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# SWASTIKA

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SILENCE I STAND

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VICTOR OF LIFE AND

TRIUMPHANT

Edited by

DR. ALEXANDER J.  
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**Vol. V**

**MAY, 1908**

**No. 1**

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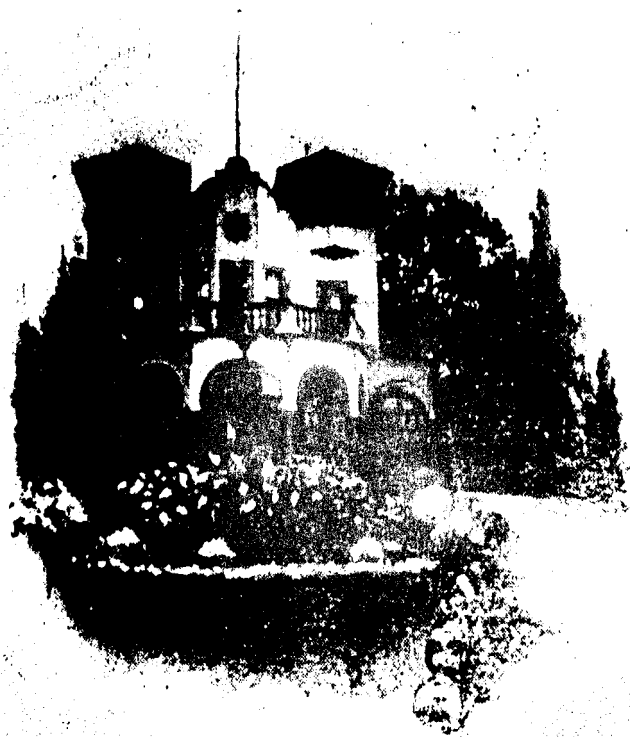
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# THE SWASTIKA

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Vol. V

MAY, 1908

No. 1

## Editorials

It is evident these days that New Thought has become fashionable. It is, in fact, the keynote of the fashions. It has permeated the drama, literature and science.

SOME MORE "NEW"  
DISCOVERIES. The popular craze for Wagner, who was a mystic of mystics, speaks for the new philosophy in music. And lastly, as convincing evidence that the Metaphysical Movement "has arrived," is the fact that the churches have taken up much of it, and as always with Theology, they have apparently appropriated the entire matter and stamped it with their copyright.

The press is filled with utterances of inspired clergymen, who have *discovered* wonderful truths, regarding the new psychology or the new theology, or whatever name they select for their tardy acceptance of principles which the world at large has known and practiced for some time.

Of course, it is desirable and it is likewise cause for congratulation, that any part of the New Thought has at last found acceptance in the minds of the mighty keepers of the souls of men, but why this widespread salaaming to these belated converts, as though, forsooth, they had done the movement a mighty service?

It is a matter of news worthy of report, no doubt, that Bishop Fallows and other prelates of the Church, have at last capitulated to the onslaughts of Truth, and if the capitulation is not complete, it is at least a compromise.

But we rise to ask, Who has gained by this enforced advance on the part of the clergy?

It appears to us that the gain is entirely on the side of the Church. The Church—by that we mean the heads of every orthodox denomination under the sun—has fought every principle of the New Thought, from healing to the realization of man's inherent divinity.

When they discovered that the fight was hopeless, and that if they would retain one member in their Trust they must engraft some part of the Truth into their crumbling creeds, they grabbed at the most evident, the most palpable and unescapable part of



the evidence, and *discovered* that healing was allowable in the church ritual.

And behold! there is great rejoicing among the elect, and many of the non-elect have also joined the jubilee, because a small part of the Message of Truth—that inconsequential part of it that relates to bodily healing—has at last been discovered by the dignitaries of the Church and has become respectable.

It looks to us like a movement on the part of organized Churchianity to capture the enemy, and make the best of a situation that threatens their corporation, by pretending to have a corner on the enemy's ammunition.

Now let us watch for efforts at legislation that shall make healing a crime, except when the healing is done by an ordained minister of a church.

An impossible move on the part of Bishop Fallows, Rev. Campbell et al.?

Wait and see.

\* \* \*

The orthodox church lays particular stress upon the commandments compiled by Moses, and claimed by him to have been given him direct from the hands of a personal God, with whom he was on particularly familiar terms. We have no quarrel with Moses. He was a wise man, very wise, indeed, for his time, and the code of ethics which he formulated for the guidance of his people has done good service. That he foisted it upon them under false pretenses, as the direct mandate of a wrathful and all-powerful God, should not be counted against him at this late day. He probably could not have made his scheme successful in any other way.

The point which we wish to emphasize is the one that the present day orthodox churches are still acting as special advertising agents for Moses, and are preaching the Ten Commandments as the Alpha and Omega of Theology, good behavior, morality and salvation.

And with all their preaching, we still have legalized murder in the form of capital punishment. For this blot upon a civilization that even aspires to, much less boasts of, being more than barbaric, the Church is almost wholly responsible.

In the same breath with their utterance of the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," they clamor for the death of any one who has transgressed the law of being which demands that we do not take what we cannot give.

Denver has recently been the stage of a spectacle which future generations will look back to as probably the most barbarous,

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the most bloodthirsty, the most willfully beastly thing human minds can conceive and put into practice.

A wretched, starving, crazed creature, an Italian named Alia, shot and killed a Catholic priest as the priest was celebrating mass at the altar.

Instantly the kneeling, praying, pious congregation sprang to their feet and became wolves, eager to tear limb from limb the poor maniac.

The Catholic Church has always fought bitterly the Socialist Movement, as indeed it has always fought every liberating movement, and in the slaying of one of its priests by this poor maniac, they saw a chance to push the bitter fight against Socialism. The Italian was branded as a Socialist, and the columns of the daily press teemed with exciting stories of the "daring assassin" and his band of Socialistic comrades, who had sworn to kill all the priests in the world—more or less. While in jail awaiting sentence, the wretched Italian peasant, the victim of centuries of priest and king-ridden Italy, showed unmistakable signs of homicidal insanity.

The very photographic cuts, which were distorted by newspaper cleverness to appear murderous, but betrayed the vacuous stare, the uncomprehending, unreasoning mind, of the insane imbecile.

Nothing could be more inhuman in modern life than the picture presented by the farcical trial of this madman. A shrinking, uncomprehending, muddled hare, cornered by ravenous dogs, is an inspiring thought compared to this one of a sick, starving, demented thing in the flesh of a man, looking vacantly from one to another of his captors, who went through the alleged "legal" formality of sentencing him to death, merely because the Church which teaches the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill" demanded, with vicious, bloodthirsty eagerness the life of a sick-unto-death fellow mortal.

And, although Colorado has been for years a leader in the movement for abolishing legalized murder, this poor wretch was condemned to death on the gallows.

Despite the uncompromising efforts of the powerful organization known as the Catholic Church to find some evidence that could be distorted into proof that Alia was a Socialist or an Anarchist (the same thing in their eyes), not a scrap of evidence to that effect could be produced.

Alia is a Catholic. In his cell, at the sound of the bells from the "Church of God" near by, he will fall on his knees and bless himself and mutter vague, meaningless appeals to the "blessed virgin" or some favorite saint, while his keepers stand ready to

knock him senseless should his madness take on a violent turn, which it generally does after such instances.

Alia is the result of the old-world teaching of blind, superstitious subjugation to authority.

To keep their victims tractable under this rule of Church and of government the wretched slaves must be also kept in ignorance. Ignorance and superstition are always wedded, and their progeny are half-mad things, bereft of reason, of hope, of power to rise above the level of dumb, suffering brutes.

Such is Alia, the insane victim of this hideous Machine, who, in his madness slew Father Heinrich, a fellow victim scarcely less insane in his fanatical zeal for the Organization he served.

And in every Catholic church in the country prayers of thanksgiving have been offered for the law's ready compliance with their thirst for vengeance, and in the same breath the priestly automatons will rise in their "sacerdotal" robes and preach the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

We are well aware that this statement of facts in the case of Alia, the Italian, will be distorted by blinded Catholics into an expression of sympathy with murderers in general and murderers of priests in particular, but, thank God, we don't care. We know the end, and we look on at the death struggle of the old concepts, certain and sure that the Better Day of freedom from tyranny and limitations, and self-styled "Divine" rights and authority, is waiting around the corner ready to burst upon us, freeing even the Catholic Church from its own doctrine of damnation.

\* \* \*

The basis of all harmonious human intercourse is faith and confidence in our fellow beings. Money only expresses our degree of credit, due to our development as men and women of character and reliability. The loss or the scarcity of money, therefore, does not necessarily affect our real status, if we retain our confidence in the integrity of ourselves and our fellows.

Fear, or lack of faith, is always followed by a congestion, a paralysis of effort, whether that effort be expressed largely as in financial conditions affecting the entire country, or whether it be merely within the personal life of single individuals. Life is demonstrated by activity occasioned by confidence.

When this confidence becomes paralyzed by fear, activity ceases. This is the cause of all panics, all congested, or paralyzed activities.

Knowing this fact, we may as individuals, be stronger than the suggestion of fear, and we may each express our confidence in each other, thereby changing the current of the public mind into the life-giving channels of harmony, confidence and faith.

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## How to be Rich with \$1000.



We are in the very infancy of Life's Lessons.

This boasted era of our civilization is nothing more than the kindergarten stage of Progress.

For centuries the mass of humanity has been in infant's swaddling clothes. I mention these facts because it is necessary to convey to your minds an idea of the difference between *per*-ception of a thing, and the

*realization* of it.

It is but now becoming apparent to the thinking mind that everyone may be successful.

There is enough of everything to go around, if evenly distributed.

We were taught, in the old thought, that there was a supreme dispenser of Joy and Sorrow, Poverty and Riches, and that all we could do about it was to sit patiently and wait for his pleasure to send us a modicum of success, for our unceasing efforts.

And by success, I mean business success, financial success, as well as ethical success.

I do not for one moment advocate the patient endurance of poverty as a blessing from *on High*.

No one can do his best if he feels the need and the grind of poverty.

We find that there are among the Orientals what are called "beggar-sages," men of such spiritual wisdom and insight that they are capable of getting along without a penny or a crust of bread.

This is all right in its way. It is well to have a reminder that money is nothing as compared with wisdom, and that when one knows oneself, one knows that he is master.

But this philosophy will not satisfy our modern civilization. Men and women of today demand freedom from the need of money. It is not enough for us to say that success does not depend upon cash accounts.

It does not, to be sure, but there is a part of our consciousness that says: "If I am free and master of my environments, why should I not have control of whatever money is necessary for me to do with as I please?"

That is why, in this Metaphysical Movement, such stress is laid upon financial success.

The average person who takes up New Thought or Christian Science, or any other of the phases of the Metaphysical Movement does so, in nine cases out of ten, in order that he may prove the assertion that we are masters and not slaves of the Universal forces.

And how can he prove this to himself?

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the answer will lie in his increased bank account. That is the standard nearly every time, and we are not going to say it is not a high standard.

It is, from the viewpoint of the seeker. And he is right from his viewpoint.

Now, once we have taken into the mind the conviction that God does not send us wealth and poverty, and that it is for us to bring these conditions into expression, what do we naturally do? We search for the reason why these opposing conditions exist. We look for the *cause* of the unequal distribution of wealth.

Right here I want to answer a question that I know has occurred to some of my readers.

They may want to ask how it is that every person may have wealth at his command, when there is only so much wealth in all the world? Something like one thousand dollars per capita, I think it is.

I will answer this, Yankee style, by asking another question: How did what wealth we have come into existence?

Who produced it, and what was it produced out of?

Was it dropped down from the skies by an all-powerful ruler of creation?

Most certainly *not*.

Man produced it out of the invisible—out of Mind, wherein we may find all power with which to externalize whatever we need here, in this physical life.

We made all there is, and if we need more, we can get it from the same place we got the other.

But, instead of doing this, instead of overtaxing ourselves to produce more and more, suppose we stop a moment and see whether we *need* more.

There is enough food products right now in the world to overfeed many times a greater number of persons than the earth contains.

There is enough land—unreclaimed, uncultivated and unused, much of it—to shelter many times more people than we can count.

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There is enough manufactured goods, clothing, furnishings, utilities and even so-called luxuries in the world, already externalized, to maintain us all in plenty for *more* years than we will dwell in the external life.

Where, then, is all the trouble?

Why do not all have what they want?

What is the reason for this congested condition, that fails to distribute evenly the world's products?

It lies in our failure to *keep things moving*.

Now, this is the whole thing in a nutshell.

Activity is life, and stagnation is death. This fact relates particularly to business or financial activity.

If you have but \$3, spend it—keep it moving.

If you have a million dollars, spend it—keep it moving.

If you have more than a million, you have a great many times more than you have any moral right to.

I think it was Russell Sage, or maybe it was Rockefeller, who is quoted as saying that early in life he learned to make his money work for him.

He was paid \$2.50 a week for some work. He loaned out the money for six months and the man who borrowed it paid him \$2 for the use of it. From this he learned the law of financial success, and he stuck to it. We do not advocate the ideal of money-getting as one's one and only object in life—far from it.

As I have often told you, you must retain the mastership. Instead of working for money, instead of being slaves to its needs, or slaves to its uses (*the condition of humanity today*), we can learn to make money our servants. It must *work for us*. As long as you are fearful that you may lose it, you are a slave to money.

When you wake up, and put your money to work—no matter how little it may appear to be—that moment you have the *key* to the situation *in your possession*. The rest will follow, if you retain the mastership.

There is no reason why it should be difficult for the rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven.

Poverty is not specially favored by Divinity.

Poverty on any plane of life is not a blessing.

Poverty of ideas, of spirituality, of happiness, of love for our fellowbeings, of kindness and charity and open-mindedness—all these phases of poverty are equally undesirable, with poverty of finances.

Use your forces in every direction, if you want to increase them. Use your money if you expect to increase it.

Keep it moving.

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I started to say at the beginning of this little talk that we would do well to see if one thousand dollars would not be sufficient for each of us.

Now, we will take one dollar and we will for the moment call it one thousand. It is only what we call it, anyway. The dollar may just as well have stood for a million.

There is no power in money, or in any external thing, save that which the *mind of man* has given to it.

*Remember this. You may know it perhaps, but remember it. Hold to it. Realize it.*

Now, we will assume that we all have one thousand dollars. Each of us has this sum backed by our willingness to give to the world what we have to give in effort.

We each start the entire amount out to work for us. We all keep this money moving all the time, never allowing it even the proverbial Sunday rest accorded the good servant.

What is the result?

*Each of us will always have one thousand dollars in our pockets, and we will have had the use of it, also. We will have exchanged our wants, and still have as stock on hand, our ability—our willingness—and the same degree of cash.*

We will have the same amount of cash because in the course of human events, if each person has been true to his promise of keeping all his money in circulation, backed by his willingness to serve, that money must have found its way back to the starting point, even as everything in the Universe travels in a circle.

During the late financial stringency there was as much money in the country as there had been in the course of years. The stringency came only when Fear took possession of those who had sufficient capital to make Fear take any notice of them, and they stopped circulating their cash.

If they had kept it moving, as a good servant should be willing to do, when the household is particularly hard pressed, there would have been no stringency.

Keep your money moving. Keep your good will and everything that is good moving. If you have nothing that is good, keep the so-called "bad" moving.

Anything is better than stagnation.

*Wm. J. D. J. D.*

Desire for better and higher things is never unanswered. But be sure that you are not longing for a bauble when priceless gems are within your reach.

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# Super-Jurisprudence

Part Four.

*Facing the Grand Elements.*

(Continued from April Issue.)

Oh, the race of compromising human beasts! How accommodating they are! They wait for the rain and for the times to be hard or soft! We have a candidate who started some time ago, perhaps twenty years; he has come to the conclusion that he is a masculine being; he works it out that he must be a feminine being also. So he has invited the cosmos to put him on a wheel and spin him, man and woman, man and woman, long enough so that he cannot tell which is which. Herbert Spencer said it was a fortunate way for capital punishment—put them on a board and whirl them until the blood goes from their center to their extremities, and you will not need to hang them.

There is a fanatical enterprise which sometimes speaks up in the presence of great words of truth. Truth does not ride the horse of ambition; truth is mounted upon the great being called indifference. It was a most indifferent, princely indifferent adventure of this great Gautama, to be willing to stake the total jewel of his experience upon whether a reed should be green and have a pith, or be born like Kapila, seventy years of age, with a mustache and a beard.

There is a comfortable order in things for minds which need a regular dope; but reason lives always outdoors, in a greater outdoors than all the estimates the material life can possibly assist to conceive. Gautama bet his eternal freedom that the reed had no pith in it, although it was the season of year for pithy reeds.

We are informed that Jesus failed in a similar enterprise, but what he could not do one way he did another. The tree did not wish to be disloyal to the almanac, and would rather be disloyal to the princely entity called man, testifying to the possession of leaves and no fruit, for it was not the season of year to have figs. When a man comes by, seasons and worlds vanish; when a man speaks, the universe bows down in excellent obedience, forgetting its dates with time and space, forgetting the bibs to be applied to those who need them.

So they inform us that a fig tree brought up in the atmosphere of a Jewish civilization is the most stubborn fig tree known to the elements. Now we have no disposition to dip the vegetable world into human racial proclivities. Let us forgive the grass and the

leaves and the waters and the lilies their foolish association with man! The great imports inform us that this tree should have been brought up in Arabia, with the soft association and magical environment and training of that wondrous peninsular of dreams. But this Arabic phantom-land seems smitten as if God had forgotten it, yet by a wondrous instinct of self-preservation it seizes better things than men or waters might suggest, for it is written—

“When thy father and mother forsake thee,  
Behold, the Lord will take thee up!”

If it be that this land of southern California was forgotten, a patch incomplete when he was finishing up the world, then maybe there shall be seizure of those diviner things. We are informed that had this fig tree been brought up in Arabia, or in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and it had been a dry season—Oh, we are willing to confess that we helped pray for this rain!—when the Master said, “I would have figs to eat,” the tree would not have turned around and gotten on its knees to the almanac.

In our pilgrimage we announced that there was but one being and that being at least on the average of God—that is little enough, God knows, for ever since He has seen you in the world, He has been ashamed of Himself. We have met those who are keeping sacred loyalty and creed with the almanac. They are not even in that splendid genius of inspiration which Emerson offered like a cup of elixir to the American people, to this effect:

“Look for those intercalated days  
When the soul shall come upon you  
With its heroic genius and you shall be lifted  
Out of the circle into the air of freedom.”

We are informed that the tree whispered to this mighty reader and interpreter of things, “We do not bow down to the almanac. We have no covenant with the nourishing waters.” “Very well!” said the insight, “then we will associate you with your next lesson; that is to say, fire. If you do not keep date with the almanac and the waters, then you shall keep your appointed hour with the fire, and shall play truant no longer. And we are informed that the fire came to the fig tree to obtain from it an answer, saying, “Let there be matured upon you all fruit as if on the instant, for is there a particle of the universe that does not partake of the total? Is it not written in the books of all the world that the least is the greatest? Therefore, O tree, produce unto me the end as well as the beginning of your circle! You shall not say seed, root, stem, trunk, branches, leaves, fruit, and then precipitate and

catch your covenant with the waters and on again this weary circle of pilgrimages! Not so! Take henceforth the fire for your instructor, and let his hot breath and vital sense go through you, and answer at last with some final statement! The circle of things thou hast been faithful to, but we would that the baptism of fire should meet and pronounce your freedom."

After this conversation which took place between the master of insight and this tree—for he had spoken well of the vegetable world and recommended that even men should go there to obtain instruction, and it was not meet that one of these should have insulted him—we are told that the tree withered up.

Not so with the Prince Gautama, for when he undertook to drink through the reed he found its lamp trimmed and burning, having in the presence of the great genius of life forgotten that there were any movements in the sun and stars to dictate—today pithy and tomorrow hollow. In the presence of its Lord it was free; and he drank the water through the hollow reed and retained his jewel of freedom. Nor can it be said that he also was sporty, for he knew that freedom is an impartible being. The princes of insight willingly stake what they cannot lose. Their heroism is great but cheap.

They said to me, "This is well of Jesus, this is well of Gautama; this may be very well of you, but look at the stars." And we have said, Who is this that bows down to the revolutions of things? Certainly not he who seeks the truth!

There came then the rich exhalation that scattered the dust of men's thoughts, and the seasons parted asunder that the glory of that recognition might be. What then? Shall you go forth as Ponce de Leon to find a spring from which there shall issue a vagrant energy, lost, seeking whom it may immortalize? We would show you a more excellent and certain path. There is that which, being introduced into mind, produces a path to the general deposit of freedom.

It is not sufficient that you should select some special faculty and pronounce it against the greatest name you know. For instance, they said to me, 'Is this insight possessed because you said words which associated and selected the organ or faculty of the mind called egoism with the magnificent creation of human thought called God?' Not so! You might stand up and say that you are God until all the seasons in the pocket of nature shall have been poured out upon you, and nothing avail. It is a path.

*Louis Edm. Russell*



# The Futility of Negation

## Part One.

### *Crime and Criminals.*



What is crime?

What are the causes that produce the criminal, or the sinner if you prefer the cant of the church to the patter of the law?

For, if indeed we are reasoning beings, it is with causes that we are concerned and not with the mere results which those causes have produced. If there is a disease in the social body it is not the symptoms of that illness to which we will apply such remedies as we may possess. The cause—the underlying disturbance is the thing which we would find.

Those who from choice or necessity have wandered in that place of darkness that the dear people who live always in the light of virtue designate as the Underworld, have found its inhabitants not the least interesting of the units composing the mass of society, and this not alone from the viewpoint of the student, but more through the purely human interest engendered by a commonwealth of woe. Misery, sorrow, suffering, you will find in abundance, and every possible cause that could lead or drive mankind to building their houses of life on the sands of multitudinous mistakes; every motive save the single one of choice. Look ye—would you yourself, who know not the lives your brothers lead, choose sickness before health, sorrow before happiness, shame and exile before honor and the companionship of souls which is now yours? Then why believe it of others who are also men, and, speaking as you would speak, were also women?

God forgive you for this thing which you have done! You will find no protection under the old, old Cain to Jehova plea, "Am I my brother's keeper?" You who love God, you who uphold the law, you with your penitentiaries and your churches, sitting in judgment on the thing which you have wrought, consciously clothed in the bright garments of righteousness—in what manner have you acquired the right to "cast the first stone," which the Christ denied to that Jewish mob thirsty for the blood of the wanton that they had made?

You who are so ready with punishment and so-called remedies for the victim of evil—would it not be a more worthy fight

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if you attacked this hydra in his lair, this hydra that you are so fond of talking about? As yet there is no law of church or state that does not rave in vain denunciation of the beast and then destroy the victim immediately he is bitten. Straightway when one has injured you or yours, you will take your petty revenge on him, forgetting that Highest God, even though you yourself are defiled in his injury. The work was the fiend's work, but you smite his victim and the fiend grins—but the gods weep.

Landor has put it thus: "Cruelty is no more the cure for crime than it is the cure for suffering," and Ruskin follows his thought further still, "Crime cannot be hindered by punishment, but only by letting no man grow up a criminal."

For our own sakes, if for no more than this, let us steer away from the rocks of the personal idea concerning crime and punishment, sin and damnation; surely, on the broad sea of thought where we float, a derelict, there must be a solution of this problem. Again Ruskin voices the thought for us: "One of the most fatal sources of the prevailing misery and crime lies in the generally accepted quiet assumption that because things have long been wrong it is impossible that they should ever be right."

That there is needless crime and needless misery leading to crime anew, no one will be found to deny. And in every act of abatement is expressed a hope of better things, else the church and the reformatory would not exist side by side—each a bitter mockery of the other. But you cannot injure a man's body to his moral benefit—that was tried to the utmost in the church, and failed. The reformatory is a school for vice and the penal institutions a clearing house for thugs. How are the ends of humanity served if you imprison a man for two, ten, twenty years and then set him at liberty to prey upon mankind again with all his powers for evil intensified? Where is a boy the better if he enters the reformatory a tough and leaves a hardened criminal? A murderer is sent to join his victim across the Border; then is that victim benefitted or are you? The murderer killed as an individual; you kill as a mass. Where is your warrant for this second crime?

The law, in itself, is a confession of its own weakness. Unable to find a solution, the problem is locked away behind steel doors or caused to make a hasty exit from your midst.

Witness the result. After thousands of years crime has not ceased, but from the ruck is developed a rule. Crime increases in exact proportion to the multiplicity of laws and decreases in ratio as punishment becomes lighter. This is more than theory; it is truth with all history as proof. At the end of this thought may appear a faint glimmer of light. Men do advance if time

enough is given. They have at last discovered that crime is a disease.

This, at least, you may accept without question. Now, what are you going to do about it? Will you still imprison those who are ill and continue to use the term "moral leper" in contumely and cursing? Segregation may profit you awhile and you may heap law on law to make this segregation more complete for the prevention of any stain which might appear upon your own white garments. But you are only bandaging a wound which you nourish to hide the bleeding away from the gaze of men. Denial of its existence will profit nothing while the wound remains unhealed.

And what do you gain by destroying ten thousand criminals, raising up ten thousand to take their place the while? No doubt you will make more laws and again more laws. Legislation is easier than education; moral sanitation might cost much money, but life is cheap. And still they come, bubbling up from the Underworld, those men and women whom you have sent down through starvation, through false teaching and no teaching, through misery and slavish labor, rising like noxious gases from an open sewer—but they are not men and women now—they belong to the submerged tenth, stiffs, common embezzlers, murderers and harlots—and the penitentiary and the grave yawns open for them when they reach the air. But these are not the last; there are more there, for you can hear their groans as they struggle toward the light—and these also will come and, coming, prey on a world in which they are not welcome, since prey is the only law of life you let them know. Why—why is this thing true?

Schiller has said, "Reason has done, what it can do, when it discovers and draws up the law; to execute this law is reserved for him who feels the obligation of it, and has due firmness of purpose." Must blindness and infirmity of purpose be ever a characteristic of men, and do they feel no obligation upon them except to remove what is not pleasant to the sight. This, then, the law can do: it can punish but it cannot cure. All the gods that men have been able to invent have not saved him from one unworthy thought or action when the soul within was otherwise than just. We are will not do it—love may, but that love cannot be ladled out in charity with a gloved hand.

Not in this may the occult be ignored. It is only a following out of a natural law of suggestion that what is held constantly before the mind, even though it be a fearful thing, will have a powerful attraction for many individuals. The only power that

example has in the case of punishment for crime is a baneful one. And what have you accomplished when you have turned an evil soul from an evil body so that his power is merely given a wider range of action? The segregation of criminals in masses results in forming a great generating center radiating forces of hate and fear in every direction. The walls have not been built that are capable of cooping in a thought. The soul of the world is sick and the cure for souls is not to be found in any material pharmacopia.

Love is the only force that will prevent a man injuring his fellows and yet, oh, strange anomaly, we have been trying to induct this love through hate.

The old orthodox idea of hell at least might have been spared to us; it was such a good place for our enemies.

*Kenneth MacNichol*

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## Lessons in Constructive Science

*By W. D. Wattles.*

### I.

#### *Fundamental Principles.*

There are, in the external expression of the Universal Energy, seemingly two distinct results of the action of this force.

These two results seem ever present in all nature. Under the constructive Motive, the forces are ever building; under the destructive Motive, they are ever tearing down. The processes of integration and disintegration, growth and decay, construction and destruction of form, are manifested everywhere in the external, the physical life.

Every act of man, whether mental or physical, must be either constructive or destructive in its results; and all attainment must depend on the man's ability to choose between the constructive and the destructive in thought and action. The constructive and destructive processes are always going on within the body; and the moment the destructive processes shall exceed the constructive ones, the body must die.

If the constructive processes can be made to exceed the destructive ones, the person must advance in health. To create health, therefore, it is necessary to turn the internal forces of the

body into constructive channels; and if this can be done, a cure is certain.

The internal processes are under the control of the sub-conscious mind; therefore, if every thought of the sub-conscious mind be a constructive thought, all the internal forces will be turned into constructive channels.

Constructive thought must result in constructive actions and in constructive living; so that when the sick person learns how to think nothing but constructive thought, he will certainly live in perfect harmony with the constructive principle, and must get well.

The human body is renewed every year by the constructive power within it; every cell within the body of an average person is new in eighteen months at the outside; yet the body, while constantly being renewed, presents the appearance of age.

This appearance of age in a renewed body can only be caused by destructive thought. If the sub-conscious thought can be held entirely in constructive channels, the body may be held in perpetual youth.

Business success is the infallible result of constructive action; men fail because their destructive acts exceed the constructive ones.

If every act in business is a constructive act, success cannot fail to result.

Success in business is attained, therefore, by eliminating destructive acts, and multiplying constructive acts.

To succeed, it is necessary to learn how to classify actions, so as to decide which are constructive, and which destructive.

Every business act or policy must begin in thought; if every thought is constructive, every act must also be constructive. Therefore, to succeed in business, we must learn how to make every thought a constructive thought.

Domestic happiness is the result of certain actions and attitudes in the home; and every action and attitude in the home is either constructive or destructive in its effect upon domestic happiness.

If a majority of the actions in the home are constructive, the home will be a happy one; if a majority of the actions are destructive, the reverse will be the case.

Action is the expression of thought; therefore, if all the thoughts in the home can be made constructive, domestic happiness must surely follow.

It is easily possible to ascertain which thoughts are constructive, and which are destructive; therefore, every home can be made a happy home.

Every mind is made from the same essential elements, and contains the same faculties in different stages of development; and

any faculty of any mind may be developed by constructive thought and study.

Constructive mental action will develop the mind as surely as constructive physical action will develop the body.

A small mind is only a great mind which is in an undeveloped stage; and every small mind can be developed to greatness by following the right constructive processes.

These processes do not consist in cramming with information, but in increasing the number and fineness of the brain cells, and in unfolding the faculties of mind and the power of soul.

National prosperity is the result of constructive social action, and can be assured and perpetuated by making every national policy constructive.

Every policy which tends to unification, common interest, mutually for all, integration, the abolition of class interests, harmony and peace at home and abroad is constructive; every policy which tends to set interest against interest, man against man, class against class, nation against nation, is disintegration, and therefore destructive. The classification of national policies is thus made easy, and the greatest prosperity becomes certainly attainable.

The next lesson will be on "Constructive Thought in Health Culture."

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## KARMA

*By Grace M. Brown.*

She aimed a blow at the heart of me;  
I bared my soul to its might,  
And the anguished thing lay throbbing there  
As the day sank into the night.

She lifted high her dainty head  
As her beautiful face so fair  
She tore apart from the heart of me,  
For I had enthroned it there.

Sometimes I think that in days ago,  
In the ages of long ago,  
That I must have done this pitiful thing,  
That I must have dealt the blow

Which today returns to the heart of me  
And frees the quivering thing  
From human idols and human loves  
That divine love may enter in.

## Opportunity

By Augustus Wittfeld.

'Ere you reach up and detach the departed month from your calendar, pause awhile before consigning it to the oblivion of the past. Consider, retrospectively, whether you have made the most of the thirty days of opportunity and promise; these thirty gems elected to a place in the glorious diadem of time. How many, if any of them, have had your attention and effort to bring out their hidden radiance and glory that their splendor might assure to them an unassailable place in the crown of life?

Thirty times hath the sun come out of the mystic East projecting his life-giving rays before him. Thirty times hath darkness fled before his fiery chariot, which, in its swift flight has drawn into its vortex the dead desires and passions of the world and purified them of their dross and shallowness in his alembic of fire, with which each pure atom that has stood the test has been launched a beam of light to find lodgment in some human brain.

Out of the East cometh light and life, and in their wake travelth the wisdom and experience of centuries. Expectation faces the onrushing sun and regret ever looks backward over her shoulder at the departing sphere. Life is expectation; realization is existence, and a satiated desire is death. The drying up of the well-springs of ambition marks the beginning of dissolution, and the hope that is born in the springtime of youth should unfold and bear fruit in the summer of life, that the autumn and winter of existence may indulge in a retrospect of the glorious past and an anticipation of the still more glorious future.

Childhood is a leaf from the book of pleasure; youth is a chapter from the book of fancy; manhood a volume from the book of experience, and age an epitome of the book of wisdom, while the completed life adds another volume to that vast and unfinished work made up of the countless tragedies of life, the records of unwise effort and purposeless application, with an occasional classic on the perfect life.

This month that you are consigning to oblivion, study it: Of the thirty days of opportunity, four were assigned to things spiritual, and the balance to the ordinary pursuits of life. To what are we indebted for the differentiation of days, and why should the spirit that actuates us during one day give way to a different one during the other six? Should we not make every day one of

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endeavor, praise and thanksgiving? Is it necessary to spend six days in the market place that we may enjoy one in the temple? Or, does the spirit which moves us to prey upon our fellowmen during the six days seek sanctuary from sin during one day because of an overburdened consciousness? \*

The mere suggestion of the one day being holy is a suggestion that the other six may be given over to vice. He who lives the perfect life recognizes the possibilities of each day and endeavors to add to the glory of each by golden deeds and effort. There is no need of variation in his daily life, and the ring of the church bell is to him but a reminder that the world seeks respite from sinning.

Thirty times hath the sun come out of the East; yet these thirty times are but as a flash of light when compared to his ceaseless journey in the aeons of the past. Thirty times has darkness come over the earth, and we have wondered at the mystery of unfathomable space—silent, awful, grand. A mantle of darkness embellished and enriched by countless myriads of gems—jewels in the celestial firmament whose facets have been so cut and polished by contact with the onrushing elements of countless ages that, even in the darkness, they reflect the light perhaps of a glorious central sun, around which swings a universe of such unthinkable circumference that an infinity of time would prove inadequate for the performance of a single rotation; a sun so far removed into illimitable space that the full radiance of its splendor shall never reach the outer circumference of that universe until aeons of ages after our constellation has passed into nothingness.

When we reflect upon the majestic mystery of nature we are confronted by a realization of our ignorance and a conviction that what to us is immeasurability of space, time, direction and purpose is but a span in the dimensions of limitless nature.

The space of a man's life is but the space of a breath of the universe. Then how short has been the month you would consign to oblivion! Its joys, its trials and its victories may seem as nothing compared with the limitless universe, yet each moment has had its opportunities, the grasping of which would have brought you nearer to a realization of that glorious destiny which nature holds in trust for you.

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Purity, strength, fearlessness and peace of mind—these are what religion gives. Religion is realization, is building up one's character. Belonging to any society or church cannot make anybody's life happy.—*Paramananda*.

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Death reveals no secrets. We learn in the daylight by living, working, loving. Death is but the longer sleep between two days.—*Luke North*.

## Come and Sin No More

By C. L. Brewer.

We are told that One of Old Time released a prisoner whom the law ordained to death with the simple injunction to "go and sin no more," and that sentence has been heralded down the ages as a great example of mercy. But now conditions are such that it would often be but a cruel mockery—equivalent to saying, "go and eat no more." Thus does Economic Determinism revise our Ethical Conceptions and compel religion to be progressive.

One of my friends has had the usual experiences of a working girl for several years—has been in shop, factory and office, and knows half a dozen trades and occupations. She is bright, well educated, handsome, and splendidly strong and healthy. She is active, takes naturally to fresh air and physical culture, and delights in beautiful things and pleasant surroundings. Chafing under the limitations of "wage slavery," she learned to gratify the higher material demands of her nature by working the "Sex Graft" on gentlemen able and willing to pay well for the best to be had. But when it became a question of either cutting out this side line or devoting herself to it, and giving up her "place in society," she decided to reform. For this purpose she went to another city and secured a place in an industrial hell hole, owned and managed by an unprincipled scoundrel obsessed by the delusion that he was a philosophical thinker, with a call to lead humanity up to higher levels. Here she stood up to the strenuous life for several months, demonstrated her capacity for steady work, and would probably have stuck to her good resolutions if the conditions and associations had been half-way decent. But as it was, the lure of the "flesh pots of Egypt" proved too strong, and in a recent letter she says:

"Well, I've gone back, in one sense of the word, and I'm not regretting nor explaining. The pressure became more than I cared to stand, and therefore I simply came back. I shall never go back to the harness—I do not have to work, or do anything else. My time is my own, to do with as I please; and if the beautiful clothes that I can have, the beautiful things that surround me, are being paid for in a way that some do not approve of, I am asking no odds of them. I hope you will continue to send me those nice, long letters."

"No, dear, I'm not going to scold or lecture you for your change; but will just say that I am sorry, very sorry, that you

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have "gone back" in that way. I understand how it seems to you, and realize that, as your life is your own, you must go on with it in your own way, and find out the real meaning and value of things for yourself. Your belief that "death ends all" and that your only problem is how to 'get through this world' in the best—easiest—way, is a limitation you must also outgrow for yourself; but you will understand how differently it all looks to me, and how much more deeply I feel about it, when I remind you that I know that you are "building for eternity," and making Karma for an Endless Life.

"I am glad—and proud—in view of how little I have ever done for you, that you were moved to write so to me—to tell me all. I hope you will always value my letters—hope to make them such that you will value them. Although your life will be bright and gay you are too deep and fine to be fully satisfied with it. You will feel the need—and feel it more as time goes on—of a companionship different from any you will find in professional lines. The more you meet men on that plane the more you will need at least one friend who shows you a side of his character that none of the others will—some one to whom you can be quite different from what you are with them, and whom you can turn to and depend on when they have no further use for you. And if you will let me be that one, and always carry in your heart the thought that to me you are always a sister and a lady, I shall be glad to receive and answer your letters—to meet you when our paths may cross, to remember you in my prayers, and to give you a chance, if I can, to do useful work when you are 'sick unto death' of idleness and frivolity."

This case is typical of modern life, and we need not argue it, for facts, not theories, are before us. It is a condition for which no individual is responsible—a social condition. The girl is a social product, and following the social line of least resistance.

My point is that it is the first business of society to so rearrange social and industrial conditions as to offer every one a more complete realization of their desires and ambitions in return for useful service than they can possibly obtain in other ways. Socialism is social salvation. Common-wealth is the only wealth that is not predatory and destructive. The old saying, "go and sin no more," is out of date! "Come and sin no more" must be the keynote of the future's Gospel Call.

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To develop indoors under glass a race of men and women of the type that I believe is coming out of all this marvelous mingling of races in the United States is immeasurably absurd.—Luther Burbank.

## Socialism

By *Lizabeth.*

"God! What a world! If men in street and mart  
Felt that same kinship of the human heart  
Which makes them, in the face of flame and flood  
Rise to the meaning of true Brotherhood."

The better nature of mankind revolts against our present iniquitous social and economic system. The question arises, why should the many toil in squalor and poverty that the few may riot in opulence? Why are the many denied a decent livelihood to afford the few the privilege of exploiting their own degeneracy? The more that useless wealth is flaunted in the faces of the struggling poor, the sooner will come the deluge that will wipe Dollarism off the face of the earth. It is the historic mission of socialism to overthrow this brutal system. The time is gone by when the man who steals a railroad will receive an ovation, while the hungry man who steals a loaf of bread will go to the penitentiary. Justice demands that punishment be in proportion to the crime. The arrogant, insolent corporation thieves are even now being swept from their moorings. It is a strange anomaly of our times that men (and women as well) go into the arena of public life in business and politics, and there fight like savages for dollars, and on Sundays walk down the aisles of costly churches, which their ungodly strife for money has helped to erect.

These million dollar structures, called "houses of God" are an insult to Deity, when in the shadow of these immense churches walk old, hungry, homeless men, women and children. It is a strange! strange! phenomenon, that side by side with these "houses of God" stand prisons, penitentiaries and reformatories, where children of God are herded like wild beasts of the field. Strange, is it not, that humanity should be so blind through all the centuries? Strange that we live in times that boast of enlightenment, education and Christianity, and yet permit these things. Strange, too, that we should put millions of dollars into perishable structures and blasphemously call them "Temples of the Most High," when through the whole country many are starving to death in a world of plenty, and suffer for lack of those things that dollars alone can buy, when the cry of over-production is heard throughout the whole commercial world.

We ought to be able to recognize the swiftest revolution in history while it is going on. Evolution that has no sense of propriety, and cares not a whit for theories, school dogmas, or uni-

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versity professors, is likely to put an end to our present economic, industrial system. The world has never before seen anything like the *present united uprising of the working class*; it has never imagined or dreamed of the stupendous results that are to be secured by it.

Some reluctance is observable in calling things by their proper name. The word "Socialism" awakens a certain amount of prejudice. In the long run, it matters little by what name industrial freedom comes. Bourgeois society will at last have to swallow the Socialistic pill. Already Socialistic ideas have been the means of overthrowing corrupt laws. Some of our rotten institutions are now tottering to their ruin. The observant mind sees the changing order which results in chaos, unless "justice to all" be the shibboleth. No one can deny that the working class movement is planned with amazing skill and with a knowledge of the world's conditions both accurate and far-reaching. Socialists do not believe in sitting at ease discussing the academic theories of Government, nor the dark secrets of political economy, nor in making philosophical mud pies. They have distinctly abandoned the so-called classic schools of political economy, and adopted the evolutionary theory of social conditions.

It is not to the credit of the race that the poor and ignorant are the pioneers in economic reform. The humble origin of Socialism makes it hard for the educated classes to grasp its meaning and its intellectual worthiness, and the seeming fact that the doctrine is against the financial interests of the monied class makes it hard for them to see its moral worth. Hence only a courageous few of the monied aristocracy are rallying round the standard of Socialism. But we Socialists, never faltering, believe with the rising storm of human thought, victory is assured for the toiling masses of the world.

To the superficial thinker it seems as if some tremendous power, pitiless and merciless, working out a law of its own, had the whole race in its grasp. Little in the smug literature of the humanities, the poets, or the bookmakers at large, bring us help. Sometimes we think things might be set right by bringing man back to the sheer beauty of human relations.

The satisfying philosophy of Socialism is the brotherhood of man, and Humanity's Rights, the wonder is that everyone does not embrace its comforting teaching; it is simply another name for practical brotherhood.

Jesus, the Master Teacher, was a toiler and a carpenter's son, who left his tools to speak for a new hope and a new faith for the toiling and sorrowing ones of earth. If the world is

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to be saved from chaos, from universal disorder and misery, it must be by the union of the workers of all nations. It is the first time in the evolution of the world that the mind of man has ever been directed toward the conscious organization of society. The Socialists are the only compact body that know what they are all resolved on, with only one door to pass, that of a *triumphant national election*.

The Socialistic program is not a theory imposed upon society for its acceptance or rejection. It is evolution interpreting itself in our social fabric. In the strain and crisis of our disordered civilization, it is the only saving and conservative force that offers itself to bring order out of chaos. It means that all those things upon which the people in common depend shall by the people in common be owned and distributed. It means that the tools of employment shall belong to their creators and users and that all products shall be for the direct use of the producer thereof. That the making of goods for profit shall come to an end and that we shall all be workers together, and that opportunity shall be open and equal to all. Man has wrested knowledge from the secret places of the universe. Socialism says let every human being enjoy this knowledge, for it is the heritage of the race.

In the midst of our present disturbed and corrupt system, with its moral quagmires and political rottenness, its awful crimes and parasitic robbery, Socialism comes with its message of hope and its claim that the whole race have rights to the "earth and the fullness thereof." A few more unjust and tyrannical laws and violence will stalk abroad in defense of Humanity's Rights. There are signs enough on earth today to wake the dead. The end of man's haphazard methods and systems has come.

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We must each travel alone and without aids, as the traveler has to climb alone when he nears the summit of the mountain.—*M. C.*

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Full justice is done to every man. It consists in the totality of the consequences of both his good and evil actions.—*Fechner*.

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The more laws, the more liars.—*The Golden Elk*.

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The education that does not teach self-knowledge is not education at all. It is a process of manufacturing phonographs.

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Let a man once proclaim himself a free man from his high position of intellectual seeing, and all the world hastens to respond.—*Helen Wilmans*.

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Sacrifice of one's self and one's rights is always wanted. There are no exceptions to this.



## You and I Were There

By Agnes Von Waldberg.

**I**NFINITE SPIRIT, brooding everywhere,  
Motionless, dark, yet you and I were there.

Then came an impulse. Thought flashed a light;  
Shimmered and sparkled in wavelets bright.

Music enchanting, swelled on the air;  
Dawn sung her anthem; You and I were there.

Out spun the shining threads of endless song;  
Floated like gossamer lightly along.

Time caught the golden thread of harmony  
To weave a mantle for you and me.

Carefully wove she, tirelessly wrought,  
And her strange fabric triumphantly brought;

Clothed she our waiting souls with tender care;  
Placed them upon the shoals she builded there.

Close by Eternity's wide swinging tide;  
Left them in slumber light, close side by side.

Yet, while thou sleepest, Love, in raiment fair,  
Dost not thou remember that thou wast there?



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## From Out of the Shadows

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

*Submitted by Mrs. Robert McFetridge, Hartford, Conn.*

Now, my dear *Swastika* readers, this is a true story. It has not been written just for the sake of writing it, but because through it I can reach some of the mothers who are suffering today just the way I was.

I want them to know that death does not end all; that this transition that the poet's tell us about is just a change from the lower to the higher life; and some day, not in yours and mine, perhaps, but in the glad sometime, there will be no sting in death. Then we can truly say, "Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" Just one year ago last June I lost a beautiful boy; or, rather, I thought then I had lost him. I know better now. He was ill six weeks with a complication of diseases. He went through so many changes that we thought we might still keep him, but his heart weakened at the last and we had to give him up. It was hard then—oh, so very, very hard to say, "God's will be done."

So he went to that beautiful Summerland one night just as the sun went down, and although I am his mother, I can truly say he was one of the most pure and spiritual children that ever lived.

With his going out of this life went everything that I valued. My faith, my hope, almost my life, went with him.

Mothers who have been through this affliction, this veil of shadows, will understand me. I would have given anything and everything I possessed to have brought him back to earth life. One of the doctors who attended him during his illness was a very strong Spiritualist. He used to tell me of the beautiful home he had gone to, and how much better off he was than suffering here, and how sometime he would come back to me, to tell me how happy he was.

Through the year I attended several private seances, thinking he might come or send me a message through some medium, although to tell the truth I put but little faith in them. I thought if my dear boy did come back he would come to me—his own mother—who loved him better than her life. I used to pray that I might be in that condition to know him when he did come. Here are some of the thoughts that would come into my mind at the time:

I cannot think but God must know  
 About the thing I longed for so;  
 I know He is so good and kind  
 I could not think but he could find  
 Some way to help—some way to show  
 Me the boy I longed for so.  
 Oh, God! I leave at Thy loved feet  
 My boy, who seems so near, so sweet—  
 I will not seek, I will not long  
 I almost fear I have been wrong.  
 I'll go and work the harder, Lord,  
 And wait till, by some loud, clear word,  
 Thou call'st me to Thy dear feet,  
 To see my son, so dear, so sweet.

Now, in my bedroom I have two beds, a large one, on the western side of the room, and directly opposite a small one, where my little boy sleeps. He is two years younger than the one that died; but he is large for his age. It was on the night of the 25th of June, 1907, just one year, even the day and hour that his brother died (I did not think of the date until afterward), I was lying in my bed, not sleeping, but with my eyes closed, when I felt compelled to open them.

As I looked over to the couch where my younger son lay, I saw him, or thought I saw him, kneeling at the foot of the bed. He was not on the floor, but on the bed with his hands folded, as if he were praying. Of course, I thought it was Henry, the boy on the couch, and I said, "Dearie, what are you doing out of bed at this time of night?" But there was no answer.

As my gaze lingered, I saw Henry, the younger one, sleeping calm and peaceful, while my dear boy who had died, in the same attitude as I told you, held out his hands as if he were calling his brother to him.

I called him by name, and at that instant he turned to me. I wish I might describe that look to my *Swastika* readers. Pen and ink fail to portray the expression on his face as he turned to me.

Peacefulness, serenity, purity, unalterable love.

The very light of heaven was on his countenance. I trembled. My whole body shook like a leaf.

I said: "Oh, James, my darling boy, you have come back to your own mother at last." I arose to my feet, thinking to take him in my arms, but as I did so, slowly, and like a cloud, he went from my sight.

Whether he dissolved, evaporated, or where he went I can-

not tell. Neither can I tell you from whence he came. His garments had the appearance of a child's night dress, only of a more cloudlike and fluffy appearance.

The texture was not of our weaving. It was something beyond us. His hair looked just the same as it did in earth life, only finer—but, oh! the joy to think that my boy lives and waits for me; and I want to say right here to those who have loved ones on the other side, *Never have another doubt again*, for if mine lives, so does yours. Some of you may be very skeptical of my story and say, "Oh, she was dreaming or sleeping." But, Dear Ones—you who are mourning and in great sorrow for your loved ones—dry your eyes, weep no more, for they live, and live forever. I used to think that the spiritual world was a locality, but I was mistaken in my ideas.

It is the condition of our own souls. As I write to you now, I think of an old hymn that my grandfather used to sing to us children when we were going to bed. You have all heard it, perhaps. I never could understand it then, but now it comes with a new meaning to me.

"When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes."

I have bid farewell to every fear, and I can say, with the dear *Swastika*, I stand upon the heights triumphant; for once my son was dead, but now he is alive again.

Hartford, Conn.

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Jesus the Carpenter was a radical—the only radical the world has heard since then. And so radical were his utterances that it has taken two thousand years and a Whitman and Tolstoy and some other commentators to drive into the hearts of men the great Cosmic Truths he uttered—and I fear the driving process is not yet finished.—*Luke North*.

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We have looked far by the telescope and deep by the microscope; we are now about to look inward, and there shall we find the magical treasures of truth.—*The Golden Elk*.

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Seek not your own life—for that is death; but seek how you can best and most joyfully give your own life away—and every morning forever fresh life shall come to you from over the hills.—*Edward Carpenter*.

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Only when you demand for yourself what you are ready and willing to give to others are you acting justly.

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## Love and Its Loves

*By John Milton Scott.*

**Love!**

That which is the "center and soul of every sphere."

That which is the infinite and eternal substance, in its great desire to bless, fluting into this we call creation, into this I call myself.

That which is the very Godhood of God, without which He were not; without which the universe were an insane, distressing dream.

Love, which sings the universe, all gently, as if it were the soul of mother lullabies.

Love which passions its wisdom into the Creative Word, and lo! the heavens enlight with stars, and the earth gives to the sun's tenderness the answering kisses of lives.

Love which passions from its pure depths all these finned and winged words which swim and fly and live to tell something of its infinite truths and eternal delights.

Love that in the outer divides, that it may know the bliss of uniting, the deep peace of coming home again.

Love whose kiss is the grain of sand and the soul of the diamond; whose kisses built the granite hills, and set the sea to its holy music.

Love that glories into the rose and goldens into the oriole, voicing the soul of the sunbeam as it lies for glory in the bosom of the blossom.

Love that gentles unto me when the cheek of my horse is touching my cheek; when the head of my dog is under my hand for benediction.

Love that glories for me on tree and vine; its cups of the honeyed wine.

Love that in me is a-run for its very joy of life.

Love that ever with mother tenderness kisses me asleep in the quiet of night and awake in the brightness of morning.

Love which walks the lonely ways of the world, and lo! there is no more loneliness, but only fellows and friends.

Love that mothered me, and lighted up my childhood ways with the sky of a woman's face.

Love which from eternity looked out upon me through two dear eyes, and enchanted me with the holy enchantments of wife.

Love that gently wisdomed itself through her and me, and made sweet Bethlehem days within my home.

Love which gave me an earth in which to work out my lov-

ing tasks; a mind to think, a hand to do, that the imaginations of my heart might grow beautiful amid the years.

Love that is abeat in my heart and breathes in my breath.

Love which I can no more escape than the fin of a fish by swimming can escape the water; than the wing of a bird by flying can escape the air; than a sunbeam by shining can escape its own brightness.

So unto Love, my love in tender adoration.

In everything and soul, my fervent altar fires aglow but unto Love!

In the rock my hand holds, I feel the heart of Love abeat, and my heart beats worshipful answer.

In the soul of the oak is Love, and my soul worships there without the flaw of fear.

In the fruit of the vine, Love pours itself in cups for me; and in the blessed sacrament my heart kneels.

Through my friends, 'tis Love that calls with sweet-voiced words; and the perfume of my heart goes out for answer, as the fragrance of the rose atunes with the nightingale's song.

Through my mother Love has its own adoringly.

Into my home Love builds its own eternity, and with it I am eternal one, and take all outward clouds with golden smiles, as of that great dawning day which never fades nor passes into any shadowing night.

Because I pass out of Love into loves, these loves are hallowed, never disappointment, and leave the soul no afteraches.

Finding Love the inmost holiness of all, each thing is temple, each life an altar flame, each soul the evidence of God's presence shining more and more unto the perfect day.

Therefore, ever it is that in Love, through Love, to Love I move, finding in Love my eternal center and home.

In Love my being and God's Being are but one quenchless flame of devotion, in which our truth delights in endless loyalties.

Wherefore no cloud can bloom, but Love smiles rainbows, crowning its sad brow with laughter's light.

No night can darken but that Love shines dawn and days across its eastern hills.

No death can be but that Love gentles it with life, and woos the fevered soul into Being's eternal calm.

Love is my adoration. Love glorifies me.

There is but one God—Love!

There is but one Worship—God!

There is but one Life—Love!

There is but one Eternity—God!

And God and Love are One.

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## There Is But One Truth



There are many different religions, many different philosophies, many different beliefs and teachings in this world.

As there are thousands of teachers along philosophical or spiritual lines, so of course there must be a thousand different methods of teaching, since no two blades of grass are identical.

Jesus, the great Western Master, taught Jesus' way. Buddha taught Buddha's way. Confucius taught Confucius' way, each according to the time and the race of which he was a part.

But, with all this difference of method and time and race, each taught exactly the same thing. The stuff with which they taught the world varied not one whit. Each used the unassailable, unchangeable, invincible argument of Truth.

Christians say "The Mind of Christ." The Buddhists say "The Mind of Buddha."

What, then, is this "Mind of Christ"? What is this "Mind of Buddha" that each pins his faith to and about which we find so much discussion—so much apparent difference that each must affix to the other the awful accusation of "Heathen"?

I will tell you, that you may see what this great difference is between the religions of the Children of this World, this difference that has made possible bloody wars and has driven to torture and to death myriads of helpless, crying pitiful human lives.

The mind of Christ is the mind of the greatest Love.

The mind of the Buddha is the mind of the greatest Mercy.

The mind of Confucius is the mind of the greatest Justice.

What is Love, then, you ask, that it should have brought forth such acts?

I will tell you. Love is the ground in which the seed of mercy grows and flourishes.

What is Justice that it should have sheltered such cruelty?

Justice is the progeny of Love and Mercy.

What then means all this blind unreasoning enmity, this calling of each other by the opprobrious name of "heathen," if each one is living in the expression of the highest Love and the highest Justice and the highest Mercy?

Because we do not understand each other.

When the Buddhist sailors of Japan risked their own lives to save the enemy from drowning in the Japan sea during the recent war, the enemy was amazed. Such a "Christian" act from a "heathen" race, they said.

I am glad that so many missionaries go to the Orient and teach Truth under the name of Christianity. And I am glad that Oriental teachers come to the West and teach Truth under the name of Orientalism.

Some day in the future, when we shall have arrived at the Mystic Gate to which so many different paths lead up, we will open that door and find within but the One Eternal Truth, and we will look at each other and smile, and we will say: "O, how silly we were."

Until that blessed time we have to study each other and learn to know each other.

We can not call the Orient a Buddhist country, nor can we call the Occident a Christian country.

If either statement were true we would not have such wasted wealth and wasted brain and brawn as is necessary to maintain standing armies.

Instead of training millions of useful young men to kill each other, they would be doing their part to make the children of the earth happy and useful.

If we understood each other well enough to perceive that we are all living under the same Truth, we would not need to build vast instruments of destruction known as men-of-war.

Instead, we could be building pleasure boats in which to make friendly calls upon our brothers across the waters, or merchant ships that should exchange the products of our relative creative talents.

There was a Peace Conference once at The Hague.

War, and more war.

There was a Peace Conference more recently at Jamestown, and the world hastened to send representatives.

What was the result?

A man named Carnegie got some more publicity and some first-class "decorations" from various countries, and then everybody fell to building more warships with feverish haste.

Evidently, we do not understand each other.

Here are some expressions of the One Truth, from the lips of men widely different in outward life. Compare them.

A Buddhist high priest said: "Young man, if you don't want to die, die now, thus you need not die again."

These common words full of a spiritual significance are echoed

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by St. Paul, who said: "I am dying day by day."

Did either of them mean that they experienced that translation of the soul from the body that results in what we call "death"?

Certainly not. They both meant to cast off the lower, narrower viewpoint and enter into a larger, fuller, freer consciousness of Eternal, never-changing Truth. "The same yesterday, today and forever."

A Zen priest addressed a regiment as it was about to enter battle. And he said: "My sons, die now, and when you go onto the battlefield you will see no enemy before you, neither can ought assail you."

St. Paul interprets this same message of Truth thus: "No person and no thing can be against us, because we are under the protection of God."

The Buddhist priest says: "The hero who has died in the flesh, no sword or arrow can pierce."

This finds corroboration in the words of the Christian who says: "I was nailed to the cross with Christ. I am not living any more, for the Christ is living in me."

Dear friends, let us dust the cobwebs of prejudice from the areas of our minds, that we may understand each other and we will discover that we are living in the same world, seeking the same Mystic Gate, behind which is concealed the same Truth, which is the substance of all Life, and which is symbolized to Christian and Buddhist alike in the words: "As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and ever shall be—Aum., the Eternal, Never-changing Absolute."

*Yours. Simada.*

## Three Notable Books

Only occasionally among all the versifying which comes to light in this "Age of Rhyming," does one find a real poet. I never knew how far-reaching, how general, how almost commonplace is the ability to make rhyme until I became associated with a publication which *might* be the instrument of the rhymster's desire to express himself.

Now almost every day brings to THE SWASTIKA magazine office long, thick envelopes filled with almost countless versifying. From North, South, East and West they come—and here am I,

with trunks and boxes and suit cases and hat boxes overrunning with verses of my own making, and more in my head that want to get onto paper.

But, notwithstanding all this, I know that I am not a poet, and I also know a poet when I see one, or rather when I read one.

"Whispers from the Vast," by Rem. A. Johnston, is the work of a poet, inspired with the divine consciousness that is born of unity with the great, throbbing heart of the Cosmos.

"Whispers from the Vast" is the most beautiful thing I have seen for many a moon, and I wish that I might fill this issue of THE SWASTIKA with its songs, but I am told that there are those who do not care for poetry. I suppose it is true. I am sure I extend to them my pity.

If they could but read "A Song of Brotherhood," I know there is not one among the human race "with soul so dead" that the god within would not respond to the call of its glorious tones:

"I shall live as the Unjust and the Just—the same their very own,  
And take the bread of each as it means, though it turn in my mouth to stone;  
Better not I than the very worst, worse not I than the best,  
One and one with everything, with the Crest of the Whole for my Crest."

Lo, once I knew what an atom knows—all that and nothing more;  
And now I know as a breathing man, of the girth of the knowledge of yore—  
And now I blend to the touch of the Gods, and feel the wisdom of stars,  
And journey along the footworn ways toward the Zone of the Avatars."

In a "Foreword" scarcely less rhythmical than the text, the author says: "Comrade, brother, there is something better, sweeter, deeper, than the wisdom of this world. My songs are built on it. It is Love. If you deny me and my songs, you deny love and yourself who are a part of me . . ."

Only, I would say to the author that the "wisdom of the world" is Love. The mere knowledge of this world may sometimes be lacking in Love, but Wisdom is Love's own affinity.

"Whispers from the Vast" takes you out of the complexities of Life, and lifts you high upon the star-kissed heights, where only Peace and Love can reach you.

### SPRIGS OF POETRY

"Sprigs of Poetry," by Norris C. Sprigg, is a book equally wonderful, although in quite another way. The author is evidently a nature lover, as he is thoroughly at home with all forms of life. In all, "Sprigs of Poetry" contains over five hundred specimens, which could hardly be equalled for originality of theme or of treatment. Nothing like them has ever been published and the fact that The Balance Publishing Co., which is responsible

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for their appearance, has the first edition almost, if not quite, sold out, is proof of their inspiring, optimistic message to the popular mind.

The spirit of Mr. Sprigg's muse may be found in the uplift and cheer expressed in "My Creed." The author says:

"More fresh air and sunshine,  
More water and more soap;  
More love of Nature,  
More confidence, more hope;  
More reciprocal good will,  
More practical ideal,  
More effort for the goal,  
More earnest heart and soul;  
More thankfulness for birth,  
More Heaven here on earth!"

"Whispers from the Vast" may be had by sending 50 cents to the author, Ossian, Ind. It is like securing a priceless gem for a penny.

"Sprigs of Poetry" should be ordered of The Balance Publishing Co., 1744-1746 California street, Denver, Colo. The price is \$1.00, and you will never regret it, for verily, "A good laugh is better than medicine."

A little book that will either be joyously hailed as a classic or consigned to the flames as approaching too near the lines of that which is tabooed in polite society, is a most remarkable work, which was recently given to the press after twelve years of labor upon its construction. The book is by a young Californian, Mr. Standley Gautereaux. Mr. Gautereaux has called his creation, "Women, I Love You." The style is distinctly original and may be classed as prose poetry of a very high order of literary excellence.

As to the subject matter, opinions will vary. At various stages of the world's history we find more or less successful attempts at idealization of the sex relations. As an offset to this, we have had several centuries immediately past in which the subject of the relation of the sexes has been relegated to the obscene and the "immoral," whatever that word may mean. Again in the present age there is an attempt to raise the sex question out of the mire of social prejudice, and with this attempt we find various ideas as to the ways and means of accomplishment.

Mr. Gautereaux has taken the subject very much to heart. So much so that he has boldly, unblushingly and uncompromisingly exalted the sex relation to the plane of the poetical and the spiritual, personifying sex love in his own name as the very essence of Creative Force.



The book mentions four types of that form of love expressed in the attraction of woman for man, and these he designates as Universal, Sexual, Immoral and Personal.

Unlike most writers who deal with the subject of immoral love, Mr. Gautereaux believes that the creative love between the sexes, idealized and strengthened rather than weakened, will form the wings upon which the mortal shall mount to the Heights Triumphant.

It is probable that nothing quite like Mr. Gautereaux's literary creation has ever been put into print before. We regret that we have not space to give a more detailed description of the work, but those who are interested may address the author at his home, Berkeley, Cal., Gen. Del. P. O.

As we observed at the beginning, the book will be pronounced a classic, or it will be considered highly improper and immoral, according to the mental outlook of the reader.

*Margaret M. Ford-Judell*

### BOOKS RECEIVED

Conducted by  
Kenneth D. Lyle

**MIND POWER AND PRIVILEGES.** By Albert B. Olston. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50 net. The author has covered in this work the entire range of mental action as exemplified in sub-conscious phenomena, such as mesmerism, telepathy, automatic writing, dreams, trance, healing, somnambulism, and the various states of consciousness evidenced in a study of sub-conscious phenomena. The author has made an exhaustive study of his subject and has condensed into practical advice the results of his researches and studies. There are over 400 pages, and the book will be found worth many times the price asked. Order of publishers.

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF DENIAL.** By Charles Fillmore. Published by Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo. Price, paper, 15 cents. Mr. Fillmore is well known as the editor of *Unity*, and this little book contains in lesson form much of the practical Christianity which has made the magazine so widely read. The power of the spoken word, to overcome the belief in imperfection, is the keynote of the instruction. Order of the publishers.

**A TALK TO MEN.** By "A Student of Truth." Published by the Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo. Price, 10 cents. This is the report of a lecture delivered to students of Truth on the subject of the sex relation. The subject is plainly, clearly and wisely presented.

**PRACTICAL THINGS FOR PRACTICAL PEOPLE.** Published by the Nunc Licet Press, 42 Coulter street, Philadelphia, Pa. This little pamphlet tells in story form of the power of the higher thought to transform a man's nature

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and turn his forces toward the constructive side of life-action. The message it contains is the one that honesty is the best policy, because it is the most successful in the long run.

THE SOUL VICTORIOUS, by Ella F. Pell, is a dramatic picture portraying the victory of the awakened and perfected spiritual nature over the physical condition called death. It reveals the threefold nature—physical, spiritual and Divine.

As presented, the physical form is supposed to be sinking into oblivion whilst the spiritual is awakening to its new conscious existence, typified by the withdrawing of the veil that has hitherto enveloped it. The spirit is shown as illuminating the soul from within."

The spirit and soul which abide in the physical body during physical life are shown separate from the body, exercising a conscious power and radiating the exalted illumination of the perfect state of soul attainment. Size 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x12 inches. Price 50 cents. Send order direct to Walter De Voe, 5226 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago Ill.

### MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH

THE CRADLE is the name of a very original little publication which has recently made a bid for public support. It is edited by Mabel McCoy Irwin, and is published at Holyoke, Mass., the town made famous by Elizabeth Towne and her *Nautilus*. *The Cradle* makes an appeal for the children, and is to be read by grown-ups. THE SWASTIKA wishes for it and its able editor every success.

ECHOES FROM THE TEMPLE is a recent publication put out by the Psychic Research Society of Bellingham, Wash. It is published "in the interest of souls in two worlds," through the mediumship of Minnie Perkins, pastor of the Society. Price, 10 cents a copy, or \$1.00 per year. Send to the editor, 2430 Walnut street, Bellingham, Wash., and get a copy.

THE PARISH JOURNAL, Farmersville, La. Price, \$1.00 per year.

THE PHALANX. A Journal of Philosophy and Friendship. Price, \$1.00 per year. Published by Del Mar De Forest Bryant, Box 858, Los Angeles, Cal.

ASTROLOGICAL ICONOCLAST, Watontown, Berlin P. O., N. J. Price, 25 cents per year.

TEMPLE TALKS. Issued by the Hermetic Brotherhood, 445 South Olive street, Los Angeles, Cal.

QUEST; A Magazine of Aspiration. Price, 50 cents per year. Lafayette, Colo.

THE EXTRACT. A Monthly Review. Edited by T. R. Sanjivi, Tinnevely Bridge, South India. Price, \$2.00 per year.

FAIR PLAY. Edited by Edwin C. Walker, 244 West 143rd street, New York City.

THE NEW UNION. Published by U. S. Rexalles, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE EYE SINGLE, 25 West Avenue, South Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Price, \$1.00 per year.

"THE FUTURE" magazine makes its first appearance with the January issue. It is published by The Future Pub. Co., New York City, and the initial number is an original and unique number. It should meet with general success. Price, \$1.00 per year; 10c per copy.

## The Mills of God



Grinding, grinding,  
Always grinding,  
Are the Mills of God.  
None may start them,  
None can stop them—  
These grinding Mills of God.

Brought you yesterday some pain?  
Brings to you to-day some joy?  
Ah, friend, for grinding, what grain  
Do you these Great Mills employ?

Grinding, grinding,  
Always grinding,  
Are the Mills of God.  
Naught they care them,  
What they grind them—  
These grinding Mills of God.

Give you them the grain of Hate?  
Back to you, though changed in form,  
Crist of Hate comes, soon or late;  
Smoth'ring, like the desert storm.

Grinding, grinding,  
Always grinding,  
Are the Mills of God.  
Form they change them,  
Substance keep them—  
These grinding Mills of God.

Pour in them the grain of Love,  
And as bird returns to nest,  
Winged visage from above,  
Speeds Love to your heart to rest.

Grinding, grinding,  
Always grinding,  
Are the Mills of God.  
Would best from them?  
Give best to them—  
These grinding Mills of God.

*William Morris Pickens*

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## Personal Problem Department

Readers of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE who desire their questions answered free of charge in these columns may send in their questions to the EDITOR PERSONAL PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, if they will send their name and address with their letters of inquiry. Otherwise, they will not be answered. For purposes of identification, the writer may suggest initials. Those desiring a personal and private letter of advice from Dr. McIvor-Tyndall must enclose \$5.00 for same.

**PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF METAPHYSICS.**—"Failure," Wichita, Kansas, writes: "Can you give me in simple, concise language, some evidence of the practical application of metaphysical postulates, that I may prove. To me much of the New Thought or Metaphysics is visionary, and non-applicable to every-day life."

**Answer:** Your attitude is exactly what has divorced religion from practical life or business. The churchman will frankly tell you that he would not for a moment consider the possibility of applying the principles taught by Jesus to his business. Consequently religion has become a corpse. Jesus was not in any sense a religionist. He was a practical, scientific teacher of the advantages of Truth, when the principles of Truth are applied to our every-day life. That is all the life we have—every-day life. Take for example the very simple statement, "Honesty is the Best Policy." Make this truth your every-day ideal, and see if you do not prosper. It is generally regarded as a part of religious ritual to give this sort of advice, never dreaming that the truth has its commercial value. But, try lying, cheating, misrepresenting and falsifying in your business dealings, and see how long you will retain credit or friends. Try being honest with yourself and with everyone with whom you deal, and note the result. Here, then, is a simple postulate of metaphysical principles, that you may prove in a very practical and speedy manner.

**HOW TO STRENGTHEN A WEAK THROAT.**—R. J. K., San Francisco, asks: "Please tell me how I can control my vocal organs. It seems to me that they actually close up, and refuse to act, in the manner of a balky horse. Can you suggest something that will help me?"

**Answer:** First, open your mind and soul. Be free, straightforward, generous hearted. Thus you will make your body flexible, responsive to your power and gracefully expressive, even as an instrument in the hands of a confident musician. Next, bathe your throat night and morning in cold water, gently stroking it to strengthen the muscles. Center the life-power which you breathe in upon that organ, pouring into it strength as you would pour water into an empty vessel. Gargle the throat with cold water, and a little salt. In a month's time, if you will obey the first part of this advice you will be perfectly satisfied with the vocal organs. But you yourself must open your mind. You are bottled up at present as tight as a sealed vial.

**THE VALUE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.**—Y. de T., Auckland, Australia, asks: "Do I understand you to advocate only mental science, repudiating the value of physical exercise? You will oblige me by making this matter clear to me in your Personal Problem Department."

**Answer:** I advocate activity of the soul mind and body—harmonious activity. A body which is exercised without any view to mental training becomes a huge, unwieldy, lumbering bit of material. The mind must be

the governor of the body's movements before that degree of responsiveness that makes for perfect health can be acquired. By the same token, the person who has a well-trained mind and body, without soul-development, can not maintain poise or power. There may be a fleeting impression of brilliancy, but the soul determines the permanent qualities. Emotion is from the soul. Reason, poise and brilliancy are of the mind. There must be a harmonious trinity of power to produce a perfect specimen of healthy manhood or womanhood.

**CONCEIT VS. CONFIDENCE.**—Disputant, Rawlins, Wyoming, asks: "Will you kindly give us your opinion upon the following matter, in the May issue of your 'Personal Problems'?" A friend of mine says that New Thought will produce a race of excessively conceited human beings, and that we are expressly told that meekness is a virtue. 'Blessed are the meek,' is his motto, while I maintain that it is a good thing to cultivate confidence in your own power and talents. Kindly advise."

**Answer:** Conceit and self-confidence are not remotely related. The former is born of a lack of knowledge and the latter is the result of enlightenment. The conceited man calls attention to his achievements with "Oh, see what a big man am I" sentiment, like little Jack Horner. The man who is self-confident has, consciously or unconsciously, as it may be, discovered the fact of his divine origin, and knows that he is bringing into the perspective of the visible and mortal as much of Divine perfection as his personality is capable of realizing and expressing. The conceited man wears himself out and takes to stimulants generally to keep up the pace, while the self-confident man puts himself in harmony with life-activity and does not "weary in well-doing," because he knows that Life does all the work for him, and through him. I trust you will understand the difference.

**NEW THOUGHT AND ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY.**—"Student," City, writes: "What would you recommend to a beginner in Metaphysical Science—some good New Thought book, or a study of the Yogi philosophy?"

**Answer:** Much depends upon the capabilities of the beginner, upon what immediate results he seeks, and how deep-seated are the old concepts. All the study we have to put in seems to be to clear the mind for the realization of Truth. Truth itself is simple enough, and if we never saw a book, we would learn it sooner or later, if we desire the Truth above all things. The trouble is that few people really desire the Truth. What they desire is health, happiness or financial success. Generally the latter, because in the possession of wealth they believe they will find happiness. The Oriental Philosophies contain the meat of all religious and philosophical systems of our modern western ideas, but many of the teachers from the Orient have also lost the spirit of their teaching, just as the Western teachers have done. The materialistic wave of the past centuries was world-wide in its effects. The Orient did not wholly escape, although they retained much more spirituality than the Western world, because they had more to retain in the first place. I do not like to advise without knowing the character and calibre of the student, although I generally decide in favor of the Yogi philosophy.

## THE BIRTH OF MUSIC

A cry of Anguish—a wail in the night.  
The laughter of Joy—a smile in the morn.  
Then God led the darkness into the light—  
They embraced—and music was born.

—Dr. George W. Carey.



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## Uplifts

**H**EALTH is more easily acquired than disease, falsehood and worry. The reason the latter seems easy, is: you try hardest to get what is most dangerous to possess. Stop trying so hard—relax. Neither man nor God can fill your mental commissary when spiritually congested.

When your lungs are congested you have pneumonia. Congest the valves of your heart and you die. Learn to breathe deep.

\* \* \*

**C**OWARDS commit suicide—brave men live, learn and lift forever. To destroy your life is to murder God; to rob your casket of a vital organ is to torture God; to infuse the human laboratory with a vicious drug is to poison God, for you are of the best of all that is—perfect in your time and place—hence, you are God.

\* \* \*

**K**INDNESS given unsolicited hurts more often than it soothes. Kindness to be appreciated must be earned.

Kindness is often mistaken for injury.

Time is charity's mouthpiece. To be kissed with its soft and velvety lips is blissfully divine and likened to reincarnation.

Kindness is nature's richest gift. If you want it back, loan it and hold the mortgage yourself.

\* \* \*

**M**AN is omnipotent to just that degree he can govern and appease human desire. The moment he fails to satisfy, that moment the clouds of discontent begin to gather. If he be wisely honest, the storm dissembles and fury changes its disguise and becomes a friend; but when proven a knave, he is spurned by friend and foe—a thing with neither soul, purpose nor excuse of being.

\* \* \*

**O**PPORTUNITY is timid, delicate and easily frightened away. Its rate of speed is so high one scarcely knows when it came, how long it lingered or when it passed. Its breast is filled with effervescing power; its splendor dazzles, bewilders and benumbs the sense.

Thus, opportunity is often lost because we know not of its presence.

GEORGE B. FISHER.



SWASTIKA NEWS ITEMS

Miss Louie Stacey, of the Higher Thought Center, London, England, left Denver April 12th for Los Angeles, Cal., where she will give a series of her inspiring talks. No New Thought speaker who has visited Denver of late has been better received or addressed larger meetings than those which Miss Stacey spoke to during her visit here. Convention Hall, where she gave her Sunday meetings was crowded on each occasion, and the private classes at the Hotel Savoy were very largely attended.

Dr. William Windsor, the noted founder of the Science of Vitosophy, opened a course of three free public lectures in the Broadway Theatre, Denver, beginning Sunday evening, April 12th. Dr. Windsor spoke to the capacity of the theatre on each occasion and also taught several large classes at his rooms in the Palace Hotel.

Joseph Newman, the well-known song writer, has set to music the words of Mrs. McIvor-Tyndall's poem, "Resurrection," which appeared in the April issue, and the song has been copyrighted, and published by Mr. Newman. "Resurrection" was sung for the first time at the meeting in Convention Hall Easter Sunday evening, and was greatly admired.

Dr. McIvor-Tyndall is in receipt of numerous requests for a course of public lectures and private instruction, from people in various parts of the country and will probably make an extended tour of the West before the summer months. In the meantime several towns in the state will be visited, the Doctor returning for the regular Sunday evening meetings in Convention Hall.


The membership of the International Swastika Society is swelling rapidly, and many Centers have been established. Membership in the society is non-obligatory, nothing more than a request for same, with full name and address, being necessary to enroll. Contributions to the fund for the work of the society are voluntary. The secretary will shortly have some interesting reports to make, and literature will be distributed as soon as certain work connected with the movement has been accomplished.

Yanoske Isoda, who has contributed some very interesting and instructive articles to THE SWASTIKA magazine, has returned to Japan, and expects to enter one of the isolated Buddhist temples at Kyoto, from whence he will still write for THE SWASTIKA magazine, giving us the benefit of the wonderful occult knowledge which he is acquiring.

Grace M. Brown, who is traveling in the South and East in the interests of the Essene Circle, of which she is the founder and president, is meeting with enthusiastic receptions everywhere. Recently in Jacksonville, Florida, where Mrs. Brown lectured, it was necessary to engage the largest theatre in the city and then many were unable to find entrance. Mrs. Brown was one of the speakers at the recent convention at Lake Helen, Florida. She will be heard in Boston during the month of May. THE SWASTIKA sends greetings and wishes her continued success.

The Metropolitan Publishing House of Seattle, Wash., are issuing invitations to and circulars about a proposed New Thought convention to be held during the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, which begins in June. Those interested in the plans of the Metropolitan Publishing House may address them, Fourteenth avenue and Jackson street, Seattle, Wash.

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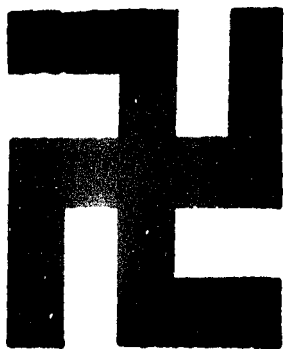
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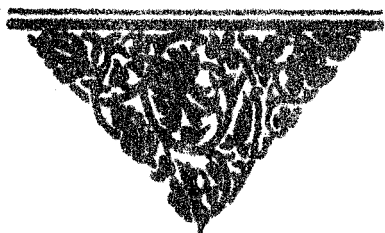
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