

Vol. 1

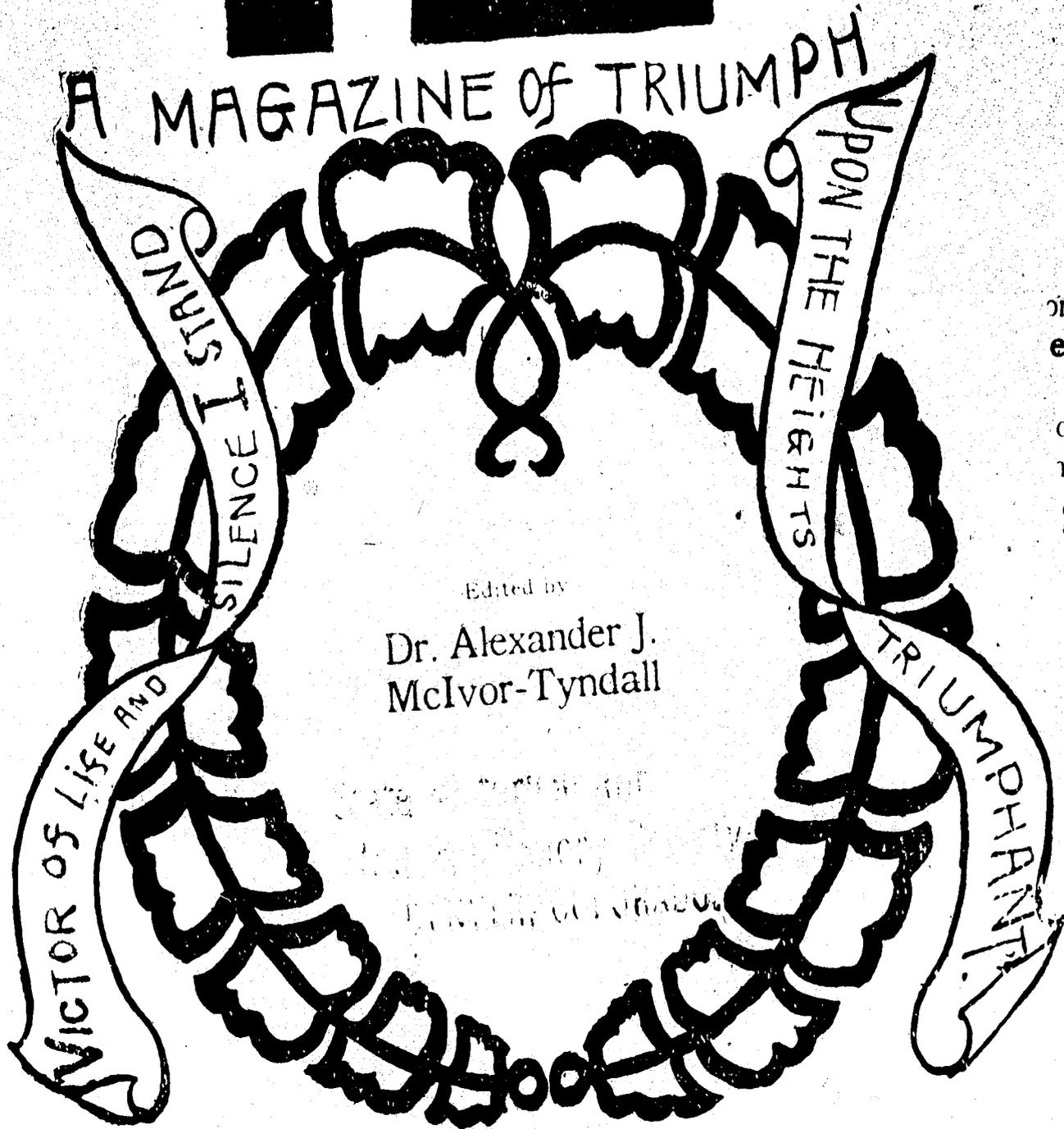
JANUARY, 1907

No. 1

THE

SWASTIKA

A MAGAZINE OF TRIUMPH



Edited by
Dr. Alexander J.
McIvor-Tyndall

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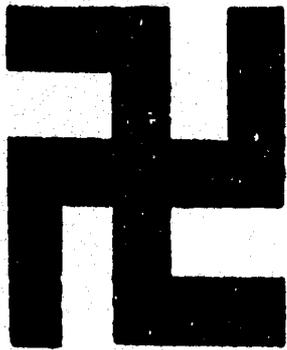
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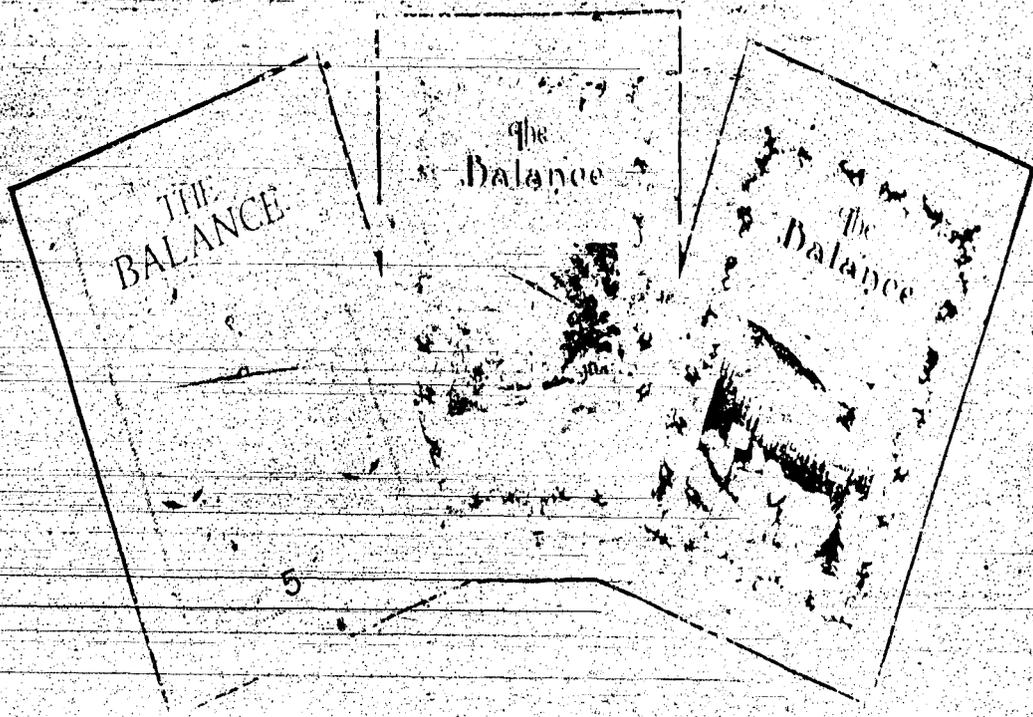
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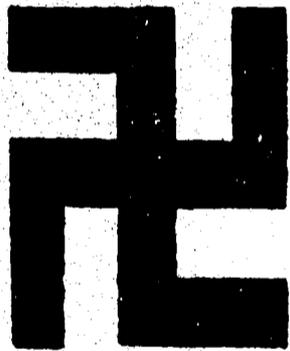
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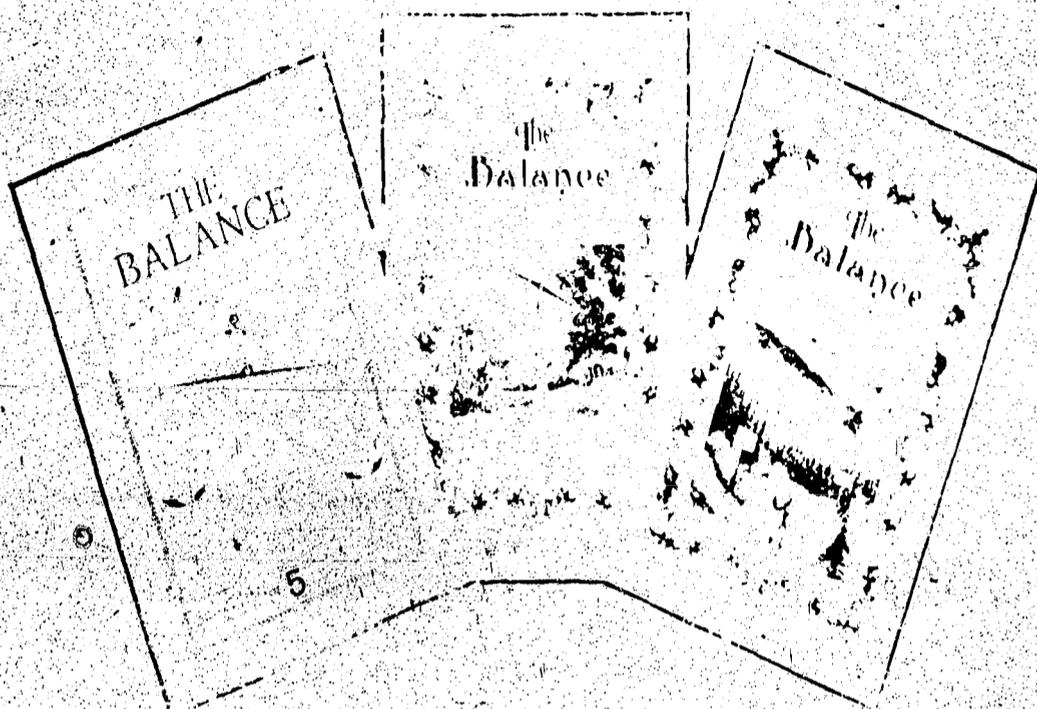
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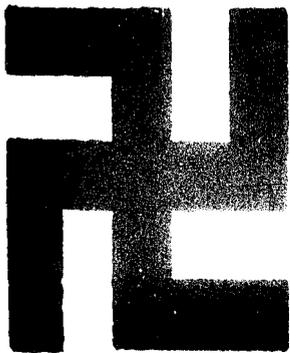
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Editorials

Why a "Magazine of Triumph"

Perhaps it will be well to state at the outset, something of the character of this publication, and why we call it "a magazine of triumph."

There is something about the word "triumph" that appeals to us particularly. In the first place the word has a peculiarly strong esoteric significance, being a combination of "tri," three, and "aum," God.

To us it signifies the perfect blending of the three phases of Universal power—the physical, the psychical and the spiritual. Triumph means to us so much more than any of its synonyms. It means so much more than achievement, or success, or conquest.. It means TRI-AUM-PHANT—the attainment of that perfection and combination of reason, wisdom and unity with the Universal, that makes for triumph over all limitation, all fear and doubt and failure.

We trust that you will want to become one of us and to that end that you will want the Swastika every month.

We have no organization, no special "circle" or society. We stand for Individuality and individual awakening, first, last, and all the time.

As to Price of Magazine

We have placed the subscription price of this magazine at \$1.00 per year, and ten cents per copy. We believe that if a magazine is not worth at least ten cents per copy, it isn't worth having.

the moth. And for the matter of that mankind at large always has been in that condition. Some few there have been in all ages who have taught the fact of the unsubstantiability of the material, but for the most part, there has always existed this blind striving for happiness in material things.

There has always existed this intense conviction that man must resist, strive and emphasize evil, in order to point the way to happiness.

And ever and always mankind has FAILED to reach the GOAL, which we have dimly perceived apparently just ahead of us.

We are familiar with the various devices, the numerous rules and restraints which mankind has at all times imposed, for the avowed purpose of bringing happiness into human lives.

These efforts are well-meant, but in spite of the fact that they have in all ages proved inadequate, they are still adopted.

And Time goes on, with the secret of how to be happy, how to blot out negative conditions such as crime, and poverty and cruelty, still unrevealed, as far as the great majority is concerned.

For the most part, men seek their happiness in a frantic struggle for material things.

Like the moth, they flit from side to side of their environment, wearing themselves out in their blind desire to obtain the things that are not real, hoping that these things will bring them happiness.

And all the time, every age has given man an object lesson, by which he might, if he would, find the truth.

The mind is the magic wand with which we may realize our desires. Paracelsus revealed to the people of his time this truth, when he said: "Within the human mind may be found all the qualities attributed to the philosopher's stone, by which the baser metals may be transmuted into pure gold."

From Jesus down to Emerson, and Whitman, and other illumined minds of the present century, the secret has been made clear, to all who would heed it. The private lives of kings and emperors demonstrate to us in loud tones, the vanity of power, as a synonym for happiness.

Great names in history, men who have won fame in various lines of purely human endeavor, do not stand for happiness, or attainment of that which is desirable.

In our own day we have two great object lessons before us,

which should disclose to the dullest intellect, the utter fallacy of seeking happiness in the external—the material.

We have been told that "In these last days, a sign shall be given to the children of earth."

What more potent sign could we ask for than is to be found in the persons of the czar of Russia and John D. Rockefeller?

The one stands for the emptiness of power and position.

The other stands for the curse of great wealth.

It is doubtful if the slums of any great city could produce two figures more unhappy.

These two figures, standing out from all the world as they now do, by virtue of circumstances, should enable every individual to realize his own power and importance and to know that it is the INDIVIDUAL that counts—not his POSSESSIONS.

DR. ALEX. J. McIVOR-TYNDALL.

I beautify Nature with My breath, as the breeze that sweetens all space. The silver of the wide-rising moon is My glory. The down on the breast of the dove is My softness. Love-touched, love-made, love-filled am I. The Secret of Life, the Revelation of Death, the Beginning of Things, the End Everlasting am I.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

I have cast the world
And think me as nothing.
Yet I feel cold at snow-falling day
And happy on flower-day.

—Yone Noguchi.

There is sunshine in the world. In spite of all that is said by the pessimists, dyspeptics and weaklings, it is good to be here. In the golden mean, in the legitimate use of all things there is a tempered joy that is worth while.—J. A. Edgerton.

When a man has done so much good work and thought so many good thoughts that there is an irresistible tendency in his nature to do good in spite of himself then, even if he will do evil, the mind, in the sum total of its tendencies, will not allow him to do so.—Vivekananda.

Prejudice bars the door of the mind as a dam stops the flow of a river.—McIvor-Tyndall.

Immortality

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL.

We are willing that the candidates in this instruction should fully appreciate the spiritedness, accompanied by intelligence, that is absolutely required in order to accomplish that reversal of perception which will deliver satisfaction in the form of immortality. We are aware that the convictions of the mind are thoroughly addicted to the spells of experience, and to such an extent that the reversal of those spells seems to require more than the possible strength that any human entity is capable of summoning. It is the custom of the illumined to illustrate the human victim in the midst of inscrutable appearances, enmeshed in experience in its most devastated conditions, and expose a picture to the mind of the candidate of his miraculous escape from all the possible evils that confront. An illustration of that is afforded in the severe experiences that overtook a certain candidate in the dramatic illustration of the ancient Assyrian-Hebrew schools of illumination, and is reported and is popularly known as the experience of the character called Job. So difficult has it been for human beings to overcome the spells that proceed from the elements, from ethical training, from religious and supernatural environments and administration, that it has at once dawned upon them that it would be absolutely impossible, unless they could run away and in some way get out of the reach of the influences of their environment. The problem reduces itself to this affair, that the mind perceives itself to be victimized by its own creations; and then so realistic are those creations, so magnificent, so over-powering, so capable of reducing him to insignificance, that they are, as it were, shocked out of their consciousness of their being other than mental products. They lose the insight into the fact that all experience is the product of their mind and will, and they feel a sense of terrible certainty that they can never escape the victimage of human experience unless they can, by some system or other, some policy or other, invent a means of escape. They think perhaps that they will reduce the influence of experience very much if they can get away from civilization, forgetting, perhaps, that civilization is one of the weakest forms of the influence that works against their insight into the truth; but civilization seeming to be very immediate, they understand that perhaps they can

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escape it by going into the wild; and if they find that the love of nature overtakes them severely, so that they cannot resist the beauty of the trees and waters and the mountains—their own creations—they cannot resist the hypnosis of the sea, the reaction of the cosmos in its great active engagements upon them; they think they will retreat to where the universe seems to be less active; that is to say, they will go into the desert, or they will go into some cavern, or perchance they will build some dreary structure like a monastery, and hide themselves in its cells, and allow themselves but little chance for victimage among the trees and the currents and the flowers, seeking to starve the influences of the natural world, seeking to remove the possible activities of civilizations upon them, trying to run away from everything but themselves, even perhaps trying to run away from themselves by forms of meditation in which they hope to lose sight of their self-consciousness, trying to forget themselves perhaps, in some large undertaking in the world, philanthropic brotherhoods, samaritanisms of all sorts, hoping thereby to forget their own personality and become involved in a more universal estimate of humanity and, possibly thereby, of life. Now I say the illumined have selected as illustrations of the possible opportunity of any human being in escaping the spells of the natural world, in escaping the afflictions of conscience, in securing themselves against the attacks of supernatural and occult experiences, they have represented the individual as clinging to the very midst of things, presenting himself to the most adverse aspect of the Sphinx of experience and relying upon an inward consciousness of truth, summoned by a marvelous faculty called the reason, to deliver them the fullest immortality. Therefore it is that we are willing that the members of this instruction should be fully aware of the spiritedness, I say accompanied by intelligence, that will be required of the candidate in facing the spells of human experience, if they even for a moment, select with their mind and choose with their volition, the obtaining of the knowledge of the truth. They should be fully aware that even spiritedness in its most violent, rebellious proceedings will be far from sufficient in this affair. They should know all that. If they were able to hide themselves in deserts, if they were able to starve themselves from nature, if they were able to overcome the activities of civilization upon them, if they were able even to defeat the cosmos in their estimation of the universe, they would be helpless in the absence of the attainment

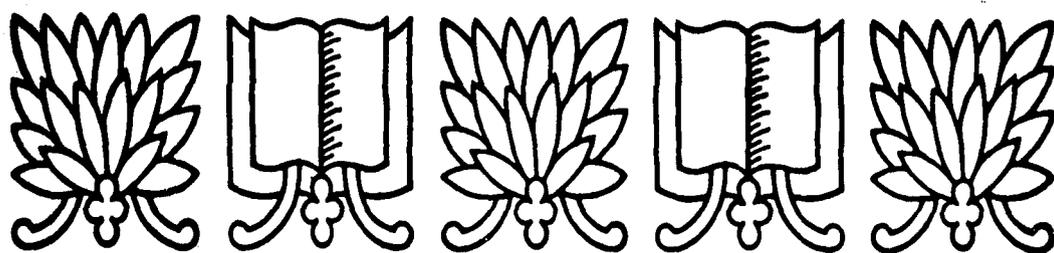
of the knowledge of truth. Now immortality is not delivered to any human being short of the knowledge of truth. It is not delivered to any entity without the knowledge of truth. It is not delivered to the angels, it is not delivered to any being in the universe without the knowledge of truth. That is a settled point. There is abundant reason for that. The knowledge of truth delivers immortality because the truth is that you are now an eternal and immortal being; but human beings are conscious in their minds that they are not immortal. They deem themselves insignificant members of a magnificent cosmic experience. They believe that they were born of certain parents; they are quite convinced that they are living a material life; they are thoroughly addicted to all its engagements; they are perfectly positive that death faces them with most assured certainty. All those convictions lie in exultant complacency about them, and they scarcely even attain a glimpse moment or instant in which those spells are not definite, persistent and assured. On that account, therefore, the revolution of mind which the knowledge of truth alone can bring about, requires the very utmost spiritedness of mind, together with the invocation and securing of the most unlimited omniscience. Now we shall not bore you with an account of the arguments that are offered to the candidate to make it clear to him the nature of his experience. From the moment of his birth he is trained into a viewpoint. The fact that all is mind has not reached his perception. He does not see that all is mind. Even though he may have spent many years in ordinary human experience, he is still far from convinced that all there is is in mind. He believes that perhaps in some vague, far-off way he shall attain to that marvelous, miraculous perception of mental totality. But the instant he emerges into what is called human experience, he begins to be informed concerning the nature of that bondage he has presented himself. He is sent to school, he is trained at home, a conscience is developed in him so that he can be an ethical citizen, and after a certain period he is developed in religious instincts, almost without exception; so that he becomes at last, as you can see, well convinced that he is living on a small planet about so many miles through and so many miles around, inhabited so-an-so, a very small affair in the midst of a large and magnificent cosmic enterprise. He is perfectly certain that astronomy is a fact, and facts he has never had the spirit to challenge. Besides the material environment, of which

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he is very convinced, he is also heavily burdened with an ethical contribution in the form of duties to his fellows. He is told about other human beings, about cities, about families, about civilizations, about art, about education, about all the things that are considered valuable; about getting a living, and about getting along with his friends and his enemies. And on top of that is placed a certain series of mental information under the heading of religion, whereby he is supposed to be prepared for what will occur to him after that which happens to all has met him and done its finishing work. Now all these educations which he receives through his mind, are supposed to be substantially vouched for by the existence of an actual material world, beyond which exist many other worlds from which people come, and to which people go; and his mind, although it is very vague as it reaches out beyond material things, both before birth and after death, although that is sufficiently vague, still his mind is pretty definite and convinced concerning material life, inasmuch as the surrounding mentality of his viewpoint, in a sense, rationally complements the viewpoint material, that attains to the dignity of an actual truth. He believes in an after-life, he believes, maybe, in a former life; he believes certainly in a present life; and it is all nothing but the creature of his mind, and until that perception is obtained by the candidate, whereby he can enter into this so-called avalanche of convictions and spells, and challenge the material viewpoint, challenge the celestial viewpoint, challenge all viewpoints with one sweeping spiritedness backed by rationality, that is, invocation of intelligence, he shall never even in his mind contemplate any genuine immortality. What kind of immortality will he, perhaps, contemplate? Now there are many kinds of immortality—George Elliot proposes an immortality which would consist in living a dignified, cultured, able, spirited, powerful trenchant, aggressive life, whereby, after you are dead, your influence shall sweep along in a sort of inevitable momentum, like the immortality of Julius Caesar, like the immortality of those who reach our knowledge by that most vague and unreliable affair called tradition and memory, and we may even add thereto the speculations of history. I say there are many kinds of immortality, and when the human item is thoroughly depressed by the convictions of his limitations, by the assurance of his recency in human experience, forgetting his eternity and remembering only the slender number of years concerning which impressions accrue

to him—he is a recent affair without much say in that which has so long preceded him—he scarcely dares speak up in the presence of his fellows who, perhaps, are not much less recent than he. But he goes to books, and he goes to tradition, and he goes to memories, and he seems to be sure that this affair has been running along very strongly, very vigorously, very convictedly, very convincingly, very positively, very definitely, long before his day, and he is so positive about all that, that he never once approaches the perception of his own eternity, never once concerns himself, unless it be by some arrangement with his mind, like as if he would say, "Well, certainly, certainly, it may be that I am eternal, it may be that I lived in some other life before this; maybe I was somebody else; maybe, if I could sit in meditation long enough, I could remember who I was, and thank God if I could remember it was some important person!" If you should happen to remember it was some unimportant person you would be willing to forget it. Be rather glad if you forgot most of it! And in that way they obtain an immortality and a perception of eternity of a compromise type. Then there is another way that they do it, of the compromise sort. After you are dead there is a kind of thin, wafty party that oozes from the physical envelope, which is caught in a more subtle environment, and that goes down around rattling things after he gets at his best, you know; and perhaps after he is left awhile in that cobwebby condition, the rest of us come along and get a squint of him, you know, and then "we meet each other there." And in that way he soothes his mind into the conviction of immortality of the post mortem type; that is to say, death has done what it could with him and thrown him the slops! Has turned him into a ghost and then offered him immortality! Now we are not proposing, in this instruction, to give an account of the immortality that is proposed by the illumined, but we wish to state this, as it were the center of our point: That any one who accepts anything short of a rational immortality, that is involved in the full perception of eternity, annihilating with his insight, with his vision, everything that is a direct attack upon a full and complete eternity, such, for instance, as birth, change, vicissitude, mortality, et ainsi de suite, must, in some fashion or other, meet those by a reversed perception, by a spiritedness of mind accompanied by an omniscient and complete intelligence.

(To be concluded.)



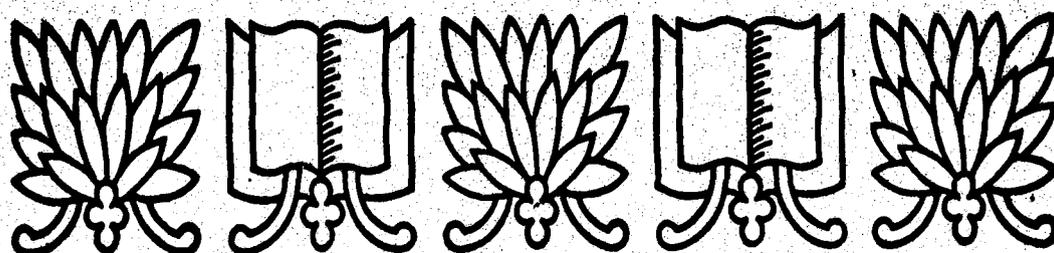
To Life, the Mother

(Written for "The Swastika" by Margaret McIvor-Tyndall.)

GRANT me O Life, of all thy glorious best.
 No beggar I, that I content shall be
 To seek for alms at that dear mother's breast
 Whose world-embracing Thought has nurtured me.

IDARE to ask, that from thy bounteous store
 Thou sendest me, full-lapped, thy serving maid,
 And should I—like the prodigal of yore—
 Waste my full portion, I still am unafraid.

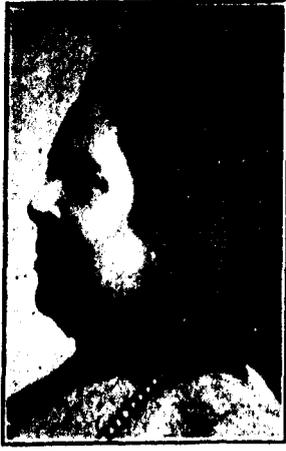
FOR thou my mother, Life, hast wealth untold
 Of joys and sorrows, love and chastening pain.
 And so I pray thee, nothing worth withhold
 That I, thy child, may wisdom's heights attain.



The Science of Marriage

(Written for The Swastika.)

By BABA BHARATI, the Hindu Sage.



In a country where marriage is being pronounced a failure, or, perhaps, a dangerous trap; where it is daily ceasing to be considered a necessity and fails to evoke the interest evinced even in art; in such a country to call it a science is to provoke the blandest smile. But this country is the greatest country for paradox. Hence I have hoped that paradox-sounding title might attract the paradox-loving Americans to hear what people only a few years ago in the West, and what people even now in the East—especially in the heart of the East, India—thought and think of marriage.

Marriage in India is regarded as the union of souls. So it is regarded by all people of the East, except Mohammedans, who are regarded as the outcasts of the East. So it was regarded in the West only a few generations ago. In India it takes a long time to bring about a marriage, for marriage in India is "brought about" and not contracted by the passion-ridden, undisciplined desires of young men and women.

It is the mature experience, ripe wisdom and loving concern of parents or guardians which combine in selecting the bride or bridegroom for their charges. It is the most delicate and responsible task for these guardians and parents, and involves most conscientious duties. Hence the proverb in India that "no marriage can take place without spending at least 100,000 words over it."

But the conditions of the eligibility of a marriage are examined and considered carefully before a word is spent on it by the guardians of the marrying parties. The first condition considered is the spiritual, whether the boy or girl is a believer in God or belongs to a theistic family, for atheism is the worst of sins in that country of God-lovers.

Then comes the examination of the horoscopes of the boy and girl. If the star under which the boy is born is antagonistic to the natal star of the girl, or the girl's to the boy's, no proposal of marriage is made or entertained. The influence of the heav-

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only bodies on the mind of man is too real, demonstrated as it is by the happenings in practical life, to be ignored before the union of two human souls. If the natal stars are harmonious, then the health of the mind and body are considered; if the mind is sound and well educated, the character good, the disposition kind and loving, these are ascertained.

Then comes the body to be considered, whether it is healthy and good-looking, whether it is liable to have any taint of hereditary disease, whether the family is moral and has been so for generations. Then comes the examination of material conditions: whether the boy or his parents possess ample means to provide for the wife and children, the fruits of the union, comfortably. Then comes the question of dowers.

When all these points and conditions are found satisfactory, then comes the marriage, which is the most solemn ceremony in the whole world. The rite itself takes five to six hours to be performed by the aid of learned and spiritual priests. All of them, priests, bridegroom and bride, have to fast to impress upon them the importance and solemnity of the occasion.

Vows are made before the image of God, the sacred fire and the sun, by the bride and bridegroom, to love, cherish, honor and obey each other in their copartnership for the life of soul-unfoldment which they are about to enter; for married life in India is called copartnership in religion, its sole end and aim being to reach the goal of human happiness—the development of unbroken God-consciousness.

Love for home, love for wife and love for husband are in-born within the Hindoo heart. It is fostered by the atmosphere and examples of the Hindoo home. So the new-made man and wife love each other with a holy love, born of the soul, ripened by their religious life, which is the chief business of life in India.

This same significance used to be attached to marriage, this same Eastern rule of married life obtained in the West a little while ago, before material life and material pleasures had become the sole end and aim. Then, here also, marriage was considered sacred, married life called holy matrimony. Religion here also then was the sheet-anchor of earthly existence, God-love the sweetest fruit of the tree of life.

The reign of materialism in the minds of men has changed all these comforting and consoling aspects and enjoyments of life. Home is the nursery of a nation's happiness, and the babe in the cradle of that nursery is love between man and wife—not

the love born of the senses, not the love born of the affinities of matter-fed minds, but that love born out of soul-consciousness which is the same as God-consciousness, as man's soul being the part of God in him.

A few generations ago, marriage even in this West was the fruit of well-tested, real love-courtship, tested by experiences and length of time. When a courting couple found that their love for each other did not break or wane under any circumstances, but became sweeter and riper with each day, then they married.

That love, that all-enduring, all-abiding, ever growing sweeter and sweeter, richer and richer love is God Himself, for God is Love, and the attribute of the soul, the part of God in us, is Love. And that love is the real priest of marriage and the only source and sustainer of matrimonial happiness.

With such love, marriage cannot be a failure, and married life is a blessing and divorce is out of the question. Such love is the science of marriage.

But nowadays some people are marrying in such haste that their sufferings from its cause allow them no leisure even to repent, until lawyers and the divorce courts help them to get that bitter respite.

These physical marriages, sense-marriages, money-marriages, mental-affinity-marriages and convenience-marriages are daily degrading the moral atmosphere of home and society, while their disastrous results on those more sinned against than sinning are most painful to contemplate.

The holy soul-union has become a farce, or, worse than that, a joke! To be married in six months is becoming a rare case; six weeks', six days', or even six hours' courtship is sometimes enough to be made man and wife. A couple were married the other day in six minutes, so the newspapers say! They are studying all sciences that have no bearing upon or relation to their inner life, real life, the life of domestic happiness.

They never care to study the science of love, even human love—what is its source, how to make it more enjoyable. Even love, the richest luxury of life, is being reduced to business, and holy marriage to a trick!

When modern Western men will cease to care for the physical beauties and attractions only of their wives, as the only prize of married life, and when the newest western women will refuse to be mistresses of their husbands' homes instead of being wives, for the sake of pretty dresses and well-filled purses, but claim to

be wives and demand to be treated and respected as wives, then will once again prevail the harmonious conditions of conjugal felicity, bearing all its blessed results in this now matter-mad, soul-benighted West. Real or soul-love and its laws constitute the science of marriage.

Who Knows?

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GRACE M. BROWN.



Give me that part of life which is mine own. Let the gleam of my soul desire enlighten me, and oh, I pray thee, let me not falter in my holy purpose because of the opinions of men.

Aye, but it is a marvel, this thing we call the opinion of men; truly as evanescent as a morning shadow and as shifting as the breath of the summer bird. Verily he who moulds his beautiful free life to suit the misconceptions of the multitude, will find himself drifting and dashing upon the quicksands of a world's contempt.

Because no man can possibly conceive of the soul desire of another man, and no man has the right to decide another's problem for him, or to suggest his method of action.

Each soul is the center of the universe from his own particular plane of vision and while he realizes in his inner consciousness and recognizes his right to perfectly free expression, he weakens his great opportunity of manifestation by not recognizing also that every other soul has an equally important center and that every other man has his own motive force and his own right of individual manifestation!

While the mighty spiritual principle is uniform and equal, the angle of one position is radically different from the angle of any other position, so men differ in their consciousness and in their conception of life.

Men are prone to judge others by themselves; the man who stated that "all men are liars," must have been rather weak in his own habit of truth telling. It is just as well, for selfish rea-

State Historical and
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sons if for no other, to see the good in people because the thing we find in other people always reflects in ourselves and it is far more comfortable, to say the least, and leads more surely toward our own individual success, to have the positive current turned in our direction by our positive attitude toward others.

There is no obstruction we can place between ourselves and our success which is so destructive in its unhappy effect as the one we raise by condemnation because the thing we denounce in another must be in ourselves, or we could not perceive it in another and when we blame someone else for our own error we naturally accentuate the destructive current in ourselves.

One thing which we must remember is that it is the motive which determines every action as it is the motive which colors the entire life, but we cannot always perceive the motive until many actions have accumulated; men have sometimes appeared brutal in an action which was the only resort in the saving of a life, but sometimes it takes a powerful love ray to perceive the humane motive underlying such a misunderstood deed.

It is such a beautiful thing to look for the good in men instead of for the evil, and you know we always find what we look for. Every man is in reality just exactly what the person who loves him best thinks that he is. There is an old saying that love is blind, but that is quite wrong; love is the only force which has absolutely true perception. The vision of love is always true and when we view our brother man with the love light in our eyes and in our hearts we see the real man just exactly as he is.

Because men are afraid of the critical opinion of others they live in a false attitude to themselves. Because men see their intended action in the light of the fear of condemnation, the most trifling things are magnified into monstrosities while the real tragedies of life are ignored.

Fear light creates evil and distorts hope into improbability.

Millions of people are sick, poor, suffering and undeveloped because they are bound and starved in and by the thralldom of fear, so that the free light of the spirit does not enfold them, nor will it until they throw off the shackles of the horrible dread of the opinion of people and of the condemnation expressed in that

We are not placed upon this planet to live any body's life but our own; we are here to use our opportunity in our own way and to act in freedom and liberty for the good of all. We have no right to indolently submit to be guided by any one.

Who can know our desire and our motive besides ourselves? It rests with each individual to act according to his own interpretation of justice and liberty and truth.

What a glorious thing it will be when men dare to think and to live their own lives in the way which is truth to them. How we shall cease to apologize to ourselves when we abandon all the little hypocrisies with which we delude ourselves.

When the heart vibrates to the highest aspiration of the being, when men cease to be so fascinated by their own smallness that they can appreciate their own greatness, then indeed shall they be aware of the ever living forces of the soul; then indeed shall men be free.

One-of-Them

"Darwin's theory about worms being inferior creatures is all wrong," said one-of-them.

"We do not break our bones into fragments like quadrupeds and bipeds, and if it is the devil who invented doctors, 'tis clear that he has no power over us, for we alone can discountenance doctor's crafts.

"If we happen to be mutilated, every piece of us reconstructs and completes itself. But pray, who has ever seen a man walking without a head? Well, a physical head at least. Therefore, 'tis clear, 'tis very clear from my point of view that we are their superiors."

A bird soaring in the skies above replied:

"And as long as you occupy the point of view of One-of-them, dearie, thus it will appear to you, for all creatures are boasting over their advantages from their own point of view."

CLEMENCE DE LA BAERE.

As long as through the eyes of desire, and of this and that, you look—and of vanity; as long as you hurry after results and are overwhelmed with the importance of anything you can do or leave undone—so long will the veil be close—do not be deceived.—Edward Carpenter.

Think not that thy word, and thine alone must be right.—Sophocles.

What Am I Living For?

(Written for The Swastika.)

By YONO SIMADA, the Japanese Philosopher.



How many times we ask ourselves this question: What am I living for?

And how many of us ever pause long enough to have the question answered for us, by that inner voice that leads upward and onward, if we but listen to its voice of silence?

And yet, amid all this incomprehensible strangeness of the external, this is the one question that crowds the awakened consciousness: "What am I living for?"

When we are children, when we first begin to read history, we are inspired with the desire to be a "hero"—a conqueror. The clash of arms; the enchantment of warfare, when seen through the eyes of historians; the hypnotic spell cast by the warrior, gets into our being, and we are conscious only of a mighty urge "to do and to dare."

The man who takes his life and that of others into his own hands, and who wrests from his fellow man a kingdom, or a lesser bauble, perhaps, appears to us, through the subdued limelight of history, as a "mighty man and brave"—the hero of our dreams.

And then, when we stop to analyze in what his greatness lies when the voice of silence speaks to us, there is borne in upon our bewildered consciousness the gentle admonition, "Thou shalt not kill," and we know that the "hero" of our dreams was made such only by the power of our own mind, which gives to the "conqueror" a false glory.

And again our ideal changes. The glamour of the "hero-warrior" gives place to a more practical conception of what it is to achieve.

We see the evidences of great wealth, and are caught in the glare of its dazzling light.

The glitter of jewels and fine raiment; the arrogance and self-assurance that seems almost inseparable from riches, bewilders us, and entangles us in the spider-web of its pretensions, and again we cry: "Ah, I have found it. This is what it is to live—to be like these."

And again in the quiet of our own consciousness the "voice of silence" says to us gently but with conviction: "No! not that. Because that "all these things shall pass away," and become like the breath upon a mirror.

And again comes that insistent, not-to-be-ignored question, "What, then, am I living for?"

And then perhaps we meet a "wise" man; an alleged philosopher, or the president of some famous university. No doubt he is a great man, for has he not earned many honors? Do not formidable and cabalistic signs affixed to, or prefixed to, his name proclaim his greatness? Is he not "LL. D., or Ph. D., or B. A.," or some such unreachable, unapproachable augustness?

And again there arises in our simple minds the strange spell of ambition, and we cry: "Oh Lord, raise me to the heights that I may look upon this wise and great man face to face."

But the "voice of silence"—the destroyer of illusions—once more urges us to bethink ourselves, for is it not said, "The wisdom of men is foolishness to God?" and what are these evidences of wisdom or greatness, but gravestones in a churchyard of dead men's creations?

What do they know of aught save text-books, telling of things that, mayhap, the future may prove untrue?

Is this what we are living for, that we may stuff our brains with the sawdust of past deeds?

What avails all the "knowledge" of the savant or the sage, when the brain breaks down under some strain, like a broken record in a phonograph?

But at last we behold the statesman, the diplomat, the representative of his country, pigeon-breasted with importance, and glittering with evidences of virtue, and loyalty to "His Majesty." "At last," we cry, "we have found what we are living for." What more noble, more enduring, more befitting the sacrifice of our lives than to uphold the majesty of a great and glorious nation, resplendent with power and wealth and inheritance?

"Yes," we say, "this it is to live. This is what life is for."

And from out the chaos of wildly conflicting thought-forms, we see ourselves on the topmost rung of fame, the trusted friend of our country's ruler, our name blazoned on the scroll of history along with those of our early ideal, sharing the gaze of posterity's populace with Napoleon, Alexander and Cromwell.

And even as we build our "castles in the air," we ask ourselves if it is well?

And then in the tranquil midnight of silence—the great lev-

eler—we are no longer dazzled by the "fierce light that beats upon a throne," and our answer is "Why?"

It is because those who base their hopes upon a country, will be annihilated by the fall of that country.

Those who dwell in the dazzling nothingness of the merely physical, must perish with that upon which they lean.

What then are we living for?

How may we solve the riddle?

Shall I tell you how the question was answered for me?

I read an article in one of my country's newspapers, the other day, and in that simple item, I found the answer to the question of what we are living for.

Listen and I will tell you.

A young girl, eleven years of age, lost her father by the hand of death. Her mother stricken with grief, was helpless, and being poor, would doubtless have starved to death, or at least been driven to the point of extreme distress, but that the daughter took her father's place as watchman of a railroad crossing.

One day while she was on duty it happened that an old man came to the crossing just as a train approached. Being deaf he did not hear her signal.

As the train seemed about to bear down upon him, crushing out his life, the young girl sprang forward and pushed him aside out of danger. She was killed instantly.

After reading this I said to myself: "This young girl's deed has answered the question."

Was she cheated of her life?

To be born; to grow to womanhood, or manhood, and marry; to grow old and die; constitutes a lifetime. But, if it be not for a purpose, what matters time?

We go through what we call "a lifetime"; we seek experiences only that we may answer this question of questions to the satisfaction of our inquiring soul.

That question is answered in the death of this young girl.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law," and this being true, who shall say that this maiden had not lived her life?

What greater proof that she had lived her life, and solved the riddle of what we are living for, is needed than her death—a sacrifice to the Love that makes us more than mere human?

Love alone must be a life. Time is only an accessory.

Society, wealth, country, fame, are only an effect of the work of our life, but Love is life itself.

Wireless Messages

(Written for The Swastika.)
By DR. GEORGE W. CAREY.



All disease (not-at-ease) is the effect of the divine alchemical transmutation of substance—the procedure of life. When man learns how to co-operate with this operation, he will have fulfilled his destiny, and attained the object of his materialization.

Our bodies are the dynamos played upon by the Great Dynamic.

A friend asked today if I thought that intelligence is inherent in matter. I believe that so-called matter—all forms of substance—is intelligence in certain rates of activity. As ice is all real water, so is matter all spirit or intelligence.

if all is divine law, why put forth effort?

Because your efforts are the law in operation. You do what you must do, not what you would like to do.

When the astrological cause of disease is fully understood, man will adapt himself to it, modify or control it, as he now adapts himself to summer heat or winter cold.

Discrimination against China, the Chinese people and their gods will bear very bitter fruit, at no distant day.

Love is the only marriage tie that binds.

Apropos of the tidal wave on Society Islands, Tahiti, a correspondent writes: "Civilization has not yet entirely debauched the people."

Great point for the anarchist that.

When men quit fighting disease and recognize it as a natural operation they may learn how to control the operation to their advantage.

The Rewards of Versatility

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GRANT WALLACE.

In a little hamlet in the mountains at the head of Lake Champlain some years ago I stumbled upon a primitive mill. The power was furnished by a horse which walked with heavy foot up an inclined plane on a slatted, continuously revolving belt. This belt was kept moving downward at precisely the same speed that the heavy-footed, dispirited horse kept moving upward.

The belt revolved a cylinder which turned the mill.

The horse with his dull eyes half closed, his ears laid back and his head down, labored on hour after hour, month after month, the picture of dejection and hopelessness. No wonder. Enclosed in his cage, four feet by eight, toiling, eternally toiling, over the same old slats that crawled downward to neutralize his tired steps, he never advanced—never got anywhere.

Somebody else got the grist—he could not be interested in that. The thing that broke that horse's spirit and quenched the light in his eye was the feeling that no matter how hard he toiled, he must always remain practically at a standstill.

For he was a slave in a treadmill.

Soon after, that dejected horse died. Not because the work was hard but because hope had died. Horses, like men, live their best only through accomplishment and through change. The hopeless state of mind will kill a horse or a dog, even as it kills the human slave in the industrial treadmill.

The human mind is a strange and complex thing. It grows and becomes broader and more complex only by exercise and expression in hundreds of different directions; and the more complex and versatile it becomes, the more it chafes and frets at being repressed and held in the groove of deadly monotony. When mental growth is done, the purpose of life is thwarted.

The human being is virtually as dead as any other piece of mechanism.

The modern man lives in two worlds. The first is the world of toil—the material world of beefsteak and business.

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That is the world of endless repetition of unnumbered yesterdays, of throwing the same old shuttle from hand to hand, of weaving the same dull gray warp and woof of life.

That is the treadmill existence.

The other world is the world of Thought—the world of mental progress, the ideal world, and at the same time (from the loftier point of view) the real world, because it is the only world that is enduring, the only one that greatly concerns the real man or ego.

What all the world's "aseeking," is happiness, and it is in this thought-world alone that the individual may find his supreme joy.

Immersed in the illusion of mere material existence, fighting for mere bread and butter and a place to sleep, practically at a standstill on the soul-deadening treadmill of labor, most men and women of modern commercial life, fall into the perdition of routine and in ceasing to grow, they cease to live in that real world—the world of progressive Thought.

Certainly contact with the material world is necessary, but it should not dominate. Unquestionably the concentration of mind necessary in bread-winning serves to develop many of the finer powers of the ego.

Work is a blessing and not as many people think—a curse.

But concentration should never be kept up year after year, on one object. It ought to be shifted a hundred times, from plane to plane.

Life should be a constantly expanding series of new experiments and experiences. Just as muscles and organs if long unused dwindle and become atrophied and even disappear through disease, so the mental faculties, if not called into expression through change of experiences, become atrophied and useless.

Human unfoldment need have no boundary lines. The man who sets out to explore the geography of his own soul need have no more fear of coming to the edge of the map and dropping off, than Columbus had. The powers of the inner man are linked to the Infinite; but the money-grub, whose loftier self is still a closed book, doesn't know this. The faculties by which alone he may perceive it, have atrophied through disuse.

Your possibilities of mental and spiritual unfoldment are infinite but the treadmill existence will close them to you. You are not the sum of what you put into yourself from without, so

much as you are the product of what your experiences and your thinking unfold from within, and draw out of yourself. Knowledge is not power. Only knowledge put to use, is power.

The ideal versatile man is made so by fearlessly studying, thinking, investigating, everything in the world of material things, science, religion, sociology, art, philosophy, and occultism.

He is made bigger by throwing away every orange after he has sucked it dry.

He is full of heterodox opinions and lovable heresies, but he does not vacillate. Like Goethe, Gladstone, Lincoln, Morris, Roosevelt, and a million other big men, he finally finds his GREAT work through experimenting with many lesser lines.

He is not dissatisfied but forever unsatisfied. He never stops climbing the ladder of achievement.

The versatile man sometimes "spreads himself too thin" for great financial success, but unquestionably he lives a vastly broader, greater life, than the man whose motto is, "This one thing I do."

A Vision

In Which Was Unfolded the Secret of Eternal Life.

(Written for the Swastika.)

By WILLIAM MORRIS NICHOLS.

The great, glowing Orb of Day was just sinking below the earth line, a trail rose-hued and golden marking its descent. And I, deeply enraptured by the ever-changing beauty of the dawning twilight, could feel my Soul expand until my whole being was filled with a mighty exhilaration. It seemed as if in some mysterious way the slanting rays of the setting sun had touched and quickened the hidden Spings of Life within me, and I was thrilled with the Vibrations of Infinity.

While thus I stood entranced, a voice, gentle, melodious, spoke my name. Turning, I raised mine eyes, and at my side beheld a man so bright and glorious in appearance that mine eyes did ache in gazing. I ope'd my lips to speak, when "Look," said he, and pointed with his finger.

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Directed thus, I turned my gaze and saw, passing, passing, to and fro, a long line of men and women. "Look more closely," said the One. I bent my gaze to scan their every feature—
* * * * Some there were with wrinkled faces, others followed bowed of shoulder, and others still stubbed along their way with hair as white as snow.

And I, still conscious of the Might of Life, did frame a question in my mind. Yet, ere I articulate speech could make, the Bright One spake, in answer to my question unexpressed: "These are they who, knowing not the boundlessness of Spirit, have given over to Time power which is theirs alone."

And I asked, "What meanest Thou?"

And He, making answer, did say, "Hast thou not heard the ancient prophecy, 'Time shall no longer be!'"

And I replied, "Yea."

Then He, continuing, said, "The day for that saying's fulfillment is at hand, even NOW. Listen, and I will unfold to Thee a Secret of Great Wisdom. Know, thou, then, that Time of itself is without power and is void. All the power Time hath is given it by Man in his Thought. Man hath said in days past, "the years are rolling over me and I am growing old with the burden of many years!" Now this is the Law, "As a Man thinketh in his heart so is he." Not knowing the inexhaustibleness of Life, Man hath held a pattern in his heart in which he has ever seen himself decreasing in Vitality with the "passing of the years!" Behold the day is at hand and NOW is, when Man in his Godhood, shall take away the Power he hath delegated to Time, for he shall see clearly that All Power is given into the hands of the SON OF GOD, which is Man, and he shall in no wise squander his inheritance, and the Bright One bent his gaze on me, AND I COULD NOT MEASURE THE GLORY OF THAT FACE NOR THE SWEETNESS OF THAT LOOK, BUT A MIGHTY VIBRATION OF LOVE SWEEPED OVER ME.

"Behold, thou hast the Secret of Eternal Life," he said, and vanished from my sight.

Don't miss reading "The Occult Meaning of Slang Phrases" by Dr. George W. Carey, in the February number of THE SWASTIKA.

State Historical and
Natural History Society

Care of the Body Department

Conducted by
DR. H. T. McCLAIN, Osteopathic Physician

WHY YOU SHOULD NOT EAT WHEN WORRIED: Much has been said about worry and its effect upon the system, but very few understand the physiological reason why worry affects the human body and especially the stomach, so disastrously. In a state of mental distress, caused by grief or worry, the stomach does not secrete the digestive juices, and so if food is taken into the stomach it does not digest.

Under such circumstances the person feels a natural disinclination for food which all would do well to heed, as Nature is a very reliable guide in the matter of food, and will call for nourishment when it can be properly disposed of.

Often we hear some well-meaning friend say to one laboring under a severe mental strain: "You must eat something. You cannot keep up your strength unless you eat."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Under such circumstances the body is much better off without food, even for two or three days. At such times, one should take hot milk, or fermented grape juice, sipped slowly. Grape juice is preferable because it requires little or no digestion, being simply absorbed by the digestive tract.

THE GREAT NEED OF WATER-DRINKING: Drink lots of water. Yes. I know you have been told this many times before, but do you do it? Until you do, you must be constantly reminded of it. Nine-tenths of the world drink about half enough water. Eight glasses a day is absolutely required by the ordinary adult.

EVIL EFFECTS OF SALT-EATING: Salt taken in excessive quantities, ages one. Very little salt is required to make food palatable. Age is the result of the hardening of the muscles and walls of the blood vessels, and, paradoxical as it may sound to the uninitiated, preservatives harden muscular tissue. Salt is a preservative.

WHY OSTEOPATHY PRESERVES YOUTH: One of the reasons why Osteopathy keeps people young is because it keeps

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the joints and muscles perfectly pliable and accelerates the circulation so that the blood has little chance to produce hardening elements in the walls of the blood vessels.

A SIMPLE METHOD OF INDUCING SLEEP: A cold compress on the eyes will often induce sleep when all other remedies fail. Just before retiring, bathe the feet in warm water, and rub olive oil well into the soles of the feet. The object is to draw the blood from the brain. The cold compress contracts the arterioles and forces the blood down. The hot foot bath expands the arterioles of the feet, thereby drawing the blood away from the head.

THE PERFECT SKELETON: A person with a perfect skeleton has perfect health. By this I mean, one whose bony framework has each bone in its proper relation to all the others, and whose articulations are perfectly normal. The spine is such an important factor in this bony framework, that it is generally safe to say that a person with a perfect spine has perfect health.

WHY SPINAL TROUBLE IS PREVALENT: One cause of the prevalent spinal trouble of today is wrong standing and sitting. We should always stand and sit with an inward curve at the small of the back. The reverse is usually the case. Most people—especially women—we do not find the condition so general among men—stand and sit with the small of the back posterior, or “bowed out.” Women do not take enough muscular exercise to develop the muscles of the back. They lack the tenacity and strength to hold the spine in an upright position and at the same time to develop the spinal muscles. However, no amount of treatment can effect this unless the patient is willing to make the effort to stand properly.

A SHEET MADE INTO A HARD ROLL and placed at the back of the neck while the patient is in a recumbent position, often relieves headache. The pressure inhibits the irritated nerves of the head.

WHEN EATING APPLES do not peel them. There is as much virtue in the peeling as in the pulp.

How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only at what he does himself to make it just and holy.—Marcus Aurelius.

A Strange Psychical Experience

(Written for The Swastika.)

By BENJAMIN HORNING.

When a boy of about twelve years of age, I was living with my parents in a small village in Pennsylvania.

I was physically a very healthy lad. Morally I was probably no worse than other boys of that age, temperament and environment.

Still I was not good, being easily influenced to mischief, not from maliciousness but from impulse.

One night, about 9 o'clock, previous to going to bed, I went to the outside of the house to get a drink of water from an old-fashioned pump and in an old-fashioned, country-boy way, I blocked up the mouth of the spout with my hand, gave the pump-handle a vigorous stroke and drank the water through a little aperture in my nearly closed hand.

Whether imagination or not, I seemed to find something else in my mouth besides water, and I swallowed the substance.

Immediately I recalled having seen an occasional gossamer web and sometimes a spider on the web over the mouth of the spout. So on finding this substance slipping down my throat I immediately thought of spiders and that I had swallowed one, which to my startled imagination meant death.

The fright I received was so great that I seemed to lose all strength and my blood seemed to have turned to cold water. So cold did my body and face feel that even in the darkness I could seem to see the snowy whiteness of my face while my eyes seemed to bulge from my head.

I crawled, rather than walked, to the house. My mother saw me and of course was terribly frightened at my appearance and asked me what had happened. I scarcely had voice and strength enough to gasp, "I am poisoned."

My father was sent for, as she had thought that I had gotten hold of some of the various poisons that were about, such as paris green, rat poison, etc.

After I had managed to tell them what had happened, and wanted an antidote, they tried to cheer me and tell me there was nothing wrong.

As it was the hour for retiring, my parents wanted me to go to my room in the upper part of the house. This I did not wish

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to do, as I was so frightened that I knew I should die in the night from the poisonous effects of the spider.

I begged so hard to be allowed to remain within speaking distance of my parents that they finally consented and I was given a bed on the lounge in the long room opening into their chamber. The door was left ajar and the night lamp burning, and I lay down, as I solemnly believed, to die.

My parents were soon asleep, and this emphasized the horror of the situation, as I felt that the terrible moment had arrived. I was lying on my side with my head turned toward my parents' room and also facing the window through which I could see the bright moon and the trees waving in the breeze.

Suddenly I felt a sense of lightness and I found myself slowly emerging from my body with an almost imperceptible undulating movement, feeling no more weight than a wreath of smoke.

Then I began to realize that I was dying. I turned slowly in the air in which I was rising and looked into the room, and seemingly resigned, I said goodbye to my parents and my baby brother, who were still quietly sleeping.

My vision took in all the details in the rooms, although I felt that which was suspended in the air had the same form as my physical body, yet I could see my physical body lying on the lounge below me. I rose near the ceiling and felt that in a few seconds I should pass through it.

Then the awfulness of dying "in sin" came over me. Every little wicked act seemed to pass in review before me. Mentally I cried out: "No, no, I can't die. Oh God, don't let me die, I am too wicked."

I seemed to strain every nerve and muscle to keep that astral form of me from passing through the ceiling. I cried, "I won't die. I won't die."

I struggled against it with all the force of my mind, and even felt a physical straining, which my astral body seemed to have taken from the inert physical body lying on the lounge.

At last I gained the mastery. The rising motion ceased. A quiet sense of security came over me and slowly I descended into my earthly temple and after quite a time (perhaps half an hour, during which I felt like a tired racer), I fell asleep.

I have never had a satisfactory explanation of this experience, but I have always thought that I was dying from fright, and that the desire to continue in this body, brought back my departing soul.

The Awakening

(Written for The Swastika.)

By ALI NOMALI.

Ever since I deluded myself into the reality of the Manifest—Time, Place, and Space,—I have appeared in Things, as lost. Something less than thyself.

Yea! From the depths of Memory, from the design of History, I have been a plaything of Time—a something that was moved by a power outside and beyond itself.

For have I not appeared to you, dear Mortal, to you, sweet Nescience, to you, fair Reason, a veritable beggar—clothed in the rags bestowed by thy charity?

Truly, I know that I, the King, the Lord of All—have demeaned myself to you, O Mortal, as a Thing—a weakling—Yea, Something less than thy self.

Thou my slave, hast stood for me—a mighty ruler.

Thou hast usurped my place.

Thou hast moved me as a reed is moved by every wind.

Now indeed, I claim Mine Own.

I cast aside thy hypnotism, O Finite! I stand immovable, pregnant with mighty Power.

Freed from the glamour of that spell thou callest "Experience," I declare My reign, assert My Divinity, and stand upon the Heights—triumphant—the master of ALL THAT IS.

Drunk with the wine of thy witchery I slumbered long.

Long indeed, I slept under the spell of thy enchantment, the while thou hast masqueraded as the King whose royal prerogative it has been to bestow Life or Death according to thy sweet pleasure.

And yet I do not cast thee off, in the spirit of resentment. I but know thee for what thou art—Pretender—Usurper of the throne of Power.

Though thy Nothingness wast real to me in the darkness, yet I now realize thy beguilement, and I reject thy emptiness, the while my Conclousness of thee enhances all thy beauty.

Thou "ghost" of what I am, in the cracking of thy shell I find myself which was lost.

The message of thy seeming hast become luminous as the stars. The "Holy" of the Ghost has appeared.

I am at all times comforted.

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Psychometry

(Written for The Swastika.)

By DR. GEO. W. CAREY, Professor of Biochemistry.

The word psychometry was coined by the noted scientist Rhodes Buchanan. It is derived from psycho, the Greek for soul, and mitron, meter, to measure.. Therefore the word psychometry means literally soul measurement.

The contention that psychometry is a science and therefore worthy of recognition, is sustained by two indisputable facts. First, chemists all agree that there is but one substance in the universe, which in different degrees of fineness, attenuation or rates of motion, causes all appearances, all forms, all that we see, hear, feel, smell, or in any way sense, thus corroborating Herbert Spencer's statement that "all things proceed from ONE universal energy."

Second fact: Every person who is at all sensitive to impressions is more or less affected by the influence, the aura, of clothing, of works of art, or any product of man's hands, as well as natural products, but more especially are they affected by reading the written or spoken words of individuals.

No theory seems better established as a fact, than the theory that the particular vibration, or degree of intensity of thought, or the particular quality of a writer or speaker, is transmitted to the reader or listener.

We are not yet able to tell by what subtle, wireless telegraphy, chemical affinity, or alchemical transmutation, this marvelous operation is performed; but we must recognize the fact.

Chemistry is now merging into alchemy, from which it originally sprung. Modern chemistry is but the material side or effect of alchemy. All real scientists and especially the advanced chemists agree that the universal substance in its higher rate of motion, constitutes the higher intelligence, spirit or energy.

Other or lower rates of activity manifest in the gases, water, vegetable, wood, stone, etc., etc.

Thus, ice is crystallized or frozen water, while water is itself a product of rates of motion called oxygen and hydrogen—two of hydrogen to one of oxygen.

But water disappears when the two gases are set free or separated.

THE SWASTIKA.

The new chemistry has discovered the truth that all gases, all so-called elements, can be split, chemically, and resolved into the unknown and unnamable Absolute.

The spiritual scientist does not recognize law as a separate agent from himself, but being "led by the spirit" he fully realizes that he is himself a phase of the law in operation.

By thus recognizing the universal co-operation of the attributes or thoughts through which the great DYNAMIS operates or proceeds, you, a soul, one of the thoughts or words (expressions) are enabled to free yourself from the seeming environments of matter and thus realize your dominion over all you have been an agent in creating.

And you have assisted in creating—manifesting—all that is.

Being a thought, an outbreathing of universal spirit, you are co-eternal with it. The substance everywhere, omnipresent, was of course never created. Psychometry simply recognizes souls' own formations and interprets them.

These thought-vibrations are materialized, analyzed, understood and described as a painter explains the effects, lights and shades of his pictures, or a mechanic the results of his handiwork.

In material concept we do not realize the extent of our wisdom. When we awaken to soul, or spirit, consciousness—knowledge that we are souls that have bodies or temples and not bodies that have souls—we see the object or reason of all symbols or manifestations, i. e., created, formed things, and we spell the words again and this is called psychometry.

With a full understanding of the Oneness of life, and that all life is but a phase of Eternal Life, comes the power to psychometrize. If we can cognize the great truth that the products of nature are likewise the results of our own intelligence, we begin to see why it is possible to read the history of a certain article by coming in touch with its vibrations.

When we wish to "read" a person by touching flowers, handkerchief, watch, or ring that has been in contact with their person, we should remember the relation we hold to the objects and to the creative power—that it is All Knowing, All Seeing and All, or everywhere present.

Let us make the proper distinction between reason and intuition. Intuition is knowing. Reason is only a supposition, that a certain thing or theory is true. If it be demonstrated

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that the theory is false, the structure or argument built on the sand-formation of reason, falls. Intuition does not depend upon reason or so-called logical deductions.

To psychometrize we should wait for "the still small voice" of intuition, and not attempt to find truth by the material roads of reason and logic.

Relax all bodily functions and thus quiet material operation and you may read so-called inert matter, as you would read printed pages. Psychometry is miracle made natural, or occultism engrafted into everyday life.

"Nothing is hidden that shall not be revealed," and humanity stands at the door of the New Day when "none shall say unto his neighbor, "Know the Lord," for all shall know Truth and Truth shall set them free."

Duty is sweet only through love, and love shines alone in freedom, yet is it freedom to be a slave to the senses, to anger, to jealousies, and to a hundred other petty things that must occur every day in human life? In all the little roughnesses that we meet with in life the highest expression of freedom is to forbear.—Vivekananda.

There is a garden of the Spirit, wherein the plants and the herbs, the trees and the fruits, the winds and the waters, and the music of their running, the flowers and their perfume, aye, every breath we breathe, is for our blessing. This garden is in you and in me if we can only find it. It is well worth looking for and when found it is well worth tilling, and caring for because it bears its flowers and its fruit in all seasons, and these are for the healing of the soul and body of man and beast.—James Macbeth Bain.

There is one undeniable fact to be considered in any attempt at world-betterment. That is that every human being has the desire to make the most of his life—to get the best out of it. That so many fail is due to a faulty perspective, not to a lack of effort.—McIvor-Tyndall.

Man may learn sometime to quit fighting nations and individuals. If man should conclude to co-operate with individuals and nations instead of fighting them, the kingdom at hand would manifest.

Personal Problem Department

Subscribers to THE SWASTIKA who desire their questions answered free of charge in these columns may send in their questions to Editor Personal Problem Department. Those desiring a personal and private letter of advice from Dr. Melvor-Tyndall must enclose \$1 for same.

The New Thought editor of the Denver Post, a paper with a daily circulation of some 80,000, naturally receives some very interesting correspondence, propounding many problems that beset the path of the care-ridden, and perplexed men and women of this age of strenuosity and unrest. Among them are many complaints of ingratitude on the part of those who accept the writer's sacrifice of self, and uncomplaining devotion. It occurred to the editor of this department that there will be many readers of The Swastika who may need a word or two on this subject. The following letter is a typical case in point. The writer says:

I never had any opportunities like other girls. I lost my parents when I was very small, and my relatives brought me up. This they did reluctantly and grudgingly, and so as soon as I was able to do anything for myself I left them and took care of myself, working at anything I could do. When I married, my husband seemed to see in me only a drudge to work for him and keep his house clean and cook his meals, and when he finally made lots of money in the mines, he treated me so that I had to leave him. I have one son, and I slaved myself for him until he was twelve years of age, and when I left my husband my boy preferred to remain with his father who could take care of him better than I could do. Will you tell me what there is to live for when one has lost everything in life?

Now this is certainly a problem. If one could give the old orthodox comfort (?) to the effect that "God had seen fit to afflict the good sister, and so she must submissively bow to His divine (but, between us, rather wicked) will," she might be able to revenge herself upon her enemies, in the future life, when she was up somewhere in heaven playing a harp and those who had mistreated her were in the other place—everything would be settled and it would be an easy matter to give advice.

But thank goodness, we have outgrown the idea that we

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must look outside and beyond ourselves for either "salvation" or to find the person upon whom to shift the blame for our suffering and our non-success, and we know that this poor soul has simply reaped the results of her own mistaken and misguided views of life. Somewhere within the thought-world of each of us may be found the key to our joys and our sorrows; our successes and our failures.

To begin with, I want to say that sacrifice of oneself and of one's rights and one's self-respect, is always and ever wasted. Particularly is this true as between woman and man. However much we may prate (and believe the substance of our prating) of the equality of man and woman, and of the advisability of having the same mental attitude between men and women as between men and men, the fact remains—unshakable and reliable—that any man who will treat a woman in the same matter-of-fact, "you-are-no-better-than-I-am," manner that he treats his male acquaintances is NOT the right kind of a man.

Now I do not mean to infer from this that the mere fact that a man will act the gallant to a woman, is a pledge of his sincerity or his desirability, or his manliness. But I do maintain that the right kind of a man MUST feel within him the urge of that spirit of chivalry and protection for a woman that, in some manner, compensates her for her concessions to man's merely sense-conscious ideals.

Woman is man's superior, taken in the average and from the standpoint of spiritual unfoldment, which is the only viewpoint from which to judge the sexes and the races.

The "Oh to be nothing, nothing" attitude of mind is neither womanly nor spiritual. Demand from others what you are willing to give—no more and yet no less. Thus you will be just to those about you as well as to yourself. Not that I mean we should be always weighing and considering what we receive to determine whether or not we have been cheated in our bargain, but even this attitude is scarcely less disastrous in results than the one that recklessly lavishes a kind of "walk-on-me" devotion upon everyone who comes within the radius of her (it is always HER, I think) too indiscriminate ardor.

When Demaratus was asked whether he held his tongue because he was a fool or for want of words, he replied: "A fool cannot hold his tongue."

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"Johnnie," said the impatient mother to her five-year-old, "have I not told you that you must not play with those children down the street?"

"Why not," demanded Johnnie.

"Because they are not good children, they don't obey their parents and they swear and I don't want my boy associating with bad children," was the answer whereupon Johnnie drew his little brows together and astonished his mother with the reflection, "Oh, I don't know, mama. I am not so damn good myself."

A Christian Science mother had tried with rather indifferent success, to cure her small girl of nine, of the habit of screaming when frightened or hurt. "You know, Edith," she said, "you are God's child and no harm can come to you. Always remember this and don't be afraid." One day the mother heard Edith's wild screams and looking out of the window in the direction of the sounds, she saw Edith flying across a vacant lot with a billy goat, head down, close upon her heels. The mother hurried to the rescue, and when she had Edith safe in the house she suddenly remembered her "science." "Now, Edith," she remonstrated, "I am ashamed of you for being afraid. Do you not know yet that you are God's child?"

"Oh, yes, mama, I know it," rejoined Edith, "but I don't think that goat does."

A New Thought mother had evidently been teaching her young son the necessity of "holding a thought" of what he wanted to become or what he wanted to have, for one day she found him in the pantry, with a piece of string tied to a loaf of cake on the pantry shelf. There sat the youngster with both hands holding the end of the string, and an intent look on his face. "Why, my son, what are you doing?" asked the mother. "Well, I want a piece of cake, and so I am holding the thought," was the exultant answer.

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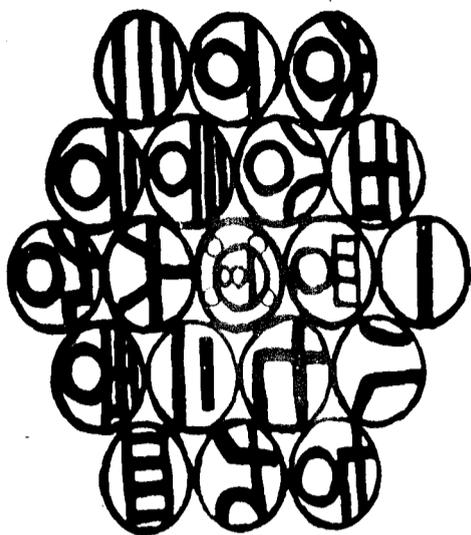
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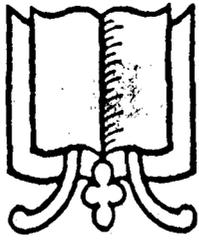
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