in the whisperings of the soul the Voices of
Divinity.

Nature's secrets cannot be wrested by violence
or menace.

The passive mood, the silent attitude, the voice-
less meditation, these cajole, and steal from her the
Jewels of her Wisdom.

In dream and reverie, in unexpected moments,
when Solitude with soothful strains enchants the
soul, then, like a flash of phosphorescence on the
darkling waves, Nature speaks, awakens, electrifies.

Be still and listen to the Murmurings of Silence.

How infinite those rhythmic sounds, pervading
the atmosphere, which the natural ear hears not, be-
cause suppressed by boisterous commonplaces.

Who hears the mock-bird's pasionate note
athrill from tree top, when the strident roar of city
traffic beats its thunder on the tired ear?

Who hears the soulful pleadings of the morn-
ing breeze, redolent of new mown grass and flow-
ery meads, when Carking Care barks at the heels
and Distressful Worry storms the flurried breast?

But when alone in the solitude of forests how sur-

The Shrine of Silence

passing sweet the carol of the meanest bird ; how entrancing the woodsy odors that pervade the air.

Be still and hear the Music of the Spheres.

In Silence breathe the fragrant Zephyrs of the Soul.

Alone, all, all, alone await the Presence of Divinity, and greet the God within.

Then shalt thou worship at the Shrine of Peace, and read the Lore of Wisdom.

Thou shalt become the fountain wherein shall flow the waters of Eternal Truth, and Nature shall unbare her bosom to thy gaze that thou mayest read the Open Book of Life.



The Great Renunciation



WEET is the contemplation of pure, ethereal peace!

Happy he who can retire from the storm centre of life's conflict within the imperturbable realm or Sacred Calm.

There let him abide till the contentious roar has ceased.

O Man what art thou?

Around thy framework of bones is gathered a tangled knot of nerves, which every passing wind disturbs and strident noises harrow and distress.

Thy consciousness is but the sum of thy sensations.

When pleasing situations and passing events hap-

The Shrine of Silence

pily effect thy knotted nerves, thy being is gladdened with songs of joy and made radiant with delight.

Then art thou happy.

But when fuliginous gloom of approaching storms encircles thee, rattling thunder cracks and crashes round thy head, and thy trembling nerves flutter in the cowering presence of Disturbing Forces, then the shock of a thousand conflicts seizes thee, Passion wrings thy heart and Despair begooms thy path.

O mortal, suffering man—ever the child of passing fortune and creature of untoward circumstance.

Is there no relief; no rescue from continuous conflict and temptation?

Couldst thou but find the Centre of thy Being, where abides eternal calm,—that profound deep where the world's contentions and battlesome conditions enter not; where but the Voice of Comfort mingles with the Melody of Love; where the Heart finds satisfaction in the contemplations of the Mind; where thy only thought is crystallized in the consciousness of Harmony, Restfulness and Peace; then wouldst thou enter the Citadel of Strength and there abide where earthly Foe cannot assail.

To dare to be indifferent—dare to face any fate, and be wholly unconcerned in consequences—this is

The Great Renunciation

the Gateway that leadeth to the Temple of perpetual Peace.

To be willing to be misinterpreted, persecuted, defamed, and belittled, if need be, for the sake of Truth—this is the stepping stone to triumph and imperturbable peace of Mind.

To let others differ from thee without contending for their conversion; to be bent not on forcing others to succumb to thy decision or thy pleasure; to realize that thy will is for thine own conquest rather than for the conquest of others; to understand that each human being, including thyself, must work out his own fate by struggling through suffering, pain and disappointment, till one's baser consciousness shall evolve the Higher Ideals—this is the true Creed of the Novitiate who seeks initiation into the "Mystery" of Self-Salvation and Moral Transfiguration.

To say, let the earth crack and swallow me; the lightning kindle and consume me; poverty, destitution, woe, and annihilation confront me, yet I fear not; clinging to Truth, with a death-hold, *I defy the storm* and shall overcome and conquer.

This is the triumph of the Glorified Novitiate who hath the Key to the Mysteries of Life.

Psalm of the Soul



RISE, my Soul,
and know thy
Powers! Let
not thy seeming
environment de-
ceive thee. Let
not crass hallu-
cination blind
thee. Thou art
strong. Thou
art mighty.
Thou art su-

preme. Though gloom and sorrow confront thee,
and pain and sickness wrack thee, and despair and
disappointment mock thee, remember thou art not of
them; thy realm is elsewhere; elsewhere the Foun-
tain of thy Being.

Thou art Light, and in thee is no Darkness.

Thy brow is decked with the Golden Splendor of
the Morning; thy breast is fragrant with the per-
fume of the pine and the cedar; thy feet are on the
Heights of Himalaya, and thy Heart is radiant as
the Everlasting Sun.

Psalm of the Soul

Gaze not upon the nether valley-depths, where
cloud and gloom retain the Mantle of the Night
and tarnish the reflected Glory of the Skies.

Regard not, thou, the pestilential exhalations of
earth's Gehenna, whence arise the scourging vapors
of Disease and Death's foreboding form.

Think not thy feet are livid and thy body droop-
ing in the Dead Sea waves of earthly woe; nor thy
breast bleeding with the wounds of human pain and
anguish.

Look up! Look up!

Fix thy gaze where Visions of Peace entrance
thee and the fluttering wings of Hope descend to
dissipate the clouds of Gloom.

Faint not, nor despair.

Thou art Conqueror.

Climb on, climb on, to still sublimer heights,
where Mightier Powers await thee and the Empire
of Worlds invites.

Thou dost not abide in aching bones, or quaver-
ing nerves, or vitiated cells, or rending groans and
melting tears.

Be not appalled by passing moods.

Discern Thyself full-armored and stalwart as
the Warriors of Heaven.

Naught resists thee nor can overcome.

The Shrine of Silence

Thy flight is upward, thy Conquest universal.

**Thou canst slay and make alive; the elements are
thy tools; the tenement of flesh thy work-shop.**

Thy body will obey, be Thou but resolute.

Soar on to the awaiting Empyrean.

**Hosannas of Victory carry thee to the Gates of
the Celestial Kingdom.**



The Force of Freedom



FORCE cannot be suppressed or destroyed.

It will somehow find expression, if not for good, for evil

Steam duly conducted through vent

pipes moves the world's machinery. Steam confined within the earth's bowels in time bursts mountains and swallows cities in its ruins.

Thus with human lives.

The same Force that develops a Millionaire generates a Miser:—

The love of gain.

The same power that produces a Philanthropist evolves a Pauper:—

The love of distribution—dissipation.

The Force that develops a financial Magnate also generates a successful Mendicant:—

The Shrine of Silence

The ability to inspire confidence in the appropriation of other peoples' property.

A Degenerate is a Genius perverted.

A Voluptuary is an Artist degraded.

The Drunkard is a Poet sunk in his cups.

What inspires the one inebriates the other.

In such cases the Angle of Divergence is measured by the Arc of Intelligence.

Let us not fear to give all our forces intelligent expression, lest they deflect from their natural course and rend us in their fury.

Expression, not Suppression is the Law of Nature.

In expression, what is useless and effete is pressed out and dissipated; what is useful is conserved.

In Suppression all Forces become dangerous because crowded out of their natural channels.

The persistent Force of one's being is the Expression of the Soul's Ideal.

Yield not till this Ideal descends from the Invisible into the Realm of Realization.

Victory will welcome thee, do thou but persist.

Whence thy Ideals descend is Heaven.

Wouldst thou possess the Kingdom?

The pathway of patience and determination leads to its summit heights of Glory. Forget failure.

Stretch toward the Goal, nor falter, thou, till the Victor's bays bedeck thy brow.

The Art of Self-Discovery



HE art of self discovery is a rare achievement. No man has ever discovered himself without a shock. He experiences the sensation of a boatman who, lolling from side

to side with the cradling waves while resting in the harbor, suddenly discovers that his moorings are severed and he is drifting oarless and rudderless on the roaring bosom of the wide, engulfing sea. A sense of utter desertion, helplessness, forlornness, seizes him. Paradoxical it is, yet a man must lose himself before he can find himself. When he discerns himself alone, utterly alone, separated from all guides, supports and overseers, he realizes that he has been orphaned, ostracised, deserted.

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Your Man of the Shop and the Street, your common Plodder, your Hammerer out of the products of Duty and Submission, your domestic Utility Man, whether Husband or Servant, Saint or Savant—he never discovered himself; he is to himself always the other self, and this other self he never comprehends. He is cramped and cribbed by association, rules, regulations, duties, authorities, and what not; never acting out his own desires, or daring to heed the promptings of his own ambition. In short he lives the life of dependence, submission, fear. He grovels in the dust, apologetically licking the boots of his Superiors, blackening his soul for a mess of pottage—which is a bed scarce big enough for him in which to stretch his weary limbs, raiment enough to clothe his modesty, and a gravel pit six feet long and four feet deep to receive his stinking carcass when he quits.

And if perchance he is suddenly wrenched away from these supports and stays, and, deserted by everybody, finds himself alone, all, all alone, he shrivels into a minute atom on the edge of the universe, shuddering lest a vagrant storm sweep him into Eternity.

And Man, so dependent on man, feeling that he must lean upon something, has leaned heavily for

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ages on the Dreams of his Imagination, believing that he is thus sustained by the Supreme Support of all Creation.

As he has learned to depend upon Man, his Brother, he has looked elsewhere for God, his Father.

Man he sees, God he sees not.

Out of these Mists of the Imagination arise the vapory forms of Superstition. By long acquaintance these become familiar objects, association with which is a *sine qua non* for human peace and satisfaction.

But if, perchance, these rude forms be suddenly wrested from the realm of Fancy, exposed to the cold, white light of study and analysis, and dissolved into mere Nothingness, sad becomes the heart of Man, and gloomy the forecast of the race.

These thoughts sprung into my mind as I read again that weird and morose dream about God, by Jean Paul Richter, which some years ago Carlyle paraphrased for us in his wild, titanic English:

"I was lying once, on a summer evening, in the sunshine, and I fell asleep," says Paul Richter. "Methought I awoke in the churchyard. . . . Above on the Church Dome stood the dial plate of Eternity, whereon no number appeared, and which

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was its own index ; but a black finger pointed thereon and the Dead sought to see the time by it.

“Now sank from aloft, a noble, high Form, with a look of ineffable sorrow, down to the Altar, and all the Dead cried out ‘Christ, is there no God?’ He answered, ‘There is none.’ The whole shadow of each then shuddered, not the breast alone; and one after the other, all, in this shuddering shook to pieces.

“Christ continued: ‘I went through the Worlds, I mounted to the Suns and flew with the Galaxies through the Wastes of Heaven; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being casts its shadow, and looked down into the Abyss and cried: Father, where art Thou? But I heard only the everlasting Storm which no one guides, and the gleaming Rainbow of Creation, hung without the sun that made it over the Abyss and trickled down. . . . And Eternity lay upon Chaos, eating it and ruminating it. Cry on, ye Dissonances; cry away, ye Shadows, for He is not. . . . And as I fell down and looked into the sparkling Universe, I saw the upborne Rings of the Giant Serpent, the Serpent of Eternity, which had coiled itself round the All of Worlds, and the Rings sank down and encircled the All doubly; and then it wound itself in innu-

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merable ways around Nature, and swept the Worlds from their places, and crashing squeezed the Temple of Immensity together into the Church of a Burying Ground; and all grew strait, dark, fearful; and an immeasurable extended Hammer was to strike the last hour of Time, and shiver the Universe asunder'—*when I awoke.*

"My soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God; . . . and from all Nature around me flowed peaceful tones as from distant evening bells."

If, when Jean Paul heard the grewsome Voices cry out from the Void of Immensity, "There is no God," he had stood still, fearless, yet thrilled, as a Scientist who is on the trail of a New Discovery, and listened longer, he would soon have heard those other Cheering Voices of the Morning of the Resurrection, which would have sung—"The Deity is dead! long live the Deity!"

For, as the black Mists of Imagination rolled away and carried with them the vapory Form of the God of Fancy, in its place would have stood the formless Immensity of the Divine Order—the Universal Intelligence, which pervades, permeates and procreates the World of Form, and is never revealed save in the Wonders of Nature and in the supreme Self-Consciousness of Man.

Spiritual Assimilation



O WORSHIP,
some where, a
far-off God, un-
known, unseen,
unfelt, is futile.

He only wor-
ships who assim-
ilates the Power
he adores.

No God above
me, Unapproach-

able, Unknowable and Omnipotent, can be a worthy
object of my adoration. He can never become me,
as I can never become Him.

But only He is my God whom I can become; I
can only worship Him who can become Myself.

Therefore, the Soul discerns its own God, for it
evolves the Ideal for which it yearns.

That only is a True Ideal which can transform
the soul into itself. When the soul is transformed
into its ideal, it generates another still sublimer,
which in turn it shall become, only to aspire higher:
ever creating to absorb, and absorbing to create.

Spiritual Assimilation

This is Nature's process of unfoldment; this is Nature's evolution of a Soul Exalted.

The Flower presses to its bosom the radiant sunbeam, the ambient air, the fragrant soil, the juicy saps of earth, and kindred forces that float from other flowers, to give them forth again, reindividualized, with a beauty all its own.

As worships the Flower the Powers that embosom it; so shouldest thou worship, O Man.

Love, Truth, Justice, Goodness, are these thy ideals, thy gods?

Thou dost worship them only when thou dost assimilate them as Forces and Principles in thy being, becoming like unto them, and revealing their power in each Thought and Deed.

He who worships a God of love and hates his fellow man is self deceived and false.

Whose God is Justice, let him be just.

Whose God is Goodness, let him be good.

Whose God is Love, let him bend to the needs of earth, uplift the down-fallen, correct the wrongs of humankind, and strive to make this world a Heavenly abode.

Then shall worship become service, and adoration, beneficence.