



"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending; the one who is, and the one who was, and the one who is coming the all powerful."

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

LIBERTY IN-TRIUMPH

The SUN-MAN smiled; and through his breast, that quivers
With every joy that in the heart should be,
Pulsed Light and Love, and the divinest rivers
Of pure Desire and perfect Ecstasy;
And in the rushing of their Deep, the song
Of Liberty IN-TRIUMPH rolled along.

From deepest true divinest joy proceeds;
No human heart until it fully bleeds
Its life away in pure self-sacrifice.
Can reach to Earth the wisdom of the Skies.
An Angel, and in outward clay, would be
Saddest of all the sons of Earth; for he
Would thrill with pain as if he were a flower
Borne from some fragrant land--with glorious shower
Of warmth and sweetness panting at the core,
But shivering, bleeding, dying evermore;
With frost beneath him, and with snow above,
Death 'round him, and within--Immortal Love.
Therefore, as man becomes an Angel fine,
He needs must suffer while he dwells in Time;
He takes a woe from every bleeding breast,
And the heart-sweetness, by such pain expressed,
Flows from him. He is crushed by Hand-divine
In tenderest love, as grapes are turned to wine.

—BARRY.

MESSAGES FROM URANIA. VI

DAN-GEMINI

ASTROLOGICALLY, the Gemini are the ancient Dioscouri—the two bright stars Castor and Pollux, known to the Chaldeans as Qnan and Habel, corresponding to the seventh letter of the Hebrew alphabet *Zayin* (a weapon; *Zabul*, the Pleiades). We count from Libra, the balance (the point from which Adam Kadmon fell), Scorpio 1, Sagittarius 2, Capricorn 3, Aquarius 4, Aries 5, Taurus 6, Gemini 7.

Tradition says that the Gemini are the result of a great celestial conflict which originated in the Pleiades, or "Seven Sisters" as they were called. The memory of this heavenly warfare is preserved in the story of Cain and Abel, of Gog and Magog, of Lucifer and Michael and many other legends.

This occurrence, which brought devastation and ruin to the world, took place while the sun was in Scorpio. This may be gathered from the Biblical statement since Noah entered the Ark on the Seventeenth day of the second Hebrew month, the month of Bul (Oct.-Nov.). The Egyptians had precisely the same tradition concerning Osiris (the Sun).

Dan represents the power behind this cosmic catastrophe and subsequent birth of the heavenly twins. It came upon the world as a *judgment*. Dan means "a judge."

To bring the thought nearer to everyday life, Dan stands for the active spiritual power resident in a certain elementary or chaotic form of Matter—a power at once dualistic and unique, being both destructive and constructive.

Morally, this action may be looked upon as an exhibition of the power of Eternal Justice.

There is no doubt that the association of Dan with the sign Scorpio is astrologically correct. He is "an adder by the path that biteth the horses' heels (Sagittarius)."

At the same time, in the orderly course of Nature, as shown in the alchemical work, Dan may be placed in Gemini.

In this Elementary Matter, known to philosophers as the Secondary Form of the *Prima Materia* or the original substance of creation, are exhibited at one and the same time the phenomena of acidity and volatility.

It bites like a Scorpion and flies like an Eagle.

The most common name in Hermetic books for Mercury, or the hermaphroditic element of the sages is the "Flying Eagle." Again it is designated as the "Serpent."

In Gen. 49:16-17 Dan is declared by Jacob to be not only "a Judge," but also "a Serpent by the way."

Dan-i-el (Dan, the Lord, the Prince of Judgment) is found in the Babylonian Court, interpreting dreams, walking through fire, coming unharmed out of a den of Lions.

Daniel is but the Soul of Dan. Alchemical students well know the power of this "Daniel" and have seen him, not only in the Fire, but in the den of many colored *Lions*.

It may be a surprise to our orthodox brethren and those scholars who are engaged in spinning fine theoretical cycles of historical events to transpire from Daniel's prophesies, to learn that Daniel is alive and well today, and in his Den or Laboratory, engaged in hypnotizing the "Lions" one by one as they walk up to him!

See the suggestive words in our language (a scion of the Hebrew) which come out of the root D-N (Dan):

Dane, a descendant of the Viking, ruler.

Den, a cage for animals.

Din, a tumultuous noise.

Don, a lord in Spain,

Dun, a muddy color.

Done, a finished work.

All these words are seen to be alchemically related to DAN, our judge in the great physical Babylon.

The river Jordan, so intimately connected with early Jewish history, in Hebrew is written JAR-DAN, and means "River of Judgment."

In *Aesch-Mezareph* (Purifying Fire), an ancient Alchemico-cabalistic work, one reads:

"Learn, therefore, to purify Naaman, and acknowledge the power of *Jardan*, the 'River of Judgment' flowing out of the North.

"He that will become Wise, let him live in the South [whither *Jardan* flows]; and he that will grow Rich, let him turn himself to the North [the source of the Golden River] * * * Length of Days is in her right hand, and in her left, Riches and Honor."

And this beautiful river, like the once famed Tagus with its Golden Sands, has utterly sunk from view and flows on in an unknown channel.

The earth meanwhile becomes a desert waste,

The bittern wails on the shores of Chinnereth
Where once the Savior lived and loved.

The Dead Sea yawns to drink the remnant
Of Jordan's Magic Waters,

Where Naaman washed and was restored,
Whence Jesus was baptised, reborn.

Jerusalem is fallen, Israel is scattered abroad.

Pillage and murder, horror and death
Have swept and sweep Arminian plains.

The blood-red sun has sunk long since
Beyond Mount Caramel.

The crescent moon hangs o'er the plain
Emblazoned as a standard

Of Islam's hordes—

Fashioned as a scimitar
To smite off heads.

When, O Brahm, Sun of Righteousness,
Wilt thou arise, with healing in thy wings,
And bring thy people into rest?

In that day appeareth Messiah

Crowned in Gemini;

Justice and Love—

Man and Woman—

Dual Stars—

Two in One—

One.

IF one goes to the unabridged dictionary for the definition of Soul, he finds the ideas concerning it very vague, indeed. According to one definition it is the "immaterial part of a beast;" according to another, "the vital principle." Some regard it as the seat of sensibility; others, as that of moral and emotional sentiment; still others identify it with intellect, reason and understanding.

The scholastics, or followers of Aristotle, held it to be the primary principle of life, maintaining that a plant was endowed with a vegetable soul, that brutes had in addition a sensitive soul, while man alone had a rational and material soul.

Theologically, the word Soul has been construed to mean "that spiritual, reasonable, and immortal substance in man which is the origin of our thoughts, of our desires, of our reasonings." Thus far the definition admits of no criticism; but now comes the latter expression of theological opinion with which issue must be taken: "The soul is that attribute which distinguishes us from the brute creation, and which bears some resemblance to its Divine Master" (Cruden). Surely, that part of the definition is out of date. The mind of later development perceives the "Divine Master" reflected alike in all things, yet hardly has this Mind risen sufficiently to grasp the idea of HOW it is so reflected.

The Soul is the conservator of Universal Intelligence, the consciousness of creation, which manifests in mind. It is quite unnecessary to divide mind into departments, as intellect and intuition, conscious and sub-conscious mind, or to discuss its many attributes, as volition, perception, sensation, etc. For with the introduction of these many subtleties, we but confuse the understanding—maintaining the concept of duality against unity, instituting a gulf between the ideal and the real, virtually separating God from his Creation.

It is true that consciousness in its primal unfoldment demands this recognition of dual forces which at first appears antagonistic and then co-operative. Finally, however, the maturer conception sees them merged in one.

Virgil declares the Soul to be a compound of an ether of excessive tenuity and of the most uncompounded form of light—the fire of purest ether.

According to Vaughan, "the Soul, though in some sense active, yet is not so essentially, but a mere instrumental agent being guided in her operations by a Spiritual Metaphysical Grain, a Seed or Glance of Light, simple and without mixture, descending from the first Father of Lights, the Soul itself consisting of three portions of Light and one of matter."

The Soul, then, is an entity exactly like the body. It is what gives to the body its form, its sensation, its entire expression.

The Soul, however, persists only as the vehicle of the Idea back of all manifestation. This Idea, as Plato taught, is the Eternal Essence, or Entity. It forever is and forever manifests through various media.

The Soul, considered as a form, is capable of infinite contraction or expansion as we understand the term physically, since the Idea determines its manifestation. The Soul is passive only in relation to the Idea governing it; when the Soul is once imbued with the Idea, it becomes active in relation to the more externally manifesting body.

In thus mentally separating Idea from Soul, and Soul from Body, we are merely hypothesizing certain points or foci in the grand Ellipse of Being, at each of which we may poise momentarily to view the other points. The real fact is, the Idea permeates the Soul just as the Soul permeates the Body, and the three virtually become one. This is the real Trinity.

It is a metaphysical vagary to treat of the Soul as something wholly intangible and unknowable. If it be such a thing then all discussion concerning it is useless.

It is natural to say that we know only those things which we see. The fact is, those are the things we do not know. The real reason why we do not know more of what we see is attributable to imperfection or undevelopment of the normal senses which are the only means the human Soul has of contacting the Soul of Nature. Without this contact the Idea of a thing cannot be grasped.

The interposition of bodies is merely to facilitate this and to effect what may be called the growth of the Soul by the assimilation of Ideas.

I say, it is absolutely impossible to study the Soul or to arrive at any sane conclusion concerning it apart from its sensitized body.

It would seem that there could be no other conclusion than this, and yet it is the very one avoided by nearly all the schoolmen of the past and present. The Soul is imagined by them as a something formed indefinitely by some power equally indefinite, this something being miraculously infused into the body of man at some unknown point of time, and that it is capriciously withdrawn by the same unknown and unknowable power, to be made to answer for its transgressions in the body—and a mountain more of foolishness in which one finds a strange admixture of transcendental imagery and theological dogma, all of which have contributed to render the soul of man a source of eternal anxiety to himself since it has come to be regarded as a loose, marketable commodity, capable of being bought and sold, lost and saved.

One man acting as God's vicegerent is supposed to be deputed to manage this great Soul Saving and Damning Syndicate, which has employed an army of agents and drained the pockets of

(3) the world to erect institutions in which to carry on its great imaginary work.

But let us pass from out the superstition which envelopes the world in its dark winding sheet and rise to heights above it, where we may bask in the pure, sweet sunshine of freedom and be free to think.

Let us be glad that we no longer sniff the fumes from the nether world, nor hear the cries of infants damned. Let us bless the spirit of sweet mercy that has baptized us into a new and nobler belief.

Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, says, "The material form is but an appearance—the real being consists of an imponderable, intangible and invisible form."

"Of what is the human body composed? Five-sevenths of flesh and blood are water, while the substance of the body consists of albumen, fibrine, casein and gelatine; that is, organic substances composed originally of the four essential gases—oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbonic acid. Water is a combination of two gases, air a mixture of two gases; thus our body is composed only of transformed gases. None of our flesh existed three or four months ago; shoulders, face, eyes, mouth, arms, hair, even the very nails—the entire organism is but a current of molecules, a ceaselessly renewed flame, a river we may look at all our lives, but never see the same water again. All is but assimilated gas, condensed and modified, and more than anything else it is air. Our whole body is composed of invisible molecules which do not touch each other, and which are continually renewed, by means of assimilation, directed, governed and organized by the immaterial force which animates us. To this force we may assuredly give the name of soul. Phidias is but a coarse imitation compared with this hidden force. The force which can construct the living body of man or woman is more sublime. But this force is immaterial, invisible, intangible, imponderable, like the attraction which lulls the world in the universal melody; and the body, however material it may seem to us is in itself only a harmonious grouping, formed by the attraction of this interior force. We are souls clothed with air—neither more nor less! So it cannot be that our personality, our identity, lies in a certain grouping of cerebral matter—our individual me, our ego, which acquires and preserves a personal, scientific, and moral value, increasing with our study; our ego which feels itself responsible for acts performed a month, a year, ten, twenty, fifty years ago, during which time the molecular grouping has changed ceaselessly."

THE RATIONALE OF SPIRITUAL BIRTH:—The body is the soil in which the spiritual seed is implanted, and in which it grows and develops. Conscious life is the result of this activity. The very

almost immortal principle, or vital base as it might be termed, is sheathed in the marrow of the bones, and through the bones themselves is organized and issues forth into the outer courts of the temple, expanding the conscious sphere of the Soul's existence. This spiritual principle is the Word or S-word that pierces the "joints and marrow" (Heb. 4:12).

It is no imaginary thing. It is as much a physical fact as the blood itself. In fact, it gives color and vitality to the blood. It is a "two-edged sword," a sexed-principle that brings forth the expression of life on the physical plane. The Corpuscles (little bodies resembling solar discs) are its vehicles.

This spirit-energy has a mission to work out in the body, which calls into being the physical cells. When this mission is fulfilled it is transported to the lungs where it meets the element Oxygen. The word oxygen means "producing acid." Acid is chemical fire—fire united to water, heat tempered by and operating through moisture.

This acid, combining as it does two opposing principles, is the alchemical Mercury, originating as we may say in the pulmonary cells. Mercury is Greek for Christ. Think of the superstition that has for so many centuries conceived of Christ as a metaphysical mystery!

To be sure, it is a mystery, but it is one not connected with any particular person. Christ is a living principle within the breast of every human being that breathes. It has, too, an embodiment of its own, being incarnated, as we may say, momentarily.

The breath itself is but one pole of being. And here is a point to which I wish to call the earnest attention of those students who are looking to the breath as the sole means of regeneration.

The other pole lies in food, which, like the breath, is drawn from Nature. These are the two sources of man's life—the two external, elementary principles with which he is connected. Indeed, the body seems but the meeting ground of these elements, wherein they are enabled to come into form and expression.

Nothing is lost—everything contributes to this miracle. The outgoing breath that carries away the burned cell-bodies as carbonic acid nurtures the plant and thus eventually returns perfected through the food to form the living tissue of the body. By this ceaseless round evolution is accomplished. Of this negative, or food-pole, of our life-sphere, more will be said later.

What immediately concerns us from the positive side is the production of a pure Mercury. Indeed, the whole life of the organism hinges upon this. The air enters the lungs from the bronchi near the middle, as may be seen by consulting any physiological chart. To get the full benefit of breathing, it is necessary not only to breathe deeply

but by voluntary expansion of the upper chest, to "pull up the breath," that is, give it a chance to come up and fill the lung cells to the very top.

EXERCISE 1. Inhale a deep breath, hold it a moment at the waist, and then by an effort of the will draw it upward. It is a sensation easy to trace and is one very pleasurable and restful. Practice also carrying upward a light breath. After each inhalation exhale the breath suddenly through the mouth.

EXERCISE 2. Stand with hands placed just above the hips, thumbs behind, and inhale as above by the expansive effort of Mars (Diaphragm), then slowly draw this breath upward along the spinal column to the shoulders, and finally exhaust the breath by blowing it out in a small stream through the half-closed lips. This exercise develops the chest and full breathing power, brings into activity the whole lung surface and causes the elimination of a large amount of pure Mercury that goes straight to the capillaries and vitalizes all the tissues.

Of course, it is to be understood that I use the term Mercury in an alchemical sense—not referring at all to the dead metal called Mercury extracted from Cinnabar.

Mercury is related to the Lungs and the Breath, to the Mouth and to Speech.

IN A FAR-OFF WORLD

THERE is a world in one of the far-off stars, and things do not happen here as they happen there.

In that world were a man and woman; they had one work, and they walked together side by side on many days—and were friends—and that is a thing that happens now and then in this world also.

But there was something in that star-world that there is not here. There was a thick wood; where the trees grew closest, and the stems were interlocked, and the summer sun never shone, there stood a shrine. In the day all was quiet, but at night, when the stars shone or the moon glinted on the tree-tops, and all was quiet below, if one crept here quite alone, and knelt on the steps of the stone altar, and uncovering one's breast, so wounded it that the blood fell down on the steps of the altar, then whatever he who knelt there wished for was granted him. And all this happens, as I said because it is a far-off world, and things often happen there as they do not happen here.

Now, the man and woman walked together; and the woman wished well to the man. One night when the moon was shining so that the leaves of all the trees glinted, and the waves of the sea were silvery, the woman walked alone to the forest. It was dark there; the moon-light fell only in little flecks on the dead leaves under her feet, and the branches were knotted tight overhead. Farther in it got darker, not even a fleck of moonlight shone. Then she came to the shrine; she knelt down before it and prayed; there came no answer. Then she uncovered her breast; with a sharp two-edged stone that lay there she wounded it. The drops dripped slowly down on the stone, and a voice cried. "What do you seek?"

She answered, "There is a man; I hold him

nearer than anything. I would give him the best of all blessings."

The voice said, "What is it?"

The girl said, "I know not, but that which is most good for him I wish him to have."

The voice said, "Your prayer is answered; he shall have it."

Then she stood up. She covered her breast and held the garment tight upon it with her hand, and ran out of the forest, and the dead leaves fluttered under her feet. Out in the moonlight the soft air was blowing, and the sand glittered on the beach. She ran along the smooth shore, then suddenly she stood still. Out across the water there was something moving. She shaded her eyes and looked. It was a boat; it was sliding swiftly over the moonlit water out to sea. One stood upright in it; the face the moonlight did not show, but the figure she knew. It was passing swiftly; it seemed as if no one propelled it; the moonlight's shimmer did not let her see clearly, and the boat was far from shore, but it seemed as if there was another figure sitting in the stern. Faster and faster it glided over the water away, away. She ran along the shore; she came no nearer it. The garment she had held closed fluttered open; she stretched out her arms, and the moonlight shone on her long loose hair.

Then a voice beside her whispered, "What is it?"

She cried, "With my blood I bought the best of all gifts for him. I have come to bring it him! He is going from me!"

The voice whispered softly, "Your prayer was answered. It was given him."

She cried, "What is it?"

The voice answered, "It is that he might leave you."

The girl stood still.

Far out at sea the boat was lost to sight beyond the moonlight sheen.

The voice spoke softly, "Art thou contented?"

She said, "I am contented."

At her feet the waves broke in long ripples softly on the shore.—Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.

COSMOLOGY

The earth and sea and overling heavens were known,
The face of nature, o'er the world, was one;
And men have called it Chaos: formless, rude,
The mass: dead matter's weight, inert and crude,
Where, in mix'd heap of ill compounded mold,
The jarring seeds of things confusedly rolled.

No sun yet beamed from yon ætherean height,
No orbiting moon repair'd her horns of light;
No earth, self-poised, on liquid ether hung;
No sea its world-encircling waters flung;
Earth was half air, half sea, an embryo heap:
Sour earth was flint, nor fluid was the deep,
Dark was the void of air, no form was traced;
Obstructing atoms struggled through the waste,
Where cold and hot, and moist and dry rebell'd;
Heavy and light, and hard and soft repell'd.

—OVID.

On the bosom of the illimitable darkness
Moved the spirit of the Light,
And from that touch there sprang a radiance;
Light and Darkness, Heat and Cold,
Attraction, Repulsion, Life and Death
Keep up the endless cycles of phenomena;
And what am I that should perceive
And know the details all
Of this most wondrous path divine?
Why should I esteem it more Divine than I?
Am I not Lord and Master of this August conception?
Who formed the thinker but the thought?
Are we not one, and am I then
Not God and Nature both combined?

—ADIRANLEF.

Be content, but cease not to desire. Contentment is the realization that the inner forces are co-laboring to effect the highest transmutation of the gross into the subtle, the physical into the spiritual, to bring settled order out of chaos.

(B) Desire is the ferment of forces engaged in physical transubstantiation. Complete satisfaction results in apathy, stagnation, death and disintegration.

The contented man contains all within himself and his contentment matures the seeds of promise that will grow and blossom.

"The center of the world is a grain of sand." Then why should man attempt to go beyond the center, which is the highest point? You may sublimate and refine this grain a million times, but it will still be a grain of sand, a solid rock upon which you surely must stand to be a man.

The space about that grain of sand is spirit, and this is the pure virgin of the world. All phenomena, all form, all life, all existence, all creation, all change, all knowledge, all consciousness has to do with the interactivity of these two, body and spirit, substance and soul, positive and negative. Shall we say all is spirit? all is matter? Nay, not so. For these are the eternal poles of life's great sphere.

And this Spirit loved the Body, but it was separated from it and could not come into it. So it prayed to the Sun, the Father of Lights and of Shadows, the creator of the Dry and the Moist, to send the Savior down, that it might, through its medium and intervention come to the heart of its beloved.

Then the sun hid its face in the shadow of night, the air filled with moisture and the glad spirit cried, Ahal my chariot, my chariot! Now will I ride to the palace of my love and lay my fevered cheek upon her throbbing breast.

Thus the DEW DROP became the soul of the Spirit of Air, and sank to rest in the heart of the Earth.

* * *

This is the conception of a great miracle. For of this love is born myriads of strange forms—forms fantastic and beautiful, but in each of which the spirit of Air sits regnant at the center of this new and wondrous phenomenal world, and communicates with her lover on the exterior ever by that same flowing Savior.

Air, Water, Earth—Spirit, Soul, Body—Three in one, one in three—God's subtle, plastic, triple substance—the home of light, the servant of its highest bidding.

And what am I but these, come to the knowledge of my own greatness and omnipotence? My body, 'tis the earth; my soul, 'tis the very blood that courses through my veins; my Spirit,—ah, that I cannot see. It enters at the breath. I feel it in the finger touch, I hear it in the sound, my eye describes it in the landscape round; the perfume of the rose, the flavor of the wine, all prove to me the mystery of five in three,—Touch, Hearing, Sight, Smell, Taste—the avenues of spirit's entrance to the body through the soul.

Yet 'tis not strange that tremulous clouds of ether should transfer to me impressions of outer things. But what shall I say of higher forms of thought and feeling—intuition and emotion? Deeper and deeper I follow the thread until I find it held by the very hand of him that the Father sent to earth so long ago to comfort the spirit of the world, to lead it to its own. Thus my thought is led to seek my own, and who is she? Taste, Judg-

ment, Reason—up, up I soar and find thee thus
endowed sitting upon thy throne. Is it possible
that thou, my earth of old, art raised and trans-
muted by the love of Light, winging its way in
social flight, thee to unite to thy distant own?

THE WISDOM OF THE TALMUD

The love which shirks from reproving is no love.

He who deceives his neighbor would also de-
ceive his God.

Ignorance and conceit go hand in hand.

For the blind in mind there is no physician.

He who has the least understanding has the
most questions.

If any one telleth thee he has searched for
knowledge and not gained it, believe him not; if he
telleth thee he has gained knowledge without
searching for it, believe him not; but if he telleth
thee he has searched for knowledge and attained it,
thou mayest believe him.

People are always looking for mystery. They
want to develop great, deep furrows of grey matter
in their craniums. They look bored and keep their
fore-finger on their temples when talking. In short
they want to be rr. I dislike shattering dreams.
I know that there is much good in the so-called oc-
cult, but our greatest people were our simplest.
Simplicity properly applied is greatness.—Lloyd
Jones in "Eitka"

MR. DOOLEY ON READING

READIN' me fr'nd, is talked about be all readin'
people as though it was the only thing that
makes a man betther thin his neighbors. But the
thruth is that readin' is th' next thing this side of
goin' to bed fr' restin' th' mind. With most people
it takes the place of worruk. A man doesn't think
when he's readin' or if he has to, th' book is no fun.
Did ye iver have something to do that ye ought to do
but didn't want to, and while ye was wishin' ye was
dead did ye happen to pick up a newspaper? Ye
know what occurred. Ye didn't jus' skim through
the sportin' intillygence an' the crime news. Whin
ye got through with thim ye read the other quar-
ther iv the pa-per. Ye read about people ye niver
heard iv, and happenings ye didn't underherstand—
th' fashion notes, the theatrical gossip, th' s'ciety
news fr'm Peoria, th' quotations on oats, th' curb
market, th' real estate transfers, the marredge li-
censes, th' death notices, th' want ads, the dhry-
goods bargains, and even th' iditorials. Thin ye
r-read thim over agin with a faint idee ye'd read
thim before. Thin ye yawned, studied th' design
iv the carpet, and settled down to worruk. Was ye
exercisin' ye-er joynt intellect while ye was readin'?
No more than if ye'd been whistlin' or writin' ye-er
name on a pa-per. If any one else but me come
along they might say: "What a mind Hinnessy has!
He's always readin'." But I'd kick th' book or paper
out iv ye-er hand, and grab ye by the collar, and
cry, "Up, Hinnessy, and to worruk!" fr' I'd know ye
were loafin'. Believe me, Hinnessy, readin' is not
thinkin'. It seems like it, an' whin it comes out in
talk sometimes, it sounds like it. It's a kind iv
near-thought that looks ginooyine to the thought-
less, but ye can't get annything on it. Manny a
man I've knowed has so doped himsilf with books
that he'd stumble over a carpet tack.—Century

LEARN TO WISH

THE new violinist wonder is Jan Kubelik, the
son of a Bohemian vegetable gardener, and is
21 years of age. He is now commencing an Amer-
ican tour for which Messrs. Hugo Goerlitz and
Daniel Frohman will pay him \$100,000. Eight
years ago he was playing at home on a violin made
by himself out of an old cigar box. He had played
on his father's violin since he was five years old,
but that fell to pieces one day, and the family being
poor, he made his cigar box violin. Eight years
ago he went to Prague to study with Oudricek and
Sevik, and shortly after appeared in public. Since
then he has played in all the great cities of Europe
and is now touring America.

Speaking to an interviewer, he gave the follow-
ing advice to boys:

"I should like to tell them," he said simply,
"how to succeed. They must learn to wish. Un-
til they know how to wish, and wish until their
whole soul is in one wish, they can never be what
they would be. A wish that hurts and hurts—that
is the wish that comes true! And the whole world
and poverty and no friends and ill-health cannot
stop it. If they wish they will work. Wishing
and working will make the world right over for
them. The boy who would like to succeed—he can-
not succeed; but the boy who wishes to succeed till
he cannot eat or sleep or do anything but work for
wishing—he has success!"

"That is why you are getting \$100,000 from
America," I said.

"That is why, also; I can play at all," he sup-
plemented.—Exchange.

FROM CORRESPONDENTS

"This is the last V between me and Sheol.
Don't think I regret it—No! I send it like a King
with all my love to you and I bet 40 cents I'll have
40 times that inside of 40 months. I only mention
conditions to show you my nerve and trust."

"New beauties and wisdom are revealed to me
daily from between the lines of your beauti-
ful lessons. It is now five months that I am study-
ing these lessons and have learned more in these
five months than the best of books in Mental,
Christian, Divine Science, Theosophy and Occult
literature of every description have taught me in
ten years."

"Please accept my best thanks for your full
and complete reading, duly to hand, which I feel
sure will be of great value to me; and none the less
do I thank you for your dear and very helpful and
encouraging letter. I make no hesitation in assur-
ing you that this will prove one of the greatest
stimulants to me in the direction indicated by you,
and I shall certainly do my utmost to reach the de-
sired goal. You have certainly hit the nail on the
head; I am a student of languages, and am passion-
ately devoted to music, though I have failed to
make the most of my powers. The occult is now
receiving all my time and study. Thanking you a
thousand times for what you have sent, and also
for the word of Peace, devotedly yours."

All who receive my Onomatic or name readings
speak of them in terms of highest praise.

I devote a great deal of attention to them.

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A DEEP THOUGHT

MY understanding of life and death is that between the two is the period of transmutation or "promotion." I believe the way of evolution is as follows: I believe that during the life span of the "species" evolution pauses. I have never heard of monkeys evolving or being "promoted" into men straight from the forest. During their life time and functioning, the LAW of "LIKE BREEDS LIKE" holds good; man breeds man; monkeys, monkeys, etc. But here is what I think of Death, putrefaction, and Birth. Here is where Alchemy reconciles the evolution idea with the belief in Immortal Life. It is during death or putrefaction that Transmutation begins and higher steps or planes are taken in secret. The creative world is to me like the work in a foundry—the Matrix—the mould and form always bring forth the same type; you have only to change the pattern in the mould to get a different or higher type, but the molten metal in the cupola is like the "first matter"—always the same old matter, no matter how many times it has been "scrapped" broken and remelted, which brings it to its first state. I believe that it is 'twixt Death and Life that the pattern of the mould is changed.
A Student.

The class in Alchemy is making phenomenal progress. Many of the students are developing the powers of psychometry and telepathy.

The demonstration is being made that thoughts impressed upon words, figures or objects thousands of years ago can be perfectly apprehended by the Mind today, while thoughts from living organized Minds can be projected with the same ease and much more accurately than by the Marconi system.

To live is to love. Love produces hope; hope, ambition; ambition, strength; strength, success; success, happiness. The elimination of love produces loneliness; loneliness, lassitude; lassitude, stagnation; stagnation, disease; disease, death. Life can not long remain where there is no love. Fellowship and goodwill—universal brotherhood—will do more towards establishing Heaven on earth than any system of living ever established by Church or creed.—Brann's Iconoclast.

An artist should not live by, but for, his art. Do not do to live, but live to do. Go out to the world, and the world will come to you; and in just the way and in just the degree you go out to it. Do the first and nearest thing to you, and the next thing and the next, and the next will come filing along to be done, just as one person files and pushes after another to shake the hand of a dignitary at a reception.

Pretty soon things to do will come plucking at your elbows; they will catch at you and cling to your gown as briars do when you pass amid a thicket. Do not fear. If the thorns pluck the wool from the passing sheep, it is for the birds to build their nests; the sheep will never lack for wool.—John Bryan, "Fables and Essays."

I have extra copies of the following books which I will sell at one-half price. All new but slightly shelf-worn. Make second and third choice:
Woman Revealed, Nancy McKay Gordon, 50c
Spiritual and Material Attraction, Eugene Del Mar, 40c.

Evolution of the Individual, F. N. Dowd, 50c.
How to Live Forever, Harry Gaze, 50c.
Biopneumia, Levi d'Guru, \$1.00.
Cellular Cosmogony, Koresh, 15c.
The New Name, Geo. W. Carey, 25c.
Ruth, Bibliot No. 1, Rev. Geo. Chainey, 15c.
Constitution of Man, Elizabeth Towne, 25c.
How to Control Fate, Henry H. Brown, 15c.
Love, Sex and Immortality, W. P. Phelon, 25c.

I have secured a few copies of a rare book called "The Book of Israel." This is a very instructive book for students. It is a compendium of scientific knowledge, physiology, physiognomy, phrenology, psychology, sociology and ethics, all based upon scientific interpretation of the scriptures. Explains the meaning of numbers, historical cycles, etc. The book is now out of print, the copies I have being an exact reprint of a very large and expensive work, illustrated. Price, \$1.00.

Also, The New Pearl of Great Price, a treatise concerning the Treasure and most precious Stone of the Philosophers, special, \$2.50.

Auras and Colors, by Grumbine, is also a very interesting and useful work. Price, 50c.

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Alchemical Writings of Edward Kelly, \$2.50.
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Divine Pymander, Hermes, \$1.25.
Hermetic Arcanum, d'Espagnet, \$1.00.
Kaballa Denudata, Mathers, \$3.50.
Tarot of the Bohemians, Papus \$2.25.
Assembly of the Sages, Waite, \$2.50.
Euphrates, or Waters of the East, Vaughan, \$1.25.
Magical Writings, Vaughan, \$2.00.
Short Enquiry concerning the Hermetic Art, by a lover of Philalethes, \$1.00.
Aesch Mezaereth, or Purifying Fire (Kabalistic), \$1.00.
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HEIGHT—About 5 ft. 6 in.

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FOREHEAD—Not too high, broad, music bumps over brows.

NOSE—Straight, clear-cut, with "sensitive" nostrils;—not too aquiline.

MOUTH—Not too large—but mouth is a matter of character.

CHIN—Firm, strong, square under ears, and projecting to or beyond under lip.

EARS—All clear lines and circles; not too small but fitting close to head.

HAIR—Preferably dark brown, with gold, not copper, high lights.

EYES—Blue or grey—but an eye is a matter of soul.

HANDS—Impossible to describe in limited space, but I'm very particular. Of course she'll be a lady and will not possess bolster-case swellings on the first joint beyond the knuckle.

Etc., Etc.—So long as She is not bow-legged, parrottoed, knockkneed, humpbacked, crosseyed, harelipped, splayfooted, deaf, dumb or blind, I shall have no kick coming; but I'd even waive a number or combination of imperfections physical if Her soul be of the right caliber.

DISPOSITION—Do not know what to specify. I cannot apply the word to humans or divines.

TEMPERAMENT—This is an important consideration, but it perhaps results from soul and soul-loves. I want a receptive, artistic, aspiring individual with organizing abilities, but who lacks the fire and ideation which I have, or had plus.

ATTAINMENTS—The purely mechanical tricks of the brain interest me not, unless backed up by aspiration and understanding. Preferably, however, an artist, musician, poet, scientist, etc., etc.

CHARACTER—She must be brave, strong, clean, quiet, logical, reasonable, aspiring, honest, tolerant, conscientious, orderly, neat, unaffected, imaginative and unconventional.

She must hate crowds, noise, confusion, Atlantic City, high-heeled shoes, trolley cars, inharmonious colors, skyscrapers, common people, cities, functions, gluttons, braggarts, old masters, eight-day walking-matches and feather beds.

She must love cats, cakewalks, beaches, clinical amphitheaters, light houses, country roads, two-masted schooners, gardening, chemistry, factories, steamers, locomotives, and of course Kipling prose and verse, and she must love everybody and *like* but few, and she must prefer the sea and flat landscapes to mountain ranges.

She must love sensuality and hate herself for loving it.

She must love God, whatever It is, and be DETERMINED TO FIND IT WHEREVER IT BE.

But her only passion must be for HERSELF.

In short, she must be a cross between George Eliot, Mary MacLane, Sarah S. Stilwell, Maude

(6) Adams, Chaminade, Adiramled and Robert Louis Stevenson, and so oblige,

Hers very truly.

[Girls, this is no joke, though there *is* humor in it. There is something of sterling value at the other end of this—a real live American Count. Sealed proposals may be sent to this office marked XXX, and they will be forwarded without charge, if postage is prepaid. No commissions, and no triflers.—E.D.]

A NEW JOURNAL

OUR friend and co-worker, Dr. George W. Carey, widely known as Professor of Biochemistry, author, teacher and lecturer, is about to publish a Journal, called the Journal of Biochemistry.

It will fill a place unoccupied by any magazine in America, and thus there will be plenty of room for it. I predict that it will be a great success. It will be devoted to PRACTICAL things, demonstrable things. Dr. Carey is one of our most enthusiastic students of Alchemy, and has already made a number of valuable contributions to ADIRAMLED, besides many to other magazines.

The new Journal is to be issued monthly, beginning January, 1903, at the usual price of \$1.00 per year. Address DR. GEORGE W. CAREY, 402 East New York Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

HERMETIC BOOKS

MANY people write to me for some book that will tell them how to make the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life. There is no such book in the world—no single book. If there was it could easily be sold for a million dollars a copy, and find plenty of purchasers. While there is no such book giving the method outright, yet it is a fact, as every master of occultism knows, that the *secret* of this method may be gleaned from a number of different books. One author explains one point, another another; and the student who would understand this matter is obliged to piece these together, and virtually formulate his own system. In one sense this study may be called the easiest of any in the world, and in another, the most difficult. Its difficulty lies wholly in its obscurity. Given the requisite understanding, and everything pertaining to it, it is easy enough.

It is the study of studies and the art of arts to unfold the intuition and develop the psychic sense. It is worth the application for this alone.

When it comes to books, there IS certainly a best selection. There are genuine works and there are spurious ones. I have made it a study of years to select the true from the false, and I give you the benefit of my experience. The following may be recommended as the works of the real masters of the Art, and are all very instructive:

A COMPLETE HERMETIC LIBRARY IN NINE VOLUMES

The New Pearl of Great Price.....	\$ 3.00
Golden and Blessed Casket of Nature's Marvels	3.00
Alchemical Writings of Edward Kelly.....	2.50
Triumphal Chariot of Antimony, Valentine.	2.50
Collectanea Chemica, several authors.....	2.00
The Hermetic Museum, 22 books in 2 vols...	12.00
Paracelsus Hermetic Works Complete in two large and beautiful volumes.....	15.00

We have a special chance now to secure this library complete at the extremely low price of \$25, which as will be seen is a discount of \$15 from the regular low list price. Nearly all of these books are quoted much higher in New York, and we can only sell them at this price by importing them direct and in quantity. One of these books which will soon be out of print is "The Hermetic Museum." It is the book of books, and is the one I recommend above all others.

A few other very excellent books not included in the above list, but which we can secure, are the following:

Magical Writings, Thomas Vaughan.....	\$2.00
The Great Art, Pernety.....	3.00
The Assembly of the Sages.....	3.50
Euphrates, or the Waters of the East.....	1.25
The Hermetic Arcanum.....	1.00
Aesch Mezareph, or Purifying Fire.....	1.00
A Short Enquiry concerning the Hermetic Art.	1.00

A book for some time out of print has just been republished, which may be of interest to many occultists. It is "Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues," by W. Wynn Wescott, price \$1.50.

The demand for these books is becoming so great that orders should be placed ahead for them. There is always some little delay in importing, but all orders given us will receive the most prompt attention possible. Many of the books we carry in stock regularly. Write us for anything in this line that you want. We make a specialty of hunting up rare and out of print books. Address all orders to

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BOOKS RECEIVED

ONE of the very best books of the month is "Elizabeth Towne's Experience in Self-Healing." Nothing appeals to one quite so much as personal experience. Nothing in life is of so great value as the record of an honest purpose. The author calls this her "confession," and it surely is a grand thing that she confessed. The book might have been called The Triumph of a Soul, or, Demonstration in Daily Life. It gives a faithful picture of her own life, showing how she learned through trial and experience to master and control conditions. The book is strongly written in the author's well-known effective style, and is a book that no one can afford to be without. If it could reach a million hearts, the world would be many million times better. The price is only 50 cents. Address Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

Our esteemed cotemporary, Sylvester A. West, sends us word that he has just issued a work entitled The Master Christian Series. The books have failed to reach us up to date, but you may learn about them by addressing the author at Council Bluffs, Iowa, his new headquarters.

Sex or Pair of Opposites, by Sarah Thacker, Applegate, Cal., price 25 cents. I have only had time to glance through this book, but I think it is one that will repay perusal. The book is full of ideas, and is the work of an original thinker.

"Common Sense." a new Journal, monthly, 75 cents per year. Edited by Eugene Del Mar. Box 1364, Denver, Col. Send 10 cents for December issue, No. 1.

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS

The Dawn of Death.....	\$.50
The Divine Symbols.....	1.00
The Art of Alchemy.....	2.00
The three when ordered at one time.....	3.00

Back numbers of the Journal will be supplied at five cents per copy as long as they last. We have of Vol. 1, Nos. 1, 12 and 13. Of Vol. 2, all numbers to date except September number. It is our intention in future not to keep any back numbers, so be careful to secure them as they are issued.

In this connection I wish to give a little lecture to those people who miss their papers by moving. Often some one sends in a complaint that the paper has not arrived. The cause we find to be that they have moved without notifying us, or without leaving postage at their old office to forward their mail. Please do remember that Uncle Sam does not forward anything free except letters. In case your paper goes wrong, send us a one cent stamp and we will forward another if we still have it.

Last month's Journal was very late, and Luna frowned on us for a week. This was partly due to an extra rush that my printer had, and partly to my own rush of business. We are publishing still at the old home in Ohio, and this causes more delay. This month I am putting out the Journal first, and the Alchemy lesson (No. 10) will follow this.

If you have a sweet little thought that you can express in ten to fifty words, send it in for Christmas.

In reply to a large number of inquiries, I will say that I do not for any consideration nor under any circumstances give personal instruction.

My correspondence is too great to admit of it, even if I cared to do it.

Neither have I time to entertain callers. Do not ask me to do it. When I work I work, and if you could know how I work you would see that I have no time for sociability.

One day I'm going to stop work for a season and have a great play spell, and I will then give you all a chance, if you wish, to come and see how very sociable I am, when I have a chance to be.

APHORISMS

ADI

THERE is one memory brighter than all others—the memory of the moment when love's truth was plighted. There is another, sadder than all the rest—the memory of the hour when love's ideal was blighted.

Educators are slowly awakening to the fact that association with nature affords far better development for the child mind than poring over books.

Our social usages may appear capricious and insincere, our legislation crude and unjust; but think of the stone age, and think again of the days of the French kings and the Spanish Inquisition, and be content with progress.

The most refractory criminal may, by kind and humane treatment, be changed into a law-abiding citizen.

But for the idea of evil, whether it be an entity or a nonentity, consciousness would never have been born, nor the moral sentiment evolved.

"Deliver us, O Lord, from logic!" was the exclamation of one of the Christian fathers. No wonder. Logic is the voice of Reason. It makes men think. Just in proportion as the pulpit loses logic, do the pews empty. An excess of logic has also been known to empty pulpits.

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