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A Story of Modern Hypnotism

.................................................... HUDOR GENONE

PRACTICAL ASTROLOGY:
Its Uses and Abuses

BOOK REVIEWS.
In Tune with the Infinite.

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PLAYING WITH POWER:

A STORY OF MODERN HYPNOTISM.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

My name is August Augström, by birth an Alsatian, by profession a medical man. What I have to say is said seriously, with no thought or wish either to create mystery or excite amazement, and I beg of you,—all who care to read what I have written,—to believe me when I say, as I do say, on the honor of a man and a gentleman, that in my narrative I have related only what actually occurred, what will in due time be amply verified,—all of it becoming before long, as I believe, the common knowledge and inestimable inheritance of the world.

So strange is the substance of what I am about to write, and so extraordinary the conclusions forced upon the mind by the facts of my narrative, that I feel this caution to be necessary, not so much for the casual reader as for the student of
moral science, to whom, above all others, I appeal.

In my practice as a physician and surgeon, I had better fortune than most young men. I married young and my wife proved to be by no means the least of my helpers. But my domestic affairs do not concern the reader; suffice it that I managed to lay aside year after year a large part of my income. This, being invested, soon increased to a respectable sum. Among the more remunerative of the projects into which I entered was a chemical company organized for the exploitation of certain patents. The chief stockholder in this company, and for a long time its president, was a man somewhat my senior, Harvey Dubois, with whom I contracted a life-long friendship. We had married about the same time, and our families were on terms of the warmest intimacy. My eldest daughter, Elsie, was twenty when the incidents I shall relate occurred; his eldest daughter being then eighteen.

It is this young woman who would no doubt have been the heroine, if I had concluded to construct a romance. Her name was Kaleida, a fanciful designation derived from the Greek¹ and which fittingly

1. From the same derivation as our word kaleidoscope.
PLAYING WITH POWER.

describes her as beautiful. Kaleida was not only beautiful, but also of a lovely disposition and intellectually very bright. As a matter of course, with all these attractions, in addition to her father's more than ample fortune, she had many suitors, none of whom she favored until, as such things happen, a certain young man appeared, when it was "love at first sight" with both.

Everyone was satisfied with the engagement,—everyone, at least, who had any right to say or preference,—but there was one with no right to either who, notwithstanding, was not pleased. Roy Battle, the favored suitor, had a rival in Dr. Guy Sophius, a man presentable enough, of perhaps twice the years of young Battle, and, I think it safe to say, of many times his ability. To be truthful, Roy was not by any means what you Americans—or perhaps I should say we Americans—call "a smart man." But, as I heard one of my friends say, he was what is perhaps better, an "exemplary young man." He never drank, smoked, gambled, went to races or anything of that sort; although how he amused himself—till he met Kaleida—the saints know, not I.

Sophius was a man I had always liked. He had been employed for years in the
chemical works, starting at the humble end of success and working up until—well versed in all branches of practical chem-
ics—he chose to take a course of medicine and surgery. After graduation and some routine work at the hospital and clinic, he set up practice for himself and soon had all he could attend to. Now, although I have been frank and called him a rival of young Battle, no one, among his acquaint-
ances would have thought him such. Few, I am sure, dreamed that, after the engagement was announced, he con-
tinued to cherish his desires. Yet he visited Kaleida, was not too profuse in his proffers of friendship, and above all, as evincing his reconciliation, kept on the very best of terms with Roy Battle.

The Dubois family were in the habit of renting, year after year, one of those pleasant cottages attached to the Pequod House, on Long Island Sound, and last summer was spent there as usual. In August, my daughter Elsie visited them and wrote to her mother (and sometimes to me) how happy was Kaleida, how devoted her betrothed, and—incidentally—how fully reconciled Dr. Sophius.

I think it was about the middle of the month that she wrote in a somewhat different vein: Poor Roy had lately
suffered so much from neuralgia; at least Dr. Sophius had called it that—a severe pain in his head. When the attacks first came on, the doctor called it stomach trouble; but later he recommended that Roy should return with him to the city for special examination. Elsie thought at first that Dr. Sophius believed Roy's trouble arose from his eyes; but after wards she had understood the diagnosis to be neuralgia.

I remember distinctly that Elsie wrote how gentle and patient and considerate Roy always was—never complaining, and going out continually with Kaleida, riding and driving, or to the hops at the hotel, even when it appeared that he was suffering most acutely.

"He has the sweetest disposition," Elsie wrote, "that I ever knew in a man."

My daughter's views amply corroborated my own, founded upon an acquaintance of a number of years, and it was therefore to my great astonishment that at our next interview the young man developed qualities the very reverse of amiable. This happened one Sunday afternoon in the last week of September at my own office. We dined at two on Sundays. That day I had finished dinner, and gone to my office, when hearing the door-
bell ring, I happened to glance out of the window, and saw Miss Dubois with her betrothed at the door. Believing that the call was purely social, I returned at once to my desk, giving the matter no further thought till, in perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, I heard footsteps—rather hasty footsteps—outside my door, and immediately afterward a peremptory knock. I said "Come in," the door opened, and Roy Battle entered.

His face was flushed, his hair disordered, his manner nervous and excited. My first thought was that he had been drinking; but in this I was in error.

"Doctor," he burst out vehemently, "I want to ask you a plain question: Has a lady engaged to be married to one man any moral right to accept the attentions of another man?"

"Decidedly not," I answered.

"There," said he, "that settles it. Either Miss Dubois gives up at once and forever all association,—all acquaintance, even,—with that scoundrel Sophius, or our engagement is at an end."

The substance of a conversation beginning in this fashion may be imagined; Roy was insanely jealous and furiously angry,—both, I then felt and afterwards knew, absolutely without cause, so far at
least as Sophius' outward demeanor toward Kaleida was concerned. And as for Kaleida herself, the poor girl was completely heartbroken.

Before the snow fell, the engagement was at an end. The act was Roy's and his only, as was all the fault. He broke it abruptly, violently, insultingly. I heard all the particulars from Kaleida's own lips—she, poor child, overwhelmed with a grief she was too ingenuous to hide from those she loved.

"She loves him still," Elsie told me, "loves him devotedly."

And I was sure this was so; that hers was the sort of love to survive all doubt, distrust, keen injustice, even perhaps (for so some sweet minds are made) gross and deep dishonor.

In the end it came to that, for Roy Battle. From time to time we heard of him, as engaged in unseemly altercations, sometimes at his club, once even in the very church itself where for years he had attended. Then—I read it first in the morning paper one day in midwinter—he was arrested for a desperate attack upon a companion and held for trial without bail in the Tombs police court.

My friend Dubois and I went directly to that gloomy Egyptian edifice with
offers of help; but he would have none of ours, repulsing us both, at first sullenly, and, when we urged, defiantly,—even taunting Dubois with being a hypocrite and in league with all his enemies.

I need not linger over the unpleasant details of the events that followed; at the March term of the criminal court, Roy was tried for assault with intent to kill, found guilty and sentenced to serve a term in the penitentiary. From first to last, he kept to his mood; periods of sullen silence alternating with tempests of malignant fury.

All this, I confess, filled me with more disgust than pity. My friend Dubois expressed more than once the latter emotion; my daughter said there was something inexplicably strange about the case, but Kaleida’s silent, undemonstrative grief was more than pitiable.

One day I was called to attend a patient whom I found suffering from a nervous disorder, which, not yielding readily to my treatment, I called in for consultation young Dr. Sophius, who had become widely known as a specialist in this class of disorders.

On our way home from the patient’s house, our conversation turned naturally to the esoteric or philosophical aspect of
this class of disorders. I remember comparing the case at hand to some others, and then suggested, off-hand, and without any definite purpose or matured thought concerning it, that possibly Roy Battle’s infirmity, supposed to be solely moral, or immoral, might be a purely psychical affliction, for which, perhaps he ought not to be held accountable.

What there was in Sophius’ manner of replying to arouse suspicion I do not know. It was a something,—a tone, an inflection, a gesture, a look. He altogether denied the possibility of this lenient view of Roy’s actions; he claimed to be friendly to the young man and to deplore his unfortunate condition, but absolutely declined to regard him in any other light than that of a criminal, one justly punished for (as he phrased it) “conscious and responsible brutality.”

That something, in tone, gesture, or mannerism was by this phrase so intensified that, at the first convenient excuse, I parted from Sophius, and,—perhaps led thereto by a certain instinct,—went directly to my friend Dubois’ house.

“Do not let us allude to that young man again,” he said when I uttered young Battle’s name. “He has been the cause of so much misery to me and mine that I
should be glad if his very memory could be expunged from that curious form-preserver, the brain."

I had come there to talk of Roy, and was not to be thus easily thwarted; but my persistence (for I did persist) was not taken in good part, and when I made mention of Sophius and coupled his name with that vague and nameless misgiving, Dubois, highly irritated, refused to listen. For the first time in our long friendship, he showed anger toward me.

At best I am not a very patient man, and the unreasonable anger of a friend is very hard indeed to bear. I answered a trifle hotly; but what he next had to say silenced, nay, confounded me; it was that Sophius, with Dubois' cordial consent, had proposed to his daughter Kaleida and been accepted.

"If that be the case," I told Dubois bluntly, "of course I have no more to say except," I added, now or never neither of you need look for congratulations from me. With that for Parthian shot I took myself away, vexed and indignant.

My indignation was increased ten-fold that evening when I told Elsie of what had happened, and she—finding that I knew—admitted her own knowledge. Yes, Sophius had won a reluctant, unwilling
acquiescence to his suit; his wily, sinuous, subtle, slow advances had achieved the sort of success that is the serpent's—he had not won, nor captured, nor cajoled, but fascinated his victim.

The marriage day was even fixed, for the first day of June,—and it was then mid-April. I was satisfied that there was foul work somewhere, but to place it, to trace it, to reveal it; that at first seemed hopeless.

And yet it was not hopeless.

I pass over, as of no importance in a plain, straightforward statement of facts (though perhaps of much import to the romancer) one interview I had with Kaleida and Sophius before my purpose took definite shape. I saw them together, and if ever I saw exultant malice I saw it in that man; if ever there was on this earth reluctant yielding to fate it was the girl's.

In pursuance of my purpose, I visited Roy in the Blackwell's Island penitentiary, where he was serving out his sentence. The discoveries I then made, as much, I confess, due to what may be called happy accident as to my own acumen, led finally to the results which will appear later. Right here I wish to say that these discoveries, credited for the sake of
humility to "accident," were in my humble opinion solely the outcome of that supreme form of consciousness, to be called perhaps for want of a better and more expressive word,—attention. I have studied all my life the art of observation, of keeping my faculties alive, the ears and eyes of my mind open to the full influence of all impression, and so it happened that I saw things which less alert minds might have passed by as of no importance.

From this examination, I went at once to the counsel Roy had employed at his trial, and then with him to the District attorney. The statements I had to make were of so extraordinary a character that I hardly blame and certainly do not wonder at the reluctance of this official to cooperate with me in further investigations.

However, his incredulity as to my facts and his suspicion as to my sanity were both overcome; I was provided with all necessary letters empowering me to act, and in no more than two days I had provided an array of proof so convincing that the officers of the law, the physicians under whose immediate care Roy Battle was, the judge who had presided at Roy's trial, (though he had charged the jury so strongly against him that they had no
alternative but to convict) and lastly the very victim of the assault for which the young man had been sentenced, although a life-long cripple, all united in an earnest petition to the governor of the state for Roy's pardon.

As to how this was brought to pass it might in abler hands than mine (as I have hinted) be made startlingly dramatic. The romancer might, perhaps, depict the joy of Kaleida, the astonishment, disgust and indignation of Dubois, and above all the frenzy of baffled lust and malice which Sophius displayed when the revelation came. His was the crime and his the punishment,—a penalty not inflicted by court, nor by any minion of earthly law; but by a surer power that works secretly and in the silence and darkness, but never ineffectually, the penalty of the self-inflicted judgment whose talesmen are never at odds, never cajoled, never bribed,—who are not mere jurors of the facts, but the facts themselves.

Confronted at last by the indubitable proof of his villany furnished by certain Roentgen ombreographs (as I no doubt improperly call them) and by the testimony, gotten dextrously by one of the city's detectives, of Sophius' own office assistant, the schemer broke down.
"Prosecute me," he said, "and I will fight the case to the bitter end,—but leave me free, and I will go my way far from this city and will moreover tell all,—of how practically I achieved the result which was so successful for a time, and, but for you, might have continued so."

In the end we consented, although, as may be imagined, with great reluctance. The district attorney advised that at the utmost only a charge of mayhem would hold, and that this probably, in the hands of cunning counsel, might be transferred into a case of simple malpractice.

When Sophius received the necessary assurances, he made the following deposition. The statement is somewhat incoherent; not scientific enough for the specialist, nor lucid enough for the casual citizen, but it explains more clearly than I could:

"City and County of New York. ss.

"Guy Sophius, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am by profession a chemist, analytical and synthetic, a surgeon and doctor of medicine. In August, 1896, while at the Pequod House, Mr. Roy Battle consulted me, not exactly professionally but in a friendly way, as to a slight trouble in his head. The diagnosis was
(in plain English) stomach trouble, the prognosis relief within a week at latest, as the result of mild remedies which I might have prescribed; but (for my own reasons) did not. On the contrary I advised him that the difficulty might be from his eyes and it might be due to neuralgia, but that a thorough examination in either case was essential. To that ostensible end, I induced Battle to come to my office in New York. Once there, all else was easy. I had diligently prepared myself for what followed. I put Battle at once under the influence of an anæsthetic, and as soon as he became unconscious I began operations.

"I used a trephine, one of my own invention and make,—carefully made an incision in the duramater, and then, at angles calculated beforehand with the utmost precision, inserted a silver spring, shaped similarly to the wish-bone of a fowl, but exceedingly slender, the one prong or end pressing slantingly downward and toward the sulus occipitalis exterior, the other laterally in the direction of the first frontal fissure in the frontal lobe, all on the left side, to the rear of and somewhat above the ear. A physicist who is not also a psychologist is foredoomed to failure. I had made a profound study of psychology,
even more profound than of surgery. I
did not fail. I knew, in a general way,
that the seat of the selfish passions was in
the lower parietal and temporal regions;
more, that from closer scrutiny than
most men care to give, from exhaustive
studies in vivisection, and from experi-
ment conducted with most rigid accuracy,
I knew the precise position of the organs
commonly indentified with combativeness
and destructiveness.

"What Meynert, Wernicke, Wundt,
Ferrier, Hermann and others have done
for the voluntary and involuntary motor
tracts, their cortices in the two hemi-
spheres and their connection with the great
ganglia, I had done, in the satisfaction of
my knowledge-hunger for the passions
and emotions. I had taken the stupid and
vulgar alchemy of phrenology and created
out of its amorphous crudities a genuine
crystal of science. In the senate of the
brain (for it is a legislature, not a monarch)
I had located the seats of the senators.

"When Mr. Roy Battle took his place
in my operating chair, he was a natural
man; when he arose from it at the end
of two hours under the influence of an-
æsthetics, he was an unnatural man; at
the beginning he was a mild, benev-
olent, kindly gentleman; I inoculated
him with the very virus of brutality, and at the last he became a brute, subjected to my will. What evolution through long ages has done for the tiger and the serpent, I did for him in those two hours. I gave him the elements of the tiger's brain and the incipient fangs of the cobra.

"The constant, insidious pressure of the slender silver spring on the selected brain centers, excited the lower passions unnaturally, uncontrollably,—and should continue exciting them while I willed. Playing at any distance upon the man's brain by thought vibration, acting through this marvellously delicate and accurate tuning fork, the transformation of the man into the brute was, henceforth, a matter entirely and always at my command.

"I watched his return to consciousness with feverish impatience; not that I doubted the effect of my operation, but hoping, before he left me, to see for myself some evidence, however slight, of the hideous change that my will,—more powerful than what he would have called in his puerile fashion the will of God,—had effected.

"I was not disappointed. Before he left me he gave all the evidence I needed,—showed, in his hasty, nervous manner, in the quickness of his stride as he walked up and down my room, in the rapidity of his
speech, and in a certain restless rolling of the eye, that I had been successful; that the science of one man had been more than a match for the foreordained election to grace of all the gods. It was Tartarus against Olympus, Gehenna against Paradise, Man against Jehovah,—and Man had won.

"I asked him kindly (such kindness!) if he felt pain; he looked at me fixedly, said impatiently, 'No; why do you ask?' and then, not waiting for any answer, added: 'I am going now; good day,' and, not offering his hand, went directly away. I looked out of the window and saw him striding up the street, and I knew that I had won; it was only a question of time when I should finely fool those who did not know my power, and who even yet will not credit it to me.

—GUY SOPHIUS.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me
this — day of July, 1807.

A. BENSON, Notary Public,"

What do you think of that for a legal document, my reader? What do you, in the light of probability, think of it as a statement of fact? Doubtless you think as others have thought and as I also might have thought if in ignorance,—that it was the emanation of a mind insane from malice or morbid from disease, or that much learning had made him mad. But I was
not in ignorance; ill-worded as a law paper, inexact as a scientific thesis, too involved and obscure to be easily comprehended by those not versed in the sciences, I yet knew it to be true. There was the evidence of the cathode ombregraph, whereon was depicted plainly the fatal two-pronged silver spring.

What better ending to a novel than this—the sworn confession of the scoundrel, the governor's pardon for the hero in his lady's hands, deliverance for the lover, maid and lover reunited!

Yet wait, and I will show you a better climax, at least, one more veritable. And to my mind, that which is true must be best.

* * * * * * * * *

In the judge's room at the court sat Kaleida and her father; the girl in an agony of contending fears and hopes. It was ended at last—Sophius had confessed, the pardon lay in the girl's limp grasp. What should she do? Fly, as the instinct of her heart bade, across the river to the vast gray pile that held the one she loved? Yes, she alone must be the one to bear the message of pardon.

Sophius had written down the last word and signed the paper that made him thenceforth a self-confessed pariah among
the race he disgraced. Now, rising from this task, the sole measure of a forced atonement, he spoke, asking one last and only favor—to bid adieu to the woman he had so foully wronged. His voice was husky, his tone that of penitence, his abject bankruptcy of character itself a plea for charity. I took the word myself to Kaleida. She acquiesced and they met. In measured words, cold and courteous, he said what he had to say—his devotion, which he claimed as some palliation; his relinquishment of all he held dear, not only (so he spoke) by force of circumstances, but of his own free will and gladly. He would now, he said, take his leave forever of her, of the city of his affection, and perhaps soon enough of this life also, as unbearable to one thwarted by good and evil alike. Had he been honest, this scene would have been pathetic.

Kaleida listened, moved at the last to tears. When he had finished, with wet eyes she held her hand to him, not speaking. Sophius bent over it, kissed it passionately, turned and left the room, and that was the last either of us ever saw of him.

“And now, daughter,” said Dubois with a sigh of relief, “now I suppose it will be your wish to to go at once to Roy.”
Who could have doubted that? Who would not have wished that these two, so strangely, so marvellously parted, might soon be reunited?

But was a reunion possible? Could the malevolence of one be overcome by all the science of the world? I confess doubt filled my very soul. I knew,—so many months having elapsed,—the skull bone of the trepan must have already effected a firm juncture with its surroundings; it must long since have ossified at the juncture. The abnormal character foisted upon Roy Battle by the departed miscreant was his now for all that was left of his natural life. While he lived, I could foresee nothing for him but a life of brutish misery. I could hardly doubt that, even if Kaleida went to him, avowing her constancy and love, perhaps pleading with him for forgiveness that she had hidden it so long,—I could hardly doubt that the distortion of his mind would cause him to spurn her from him.

Dare I tell this confiding maid all that I felt and feared? There she stood by her father’s side, eager to be away, to bear to him she loved the pardon that was hers to give. My duty was plain; before we went to Roy I must tell her my fears, and so, in as few and tender words as possible,
I told her all. She listened placidly, never once interrupting, and, when I had concluded, said without a quaver of doubt: "I will go to him now; I am sure when he understands he will be changed. The heart, Uncle August, (it was so she always addressed me) the heart is surer than the head; you tell me that his brain has been changed; but then, you see, the heart cannot change. Let us go to him now, please."

An hour later, in the visitors' room, in the presence, as the rules required, of a much astonished keeper, Mr. Dubois and I met Roy Battle. At once, concealing nothing, evading nothing, I told Roy all the facts, read to him the amazing deposition of Sophius, related in detail my own part in the affair and showed the ombre-graph, mute but graphic confirmer of my recital.

Roy put up his hand to the left side of his head in a pitiful, weary way.

"Yes," he said, half dreamily, "I remember it all; I was in his office and awoke from a sort of trance. It was then I felt something changed here," he tapped his head, "a difference, a dull sensation, not at all like pain. There was a bandage, I remember, and an odor, and I was told to keep the bandage on for some
days. Yes, I remember all that. Can it be possible—possible!” he muttered.

“Yes,” I said; “not only possible, but certain.”

“The pardon; you spoke of a pardon. What of that?”

I looked at my friend Dubois.

“The pardon,” said he, “the pardon, Roy, has come.”

“Well,” he asked impatiently, “where is it? Why is it not produced? Why am I not set free instantly? I demand to know. Why do you stare at me so?”

His eyes blazed, his fist clinched, he moved a step towards Dubois; then stopped, his eyes filled with tears, his lips quivering.

“I forget,” he said in a low tone; “give me the pardon, I beg of you.”

Dubois stepped back and spoke to the attending keeper, who opened the door. Kaleida stood there.


When Kaleida gave it to him he took it from her almost ravenously. He read it through with feverish haste, and then, dashing down the paper, glared from one to the other, his expression that of a wild beast unleashed. With the fine instinct
of womanhood, undaunted by a ferocity whose fatal cause she knew, Kaleida went close to him and laid her hand upon his tremulous arm.

"Roy," she said, "I want you to listen to me, will you?"

"Yes," he replied quietly, "of course I will listen."

"The doctor, our dear good friend Dr. Augström, and papa, and all who know about what has happened, of what parted us, Roy, last year,—they all say it was no fault at all of yours—"

"I know that," he interrupted; "I know that already."

"No fault of yours, Roy," Kaleida continued, disregarding his ejaculation, "but the fault, the crime, the cruel, dreadful crime of that man—"

"Do not name him!" exclaimed Roy passionately. "Ah, how I love a pardon! I love it, I love it! Shall I tell you why? It is because it will bring me within reach of him at last. Vengeance! I shall live for it. I shall kill him! I shall, I swear it! He may think he can hide from me—never! I swear here and now to take vengeance for that crime."

"Roy," said Kaleida softly, "there is a better vengeance than that. Don't you remember, dear Roy, when you yourself
in the old days taught me that better way?"

His manner softened.

"Yes," he said, "I remember."

"And now," she continued, "I want you to hear all I have to say. We did love each other, Roy. Since then you have said you no longer loved me; but now I know it was not you that said it, but the cruel crime of another. Do not forget this, Roy: I have always loved you; I love you now. Will you let me?"

"Will I let you—let you love me? Darling, it is not for you to ask, but for me. I beg you to forgive—ah, can you forgive me?"

"For you, dear Roy," she answered, "there need be no forgiving; for you there is nothing to forgive. It is the cruel crime that hurt—that sinned, not you. You said just now you loved the pardon; do you love it better than you do me?"

She came close to him, looking up into his face pleadingly.

"No," he said, "I love you best."

"Then will you do as I want you,—to remember now and always that the sin and passion of the past year were not your own,—they all tell me there is no hope that any surgical operation can take away the dreadful cause. Remember in
the old days when we studied the Bible together we read 'As by one man sin entered into the world and death by sin,'—how glad we were for that promise of a Redeemer. Roy, he—the Christ—the Saviour of men, said that heaven's kingdom is within. Your only hope now is in him—the God in you, can surely conquer the evil. The conquest of crime, not vengeance on any criminal, is the meaning of the word of God in the hearts of men. Oh! you will try, will you not, Roy, for my sake?"

Roy bent his head, his eyes full of tears. "Do you understand me, Roy?" she asked. "Do you fully understand all your trouble?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I understand, and by God's help I will conquer my evil. If I did not understand, it would be hopeless, but as it is I feel sure. It will take time, darling," he added, "and it will be only when I know that the power of evil is conquered that you shall see me again. When I leave this place it must be for a long time to go my way alone."

So that day these two who loved each other so devotedly said "good bye."

I believed it would be for many a year, if not for all their lives; I believed it because I knew the violence of Roy's insidi-
ous passion, the malignancy of his mental disease, and now because I understood fully the nature of the physical conditions that made him what he was.

I confess, too, that (although nominally a Christian) I entertained a feeling of some contempt for what the Church called "God's grace." But yet I hoped, knowing also that the influence of love is the divinest work that life can kindle in the brain. Love conquers all.

My hope, not unjustly founded, was yet long delayed. From time to time, for the next two years, I heard through Kaleida of Roy Battle. From the prison doors he had gone to California, thence to China, and from there to South Africa. His letters, Kaleida said, were all full of promise, of will, of determination; he would return, he told her, only when he had surely and forever "overcome the world."

Last month, Roy returned to America; when he came—as he did almost immediately—to my house, I hardly recognized in the bronzed and bearded man the haggard being of the year before. The olden vulpine look in his eyes had given place to one frank and placid, and the former scowl and sneer on forehead and lips had gone altogether. He was changed.
Of his adventures, culminating with the famous ride of Jameson into the Transvaal, I need not tell, except that this and other excitements had been sought deliberately for trial and test of the change, of the self-conquest.

Roy told me with great frankness all the details of the two years' struggle, of the agony at first, the bliss of success; and the continually decreasing power of the satanic spring, ceaselessly at work urging him to sin.

Now, at last this terrible enemy is conquered. He has overcome more than most men would dare to confront. The higher will, inspired, stimulated and strengthened by Love, has triumphed over the satanic ingenuity of the scientist who had sold his soul to compass his fellow's destruction.

He calls the work "God's grace." Others, friends of mine, give the result in each case a different name; but however variant the speech, the ideas of all these are identical, to be reduced to the common denominator of the two words—Human Will, in its noblest motive and highest expression, the fulfilling of the law,—"God's grace," if that phrase pleases best.
Practical Astrology.

Astrology is the oldest of the sciences. It was well known to the Chaldeans and Babylonians,—better known to them, perhaps, than to us. We are chiefly indebted to the early Greeks for what we possess of ancient astrology. The records which have come down to us are imperfect and fragmentary; but experience has enabled us to correct many errors, and to adapt it to modern life and thought.

It has been found that every planet of the solar system (sun and moon included) exerts a certain influence on the earth's atmosphere, and through it affects everything upon the earth. We have chiefly to do with the effect on the human race generally, and on the individual human, in particular.

When we know the influence exerted by the planets singly, at a certain time, upon a certain individual, it only remains to ascertain their relative powers and combined effects, and we have the force dominating the individual, at that time.

Upon the nature of a new-born infant, is imprinted, with its first breath, the brand of the forces that moment ruling. To them it belongs, for good or for ill. So potent is their power, so unyielding their grasp, that they, form the character and control the future of the child, unless he controls these influences.

Some writers hold that the individuality of the child is not formed at the moment of birth; that it already exists and that this particular child could not be born under other conditions. Be this as it may, the result is the same, as far as astrology is concerned. The planetary positions at the time of birth reveal, to one who can interpret them, the character of the child, and, in a general way, its earthly destiny.

This outlines, briefly and barely, the principles on which astrology is founded. We have not space here for
argument on our premises; we can only affirm that experience proves their truth. However, it ought not to be difficult to believe that the forces exerted by the great bodies of the solar system on each other, extend to the beings who inhabit them.

Some object to astrology on the ground that it is not an exact science. Since we have but one exact science—mathematics—this is not a valid objection. Astrology is exact in essentials. It defines with mathematical precision the planetary forces. The astrologer uses the figures of the National Observatory in locating the planets. Beyond this, all depends on the understanding and judgment of the astrologer in determining the comparative strength of every planet according to its position. For a planet has a different influence in every one of the twelve signs of the zodiac; and the power of each, for good or ill, is materially affected, by its position relative to every other. To give due consideration to all of these forces and balance them accurately, makes astrology the most difficult of the sciences.

In forecasting events, astrology has been much perverted. This accounts for its ill repute, and for the fact that it is often confounded with fortune-telling in the public mind. The conscientious astrologer never attempts to predict what will happen. If he should do so, he would have to leave his domain and encroach on that of the seer. Astrology only shows what the planetary influences are, and the tendencies they indicate. Man, through free will, may avoid them, or mitigate their effect, to a greater or less extent, if he understands, them. For instance, if he knows that his system is liable to a feverish attack during a certain period, he may entirely counteract it by passing the time quietly in a cool, healthful place. If it were a probable business loss, with caution he might avoid it.

For the occult student, astrology has a special message. It will point out to him what he has to overcome, what he has to hope for, when he may expect greatest attainment, and when he must fortify his mind and soul against depressing influences.
For children and young people, astrology is most valuable. It shows the mental and physical endowments, and is a sure guide toward their most congenial and fortunate occupations and their rightful spheres in life.

The astrologer's work is all based on the horoscope, which is a map showing the geocentric positions of the bodies of the solar system at the time of birth. The exact hour and minute of birth is usually required; but I have found that the day and year only will serve for most purposes, though the exact time is desirable.

Predicting requires a separate calculation for every year of life, and that, as well as the delineation of character, is founded on the horoscope, or map of the nativity.

Address: Box 6, Port Tampa, Fla.

Book Reviews.

Ralph Waldo Trine's second book follows close on the first, "What All the World's A-Seeking," and more than bears out the brilliant promise of that volume. He sets forth with simplicity and clearness the application to practical life of those spiritual laws which make for fullness of peace, power and plenty. The keynote of the book is found in the assertion that "the mental attitude we take toward anything determines to a greater or less extent its effects upon us." Disease and suffering are shown to result from violation of law; happiness, power and plenty are shown to result from obedience to the law. "To be at one with God," he rightly says, "is to be at peace." Fear and worry are too expensive for any person to entertain. Happiness and prosperity are not only concomitants of righteousness,—living in harmony with the higher laws, but so also is bodily health. The saying of the
Hebrew seer, "The way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death," Mr. Trine points out, holds a meaning "far beyond what most people dare even to think" as yet. And in this connection he quotes, with approval from "Bodily Immortality" in the May Temple. The book is a joy and an inspiration throughout. Its thought is based on broad, as well as high conceptions of the Infinite Life and the Divine Will in all things. Many illustrative instances are cited to strengthen the author's argument. While evincing familiarity with much of the best thought in our literature, the real charm of the book lies in Mr. Trine's decided originality both as to the matter and the manner of his message. His own attitude as a writer in the new thought is well indicated in the following declaration: "I had rather be an amanuensis of the Infinite God, as it is my privilege literally to be, than a slave to the formulated rules of any rhetorician, or to the opinions of any critic. Oh, the people, the people over and over! Let me give something to them that will lighten the every day struggles of our common life. Let me give something that will lead each one to a knowledge of the divinity of every human soul,—to the conscious realization of his own divinity, with all its attendant riches, glories and powers." (12 mo., 222 pp., cloth, gilt top; $1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; The Temple Publishing Company, Denver, Colo.)

* * *

Mortality is not permanent. Like evil or ignorance it will vanish when the sun of immortality awakes the vibrations of eternal life. John says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." There is one thing certain, our bodies will not be subject to matter, and will be altogether subject to our own thought. A bird doesn't look like an egg. The immortal body will not be like the mortal egg.—T. J. Shelton in Christian.
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

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Just Published.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—I. Cor. xv., 28.

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ONENESS.*

BY PAUL TYNER.

All reform aims in some one particular to let the great soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey. . . . . There is no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away. . . . . The soul circumscribeth all things.—Emerson.

The central fact of the external universe is that it is one,—a perfect whole made up of many parts whose diversity, when considered separately and apart, but emphasizes their unity when taken together. Modern science, which has mapped the heavens, weighed the earth, dissected and catalogued all forms of life organic and inorganic, in its marvelously thorough measurement of Outer Form, but confirms the conclusions arrived at by the old Greek philosophers through contemplation and study of the Inner Soul. The completion (wholeness or holiness) necessary to perfect beauty could be found, they knew, only in the absolute unity of all things in one grandly harmonious plan. In regard to the universe,

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they perceived that the world was beautiful and that therefore it must be one. They needed not the demonstrations of Darwin and Huxley as to the unity of all life, nor the great nineteenth century materialist conclusions as to Evolution and the Conservation of Energy, any more than they needed to wait for Copernicus and Columbus before announcing the fact of the spherical form of our planet. The globe being the form of greatest perfection, to their minds the earth could be nothing else than a globe.

When Pope wrote the lines:

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,”

he followed much the same line of reasoning; he shadowed forth a truth which, taken literally, would have been derided in his time by men of science. Today, Pope’s lines, instead of being considered imaginative, may be taken as a simple matter of fact statement of the one large general conclusion gathered from the scientific discoveries of our day. The scientist might object to the word God, substituting “Universal Energy,” but that is only a difference in terms.

By whatever path we approach the realization of the oneness of outer nature, we inevitably gain in conscious appreciation
of the oneness of the Infinite Spirit, which is the inner and immanent Force expressing itself in all outer forms, yet ever remaining the same in essence—the Reality underlying all appearances, in and about all appearances, creating, moulding and transmuting all, but itself formless, without bound or limit in time or space. "Man looks through Nature up to Nature's God." "All matter," says the materialist, "is but retarded force; all forms of force but modes of motion." And there he stops, perchance postulating an "Unknowable" behind these modes of motion. Indeed it is apparent that with "modes of motion" we reach the boundary of that which can be known through the physical perception. But in this, as in aught else, the ultimate on one plane is found to be only the beginning on another. Reasoning by the analogy found everywhere between the lesser and the greater, and finding in the human will a controlling and determining factor in "human affairs," we are forced to the hypothesis (if not the perception and recognition) of a Great First Cause in a Cosmic Will, choosing, designing, directing, causing and controlling motion to an infinite variety of modes. If there were only matter, then Matter would be Master; if only motion, then
Motion would be Master; if only one mode of motion, then that Mode would be the Alpha and Omega. There being many modes of motion, there must be a principle of selection and arrangement, differentiating each of these modes from every other and fitting all together in one harmonious whole,—and so Intelligence or Will—the Divine Will, properly so called to distinguish it from that effect of which it is the cause, the human will.

If the unity of the universe, both in its visible outer form and its invisible inner spirit or substance, is the central fact of the world's life; the crowning fact in human life is that declared by Jesus in the assertion, "I and the Father are one!" The Greeks reared an altar inscribed "To the Unknown God." Paul, preaching at Athens, said to them: "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." The Man-God had changed the unknown into the known through conscious realization of his oneness with the Father of All Spirits, the Master of All Modes of Motion. The Word made Flesh realized identity with his source—that he was in the beginning (before Abram was I am); that he was with God and that, therefore, he was God. The same truth is given us in the "Bhagavad-Gita," where we are told:
“In those for whom knowledge of the true Self has dispersed ignorance, the Supreme, as if lighted by the sun, is revealed.”

It is this realization of oneness which is the first and essential step in the spiritual life. As Emerson says, it engages us to obey the Divine Will, letting the Great Soul have its way through us. No mere submission to an outside and alien power, through fear of punishment or hope of reward answers this requirement. “Love,” said Jesus, “is the fulfilling of the law.” And he made Love paramount to the law and the prophets, the “new commandment,” positive and absolute as the statement that two and two make four. “All love,” says Browning, “no matter how crude or even degraded in its expression, hath something of the divine in it.” Perfect love, according to Paul, overcometh all things, casteth out fear; without it all virtues and talents and powers and pious practices “are as nothing.” Through his love nature, Jesus found God, came into the consciousness that, in spirit and in truth, all that was real in him was one with God. As God was in him, he was in God. John put the grand truth into three short words: “God is love.” The power of the Christ in its fulness—the power which lifts man above all limitations and
gives him command over all things, plainly resides in the attainment of this perfect at-one-ment in consciousness and conduct with the One Reality, the One Life, the One Will. In all men, the process of at-one-ment is a growth, not a sudden creation. Several hundred thousand years of human progress were required to produce the first Christ. But there are stages and degrees in the process. In each stage one comes into a corresponding degree of the Christ consciousness, the Christ poise, the Christ power and the Christ life. With every advance also comes acceleration in the rate of development through self-conscious individual and social purpose, concentration and effort.

Even in the beginnings of this quest of the Holy Grail, one comes into a glorious expansion of life and its meaning. Separation from the things of sense, as things of sense merely, is demanded, to be sure. But this means only a cutting loose from and a letting go of the lower, in order to grasp and hold the higher. This is the process of refinement in all nature and in all art. When the butterfly emerges from the chrysalis, it is not less in the world, but more. So with man. Recognition and realization of the soul and its powers should cause him to bring into his work
among men and for mankind the raised powers achieved through his individual passage from the material to the spiritual plane of consciousness. As we all know, this has actually been the course pursued by every truly illumined soul. Knowledge, power, uplift, were valued by Jesus only as they enabled him to serve humanity. It was so with Buddha and with every other great leader of thought, religious or secular. When this illumination and power is degraded to the service of selfish vanity, prostituted to personal ambition or indulgence, the God-flame becomes a consuming fire, burning with unquenchable intensity until all that is lower in vibration is utterly destroyed. No human being can receive and retain this celestial fire: It must have free way through him. And it can only have this free way when his whole soul is filled and permeated with the love vibration, so that his being is constantly turned outward in love to others rather than inward in love of self. Indeed, this is the test of sincerity and honesty in our recognition of oneness with God. The personal self, in the light of this recognition, fades into insignificance. The true self and larger self is found in the larger

1. "And I, if I be lifted up, shall lift all men with me."
expression of God outside of one's own single personality.

The oneness of God is the basic truth in all religions. It was the very essence of the Hebrew religion handed down from Moses, the idea that made the Jews a chosen and peculiar people, the Messiah-producer, united, vital and continuous. "There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet!" sounds the keynote of the marvelous growth in power and numbers, even to this day, of the religion founded by the Arab camel driver. In fuller and more absolute measure than any conception of Buddhism or Brahmanism, Judaism or Mahometanism, the Christianity taught by Christ gave mankind demonstration of God's oneness. "I and the Father are one" means God and man are one. More than this—Jesus so worded the declaration that it could not be understood simply as applying to mankind in general, en masse, or abstractly, but also and most distinctly as to an individual man, and, therefore, to each individual. He left no room for doubt or speculation on this point, claiming for himself nothing more than he claimed for all men. "I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." (John xiv., 20.) In the falling away of Christian theology from this essential
corner stone of the Christian religion may be found the fruit of the corrupt seed planted under pagan influences and the cause of its present disintegration. Primitive Christianity had no room for idolatry,—for mammonolatry, bibliolatry or formolatry. "God is a spirit and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth." Only by a return of the Church to the worship of the one God, shall the purity and the power of true Christianity be restored to mankind.

How are we to begin?

The explanation of the darkness and decay into which organized and institutional miscalled Christianity has fallen and the plain, straight road to a resurrection from this body of death is indicated by Jesus in terms so plain that he who runs may read, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein.

How can a man love God whom he hath not seen, if he loveth not his brother whom he hath seen?

For the individual, working out his salvation from bondage to sense, for every organization of men seeking, on whatever plane, to lift the world out of suffering and sorrow, weakness and wrong, this is the path to take. Our New Thought recognizes the absolute verity, the scientific ac-
curacy and the practical applicability here and now of the Nazarene's statement: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And if it be asked how a man is to seek God and that kingdom of Heaven that is within every man, let it be repeated, that no angel or mahatma could say more than "Obey the first commandment." Do you know it, my brother, that initial instruction brought down from Sinai? Have you ever thought deeply about it and sought to apply it to yourself, your thought, your work? Have you realized its meaning, as interpreted to a later age by One who came not to destroy, but to fulfill the law?

"I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage; thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

Who is the Lord? The "I,"—I myself, my real Self, by whom and in whom, alone I live and move and have my being—the Self which has brought us out of the darkness of animal existence and out of bondage to animal passions and limitations. The sin of sins is idolatry, and idolatry is the sin of the age. Men are daily making
graven images to themselves of things that have only illusory, external existence, bowing down and serving appearances and illusions and blinding themselves to the real Substance, without which all things in earth and heaven could have no existence, yet which is not these things, and is something infinitely more. And one who bows down before the marble in the Venus of Milo, or even before the skill of the sculptor or the beauty of form—of line and proportion—which his skill gave to the stone, is as much an idolator as any worshiper of the Golden Calf. He misses that which is alone worthy of worship—the God in the thought of Truth, of Harmony, of the soul's rise out of chaos into order and beauty, which the sculptor has made tangible and concrete and enduring for us.

Yet it is not enough to know what we must not do. All the law and the prophets hang on this first command, for one who keeps it cannot possibly break the others. Jesus told us how to keep it, how to worship God in spirit and in truth:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy mind. And the second is like unto it [it explains the only possible way to obey it]; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Your neighbor is yourself in a very real sense. Your true Self, the self which is
at one with God, is in him, as that God is in you. "Ye are in me and I in you, as I am in the Father and the Father in me." So the way to love God is to love one's neighbor—to love mankind—and the way to love mankind is to serve it—to give oneself freely and fully, for love's sake only, to social service with any and every talent or power one can command. And the man who honestly makes for his fellow-man the best shoes he is able to make, or who sweeps crossings, thinking only of doing the work well as he knows how, serves humanity as truly as does the genius in art or music, the preacher or the devotee, doing that which love bids him do—and he will as surely find God.

Oneness with God depends on recognition of the oneness of God in the Oneness of Man—of all God in all men, through your oneness with man, with every man and all men. We have long felt in a vague way that on the spiritual side, the larger and deeper side, we are all children of one Father—brothers who feel for and with each other in great joys or sorrows, in deeds dark or heroic that touch the human heart and move the human mind. But it is well to have this fact made plain to us on the material side also, as it is by the latest demonstrations
and discoveries in physiology, so well summed up by Professor Max Müller in his ‘Lectures on the Science of Language.’

"Physiologically the unity of the human species is a fact established as firmly as the unity of any other animal species. In the present state of physiological science it is impossible to admit more than one beginning of the human race. Man is a species, created once and divided in none of its varieties by specific distinctions; in fact, the common origin of the Negro and the Greek admits of as little doubt as that of the poodle and the greyhound."

And here is the little story of a New Year’s vision first told nearly three years ago, but so well illustrating my meaning that it may well be retold here.

THE ONENESS OF MAN.¹

"Come out into the night!" said a voice as the hour approached that was to mark the ending of the old and the beginning of the new year.

Go out? Out of the close warm room in which I had been sitting for hours, looking into the fire, now dying in the grate, and communing with the phantoms that seemed to rise and take shape in its flame and glow—phantoms of buried hopes and fears, of old and new ambitions and disappointments, of ecstacies present

¹. Originally published in The Impres of San Francisco, January 5, 1895, as one of a series of articles on "The Spiritual Life."
and to come—ecstacies and heart aches. And as these appearances grew in number and density, they seemed to press close upon me at all points, to claim, to hold, to bind me—now squeezing me tighter and smaller, now drawing me into themselves, absorbing my very life essence and making it seem that I belonged to their phantom forms, was of their very life—their dreamy, sensuous, sweet, alluring life—that they were me.

Only now and again a little gasp for breath, a swelling of the heart against the pressure, a close, hot constriction about the head, struck quick, sharp pain through all my body and showed that something was still protesting, still struggling against the subtle forces that filled all the room and were beginning to revel and riot in assurance of the imminent possession of soul and body.

"Come out into the air," repeated the voice clearly; and this time there was command as well as invitation in its tone. The notion of moving had seemed as strangely impossible as would be that of flying through the roof. I wondered when the voice first reached me if the speaker did not see how impossible it was, how closely hemmed I was on all sides; how weak, how melted, how dissi-
pated and absorbed I was into the grinning goblins and their wild, empty, foolish joys and sorrows. To even try to rise seemed but a useless demonstration of my powerlessness; I could feel how surely and heavily my feeble strength would be crushed down by this hot, strong, all pervading legion of devils. It was no use to try. Besides, I was well enough here—quite comfortable—it was growing a little warm and close perhaps; but the warmth meant soft, luxurious ease; the closing of my eyes and letting go brought rest—rest which my weary limbs and tired brain so longed for. No, to go out meant more effort, and outside it was cold; I should shiver.

But when this second call came, I recognized the voice; it told me that, however strong the hold of the fire demons, however pervading their presence, they lived but by my permission, had no strength but what I allowed them to take from me; existed only so long as I let them feed on me and lodge in this house of the brain. It told me more,—it told me that however much of me these phantasmals had drawn into themselves and spent in riotous waste, it was but an infinite fraction of the larger me which this room could not hold, which called me to
itself out-doors, filling all space, center and circumference of the universe—of this world and all worlds, of this day and all days, past and to come.

Once more I felt the warm hot, heavy crushing on my chest, the tightness across my temples, the sharp pain in my side; but I rose up, and lo! my form seemed to swell and fill the room, the strength of steel in every nerve and muscle, the glow of invincible courage warming my heart and running through all my blood. And these things that had seemed so real, so live, so irresistible in their power, passed into a thin vapor that fell back into the grate and was gone.

How good it is out here on the veranda! How refreshingly cool the air which bathes my brows and rushes in long deep breaths into my lungs! How near this splendid blue vault of heaven! How bright the blazing constellations that draw up my head as if to kiss! A night of nights this! Heaven's own beauty filling all the earth. Close by, in a little garden below me, fresh blown roses and sweet jasmine are sending up their fragrance like incense. Away before me the waters of the bay are a quivering, throbbing, glistening mass of moon-kissed life, which the further shore comes down to meet, decked as a bride for the
nuptials—all aglow with the radiance of joy, pure, clear and sparkling as the jewels that gem her snowy neck. Further off, and bounding the vision, the dark outlines of the hills standing in seried ranks, like sturdy men at arms—a still, strong, living wall to guard and protect. And in moon and stars, in air and sky, in sea and shore, I was—and all were in me. The oneness of body and soul with all of these through and through was a fact physical, as well as spiritual, that glorified existence. But there was much more of me—much more. Let me find myself; the self which had called me out into the night. Standing alone on the veranda, seeing only the stars above, the flowers and greenery beneath, the sea and shore, the light and the hills in the distance, I yet know that I am standing in the midst of men—close-crowded, city humans. Now the bells are striking the hour. Simultaneously the air is rent by a torturing din, harsh, discordant, shrieking, screaming, booming, clanging, whistling,—painful, horrible, pitiful. Pitiful most of all—for the pain it expressed was more than the pain it inflicted. It was this pain that touched my soul, and for the time made me too feel like one of the parts of a noble giant sundered by cruel blows into a thou-
sand pieces, to each of which, had been given a separate voice to cry its pain, and its protest and its desire. And each part crying separately only hurt itself and all the others the more, making the atoms move further apart. O, how cruelly hard this suffering of separation, this longing for reunion!

Soon, as I listened, one clear, true note ascended. At first it could hardly be discerned amidst the din; but presently one and another hushed to listen and the song grew clearer, fuller. Yet a little space, and those who had hushed and listened caught the harmony and joined their voices, so that the song grew stronger and and yet fuller; then more hushed to listen—and to learn. I was no longer alone on the veranda. Putting out my hands on either side, they grasped the hands of brothers whose pulses I could feel beat with mine, and through whom I knew I touched and felt the life of all the men and women of the land, clasped hand in hand through all the brightly illuminated streets of the city and stretching along the roads in every direction, up and down and across the Continent. And their faces were as the faces of angels. They had come to welcome the new year, had long looked forward and made ready; for this
welcoming was to each the visible, personal, physical manifestation of the grand truth they had grown to know, and that had filled their life and work with heaven's own glory.

As the signal bell broke the silence, a hundred million of the brothers and sisters standing hand in hand under the stars, —one like the stars and one with them, —raised their voices in one magnificent harmony of song that seemed to fill the universe with its melody. At first, the grandeur of the music so awed and entranced me that I hardly noted the words of the song. Several quick, loving hand-pressures received and answered, and which I knew had been given and received by all the human host, stirred me to lift my voice in its place and swell the harmony which celebrated the human triumphs that had made all life for all people larger, better and more beautiful in the year just gone, and which registered resolve for still greater achievement in the year to come. And the refrain of this great oratorio was:

One God we own, one people we,
O'er all the earth from sea to sea.
A Song of the Soul.

Long years, long years apart, alone,
Despite man's rage or woman's ruth,
I kept my cloud-capped heights of stone
To watch for light, to toil for truth.

And, oh, the voices I have heard;
Such visions when the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.

And, oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;
The beauty creeping on the ground:
The beauty singing in the air.

The love in all, the good in all,
The God in all, in all that is;
But oh, I stumble to my fall,
To try and tell a tithe of this!

—Joaquin Miller.
The Jerusalem Proclamation.

The announcement is made that arrangements have been completed for "The Jerusalem Proclamation." This means that the first Christmas morning of the new century is to be celebrated by the ringing of the "Gloria in Excelsis" on the chimes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and that at the same moment bells in the principal churches in all the capitals of Christendom, telegraphically connected, are to peal out the long cherished proclamation of "Glory to God in the Highest; Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will!"

In view of this development, the vision related in the article on Oneness in this issue, and which was first printed long before any rumor of the plan here mentioned, is not without an element of prophecy.

THE NEW BIRTH.

"How shall a man be born again?" the cry
Echoes along the corridor of years.
Even as the first the second birth,—in tears;
A soul comes forth with throes of agony.

A little laughter in its childhood time,
A little dalliance in its love-kissed youth;
Renunciation, warfare, stripes for Truth,
Fill and o'erflow the measure of its prime.

—Lucy L. Stout Dowd.

As in the Christ so constantly in us, the lower life has to meet all dangers and all agonies—the hunger, the thirst, the weariness, ay, even the scourging and the cross—when the purposes of the higher call for it.

—Phillips Brooks.
Book Reviews.

BROTHERHOOD

NATURE'S LAW.

Brotherhood is a conception which is daily becoming more and more crystallized in the consciousness of the race. For the most part, however, it is as yet looked upon as an idealic conception, appealing rather to the emotion than the reason—vague, shadowy, and belonging, so far as any tangible realization is concerned, to the distant future, and not to the living present. Mr. Burcham Harding has, therefore, rendered an exceedingly important service to the forward movement of the age along all the lines of advance, whether they be religious, scientific, ethical, or in the more restricted sense of the word, "social," in giving us a statement showing brotherhood to be a fact,—a universal law as surely based and as solidly in the very nature of things, as is the alternation of night and day. It is very well also to have this presentation from the point of view of one whose attitude is not that of the superficial materialist, but rather the deeper, broader and more thorough standpoint of a disciple of the Wisdom Religion. Let it not be supposed, however, that in this little volume the author stands as an exponent of any peculiar religious doctrine. It is inclusive rather than exclusive, decidedly modern and Occidental, with just the tinge of Orientalism inseparable from any deep and constructive thought at the present stage of our Occidental development. If this little book were adopted as a manual for class work in social and religious reform movements,—for which it is admirably adapted by its simplicity and arrangement, each chapter being followed by a series of questions,—it is very probable that the work of social and religious reform would move along more surely, if slowly, basing itself firmly and building securely as it went. "We cannot avoid
BOOK REVIEWS.

working for ourselves;" says the author, "the difference between brotherhood and selfishness being that, in one case we work for ourselves as included in humanity and in the other we work for ourselves as separate from humanity." This is a sentence worth studying, and perhaps, as well as any other, furnishes the keynote of the book. The reader will find that the statement is not made as an abstraction or an expression of emotion, but that it is related to the facts of nature and of life as they are seen in the illumination of our latest scientific discoveries. Mental scientists will find the work specially suggestive and valuable. It is well printed and bound in heavy purple paper, with silver lettering, also in purple and gold cloth. (Paper 20 cents; cloth, 40 cents. Burcham Harding, 144 Madison avenue, New York; The Temple Publishing Company, Denver, Colorado.

Under this title, Charles B. Newcomb gives us a collection of brief essays between which are scattered occasional pages of even briefer apothegm and epigram in two to six line paragraphs. Throughout all runs the cheery optimism of the lines of Browning which suggest the title: "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world." In refreshing contrast to much of our metaphysical literature, the reader will find here no long-drawn out, finely spun theorizing or discussion. Mr. Newcomb's style, like his thought, is robust, condensed, clean-cut and direct. With a freedom and boldness only possible to one who has broken the shackles of dogmatic and doctrinal creeds and systems, in science as well as religion, he utters the truth that is in him and places the claims of "the new thought" as the redeeming philosophy and force of the age on a basis of common sense. More than this, the volume carries to the reader the very elements—the sunshine, the blowing of the wind, the growing of the trees and the sea's surge and flow—whose filtered and concentrated vitality fill the author's thought, through it touching the
reader's nerves and tingling freshly in his blood. The temptation to quote at length is almost irresistible; but we must be content with a few specimen sentences selected at random, referring the reader to the book itself for further satisfaction, and promising that the author says nothing for mere cleverness or epigrammatic effect; bold and even startling as some of his assertions may sound, he is never dogmatic, but gives his reasons in plain and convincing words. J. W. Chadwick once said that orthodoxy had misinterpreted Christ's gospel to be not the glad tidings of great joy, but the "sad tidings of great sorrow." Mr. Newcomb frankly calls his gospel one of "true worldliness;" of more and fuller life. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry," he says, "with the fruits of righteousness, and know that we shall not die to-morrow. . . . We have all the factors of an earthly paradise within ourselves." And here are other true sayings:

"We are creators of circumstance, not its creatures."
"Circulation is the law of life; stagnation is death."
"Confidence in the operation of the law insures its realization."
"It seems to be the purpose of life to externalize spirit in matter; and in the process we waken to a spiritual consciousness and become the masters of matter and architects of its forms."
"In the last analysis, we shall doubtless find that spirit and matter are identical."

Of the forty-five chapter headings in the book, by way of suggestion rather than selection, may be mentioned those discussing Morbid Tenacity, Counterfeit Bodies, Vicious Virtues and Virtuous Vices, Mental Microbes, Emotional Bankruptcy, the Selfishness of Sorrow, Vibratory Affinity, Vibratory Forces and Thought Vibrations, Poverty as a Disease, Opulence through Growth, and Present Immortality. All these subjects are discussed with freshness and force; on several of them the author sheds new light, or gives us a new and important view-point. (8vo. cloth, pp. 262. §1.50. Philosophical Publishing Co., Boston; The Temple Publishing Co., Denver.)
From sunny Los Angeles comes another collection of mental science essays; the work of Flora Parris Howard, well known as a successful healer and teacher. Mrs. Howard shows herself to be a decidedly original thinker, one with the courage of her convictions and with a knack of putting what she has to say in pointed phrase. The title of her book is taken from the initial essay and, indeed, sounds the keynote running through all the twenty-two crisp and luminous chapters. The book will be found a clear call to the soul to rise out of bondage to false beliefs, habits and fashions into the assertion of mastery and dominion through self-training and thinking. The chapters on Desire, "Charity," Riches vs. Poverty and the Sex Question are especially worth reading. (12mo. paper, pp. 88. Price 50 cents. Published by the Author, Los Angeles, Cala.)

"The initiate has a right to demand the secrets of Nature and to know the rules which govern human life. He obtains the right by having become a recognized portion of the divine element, and is no longer affected by that which is temporary. He then obtains the knowledge of the law which govern temporary conditions. Therefore, you who desire to understand the laws of Karma, attempt first to free yourself from these laws; and this can only be done by fixing your attention on that which is unaffected by these laws." —Light on the Path.

"To speak or think of this present state of existence as 'gross and material' is to fall into error. This is the spiritual world, where spirit force is constantly expressing itself through physical things; its 'duties, toils and struggles' are, indeed, 'keenest and clearest revelations of the intentions of God.' Spirituality of life is a question of degree, and degrees are registered by development. —Lilian Whiting in Boston Budget."
THE MAGAZINES.

THE COMING LIGHT. Freedom and vigor of thought and expression characterize every page of this new and beautiful monthly, issued under the editorship of Dr. Cora A. Morse, with Dr. Mary A. Janney as associate and Mr. R. L. Bernier publisher. In purpose and make-up generally, it is a significant manifestation of the highest and most recent development in the forward movement of the age—its vitalization by the religious spirit. Nothing could be more refreshing and inspiring than the breadth of view characterizing this new monthly. Its religion and its science are alike broadly human. Standing for the emancipation and uplift of the race on every plane, it battles for the right without bitterness. The excellence of the initial number is maintained throughout in the quality and quantity of its articles, poems, special features and illustrations. This makes it difficult to mention the "notable" articles without cataloguing the contents; but special mention may be made of a crisp, clear, ringing article by Rev. W. D. P. Bliss on "The Coming Freedom," which is shown to be genuine socialism; of Dr. Emma S. Stowe's condensed and convincing presentation of "The Universal Christ," of Edward B. Payne's strong and suggestive essay on "Reform Songs," and, last but not least, of a symposium on the life and work of James G. Clark, the poet, in the shape of a report of a memorial meeting at Mrs. Morse's home. The book reviews are brief and pointed, and a valuable department is "Minutes with the Masters," in which John H. Marble focusses with synthetic mind and seeing soul certain burning words of the world workers. "The Coming Light" deserves and will have the attention of thinking men and women the country over. ($1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy; 621 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.)
MIND. Virchand R. Gandhi's article on "Philosophy and Psychology of the Jains," in the January number, is commended to the reading of those to whom India's all-sufficient contribution to the religious thought of our time is found in the Vedas and their theosophical interpretations,—and it is even more particularly commended to the thoughtful attention of the still larger class of truth-seekers who find this body of theosophic teaching not altogether satisfying. Mr. Gandhi, as the Jain delegate in the World's Parliament of Religions, made a profound impression. In the present article, he presents the leading points in the Jain philosophy, its breadth and comprehensiveness, with delightful clearness. Our western development of psychological thought and discovery holds new and larger meaning in the light here thrown upon it. "Spirit and Matter Identical," begun by Mary Platt Parmele in the December number, is concluded this month. These two papers must rank as, far and away, the most important presentation of the basis of the New Thought that we have had so far in any form or from any source. Mrs. Parmele argues from unassailable premises in demonstrated scientific laws, and she is logical, coherent and convincing throughout. One feels on finishing this second article that she has really said the last word, so far as the justification of spiritual therapeutics is concerned; that "mind cure" (and more generally mind-building and control of conditions through mind), as the action of laws based in the very nature of things, can no longer be questioned and must take its place as a fact beyond dispute. ($2.00 a year; 20 cents a copy. Alliance Publishing Co., New York).

KOSMOS is a monthly of dignified and scholarly appearance which appears to have struck out for itself a distinctive field, being "devoted to cultural ideals, the psychology of education, and the educational values of citizenship." Adolph Roeder is the editor and he not only has a sense of symmetrical combination, but also writes well and with genuine
comprehension of his subjects. "Kosmos" is published at Vineland, N. J., by J. C. Parkinson, whose end of the enterprise is thoroughly taken care of. Among the features of the January number, Phot Ra, an Egyptian story, is slightly suggestive of Marie Corelli's "Ziska," but deeper in thought, truer in style, and having a weird fascination of its own. The History and Philosophy of Weather Prediction, Legends of Iceland, How Our Laws Are Made, and, in a series on The Elements of Psychology, Food, are also thoughtful and interesting. A short story and a poem furnish the lighter side, and the book reviews are unusually good. ($1.00 a year; 10 cents a copy).

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

J. F. B.—Asks if we agree with the statement of Dr. Shelton's, quoted last month, that as "a bird doesn't look like an egg, the immortal body will not be like the mortal egg." Our correspondent seems to think that Dr. Shelton means that the body which shall be altogether subject to our thought will be entirely different from the body of flesh and bone, and is to be attained only after the destruction of that body. We, on the contrary, understand the editor of Christian as avowing his belief in bodily immortality. Of course the body which is altogether responsive to thought is finer than that which is only partially so. And it is only partially so now because of its crystallization of false beliefs. But it is the glory of human flesh and blood that it may be raised, as it may be lowered, by thought vibration. The human egg, like the bird's egg, must contain all the potency of the body into which it is absorbed, but the egg stage is not the present stage of the human body.
The Secret Signs.

How like from age to age the hearts of men!
If the Sign be some gilded, earth-bought thing,
If doubled gains, if trebled loaves it bring,
Such signs are still within the rabble’s ken.

But if in market places lips be dumb,
And eyes averted from the world’s display,
How few of all earth’s millions know to say:
“This surely is the Prophet that should come!”

—Lucy L. Stout Dowd.

HOW SHALL WE PRAY?

“There is no wrong method of prayer, though there is the asking aright which Jesus advised. Prayer is the impulse of the soul Godward; and such impulse is always right. The form of its expression, its utterance, will vary, because the soul ascends from plane to plane, and on each will feel the impelling to reach higher. Therefore follow your own impulse now, and pray as seems natural to you. Give utterance in such form as seems to meet your need, your desire; and feel that it will be met and answered. Spontaneity is of more consequence than conformity. Do not sacrifice it with the mistaken idea that you must do as some other does because he does it. His prayer cannot be your prayer. Pray your own prayer; do not attempt to copy. ‘After this manner pray ye’—with that spontaneous utterance which is your own impulse toward the divine; with that earnestness which is your sincerity and singlemindedness. Do not think of how your attitude and prayer would look and sound in other people’s eyes and ears. When no thought of aught but yourself and God influences you, you are praying aright.”

—Ursula N. Gestfeld in The Exodns.
Cincinnati Commercial Tribune: "The Captain's Dream" is a story bringing into prominence deep metaphysical truths.

Colorado Springs (Colo.) Gazette: A strikingly original and interesting presentation of "Bodily Immortality" forms the first number of THE TEMPLE.

Galveston (Tex.) News: The initial issue is taken up with an able and interesting paper entitled "Bodily Immortality," which cannot fail to attract attention.

Banner of Light, Boston: Many of Mr. Tyner's thoughts are valuable, tending as they do to awaken a realization of the divine possibilities inherent in man.

Woman's Tribune, Washington: Its cover is most dainty and artistic, being pure white, with the front of the Parthenon delicately etched in brown on first page.

Lowell (Mass.) Citizen: THE TEMPLE for July contains an authoritative Rosicrucian manifesto, remarkable as the first public statement of the nature and objects of the Order of the Rosy Cross ever published by this venerable organization of initiates.

Houston (Texas) Post: The June number of THE TEMPLE contains a study of spiritual self-consciousness. * * * It is a clear and comprehensive exposition of the meaning of self-knowledge and of its development from the lowest state of consciousness to the highest.

Mercury, San Francisco, (Organ of American Section, Theosophical Society): Denver sends us the first number of a monthly magazine entitled THE TEMPLE. Each number is to be complete in itself. The first is "Bodily Immortality," and is full of strong, helpful, uplifting thoughts.
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"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—I. Cor. xv., 26.

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PRINCIPLES OF NATURE AND OF LIFE.*

BY ROSICRUCIÆ.

THERE is in nature a trinity which we may define as Will, Wisdom and Love, in which trinity is contained all that exists. "Love lieth at the foundation;" it is the basic principle, the very protoplasm of life.

We know this trinity only through its manifestation in ourselves. We perceive the Wisdom in nature in exact proportion to its volume in us; we are aware of another Will only through its collision with our own, and we feel the pulsating Love in nature only in proportion to our sensitiveness to kindred vibrations. Further than this we cannot go. To essay a definition of man or nature must be in vain, and our knowledge of either, meagre as it is, is gained only by self-questioning.

*Copyrighted, 1898, by The Temple Publishing Co.
Even God hears only within us when we pray, for we can go nowhere outside ourselves to find Him.

We impinge on nothing in nature; it is nature that impinges on us. The Intelligence in air, earth, water, gives us no heed; but by drawing them into our being they speedily become vocal to us, with sighings and laughter and song. The wind does not hear us—it is we who listen. Trees do not thrill to our presence, but their influences flow into and exhilarate us. We rest on the bosom of the Earth, enveloped in her spirit, the atmosphere; but we know nothing of her qualities and activities, except as we find them in ourselves. Hence when we would learn of the realities it is vain to look without: we turn to the interior, the spirit, where alone is wisdom. Spirit has many forms of manifestation, being in its essence sublimated matter, while matter is spirit condensed, the apparent two being really one. Every form that exists has emanations of spirit which pass into space, and each object is constantly receiving invisible substance which is in harmony with its individual nature. On these streams of spirit flowing into man, new thought-substance is borne, which, driving out the old, and being itself assimilated, changes the en-
tire man, by feeding the clamorous desires of his cosmic nature, as the emanations from the sun and the starry worlds feed this planet and its teeming life,—the earth with coarser, man with the finer elements. The earth is like a child in embryo fed from its mother. All worlds are in the womb of spirit.

Spirit grades itself from coarser vapor to the finest aura, magnetism and ether, and even to the more subtle emanation which we call thought; it is mighty in all forms, for all power resides in spirit. Alcohol, ammonia and other volatile essences are called “spirit,” but its sensible presence depends on combination. Evaporate the water and nothing remains. You have discharged the spirit and its power is dissipated. Although spirit cannot be seen, it can be felt, and always with an overcoming power. The fumes of alcohol produce drunkenness, and there is death in the fumes of ammonia and other volatile essences. There is, too, intoxication in thought; disease and death also lurk there. Insanity is a species of intoxication. What is it but another mode of existence, in which the ordinary mind is no longer master, and spirit partially escapes from restraining form?
Science teaches that ether mingles with our atmosphere, permeating every molecule, a spirit within a spirit, like the mind within the body, and thought within the mind. The cause of motion and life, it not only permeates every molecule of the atmosphere, but, indeed, every atom of matter in the universe.

As lower Nature is unconscious of Man, so he fails to perceive that which is with but above him, the ethereal forms of life which abound in the ether. That which the mind perceives is as real as those objects seen with the physical eye. That only a few persons are aware of ethereal forms is no argument against their existence. There are certain etherealized modes of matter; why not ethereal forms of the same matter? Whence are the patterns of things constructed by man? If most of the so-called inventions were totally destroyed, men would reconstruct them after the patterns (the fire forms of things) which the inner eye beholds more or less clearly in the ether. Some men have a clearer sense than others; not exactly vision, but a simple knowing of facts, which may possibly not conform to our conceptions of Nature's laws; but the laws that bind matter into forms are assuredly operative far beyond our
little knowledge. May not Edison, for instance, be one of the more highly developed men who sees his inventions more or less clearly before he is able to construct them?

Spirit (which is Life) is the Master Builder and calls automatically for more and more material to make changes in the body. It calls also for more of the power which increases with intelligence, making necessary more room in the man,—a different quality of physical matter. This is drawn directly from the ether, the fire reservoir of nature. I look from my window and a shrub attracts my attention. As I gaze, it loses its rough, cold barb, its shining green leaves, and anon becomes ethereal, glowing like fire. Externally, it is motionless; but within the fire of a pale hue rushes through trunk and branch, through leaf and bud, until it leaps into space and is lost to my vision; for it is only when imprisoned in form and active that the ether is luminous. This liquid fire, which burns but consumes not, is the life blood of vegetation, of animals and of man,—nay, of the planet itself. Shall we stop there? Swinging in space are other worlds, more massive, more wonderful, more majestic than the earth. Above and beneath, on all sides, are infi-
nite spaces of ether. Has Creative Power left it void of forms in which life manifests? The microscope reveals to our astonished eyes another world than ours, filled with a limitless variety of living forms. And no one dare declare that there are no forms of life below the power of the microscope to reveal. Nay, the earth, air, water, all space, teems with life, and the ether has its throngs of forms more perfect and enduring than those we see with the physical eye; these forms that change with a thought and presently vanish like dreams.

The history of all times and peoples is filled with tales of the occasional appearances of these dwellers in the ether-fire, and they who seek may find that these tales are not altogether fanciful. The human mind can not transcend nature; it can conceive of nothing which does not exist somewhere in the realms of space. What we have and what we are is due to the fire principle, the imprisoned life of the ether. The walls of our dwellings are built of fire; the food we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe, the pillow on which we rest our heads in sleep, all glow with fire when seen with the inner vision. Our bodies are luminous with a fire-form that thinks and works
and acts. Flame is but an opening through the floor of the fire world, through which the spirit of forms escapes, closing the opening when they have passed, lest too much of that inner glory should destroy us. An atom of fire, a spark set free under favoring conditions, would destroy the earth itself. Break down the walls that hold the ether imprisoned in the atmosphere, and such heat would be liberated that the earth would vanish like a morning mist.

The theory has been advanced that the sun is a burning world, and many calculations have been made as to the quantity of fuel consumed in a given time and how long the supply would hold out. As if light and fire were one and produced only by combustion! If it were possible to rise to the outer verge of our atmosphere, and from that coign of vantage to gaze at the sun, what should we see? Nothing. Before us would appear the blackness of darkness alone, because our eyes are constructed to see only in the earth's atmosphere. It is true the light would be there, for the conditions which produce light are always present, whether there are seeing eyes or not,—light being an effect of force. The sun sends a powerful force to the earth; this force is his spirit, which is
as invisible as the spirit of a man, or a flower. This spirit force, impinging on the earth's atmosphere, bursts its molecules, thus setting free the imprisoned ether. This causes motion in the air, and light and heat are the result. Fire in its latent state is black. In a lump of coal, it lies chained, a monster carefully guarded lest it be freed by some accidental application of force, as of steel or hammer, and assert its power with hisses and roars;—a monster chained and captive to the ingenuity of man and forced to conform to his ideas of use. Freed, unrestrained, it is a roaring demon roused from deep sleep in darkest matter. Light, being only an emanation of fire, is simply dark matter in motion.

We may be assured that the sun is no more a burning mass than is the earth. Probably it is a very magnetic and electric world having an atmosphere according with its components and, doubtless, it is peopled by celestial, magnetic beings, children of the flame.

Raresied air is cool, and light is much clearer in it than in the denser atmosphere; but near the earth, in deep valleys, the air is denser, the heat greater, and the light less clear. This is because the earth also sends out a force which
meets that from the sun, producing active motion, friction and concussion. The broken molecules of air freed from the ether are heavier and settle nearest the earth, and we call it stagnant air. When the ether is free, outside the earth's atmosphere, there is no evidence of motion, but when set free within it, light, heat and motion are evolved.

Whatever appearance matter assumes, it is only an evanescent shell holding an ethereal form which combustion may at any moment set free, a living entity. Observe a burning building. What strange sounds issue from the escaping spirits of wood and stone and mortar! What writhing and twisting, what fearful contortions, what flashing of tongues! What hissing and sighing, roaring and moaning escape from the burning pile! Ten thousand voices might be heard, if only the ear was opened to hear. What explosions and bursting asunder of matter! It is as if a host of the damned, with pick and shovel, with powder and dynamite, were breaking through the walls of the nether world and rushing forth in flame, breathing destruction and death, like fire and smoke, from mouth and nostril. No order, no system, no pity; but a fiendish hurry—a madness to destroy. The spirits of the air rush in
and join the awful revelry. Hark, what a roar, as if the world were one vast chimney and all the imprisoned denizens of the spaces were crowding it for exit! Whence and what is this terrible spirit of fire? It clutches with bloody fingers at every obstacle until, letting go of matter, it leaps, a free thing, to the skies, lapping the heavens with red tongue as it disappears, while down deep in the heart of matter still glows the white heat like a sun. It changes and decomposes everything within the radius of its influence, and soon all that remains of a stately pile is a heap of ashes. Its material has returned to its original state, the dark, unknown night of spirit, the blackness primordial; a state void of forms, a condition in which there are no reflections, as there is no light.

All forms are visible by reflection, the action of light on that unknown, formless night. They are concealed in darkness until light impinging on them reveals them to our view. The night in the mind causes thought (another name for reflection), and thought is a blow of the soul on the opaque walls of ignorance, behind which all knowledge is hidden, as the stars are concealed in the sky until they are revealed to us by reflected light.

Fire is the form in which life—spirit—
resides; but spirit, life itself, is not subject to mundane law. It manifests in one form only to pass into another, and the form is but a prison. It must manifest according to the laws of form, but at the same time itself is free. It builds its house and it destroys it, working with such tools as are at command. Its freedom is measured by our intelligence, and the little life within us shows forth its freedom according to the quality and power of mental action we may have attained.

In the history of the race, we find that nations, governments, religions, science, art, culture, all are born, ripen, decay and die; but the mighty informing Life neither increases, nor decays, nor dies.

Because of this fire principle resident in all things, matter, time and space are no barriers to thought, which is itself an emanation of spirit and free,—a fact demonstrated in dreams. In sleep, the laws governing the waking state cease to control; the soul passes through space unhindered, and suffers and enjoys the experiences of years in a moment. Dreaming awake is an experience known to many, but scouted by the material wide-awakes, who seldom dream even in sleep. The quality of Life is the same, whatever form it may assume, and the spark in the
worm is as bright as the larger spark in the man, for volume does not determine quality. It is therefore evident that the only mode of progress possible is in change of form, the one life being everywhere identical in quality. This life in man is a continual prayer, ever aspiring, never satisfied; seeking ever more enlarged and better conditions for manifestation. The physical nature, the material mind of man changes,—develops more and more power as a vehicle for this pent-up, ever restless and aspiring Life. Sense joins itself to sense to form a medium of concrete expression, as suggestion joins suggestion to complete an idea.

We have five material and five spiritual senses, as the fingers of our two hands testify. It is from the union of the five material senses that intellect is developed as a sixth sense. Intellect is the discoverer of truth, and by its exercise that which was hidden is revealed. Numbers exist from the beginning of manifestation, and the wise ancients saw in the sphere the symbol of perfection. All motion is circular, from worlds rolling in space, the succession of the seasons, the rising and setting of suns and planets, even to the birth, growth, decay and death of all material things. Life itself being
known only by matter in motion, describes
a circle from its appearance to its dis-
appearance. Eternity, that which is with-
out beginning or end, is aptly symbolized
by a circle.

Numbers increase from one to ten and,
of old, symbolized human life in its pro-
gressive stages toward perfection. Each
number stands for some radical point in
the circle of progression. One (1) is the
symbol of the perfection of the physical
in its form and essence and has the same
meaning as the letter I,—myself, a unit,
the self-conscious ego, the fire form of
man. Note the increasing angularity of
numerals up to nine (9); then comes the
union of the first perfect symbol (1) with
the circle (0), the highest point of attain-
ment, the union of the masculine and
feminine—ten (10). The number nine (9)
represents completeness of unity, and is
the point of return to the original one (1),
the completion of the circle; united with
the feminine symbol (0) we have ten
(10)—completeness, duality, perfection,
eternity.

Each number symbolizes a sense, and
these senses taken together form a con-
necting link between the ethereal man
and matter.

Note that the five senses include the
first five numerals alone, and the man who has developed only the five material senses is lower in the scale of being than the animal, who, besides the five senses, has instinct, which in animal life is the sixth sense. Between reason and instinct there is no dividing line; the one blends into, or is a progressive outgrowth of the other. Man is now developing the seventh sense, which is Love, as distinguished from passion, its root. This is the development of human nature which lifts man above all other material forms of life, being the great revealer of the mysteries of the spirit of the universe. Seven (7) is a sacred, a magical number, for with it begins another series. Six (6) is the symbol of intellect and represents the beginning of soul sight. It is the pivot on which the inner or ethereal man begins to turn and examine himself.

Intellect is not usually classed with the animal senses, but it is really the culmination and crowning glory of them all. In man the unfailing instinct of the animal is replaced by imperfect, because progressive reason, and he is free to choose the path, the life, the thought that attracts, whether it be good or evil, in harmony with his being or opposed to it in every particular. But animal life is in inexor-
able bondage to law, and knows no impulse to be free. In man, the mind expands, the intellect seizing first on that which attracts the physical senses. Finding all sense attractions unsatisfactory, he turns from them, striving in further stages of progress to learn the riddle of the universe, and finds greater pleasure in exploring its laws, tracing out the relationships of things and seeking to know the cause of all the phenomena of Life. Sooner or later this too ceases to attract or satisfy, and Intellect gives place to Soul, whose ruling sense is Love, the perfection of the trinity which Saint Paul enlarges on in one of his epistles.

The Infinite calls to man continually to look higher, and the unconscious response is in the restless longing for better conditions and greater happiness. Vain would be this insatiable thirst, this beckoning of the Spirit, if we were not possessed of embryo senses wherewith to grasp the higher knowledge which leads to wider perceptions and more satisfying results.

The finest and highest degree of sense perception is Intuition, the sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch of the Soul. Each faculty has intuitive perceptions peculiar to itself,—as mechanical, mathematical,
psychometric, philosophical. It rarely happens that intuition is largely manifested through more than one faculty in the same individual. Successful speculators, gamblers and stock brokers owe their success to a lightning-like perception of the value of chance involved in their ventures. As the slow calculations of the intellect, the plodding deductions of reason, merge into intuitive perception, the whole physical nature responds by a greater nervous sensibility, and well-developed intuition may act on the lower planes of being wholly without the coöperation of the moral sense; a most dangerous and disastrous combination.

Feeling, emotion, is the foundation of existence. The senses have their root in it, and with steady growth and expansion it culminates in the moral nature as Conscience, an intellectual perception, and in Love, an exalted sense of oneness in duality, a union of Man with the Divine Uncreate Intelligence: intellect, the male, joining heart, the female, to perfect the dual ONE.

The psychic senses enable the soul to contact the external plane of matter and this contact is effected by vibrations in the nervous system. All matter, all soul, all spirit vibrates; nothing can exist except
through motion, but the atoms which compose some bodies vibrate more rapidly than those which compose others, and those atoms which vibrate most rapidly manifest the greatest force; that is, their aura is projected to the greatest distance. Objects whose vibrations are slower than those of mind, are visible in the ordinary light of our planet's atmosphere, but objects whose vibrations are more rapid than those of mind are invisible to physical sight. Light itself is only visible because mind vibrates more rapidly than the luminiferous ether, and the etheric forms of spirit are visible only to the psychic eye. The soul is that in man which sees psychically, and that which knows; but its medium of external manifestation of knowledge is found in harmony alone. The soul makes many lenses to look outward, but its glass is defective and it gets only distorted views. It makes mind, designing it to open as a flower to catch the dews of inspiration from the upper heavens; but it droops its head, looking downward and backward, thus defeating the soul's object. It catches no dew and gathers only refracted rays of light from the glittering objects of illusory sense. It comes and goes through births and deaths innumerable, still striving to perfect its
instruments, working steadily with conscious knowledge toward the perfect.

Will, Wisdom and Love embody and are embodied in man, but "Love lieth at the foundation"; it is both substructure and superstructure. In the lower nature, it is termed lust, but mundane existence rests on and flows from it: the fire of life, the creative principle of all nature, the crude manifestation of Love. As lust, it is intensified, burning feeling; as Love it has become refined, sublimated, spiritualized. But it is still feeling, and that alone. Lust creates the physical body; Love creates the spiritual body. The first prepares a means whereby the soul can endure and conquer this physical life; the second a means whereby it can enter into another and more glorious mode of existence.
For a Statue of Shakespeare.

Who models thee must be thine intimate—
Nor place thee on a grand, uplifted base,
Where tired eyes can hardly reach thy face.
For others this might serve; thou art too great.
Who sculptures thee must grasp thy human state;
Thine all-embracing love must aim to trace,—
Thy oneness with the lowliest of the race.

Until this sculptor comes, the world must wait;
But when he comes, carving those deep-set eyes,
'Neath brow o'erarching like the heavens' high dome,
The men will turn aside with glad surprise
And say, slow wending from their toil toward home,
"I saw this Shakespeare in the street; he seemed
A man, like you or me, howe'er he dreamed."

William Ordway Partridge.
Book Reviews.

TWO BOOK-LETS ON VIBRATION

It is very well to have so important a subject as that of vibration treated intelligently from various points of view. Attitudes more opposite than those of Dr. W. P. Phelon, of Chicago ("Esoteric Vibrations"), and Dr. T. J. Shelton, the editor of "Christian," ("The Law of Vibrations"), it would be difficult to imagine. Dr. Phelon tells us in the preface to his monograph, that he makes no pretence to authoritative or exhaustive scientific treatment. He seeks rather to bring to the notice of his readers the primary considerations involved, by way of suggesting further study along the lines indicated. It is a treatment of the law of vibration from the side that so far has been considered esoteric; but which is rapidly becoming exoteric, with the approach of scientific advance to the material frontier. The author has given us a very perfect piece of work. His style is lucid and flowing, and he condenses into small compass much important truth. "The system of planets," he says, "whirling through space, in all its relations and interrelations, depends upon the condition of the atoms of which its planetary members are composed; whatever the mass possesses the atom must possess in proportion to its size. There would be no attributes of the forms if there were no attributes of the atoms. * * * The esoteric vibration is not the long wave-like sweep of a tightened cord, but simply the adjustment of the atoms constantly being thrown out of the balancing of their polarity. It is not the vibration of manifestation, but a creeping, twisting, sliding motion that brings positive pole to negative, and negative to positive. It is constantly being repeated throughout all the manifested.
Upon this property is hung all the unfolding of all the boundless. * * * The interactionary effects of the laws of polarity and vibration were understood by the ancients as expressed by them in the phrase, 'a sound mind in a sound body.' * * * Above all other currents of vibration, deep and unfathomed, works the aural current. This is the vibration of thought, permeated by the potency of the will. Each of these currents can be dominated on their own plane by the spirit energy of the higher self as part of The One. Each of the superior can control fully and entirely each and all of the inferior, and can also induce the formation and increment of the inferior. In induction lies the co-ordinating equilibrium of the universe. * * * It has always been man's highest dream that some time or other he might hold upon the earth a body which should be as everlasting as his spirit. If he does that, then his body must be composed of spiritualized atoms. Man's real business, then, from the very inception of the first incarnation, has been to spiritualize the atoms upon the globe. * * * They who will live as perfected men, perfect spirits in perfect bodies, will then dwell as wholly spiritualized beings, and then man's desire, whose fulfillment has been so eagerly sought and promised over and over again—the resurrection of the body—will be accomplished." Dr. Phelon closes this admirable introduction to the subject with a plea for self-training along the lines that shall bring us to "the one thought, the one aspiration, to incorporate into our bodies, by right living, as many spiritualized atoms as it lies within our power to reach, and thus exalt our vibrations."

Dr. Shelton's little book contains twelve lessons on what he calls "I Am Science." The first is on "The Vibrative Center," which, he says, is the sun. "Life is activity, activity is movement, and all movement is vibratory." He argues that although the sun is the center of our system, its perceptible movement, as demonstrated by physical science, proves that it is not the central sun of all systems; therefore there must be a center of centers. At this point Dr. Shelton sheers off,
steering clear of any reference to this center, further than
the quotation from the Bible, "God dwelleth in light
which no man can approach unto." "As the human
mind cannot grasp the infinite," he says, "we will deal only
with our own solar system, yet, as nature has but one
system of laws, we may suppose that all other systems
are like unto our own." The sun is the generator and
regenerator of all life. Man, as to his physical life, is
but the image and likeness of the real man in spiritual
life, and all spiritual or unchangeable life is the sun.
Spirit substance clothes itself with the varied forms of
life in the material world. The earth is the womb of the
immortals who are begotten by the vibrations of the
sun. Mortal bodies have mortal minds, the body corre-
spending to the earth and the mind to the moon. Like
the earth and moon, they are perishable; they had a
beginning and will have an ending. He who is in full
possession of all his powers of mind and body is under
the dominion of the sun. A Jesus born under the direct
vibrations of the sun, has dominion over all the earth.
He had a mortal body and a mortal mind, also a spiritual
body and a spiritual mind. He was a Word spoken into
the psychic atmosphere in order to put before the mind
of man the dominion of a Son of God over all material
things, and to so plant this Word in the human mind,
that it will come forth and crown man the Son of God.
All this is to be accomplished through the law of vibra-
tions. Jesus has already performed his part and will not
come again in person, as he has sown the seed, which is
the word of God, in the field, which is the world. It is
yet to bring forth from the ground a hundred fold of
spiritual life. When churches, sects, systems and the-
ories have passed away, then will come the resurrection
from the dead. This is to be accomplished, not by the
coming forth of the Sower, but by the coming forth of
the Spirit of Truth. The Sower said: "As the lightning
cometh from the East and shineth even unto the West,
so shall be the coming of the Son of Man." It is a vibra-
tory movement. The earth is just now beginning to feel
this movement and it is chemicalizing mortal thought.
The second lesson deals with "The Begetting." Everything that is born into the objective, must first be begotten in the subjective. There must be a new birth before we can see the kingdom of spirit, and a new begetting before there can be a new birth. The seed which must be planted is the Word of God. This seed is not mere imagination; it is a real substance out of which all things are made; it is the creative energy of the universe. It is the only substance that is unchangeable. It is that which upholds all other things, it is God. The third lesson is headed "The Quickening." From the seed, which is the Word of God, come forth the Children of God, the Sons of the Sun. They are born, not of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God. When the living seed of the kingdom enters into the mind, and proper conditions obtain, a soul is begotten; and after a while the spirit is quickened. This quickening of the spirit is the very first sign of life within your inner self. There is a new life within you which at first only disturbs you. The key to understanding is to know that God is God and that there is no one beside Him. The king is always in his kingdom, and the kingdom of Omnipresent Spirit is a kingdom filled with its king. This summary of the first three chapters is a fair indication of the author's thought and of his style. The remaining chapters are devoted to "The Second Birth," "Isolation," "The Not I," "The Life," "Light," "Truth," "Love," and "I AM THAT I AM." In the closing lesson, the author says with much force: "For centuries the world has seen a man when God was named; and, not understanding this, or being unable to grasp the idea of the universal being confined to an individual, they substituted Jesus of Nazareth for the person of God. This has given the world a suffering, dying and dead God. * * * The new thought has given us another definition and called God the Universal Spirit, Universal Mind, Universal Being. This is nothing new. The world has had this definition in Pantheism. * * * Nothing is defined to the mind's eye by the phrase, "Universal Spirit." The mind is lost in infinite space. What we are seeking for in this new
thought is to find ourselves. We have been lost long enough. We must get a correct definition of God by getting his right name. Moses, "the founder of all metaphysical thoughts — or, at least, the one who gave the key to the interpretation of all religions,—found the name of God and gave that name to his people." This name was always the bugle-note of victory. In answer to the question, "What is thy name?" the voice from out the burning bush answered to Moses, "I Am that I Am." This means the personal I and the universal I in co-operation make up the "I AM that I Am." No matter how many Christs may come to earth, no matter how many prophets may arise, the name of God forever remains "I Am that I AM," and the key to the understanding of this definition is "to recognize the personal I and the universal I working in conjunction with each other." As the only lesson in the twelve dealing directly with vibrations is the first, Dr. Shelton may, perhaps, be criticized for giving to his book this title. His point of view is strongly individual, as is his treatment of the subject. His book and Dr. Phelon's are reviewed together to contrast opposite sides of the same subject. ("Esoteric Vibrations," by W. P. Phelon, M. D., Hermetic Publishing Company, Chicago; 12 mo, paper, 35 pp., 25 cents. "The Law of Vibrations," published by the author, Little Rock, Ark.; paper, 16 mo, 104 pp., 35 cents.)

There is no one stands in the way of each individual spirit's unfoldment but himself. Physical sickness, mental disability and poverty are no barriers to the development of the spiritual nature for these are all transformed by the expansion of love in the soul, and if they persist with any one, it is because he or she lacks love.

—Lucy A. Malory, in "The World's Advance Thought."
THE MAGAZINES.

THE LIFE. Among all the new thought periodicals that come to us, there is none which can be counted a more distinct force than this admirably edited and printed weekly journal. Healing is wafted in its pages; there is life in all its lines. Mr. Barton's work is scholarly and scientific. He handles the Bible with a boldness and freedom possible only to a mind well grounded in the truth of the oneness, the universality and the absolute perfection of Spirit. Mrs. Barton is always clear and practical. She has a luminous grasp on the underlying principles of spiritual science, and, what is perhaps more, is sure and ready in the application of her knowledge to the healing of disordered conditions. In the sixth of an exceedingly able and interesting series of papers headed "What Mysticism Is," that profoundest of modern mystics, C. H. A. Bjerregaard, clearly defines the difference between the occult and the mystical. (A. P. Barton and C. Josephine Barton, editors and publishers, Kansas City, Mo.)

Universal Brotherhood. The February number opens with an article by Zoryan on "Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood," which is in the nature of a poetical rhapsody introductory to an exposition of theosophical teaching. Zoryan's style would be clearer if it were not so flowery. A much more satisfactory and sensible article is that by Dr. B. C. Buchanan, entitled "What Is Mind?"—a very large question on which the writer certainly throws much new light. "The Genesis and Purpose of Music" is discussed by Axel E. Gibson. Margaret Stuart Lloyd writes an extremely interesting account of a new musical genius, the nine-year-old girl, Paloma Schramm, of Los Angeles, whose marvelous talent is said to demonstrate the truth of reincarnation. At the age of three, she improvised lovely melodies and baby
songs, "and when she was but four she remembered and repeated correctly all the principal motifs from the opera of Lohengrin." We are reminded that the new cycle begins with February 18th, of the present year, by Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley's manifesto, addressed to members of the Theosophical societies throughout the world and calling upon them to make the beginning of the new cycle a marked day in the Theosophical movement. Since the number was issued Mrs. Tingley's followers have "marked the day" by meeting in convention at Chicago and abandoning the title Theosophical Society in favor of that of Universal Brotherhood. (The Theosophical Publishing Co., New York. Price $2.00 a year.)

NEW LIGHT. Miss Elizabeth Hotchkiss, Ph.D., for several years a writer on the staff of "The Metaphysical Magazine," and more recently editor of "New Light, a Correspondence School of Philosophy," announces the early appearance of a new quarterly review, designed to cover in a broad and comprehensive spirit the philosophy and practice of the new metaphysics. The time is ripe for such a periodical, and under Dr. Hotchkiss' direction it cannot fail to meet a high standard both in thought and execution. With Dr. Hotchkiss will be associated several of the leading thinkers in this field, who will form a strong, co-operative editorial staff. This quarterly review will in itself be a magnificent demonstration of the success of metaphysical methods in actual practice. "New Light" in this new form will represent a natural evolution from the earlier form of the monthly publication, which, in itself, was decidedly unique and attractive. That form, Dr. Hotchkiss tells us, was evolved in the silence and, as an expression of the law, has surprised and interested many during its unfoldment. It is curious to note that, strong as was the individuality of the paper, Dr. Hotchkiss now believes that necessary stage of its development to be
past. The power developed during the individual stage is to be contributed to a coalition of associated powers in "New Light's" later form. The observant mind will note a striking analogy here to the development going on in the reconstruction of society. It would seem that in periodical literature, as in industrial evolution, the development of individuality, if it is to be for good, has its very distinct limits. Many people, it is found, cannot read a paper that is too intensely vital without a decided fermentation. While this is perhaps evidence of the power of Truth, it suggests at the same time less condensation and a sort of several-sidedness, so to speak, as being better suited to the majority of readers. It is encouraging and convincing testimony to the value of Dr. Hotchkiss' method, that within six months of its first issue, "New Light" received recognition, not only in every state in the Union, but also from England, France and other countries of Europe. That still larger success awaits the quarterly "New Light," no one acquainted with the editor's powers and qualities can doubt.

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FAITH AND HOPE MESSENGER. This is the title of W. J. Colville's new monthly, of which the first number was published at Boston in December. A splendid article by Mr. Colville on "Types of Ideal Womanhood," opens the number. In the course of it, he makes the incidental, but very true, remark that "It is only from the metaphysical or ideal standpoint that any question can be intelligently discussed, because materialistic theories start at the wrong end of everything and confound causes with effects." The article is commended to the reading of all mothers and to the particular attention of every mother's son. Lizzie Helena Soule has a suggestive article in the same number, on "The Power of Art in Expression." Meetings, lectures and other spiritualistic, theosophical and metaphysical activities are briefly reported, and the number contains excellent reviews of current
book and periodical literature dealing with the new thought. The price is five cents a copy or fifty cents a year, and it is certainly worth the price many times over.

Φ Φ Φ

MERCURY. The February issue contains Paul Tyner’s address on “Universal Brotherhood,” originally given before Brotherhood Branch of the Theosophical Society in Denver. The evolution of the idea of brotherhood is treated, its scientific basis stated and its ethical implications plainly pointed out. A suggestive contrast is drawn between the altruistic idea, expounded by the churches and by political economists of the new school, and the monistic idea of Theosophy. Other articles of interest in this number are: “Why We Should Study Theosophy,” by A. Marques, and “Theosophical Bible Study,” by S. E. Solley. The Countess Wachtmeister’s monthly letter gives particulars of her work in the East, and Theosophical activities in the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain region are chronicled in reports from branches. (San Francisco, Cala. $1.00 a year, 10 cts. a copy.)

"It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain;
And he who followeth Love’s behest
Far excelleth all the rest."

—Longfellow.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

HYPNOTISM.

A. W. G. and others.—The story, “Playing With Power,” in the January Temple, is the work of an author well and widely known as a sturdy and steadfast champion of freedom—of freedom of thought as the primary and essential basis for freedom of the individual in any and every direction. It will not do for mental scientists of any school to forget that freedom is of the very essence of the new thought, “The truth shall make you free.” Truth is as impossible without freedom as freedom is impossible without truth. The story is unusual, but it was designed to meet a very unusual condition. While we are all aware that hypnotic power may be exercised for good, it is unfortunately true that at this moment there are in all parts of the United States and in Europe, splendid souls held in thralldom through the use of hypnotic powers in the hands of unprincipled men and women. “Forewarned is forarmed.” There is special need of warning against the approach of an enemy who comes in a disguise unfamiliar and unsuspected. The story may be said to have a double mission, in that it not only conveys this warning, but also holds out a strong hope of deliverance to those in bondage so apparently unbreakable that its victims rapidly sink into the depths of despair. Side by side with Hudor Genone’s revelation of the power for evil wielded by the hypnotist is told the story of the superior power of Love and its conquest.

REINCARNATION.

E. F. N.—The reference on page 289, December Temple, is designed to convey the idea that Jesus taught that he himself was a reincarnation of Elias.
It is true that the disciples who witnessed the transfiguration and the appearance of Moses and Elias, understood Jesus as speaking to them of John the Baptist (Matt. xvii: 13). In this it is believed they erred. The apparent three, Moses, Elias and Jesus, were overshadowed by a bright cloud, out of which a voice spoke, saying: “This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.” Afterwards, when they had lifted up their heads, “they saw no man save Jesus only.” In answer to their questions, Jesus went on and described his own work up to that point, saying: “Elias truly shall first come and shall restore all things, but I say unto you, that Elias has come already and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them.” By “Son of Man,” in this passage, as in many others, Jesus meant to refer to humanity, to mankind in general, and to himself personally only as the type. John the Baptist knew what he was talking about when he told the priests and Levites that he was not the Christ and not Elias. He knew Elias in his new incarnation. It was not meant to use the phrase “greater than Elias” as a literal quotation of Jesus’ words. In this connection our correspondent suggests that much light on the subject of reincarnation will be found in the first five verses of the fourteenth chapter of Revelations.

THE TEMPLE’S CLUBBING TERMS.

For the convenience of readers desiring to obtain several publications through one source and at reduced rates, The Temple Publishing Company has arranged to fill subscriptions for THE TEMPLE and any other dollar a year publication, for $1.50; or, THE TEMPLE and any other two such publications will be sent for $2.25. THE TEMPLE and any two dollar a year publication will also be mailed for $2.25, making a saving of seventy-five cents in either case.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following passage from Emile Zola's address at the funeral of his great confreere in letters, Alphonse Daudet, declares very distinctly the law of life, not only in literature, but also in all creative art—and that means in all life, rightly so called:

Daudet possessed what is most rare, most charming, most immortal in literature: an exquisite and powerful originality, the best gift of life; that of feeling and expressing with an intensity so personal, that the slightest pages from his pen will preserve the vibration of his soul so long as our tongue exists. And this is why his creations have a real being. He gave them breadth and life and made them to move in a living atmosphere.

✦ ✦ ✦

The sonnet "For a Statue of Shakespeare," which appears in the present number of THE TEMPLE, tells the same story which the poet-sculptor embodies in his famous bronze statue of the Bard of Avon, in Lincoln Park, Chicago,—the human side of the poet. In a recent letter, speaking of this work, Mr. Partridge writes: "It was the love of humanity that made Shakespeare supremely great, to my thinking." In the renaissance of genuine art new dawning upon us, this grand truth as to the supreme inspiration of love for humanity will make itself felt more than ever before. It is the keynote running through all the teaching of William Morris, that grand apostle of art and of the emancipation of the worker as a necessary means to true art.

✦ ✦ ✦

We have received a feelingly written and beautifully printed in memoriam sketch of Mrs. Clara H. Scott, the gifted author of "Truth in Song," written by her sister, Mrs. Mary O. Page, and adorned with
an excellent portrait. Mrs. Page writes to the editor of THE TEMPLE, in a letter accompanying this memento, that in private papers left by Mrs. Scott they found written this declaration: "Truth in Song is the beloved child of my heart. I have asked God's blessing upon every song within its covers." Those who have experienced the remarkably soothing and healing influence of these songs, when given either in public or private, may well realize that this must have been the case, and that the blessing thus asked has been abundantly bestowed.

It is not, friends, what men hold true that here concerns us, but that they should be so faithful to that which they hold true, Jew or Christian, believer and unbeliever alike. Times change, beliefs alter or are forgotten, the religious formula of yesterday may prove insufficient to the impatient children of to-day, but that devotion to principle which those "witnesses" exhibited is itself the pith of religion. And may that be ours in the new age, that we also may be willing to die for our principles, if that supreme test should ever again be required; nay, better than to die for our principles, that we may at all times be willing to live for our principles, for that is greater and nobler still. —Felix Adler.
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—The Hermetic, August, 1897.

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“HE DESCENDED INTO HELL.”

BY PAUL TYNER.

If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

—Psalms cxxxix., 8.

He descended into hell, and on the third day rose again from the dead and ascended into heaven.—Nicene Creed.

As Christ died for us and was buried; so also is it to be believed that he went down into hell.

—Third Article of Faith of the Church of England and of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"THE Kingdom of Heaven is within you," said Jesus. And so is the kingdom of hell. Heaven and hell are not places, but states of consciousness. Time and space and all conditions of body and environment are conformed to the inner attitude, or state of consciousness. Time past, present and to come, principalities and powers, fight in vain against the law. To him who ranges himself with the law, making himself one with it, all things yield willing obedience. Evil is overcome on every plane, not by resistance but by good. Hell is the under side of heaven; its opposite, and as necessary to it as the negative pole to the positive,

“Christ is Risen Indeed.”
the outer to the inner, the bottom to the top, the base to the summit. We hear occasionally of a brave man fearing "not hell itself." The heroism of those who rode "into the jaws of death and into the mouth of hell," is embalmed in undying verse. It takes pluck to face hell and overcome it. Heaven is the crown of victory to the overcomer. But he must overcome all things, including hell itself. Understanding the word in the sense indicated, we shall find in its plain, blunt Anglo-Saxon force, a distinctness and largeness of meaning that are wanting in the more prudishly polite and stilted equivalents which recent revisers and commentators have endeavored to substitute for it. There is no mistaking Tennyson's meaning in the word picture of that awful charge at Balaclava. It is certainly the word Jesus would have used, had he spoken Anglo-Saxon. So the English translators of the Bible and of the Creed, after all, in this as in other matters, have given us the spirit, if not the letter, of the original texts. Let us, therefore, take the word in its generally and definitely understood meaning. Hell is the opposite of heaven, as prison is the opposite of palace; as sorrow is the

"Christ is Risen Indeed."

opposite of joy, sickness of health, slavery of freedom, death of life. The ancients, indeed, seem to have considered the word thus translated into "hell" as synonymous with death, the grave, a prison or place of the bound. Dante, in his "Inferno," finely brings out this sense of the word. These things represented to the Greeks the uttermost depths of woe into which the soul of man could fall, as liberty and life represented the heights. The Saxon, with perhaps a touch of savagery, sought and found a more emphatic term to fit his more intense conception of a fitting contrast in the abode of the damned to the eternal bliss of the abode of the blest. In this we have perhaps resembled the sanguinary Sioux who, not content with chaining or killing his captive, subjects him to slow and ingenious torture. Do not get nervous. It is all right! We will have to go to the bottom of things before we get to the top. God's in His hell, as well as in His heaven, and until we find God in hell we are not likely to find Him in heaven.

The larger and more liberal thought of to-day is not partial to creeds or articles of faith. We are finding that we can get along very well without them; that, in

"Christ is Risen Indeed."

"Christ is Risen Indeed."

"Christ is Risen Indeed."

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
fact, they rather hinder than help the development of genuine honesty and truth in men's minds and men's lives. Nevertheless, we shall find it well worth while to bring our brains to bear on some realizing sense of the meaning of that passage of the Creed quoted at the head of this article. The words are repeated daily by millions of Christians the world over, and have been so repeated for more than fifteen hundred years. They contain the profession of Christian faith and belief, as it was carefully and deliberately formulated by the assembled wisdom of the Church in the Grand Council of Nice in the year A. D. 337.

Our era is one of practical realization above all else. All law finds its fulfillment in love; so we shall find in the signs and passwords handed down to us by the fathers a meaning by them comprehended only in part. Taking their very own words, we shall open what to them was a sealed book.

We need not concern ourselves particularly as to the theological dispute over the precise meaning of the word hell. What it must mean to every rational thinker has already been sufficiently indicated. The whole passage in the Creed

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is probably founded on Peter's declaration that Jesus, between his crucifixion and resurrection, "went and preached to the spirits in prison."—Roman and Anglican theology agree in teaching that the "hell" of the Creed and the "prison" of Peter are the same, and that it is not the place of eternal torment for the damned in fire and brimstone that is referred to, but a "limbo," or place of darkness and captivity, in which the souls of all the just who died previous to Jesus' time were held awaiting his coming. Not only does this attempt to keep Christ out of hell, and hell outside the pale of God's love in Christ, ignore Jesus' saying that he came to call not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance; it also contradicts Peter's description of these spirits in prison as those of men "which sometime were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing." More than this, it questions God's love and the infinity and universality of that love. Christ descended into hell because that was where he was most needed. When we realize—those of us who happen to be in hell—


"Christ is Risen Indeed."
that Christ has indeed come to us in the uttermost depths and opened the way thence to heaven, hell will lose its terrors and we will have no reason for staying there. A man, who while groping in a dark mine, has fallen into a deep pit from which escape seems impossible, despairingly makes up his mind to stay there and starve or rot; but when the rescuer appears at the pit’s mouth with lights and throws the prisoner a rope, he is quick to come out of his hole into the upper air. Spirits in hell (and many of us do not have to wait for bodily death to find ourselves in the hell state of consciousness) are generally fallen to such a depth that they do not realize the possibility of rising out of the pit until the words of the Rescuer are spoken in their ears, his radiant face looking into theirs, his ready arms wound around them. The light at the top is too far away. No rope is long enough to reach them, and they would not trust it if it were. Christ knows this, and so he comes down to us himself. And as he is lifted up, all men, all the man, all things, are lifted up with him. So Christ “descended into hell.”

If we can claim a special glory and a special mission for the New Thought and

“Christ is Risen Indeed.”
its scientific religion, it is its recognition and ever increasing realization of the fullness of the salvation wrought by Christ's victory over death and the grave. In the light of this victory, man is able to understand, as he never could otherwise, that God is really Love, and that the Divine Love is as infinite as Infinity, as omnipotent as Omnipotence. Salvation for all is, for the first time, made reasonable, and the logic of Calvinism destroyed by the logic of the new Pantheism. If I am something separate and apart from God by my very nature, born of sin and shapen in iniquity, then neither faith nor works can avail to save me from either sin or that death which is the natural wages of sin. If I am saved at all, it must be by God's good grace and pleasure, by His election or foreordination, without regard to any personal merit or demerit on my part. Why that kind of a God should have either grace or pleasure in saving one with whom he had nothing in common from the natural consequences of his nature, must be truly counted one of the mysteries of so-called "religion" past all finding out. If, on the contrary, "I and my Fa-

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
the rare one,” and in all the universe there is only one God, all seeming evil must be partial or undeveloped good. The Perfect Whole is perfect in all its parts—and demands perfection in their adjustment. All men are Sons of God and joint heirs to God’s perfection, coming slowly but surely into their heritage.

Practically speaking, this means very much, not merely to mankind in general, but also, and very particularly, to you and me individually. It means much to us, not merely in the hereafter, but also in the herebefore, in the living present, the eternal now. It means much to us not only in the soul and the soul-spheres, but also in the body of flesh and the earth life. No matter what our present condition of vice or virtue, of weakness or strength, of sickness or health, of foolishness or wisdom, of ignorance or knowledge, this truth of the oneness of God and Man, of the Unmanifest and the Manifest, of Life and Love Universal and Life and Love Individualized, touches every one of us closely and vitally.

All these terms descriptive of condition are relative, rather than absolute. In the last analysis, negatives can have no real and enduring existence. They are “Christ is Risen Indeed.”
but the shadows, the under sides, the lower degrees of positive realities. The ideal is translated into the real not all at once, but gradually. Expansion of realization prepares us for the more important process of expansion of idealization. "Man grows as higher grow his ideals," Schiller tells us. All growth, and markedly human growth, individual and social, is a process of readjustment. The goal of today becomes the starting-point of to-morrow. The genius in every line of human endeavor sees in his highest achievement only promise of greater things. Ever seeking something new, that which men have done is but earnest of the things that they will do. "Greater works than these shall ye do," said Jesus. The dying Raphael wished for opportunity to paint a more beautiful Madonna than he had ever put on canvas. Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer. What is true in the great is true in the little. Each of us may be a genius in our way, be it only cobblering shoes or boiling potatoes. "He who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is a benefactor of mankind." There is close connection between William Morris' faithfulness to the small-

1. John IV., 12.

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
est details of honest workmanship in his factory and the splendid soul of the author of "The Earthly Paradise."

Christ came to call not the just, but sinners to repentance. In the words of the Great Physician himself, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick." In all his ministry, Jesus concerned himself almost entirely with the unrighteous. He gave his time and attention not to "the best people," but to those whom, in modern phrase, we term "defectives, dependents and delinquents." Indeed, one cannot escape the conclusion that need, spiritual or bodily, constituted to Jesus' mind, a peculiar claim to divine favor. There may have been people who would have been glad to honor and pay court to the popular preacher and leader. And his presence at the wedding in Cana, as well as his enjoyment of the hospitality of other friends at various times, shows that he was not ungracious in these matters. But social functions were secondary. The business of his Father had first claim. Gently but firmly, he made it understood that "the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." He seems, even in the agony of the

1. Matt. IX., 12. 2. Mark X., 45

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cross, to have been actually more interested in the repentant thief than in his own suffering or the sorrow of his faithful followers. None was too vile, none too far gone in wickedness or crime, none too distorted, decrepit or deformed, to be beyond the saving and healing—the freeing and making-whole power—of God, exercised through this spiritually self-conscious God-man.

So, having demonstrated the wholeness of God in the spirit by calling it into manifestation in the wholeness of man in the flesh,—faithful to his mission even unto death,—Jesus the Christ, to complete that mission in the only way possible, "descended into hell."

It is just these three words that are required to round out to utmost fulness any statement of Christ's demonstration of the absolute and entire permeation of the universe, spiritual and physical, of all life in substance and structure,—by that Love which is God's essence, His very being. "God saw all that he had made and behold it was good." It could not be other than good, for God is in every atom of the universe, in every atom of man, down to the least of the molecules in your body and mine. Were God really absent and "Christ is Risen Indeed."
Evil present anywhere, even in a single atom, there would be a fatal flaw in the completeness of the universe and the harmony of its arrangement; and that would mean an imperfect God—a logical impossibility. Because Christ descended into hell and preached deliverance to the captives of death beyond the grave, as well as this side of it, Freedom has dawned for every creature on every plane of being, in every realm of space or time, of mind or spirit, to the uttermost. Every bond is forever broken, all darkness is dissipated, every hurt is healed, every sickness cured.

Admitting all that may be claimed for the possibilities of human comprehension of this unity of God and man cosmically and individually, before Jesus in the philosophy of the East, or without Jesus in modern science, the fact remains that Jesus in his person proved the truth, brought life and liberty to light, demonstrated the omnipresence of Love, even in the dungeons of death and the uttermost depths of hell. He planted a ladder reaching from hell to heaven, on which the angels are ever descending and ascending. He, indeed, became the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
"He ascended unto heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God, whence he shall come to judge both the quick and the dead."

The Christ-man went to heaven by way of hell. That is the royal road to the right hand of the Father—the only road. Christ's ascension was no half-way matter. He first sounded the uttermost depths into which man can fall. He made it manifest for all men in all time, by his descent and his ascent, that all that need be considered about hell is that "the greater the depth the greater the height;" the harder the battle the more glorious the victory. "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine that are just." The ascent of Pike's Peak or the Matterhorn must begin at the base of the mountain. The climber who starts from any higher point would not be entitled to record an ascent. So the ascension unto heaven must start from hell. Hell is the base of the mountain, heaven the summit. Beginnings are the most important parts of every achievement, and every beginning is at the bottom. No man cometh to the Father but by Christ, and no man cometh to the Christ consciousness who does not descend into hell,—and thence

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
rise into heaven—making himself one with all humanity—with all life and all grades of being, of thought, character and conduct from the least to the greatest.

The sects and denominations laboriously collate and boastfully set forth statistics to show the Church's growth in numbers. Statistics are also appealed to in proof of the assertion that, after two thousand years of "Christianity," only a minority of mankind are enrolled in the churches. Yet nothing is plainer than that the power and sway of an idea is not to be measured by numbers merely. "God and one make a majority." And who can doubt that the dominant influence in the world today is that of Christendom? Crude, imperfect, degenerate even as is the institutional Christianity of our age, there is a power in the mere name of Christ which carries all before it. Nor do we lack convincing demonstration of the power and influence of genuine Christianity in the individual life—examples of sweetness and sanity in personal character and conduct, where the mind of the disciple is moulded in the pattern of the mind of the Master. Significant testimony to the inherent force of the real spirit of Christ's life and teachings is afforded in the fact "Christ is Risen Indeed."
that all the falsity of pomp and ceremonial, all the glare and glitter of worldly wealth, all the fierceness and fanaticism of its many sectaries, all the blindness and bigotry put forth in Christ's name, have not crushed out the growth of that spirit in the human heart. That Christianity as a vital force in human life survived the persecution of its pagan enemies enthroned in old Rome's dominion over the world, means much; that it has survived all the rancor and bitterness of denominational dispute among its assumed friends and remains unsoured, means much more. Like a living stream of water springing from a hidden and inexhaustible well whose source is too deep to be reached by any surface disturbance or pollution, it retains its sweet savor and perennial freshness. May I not even say that, like one of our beautiful northern lakes fed by living springs and bottomed by white sand and gravel, it transmutes all baseness cast upon it into its own translucent and wholesome purity?

I do not know what the "divinity schools" teach the candidate for the Christian ministry concerning Christ's consorting with publicans and prostitutes, or his tender treatment of loathsome lep-

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
ers, blind and lame beggars and people suffering from "all manner of sickness." It would be interesting indeed to have the "approved" explanation of these things extended to elucidate this passage from the Apostle's Creed: "He descended into hell." The accepted interpretation of the passage in theological teaching must differ widely from that here offered, if we may judge from a recent utterance of a noted doctor of divinity. His words are quoted not only on this account, but also because they probably express the entire orthodox conception of Christ and his mission as related to the essential nature of God and His creation. The Rev. Dr. E. Fitch Burr, author of "Ecce Cœlum," in a recent article¹ pays his respects to Transcendentalism, which, at the outset, he stigmatizes as "a later form of skepticism, which only a large-mouthed credulity can swallow." Passing by this glaring lack of fairness, we find that Dr. Burr goes on to say:

"Does the totality of the material Cosmos deserve to be called God? Certainly, viewed as vast and mysterious and seething with mighty forces, and essentially eternal, it is a sublime thing. But there are other features that are very far from being sublime. Innumerable low, shameful, distressing, and abominable things belong to

¹ Homiletic Review, February, 1898.

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
the Cosmos. Material Pantheism makes all these part and parcel of God: all the mistakes and follies, all the pains and diseases, all the vices and falsehoods and crimes, all the cruelties and wrongs and wars that disfigure history, even the atrocities and outrages of the unspeakable Turk, belong as vitally to God as do all high and desirable things. Stones, and worms, and monkeys, and beasts of prey, and fiends in the shape of men, and all refuse and loathsome things are as much parts of Him as are saints and heroes and geniuses. There is nothing so vile in character and conduct and experience but has God for its source and substance, and is a wave of the one Divine Ocean. A being largely made up of impostures and self-contradictions and all the deeps of wickedness—does such a being deserve to be called God?"

If to believe that "there is nothing so vile but has God for its source and substance" is Material Pantheism, then Jesus the Christ was a material pantheist. It was because he so believed that he identified himself distinctly with "the least of these"—the hungry, the naked, the homeless and the prisoners. It was because he so believed that he descended into hell and the third day rose again, for, as Paul tells us, "His soul was not left in hell, neither his flesh did see corruption."¹

Of course, Transcendentalism is something more than Material Pantheism. The God of Pantheism, or of Monism, is found not only in all the outer manifestation of


"Christ is Risen Indeed."
the Kosmos, but also in the inner immanent and universal Spirit or Energy, Will, Law, Intelligence, underlying all the manifest—the noumenal from which the phenomenal ever proceeds. Dr. Burr admits the sublimity of the Kosmos in its totality "viewed as vast and mysterious and seething with mighty forces, and essentially eternal." But he proceeds to say that there are things in the make-up of this sublimity that are not sublime. Is this not a contradiction in terms? Viewed separately and apart, as Dr. Burr views these parts, what he says is undoubtedly true; but this is not the way the Transcendentalist, or, indeed, the rational religionist, views them. It is certainly not the way Christ viewed them. Seeing all things in right relation, we cannot see unloveliness or shame, or distress, or abomination, in the parts of a sublime whole. And as a matter not merely of right reason and logic, but of good common sense, we have a right to see all things and demand that they shall be seen in their right relation as parts of a Perfect Whole. Unless Dr. Burr shall answer in the affirmative the question asked by him at the close of the above quotation, he must confess to an acceptance of Polytheism. Certainly of all

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
forms of Polytheism, that which divides the dominion of the universe between two warring forces, God and the Devil, is most repugnant to reason.

Much depends on the way we put the matter. How entirely reasonable the position attributed by Dr. Burr to the Pantheist will seem if we paraphrase Dr. Burr so as to make him read: "All character and conduct having God for its source and substance, there can be no character or conduct that is vile." Yet we can all understand Dr. Burr's position. It has long been the infantile and unknowing position of most of us. Voltaire it was who said that "If in the beginning God made man after His own image and likeness, man had ever since been returning the compliment." The fundamental mistake of the old theology is the attempt to emphasize the grandeur of God by separating Him from all those things which, to our short-sighted and inadequate view, lack grandeur — thus finally separating God from His creation, as seen through blinded eyes and minds imbued with miseries of their own imagining. As a race, we are only beginning to see that such a view is not only inconsistent with a belief in the oneness of God, but that it is in-

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
deed a belittling reflection on God's wisdom, an utter forgetfulness of God's love. John said, "God is love," and Jesus proved it—proved that the love which is God pervadeth all things, even in the uttermost "deep of wickedness," and thence to the heights of beauty and of bliss. For "he descended into hell"

Jesus was fond of teaching in parables. To-day, as in old Palestine, it is the teaching of the parables chiefly that moves and moulds the masses—the eager, hungering common people who "heard him gladly." His whole life is a grand parable and every incident in it an allegory full of meaning. This descent into hell as an actual experience of the Divine Man is certainly interesting. It is far more important, as an illustration of the working of Life's Law. Deep answereth unto deep. We cannot separate ourselves from God's love, its peace and health, and its power to make the broken whole and the crooked straight. Neither height nor depth is beyond His love and the need of His love. Not the fall of a sparrow—no, not even the creeping and crawling things, the worms of the dust, or the dust itself, are outside of His loving care, because nothing can be where God is not.

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
The wheel of life, while moving on in an ever widening orbit, is at the same time revolving on its axis. That which is uppermost at one stage is undermost at another, and that which was undermost comes uppermost in its turn.

Why was there a great gulf fixed between Dives in torment and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom? Why was the wretched rich man told that, having aforetime received his good things and Lazarus evil things, he is tormented while Lazarus is comforted? And why was he told that his five brothers still living in the flesh could not be turned from their courses and saved from suffering, even though one rose from the dead and came to them? We find the law declared in Word and Works everywhere that victory and its crown are only to the overcomer. In Ecclesiastes (iv., 14) we are told: “For out of prison he cometh to reign; whereas, he that is born in his kingdom becometh poor.” Out of the worm, the butterfly. Up from the black ooze of the pond-bottom, the lily mounts into a white wonder of life and light. In the endless rotation of the seasons, Spring merges into Summer, Summer into Autumn, Autumn into Winter, and Winter turns back to

“Christ is Risen Indeed.”
Spring, while the world is more and more. “Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” Everywhere in nature and in life, the law is from the lesser to the greater, from the greater back to the lesser, and from lesser to greater again, turning and turning endlessly, yet all the while mounting higher in the spiral path of progress.

“The only death to be feared is unconsciousness of the presence of God.” How often we must go back to that wise saying of Paracelsus and remind ourselves of its meaning! And Agur’s prayer tells us that this very forgetfulness of God is one of the dangers of worldly wealth. “Let him who thinketh he standeth beware lest he fall.” How many of us have had to know the darkness and the depths before we could receive and open to the Christ descended to us! How long bonds and shackles have held us ere the deliverance of God’s love was recognized! How many have had to come to the healing and wholeness of Christ through years of pain and weariness, sick and sore distressed!

Jesus probably accomplished more in the brief space between Friday evening and Sunday morning that he preached to the spirits in hell than he did in his years

“Christ is Risen Indeed.”
of preaching on earth, so far as those immediately addressed were concerned.

Discussing the dogma of hell in a brilliant article in the March Intelligence, Henry Frank says:

"Error is darkness and darkness is hell. To pervert this life, to believe that man is a fallen creature and inherently depraved—this is hell. To believe that you are bound by the limitations of the body, the fixed forms of confluient atoms, the narrowness of traditional thought—this is error, darkness, hell. To narrow the horizon of one's being and think only in the past, brooding over sorrows, nursing pain and hugging melancholy—this is darkness, hell."

"I have lost everything but God," said a woman appealing for sympathy in apparently dire distress. God had not yet become very much to her, evidently. Most of us have to lose "everything but God" before we find that God is more than everything—and that we have really gained, not lost. "All is lost save honor." The thought in Francis the First's famous despatch thrills us as could no mere news of victory. It is the prodigal who returns and is feasted; the sheep that strayed that is found with rejoicing. We are very likely to be in hell when Christ comes to us and opens our prison house. It is generally only after we have been given up by the doctors and have tried everything else in vain that we are willing to turn to

"Christ is Risen Indeed."
God and try the one source and fountain of life and health. And this is all right and well and natural, and nothing we need be ashamed of. It is but the working out on our plane of being of the law and process of growth on all planes of being. We may think we have fallen, but we shall find that we have landed on our feet. It is a very good thing to know that, no matter how far we may have gotten off the road, we will bring up at the right starting point and may resume the journey afresh, feeling our way surely, clothed and in our right mind. When getting down to hell is getting to God, hell is the place for us. We will not leave our souls there, nor shall our flesh see corruption.

This is Christianity as Christ taught it and lived it. It is the Gospel of Love infinite and all-encompassing. It is rational, it is logical, and in the best sense it is scientific. It teaches those things that are true, that are lovely and of good report. Its call to every man is Christ’s call: “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden (not those that are at ease and unburdened; their time has not yet come) and I will give you rest.” It offers what Christ offered to those in prison—even the prison of death and the grave—for it offers the truth that maketh free.

“Christ is Risen Indeed.”
EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Let us have peace," said General Grant after Lee's surrender. And in that moment, as never before, the heart of the people responded to the thought. It is evidence, and striking evidence, of the advance of the peace sentiment among mankind that, despite the inflamed appeals of reckless newspapers, and more reckless congressmen, to the passions of the thoughtless, the best souls of the country look for and are steadily approaching a peaceful solution of the present crisis. If there is war now it will probably, for the first time in history, be a war waged for the direct and distinct purpose of establishing peace. Spain is offered peace with the United States at the very reasonable price of ending her cruel and foolish war with Cuba. "Thoughts are real things." Remember that we who know the power of thought and who desire peace are called on to formulate and send forth the thought of peace, strongly, certainly, consciously. "Blessed are the peace-makers." The way to peace, so far in human history, has been through war. Christ, recognizing this, said, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword." Yet he is the Prince of Peace, and peace, we all feel in our hearts, will be the great and lasting result of the spiritual warfare Jesus started. The thought for the hour is beautifully expressed in this verse from Sarah Wilder Pratt's "Invocation," in her "Voice in the Silence":

"Oh! heavenly Peace, with pinions white,
Roll back the darkness of this night;
And o'er the land by strife oppressed
Pour thou the blessings of the blessed,
Oh! Power Omnipotent."

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The March Hermetist, in the course of a most appreciative review of "The Living Christ," remarks that "the author does not believe in Regeneration." This is a mistake. The author believes in regeneration
through recognition and development of the higher nature and potencies of sex—through its elevation and spiritualization.

Custom is "honored in the breach" this month to call especial attention to the affidavit concerning a cure through Helen Wilmans to be found in our advertising pages. One such fact is worth a bushel of argument, and Mrs. Wilmans is to be congratulated on her demonstration of the illimitable power of the creative Force of Thought to create in its own image and likeness, and on her courage and common sense in having the record of the achievement accurately set down, legally verified and widely published. There is no more crustacean and moss-grown fallacy than the edict of the average medical man as to the "impossibility" of growing new tissue under circumstances similar to those in the case mentioned. In the face of the evidence referred to, physicians will have to cease the use of this discouraging avowal of disbelief and admit the demonstrated possibility of growing new bones, new flesh, new lungs, new hearts and new brains wherever needed.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE PERFECT FAITH. With the March number, this excellent little monthly, established by Mrs. Eva C. Hulings about a year ago, enters a new volume and a new stage of development under new management. Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford, the regular speaker for the Denver Divine Science centre established by Mrs. Hulings and named the Hulings Temple of Truth in her honor, and Mrs. Hulings' gifted sister, Mrs. Scott Saxton, share the editorship, while Mr. W. T. Craft becomes publisher. "The Elixir of Life" is the title of the opening article, which is a report of the lesson given by Mrs. Hulings at her last noon
silence. Like all Mrs. Hulings' teachings, it is filled with the spirit of Christ. The vitality of the divine life is translated into practical every-day use. Mrs. Bradford's address on the occasion of the first service of the society in its new quarters, at Windsor Hall, is an eloquent exposition of the splendors of the creative power as manifested in the spring season. She pays a beautiful tribute to the work of Mrs. Hulings, and in clear and convincing terms presents the scientific definition of life in its relation to real religion. In the healing department, Mrs. Katharine Medcraft and Dr. Mary Scott record several remarkable cures. Energy, purpose and intelligence on the part of the publisher are manifest throughout the number. "The Perfect Faith" should have a wide circulation and will be found exceedingly helpful. (Denver, Colo., $1. a year.)

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UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Mary E. Slonaker, in "Nothing New Under the Sun," gives us a suggestive bird's-eye view of the evolution of the religious idea, emphasizing the modern concept of the absolute law of cause and effect with its logical implications in the recognition and realization of "all the universe as real, eternally substantial and therefore deathless." A new, interesting and exceedingly helpful view of "Virtue" as an impersonal, universal, exhaustless and indestructible principle. The sixth of Mrs. Harley's "Simplified Lessons in the Science of Being" deals with Appropriation. With clearness and conviction she shows that good is the only real power, that evil is unreal and therefore may be denied away. Aaron M. Crane in an article on "Anger" lucidly points out the relations of thought and action and finds here "scientific reasons for every rule of conduct which Jesus has given to mankind." "Medical Recognition of Mental Therapeutics" is discussed by Helen L. Manning with several very interesting illustrative instances. As always, this excellently edited monthly is pervaded by the sense of
harmony belonging to broad sympathies and clear thinking. Uplift and inspiration are conveyed in every number. (F. M. Harley Publishing Company, 187 Washington St., Chicago.)

* * *

The Theosophical Review. "A Vision of Christ" told by a Russian in the February issue, is an impressive account of a child's vision and its enduring influence. It will be found full of promise and assurance to those eager, earnest and devout souls who question whether Jesus the Christ in his holy city is still accessible to those who are longing for distinct revelation of him. In the continuation of his learned and lucid consideration of "The Christian Creed," C. W. Leadbeater finds in the Nicene Creed, a statement of the brotherhood of humanity, of recognition of the Great Brotherhood of Adepts, their existence and functions, and of a belief in reincarnation. Mr. Leadbeater rather intemperately denounces the common interpretation of "the resurrection of the body" as "monstrous," "absurd" and "scientifically impossible." Mr. Leadbeater should heed Hamlet's reminder to Horatio, and wake up to the fact that in these days "impossible" is rapidly becoming an unscientific term, if it is not so already. Mrs. Besant's article on "Prayer" offers an interesting solution of the problem why some prayers are answered and others not; but it is hardly scientific. "The Relation of Art to Theosophy" is discussed by W. C. Ward, and some curious facts concerning that strange and mysterious personage, the Comte de Saint Germain, are related by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, who believes him to have been a messenger from the Great Lodge, commissioned to impart to man certain secrets of nature. The Theosophical Review, under the editorship of Annie Besant and G. R. S. Mead, fills an important place as an exponent of advanced philosophical thought and theory and should be read by all desiring to keep abreast with the modern movement which is letting the light of the spirit shine into and through the ma
terialism of the age. In this movement Theosophy has important place. (Theosophical Publishing Society, New York; 25 cents a copy, $2.75 a year.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

VIBRATION
THE LAW
OF LIFE.

Under this title the Temple Publishing Company now brings before the public a work originally published by Dr. W. H. Williams of Denver, the author, about a year ago, under the title of "Breathe, Don't Die Until You Are Ready." More than once in the history of literature, especially American literature, a positive genius has been for a time lost to the world through the attempt of an author to also combine in himself the function of publisher. The consequence is generally a misleading title for his book and an outward dress unworthy of the thought. Mr. E. W. Howe's "Story of a Country Town," is a familiar instance. The present work, as the sub-title now chosen for it indicates, is really a series of vital gymnastics. It meets the pressing need at every turn of answering the beginner's question, "How shall we realize?" The new thought has passed beyond the stage when vague and glittering generalities can be accepted as sufficient statement. We must have the practical, especially in instruction, and its methods must be simply and clearly stated. The present work is practical. It gives methods for the realization of the oneness of soul and body, and of harmonious development on both the spiritual and physical planes, in language easily
understood. The importance of the book can hardly be overestimated. It is the product of a soul who, after years of preparation—through experience, trials, struggle and conquest—for this special mission was able to yield himself up, even as a little child, to light and leading, whose high source is plainly evidenced in the book itself. The author tells the story of a personal experience, in the course of which he contacted in spirit a sphere of the highest wisdom. He was led and instructed by a teacher of advanced development from this sphere. Not satisfied with merely setting down a series of didactic statements, rules and instructions, he embodies his personal experience in carrying out this teaching in a narrative which is of fascinating interest of itself. That rarest of combinations, the scientific and poetical, is found in Dr. Williams' case and accounts for his ability to present statements of the highest truth regarding man's nature and destiny, in which we find at once exactness and ideality. We are told that Darwin in his youth was fond of poetry and music, and even attempted some creations in verse, the merit of which would indicate that if he had not turned his mind in the direction of science he might have become a poet of no mean powers. This tendency, however, and even the power to enjoy poetry, was entirely destroyed by the rigidity with which he applied his mind to the study of material science. The world, perhaps, was the gainer, although it can hardly be doubted that the individual in this instance was sacrificed. We are all familiar, too, with instances of the tendency to diffuseness and uncertainty in the poet's mind. Too often he is carried by his soaring Pegasus into the realms of cloudland, disdaining the sure and solid standing places of earth. The new thought seems to have for its special mission, at this stage of man's development, the bringing together of the ideal and the actual, of poesy and science,—uniting the good in each, by giving the charm and beauty of poetry to science, and the certi-
tude and exactness of science to poetry. We could hardly have a better illustration of this combination of mentality than in the handsomely printed octavo volume before us. If the author soars at times into the empyrean, he carries an absorbing mind with him and brings back with him observations as to certain unknown or little known laws of matter and force governing the empyrean and mundane alike. Only the briefest indication of the contents of the book can be given in the space at our disposal. Live thinkers and seekers after truth will appreciate the fact that here is no threshing out of old straw, but original ideas of immense practical importance, presented with a clearness and force which show that the writer has an individuality of his own. The law of polarization is stated in the chapter on that subject with a plainness and fulness found in no other writer that we know of. The second part of the book, after an introductory chapter identifying the law and the man, presents a series of exercises in breathing and in the application of motion. The main thought underlying the book, and luminously expanded in all its phases may be found in the following quotation:

“All structures originate in motion, and the motion determines the form of the structure. Motion underlies the entire physiology of the organic functions and senses. Of course, no motion is lost; consequently, if I apply motion to my lungs by expanding and contracting them, every atom of my body partakes of that motion. My body is a chemical laboratory, and motion antedates all chemical effect. This opens a new world to me. How vastly important, then, to know how to move in accordance with the law of motion! Archimedes said if he had a place to stand on he could, with his lever, move the world. I am a mechanical, chemical and mental world, and have a lever, or will, with a place in the eternal will or law to stand.... When a man can determine his real needs in nature, and concentrates his efforts in that direction, he will grow out of all corruption and confusion, as grows the lily from the stagnant pond.”

(Svo cloth, pp. 176; price $1.25, The Temple Publishing Co., Denver, Colo.)
Mrs. Jane W. Yarnall, author of that excellent manual, "Practical Healing for Mind and Body," has written a second book under this title with the subtitle of "The Way Out of Bondage." Her idea of the good time coming and the way out of bondage is a present realization of freedom from false beliefs and especially false religious beliefs. She aims to present what she calls the "theological side" of the Mental Science movement. Theology is not a wholesome thing at the best, and any book devoted to theological discussion inevitably becomes irreligious. It is irreligious because theology violates the fundamental idea of real religion, which is love. Of all so-called "sciences" that of theology is absolutely the most unscientific in its premises, its logic and its conclusions. It has no proper place in the New Thought, but on the contrary is entirely inconsistent with its freedom, its fullness and its universality. Mrs. Yarnall's book only proves that in the history of mental science, "Theology," like "Snakes" in the history of Ireland, will be best represented by a blank page. There are, of course, some good things in the book, in spite of the theology, but the good things are unfortunately so mixed with incoherent, disconnected and clouded theological discussion, that they are recognized with difficulty. There is not a single new and original idea in the book, and the author's evident lack of training in literary construction makes the confusion of her thought worse confounded. This is said without in the least reflecting on her sincerity and earnestness, which, under all circumstances, must entitle her to loving recognition. Loving honesty as she does, she will surely see nothing but love in honest expression of honest opinion. (Published by the author, Chicago, 12mo. cloth, pp. 188, price $1.00.)
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BY WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT, F. T. S.

"Most souls have resting-places between their earth-lives—but I—I can not rest! For more than twenty centuries, I have sought the Master, sought him feverishly, eagerly, unable even to attain the calm which would allow me to inhabit a female body. Throughout the centuries to come, I must continue to be what I have been for centuries past,—the Wandering Jew."

"Nay, brother," replied a voice like the silvery sound of dripping water, "you cannot know the Master until you know yourself; and how study turbulent water? When you attain to perfect harmony within, then, and then only, will you find him for whom you have so tirelessly sought."

"Harmony! I never knew it!"

"As His Own Soul."
“Neither have you known me; yet in lives past, as now, I have known you and your every struggle. Will you not rest and trust yourself to my guidance?”

The old man shook his head, as if in refusal, then silently clasped the hand which she reached toward him, arose and followed her. When distance had blended into one shadow the green of his cloak and the deep blue of her gown, I still gazed after their departing forms, wondering who could resist her voice—having once heard its pleadings.

Later I heard these fragments, which I have linked together.

* * * * * * *

“And it came to pass that after Jonathan, the visible, with David, his invisible companion, had put the Philistines to rout, that David was many times near to death; but thou canst not kill those whom the Gods make invisible. Therefore David lived in the home of my father, Jonathan, though the people knew it not, and even I, Mephiboseth, son of Jonathan, knew it not as yet.

“Then my father, Jonathan, sent forth David; and when he returned, Jonathan had for all time quit his house, the temple not made with hands; and in his place

“As His Own Soul.”
reigned David, whom Jonathan loved as his own soul; and I, Mephiboseth, dwelt near him, being indeed his son. And to the servants, David named me as 'Thy Master's Son'—yet I understood not, for I was sore crippled.

"And the time drew nigh that David should pass out from his house for the last time, and verily I say to you, believe not that in his last moments he counseled bloodshed, for it is not true. He spake only these words: 'He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the dawn of a cloudless day.' And then David became again invisible, as in the time when Jonathan dwelt in that house; and then knew I—as in a dream—that David, with whom I had dwelt, was indeed the Master, whom I had believed dwelt afar off—yet he was even David, whom Jonathan loved as his own soul.

"Having in that life been unworthy of a father's love, in the next was I early deprived thereof, for my father, Siddhartha Gautama, left me with my mother Yasodhara."

"Was he your father? Do you know anything about the legend of the shadow of the tree being over him, without re-

"As His Own Soul."
gard to the time of day?” I eagerly interrupted.

“Verily, but the tree was not of the vegetable world: it was the Shadow of Enlightenment.”

I was silent, but soon roused from my reverie as he said:

“All was just! It was but the effect of my past action, when I failed to be worthy of my father, David-Jonathan. Yet sorely did I then miss a father’s love, and sorely did I long to bid him stay, when, in the night of our ignorance, Siddhartha went from us.”

“How do you know when he went? History says you were then but a babe, if you were indeed his son,” I exclaimed.

“Nay, you mistake! Infants have not their clearer vision blinded by earthly mistakes.”

“And you believed him a Buddha?”

“Yea.”

“Then why has not his prophecy come to pass? Where is his promised Buddha of Kindness?”

“Know ye not that Jesus was Siddhartha come again?” was his counter query.

I did not reply, but asked: “Why was

“As His Own Soul.”
Jesus not your father, if family relations do not change?"

"Nay, you do not understand," he said gently. "No father have I known since Siddhartha, with none have I dwelt since David-Jonathan. When Jesus dwelt among men, I was a waif; since then I have not known who has begotten or who borne the bodies in which I have dwelt. But Jesus, he was not of the flesh. Know you not that? He was one with John—as David with Jonathan—yet when he went out from the body, men, seeing his glorified form and believing it to be of flesh, called him Jesus and knew him not as the Master who dwelt in John."

"Then how was he crucified?"

"In a way that ye wot not of. Know ye not the legend that the cross upon which the pardoned thief hung changed to celestial hue, while that of the other became like unto the earth? Can you learn naught from that, or are you yet in ignorance of color? Verily, many a man is born blind, because of his past sins."

"Do you remember any teaching of Jesus? What did he say of the Creator?"

"Verily, many, but few are those which have come to thee in their purity. List and say not again that God created, for

"As His Own Soul."
Jesus said not that word. Jesus said: 'Before the world became visible it existed in the Divine Mind; from His Will appeared the Universe; by His Word made flesh came man, in whom dwelleth a part of the Most High. Help the poor, assist the crippled, covet not, harm none; for whoso depriveth his brother of perfect happiness, of the same shall they be deprived. Loving as a father is the law of God which judgeth men and bringeth all to divine consciousness.'

"Did you see any of Jesus' miracles?"

"Nay. Many things did he which ye wot not, but all by the Father's law, because he was one with Him. All is miracle—all that thine eyes behold. If thou canst not know that, then indeed are you blind. Know you not that in the golden age men held communion with God?"

"Did Jesus worship in a temple, or warn against prayer?"

"Both and neither! He said: 'Enter ye into the temple which is thy heart, keep pure the sacred vessels which are thine eyes and hands, illuminate thy kingdom of heaven with good thoughts, perform the rites of good to thy neighbor, for thereby shalt thou honor thy temple, in which dwells the Eternal One, "As His Own Soul."
Who gave to thee life; place thy trust in the Father and wait till Light appears on the altar of thy heart.’ As to prayer, he said: ‘When thou wouldst address the Father, retire into the closet of thy heart, that the sound of thy voice open no strange door, and become as a little child, knowing neither past nor future, nor aught but thy Father’s presence.’"

“How did he speak of women?”

“Gently, as became a great soul, bidding us respect woman ‘as the mother of the universe, the germ of life and death, the supporter of man, the basis of all good; place her next unto God in thy thoughts, and thus shall many of thy sins be remitted; all that ye shall have done for a woman, ye shall have done for God, thereby being worthy of Love, without which nothing exists below, for it is the reflection of the Father. Yea, verily, his teaching of woman was like unto that of Simon Magus,—who exalted her as the symbol of the first Æon Thought.”

“Simon Magus,—the heretic!” I exclaimed, in horror.

“ Blind again, brother, blind again! Believe not the tales told of that good man, nor that he was carnally minded. Men degraded the symbolic utterances which

“As His Own Soul.”
fell from his lips, thereby polluting their own.”

“Did he not teach that he was the Son of God—the Messiah—come again?”

“The son of God—yea—so art thou; but that he said ever that he was the Messiah, believe not, though indeed he said that he was one with the Father, as would that I could as surely and bravely.”

“But he said that he came again.”

“Why not? Did not Jesus say, ‘In my Father’s house are many abidings,’ and how couldst thou then fail to see that between them thou must ‘return again?’ Well said he that he would come again in the clouds, for they yet obscure the light of Wisdom. Oh, hasten—hasten—thou dawning golden age!”

“Why do you believe that this bright age is dawning?”

“It is writ in the stars. Know you not that? The sign of the fish, which hovered over the time of Jesus, is passing, and Aquarius—symbol of Truth—reigns on high.”

“When will the Master come?” I inquired, after a pause.

“I know not, but I hope to see him face to face.”

“Have you ever seen him?”

“As His Own Soul.”
"Yea! Once lifted I up mine enemy, knowing that he was also my brother, and through the mist for an instant gleamed the Master’s face. Once, comforted I a dog, feeling my kinship with him, and again came that beauteous vision. Once planted I again the weed, which my careless foot upturned, and the Master smiled, for I was learning more and more of duty. Many, many times have I seen him, when my heart had softened toward some lowly life, but I keep not in that pure state."

He turned from me, toward the maid with the soothing voice, and murmured:

"Maiden pure, I love thee, even as I loved my Father, David-Jonathan."

"Well may you," she whispered.

"Art thou, then, as I have dreamt, indeed David-Jonathan come again?"

"Jonathan I was, David I was not, yet David and Jonathan were one, even as ——" she paused, then added, "Come, we will go to the Master."

* * * * * *

Again distance blended his cloak and her gown into one, as when first I saw them by the wayside, but this time they passed into a halo of light—not into the mist of ignorance.

"As His Own Soul."
A Worker's Hymn.

If there be good in that I wrought,
    Thy hand compelled it, Master, thine;
Where I have failed to meet thy thought,
    I know, through thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to thee denied
    Stands all eternity's offense,
Of that I did with thee to guide,
    To thee, through thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
    Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
    And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
    The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who has made the fire,
    Thou knowest who has made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
    In that dread temple of thy worth,
It is enough that through thy grace
    I saw naught common on thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
    Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
    That I may help such men as need!

RUDYARD KIPLING.
THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

Luther's temples are built upon the same foundation as that of the Church of Rome; namely, upon a belief in salvation by external means of that perishing thing called the personal self. Both churches, with all their subdivisions, are based upon the selfish propensities inherent in the semi-animal nature in man; both appeal to his selfish desire for reward and to his fear of punishment in the problematic hereafter. Both are resting upon the erroneous belief that divine authority can be conferred upon man-ordained priests by a man-made church; but while the Roman church—if once the fundamental falsehood upon which she bases her claims is accepted—may appeal to Logic, the most powerful devil in man, to prove her other pretensions, the claims of the Protestant church for divine authority to save mankind are not so supported.

What is that thing which these people desire to save, whose existence they desire
to preserve, whose life they crave to prolong? What is this personal self? It has no self-existence and possesses no life of its own. It is a continually changing conglomeration of principles, endowed with a continually changing consciousness.... The only thing in man which is not subject to change is his consciousness of the Eternal, and whenever he enters that state, he forgets that he is a person, becomes unconscious of the isolation of form, and is only conscious of being in the Infinite Spirit. These are facts which require no arguments for proof, but which everyone may know by reflection and self-examination: they are self-evident. But this consciousness of the Eternal needs no salvation; it is already safe, for it is the consciousness of the Christ; the only state in which man can be immortal, because it is not subject to change. Salvation is therefore an internal process which no man can produce for another, but which each one must accomplish with in himself. To enter that state of consciousness in the Eternal is the only possible salvation for man.

The unreality of the pretensions of the modern church has come to the understanding of the more enlightened masses. They have begun to laugh at her claims,
but the church laughs at them. She clings for protection to the skirts of the goddess of fashion; the goddess gives her bright ornaments of brass and glittering tinsel; she furnishes her with pomp and elaborate ceremonies, and men are used to imagine that they are in need of these things: they borrow them from the church, and the latter again takes hold of the leading-strings. And while this farce is played, the true church of the Christ is deserted. Clear and strong shines the bright sunshine of Divine Wisdom through the transparent roof of its dome, as it did in ancient times; but the crowds of worshipers that used to crowd the halls have deserted the temple. The sacrificial fires upon the altars have gone out for want of fuel; for those who used to worship in the Temple of Wisdom now worship at the altar of Self. The Temple of Truth, wherein all humanity unknowingly live and whose altars exist in the innermost centre of every human heart, is the temple, where the divine Redeemer still continues to teach, in spite of all the Pharisees and scribes by whom he is surrounded. External churches decay, unless they are upheld and supported by man; but this eternal temple needs no support from mortals: it will never cease to exist. It
asks for no favors and fees; but the cond-
tion to be admitted to it is an entire re-
nunciation of self. It requires no one to
explain its doctrines, for the truth becomes
clear to all as soon as they become able to
see it, and all will recognize it by its beau-
ty as soon as they draw the veil from its
face. The foundation of that temple is
knowledge,—not that illusive knowledge
taught by mortal man, which refers mere-
ly to the illusions of sense, but that spirit-
ual knowledge which arises from a reali-
zation of the truth. Fear and doubt do
not enter that temple, nor is there any dif-
fERENCE of opinion; because the truth is
only one in the absolute, and all who know
it have the same knowledge. There is no
inducement held out in that temple to
cause men to be virtuous but the beauty of
virtue; there is no other penalty for the
wicked but that which naturally follows
the disobedience of the law. There is
only one supreme Law, the love of abso-
lute Good. When men become satiated
with the worship of self and with living
on Dead Sea fruit, they will again return
to the Temple of Wisdom to partake of
the Water of Truth.

The true building of the Temple of
Sol-Om-On consists, therefore, in the tear-
ing down of the miserable hut built up of
erroneous opinions and perverted tastes, —a hovel which we have erected ourselves by our own thoughts, and wherein we dwell. It consists in the opening of its walls and roof, so that the Light of Truth may enter and drive away the darkness of its interior; it consists in the regaining of the power of Spirit over Matter,—a power which is the natural birthright of immortal Man.—Franz Hartmann in "The Life of Jehoshua."

Occultism.

Hidden, and yet 'tis seen
In form of flower, in wing of bird,
In fragrance of the falling rose,
In cadence of a loving word;
In tint and moan of shell of sea,
In depths within the heaven's blue;
With passion glance from Sun-God's eye
Is Occultism brought to view.

But look within to find the truth:
And see each symbol mirrored there,
When touched, the springs of endless youth
Their joyous waters upward bear;
The rose reveals its heart of Love,
The sun transmutes the soul's pure gold;
And though the lips with speech are mute,
In Silence must the truth be told.

Abbie W. Gould.
An utterance of the Master’s recorded in John xii 32, often quoted, is seen to be such a plain, palpable mis-translation, when the interior, mystic meaning is understood, that I think it would be useful to take it up for examination.

The accepted version prints the word “men” in italics, showing that this word is not in the original Greek. The revised version does not make this distinction. But the word is a limitation of the sense of the remark. The thought is, “I, if I be lifted up out of the earth, will attract from all directions.” In other words, the Christ principle in the soul, if lifted out of the natural plane of the mind (where it is, as a rule, a personality merged in the individual man Jesus) becomes a center toward which all things in the above and beneath are attracted, and from which the Divine Life radiates in all directions. The word in the Greek implies not only a drawing upwards, but a drawing downwards also, and laterally as well.

Perhaps this may be illustrated by a mystic figure, well known as to form, but very little understood as to meaning; hardly at all. I do not propose to divulge its signification, but only use it as an illustration. Let a man stand on a level prairie, and his vision is bounded by a trine. The zenith is the apex and the horizon on his right and left form the lower angles. The plane line that reaches from the right lower angle to the left may be taken for the natural, the human plane of the mind. This plane the Master calls, “The Son of Man.”

Now, there is another trine whose apex is down in the abysmal depths of the human nature, and this trine is
THE LIFTING ÖP OF THE CHRIST. 143

inverted. The base line is uppermost, and runs parallel with and touching the base line of the higher. Each of these trines has its own center, totally distinct from the other.

Now, the upper line of the human trine may be called the Son of Man, and this, the higher plane of the natural, must be lifted up, out of the earth. In its lifting up, it takes the whole trine, the entire human consciousness with it. And as it is lifted up, the higher trine, the spiritual consciousness, descends to meet it. The centers approach each other. The returning prodigal was yet a great way off when his father saw him, and hastened to meet him; and the meeting place was not in the father's house, nor in the swine field, but at a point between. So these centers continue to approach, and as they touch, they are merged in one, a new center, and we have the figure of the interlaced triangles, the six-pointed star. He who attains to this state has reached the acme of power. It is what Jesus meant when he said to his followers: "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." The human and the spiritual had become one, and all things in the spiritual and natural planes of the soul were his to command.

How much a man may attain to in the line of this development is a question for himself. Conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity as we are, the ignorance of one generation supplemented by the selfish recklessness of the following one, the raising of this lower trine is a Herculean task. That it has been done, by Him who said, "Behold, I send the promise of My Father upon you, we know; and he who in his own soul begins the work of lifting up the Son of Man," will "call to his aid legions of angels."

It might be suggested that I explain what is meant by the "Son of Man." It means the Divine Truth of the natural plane of the mind, that which shapes our actions and relations toward the world. It is distinguished from the Son of God very plainly. Any mistake or failing in the natural relations of man, "sin against the Son of Man," may be forgiven. But when a man's spiritual na-
ture is opened and enlightened, so that he knows by divine intuition what his duty is to God, he cannot afford to go wrong in the face of this light.

“As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale’s belly, so the Son of Man must be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.” To take this as relating to the burial of Jesus is absurd. The entombment was on Friday night and the resurrection on Sunday morning; two nights and one day.

But the symbolic meaning of the words of the Master is this: The divine truth must fill and permeate the entire three planes of the human nature, the thought, reason and rationality. I cannot stop now to say anything of the mystic meaning of the story of Jonah. Now, the divine truth, after filling the plane of the human (“first that which is natural and afterwards that which is spiritual”) must be brought up out of the human plane into the spiritual, and all reasoning on the questions of life and duty must be according to spiritual light. And so the Master says, “As Moses lifted up the serpent (symbol of the plane of the senses) “in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.”

THUROROS

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LETTING GO.

If you have lost youth and happiness—let go. If friends have proved false and ungrateful—let go. If you look back upon your life’s journey with regrets—let go.”

—F. B. Dowd.

If we watch people for one day, we will find that every one is either trying “to get,” or to “hold on,” to things. With the business man, all effort is put forth in getting. Ministers preach “to get” converts to their creed. Teachers teach “to get” followers to their belief. Mothers desire “to get” everything for the improvement and good of their children.

Children are educated—a getting of the ideas of other minds. The whole world seems bent on “getting.”

What does it all mean, this eternal and everlasting “getting”? 
LETTING GO.

Just this: that we look for everything outside of ourselves. This tells the whole story—seeking and never being satisfied, holding on tight, if we succeed in deluding ourselves with the idea that we have got anything. We have looked outside for health, happiness, prosperity, Heaven and God. We have expected to draw them to us, and therefore must “hold on” to them.

What is this gospel of “letting go?” When we feel sure of a thing—that we really possess it—we “let go.” There is never any effort needed to hold on to a thing that is really ours.

Do we try to hold on to youth and happiness? To friends, love, life, wealth, if they are really ours? No; we are so sure of them that we “let go.”

“Letting go” is an opening up, a receptive condition of mind. If you are wealthy, you can “let go,” and spiritual wealth will pour in upon you. If you are poor, you can “let go” and the same spiritual wealth will flood you. This proves that opulence is spiritual; for we can be rich when poor, and poor when rich. “Let go,” no matter what comes. It is not resisting. Jesus said, “Resist not evil.” And of course we would not resist good. So “letting go” is a gospel of non-resistance. Let us practice it and see what it will bring.

—Katharine H. Newcomb in The Life.

THE WORLD GROWS BETTER.

God makes men’s hearts so much bigger than men can build churches or hospitals. That’s the way the world grows; men keep trying to build up God’s plans; trying to make a ten-page sermon as big as a three-line text; to make a creed as long and broad and deep and high as the eleventh commandment; to develop a charity as beautiful and immortal as that of the nameless “certain Samaritan”; trying to write the life of Him the books of whose deeds “the world itself could not contain”; that’s the way the world grows better and broader and sweeter.

Now and then, in these times of ours, there arises a wise man, usually about as wise as he is young,—who discovers
for the rest of us that the world has outgrown the Bible; that the old book was written for a crude and undeveloped people and time; that it does not apply to our own day and civilization. Well; there does appear to be a misfit now and then, but it remains an open question in the minds of a few unlearned men, whether it is the straight-edge or the plank that is out of line; whether the clay or the potter is at fault. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" quotes young Freethinker, and adds as one who knows the time of night without having to look at the sun dial by candle-light, "I say they are not." Oh, well, that may be true; but possibly it is this generation that is out of tune. Two sparrows were sold for a farthing at that time. Because there is a generation of men in the United States to-day that wrings from a pine invalid $1.50 for a spring chicken no bigger than a robin; that charges eighty cents for a squab only five days out of the shell; that sells a peck of peaches—half of them "clings" at that—in a two-quart basket; that makes butter out of beef tallow, catches imported sardines off the coast of Maine, brings milk to the city that the inspectors pitch into the river, sells "bob veal" in the markets until arrested, fined and sent to jail for it; that when children ask for bread gives them a preparation of alum; a generation that mixes split peas with the coffee and sand with the sugar it sells,—of course you can't make the Sermon on the Mount fit such a people as that. But this day and generation can be made to fit the Sermon on the Mount; that can be done. And that's what Christian men and women are trying to do. Not warping the New Testament to fit a perverse and crooked generation, but rather straightening out the lives and characters of men to line with the pure and lofty morality which Christ taught. And when the country is brought up to the "two sparrows for a farthing" basis, our children will laugh to think that their fathers grew bald and wrinkled and blind, puzzling over such simple questions as the relations of Capital and Labor, very much as we laugh at our fathers for dodging the question of human slavery until it turned into a cannon ball that no man could dodge.—Robert J. Burdette in "The Modern Temple and Templers."
OUR REFUGE.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

I suppose there is no one who does not feel himself or herself to be in a more or less unfortunate environment. Life is not all smooth sailing for anyone. Perhaps those who are trying to live the higher life feel more keenly than any others the hostile influences of environment. Their ideals are now so far beyond what they once were that the inharmonies about them sometimes seem greater than ever before, despite their efforts to see only the good in people and in circumstances. The further one advances in the truth and the more the desire for helpfulness grows upon one, the harder it is, from one point of view, to be patient with the persistent clinging of others to old, harmful thought-habits. We want to help them; they have formed a habit of looking to us for strength, and we have given it, all we could, and let them lean on us and catch glimpses of the vision that goes before us, hoping that they would soon learn how to see for themselves and go for help to the one Infinite Source. But somehow they seem to need continual assistance; it is wearing, it weighs us down in time, until it seems as though we were in danger of becoming negative, and they—with their depression and anxiety or their nervousness and irritability—were becoming the ruling force and carrying us with them. Who of us has not experienced this difficulty? Who of us does not feel the need of a stronger hold upon the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen?" Oh, for a strength that could never be shaken, a trust that would sustain through every trial, a clear vision of the Allness of the Good that would enable us to be to these dear friends all that we want to be, when they become disheartened and cannot find peace!

What shall we do? Alas, we cannot carry all their loads for them. Beyond a certain point we cannot go. We must go apart for a season and renew our
strength. Perhaps we may have to apparently neglect some duty in order to find time to recover our lost poise. But it must be done, or we are not living the truth we know. We must not permit ourselves to become negative, even though we may seem unsympathetic for a time. We must find some way to become once more the strong, positive force, or we are not doing our duty by those around us.

Let us go alone for just a few moments. Let us cast ourselves upon that Infinite Arm that is ever ready to support us. Let us open our hearts for a moment and feel the Presence of the Divine Peace. "Father, for their sakes I ask for strength." Can the Father fail to answer such a prayer? " Faithful is He that calleth you." Rest in His love and that love will never fail you. Ask for guidance that you may be able to teach those who now look to you, to look to Him. Ask that you may be able to make them feel that He is all companionship, and that in Him they may find an inexhaustible supply of strength. Those who lean upon a human friend lean on no sure support. In the "secret place of the Most High" alone is help always to be found. His help alone will transform the life and make despondency impossible.

Do you not know how you can bring this knowledge to them? Simply live it. Never let yourself be overcome. Help them as long as you can and then leave them and go into the silent, secret place. They will know why you go away. They will see the light upon your face when you come back, and that will be their lesson. It is the life that tells. It counts for more than many books and much instruction, and it will bring a truer strength to them than any they can gain by depending upon you. Thus your most helpful work may be done when you seem to be almost useless, because the way you conduct yourself when you are weak will furnish an example which no one can be too dull to understand. "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in mine infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."
Andromeda.

The smooth-worn coin and threadbare classic phrase
Of Grecian myths that did beguile my youth
Beguile me not as in the olden days;
I think more grief and beauty dwell in truth.
Andromeda, in fetters by the sea,
Star-pale with anguish till young Perseus came,
Less moves me with her sufferings, than she,
The slim girl figure fettered in dark shame,
That nightly haunts the park there, like a shade,
Trailing her wretchedness from street to street.
See where she passes—neither wife nor maid—
How all mere fiction crumbles at her feet!
Here is woe's self, and not the mask of woe;
A legend's shadow shall not move you so!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The only true science, which is really useful to us in
time and eternity, in our present condition, not less than
in the hereafter, is the practical knowledge of the regeneration of man. This knowledge is acquired neither by
theology and philosophy, nor by moralizing. It does not
depend on any theoretical information in regard to ter-
restrial or celestial things, nor can spiritual regeneration
be attained by leading a virtuous life for fear of the con-
sequences that are likely to follow if we indnlge in evil;
it can only be acquired by a realization of the truth
within our own selves.

—Frans Hartman in “The Life of Jehoshua.”
BOOK REVIEWS.

"All roads lead to Rome"—and away from Rome. Brother Paul's road appears to be that by which men have been travelling away from immortality instead of toward it for several thousand years past. His is the road of monasticism, of renunciation of the world and the flesh, as well as the devil. He sees and deplores the sin, sickness, misery and unrest of humanity resulting from the ignorant, depraved, and unrestrained abuse of the sex nature. What he has not learned, evidently, is the unquestioned demonstration of history that we have to thank the very rule of monasticism here laid down, in its perversion of nature, for all the depravity that today fills the world with woe. Freedom from the monastic idea and all its baneful influences and effects, especially in the enslavement and degradation of woman, is the one hope of the race's real regeneration and redemption. So insidiously pernicious is the influence of life in a celibate community that men and women become afraid to shake hands with each other—all the time prating of the superior saintliness of celibacy and making an indecent exposure of the spirit. Having said thus much by way of allowances that must be made in considering the teaching of this book, let us pay the author the just tribute of recognizing his very evident sincerity and earnestness. More than this, he gives us glimpses of a grasp on larger truth far in advance of the usual treatment of the subject from the sentimental side—inconsistent indeed with his stoic rule of life and sure eventually to lead him into epicurean sweetness and sanity. He tells us in the first part of his book that the expectation of an enjoyment of immortal existence after the physical has been laid in the grave is a
serious mistake and one that does much to retard the progress of the soul. "Immortality," he declares, "will never be gained until the consciousness of the soul has been awakened while dwelling in a physical body. It was for this purpose that God gave man a material body." He assures us that all who faithfully apply the methods he indicates "may drink from the fountains of eternal youth." Drawing sustenance from the Infinite Life, he will always be able to rejuvenate his body and perpetuate his existence. Immortality, in the sense used by the author, implies the attainment of conscious oneness with the Father. Despite the mental twist and mistaken methods mentioned, the reader will find much of interest and value in the author's directions for the attainment of mastery of the will, attunement with the One Life and spiritual self-consciousness. (Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, Cal. 8vo. pp. 76; paper 50 cents.)

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Wholesome, sound, straightforward and devoid of all pious cant and mysticism, Helen Wilmans in this volume gives us very sure and simple grounds for her unswerving faith in the realization of life in immortalized flesh. "The dread of death is the hope of life," she says, "and in the cosmic growth of the race every hope is the sure prophecy of its own fulfillment." Mrs. Wilmans shows us in clear and convincing terms the scientific basis for her conclusion that there is no dead matter anywhere in the universe, that all is mind and the degree of intelligent recognition of the Law of Attraction and the Principle of Life determines the form and power of mind's manifestation in matter. Not self surrender, but self assertion is her method. The author is a radical of the radicals, iconoclastic, aggressive and one who does not hesitate to make the broadest and boldest assertions of the truth as it appears to her. "God" is to her view an unscientific
term. "The Law of Attraction," centering in, evolving and expressing itself through the individual, means more to her. She would substitute intellectualality for spirituality and build brain rather than soul. We need not agree with all her views to appreciate and admire the power of her own very distinct individuality and to feel the insistent and cumulative beat of her trip-hammer sentences. "The Blossom of the Century" and "The Road to Immortality" really supplement each other. Balance will be found between their extremes. (12 mo. cloth, 164 pp., $1.00; C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.)

Any book reviewed in these pages will be supplied at publisher's price by the Temple Publishing Company.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE MORNING STAR. There is a learning that runneth to waste and a learning that maketh for increase. Of the latter sort is that which distinguishes this modest monthly edited by Peter Davidson, scholar, mystic, seer, philosopher and honest man in the remote blue cavern country of Georgia. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Davidson’s monthly journal, small and unpretentious as it is, embodies more real learning and wisdom concerning the deep things of God than are to be found in all the more showy philosophical magazines and reviews put together. The March number, for instance, contains a luminous article on "Female Initiations" with an elucidation of fragments from the Sohar, pointed comment on "Marriage and Theosophy," thoughts on inspiration, signs of the times and chat with correspondents. Indicative of the editor’s quality and position, is this quotation, in an exposition of biblical and other prophecy concerning the approaching coming of Christ: "The bird that crowed when Peter denied
his Master, was a type of the male principle, and it was assured that that principle had yet 2,000 years to reign. This brings us to the close of this, the nineteenth century, and now the Anointed One of God walks the earth as of old, being in full consciousness of mundane, as well as of super-mundane existence. . . . . . . . He is to-day upon earth, and his manifestation to those who love him is now more tangible than during the middle ages (John xiv, 21, 23). . . . . He and his Disciple, whose tidings I, a very feeble, unenlightened, humble, unworthy and rustic herald, from time to time imperfectly proclaim.” The price of this magazine is five cents, but five dollars would not pay for it. (Loudsville, Ga.)

THE JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL METAPHYSICS. Every issue of H. W. Dresser’s admirably edited and printed monthly marks larger fulfillment of the mission of the New Thought through its masterly exposition of the underlying unity of spirit and matter. Katharine H. Newcomb, in the April issue, gives us some very practical “Helps to Right Living,” Helen L. Manning points out the importance of attention to “Thought Atmosphere in Childhood” with striking incidental illustration, Solon Lauer calls attention to the importance of the sacred literature of India and to an undertaking which promises to put within reach of moderate purses the entire series of “Sacred Books of the East” translated by Max Mueller and his associates. An editorial on “Absolute Truth” is commended to the special attention of students of truth and not less to that of the thousand or so pseudo “teachers of truth” all over this broad land who have yet to distinguish between logical theory and illogical notions. Mr. Dresser’s article on “The Omnipresent Spirit” is a strong and thoughtful piece of work, rich in such suggestiveness of the practical side of philosophy as shines through these sentences: “Creation has always been continuous, and a matter of minute modification; but we are just becoming conscious of it.
The history of human life is the story of the soul’s progressive awakening out of the unconscious.” (Philosophical Publishing Co., Boston; 10 cents once, $1.00 a year.)

The Coming Light for April, well bears out the promise of the earlier numbers. It has already taken its place distinctly as the liveliest and bravest and most beautiful reform magazine in the country. We are brought into touch not merely with the outside and statistical phase of social reform, but also with its soul—vibrant and intensely human. To paraphrase Horace Walpole, God, being omnipotent, might have made something better than humanity, but so far He has not. The number contains excellent portraits of Helen Campbell, Paul Tyner, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Herbert N. Casson, Dr. Sivartha, Edward B. Payne, and James Taylor Rogers, who are among the contributors, while the subjects discussed include Direct Legislation, Public Ownership of Monopolies, Politics and Education in Kansas, the Religion of Socialism, Palmistry, The Injunction, Shams of Our Civilization and Intelligent Selfishness. Good poems are a matter of course in “The Coming Light” and its very original and helpful editorial departments are well sustained. (Price 10 cents, $1.00 a year; 621 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.)

Subscriptions for any publication reviewed in these pages will be received by the Temple Publishing Company at publishers' price and have prompt attention.

When once we have developed the sort of man to whom liberty is more precious than bread we shall have plenty of liberty and plenty of bread as well. Until we have done that we shall both cringe and starve.

—The Conservator.
Food for uplifting thought is furnished in the graceful allegory which is made The Temple's leader this month. Several sides of a wonderful truth are presented, and it would be interesting to have the writer's interpretations of various minds. We will be glad to receive and publish such interpretations in brief shape from those of our readers who feel they have something to offer by way of impression or further illumination.

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"Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Destruction is just now following, sharp and decisive, on the madness, murderous and prolonged, which culminated in the Maine massacre. The victory in Manila Bay was not merely the triumph of Admiral Dewey and his ships and men over the Spaniard. This masterly American but embodied and focussed in splendid fashion the spirit of justice for which American nationality stands, if it stands for anything. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." In the rise and fall of Spain we have repeated the history of the rise and fall of Rome and earlier civilizations. It will be repeated until we shall have learned the lesson of this perishing pride and power. For nations, as for individuals, Justice is the one inexorable condition of life. "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery," said Napoleon early in his career. Afterwards he found that the heaviest artillery is apt to be on the side of God. When our strength is not in the right, fleets and armies will be but as chaff in the wind. Standing for right and justice, armies are invincible, navies all-conquering, and forts impregnable spring into existence at our bidding.

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The announcement that the editor of the Temple is not responsible for opinions expressed in signed ar.
ticipies other than his own is made with special reference to one statement made by our valued contributor, Thuroros, in the present number. The larger meaning in the text as to the lifting up of the Christ pointed out is soundly based and immensely helpful, but we doubt if our learned contributor himself really believes that we are "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity" in the sense ordinarily understood. Man created in the image of God is conceived in purity and shapen in perfection.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

REINCARNATION AGAIN.

A. E. P. B., Shelton, Neb., asks: "How can I know that reincarnation is a truth? I cannot believe on anyone's say so without knowing for myself."—A. This is a commendable attitude. Unbelief is better than blind belief in obedience to authority of any sort. The only way to make a truth your own is to maintain an open and receptive attitude of mind, examining and weighing fairly all the evidence you can find for or against it and using your best judgment. In regard to reincarnation, you might take into account that it is to-day the belief of a majority of mankind; that it was taught by Jesus and by Pythagoras, as well as by other of the most enlightened leaders of spiritual thought. Follow up some of the suggestions as to the proof by analogy indicated in the December TEMPLE. Recognition of this truth by many of our poets and otherwise teachers is interestingly brought out by E. D. Walker in his book, "Reincarnation." (Paper 50 cents; cloth $1.) Mrs. Besant's little book under the same title, is probably the most complete and convincing condensed presentation of the subject so far published (cloth, 35 cents). Intuitively, (that is on your spiritual side), you are already convinced,
or you would not "want to believe in reincarnation."
Your intellect demands confirmation of the promptings of your soul. Accordingly, we refer you to arguments calculated to appeal to the reason of a reasonable woman. At the same time, it will be well to take the thought into the silence and strengthen your intuitional perception of the truth by listening to the voice of the silence and obeying its leading. Either of the books mentioned can be procured from the Temple office.

Paul Juan, Carbon, Cala.—Wants to know how we account for there being more people in the world now than there were at first, if reincarnation is true.—A. Reincarnation does not mean that every human being now on earth was personally represented in the first incarnation of man in the first race. Many of us are now in our first incarnation, having through evolution newly reached the human plane, and having all possibility and opportunity for development before us. There are "old souls" and "new souls" in the world, and about as many new souls as old—using the terms "old" and "new" simply with reference to experience in human incarnations; essentially, every soul is without beginning and without end. These new souls and old souls can be very helpful to each other. Filled and quivering with the force of the divine influx freshly received; thrilling with the wonder and delight of the country he has so newly come to, a man or woman in the primal incarnation appeals to the love and tenderness of older souls as does the babe to its grown-up relatives. Often too, he (or she) is characterized by the same harm, beauty and innocence as the babe—and the same need of older wisdom. Our correspondent should remember also that we have evidence in the archaeological remains of Mexico that there were races of men on this planet (and comparatively advanced races) as far back as 100,000 years ago. So far as science can tell us, there is no reason to question the probability that man's first existence on earth dates back a million
years. And he may have lived on the more advanced planets (or the less advanced) millions of years before that. This would provide back-ground for thousands of individuals now on earth being in, say, their thousandth incarnation. Most of us have an exaggerated idea of the population of the world. A friend given to curious arithmetical calculations estimates that all the people on earth could be placed in Hyde Park, London, if they stood in five tiers one above the other.

_J. L. M., Fort Wayne, Ind._—"Does the individual ever change his sex in incarnation?"—A. Certainly. Man is spiritually and essentially bi-sexual. As we are told in Genesis, "In the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." The separation of the sexes is only incident of outer form, through which the distinctive male and female principles are emphasized and consciousness of their nature and relation developed. Excessive femininity in one incarnation must be balanced by masculinity in another. Frequently, however, the masculine tendencies of one incarnation are evident in the succeeding incarnation in the female form and vice versa. The balanced and harmonious man or woman is neither masculine nor feminine to an extreme, but rather a perfect blending of the best masculine and feminine characteristics. Such natures are apt to be geniuses in some lines as Raphael in painting, or Mozart in music.

The true building of the Temple of Sol-Om-On consists, therefore, in the tearing down of the miserable hut built up of erroneous opinions and perverted tastes,—a novel which we have erected ourselves by our own thoughts, and wherein we dwell. It consists in the opening of its walls and roof, so that the light of Truth may enter and drive away the darkness of its interior; it consists of the regaining of the Spirit over Mattea,—a power which is the natural birthright of immortal Man

—_Franz Hartman in "The Life of Jehoshua."_
Mrs. Helen Campbell’s Books.

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G O D.

BY F. B. DOWD.

WHO, what and where is God? It may be folly to essay investigation into that which is beyond the power of thought to master, but the very fact of the question demonstrates that some answer is possible. Even if the answer be beyond our power of thought to-day, the mind grows stronger from each effort after knowledge and expression, however ephemeral the satisfaction may be. The muscles of the infant's hands, at first tremulous with feebleness, grasp at length the object of its efforts, only to cast it aside for some more glittering toy.

All knowledge is relative; absolute knowledge is impossible. All we can know is the relationship existing between things. We are things, and if God be a thing He is one of us and we can greet Him as Father, Mother, Brother. So the
question is pertinent and vital: Who, what, and where is God? It is vital because we grow to be like what we conceive God to be.

Paul says: "As a man thinketh, so is he," a truth which the world is fast receiving, and Jesus asserts that belief is the seed of immortality; but we are so constituted that some sort of evidence must precede belief. The nature of our evidence, then, determines what kind of God we believe in. If we believe in a Father who, as Jesus taught, is most intimately related to us;—that He is, in fact, a member of the family, He will assuredly reveal Himself through some of the many attributes which characterize us in common with Him. God is Infinity, Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence; we cannot predicate attributes of Infinity, and the impossibility of harmonizing the finite conceptions of man with that which is All, not particled, nor separated into specific manifestation, is apparent without much thought. Therefore, all that we can know of Him we must find in ourselves. The finite can know the Infinite only through finite relationships.

The attributes which man predicates of God belong to himself, and are perfectly
consistent in him as a changeable being, but impossible to Infinity, Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence. If love is an attribute of God, its opposite must also belong to His nature, but it is preposterous to ascribe fear, jealousy, envy and malice to Him. Attributes belong to humanity; they are merely means whereby the All-God reveals Himself to and through us: trumpets are they through which His voice is heard urging us to labor and to thought. Each attribute demands attention and service from us and each is of value according to our condition and development. Thus: fear is the Voice of God in us warning us of danger; hope is the word of cheer; reverence, the invitation, "Come closer, my son." Anger urges to self-preservation; love calls us up higher, to the plane of providence; the care of others the joy of heaven. All these attributes are God teaching, urging, commanding, persuading, warning and luring man to a higher plane of thought and action.

But where is God, that His voice should sound in each and every one of us? He is within humanity in each member of the human family, for He is Omnipresence. He is Spirit, a personality in every person. What manner of being do you
make him in your thought? Remember, "as a man thinketh, so is he," and as your thought, so will be your acts. If you think your anger comes from a devil, you are right. It is the devil you are within yourself. God dwells within you; you are His temple, in which He delights to dwell. Within you He becomes personal; He moulds and fashions you to godlikeness, or you mould and fashion him into the devil you yourself are. By virtue of His power you are free "to be or not to be." Free to create by your thought gods or devils, heavens or hells, happiness or misery.

There are no boundaries to the imagination of man. "God saw that the imagination of man's heart was evil, and that continually." Why did the writer of Genesis allude to the imagination? Because it is the creative faculty of the soul. Imagination leads everywhere and anywhere; it has created a dense wilderness of habits whose allurement and intoxication lead the soul into darkness and misery, in which it gropes its uncertain way to loss and defeat.

Nothing can be absolutely lost in Infinity and Omnipresence, but the soul may lose consciousness of itself in the habits of its own creation,—it may become lost
in its own conceits. You are *God of your own universe*. Why? Because, as an atom, you are as perfect and as important as the All from which you are inseparable, even in thought. You are your own savior, for only *those who believe on him* are saved by Jesus. Thus salvation becomes yours only through your own act. Repentance and faith are states of mind which must precede salvation. Why preach to the sinner if salvation is not his own work? His consent to be saved is a mental act, without which salvation is impossible.

Work is nature's command: Feed yourself, or go hungry; conform to nature's laws, or suffer. The tables of Infinity are laden with all manner of good, and the invitation is extended to all mankind to partake; but no one will be forced to eat or drink against his will.

But of what shall we partake that we may live and not die? This question rouses the best thought of the ablest minds. The conclusions at which they arrive are widely at variance, but all thought is in itself a way leading towards the truth. Since mind is the controlling element, distinguishing man from the brute, it is mind that must lead in the Regeneration. Adam is Generation, which is instinctive, without thought, not under
the law of mind; Christ is Regeneration, mind, "a quickening spirit," the Winged Spirit of Thought. What is that which stirs the soul, rouses emotion, purifies, elevates, ennobles, rounding out the perfect figure of true manhood and womanhood? Thought, and thought alone. It frees the soul from the slavery of habits. Guided by love, it thrills the entire being and becomes a fire which devours lust and envy, cruelty and wrong.

God is love, and the regenerated soul is in and of Him, a commingling of spirit in which it is impossible to separate the homogeneous elements.

Do you love Love above all? Then your life is blameless, free from reproach, filled with gentleness and kindness, void of censure and harsh judgments.

The soul that finds its field of exercise on the generative plane,—the plane of wealth, honor, glory, society, material things and allurements of the senses,—is in the grasp of the generative love, which stirs the soul like a troubled sea, which has no rest, and whose scorching fires must go out in disease and death. The god of such souls is material, changeable, ephemeral, because He is made up in their thought of that which is really lower than themselves; rubbish that drifts
upon the tide of time, as the froth of ocean drifts along the shore. What can such a god bestow? He will take a form; He will be a Father, or an Elder Brother, or a being of passions, of wrath and jealousy. Because God thus has form in the mind, the worship will be formal,—in the letter rather than in the spirit. Who loves or worships a universal father, the father of harlots and murderers, the father of war, violence and bloodshed? No, when we particle Him we limit Him; Infinity cannot be a father, except as the parental manifests in us.

We do not ask, "What is truth?" but accept without question the forms and ceremonies, together with the habits of thought of our ancestors. Their holy books are sacred, their sermons and prayers models which it is sacreligious to alter or improve. We imagine the spirit that heals and saves is in some far off God, the salvation in some distant place and time, some other mode of existence. This is the habitual thought of the world of Generation, but Regeneration affirms that God,—salvation and freedom from the bondage of habits,—is here and now.

Eternity has no beginning, nor end; it is not measured by cycles or epochs, by years and days; it is forever now, and
ever God's time,—the time of the spirit, which has neither age nor change. God loves, as we love, by giving Himself to the things He has made; for love is the out-gushing of one soul to meet another soul. The union of two souls in one completes the circle of Generation and ushers in the new cycle of Regeneration. God gives Himself to the things He has made, and we give ourselves to the things we have made; we make consciously only the things we love. There is but one law of love,—to serve, to give, to enfold and become one. This is the law of life and of being.

Infinity is All; is God; if love be God, then Love is Infinity, and all things spring from it. Our passions are a form of its expression; we know it only through feeling, emotion, some strange thrill in the nerves, a quickening of the pulse, a fluttering of the heart. These are signs of His presence, who is the Life, the Savior, the Ruler of all. He is all; at once the center and circumference of Being. In us He is Self-love; as self He is the center of our being, protecting, preserving, guiding, uplifting. Springing from the same source is the positive and negative force: the two in one, which manifest in opposition to each other. The negative female manifestation gathers to
combine; the positive male manifestation grasps to hold, to have, to own. As man, it subdues and conquers all things, even the correlative manifestation, the woman. This force, with its two poles, is the actuating principle of all living things. From the male or positive manifestation comes love of self, which causes jealousy, violence, passion, hatred, envy and malice. From this root spring all the crimes that disfigure human society. The desire to get, to keep, to own, and to be, in a selfish way, is the fertile parent of the degradation of the race. The negative female manifestation is, on the contrary, the unselfish love of good, the conserving principle in the world of morals. These two should be balanced and equal in development, but instead the male force has preponderated and has subdued and appropriated the female. No wonder Jesus exclaimed: “Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God!” (Love). And that other saying, “It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven,” is aimed directly at the getting and owning spirit. The harmonious play of the two elements of force makes the well balanced human being. To love the good
with the whole mind, might and strength is the true feminine love, and Jesus rated it higher than the male love of self, or even the love of others.

If God is love, then love is not an attribute, but is the real being, Infinity itself; and to speak of God's love is reducing love to a possession of a being who may dispossess Himself of it, if he is Omnipotence, and thus become a loveless Infinity.

The human soul also is love, the center of conscious life and emotion. Its changeless substance is capable of transmuting all things into itself; it is the Philosopher's Stone. To come into conscious knowledge of its forces is to become immortal, even in these bodies,—although this knowledge for most is now hidden under the rubbish of material life.

We know the body, the mind and the spirit (breath), which ascends like a vapor; but who may declare the hiding place of the soul, its form, its elements, its source or its ultimate destiny? Does it create the man, or is he the creator of his soul?

The soul is not a thing, subject to the laws of Generation, neither can it be Regenerated: but each of us, as human beings, is a compound of elements and instincts organized under the law of Gen-
eration. These elements in activity are not harmonious; even the male and female principles oppose each other, and unrest, conflict and turbulence are the result, both in mind and body. **Regeneration is the harmonizing power through thought quickened by the imagination.** That which is fraught with ruin to mankind is also the means of salvation. It is the image-making power of the mind and leads the loves, clothing in garments of radiant beauty things otherwise repulsive. It creates in the loved object mental and moral qualities which disappear under the searchlight of experience; but the mind becomes more luminous, even through love for our disrobed idols.

**Affection is the beginning of love, the tiny spark in the soul nature which may burst into the glowing flame of Love. To thrive, the child must have its toys. Affection marks the childhood of the being; but one should hesitate and be certain of maturity before casting aside the toy. To crush the germ may leave the nature barren, an arid waste where no living love will flourish. Affection, and its passion, buds and blossoms into the love of one soul for another. We shall have lived in vain until we shall have learned that force is not-creative.**
Compare the cyclone with the gentle sunlight, or the swift-rolling cloudburst with the tears the stars shed at night; note the creative power of a smile, the beauty of the flowers, the influence of harmonious dress, and compare these with rude, boisterous laughter, forbidding frowns and angry clamor that shuts the door of the sensitive soul.

Violence is never creative, but Generation follows swiftly upon its track. It is the sunshine after the storm that creates and recreates; volcanic upheavals, earthquake shocks, the rending lightning are nature's passions, preparing the way for the new,—the effect of the masculine force in nature. This force is the first-born of Adam, namely, Cain, who was a murderer from the beginning, and who is still the synonym for violence and destruction.

As affection is the root of love, so its first fruit is passion, or Sex Love, which, if not turned from its true course, evolves into Conjugal Love.

As two bodies must contact each other in the production of our kind, so in the creation of a truly spiritual being two souls must coalesce, and such unions bring forth progeny as much man's superior as he is above the ape. The king-
dom of heaven is within, but no man can enter it alone, for to enter into it he must go with Love, and Love is God. Where within is this kingdom? It is in the soul, and the mind must find the soul and learn to know its monitions before that kingdom can be entered. The soul is found when its quenchless fire is manifested in the breast. This is Regeneration begun,—a startling fact demonstrated by many. One must first enter into Love (God), before he can be born of God (Love). The soul is Love, and can give birth only to its own kind. To know love it must be felt. One cannot think love.

On the Generative plane we do not enter into love; it enters into us and thus we feel and know it, and it is limited only by our narrowness. But to enter into love is a very different matter; we are free of the universe which throbs and pulsates in every atom over the birth of a soul; the heavens rejoice, and the lost soul finds itself in God. All who have experienced love, even on the generative plane, have had a foretaste of heaven; but, alas! only a taste, and even that may not be prolonged. We have taken a step on the road to Regeneration; only to plunge headlong back into the turmoil and struggle of the material, to grow as
best we can. But the experience ever after remains in the soul, an echo of some inconceivable bliss, awaiting those who master life and return to love (God) after many days.

Those who have truly entered into Love are henceforth a power in the world. The sparkling eye, the gentle manner, the melodious speech belong to them. A look often conveys a volume of meaning, and their silence is pregnant with suggestive thought, while their simple presence is a benediction.

Los Angeles Times:

To the thoughtful reader there is much that is beautiful and inspiring about this work. The author must be a man sincerely in earnest, although he advances many statements and theories that are altogether new and that will not meet with universal acceptance. The tone of the work is such that one is not inclined to question the honesty of the author in what he sets forth, but the conclusion will be that he is a man of an intensely emotional nature. Some of the propositions which he sets forth are unquestionably an advance in truth and point out the way to a more satisfying Christian experience and life, but there are others which the age will not accept, and which conflict with scriptural teachings. The assertion of this new apostle of physical as well as spiritual immortality, that Christ is still in this world, in the flesh, is boldly made in face of the words which Jesus spake to his disciples: "I came forth from the Father and am come into the world; again I leave the world and go to the Father."
BIRTH.

Lord, I am born!
I have built me a body
Whose ways are all open,
Whose currents are free,
From the life that is Thine
Flowing ever in me,
To the life that is mine
Flowing outward through me.

I am clothed, and my raiment
Fits smooth to the spirit,
The soul moves unhindered,
The body is free;
And the thought that my body
Falls short of expressing
In texture and color,
Unfoldeth on me.

I am housed, O, my Father!
My body is sheltered,
My spirit has room
'Twixt the whole world and me,
I am guarded with beauty and strength,
And within it
Is room for still union,
And birth floweth free.
And the union and birth
Of the house ever growing
Have built me a city—
Have born me a state—
Where I live manifold,
Many-voiced, many-hearted,
Never dead, never weary,
And oh! never parted!
The life of The Human,
So subtle—so great!

Lord, I am born!
From inmost to outmost
The ways are all open—
The currents run free—
From thy voice in my soul
To my joy in the people—
I thank thee, O God,
For this body thou gavest,
Which enfoldeth the earth—
Is enfolded by Thee!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.
THE TEMPLE OF AŒSČULAPIUS.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

There is hardly a vestige of it to-day, but as late as the reign of Marcus Aurelius it rose, fair and still, in the green hills of Etruria,—a great college—a hospital—a monastery, where the priests of the mild and helpful god studied the secrets hidden in plant and mineral and all earth forces, believing that "all the maladies of the soul might be reached through the subtle gateways of the body." Esculapius himself had become a God, leaving his many sons to continue his direct work on earth. But the time came when they too were to be transformed into healing dreams, or, as an early record has it:

"For they were now grown too glorious to abide longer among men, and so with the aid of their sire they put away their mortal bodies and came into another country, yet not indeed into the Islands of the Blest. But being made eke to the immortal gods, they began to pass about through the world, changed thus far from their first form, that they appear eternally young, as many persons have seen them in many places, ministers and heralds of their father, passing to and fro over the earth like gliding stars."

Their story was sculptured on the walls of the beautiful temple, and standing before the altar every pilgrim who had drunk of the healing waters, and been granted a dream, the gift of the invisibles, recited the collect taught them by the priests,—a prayer hardly less beautiful than the immortal one of Socrates.

"Oh ye children of Apollo! who in time past have stilled the waves of sorrow for many people, lighting
up a lamp of safety before those who travel by sea and land; be pleased, in your great condescension, though ye be equal in glory with your elder brethren, the Dioscuri, and your lot in immortal youth be as theirs, to accept this prayer, which in sleep and vision you have inspired. Order it aright, I pray you, according to your loving kindness to men. Preserve me from sickness, and endue my body with such a measure of health as may suffice it for the obeying of the spirit, that I may pass my days unhindered and in quietness."

Indianapolis Sentinel:

"The Living Christ" is claimed to be an exposition of a new gospel, or, probably the author would call it a new exposition of an old gospel. The volume contains a series of Lenten lectures by Paul Tyner of Denver, Colorado. The reader should begin at the first part of the volume instead of at the end unless he happens to live in Denver, because this prophet says that Christ in his second coming and his new government will have its center and headquarters in Denver; that there the city of God, descending out of Heaven, will find earthly place; there the throne of Christ will be set up. This prophet should receive honor at least in his own country, yet it cannot be doubted that people living in Indianapolis and other ambitious cities will be considerably disappointed. But when the facts are all learned the critic will come to know that Paul Tyner is an earnest advocate of religious reform and revival and a prolific speaker and writer.
THE VALUE OF SILENCE.

BY MYRON W. REED.

It is a time to think and do and to talk as little as possible. The great talkers are never great doers. Napoleon, Wellington and Bismarck have had a great capacity for silence. The coming preacher will perhaps have something to say once a month. People are to read more, think more, and listen less. People are to become self-centered. We have been living on words, phrases, tradition. There are some people alive going about and taking notice of things who believe in hell,—not for an inhuman church member, but for the man who does not believe that the English Bible is the word of God from "kiver to kiver." The binding is inspired — the punctuation inspired. We are through with evangelists out in this country. The true church in this country is not now run by a lot of usurers and bank wreckers. There is some incredulity as to foreign missions and men who talk in prayer meeting about "following Jesus." The thing has become nauseating.

You have so much force; do not expend this vital reserve on idle words. Many an invalid has been talked to death in this town. His death prophesied. Do not do that any more. The minute your word goes out it goes into the general atmosphere — it makes an impression. One of the best and kindest women I know says of any one sick he is "very low." When he gets well she is rather disappointed. Quit that thing — thoughts are things. You make the boy of the neighborhood understand that he is a bad boy and he will fill the bill. Think people up. The whole business is all in the mind. Here is a man, a boor, no gentleman, as ignorant as a broncho and as brutal. All he needs is time. By and by he will be good company for St. John. By and by may mean a couple of million years. We are told in the Bible we shall render an account of every "idle word." Anything spoken vibrates and registers. We are not enough aware how sensitive this universe is.
THE KEY TO THE MYSTERIES.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

If the Cabala holds the wisdom of the past, why is it not so clearly worded that "He who runs may read?" Of what avail is wisdom if it be so swathed in symbolism as to be unintelligible? Shall I tell you? The meaning was hidden from the unlearned in order that the learned might have the greater power. All that is needed is to have the key. Wisdom reveals itself only to wisdom.

Why, if the Bible is to be our rule of life, is it not given to us in a plain, straightforward manner; a truth stated, and left without contradiction? There is hardly a single passage in the Bible that is not to all appearances flatly contradicted in some other passage. The Bible, it is true, is a collection of books and writings by many authors, made at different periods, mostly the opinions of men according to the light they had, to which they sought to give weight by adding "Thus saith the Lord,"—unless, indeed, these assertions are interpolated. We owe more of the bungling and mystification in the Bible to the interpolators than to the original writers. To this translators have added their coloring, until now we have an almost hopeless jumble of contradictions.

Yet there is a key even to this. It is the same key that unlocks the Cabala, that makes plain all the various religions that have ever been on earth. And this key at the same time removes all doubts of God and gives us more faith in the reasonableness of man.

The meaning of the Bible has been so long hidden that the spirit, the veiled meaning was almost entirely lost, and to-day the teachers know no more than the laymen, and a dreadful muddle they are making of it.

And yet the key remains, forever fixed in the heavens, and the wise are turning back to read its meanings. Beautiful and grand they are, forever the same from everlasting to everlasting.
BOOK REVIEWS.

THE DOUBLE MAN.

From the gods of Olympus to Kipling's "Jungle people," truths as to man's nature and powers of priceless importance in their influence on his growth and destiny have been given to the world in the guise of fiction. Myth and allegory, fable and folklore of all lands and ages are to-day the fertile field of learned study and examination. Known to the masses of men simply as a brilliant novelist, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, was known to his intimates as a Rosicrucian, whose life was given to the mastery of occult learning and powers. Those fascinating romances, "Zanoni," "The Coming Race" and "A Strange Story," which have delighted two generations of English speaking people, we are now beginning to realize, were but the revelation to the story-loving children of men of truths of deepest import that have been treasured by the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross through the centuries. "Night after night," once said the late Laurence Oliphant to the writer, "have I spent with Bulwer in his library at Knebworth, discussing the arcane knowledge contained in certain ancient and treasured manuscripts. From books the talk was led to those enduring realities men call the mysteries, and which to most of us are matters only for curious speculation: the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, transmutation of metals, eternal youth, projection of the double at will to the practical annihilation of time and space,—until at last, as I listened, the wonder of the man's power and illumination grew upon me and I felt convinced that I indeed stood in the presence of a master,—the living original of that weird and marvelous
character he had named 'Zanoni' in the story which all England and America was then talking about. I asked him why he did not give to the world the profounder philosophy and the more splendid science he had made his own. 'I am giving much of what I know to the world,' he answered, pointing to his novels, 'in the only form in which new truth finds ready and wide acceptance among men.'"

So, in the volume before us, F. B. Dowd, another brother of the Order of the Rosy Cross and its messenger to the America of our day, as Bulwer was to the England of a generation ago, has written a story of his own time and country—a genuine American novel of rare power, charm and originality, which embodies a new dispensation to mankind from those treasures of knowledge regarding man's higher nature and powers so carefully garnered and guarded by the Brotherhood from generation to generation through many centuries. American as to scenes and characters, and so filled with that enchantment which, as Tolstoi, Zola and Howells have shown us, inheres in the realism of the near and familiar, rather than in the distant and shadowy, "The Double Man" is also racy of the soil in its underlying spirit and motif. These are distinctly related to the movement of modern spiritualism and its opening up of that realm beyond the veil of the material, which is daily becoming less and less an "undiscovered country." Truth stranger than fiction must needs wear fiction's apparel, if it would not be "caviare to the general;" and this is especially the case in the tales of a traveller returning from that bourne which Hamlet conjectured had entrance but no exit.

The story of "The Double Man" is as fascinating as anything Bulwer ever wrote, and far more weird, for it carries the reader most companionably into the remote interior of that wonderland whose outer boundaries only were touched in the English Rosicrucian's romances. At points, the narrative becomes intensely dramatic and thrilling; the author's descriptive powers are equal to the demand made by scenes and situations entirely out of
the ordinary range of the novelist, while there is love
and adventure enough to satisfy either romanticist or
realist. Rare indeed is the power to so picture the pro-
gress of a human soul in pursuit of the higher knowledge
that not merely readers already far advanced on the
path, but also those to whose eyes it is still unrevealed
shall feel its inspiration and its power. (Temple Pub-
lishing Co., Masonic Temple, Denver, Colo.; 8vo, 340
pp., cloth $1.00, paper 50 cents.)

"The New Thought" seems to be no
exception to the rule that "there is
nothing new under the sun." How-
ever belated our recognition and
practical application may be, evi-
dence multiplies that that the thought itself is of a ven-
erable antiquity. Significant, indeed, of the dawning of
the new age whose golden glory succeeds the black
night of materialism, is the republication at this time in
America of Henry Cornelius's Agrippa's "Occult Philo-
osophy." The work is aptly described by the author in a
letter to the Archbishop of Cologne as "a new work of
most ancient and abstruse learning; a doctrine of an-
tiquity, by none, I dare say, hitherto attempted to be re-
stored." This was in 1531, and it will be found almost
as new to the reading world of our day as it was to that
of four centuries and a half ago. Written in Latin in
1509-10, and first published in 1533, the work com-
manded remarkable attention among the scholars of that
age, not only for the profundity of its learning, but even
more for the boldness and skill with which Agrippa
showed the true place of Christianity as a world religion
standing, not separate and apart, but flowing naturally
from the ancient philosophy of the Hebrews and the
Greeks. In its particular field, the work may be regard-
ed as a product of the marvelous revival of the old
learning that marked the time. Then, as now, things
long hidden were revealed on every hand; for it was the
epoch of Shakespeare and Columbus, Bacon and Martin
Luther. Henry Morley indeed says of Agrippa: "We
have in him the Attic Moses, Plato, speaking again through a young and strong heart to the world.” Certainly he adopted Plato’s belief that “with God all things are possible. In God all things consist. The world is animated by a moving soul, and from the soul of the world I will look up to its Creator. I will animate with my own soul, and a faith in its divine origin, the world about me. I subdue matter to spirit, I will see true knowledge in apparent foolishness, and connect the meanest clod with its divine Creator.”

Platonic, undoubtedly, is the knowledge and the message of Cornelius Agrippa, but only as Plato voiced the Spirit of Truth, which in every age appeals to men yearning for escape from the delusions of grosser sense and the restrictions set by the rabble on free inquiry. Agrippa was in no sense an imitator. Great as was the influence on his mind of the newly recovered Greek learning, we have abundant evidence in the present volume,—which treats particularly of “Natural Magic,”—that this young sixteenth century philosopher drew most of his inspiration from the Hebrew Cabala. He held the only key which may unlock the secrets of the Cabala and the secrets of nature—a well rounded and developed individuality. In thought, in method, in style, the book is Cabalistic. And this means that, penetrating beneath the surface, Agrippa’s divinely enlightened understanding perceived and brought from the depths treasures of wisdom, setting them forth for the enlightenment of the ignorant, “not only clearly and truly,” to use the quaint phrase of his friend, the Abbott Trithemius, “but also properly and elegantly.” His object was “to recover the sublime and sacred discipline of the art of Magic from the errors of impiety; purify and adorn it with its proper luster, and vindicate it from the injuries of calumniators.” In his address to the reader Agrippa reminds us that “a Magician doth not, amongst learned men, signify a sorcerer or one that is superstitious or devilish; but a wise man, a priest, a prophet; and that the sybils were magicians, and therefore prophesied most clearly of Christ; and that Magicians, as
wise men, by the wonderful secrets of the world, knew Christ, the author of the world, to be born, and came first of all to worship him."

There are several chapters in the book which, to the modern mind, must seem like a farrago of arrant nonsense; such, for instance, as that relating to the strange properties or charms connected with the skin of the civet cat's forehead, the tongue of a dog, or the bones of a red frog. The author indeed tells us that the book is to be read with discretion, passing over things that do not appeal to us, but not refusing the other things on that account. "Magic," he says, "teacheth many superfluous things, and curious prodigies for ostentation; leave them as empty things, yet be not ignorant of their causes." Many things are written, he admonishes the reader, rather narratively than affirmatively. Discerning readers will find in Professor Whitehead's inclusion of these chapters one mark of his eminent fitness for the task of editing the present reprint of the edition of 1651. The narration of these curious "superstitions" of the ancients and of his own time—some of which indeed survive among people of various countries to this day,—are found to be not without justification as symbols and kindergarten object lessons, when we come to Agrippa's elucidation of "The Virtues of Things by Way of Similitude." Here we are told that the occult propensities in things are not from the nature of the elements, but infused from above, hid from our senses and scarce at last known by our reason. "Everything moves and turns itself to its like, and inclines that to itself with all its might, as well in property, viz., Occult Virtue, as in quality, viz., Elementary Virtue. So fire moves to fire and water moves to water, and he that is bold moves to boldness." All things are linked together and to the First Cause, by a chain of correspondences. "Divinity is annexed to the mind, the mind to the intellect, the intellect to the intention,
the intention to the imagination, the imagination to the senses, and the senses at last to things. For this is the bond and continuity of nature, that all superior virtue doth flow through every inferior with a long and continued series, dispersing its rays even to the very last things; and inferiors, through their superiors, come to the very Supreme of All.”

Here we have a concise statement of the basis and consequences of the monistic philosophy, which has so lately come into commanding attention through advances in the physical sciences which make a science of religion and a religion of science possible. Mental scientists will also be reminded of Horatio Dresser’s argument in “The Perfect Silence.” In the opening chapter is announced the great truth that “The Very Original and Chief Worker of All doth......convey from Himself the Virtues of His Omnipotency upon us,” and that “it should be possible for us to ascend to the Maker of all things.” Further on, the nature of all ideas is stated to be in very goodness itself, i.e., God, by way of cause, and an IDEA is defined to be a form above bodies, souls, minds, one, simple, pure, immutable, indivisible, incorporeal and eternal.”

Here again surely is recognition of the true basis of all metaphysical healing, which is, in our own time, receiving such expansion and practical application. Not less faintly are shadowed forth these recent discoveries in the field of psychological physiology, which such scientists as Galton, Ellis, James and Gates have evidently reached by another road than that travelled by Cornelius Agrippa. And who was the author of this ancient and fascinating book? The scion of a noble German house, Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, was born at Cologne in 1486, displayed a remarkable aptitude for learning at an early age, served several years as a soldier and was attached to the staff of the Emperor Maximilian. While engaged in the diplomatic service of the German emperor and at the same time attending the Uni-
versity of Paris, Agrippa wrote the "Three Books of Occult Philosophy," of which the present volume on "Natural Magic" is the first, and which is to be followed by the second and third volumes dealing respectively with Celestial and Ceremonial Magic. He was then about twenty-four years old, and it is significant that his work was not published until twenty years after, and then only the first volume, which, strangely enough, obtained the sanction of the Roman Catholic church. What is of especial significance is that during this same time, in Paris, Agrippa became an initiate of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, coming thus into close association with a notable band of mystics, Italian, French and German,—Christian Cabalists, they have been called. Consecrated to the search for truth, and the advancement of humanity, it is more than matter of conjecture that in these Rosicrucian councils was laid the train that was fired a generation later in the Reformation. Is it not also suggestive of the special activity of the Silent Brothers in every great crisis of humanity's struggle towards freedom, that Agrippa's Occult Philosophy first saw the light in its complete form in an English translation published in London on the eve of the great English revolution which dealt a death blow to "the divine right of kings," and that in 1751 a French translation heralded the French revolution? Agrippa brought down upon his devoted head the censure and condemnation of the priesthood, whose corruption he satirized and exposed, so that he was adjudged a heretic. Nevertheless his scholarship and ability won him recognition in the shape of a doctorate of law, knighthood and the appointment of Counsellor to the Emperor Charles V., and Judge of the Prerogative Court. Henry Morley, the eminent English scholar, a digest of whose excellent life of Agrippa is included in the present volume, said of him: "He secured the best honors attainable in arts and arms; was acquainted with eight languages, being the master of
six. His natural bent had been from early youth a consideration of Divine Mysteries. To learn these and teach them to others had been his chief ambition. He is distinguished among the learned for his cultivation of occult philosophy." Such are the titles to consideration which this author presents—credentials which his work amply corroborates.

Professor Willis F. Whitehead has done his work thoroughly, not only in his revision of the text of the 1651 edition after comparison with the original Latin, but even more especially in his supplementary chapters containing biographical notices of the author, an exposition of the Cabala with a new table, Order of Empyrean Heaven and the Magic Mirror. This last contains full and explicit instructions for the preparation of the magic mirror, a secret not usually given to the public, but which is now probably guarded in an occult way from abuse, especially as it is accompanied by a "Message to Mystics," in which the editor makes a simple but impressive appeal to every soul aspiring to do his part in co-operation with the Brotherhood in bringing in the reign of Justice, Truth and Goodness on earth. The book is gotten up in a style dignified and fitting, being a royal octavo of 288 broad margined pages embellished with a portrait of Agrippa and numerous other illustrations, and bound in quiet gray cloth with gilt top. (Price $5. Hahn & Whitehead, Chicago. The Temple Publishing Company, Denver.)

* * *

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS.

And here we have this old philosophy of the Magi—the old which is ever new—in most modern shape. Two dozen veritable prose poems beautifully printed on liberal margined deckle edge paper, deal directly and brilliantly with such topics as Philosophy, Faith, Concentration, Imagination, Death, The Dev-
il, Adonai, Magic. The volume is issued by authority of a mystic brotherhood, not named on the title page, but indicated by a symbol which the initiated and illuminated will recognize. Deep thought and an epigrammatic style that stirs and holds the reader's interest, gathering force and fascination with every sentence, are here united to good purpose. The precious little volume comes from Southern California. But that is not the only reason it reminds one of Point Loma's lights as watched from Coronado Beach in the dusk and stillness of a summer night,—red and white flashes appearing and disappearing through the gloom across the purple waters of the Pacific. "Secret Grief," for instance, strikes one like the pulsating gloom between the flashes. "One Day" and "Practice" suggest the rosy glimmerings that warm and cheer, while such chapters as "Philosophy," "Adonai" and "The Book of Revelation" shine into the soul with vivid white illumination. To change the figure, Wagnerian heights and depths of motif are presented in a staccato movement played with steady and certain touch, every note ringing out quick and sharp, true and clear; yet with an undertone of calmness and power flowing through all. Perfection in the whole, and so in all, is the truth emphasized everywhere in the author's many and lucid illustrations of the law of parallels or counterparts. "The false implies the true," he says; "chaos, order; the word, secrecy,—the one thing, order." In occult development the "conditional faith" of the scientist, which suspends judgment, abandons prejudices and intelligently follows up the slightest signs or indications, is advised. If you have seen clairvoyantly at one time, that is to be taken as the leaf on the wave to the mariner, or the color in the rock to the miner. Blind belief is dangerous,—unfitting one to reason or to think, making one fanatical and destroying the powers of discrimination and judgment. Escape from ugliness and discord, from weakness and misery, is to be found
only in escape from the commonplace of half truth, through invocation of Adonai, the higher self, when to the half truth we shall add the other half. The counsel of the oracle of Delphi, here finds new voice and new emphasis. "Pore over self, look into self, analyze self, dissect self; but never shed one tear on the soil of your own soul; if you do, something rank and poisonous will grow with roots so deep that it will take your whole Unit of Force to pull it out." We are reminded, too, of that summing up of Jesus' teaching, "to love the Lord is to love each other," in this Hermetist's teaching. "Your final object is to find yourself, but you can never do it by self-admiration. You never can behold yourself except in another. To find the beauty of the subject, you must gaze at the object." The one thing to be desired is imagination controlled by the will, we are told. Why this is so we are shown very conclusively in the chapter on "Imagination;" the way to attain this power of powers being pointed out in the chapters on "Concentration" and "Practice." It is a strange book—poetic, yet practical—pointed, logical and blunt here, suggestive and mystical there. So varied is the style from chapter to chapter that it might be supposed that the work was the product not of one but of several authors, despite the unity of thought and perfection of art shown in its arrangement. The style here, however, is the thought itself, the man an amanuensis in each instance of the spirit yielding his hand in implicit obedience to its moving. (Small 4to cloth, 188 pp., $1.00. R. A. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; The Temple Publishing Co., Denver.)

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The Father of His Country has always been considered a very practical person. His sterling common sense, patience, prudence and perseverance have formed the side of his character impressed on our minds by the average
historian and biographer. Yet it is known to the few that Washington was seer as well as soldier and statesman,—Master Mason of advanced degree and occultist of rare development. Of particular interest at the present time is the brief but interesting record of a vision in the astral shown to Washington at a critical moment in the revolutionary struggle and in which he saw clearly the future of the republic, including the present conflict with Spain and its outcome. This record is now published in neat pamphlet form, together with an article on "European Railway Traffic," by Mr. J. C. Heid of St. Louis, Mo., who will send a copy free to any reader of THE TEMPLE who will write for it.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert of New York announce a selection of suggestive passages from Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot and Browning, compiled by Jeanne G. Pennington and to be published under the title "Don't Worry Nuggets: Bits of Ore Gathered from Rich Mines." It will be a convenient pocket volume daintily bound and sold at 40 cents. Following Rev. Theodore F. Seward's "Don't Worry," Horace Fletcher's "Menticulture" and Dorothy Quigley's "Success is for You," this publication affords suggestive evidence of the spread of the new thought in various forms; emphasizing the fact that the central idea of the new thought—its quietism and poise—is really as old as philosophy itself and has been voiced in varying form by the great and good of all ages. "Don't Worry" clubs and teas, it is reported, have become the fashionable fad in New York and Boston's upper-tendom. While those of us who have been studying and practicing mental science for years will be a little surprised to find ourselves "in the swim," so to speak, we must rejoice to know that "the style" is catching up with us and that the philosophy of uniting practice and preaching is becoming "up-to-date."

Subscriptions for any publication reviewed in these pages will be received by The Temple Publishing Company at publisher's price and have prompt attention.
"THE LIVING CHRIST"

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

The Kingdom (Minneapolis):
The book is worth reading. There are things said in new ways and put in new lights that really illuminate. The spirit of the author is admirable and his persuasion of his truth is without wavering.

Atlanta Constitution:
"The Living Christ" is the most recent religious publication of note. It deals with the immortality of the soul and the second coming of Christ. The author is the apostle of a new religious movement. The central idea of this is contained in the startling assertion that humanity is now about to realize as a general condition the power of perpetuating life in every-increasing fullness, strength and beauty, in indefinite prolongation of youth. There is a peculiar theory in this new volume.

We hardly imagine that the author's line of thought will win any very large acceptance. Nevertheless, the book is worth reading. There are things said in new ways and put in new lights that really illuminate. The spirit of the author is admirable and his persuasion of his truth is without wavering.

Twentieth Century (New York):
The conclusion to which Mr. Tyner comes is that we believe in death simply as we believe in so many other delusions. Thinking we must die, we die. Every man knows that he can contract a disease by simply thinking he is doing so. Nay, there is a case on record of a man who lay under a tree forty-eight hours firmly persuaded that it had crushed both his legs by its fall. When help came his legs were found intact and not even scratched.
NOW READY.

Agrippa's Occult Philosophy

We have the honor to announce a literary enterprise of unusual importance to all students of Metaphysics, Occultism, Religion and Philosophy in the publication of a series under the general title of THE MASTER MYSTICS, which will put within the reach of English readers the works of such masters as Cornelius Agrippa, Reuchlein, Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, Boehme, Compte de Saint German, and the Philosopher Inconn, carefully translated from the Latin, German or French originals and edited with notes by an occultist of scholarship and illumination. The initial volume, just published, is AGRIPPA'S "NATURAL MAGIC," being Book First of that author's "Occult Philosophy," a work long and highly prized by those learned who have been fortunate enough to gain access to the rare and costly editions printed early in the seventeenth century, but in this edition made available to readers of moderate purse. The volume is a handsome 300-page royal octavo printed on hand-made paper and artistically bound. "Celestial Magic," the second volume of the series, is nearly ready for the press, and other volumes will follow in due course. The price per volume is five dollars, postpaid to any address in the Postal Union. The edition being limited, it is important that subscriptions [payable on delivery] should be sent in early. Descriptive circular with copy of title page, preface and table of contents mailed on application. We append the address to the reader given in the rare English edition of this first volume published in 1661.

The Occult Philosophy.

Judicious Reader: This is true and sublime Occult Philosophy. To understand the mysterious influences of the intellectual world upon the celestial, and of both upon the terrestrial; and to know how to dispose and fit ourselves so as to be capable of receiving the superior operations of these worlds, whereby we may be enabled to operate wonderful things by a natural power—to discover the secret counsels of men, to increase riches, to overcome enemies, to procure the favor of men, to expel diseases, to preserve health, to prolong life, to renew youth, to foretell future events, to see and know things done many miles off, and such like as these. These things may seem incredible, yet read but the ensuing treatise and thou shalt see the possibility confirmed both by reason and example.

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THE TEMPLE

OF THE ROSY CROSS


By F. B. DOWD.

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—Extract from Preface.

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—The Light in the West.

St. Paul says: "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." The attainment of this temple is symbolized by the Rosy Cross. This is, today, the doctrine of all the Rosicrucian Brothers. Exemplifying this in all its teachings we have the "Temple of the Rosy Cross," by F. B. Dowd, who, better than any other man in public life, knows what real Rosicrucianism means, both to the members of the order and to those outside. Its teachings cover the whole ground, from the hour of initiation to the conferring of the sublime degree of perfecting. Mystics admire it, and hold it as a guide and counselor of their lives.

—The Hermetist, Chicago.

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