

“Know Thyself”

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THE GNOSTIC.

"Intuition is the only faculty in man through which Divine Revelation comes, or ever has come."—*W. F. Evans.*

"Intuition is the seed of the tree of life, and the various attributes of the mind, which lead to gifts of the Spirit, are its trunk and branches."—*F. B. Dowd.*

"Intuition, being the knowledge which descends into the soul from above, excels any that can be attained by the mere exercise of the intellect."—*The Perfect Way.*

Vol. I.

JULY, 1888.

No. 11.

The New Religion.

BY GEORGE CHAINEY.

In one sense there is no new religion. As Solomon said: The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun. Whatever is old or new is false. It is only the eternal that is true. The wise teacher, Jesus, said bring forth the things that are *both* new and old. "Things are not what they seem," says the poet. The ideas which to us seem new may be older than those which seem old.

In speaking of a new religion I speak of things as they seem rather than as they are. The very idea of religion is foreign to the idea of what is either new or old. Both old and new belong to time. Religion belongs to eternity. Many attempts have been made to define religion. It is, however, something like trying to define why flowers are beautiful; or, to reduce to a cold and formal definition, the unspeakable emotion of love. We are told, by some, that it means to rebind or to relate us to something from which we have been separated. Others tell us that it is man's sense of relationship and obligation to the laws of God, or of the universe. Others, that it is duty heightened or colored with emotion. It is all this and more. It is to be rebound—in our own inner consciousness—to our own higher and immortal self. It is to find a perfect correspondence in our own nature with all the laws of the universe. So that obedience to them is at one with our innermost desire and keenest joy, as well as clearest vision of truth. This is what is meant by the expression, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Where is this religion? How shall we reach Heaven? We are certainly, most of us, far from it. So many things fret and annoy us. The weather is too hot or too cold. In the morning we don't feel well, and at night we are tired. Our companions fret us and our duties worry us. We are full of care and anxious thought for to-morrow. We are always doing to-day what we repent and have to undo to-morrow. We cannot regulate our

lives so as to live one day free from mistakes, and yet we think if we could regulate the thinking and conduct of others, and so have the world made over to suit us, all would be perfect. When we would do good evil is present with us. Our noblest aspirations towards the ideal are impeded with the weight of our self-consciousness. What shall deliver us from the body of this death? What must we do to be saved? Where is the path towards which we may direct our aimless steps to the goal of all true desire? How shall we rise above the noise and din of controversy between warring sects and clashing creeds into Heaven's own eternal harmony, where all is love and peace? Surely this is the question that transcends all others in importance! Is not the great longing of our hearts to find the answer—a prophecy that it will be found. The instinct of a bird carries it South at the approach of winter in the North. Shall the bird be guided safe to fruitful and sunny lands and man be left to freeze and perish amid the cold and frozen dogmas of the dead past? What means this movement away from the old forms and systems of religion searching for something new? Surely it must be a part of a Divine Wisdom that orders all things well.

Religion is something true or false. We can know no true peace of mind until we have come to some conclusion concerning it. God is or He is not. We must make up our minds which, and adjust our lives in accordance thereto. There must be some element of truth underlying the Christ Ideal. We cannot afford to be indifferent to anything that has so profoundly influenced the destiny of the human race. Shall we read and cherish that old Book our parents and teachers taught us was the word of God—a lamp to our feet and a light to our path? Or shall we spit upon it, mock and deride it as something too vile and false to be tolerated? Is the spirit of worship a power that lifts us into loftier and nobler manhood? or is it a form of idolatry akin to that of a savage who bends in quivering awe before a painted block of wood or stone? Is death the endless night of materialism or the eternal day of Spiritualism.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN.

The present statements or interpretations of religion made by the Orthodox creeds of the age have certainly lost their power to satisfy the demands of the human heart and lead us into a perfect way of Truth and Love. Look at the world to-day. Everywhere the love of the outward and external prevails. Though the breath of a new spring time has quickened in some latitudes the blossoms of the soul into new life, yet the winter of doubt and despair still possesses the largest part of the earth. Look at the so-called Christian nations lying over against each other like so many wild beasts of prey, just ready to spring at each others throats; look at the remedy offered for this in the blind fury of Nihilism and the awful programme of Anarchy with its dynamite and

secret assassinations; look at the hollow formalities and helpless impotency of the Church to wrestle with the vices and crimes of the world; look at our prisons glutted to repletion with men and women who are treated worse than the wild beasts of prey gathered from the jungle. Look at our insane asylums, full of poor wretches whom medical science, with all her boasted skill, gives up to incurable madness. Look at our hospitals bubbling over with disease and untimely death. Look at the pain and misery that must hold high carnival in our midst as long as every corner in all our cities supports either a liquor saloon, a drug store or a tobacco shop—the three modern furies who daily scourge the backs of the majority who live and breathe. Look at our universities and colleges, given up mostly to dead languages and dead knowledge—searching forever among tombs and never once finding the spirit that lived and rejoiced in the hearts that are now dust. Look at our common schools, cramming the memories of our children and murdering their understandings, persecuting culture in the name of education. Look at the streets of all our large cities, swarming alive at night with prostitutes—the night turned into day with the gleaming lights of the gaudy palaces of lust holding high revel in its shame without blush or fear of either Church or State. Look at the open and defiant practice of falsehood and bribery all through the political world. Look at the power of money in society and many of our law courts to cover a multitude of sins. Look at the purchase and sale of human bodies, the license by law to live in prostitution and sanctioned by the blessing of the church and cloaked under the sacred and blessed name and joy of marriage. What is all this? The fruit of but the absence of religion, the loss of the conscious knowledge of our own divinity and immorality. The real meaning of religion is to rebind—that is, to make our life here in the flesh at one with that of an immortal and higher self.

It is to be so sensible of that real and permanent self, the Cause and Father of this physical and transitory Self as to enable us to say as Jesus did: "I and My Father are One."

How is this knowledge to be restored to the world? Who shall deliver us from this body and condition of death and evil.

Looking outside of the orthodox Church we are confronted with many separate and quite distinctive movements, each claiming to be the church, or outward form of Religion that shall possess the Future. Universalism, Unitarianism, Free Religion, Positivism, or the Religion of Humanity, Secularism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Hermetic Philosophy and many other kindred movements. Which of all these holds for us the solution of the great problem? In answering this question we must remember the importance of the subject. It takes more than one swallow to make a Summer; more than one river to make an ocean. The method of

appearances conforming to numerous, conventional laws of life for fear of the tongue of Mrs. Grundy—who generally condemns on the principle of crying stop thief in order to make a scape goat of some one else for her own sins? In church the minister often reminds us of the words of Portia: “If to do good were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men’s cottages princes’ palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.” All sorts of attempts have been made to settle the conduct of life by rule. Government says: “Thou shalt not steal” and yet steals from the people everyday. Law is supposed to say at once what we may and what we may not do, and yet the observance of one law often necessitates the breaking of another, while the spirit of justice is often directly opposed to the letter. The physician, who looks after the health of others, is seldom willing when sick to use his own drugs. Consistency of life is a rare jewel. Every rule of conduct has its exceptions. To the Nihilist all legal crime is rated as virtue. What is virtue in one country is vice in another. Many who are the most particular and careful in the regulation of their lives by moral laws are often most unsatisfactory when viewed in the light of an ideal manhood. The man who has all the laws of etiquette at his fingers end and carefully observes them is frequently less polite than those who have no guide to good manners save the kindness of their own hearts.

I mention these palpable and commonplace facts to show you that the conduct of life is not to be found in external laws. You wish your children to do right and so lay down all sorts of regulations to govern their conduct. They may conform to them for fear of the punishment you attach to disobedience. But right conduct secured in this way is generally more injurious to the child than wrong conduct. You have not taught your child what is right until you have educated him to choose the right for himself, unswayed by the least fear of parental authority. The uncomfortable feeling that comes over you after you have afflicted corporal punishment on your child for wrong doing is the shadow of your own littleness. Right conduct cannot be enforced. It is always something that is developed from within through the spirit of religion.

Artificial rules of conduct will keep a woman from cooking on a Sunday, but not from slandering her neighbor any other day in the week. Such rules may keep many men from blacking their boots on Sunday who, nevertheless, are ready to blacken their neighbor’s character any time. Much of the conduct of life taught to-day is of the artificial and external type. It often savors of the huckster’s shop. You do this for God and he will give you a crown and a harp.

True conduct is its own reward. It is the action that is inspired by love, and is therefore a joy in itself. The right you do under a sense of duty is not right, but wrong. The rightness of an act is in the temper or motive in which it is done far more than in the act itself. The goodness of your life is more in the unconscious influence you exert over others for good than in any deeds you intend to be examples to them of what is right. There is a magic in true goodness of heart that all feel, even though many cannot explain why. In short, true goodness cannot be explained. You cannot measure it with any creed or rule of conduct. Father Taylor's difficulty with Emerson is perhaps as good an illustration of this principle as I can find. Some one asked the old sailor-preacher of Boston what he would do with the sweet-souled but terribly heretical philosopher of Concord. After puzzling over the matter somewhat he replied, I am sure he knows no more about what it means to be a christian than Balaam's ass, but it will never do to send him to hell, for if he goes there he would change the climate and make the place so attractive that emigration would set in that way.

Many more besides Father Taylor have come to feel that it is out of the power of God to damn a good man. It was Emerson more, perhaps, than any other man of the age who taught us to believe in and reverence the divine in us rather than the so-called divine out of us. He affirmed constantly "Heaven kindly gave our blood a moral flow." Man's normal condition is moral. It is only the abnormal—the unnatural that is immoral. If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. In his famous address to the Harvard Divinity Class, he said: "The stationariness of religion, the assumption that the age of inspiration is past, that the Bible is closed, the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man, indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology. One would rather be 'a pagan suckled in a creed outworn' than to be defrauded of his manly rights in coming into nature and finding not names and places, not land and professions, but even virtue and truth foreclosed and monopolized. You shall not be a man even. You shall not own the world. You shall not dare and live after the infinite law that is in you and in company with the infinite beauty which Heaven and earth reflect to you in all lovely forms, but you must subordinate your nature to Christ's nature. You must accept interpretations and take his portrait as the vulgar draw it." The first principle of the new religion is the courage to be ourselves—to live our own lives—to obey the law of our own hearts. As Spakespeare said: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day. Thou canst not then be false to any man." Well does Emerson say: "Not any profane man, not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave can teach, but only he

can give who has ; he only can create who is. The man who aims to speak as books enable, as synods use, as the fashion guides, and as interest commands, babbles. Let him hush." To obey self should be before any creed, custom or church. Personal loyalty is, however, rapidly triumphing over all its traducers. As the sun in setting shines through and turns to gold and amber the envious clouds that seek to hide it, so does the glory of a true man's life triumph over and lend some of its beauty to those who seek to destroy it. One true man is larger than any system of doctrine. All government, all religion, all rules of conduct, all systems of education that do not respect your right to be yourself, are false, and should therefore be rejected. If God made you he meant you and not somebody else.

As above the mad dash and deafening roar of Niagara shimmers a beautiful rainbow, so above the wild rush and mad whirl of human passion hovers this beautiful principle of each—one's right to be and belong to himself. As Matthew Arnold sings :

"With joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea into long mooned silver roll,
For, self-poised, they live nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

Bounded by themselves and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.

Can love's voice, long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear ;
Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery."

That steadfast order with which the planets move shall yet come into the lives of men, when, instead of being bent and controlled from without by arbitrary power and creed, they are inspired, educated, and permitted to act by the true religion from within.

How shall we reach this religion? How shall we bring it to a practical bearing on the conduct of life about us? How shall the thousands of young women that crowd to repletion the palaces of shame, their hearts filled with despair, and the young men who wreck themselves to sustain them be restored to purity and love? How shall the thousands who grow harder and bitterer every day behind prison walls become a blessing to the world and a joy to themselves? How shall the millions of physical wrecks from the frosts and blights of lust and intemperance, that wither and fall from the great tree of humanity, grow instead into all fair use and beauty? How shall the dismal streets, foul alleys, tenements reeking with filth, swarming with sickly men, women and children,

be turned into pleasant cottages surrounded with fruits and flowers? How shall the wan cheeks of little children be painted with the roses of health and joy? How shall weary wives and mothers, dragging out a miserable existence in rags and despair, be restored to plenty and hope? How shall the desire of all hearts, the theme of every song, the burden of all prayers, be fulfilled and the hope of the world instead of floating dimly on the far horizon of the future take up its abode in the living present?

Some tell us that devotion to science is adequate to change all this. And yet I notice that one may be a great scientist and yet be as cruel and inhuman as the tiger and relentless as the grave. The altar of the scientist is often the table of the vivisectionist. The finest and most important side of our nature may remain untouched and undeveloped after the most complete scientific training.

Many a man educates himself in science for the practice of villainy. Scientific culture is often pursued for its own sake without any thought of the added power acquired by its possessor to do good in the world. It is often arrogant and aristocratic. It gives its possessor the garments and implements of a hero without a hero's heart or devotion. Scientific men are often as bigoted as theologians. They have never distinguished themselves as a class by any unqualified devotion to an unpopular reform. Like priest and Levite they are every day passing indifferently by the claims of the wounded, neglecting the laboring classes and joining hands with the great robber chieftains who got rich by oppressing the poor. The application of science to manufacturing in the invention of machines for the production of everything that is made with the sole purpose of making money faster, is one of the most infamous and barbarous cruelties that ever cursed the world. When science becomes religious and religion becomes scientific what we glory in as civilization will be known as the very climax of barbarism. Then men and women will think of the age that turned millions of men and women for the production of wealth into mere supplementary wheels and cogs in a great machine in the same light as we do of the age that sustained the inquisition and lit the fires of religious persecution. Some tell us that what we need is the study of ethics and the reformation of all business so as to make it accord with natural justice.

But who shall settle what these fundamental ethical laws are? I do not admit anyone's right to say what to me is right and wrong any more than what is true and false. I had rather be a mental slave than a moral one. To assume dictation over other people's action is to deprive them of a far dearer right than to refuse them the privilege of thinking for themselves, as does the theologian.

Others tell us that the cultivation of what is beautiful will set all these wrongs right. In our days we have much devotion to art, and many fine

things are said about sweetness and light. Hundreds of young men and women are worshiping with boundless enthusiasm at the shrines of beauty in form and color. Thousands of homes are museums of the fine arts, yet even here life of itself continues unbeautiful. Is there no healing balm, no power of restoration, no adequate response to the earnest cry: What must we do to be saved? Is Nirvana after all only a dream? Is all religion a mockery and a snare, leading us to neglect the good we have in a vain search for what can never be found? The time was when I thought so. I had sought for peace and truth in many ways and found it not. I was rapidly sinking into a state of moral apathy and intellectual despair when I was roused out of it by a series of experiences that demonstrated to heart and mind the reality and certainty of the spiritual world. No longer listening to the clamorings of sense, nor the denial of the intellect, but taking counsel of my own soul, I found peace, light and truth. In that light, though heartily ashamed of what I had been, I found all my being thrilling with joy and enthusiasm for any task, however difficult and arduous it might be, that would help me toward the heights of the ideal. I began to see with other eyes, and hear with other ears, and to receive strength from an invisible source, so that I would run and not faint, walk and not grow weary. Across the disc of memory I found there began to flit strange scenes and incidents from a larger, richer, grander life than this of earth. I began to perceive principles and truths, such as no experience in this life could account for. In countless ways I found that when I was alone I was least alone, that invisible helpers were constantly present, and training and inspiring me. I began to experience new joys, such as no language can describe. I found that through this faculty of intuition each may be his own law-giver and redeemer. Despair was slain and every castle of doubt was destroyed. Do you ask how to cultivate this knowledge? One night, a short time since, I asked that question of my own soul, a feeling of drowsiness came over my physical senses, a bright star seemed to come and shine above me, and slowly settled down until it rested on my forehead, penetrating my whole being, thrilling me through and through with indescribable ecstasy, illuminating my mind so that I seemed to grasp the sense of myself more fully and to see the uses of all the experiences through which I had been led.

I saw that orthodox religion was essential to the world's childhood, and that many are still incapable of receiving truth in any other way, and that just as a common rag doll, stuffed with sawdust, unfolds the principle of affection and motherhood in a child, so do these external symbols cultivate in many the first tender buds of spiritual life. Outgrowing these through the quickening of the intellect the first disposition is to cast aside or destroy our childish toys or orthodox symbols. Thus the

spirit of iconoclasm is an impulse from nature hastening our growth. A still small voice seemed to say to me: I am thy spirit. In order to know me you must first lose me. Those who know God must first go out from God. The one who has never doubted nor denied is not yet out of the primary class in the great school of life. The age of scientific inquiry and intellectual activity is a necessity as a bridge from orthodox symbolism to the method of instruction. Only those seek and find the light of the spirit who first have knowledge of the insufficiency of intellect. He that comes unto me must first believe that I am. For that reason you have received phenomenal proof of the existence of the spiritual world. But now I am thy spirit, and the highest you can know of God. And so thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou must have no fixed image of me, for I am greater than thine utmost dreams. I am always more than thou thinkest, and shall always go before thee. I am the baptism of fire thou hast felt, purifying and redeeming the body. Out of its refinement I create the substance of an immortal body. Only as I am desired and welcomed can I reach you. Only when your mind is centered on me intelligently and sincerely can I, as now, wrap myself around your brain and blend my eternal life with that of your mortal body. To know me more fully think less of your work in time and more of its relation to eternity, less of how you appear unto men and more of how you are known by me. To be at one with me is to know all truth, love all beauty, and do all good. There is no religion but this. Shall I say that this voice of my soul told me false, and deny the reality of such experience? Look down the dim vistas of the past. Where and when has human life been full of mercy and gentleness, radiant with truth and glorious in righteousness, sweet as the perfume of flowers and bright as the shining stars. History records many such examples. They were always such as dared to be themselves. Daring to be true to self, they sought to know self—questioning eagerly the voice within themselves to be conscious of an immortal destiny. Knowing this, they have lived in the world as God's. Revealing to others the Way, the Truth and the Life, to them we are indebted for the spiritual knowledge that has kept us from sinking farther than we have into the depths of materiality. Among these shining lights in the spiritual heavens are Hermes Trismegistus, Pythagoras, Zoroaster, Buddha, Apollonius, Porphyry, Plato and Jesus, and all those radical Reformers and Freethinkers whose aim it has been not simply to teach, but also to *be*, the Truth. How they lived, and taught and died is the history of religion. To follow their glorious example, and, like them, be true to the voice of the Higher self, is to be religious, to enter Nirvana, and find that kingdom of peace and power that is within you. Thus that which seems to us a new religion is only new by its scarcity in this

material and shallow age—being in itself the life and light of any one who has risen above the fogs and mists of sense and intellect into the eternal light of the spirit. Seek then this revelation of the soul. Intellectually, no man by searching can find out God. Reason, after many a long flight, returns weary and dejected, saying it is all a vain dream—there is no God. Still the soul within refuses to be satisfied, saying I am not the child of earth alone. The whole universe is mine. I came forth from eternity, and shall return thither. All literature and poetry is saturated with the memory of a time when man was far other than he is—when man walked and talked with God; when there was no disease, no shedding of blood, no death; when the hours sped by on golden wing; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The lingering refrains of harmony from that better time is the source from which all the bards of earth have received their inspiration even as the sun woos from the ocean the rain and dew with which it clothes the earth with fruit and flowers. Dante, Milton, Shelly, Goethe, and many others who have sung of the lost Paradise, have sought to catch the full music of this theme. All the great oratorios have been created by the same power. All music and song, all beauty and joy of color, all eloquence of speech and form are but faint echoes and reflections of a glorious life lived somewhere before. This is the blue flower the poet seeks through all lands. The form that we know lives somewhere more beautiful than all forms—the hope of all our hopes and dream of all our dreams. This past belongs not to the life of the body, but to the life of the soul. If you would bathe yourself in that infinite sea of harmony—bask in the sunshine of that eternal beauty—you must break from the thralldom of sense and the doubts of the intellect and seek the Kingdom of Peace, of Nirvana, of Heaven within. No language of mine can describe the joy of this condition. To reach it is the end of all religion. It is to become one with the universe, with the blossoming flowers and the shining stars, the rolling seas and the everlasting hills. It is to see with all eyes, to hear with all ears, to feel all love, to share all joy, to feel all hope, to triumph in all victory, to know all truth and do all good. This is what is meant in the Christian religion by being reconciled to God, and in the Buddhist by entrance into Nirvana or absorption into Brahm.

This does not mean that you lose your identity and individuality, but rather that, for the first time, you find them. All who reach this condition have but one heart and mind. Should we all think and will alike on the merely finite plane life would be revolting in its unending monotony. We tire of anything that falls short of perfection, but a thing of beauty or perfection is a joy forever. Nirvana or Heaven is a state of rest, because there is nothing more to be desired. This,

however, is not the rest of stagnation or death, but of boundless, infinite and eternal life. Language is imperfect, and therefore falls short in expressing this perfect condition of being. Perhaps I can help you to understand it with an illustration. Think of the most beautiful thing on earth—an heroic act of self-denial. A child falls overboard, in a stormy and dangerous sea for the bravest swimmer. A mother's heart-rending cry pierces the air. Some one standing by leaps overboard and saves the child. In doing so he forgets himself and lives for the time being entirely in the unselfish desire to save the child and give joy to others. The water may be cold, he does not know it. He may have been hungry, or in pain, or in trouble. He does not feel it now, for in this act of heroism he has become so at one with the divine spirit as to lose all sense of the lower consciousness in which care and want and pain abide. Imagine this moment of heroic self-sacrifice extended eternally—life constantly thrilling with such high purpose and service for others. That is Heaven. That is Nirvana. That is religion. As Edwin Arnold interprets Lord Buddha in that beautiful poem, "The Light of Asia," he who has reached this point is

"As one who stands on yonder snowy horn,
 Having naught o'er him but the boundless blue,
 Him the gods envy from their lower seats,
 All life is lived, for him all deaths are dead.
 Karma will no more make new houses.
 Seeking nothing he gains all.
 Foregoing self the universe grows!
 If any teach Nirvana is to cease,
 Say unto such they lie.
 If any teach Nirvana is to live,
 Say unto such they err, not knowing this,
 Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,
 Nor lifeless, timeless bliss,
 Enter the Path.
 There is no grief like hate,
 No pains like passions, no deceit like sense.
 Enter the Path! far hath he gone whose foot
 Treads down one fond offense.
 Enter the Path. There spring the healing streams
 Quenching all thirst! there bloom the immortal flowers,
 Carpeting all the way with joy; there throng
 Swiftest and sweetest hours."

Mr. Oscar Wilde's paper, *The Woman's World* publishes an essay by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford on "St. George the Chevalier," which is an excellent specimen of her exegetical method. The well-known legend of St. George and the Dragon is told in a charming manner, and then is interpreted with much insight. A maimed excerpt, where all merits notice, my space alone permits. The Dragon represents Materialism: Mind is the Sovereign of the city, the State or kingdom of man: Mind

has one lovely and only daughter, the Soul. Thus the interpreter proceeds :

“ Still, with ominous persistence the terrible monster hangs about the gates of the city. All the air is filled with the pestilent effluvium of his nostrils. Relentless, indeed, is this pessimistic science. It demands the sacrifice of the Soul itself, the last lovely and precious thing remaining to despoiled humanity. Into the limbo of those horrid jaws must be swept—with all other and meaner beliefs and hopes—faith in the higher Self-hood and its immortal Life. The Soul must perish ! Despair seizes the Mind of man. For some time he resists the cruel demand ; he produces argument after argument, appeal after appeal. All are unavailing. Why should the Soul be respected where nothing else is spared ? Forced into surrender, the Mind at last yields up his best beloved. Life is no more worth living now ; black death and despair confront him ; he cares no longer to be ruler over a miserable kingdom bereft of its fairest treasure, its only hope. For of what value to man is the Mind without the Soul ?

“ Poor and puny now indeed the crown, the wealth, the royalty of Mind. Their value lay alone in this, that some day they should devolve on *her*, that for *her* they were being garnered and stored and cherished.

“ So the Dragon triumphs ; and the Soul, cast out of the city, stands face to face with the black abyss, expecting her Destroyer.

“ Then, even at that last and awful hour, the Divine Deliverer appears, the son of Hermes, Genius of Interpretation, Champion of the Spiritual Life. As Hercules slew the Hydra, the Lion and many other noxious things ; as Theseus the Minotaur, as Bellerophon the Chimera, as Rama the Ogre Raven, as David the Giant, as Perseus the Gorgon and Sea-monster, so St. George slays the Dragon and rescues from his insatiable clutch the hope and pride of humanity.

“ This hero of so many names is the Higher Reason ; the Reason that *knows* (*gnosis*) as distinguished from the lower reason of mere opinion (*doxa*). He is no earthly warrior. He carries celestial arms, and bears the ensignia of the god.

“ Thus the commemoration of St. George, and of the famous legend of which he is the hero, involves the praise of all valient knights of the Hermetic art throughout the ages. Every Divine man who has carried the enchanted sword, or worn the sandals of the winged God, who has fought with monsters and championed the King's daughter—Una, the one peerless maid—is celebrated in the person of our national patron saint. The Order to which he belongs is a Spiritural Order of the Garter, or Girdle of the Virgin ; and its ensign is the armed chevalier trampling under his horse's hoofs the foul and furious agent of the nether world.”—*From Light, London.*

Truth and Love Will Triumph.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,
Or chain the wings of the morning light?
Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,
Or bind the thunders in silent sleep?

The sun that rises, the seas that flow,
The thunders of heaven, answer: "No!"

Can ye drive young spring from the blossomed earth?
The earthquake still in its awful birth?
Will the hand on time's dial backward flee,
Or the pulse of the universe pause for thee?

The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,
The pulse of the universe, all answer: "No!"

Can ye burn a truth in the martyr's fire?
Or chain a thought in the dungeon dire?
Or stay the soul when it soars away
In glorious life from the moldering clay?

The truth that liveth, the thoughts that go,
The spirit ascending, all answer: "No!"

Oh! priest, oh! despot, your doom they speak;
For God is mighty as ye are weak;
Your night and your winter from earth must roll,
Your chains must melt from the limb and soul;

Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe—
Shall ye triumph longer! We answer: "No!"

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled
On the broken heart of a famished world;
Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
Ye have made its children a race of slaves;

O'er the future age shall the ruin go?
We gather against ye, and answer: "No!"

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,
But weak are ye, for the TRUTH is ours,
In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move,
But we are stronger, OUR STRENGTH IS LOVE.

Slay truth and love with the curse and blow?
The beautiful heavens! they answer: "No!"

The winter night of the world is past;
The day of humanity dawns at last;
The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
And prophets, and heroes and seers arise;

Their words and deeds like the thunders go;
Can ye stifle their voices? They answer: "No!"

It is God who speaks in their words of might!
It is God who acts in their deeds of right!
Lo! Eden waits like a radiant bride—
Humanity springeth elate to her side;

Can ye sever the twain who to oneness flow?
The voice of Divinity answers: "No!"

Youth and Old Age.

Long ago, long ago, in this valley of woe,
 The white mists were silver, the sunshine was gold;
 Long ago, long ago, every dew-drop aglow
 Was the purest of diamonds of value untold.

Long ago, long ago, every floweret low
 Looked out from the grass like a star from the sky;
 Long ago, long ago, every streamlet aflow
 In a volume of perfectest crystal went by.

Now the silvery mist is water, I wis,
 To which the grand power to climb upward is given;
 The sunshine of gold is a wave of light rolled
 On the earth through the open portal of heaven.

The dew in the grass now shineth, alas!
 In my altered eyes like an angel's tear;
 And the deep waters roll, the type of a soul,
 Right on to the sea of eternity near.

The flowers in the grass, they die, and they pass
 From life unto life, as to us it is given;
 The mist and the dew, stream, flower, and light too,
 Like souls, are sent down but to climb back to heaven.

Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville answers any question appropriate to the columns of this Monthly in this department. Questions invited and received from all parts of the world.

QUESTION I.—Why is it that men often grow more mercenary as they advance in life? Generous boys often make stingy men.

Why are we so sordid, and why do we grow more so?

If we are all spirit, why such earthly natures?

Answer.—We must never forget that so long as we are subject to mortal influence at all we shall remain to some degree the creatures of our surroundings. While the supreme truth concerning man as an immortal, spiritual entity is that he is all pure spirit, we should not allow our eyes to close against the fact that we have a mortal mind to educate and develop until it becomes the fitting channel for the expression of the inmost or highest principle of our nature. The lower principle or animal soul in us is not essentially or intrinsically evil; it is, indeed, very good when rightfully subjected to the higher principle, and our earthly discipline can only be said to be complete when this lower nature is completely subservient to the higher. Now, this lower principle is the nature we share in common with the animals, all of whom, without exception, manifest a lower type of affection than that

which bespeaks the spiritual man. Self-interest, self-preservation, love of approbation and particular regard for those who bestow favors on them are marked characteristics of many, if not all, the lower creatures who serve us and with whom we associate. Now, in man these animal traits are always conspicuous until the loftier spiritual manhood pertaining to the higher principle which animals do not share with man is made manifest. What then is the sordidness of which so many complain? Surely it is nothing more or other than an intense, indeed, an overweening regard for one's personal comfort and social standing and that of one's family, without thought or regard for the equal advantages due to others. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," introducing, as it does, the singular number in both cases, suggests to every attentive mind that the command, when fully interpreted, means to tell us that it is our duty to recognize all men and woman as our brothers and sisters, even to the extent of acting out the sublime principle of fraternity so far as to think no more of our individual prosperity than that of any other human unit in the great mass we call society. This is where spiritual science, or true theosophy, antagonizes human selfishness and calls forth the bitterest and most scornful denunciation from selfish and self-sufficient egotists, who will not tolerate the assertion that the rights of our common humanity must never be set aside to favor the caprice of an ambitious individual. If one can but grasp in some measure the glorious idea of God's universal parenthood, we have a base on which to build securely a sound philosophy of human brotherhood and sisterhood. But until this conviction becomes deep enough in every heart to make it the moving principle, the mainspring of all conduct—until man becomes angelic enough to live in the love of heaven, caring more for his brethren than for himself—not, indeed, neglecting his own culture or disregarding his own needs, but placing himself in such relation to all his neighbors as to consider any two human entities of twice the value of one, even though himself be the unit under consideration—until then, we repeat, the love of hell, which is nothing other than inordinate self love, greater regard for self than for neighbor will continue to plunge men and nations into all the awful depths of crime and convulsive throes of anarchy, which at the present moment so sadly terrify and depress many of the gentlest and most amiable persons of our acquaintance. Now, the only possible remedy for these gigantic evils, all springing from human selfishness, is a purely spiritual, but at the same time intensely practical system of moral education. Moral education need not lead to asceticism, and it certainly does not tend to fanaticism in any direction; it is purely and simply the culture of the higher dispositions of our nature, and by a constant direction of all our energy toward spiritual growth, instead of toward the accumulation

of earthly property, it diverts the mind from selfish dreams of personal aggrandizement and fixes the eye of ambition on the shining mark of spiritual advancement. False standards of wealth and honor easily corrupt the morals of youth; fine houses, extensive lands, elegant equipages, handsome clothes, expensive jewels, these and many like vanities are regarded as the highest good by multitudes, and why? Surely because, as a rule, we all show respect to those in affluent circumstances, while we show disrespect to those of far greater moral and mental worth who have not these bubbles to display. Riches exert the powerful psychological hold they manifestly do on the minds of men and women, because of their immense purchasing power—and what can they not purchase in society as at present organized? If they could only buy collateral advantages of an external kind, many who now dote on them would at once despise them. Alas, they purchase in nearly every instance the respect, esteem and homage which by rights belong only to superior character. When our standard of relative value is reversed and we begin to esteem people for what they *are* and not for what they *have*, this sordidness must wilt away like morning vapors before the approaching day dawn. Many men who seem only sordid in business circles are most kind and loveable at home and try to live up to the Golden Rule; the world's temptations in the commercial sphere are however so strong that they succumb. Let it be our work to reform public sentiment so as to deliver such from evil.

Question. What influence is it that prompts noble men and women to so far interest themselves, even to martyrdom and violent deaths, in the momentous questions of the day—Labor and Anarchism in America and Nihilism in Russia. Is not their devotion to these causes of disruption a misinterpreted inspiration?

Answer. We regard the persons to whom you refer as blundering reformers; many of them without doubt are endeavoring, as best they know how, to correct prevalent abuses, but so under the dominion of the lower principle are they that they fail altogether to detect the only true means whereby reform can be brought about. Co-operation, not competition, is the natural order. Children are falsely instructed when they are led to gratify an emulous ambition to rise above others. Poverty is quite unnecessary in America, but it will never be fully abolished as long as the wage system continues. This old system, a relic of feudal institutions, cannot be swept away by any violent aggressions on the part of laborers upon the persons and possessions of capitalists. Reform can only be attained through process of social and industrial evolution. Anarchism and Nihilism are the children of despotism; they are the offspring of systems of injustice and inhumanity which give

birth to desperadoes who destroy their own parents. Evil invariably destroys itself. In these times of excessively rapid motion the work of destruction is accomplished by violent measures and at a high rate of speed. The chemicalization of error must needs continue until every vestige of selfishness and animality is purged from human thought and affection, and while we may bemoan the measures taken to rectify a wrong and leave no stone unturned to show our erring brethren the better way, the only proper attitude to be taken in these days of angry revolt is that error in destroying itself is manifesting its true inwardness. We may learn from present disasters how absolutely necessary for the maintenance of social order and domestic peace are these spiritual facts which are now engaging the attention of thinkers throughout the world. One evil may destroy another, as one poison may be an antidote to another, but it takes an enunciation and demonstration of the principle of true science to upbuild a republic of the nations, in which every citizen will enjoy a comfortable competency as the reward of his own industry, which is possible immediately the demon of selfishness is cast down.

QUESTION III.—To a person whose happiness of the higher sort on earth has been entirely centered in the exercise of the affections does it follow that nothing of this is preservable in our future states except those feelings which have a direct reference to religious or spiritual philosophy? Is not love imperishable?

Answer.—All true affection is spiritual, and therefore immortal; but surely none will deny that much that passes current for love is nothing but self-love. If we love others in a purely earthly manner by reason of the happiness they can give us, our affection cannot pertain to the immortal state, but if we love one another purely and unselfishly we may take the words of Jesus, recorded in the fourteenth chapter of the Fourth Gospel, and apply them to every human case. Individuality is the basis of life. We do not teach or believe that a time will ever come when the soul's identity will be lost. Neither do we anticipate a day when those who are truly related in spirit will be forced asunder. Darby and Joan, who after fifty years of wedded bliss are dearer to each other than on their wedding day, can surely confidently look forward to a continuation of their mutual love beyond the grave, while those whose affections are sensual and selfish will assuredly drift apart and eventually discover that what they called love on earth was only a delusive chimera. Unhappiness in married life comes from inordinate exaction on one side or the other. The true scientist must not demand affection or live to be blest, but bestow affection and work to bless another. Angelic love is all unselfish, and the love of heaven that seeks no return is the only love that reaps so glorious and plenteous a harvest that indescribable bliss fills those souls to overflow.

ing who, thinking not of any reward, find the truth of the statement most perfectly exemplified in their experience that to give is to receive. If our affections are of the earth we must be wounded through them, as, being mortal, they must die, and we suffer in their death if we cling to them. All true affection is eternal.

QUESTION IV.—What is faith? Is it necessary that the patient have faith?

Answer.—Faith, from the Latin *fides*, which gives us the English word fidelity, does not by any means signify that blind credulity or unreasoning belief, which many people so erroneously dignify with the name of faith. In the old Hebrew sense of the word, faith invariably meant integrity, and thus the upright man was always styled the man of faith. In business circles, rather than in religious ones, we find this word still employed in its uncorrupted meaning, no etymologists could so far misemploy it as to identify it with gullibility; faith being a grace, a moral excellence, a virtue of the highest ethical importance. Belief is secondary to faith and has a value quite distinct from faith, faith relating to the purpose of ones life from a moral standpoint, while belief can be only a matter of intellectual conviction at most. To require genuine faith of a patient is to demand nothing unreasonable, as it is only to require honesty of purpose, sincerity of desire, etc. Now as to belief, no reasonable person can expect another to believe without sufficient evidence, as he himself cannot yield assent to any unproven proposition. It is not virtuous to believe, neither is it vicious to disbelieve. When a stranger makes his appearance and puts out his sign in a new city the inhabitants rightly inquire into his credentials before they take him into their families. So, when a moral theory comes before the world wise people neither endorse nor condemn it offhand; they earnestly and dispassionately investigate it. Patients are often tired of experimenting with medicine. They have suffered much at the hands of various schools of practice, and hearing of what seems to them a new and wonderful method, especially when importuned by friends to do so, they are quite willing, and often anxious, to give it a trial. Such people cannot approach a mental or spiritual healer in perfect confidence that his system is the only true one; nor can they feel absolutely sure of receiving benefit unless some very strong influence or evidence is brought to bear upon them to produce such a result. Now a healer should not crave impossibilities or endeavor to exact what is unreasonable from an inquirer. Let the works speak for themselves. Let faith follow rather than precede demonstration. If anyone expects another to believe in him, he must generate and dispense an influence which compels grateful recognition at the hands of the sick and sorrowful, and it is the true heart that invariably does this. You have

doubtless all felt a subtle and pervasive atmosphere surrounding some people, a "virtue" going forth from them in some indescribable manner, reaching and blessing you, which has compelled you to acknowledge that they are dispensers of a power which ordinary people seem not to convey. Now if you are in some such manner attracted to a healer it is because he has already treated you and you have felt the beneficial result which always accompanies and follows the establishment of harmony in your mental sphere. Some people possess this gift in marvelous degree, and only those who can help others unconsciously by reason of this helpful force going from them to others, are really well adapted for professional healers. As in many lines of business good address goes a great way, and persons of considerable intelligence are frequently unfit for prominent positions where they have to constantly meet and converse with many people because of their lack of all that goes to make up what is commonly called "good address," so a public healer who would make healing his life work, just as physicians devote themselves to the practice of medicine, should invariably be some one who can inspire confidence and regard in the great majority of the sufferers he encounters or who come to him. What is often regarded as necessary on the patient's part is at first inseparable from certain qualifications in the healer essential to bring it out, so while oftentimes stumbling blocks may be placed by the patient in the way of his own recovery by his own obdurate bigotry or folly it frequently happens that the "too little faith" is in the healer instead of in the patient. The Gospel narratives amply illustrate this view, as they show us a variety of cases where the disciples failed to heal because of their own imperfections, while many other cases present the opposite view of the fault being on the side of the invalids themselves. Faith of the right sort is required on both sides. The healer needs to be so well grounded in spiritual conviction as to be above these doubts and fears which so readily assail the ordinary individual, while the patient often needs the stimulation to faith which contact with a more thoroughly convinced mind frequently supplies. Prejudice must be laid aside; the patient must endeavor to let go of bigotry and give the healer a fair field, though a true healer asks no favor. Faith in the sense of belief is a response to a blessing already received, while faith in its deeper sense means only perfect straightforwardness, honesty in thought, word and action. If you find yourselves inspiring confidence in yourself and the system you advocate, even among people who have hitherto been totally indifferent and skeptical, if not positively antagonistic to spiritual methods of healing, you have then an evidence that from you has gone forth to them a force as palpable to their interior sense as a flower's fragrance is to your exterior sense of smell. When you can

arouse faith in all its meanings in those to whom you fain would minister you are showing indisputable credentials vouching for your genuine ability to heal.

QUESTION V.—What is chemicalization? Is it a necessary state in unfoldment?

Answer.—Chemicalization is equivalent to crisis and ferment; and occurs when new thoughts are actively engaged in conquering old ones. All physicians speak much of crises and declare them to be the turning points in the condition of their patients. Chemicalization is often inevitable though no one is justified in assuming that it is invariably necessary, for many cases have been known to yield instantly to spiritual power, without the patient suffering anything of the nature of a crisis. To explain the working of the various forces, all operating upon a patient, from most discordant sources, would require a lengthy discourse, and, as in reply to a question, we can do little more than hint at the solution of a complex problem, we must request our readers to ponder our remarks long and carefully, that by setting their minds upon the subject under consideration they may induce a mental state favorable to the reception of ideas through interior avenues of perception. We all speak and hear much of the force of habit, and those of us who are at all familiar with psychological influence, must be more or less aware that when a practice, be it desirable or undesirable, gains powerful hold of a person's mind, it is in consequence of the usually unconscious establishment of psychical relations between his mind and the minds of others. Let us look for a moment at habits and their formation. Almost without exception habits are forced on sensitive people, very young people, and children in particular, from without, they seem rarely to be evolved from within. Many of the most pernicious practices to which men are addicted do not seem indigenous to the natural mind, they are artificially induced through contact with people who influence those younger and in some respects weaker than themselves. Drinking and smoking as well as the filthy and detestable habit of chewing tobacco, and many forms of impropriety, are usually pressed upon a boy by older companions, into the net of whose vile mesmeric fascination he is ignorantly drawn. Whenever one does anything one feels to be degrading or even unpleasant, because of an outside influence urging one to do it, one is thereby yielding to a psychological influence of the baser sort and forming mental associations of the most dangerous character, from whose grasp one may find it difficult in the extreme to struggle free in future years. As men follow each other in paths of vice so do even virtuous women follow each other in paths of folly, and in many things allow themselves to be led wholly by some stupid fashion

or prevailing custom, which in their hearts they thoroughly despise. These weak yieldings to extraneous influence so far impoverish the will and render people unnaturally susceptible to every foul thing about them, that when they least expect it they find themselves overtaken with some pestilential, though fashionable because prevalent, disorder. Now when spiritual force operates to break the chains and loosen the bonds which hold the prisoner captive in the clutches of degrading error, a conflict ensues, the devil struggles to keep his prize in his embrace, while the Christ works to take his victim from him. Many instances in the New Testament forcibly illustrate this experience. Take the unclean spirits tearing the demoniacs when they came out of them. You probably all know the ancient Oriental theory of disease; it was invariably attributed to the action of powers of darkness, and thus, loosening the bonds of wickedness and delivering people from demoniacal possession (a process often called exorcism) played a very conspicuous part in the eastern method of healing. Modern Spiritualism has thrown much light on some of these ancient records by starting a theory of obsession, which is practically identical with the old belief in demoniacal possession. Such theories, while they are not wholly true and are terribly subject to exaggeration, being frequently pressed so far as to make them ridiculous as well as dangerous, nevertheless contain sufficient truth to explain much which would have long been utterly incomprehensible without their aid. Chemicalization is simply a modern expression signifying exorcism, though in a milder form, as belief in evil is now being greatly modified in all enlightened circles where psychology is receiving the attention it deserves. We can readily see how all the influences which tend to degrade man may have been massed together by the old philosophers, who styled them collectively an "evil genius," and how all of an elevating character have been similarly massed and designated "good genius." Now the true spiritual healer stands to the patient as a representative of the good genius, while all that opposes his enlightenment and recovery stands in the attitude of evil genius. The struggle for ascendancy between the true and the false, the wise and the foolish, confidence and fear, love and hate, etc., etc., is chemicalization.

QUESTION V.—Can you present to us any other certain method of developing the *moral* fruitfulness in man's nature than that which is laid down in the Scriptures, where the physical and intellectual developments have failed to bring spiritual life to light? Is there any theological creed, ancient philosophy, or modern "liberalism" which *has* or *can* change one soul from slavery to sin (*i. e.* temper, passion, revenge, etc., etc.), to that freedom of spirit and soul which was promised and is still given by the Holy Spirit through faith in the Son of God, who alone ever claimed to do the will of God or to forgive sins?

Answer.—We do not pretend to give any teachings in opposition to those contained in the New Testament. It is simply our desire to get at the spiritual truth enshrined in its letter instead of clinging to its outward husk that takes issue with prevailing orthodox opinions. Our view of Scripture is that all ancient Scriptures which have been, and still are, highly venerated by multitudes, in their letter reflect the general sentiment of the times in which they were written, but in their spirit they deal with essential truths of vital moment to mankind at all times and everywhere. Now, as to a certain method of developing our moral nature, we should most decidedly take ground that it can only be developed at all by a sincere and determined effort of *will* in the direction of its development, and by *will* we mean affection putting forth an effort to reach its object. In the Athanasian Creed the opening words *Quicumque vult* signify whoever *wills* or earnestly desires salvation must hold to the universal faith, and it has always been a tenet of Christianity that the *will* must be perfectly surrendered, and that lovingly (not through fear) to the Divine Will, or salvation, for which regeneration is but another word, is impossible. Now it is a self-evident conclusion reached by all students of human nature that nothing can be successfully accomplished in any direction apart from persistent effort in that direction. The *will* must be directed toward the cultivation of muscle, intellect, or art, or culture in those lines is impossible. The only unpardonable sin is blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, which means a deliberate steeling of one's affections against truth. It is certainly a correct view to take of education that mere secular training is by no means adequate to secure the highest welfare of humanity, but spiritual culture is not brought about by dogmatic theology or by the enforcement of creeds, but solely by the influence of moral suasion in its highest sense. As to changing a soul from slavery to sin, to a state of freedom and righteousness, we should pronounce all creeds and institutions inadequate to the accomplishment of this divine work, which can only be brought about by the liberation of the spiritual man from bondage to the mortal belief which makes of evil an abiding reality, a potent force in the universe, either personal or otherwise, and thereby creates a dread of its power. To destroy all fear of evil, and all belief in its potency is to deliver men from its clutches. We yield universally to what we fear as well as to what we love, and where the love of sin appears not to exist the fear of it, and particularly the dread of its consequences, leads to its commission, not of deliberate intent, but through weakness, which is always at one with abject susceptibility. As to faith in the Son of God, we can understand the Swedenborgian expression that we must be *adjoined to the Lord* by affection for good, but the ordinary evangelical interpretation of faith is to our mind extremely unsatisfactory. Faith means fidelity to

conviction, and springs from love of truth, not from a mere intellectual assent to propositions of truth. As to the forgiveness of sins, sin never is forgiven in the old ecclesiastical sense. It has to be outgrown in every sense, and to forgive it as Jesus forgave is to destroy the love of it and prevent its recommission, not at all to deliver the one who has already committed it from the necessary reformatory penalty.

Rosy Cross Sermon, No. 4.

BY FREEMAN B. DOWD.

“God is Love.”—St. John.

“Home Sweet Home! There is no Place Like Home.” Beautiful thought; but wherein lies its beauty and truth! I am no lover of places. There is beauty everywhere, and there is deformity everywhere. Place does not constitute home. The whole earth is full of houses, places where hearts pulsate with pain more than with pleasure. Home is where the soul is. It is in the soul that the mind finds satisfaction, joy and rest. The mind that has found the soul and dwells therein is at rest, for it dwells in love. This is its home, and the only home there is. In these electrical days love is on the tongue of every reformer, but no one essays an analysis or definition thereof. While love is extolled to the skies, sex love is relegated to the bottomless pit of obscurity. We are told that the love a mother has for her children is a pure and holy love; so also is the love of God pure and holy; but the love of the sexes, oh, don't mention it! Away with such nonsense. If there is such a thing as love let us understand its nature. We are so constituted that we must have definitions. There is no beauty without *form*, and where there is no beauty there is no life and no love. So if God is Spirit and without form, no man loves God. But the moment you embody God in an IDEA He immediately assumes form, and plenty are found to admire, to love and to worship, and even sacrifice themselves and all they possess for the idea embodied. Love as a formless principle is an unknown thing, because it is not embodied in conscious emotion. As an *intellectual* thing it has no vital power—it has in fact no existence, and many there be who deny its existence. But love lies at the foundation of everything. It is the mother of all that exists—of all the joy and all the woes of poor humanity. We can only know of it as it materializes itself in the conscious soul in motions of joy and pleasure. Then we become attached to that which gives us pleasure, and dread and hate that which gives us pain.

In scanning the heavens let us remember that we stand upon the earth. In searching the realms of spirit let us not forget that we rest upon mundane principles, though they be commonplace and homely.

How do we know anything of love? Simply by the experience of feeling. Love, then, must be *emotion*, the reflex of motion. *Motion* must precede all *emotion*. But *what produces the motion? What is it that moves, and what receives the motion to cause the reflex action?* MIND is the motive power. SPIRIT is that which moves. SOUL is that which nerves the spirit. Mind is masculine, soul is feminine, spirit is neither. Everything is dual—"male and female created He them." Hence every person is male and female—mind and soul, heart and brain, thought and sympathy; and the right side is masculine, the left side feminine, and that which connects the two in harmony is a formless principle—the spirit—a breath of matter, a vapor, an aura, or like unto the light of a lamp. The spirit receives its fire, its quality and its motions from the mind. It flashes throughout the boundless realms of space, thought laden with more rapidity than the electric flash, or it lies stagnant like a fog on a marsh, vacant and lifeless, without thought. It radiates around the body, it breathes in and out constantly, and this motion produces emotion or feeling. It is the constant action and reaction of the masculine and feminine within that makes us sentient beings. Thought flowing from mind permeates every nerve and bone and electrifies every drop of blood in these bodies, through the medium of the spirit. Thus are our motives, purposes and objects transmitted into living matter. Thus does the universal spirit descend into particular spirits, and God becomes human. There are four elements, fire, air, water and earth. These correspond to mind, spirit, blood and body. Spirit is a breath, an aura, an emanation, containing in itself, as light from the sun, all chemical elements, and all of solid substance. Herein does the "mind cure" of diseases become rational and practical. Spirit radiates from and around the body, penetrating to any depth, height or distance. Its radius is wholly unknown to us. *The denser parts of spirit flow from the lower body, the finer essences from the upper body; but the finest, the most subtile, pour out of the eyes;* being projected from the soul itself into the mind, and there *receiving its quality* or power of motion, and sent on its mission. Here in mind is where the spirit becomes charged with the *desires, notions and objects* which animate us. Doubt, fear, distrust, selfishness, and indeed all the passions of the mind, produce spiritual malaria, which is conducive of weakness and disease. For the passions, one and all *produce movements* of the spirit peculiar to themselves, all of a gross and downward tendency, not penetrating the soul in *direct* lines and force, but impinging upon it in an *oblique* manner are *refracted and broken up into colors* of all densities and descriptions, thus reflected back upon the consciousness in emotions of varied character, affecting the blood, spleen, bowels, kidneys and all parts of the body. Even the bones are affected by the thoughts we think. Movements of the mind

which produce the emotion of hatred, rend the spirit as a cyclone does the atmosphere, producing nothing but disorder, pains, disease, and death. Night, dense and foul follows it, in which the mind and soul must wallow in crime, war and violence till the morning comes. The result of all passional movements of the mind is to make the soul disgusted and sick, for indeed she loves mind as a good wife loves her husband, and her effort is to *smite* the mind to herself in order that she may have *wisdom within* herself, because the soul is not fed by things external, but by such as enter within, and she *repels* from the surface everything that is not of love. Life is an effect, a child of the *soul* begotten by *mind* in emotions of love. All creation is a product of love. Even the worst of men love themselves. The suicide, out of his love of himself, kills himself. All passions do violence to our nature. They *separate* the mind from the soul in one universal divorce. How? I have already told you how! The spirit projected from passions rebounds from the soul. It does not enter, consequently no union is effected. There is no marriage in which alone is life generated. To the soul belongs all sympathy, gentleness, and the redeeming graces of humanity. It is the woman side of us that is the weak side and the best side. Here is where the mercy seat is, and the tears. This civilization has no soul. It needs none for the begetting of wealth, and the world has forgotten (if it ever knew) that woman is the soul of creation. Business needs no soul—and there are myriads of human beings who do not know they have souls, because it is shut up in the darkness, where the mind never enters in business hours—and the business man has no other hours. Wives are looked upon as a kind of business that most men would gladly see in the stock market, inasmuch as souls are a marketable commodity. Real lovers look straight down into each others eyes—as the sun gazes upon the earth at noontime from a cloudless sky—and quaff deep draughts of God's own breath, direct from the Kingdom of Heaven, which causes hearts to palpitate, and the blood to course through the veins like hot lava! But most husbands and wives look *aside* from each other or avert the gaze (*except when in anger*), and yet we talk loudly of love! First love, the innocent honest love of the sexes gives us a glimpse of the kingdom of bliss and the possibilities of a love altogether unknown on earth. Sexual emotions are the strongest, the highest and the deepest a human being can feel, and yet they are the most transient and fleeting. But transient as they may be, 'tis then that God draws near to us and gives us a glimpse of creative power, and the ecstatic bliss of its possession, for indeed we are *possessed* at such times. The mind has lost its reason, the cool calculations of intellect are set aside, all earthly ambitions are of no weight. For one moment of bliss many have laid aside a lifetime of pride, position and honor. For this thing

the world is honeycombed with falsehood, deceit and hypocrisy, till there is no soundness in its moral fabric. It is to the relation of the sexes that we can honestly and candidly look for all the evils which flood the earth. This act is the *creative* act, and in it are generated more conditions than we know of. At such times we draw as near to primitive nature and to God as it is possible for individualized beings to get and exist. It is our individualities and angularities that *repel* the male from the female and thus put an end, for the time being, to that perfect blending of fusion of two into one, and also ends that ecstasy which is a result of such fusion or blending. This is God's spring, and he that drinks thereat receives that which his nature is capable of receiving, or rather, that which his mind goes out after and asks for. Such as drink for mere sensuous gratification become more and more thirsty the more they drink, till at last the powers of enjoyment burn up with a mental furor that cannot be quenched. But those who drink for the dual purpose of creating and imparting life and good thereof to others become full of that which grows to immortal power of enjoyment that has no end. The first drink of surface waters—the latter drink deep, and their thirst is quenched in a great soul satisfaction, in which the mind receives *strength, growth and inspiration*. This is indeed the river of life to such as are worthy, but to the unworthy its waters are "the waters of *lethe*." Life comes from the mysterious depth of being. The way thereto is a "straight and narrow way," because it leads to the soul, "and few there be who find it." It is not on the surface of things, nor can the soul give real life and inspiration to a mind that is far removed from itself. This is a masculine age—the age of mind and force. Even woman has more mind than soul; how then can true marriage, or union of soul and mind exist? It does not exist on earth, and never can till the reign of peace and love. You may know mankind by their lives. The union of soul and mind in an individual gives a peaceful, patient and tranquil disposition—one that bears wrongs patiently and forgivingly—not self-assertive, modest and retiring, trusts in providence and bears the burdens of life cheerfully, yes, joyfully. I have known a few such—very a few—and they were mostly women. In such persons soul predominates. It has expanded to such an extent as to embrace in itself the entire mind and body of the individual, hence such are in *harmony with themselves*. Mind is nothing to them—love is all. I need not picture to you the mind side of this subject; it is too common. Jaw rules the world—even the homes. The tender, gentle feelings of the great soul are outraged and hardened by the harsh and jarring elements of discord that mind projects in the rush and scramble after fancy's toys. It don't take much mind to make a great noise. It is not mind that produces harmony, it is *soul growth*, in which the mind is absorbed as in

its home. CHRIST's parable of the prodigal son is a beautiful illustration of this subject. Soul is the FATHER's house wherein he dwells. Mind is the son who left his home to feed on husks among swine. Such is the state of mind not at home in the soul. Of love there are many varieties, of which I propose to speak in my next article. If there is such a thing as spiritual love we need to know of its nature, and how developed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notes and News.

The Oakland Camp Meeting this season has proved a brilliant success. Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, Mr. Emerson, and other representatives from the Eastern States have fully sustained their justly high reputation in the various parts assigned them. W. J. Colville's lectures, answers to questions, poetry and songs, have given pleasure to multitudes. Excellent conference meetings have been well sustained. Mrs. Chainey has thrown much light on Psychometry, by means of classes and private interviews with earnest inquirers. The audiences at all meetings have been very large; on Sundays the tent, with seating capacity of over 1,200, has been painfully overcrowded. The best of feeling has prevailed among campers and visitors alike. The Metaphysical College, located at 106 McAllister street, San Francisco, is a popular and thriving institution. Mrs. Josephine Wilson, Mrs. Sara Harris and W. J. Colville have had splendid success with their June classes. The Society for Theosophical Research meets every Friday at 7:45 p. m., discussions are always instructive and entertaining. The College choir sings well; Mrs. Shipley is an excellent pianist. A delightful reunion of students took place Monday, June 11th, at 2:30 p. m., 150 persons were present. The exercises were very interesting and well diversified. Excellent addresses were made by Mrs. Wilson (who presided), Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Chainey, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Cramer, W. J. Colville, and others. The Home College of Spiritual Science, 324 17th street, San Francisco, is doing an excellent and effective work under the able presidency of Mrs. M. E. Cramer. A delightful gathering of friends took place on Tuesday, June 5th, at 2 p. m., everyone who attended seemed to enjoy intensely the truly elevating and ennobling exercises. Mr. Rudolf King, who officiated as organist and pianist at Mr. Chainey's and W. J. Colville's meetings in Boston with so much taste and brilliance, is now creating quite a furore in musical circles; his recent compositions have won him golden laurels, they display an unusually pure and intuitive type of genius. W. J. Colville's marvelous new book *Mental Therapeutics* has just gone to press in Chicago; it will be issued in September, price \$1.00. The volume will contain answers to nearly 300 questions of vital moment to every

student of spiritual science or theosophy, in addition to a vast amount of other valuable matter. All subscribers to the GNOSTIC can obtain this important work at the purely nominal price of 50 cents, if they send their order and remittance immediately to W. J. Colville, 106 McAllister street, San Francisco. All of Mr. W. J. Colville's works and many other valuable publications are always on sale at the above address.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE GNOSTIC, VOL. II, COMMENCING JULY 1ST, 1888.

Having completed Volume 1, the publishers have resolved to greatly improve and at the same time cheapen a magazine pronounced already, by many good judges, the most interesting and instructive journal of the many of its kind so lately sprung into existence. No pains will be spared to make it a vital necessity in every home of the new Earth and new Heaven. Each number will consist of able articles covering the following different departments :

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Hark, hither, reader! wouldst thou see
 Nature her own physician be?
 Wouldst see a man all his own wealth,
 His own physic, his own health?
 A man whose sober soul can tell
 How to wear her garments well—
 Her garments, that upon her sit
 As garments should do, close and fit;
 A well-clothed soul, that's not oppressed
 Nor choked with what she should be dressed;
 A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright features shine;
 A soul whose intellectual beams
 No mists do mast, no lazy steams;
 A happy soul, that all the way
 To heaven hath a summer's day?
 In sum, wouldst see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man?
 Whose latest and most leaden hours
 Fall with wings, stuck with soft flowers,
 And when life's sweet fable ends,
 Soul and body part like friends:—
 No quarters, murmurs, no delay;
 A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
 This rare one reader, wouldst thou see?
 Hark, hither! and—thyself be he!

—Richard Crashaw. 1610–1650.

To a Violet.

Flower, your petals unfold,
 Now that the sun is a-shining.
 Winter is over, be bold;
 Flower, your petals unfold,
 Show us your center of gold,
 Show us its velvety lining.
 Flower, your petals unfold,
 Now that the sun is a-shining.
 Hasten your heart to unfold;
 Sun can not ever be shining.
 Air may grow foggy and cold;
 Hasten your heart to unfold;
 You may grow withered and old,
 Vain would be then your repining.
 Hasten your heart to unfold;
 Sun can not ever be shining.

Heaven.

How be *in* heaven when heaven is not a place?
 No change from earth to other spheres or thence again to earth
 Can give us heaven, for heaven is not in space;
 No change from youth to age, or even a second birth
 Can leads us into heaven's abode, for heaven is not in time
 The spirit sun measures, nor hours, nor years;
 Within that state there is no "mine nor thine,"
 And selfishness comes not with serpent stings and fears.

The earth-born senses send no message there,
 No reflex sorrows move the immortal heart,
 No nerves are strung organic pains to share
 With matter such as here, we have no part.
 The Angel Death can lead us not to heaven;
 We die, but may not enter that bright sphere,
 For simple change in space or time can't leave
 The earthly soul sickened by sin and fear.

Heaven *now* most gently falls within the soul,
 Like dew of summer in the morning hours,
 When each pure heart floats in the spirit whole,
 Loosened from self, refreshed by love's cool showers.
 O, shut not out, then, heaven that clasps thee near,
 And comes to all who sigh for its embrace,
 Unutterable peace broods o'er its endless year,
 And changeless beauty gleams from every face.

—A. J. C.

To Our Subscribers, Past and Present.

DEAR FRIENDS: In the April number of THE GNOSTIC we announced that May and June would be published as a double number. From various causes we have, on second thoughts, concluded to put things straight by skipping these two months. Please regard them in the light of a summer vacation. All subscriptions will be dated forward two months, so that no one will be wronged. The reason for this change is to enable us to greatly improve the contents (which you see announced) and also to make permanent arrangements for its publication which we have done. Will all our subscribers kindly help us in this great work by each sending us new ones immediately? Thanking you all for kind thoughts and words to us personally and devotion to the high truths advocated in THE GNOSTIC, we are

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