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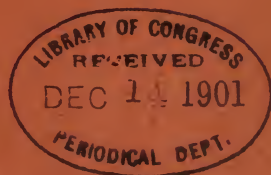
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PRESENTED BY

OCCULT STORIES.

By Carl Michelsen.



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Vol. II. of The New Man.

Notice.

As the whole sets of Vol. II. are nearly exhausted we have decided to publish the original matter contained in this volume in bookform under the title "The Mastery of Fate" Vol. II.

Those ordering the same please state which they want, the twelve papers, or the book. After the papers are exhausted we shall send the book instead. The book however, will not be out until April 1st. Orders for the same will be received now. Order early and be served first.

Vol. II. contains among a host of other articles, which we cannot enumerate here for want of space, the following: A Series of nine articles on "Sex Power, its Control and Use" (1. Sex in Evolution. 2. Sex the Life Principle. 3. Thought the Controlling Power of Sexual Desire. 4. The Sex act, its Use and Abuse. 5. A Privat letter to a Patient. 6. Nude Contact. 7. The Control of the Sexual Passion necessary for the highest Spiritual Development. How Done. 8. Pre-Natal Child Culture.)

Besides these there are: Hypnotism in the Cure of disease. How to Hypnotise: Practical Mind Cure. The Coming Judgment. The Cure of Poverty—Practical Hints. How to read the Universal Mind. Francis Schlatter; He will Come Again! Psychic Development—the Wrong and the Right Method. Spiritual Sight (Clairvoyance), How Developed, Concentration. Three articles on Self-Creation. The Healing Power—How to Use it. Man; Whence and Whither. How to Concentrate etc.

I wouldn't have missed the opening chapter on "Sex Power" for twice the subscription price. Light on that question seems to me the one thing needed to educate people out of their misery. Miss H. W.

I cannot express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have received through your paper. It has done me more good toward healing my rheumatism than all the medicine I have taken in the last six years. Marah Fletcher.

A well known author and teacher of one of the best Metaphysical schools says "The New Man is really the soundest little paper in existence. It is scientific and that is what we need."

I feel that I am gaining and that a continual study of your lessons is the cause.—D. H. S., Carthage Indiana.

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The Tragedy of Pere Victor.

No. 1.

It made a very sad impression upon the faithful, when the news of the suicide of Pere Victor spread like a wild-fire. For he was one of the most eloquent of the Roman clergy, as he also appeared to be one of its purest characters. I who was, and still am, a friend of the unhappy man, feel it my duty to do my best, in order that his memory shall not be treated in an unjust manner, as it is now by certain sharp tongues, backed by cold hearts.

For Pere Victor was not a scoundrel, as those tongues wish to make him, but a *Victim of Occultism*, and he ought not to be an object of your contempt, but of your pity. I will tell you a bit of his history—may be my tale will be, too, of use to some one of my readers. Many are those who, in our days, are very eager to develop “Occult Powers,” and that is something very dangerous, you will see.

You will remember, may be, that Pere Victor was very much spoken of, six or seven years ago. He had been the object of an assault by a villain whose name was celebrated amongst the criminals of Marseilles, in which city my friend lived and labored at that time.

Knife in hand the would-be-assassinator ran towards Pere Victor, and there is no doubt that it was his firm intention to kill him. It was in broad daylight, and those who witnessed the assault were so terrified, that they stood still in the street, unable to do anything to help Pere Victor, who had stopped and with a remarkably calm expression of face awaited the man with the knife.

Suddenly the ruffian stopped. With all signs of horror he looked at some point in the air above Pere Victor, turned round—and ran away as fast as he could run, until he was stopped by some Gensd'armes de Paix and brought to prison. During the examination he declared that it was his intention to kill my friend who, he said, had deprived him of his mistress. (Pere Victor preached in the streets and one of his sermons had such an effect on that damsel that she left her lover.) He further declared that a giant angel with a flaming sword had suddenly appeared above Pere Victor, and that this was the reason why he was struck with horror and fled from the spot.

I was at that time absent from Marseilles, but the papers, of course, brought long articles about the event. Especially the Catholic papers did their best in behalf of the church, using very bright colors in their tales of how “a faithful servant of the church had been saved by the Saints,” or how “Angels had been sent down to save the life of etc.” But I knew my friend. He was indeed a most eloquent man, and he used his eloquence in behalf of the Roman Church. But he did so for the reason that “to the children we must speak as it is best for them; but truth they cannot digest.” These are his own words to me, and had he not, through his ambition, become a victim of his own powers all too soon, he could have reached a very high position in the Roman hierarchy. My friend possessed a cool, clear head. He was a philosopher, a freethinker (as I think many of the most excellent dignitaries of the Church are!), but no religious man. To him religion was an instrument, “to bridle the two legged animals,” as he liked to say.

It will easily be understood, that I could not believe in the story of “the Angels” and “the Saints”—they had, indeed, nothing to do with Pere Victor.

I promised myself to ask his explanation when I should see him again. Several months afterwards I walked in the

streets of Paris. My thoughts were fully occupied with business affairs. I remember that I calculated something and—suddenly, like a flash, the thought of Pere Victor forced its way into my calculations, which it put into complete confusion. This astonished me. How did that thought come into my consciousness at this time? Did it come from without or from within? Was it a thought that, til now, had been sleeping, or—then *he stood before me*, smiling at me with his intelligent smile!

We shook hands, and I told him of my astonishment. “Oh,” he said, “there is nothing astonishing in that. I think you saw me before you met with me.” “No, that is impossible,” I interrupted him; “I met with you at that corner, and we came from different streets. I could not have seen you through the houses”—“Pardon! You mean you cannot upon your visual nerves get any impression of those extremely fine vibrations of light which pass through those houses.)

But suppose they make impression upon some part of your psychic organism, which is only in a shadowy manner connected with your brain, and, therefore, can only cause a shadowy brain consciousness. As for the rest: we acknowledge that God is not limited by the universe; and accordingly we—who understand the doctrine of Macrocosm and Microcosm—are bound to admit that our real Ego, the divine man, is not limited by the body. There you have another explanation of the fact which astonished you.”

Then we parted, having both duties to fulfill; but he gave me his address and begged me to see him again—which I did, most willingly, very soon.

“And now, cher Pere,” I said when I saw him again, “do tell me: who was that angel that saved your life from the knife of the angry man? I have seen very much of that wonderful event in French papers, you know.”

He smiled. „Oh, that was a happy occurrence which

almost made a saint out of me—at all events, it strengthened the faith of the believers. But how am I to explain it to you so that my explanation can enter your comprehension? Please wait a few moments. Sit without moving, looking at that Buddha. Be as passive as possible, and you will help me to give you a good explanation.”

I did as he directed, looking steadfastly at a brass figure of the speaking Buddha; but I could not but say: Yet I do not believe it was an Angel.”

He made no reply, but leaned back in his armchair, holding a hand before his eyes, as if lost in deep meditation. For a while we sat both quite silent—I expecting that he would commence his promised explanation. At length a whispering voice began: “Brother! You remember the tale of the ladder that Jacob saw in his dream.”

I looked at my friend, to affirm that I remembered the tale. But the whispered words did not come from him; and I again looked at the Buddha. “That tale tells us that the Angels of God ascend and deseend—not descend and ascend. This is not a mistake, for the Angels of God are those that have ascended the ladder of evolution. And when they have ascended they will descend to help their struggling sisters and brothers to gain the victory. I tell you the truth: the Angels of God are full of compassion and of mercy; always eager to help where they can help.”

This is only an extract of the discourse on Angels which I heard; and by and by the voice grew louder until at last it sounded so strong and imposing that I could not but exclaim: “Oh yes, I do believe in this gracious help.”

My friend said: “Well, did you see anything?” “No,” I replied, “I did not see anything, but I heard a voice saying....” “Very well. The voice said:....”—and he repeated to me all that I had heard.

There you have the explanation of what happened in Marseilles. I can—and that is the result of much exercise—think with so much energy that *my thoughts can*

force their way into the consciousness of another man. And that is easily understood. You know that thinking is partly a brain action. The brain cells vibrate when we think, these vibrations are analogous with their thoughts, as the vibrations of the telephone are analogous with the words spoken into it. If I think with sufficient energy, my brain vibrations will make the ether—which penetrates the whole universe and all bodies in it—vibrate, and these vibrations will make the brain cells of another man vibrate. Thus *he will be forced to think my thought as if it were his own thought.*” That is quite simple, “I cried;” I did not think of that before. But how was it that the villain of Marseilles saw the Angel with the sword?” “That Angel and sword was the product of his own fancy. I only sent into him the words: *An Angel of God will protect that man*, repeating them several times as he ran towards me. I think that two circumstances caused the vision: my excitement at the moment (for I was very much excited, I can tell you) made the thought vibrations most energetic—they were really explosives; and he was to a high degree susceptible for that kind of operation, as he had been, maybe for a very long time, under the terrible influences of evil spirits.” But why did you ask me, first, if I had seen anything? I am not, I think, under the influence of evil spirits,” I said. “I think you are not. However you may be a sensitive, and I did not know how much.” “You are a happy man, Pere Victor,” I said with enthusiasm; “you can preach to others without opening your mouth, and they will take your thoughts as their own; and when you preach with your mouth, you preach, too, with your thoughts. I understand now, why you are celebrated amongst the clergy of your church.” “I am conscious of all that. But no light without shadow, and I can tell you: *I am in a most dangerous position.* I am a young man, a strong man, a passionate man—by far am I pure in heart. Do you un-

derstand that the women are a great danger to me, they are so easily influenced by my thoughts. Pray for me, my brother.".....

One night I dreamed of Pere Victor. The contents of the dream I could not call forth in the morning. But one thing was sure: my friend was unhappy, he wanted me in some way or other—and in the morning I went to his home. As soon as I entered his room he rose and with signs of impatience came up to me. "There you are! You have dreamed of me last night?" "To be sure," I replied; "you visited me, and I observed"—"You observed my mind was troubled, and that I wished you to call on me this morning? I thought very much of you last night before the blessed sleep liberated me from the agony and sorrow and repentance of these days. Possibly my thoughts were so strong that they reached you; possibly I called on you during my sleep. I do not know. For several years I was aware, that when I sleep I can visit others that sleep (sleep is death to a certain extent, you know!); but it is not my ordinary Ego that determines where I shall go during my sleep."

"You wanted my presence this morning," I said; "how can I be of any use to you?"

"To tell it short: I want you to be my *Confessor*."

"You are surprised", he continued. "Well, my brother, there is no man to whom I gave my confidence as I did to you; and as you know of my occult studies and their main results, you are able to understand my unhappy fate." With these words he began his confession, a sad tale of struggles and temptations, sin and shame and despair. I would not tell this story, if it was not—as I have said in the beggining—to save his memory, at all events, from the hard judgement of those whose judgement is of any value.

"Ou est la femme?" I think you have already guessed the cause of my friend's sad fate. She belongs to one of

the most excellent families of France, a family renowned for real nobility; and she was, indeed, a queen among her sex: spirit, mind, and body equally excellent. He met her one day as he went into Notre Dame. He was spell-bound by the extreme beauty of her outer form—and his faculty of feeling that which is hidden behind the form, made the enchantment complete. He stopped and, half against his will, sent towards her a very strong thought current, which told her all he felt at that moment. She stopped too, suddenly looking at him (Pere Victor was a very handsome man!) and that look told him, plainer than audible words, that *she was his*. You may call this accident, or fate, or something else; but thus began the tragedy of my friend—and of that poor woman!

This fatal meeting lasted only a few seconds, but that was sufficient! He did not know her name, nor where she lived, but *his occult powers enabled him to feel her thoughts by day and by night, and to answer her and augment the love that had taken possession of her heart*.

Some days after their first meeting he “felt” that she would go to Notre Dame at a certain hour—in the hope of seeing him again. He went there at the same hour, but not without a hard struggle with his conscience, or his “good angel.” They met again.

I need not tell you how this story unfolded, until it came to a critical point, at which time my friend’s thoughts had called me to his assistance. “You see, my dear friend,” so he ended his sad tale, that I have become the victim of the powers that I have succeeded to develop in myself, and I confess: I have become their victim, because this development was inharmonious. For I have cultivated the latent powers of thought and will, but *I have forgotten to purify the heart*. Now help me, advise me!

How could I help and advise him? I proposed him to leave Paris, but he assured me that would be of no use: she would follow him, as he *could* not but mentally call her

to him. "I cannot overcome my desire for her!" he cried.

"But our heavenly father can help you to overcome that desire," I said; "pray to him." "You know," he muttered despairingly, "I am a Theosophist, and to Theosophy there is no heavenly Father, no gracious God—only Karma."

I left my unhappy friend with the promise that I would pray for him. And I did that. But the day after his death I got the following lines from him:

"For her sake I will leave that animal body which otherwise would ruin her. I hope my real Ego will do better when disrobed. For these nerves and this blood make him look and do worse than he really is."

How Friend Marius Was Cured.

No. 2.

The following tale I will give without any explanations. Possibly that strange event was only a fancy of sleep—I do not know; but that which followed was real, I can tell you. You may think of this "dream" as you like. But first a little Introduction!

I once heard a story of the well known little merchant and great philosopher, Moses Mendelsohn; and this story touched my heart so much that I never will forget it. Moses Mendelsohn had a female friend who seemed to appreciate him very much. They met very often in society, and she preferred him to all other men, was never tired with his conversatin—which was no wonder. Moses Mendelsohn was a most spiritually witty man. You will easily guess that he fell in love with the girl; but when he told her that he loved her, he was refused—for the great thinker was hunchbacked!

But their friendship did not suffer. Wherever they met they were inseparable, speaking of everything between heaven and earth. One day they conversed about man's existence before this life, and she complained that no one remembered anything of a supposed preexistence. "Don't say that," exclaimed Mendelsohn; "I, for instance, clearly remember what happened when you and I were sent down to this globe" (they were born on the same day). Very much interested she begged him to tell; and he related as follows:

"I remember that a great angel had taken us upon his arms to bring us down here. There was a vast assembly in heaven and the Lord sat upon his throne, looking around with great majesty and benevolence. Just as we were to depart, St. Peter entered the hall with a bundle under his arm.

"What is that, dear Peter?" asked the Lord.

"Oh, that is only that hunch for the little girl."

Hearing this I knelt down before the great throne and wept. I cried: Oh Lord! It is a pity that such a sweet little girl should be hunchbacked. Would you permit me to take that hunch instead of her? The Lord smiled and consented, and the angel went away with us" . . . Shortly afterwards they were married.

This is an introduction. And now I will tell you how my friend Marius was cured.

My friend Marius was really a good fellow: diligent, open minded, a true and faithful friend. He had but one weak point: too great inclination for the fair sex. However, the fair sex ought to be blamed for that, for it did much more than permit to stir up the sensual nature of my amiable, handsome, and powerful friend. His liaisons were numerous; and on that point his conscience appeared to be blind, deaf, and dumb. Yet he was, as to all other points, perfectly honest and gentlemanlike. A strange character had been mixed up in my friend Marius.

He was not married, of course, and during his vacations he very often was my guest. Last Christmas I had him at my house. Then something happened which I shall now tell as exactly as possible.

We slept in the same room. Our beds stood side by side. Suddenly I was aroused from sleep by a loud and sharp cry. Immediately I was awake—as far as I know—and I saw a most strange sight! Friend Marius was about to work himself out of his body. Alas, what a difficult task that was! How he did groan and cry! It appeared as if some parts of his physical body were grown into one with his other body. I say his “other body;” for that which he under great pains drew out of his physical body was also a body, and it corresponded with its physical counterpart as a hand corresponds with its glove.

With growing astonishment did I look upon him. At length he was free. But how did he look: It was he, and not he. The Marius in the rough body was handsome, powerful, and upon his beautiful face was always the sunshine of mirth; but the other Marius I saw now was very ugly—lean and with hollow cheeks, like one suffering from consumption, and his features could not be recognized.

“But Marius,” I cried full of compassion, “how do you look? Are you not well?”

“How do I look?” he murmured, “I look as I am. Oh yes, I have been taken ill; I was so a long time. But it shall be otherwise—it *must* be otherwise—it cannot go on in this way any longer. I will go away.”

“Where will you go?” I asked in great astonishment.

“Where am I going?” he replied; “Where do you go when you are sick? To the doctor, of course. You may go with me—maybe you are sick, too.” In a hurry I went out of my body (to tell the truth: this caused me great pains—but I will not speak of myself), and together we went to “The house of the doctors.”

As we approached the house, a man came towards us,

and he was surrounded by a great number of human phantoms. Now and then the man stood still and spoke to the phantoms; and they listened to his words with eagerness and reverence. When he had come near to us he stopped again, and said, pointing at friend Marius: "One more!" And the phantoms crowded around us. "Friends," cried the leader, "look at him! One more wanting to be healed."

"Are you one of the Masters?" said Marius.

"One of the Masters!" cried the phantoms—and their voices sounded as when the wind of autumn is playing with dry leaves—"he is the Master of Masters!"

"Certainly," so spoke the leader, having made the phantoms silent, "am I a doctor, but not of that Academy!" And full of contempt did he look at the house of the doctors. "Tell me your illness and I will heal you." Friend Marius began to tell: of his bad life, of his vain attempts to govern his passions, which evermore dragged his soul into the sensuous region, to its ruin, and thus brought his spiritual Ego always nearer to extinction.

"Fool," cried the great "Master of Masters;" and that do you call illness? Do you not know, then, that not the stony and steep path of selfdenial is the road to perfection? Do you not know that passions are the source of power in man? Ho, enjoy; let your passions rule! The excess will end in surfeit, and torment, from that the Superior Man will be brought forth." "Surely, then you will grow into a Superior, such as we are!" whispered the phantoms.

"No, sir," said Marius, "that will not do. I have enjoyed unto surfeit; from this came repentance and suffering, and I thought I should not fail any more. But when my animal nature had attained its former strength, then the animal passions returned much stronger than before—and the old play began again. In this way I cannot get the superiority you speak of. I shall sink ever deeper, grow into an animal ever more. No, you cannot heal me!"

We left the Master and his companions in a hurry; and soon afterwards we arrived in the house of the Doctors.

A doorkeeper received us with the question: "What will you?"

"I," said friend Marius, "want to speak with the Doctors."

"And you?" asked the doorkeeper, turning to me.

"—oh, I go with my friend," was my answer.

"Well," he said, looking at me, "you are sick, too, my dear." "But," he said to Marius, "what is your business with the Doctors?"

"Do you not see that I am sick?"

"Oh yes, I see that. But do you not know that the innocent Son of God has died for you?"

"I have heard that from my childhood," he answered reluctantly. However, I am sick and unhappy. May be some one can suffer for me, but nobody can become whole for me. And *I will be whole and sound, whatsoever it may cost.*"

Smiling, and without saying another word, the doorkeeper opened the door, and we stood before the Masters, who immediatly and in silence examined friend Marius.

Master Ephraim said: "We perceive, there is danger that thou hast to live one earthlife more. Thou knowest now (when thou art in the physical body thou canst not remember, for it is not impressed on the physical brain) that every man must live so many earth lives, till he has become ripe for the next order of development. We see from thy physical constitution that thou hast been very near to the ripe state; but thine animal nature has so ill-treated thy divine Ego that thou art, really, only like a shadow of that which thou ought to be. However, healing is a possibility, and we will help thee. Brother Immanuel will tell thee what we furthermore want to say."

And Master Immanuel spoke: "To be sure, we will help thee, that is to say: by advice we will help thee, so that

thyself may see clearly the nature of the illness, and choose the best means for healing, that thine own *self* may overcome the malady. Thou knowest: Nature is the real doctor. The healing, therefore, must come from thy divine nature. Thy malady is a weak will. Thy head is clear, thy heart is devoted to the Good; but thy foolish yealding has so much weakened thy will, that the Categorical Imperativ of thy divine Ego cannot exercise its ruling power. It is, accordingly, a necessity that thy will is strengthened; and in this case it can only be done in this indirect manner: the animal bonds that bind thy will must be loosened to a certain degree and for a certain time. By and by thy will will recover, and at last thou wilt—through the finishing grace of God—be strong enough to break those degrading bonds. Thine own *self* it is that has to work the healing.”

“Thank you, Master!” Marius interrupted the doctor. “I understand the whole. It can be done in that manner, but how, how is it to be realized?”

“*By way of suffering!*” These were the words of a third Master, whose earth name was Miguel. “Our advice is, next, thine earth nature is to undergo some suffering. This suffering will loosen the animal bonds which now subdue thy will, and in thy soul the holy silence will make its entrance. Use, then, this time of calmness according to the words of brother Immanuel. And one thing will I add: partly thy defeats are caused by the beauty of thine outer form. We advice thee, therefore, that thou lettest the sufferings be followed by something which will disfigure thy handsome shape. In that manner thy will is to be strengthened, and thou canst work out thy healing. Now this question must be put to thee: wilt thou take upon thee this suffering?”

Yes, yes!” cried Marius in great excitement. “I have said it: I will be whole and sound, whatever it may cost.”

With joy and gladness Master Immanuel said to him:

“Blessed be thy resolution, to the carrying out of which we will help you. In a short time thou wilt be under the suffering: and then, maybe, thou wilt loose courage, now and then,—for the physical brain will have no impression of these our deliberations, and thou canst not remember that thine own Self has chosen this suffering. To console thee we will try to suggest in thy consciousness the idea of the barren fig-tree.

I awoke in my bed. The morning sun shone through the windows. At the same time Marius awoke. He looked rather bewildered, and behaved in a strange manner.

“What is the matter?” said I.

“Oh, I dreamed of such stuff.”

“What stuff?”

“I do not know. I think it was of a tree.; but I have forgotten it.”

I had it! In my dream I had spoken about some tree, this had called forth in him a dream of a tree. It was all a dream, of course! I did not mention anything, and soon afterwards friend Marius returned to his home.

About a week after his departure I received a letter from his home with the sad news that Marius had been taken ill, dangerously ill, from the small-pox. For a long time he was between life and death. At length “his sound nature gained the victory,” I was told, and they begged me to call on him during his convalescence. I set off accordingly.

Alas, how he did look! His powerful body was bent and weak, and his handsome face was dreadfully disfigured by pox-marks. “Yes friend!” he said smiling sadly, “I look handsome. Now the girls will not be desirous to kiss me. But that is good; I am content. Do not wonder! I have come to my senses during my illness. You were right when you blamed me for my reckless life.

I have been a bad fellow, but with the help of God I will lead a better life, whatever it may cost."

"Then it was prudent that you took that suffering?" I asked in astonishment. I had said too much. "I only mean: there is a possibility that you have chosen that malady yourself, to get spiritually healed."

"No, dear friend! So stupid I should not have been—before I was taken ill. Can you guess, for the rest, what has consoled me very much during my illness? *The history of the barren figtree.*

I did not tell him of the dream—till now I have not told him anything: friend Marius is so positive.

From the Diary of a Clairvoyant.

No. 3.

I will write down an extract of my diary. For I feel sure that this extract may be of use to some one of that great number which now go to seek "methods of development"—as to the occult powers of man's soul.

"*Seek ye first the Kingdom of God etc.*" This quotation I should like to make the text of this tale of my experiences. For I know from life that it is the best advise that ever was given to men; and I wish that all those who, now a days, are seeking methods for the development of hidden powers would follow that advise, and not waste their soulish spiritual energy in speculations, nor in the feverish exercise of certain soulish disciplining, but *work to overcome the animal*—for only those who are pure in the heart shall see God, as the Kingdom of God is in man, but surrounded by an animal kingdom, the impure terrors of which must be penetrated. . . .

I wish you to find the peace and content that have been found by me—at last.

A little book, written by a grand thinker (Kant), has been of use to me; I know, and I wish I had known it before. This little book is "Träume eines Geistersehers," and its meaning is shortly this: Man consists of two men, the sensual man and the spiritual man. The first man lives in the sensual world (*mundus sensibilis*), the other man lives in the spiritual world (*mundus intelligibilis*). In his normal state—"if all is well," Kant says—man has no consciousness of his life in the spiritual world, excepting when he sleeps: sleep brings a kind of death that, to a certain degree, liberates the inner man from the suppressing connection with the sensual man. "By morning dreams the Gods speak to men," appears to be an old experience (Appollonius of Tyana, the Bible); and very often men awake in the morning with the remembrance of something significant—but few are those who know these remembrances to be what they really are: remnants, dim recollections of an intercourse between the invisible world and the true Ego. These recollections have the shape of parables, or allegories, which the dreamer easily will be able to transform into words, as it was his own Ego who transformed the spiritual illuminations, warnings etc. into dramatic parables, which could be impressed upon the sensual brain, and thus brought into the day-consciousness. How should that brain be able to keep the succession of many words? But the dramatic allegory it can keep—and such an allegory may contain much more than many words.

Very often I awoke with "the tale of the Gods" still before my eyes; but it never occurred to me that those morning-dreams had so sublime a cause. But from this day—since I have made acquaintance with those ideas of the great German philosopher—I shall, certainly, not overlook one of my morning dreams, even if they may seem to be of no significance.

This morning I saw how a body of bad men stoned the Christ Child. The stones sometimes sparkled like glass or diamonds. The child—who possessed a noble looking head—sat before a wall: there was no way by which he could escape from those murderers. At length he shut his eyes, and it looked as if he was dying, I thought. “Now he will die!” I cried; but a voice said to me: “No, he is not dead—he sleeps.”

Note. I understand: the *Christos in me* is the saviour: to develop him in me is to find the Kingdom of God in me, but he is born by the Virgin, i. e. the purified part of my soul. The son of God in my inner world is always persecuted by the animal nature there (and sometimes the anti-christian thought of the animal man may sparkle, like diamonds!), but only apparently will he die: he cannot die—only sleep for a time. Thanks for that consoling dream!

... I stood near a road. On the side of the road remotest to me, two persons walked. They were bare headed, in long mantles, and with belts around their waists. Both of them looked at me, half with fear, half with aversion. . . From that quarter where they had disappeared, came a man on horseback. His dress was like that of a Roman emperor. In his right hand he had a mighty staff of command; his steed was very strong. . . . In a remarkably mild and serious manner looked the rider at me—but I ran away across the fields.

Note. Indeed, I very often ran away across the fields: I did not live that life which a true Christian (i. e. a man in whom the Godman has become a reality) ought to live. I must confess to be the man going from Jerusalem to Jerico—like those bare-headed principles of compensation religion!—and I ought to go towards Jerusalem, the city of peace, like the Christos.

I need to remember that!

This morning I was, in dream, with two persons outside a garden that was surrounded by a high fence. A very small door, leading into the garden, was open, and through it I saw that there was nothing in the garden but dry half-withered grass; but in the grass was a very large serpent. The serpent turned its head towards the small door, and incessantly its eyes were fixed in that direction. We attacked the serpent, throwing little stones, and sticks, etc., at it; and one of my hands was upon the door, that I might shut it, if the serpent would attack us. But it did not do that; it only moved a little—and its staring at us continued. . . . Then some one proposed: "Let us go into the garden, shut the door, fight with the serpent, and kill it!" And we armed ourselves in a strange manner: a wooden club in the right hand, a lantern in the left. . . . One of us (a sadly bestial person of my acquaintance who very often, in my dreams, was used as the symbol of animalism) went away; another and I went into the garden—and I awoke.

Note. This dream, probably, has a double meaning: the garden is in me and out of me. I will try to realize the idea of the dream—in both directions.

To-night I visited Hell.' I came into a large hospital, situated upon a hill that was surrounded by moors. There were many rooms, and all of them were full of beds, each bed occupied by a person who looked ill. But neither doctors, nor waiters, nor medicine were to be seen. I remember some of the sick pretty well. One of them was extremely meager, his complexion nearly pure white—and he *looked* so happy.*) Another, a big man, looked very powerful; he could not move a limb. Only his tongue he was able to use—and he told me that this was Hell. . . . When I left the hospital a woman in black

(*Now, years after the dream, I see him quite clearly.

(the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, my very dear friend!) was my guide over the moors.

Note. I think it most significant that neither doctors, nor waiters, nor medicine, were to be seen. Not from without but from within the illness is cured, that leads men into the moors. I know the name of the illness, which is Animalism. And I know, too, who will drag those unhappy men out of the moors, and carry them into the hospital: they are the Angels of God!

I felt so lonesome: the sensual world has become strange to me—and only in my dreams I had some intercourse with my real home. Now I think, *a new state* has begun to exist—and that feeling of loneliness which was, too often, depressing has begun to disappear, thanks to the good advise of a spiritual friend who wrote as follows:

“Before you go to bed, seek a quiet half hour in which you can be alone, and cocentrate your attention within yourself in loving desire to know God and his laws. Be passive, then, listen for the inner wisdom. You may many times listen in vain, owing to the fact, that it is difficult for the beginner to get into the right attitude, and not because the inner wisdom is not willing to be revealed. But by patiently cultivating the proper attitude, you will in a moment when you perhaps least expect it, be successful. By habitually going into the silence you will soon be surprised to find your spiritual perceptions developing in other directions. In recieving letters, for example, you will find yourself able to sense the writer’s real state of mind, no matter what he says to you. In shaking hands with strangers, you will get strong and definite impressions, which reveal their character, dispositions and motives to you. It is also well to cultivate this intuitional power in other ways. Never undertake anything, without first listening, or waiting for impressions

from the inner source of wisdom. When provoked into anger in any way try to listen to the inner voice before you act, or reply to the one that angers you. Before rising in the morning, question this fountain of light concerning your more important duties for the day.'*)...

As I told you: a new state has begun to realize. During my last half hour in the silence *some one came to me and spoke to me* about... But how am I to explain this? I saw and heard. That is to say: I did not see and hear with these organs of my physical body (as soon as I returned to the conscious use of these organs, the impressions received from the invisible part of existence disappeared—it was to me as if I, of a sudden, awoke from a dream). With the physical nerves of my eyes and ears I can only receive impressions from vibrations of a certain strength and roughness—I cannot, for instance, “see” the Roentgen rays in the ordinary manner; but with my *psychic* nerves—or, better, with the psychic part of my nerves—I can receive impressions from those subtle vibrations of the ether which constitute the Roentgen rays, as from those which proceed from the organism of the supersensual world. St. Paul teaches us about two bodies, the body of the Spirit and that of the Soul, which bodies belong to man during his earth existence. May be he is right, there, and that the body of Psyche and that of the Spirit are uniform,—nay, that they are interwoven with one another, so that *every point of my body contains them both* and accordingly, *each nerve is both a physical and a soul-nerve*. But why do we not, generally, “sense” the supersensual world, when we have the organs with which this world is to be seen, heard, etc? Because the spiritual man is suppressed by the sensual man, and every point of the spiritual body is suppressed by the physical body. *Purification*, therefore, is the way of developing the “inner”...

(*Dr. P. Braun: “The New Man,” Vol. II. No. 6 (Beloit, Kans. U. S. A.)

May be my explanation is a wrong one—yet it is a fact that *I can see and hear the invisible world*; but the impression is, as yet, rather dim, and veiled.

By and by the susceptibilty of my spiritual senses (that word is not good, of course) grew—because I did not leave the way of purification, thanks to the grace of God. And may I tell you: the way of purification is “*to follow the Christ,*” i. e. to live that life of Love to God and Love to Man that our fathers painted to us under the name of “the life of Christ” . . .

Indeed! I never believed that that poor, little, ugly jew ever would be of any use to me—and least of all in the line of spiritual matters. But to-day I have lived to see that. I walked in the ***park, and there sat on a bench my friend Aaron—fast asleep! He looked tired, nay, worn out, as he sat there, with his haggard and dirty face bent down towards that extremely flat and narrow chest of his. His box he held upon his lap, and with his thin fingers he grasped at its leathern strap, as if in fear that some one might deprive him of the box with its numerous articles.

I sat thinking of the first conversation we had had about religion. “Aaron,” I said, “I don’t like you—the jews crucified the Christ, you know.” “No, no,” he answered with a merry little laugh; “the Romans did that, you know . . . If the Christ ever lived—how should a poor jew know that?—and he was a good man who taught men to love God and one another, then I should have become one of his friends. For my religion is exactly this: Love God beyond all, love thy neighbor as thou lovest thy self,” and again that ugly, little jew laughed (it sounded like silver bells!) wiping his inflamed eyes with that terribly dirty blue handkerchief. Strange that he could laugh so merrily, in spite of his poverty, his slant shoulders, his bad health, and his—too often—empty sto-

mach. Indeed, he must be a true philosopher. . .

Suddenly my meditations were stopped. I saw a white mist (just now I have no better expression) issue from that little form; the mist condensed—and another edition of my jew stood before me. But what an imposing form, tall and commanding! It was he, and not he, a highly improved edition of Mr. Moritz Aaron, the poor peddler—so much improved that I rose to my feet and bowed respectfully. “You look most astonished, friend,” said the real Ego of Aaron; “did you, then, never see a butterfly come out of her ugly pupa?” “I did,” was my answer; “but I am astonished, that you are condemned to dwell in that poor house; I think that to be an injustice.”

“Condemned, injustice?” he said with the well known laughter of little Aaron. “Now it is I who feel astonished. I thought you knew better. This poor house, as you call it, has been chosen for me by myself, and by the exercise of my own free will.”

“Oh, this is Karma?” I asked.

“Nonsense! I HAVE CHOSEN THAT DWELLING, BECAUSE IT IS WHOLESOME FOR ME, FORWARDING MY DEVELOPMENT. . . But excuse me—I have something to do.” And hastily he went away.

There I sat, staring at the little form that slept like a stone. And I meditated. My doctrine of Karma had been shaken. Was, then, the judgement *in* man and not from without? Was it not the wisdom of the God of righteousness and love who created man’s fate? Or was that fate in the hands of the Divine Spark in man? I sat still in meditation when the real Moritz Aaron returned, and the sleeper awoke.

Little Aaron looked quite bewildered. As soon as he saw me he sprang to his feet, and with many devout bows he exclaimed: “Beg your pardon, beg your pardon, dear Sir. Most disrespectful of me to sleep in your most honorable presence! Beg your pardon. I felt so tired from

running about, sat down here to rest for some moments—very sorry, very sorry. May be you would make a little bargain? I have some quite excellent steel pens,” and laughing, and chattering he opened his box. I thought of buying all his articles and paying him ten times their value; but then I imagined to hear the words: “I have chosen that dwelling, because it is wholesome for me”—and I bought only a box of his “quite excellent” steel pens, without any haggling.

Then I told him all that had passed during his sleep. Mr Aaron’s face looked more and more incredulous and amused, and at last, when I had finished my tale, he shut one of his hazel eyes, and—peeping laughingly at me with the other—said: “That’s very good, indeed! My most respected Sir, I thank you for your consoling story; I see you are a poet, a fine poet.” And smiling and laughing he went his way, swinging his old umbrella to and fro. But I thought: “What a masquerade life is!”

And I believed the real Ego to be, generally, more glorious than the visible one! On the contrary: HOW POOR ARE, VERY OFTEN, THE RESULTS OF MEN’S EARTH LIFE! I have seen that too often, observing both those that sleep, and those that have “died away”—which is to say; died away from the *visible* earth existence. Many are those who left the physical body but are only Shadows now: they are not ripe for any other existence and must, therefore, “remain here.” Poor Shadows! I have seen the real Ego, alias the inner man, of one who is a leading person in his country, a “strong and elevated character;” oh, how poorly tattered is his nude personality that fumbles about like one, both blind and deaf—when his flesh clothes sleep in his bed, unable to keep him back from the psychic universe, his real home. I have seen the real Ego of one of the “great spiritual lights” (when living in the body he was a celebrated orator of our capital) creep about, wringing

his hands, and asking everyone: "What is truth?" For psychic existence does not know anything of vicarious atonement; the inner man is not contended with that ecclesiastic doctrine which is only morphine to conscience: it will take away the pains, but it cannot cure the illness

Indeed! The results of man's earth life that I have seen during my clairvoyant hours have shaken me so much that I wish to sacrifice the rest of my earth life for the teaching of my brothers and sisters as follows:

The real man is a Divine Spark enveloped in an animal nature. The development of the God in man is the purpose of his life. This development cannot be realized in any vicarious manner, but only by a struggle for purity. In proportion as the animal obstacles to the growth of God-Man are overcome will you grow towards perfection, and your forms of existence will be ever more perfect. For as God is the creator of the macrocosm, so the God in you is the creator of your microcosm, and HE CANNOT CREATE FOR YOU A FORM OF EXISTENCE WHICH IS MORE PERFECT THAN THAT DEGREE OF LIBERATION INTO WHICH HE HAS DEVELOPED. When the God in you has developed so far that he CAN create for you—i. e. for himself—the angelic form of existence, then you will pass from this school into that of the angels, and not till then.

I wish I had a voice so powerful that I could be heard by all men when I cried to them: "*Develop the Christ in you!*" For Christos is the name of the God-Man in the soul . . .

It is a pity that this was not preached in the churches long times ago. Why is it a pity? Mankind would not, then, be so miserable as it is now. How will our misery end? Will mankind be suffocated in its own blood—or will it repent, *now?*

One day I saw, in the streets, a drunken man. That did not surprise me, but I wondered at another circumstance, as I have never observed it before: that the drunken fellow was accompanied by many Shadows who appeared to be as drunken, as he was. "Why?" did I ask myself; "is this a fancy of yours? Or can the Shadows really be drunken?" I have examined the matter to the utmost, I think, and shall here put down the principal results.

Death does not take away man's vices, of course: it only deprives him of his physical body; it does not take away that which belongs to the soul—for death cannot even touch the soul. Our vices, consequently, follow us into the land of shadows: the drunkard cannot get away from the demand for alcohol, as far as this demand has become the demand of his soul; the immoral soul must, too, remain immoral after death, etc. But the soul cannot, after death, being without the instrument of the physical body, in a direct manner satisfy her sensual demands. What a infernal torment! Those unhappy shadows have, therefore, no other means to get some satisfaction than this: *to put themselves in contact with those incarnated souls that enjoy sensual lusts, and thus make themselves partakers of their psychic vibrations of enjoyment.* If possible—for the possibility of contact depends upon the degree of sympathy—the shadows will induce men to give themselves up to their sensual lusts and vicious propensities. In short, the old sayings of man's struggle with evil powers of the invisible world are not all superstitious imaginings.

I know this from observation, and I wish to say to my brothers and sisters: "*Take care of your thoughts,*" not only those that go from you, but those, too, that come to you from others; and if an evil thought would enter your consciousness, cast it out immediately!

I have seen unhappy shadows crowd around drinking

saloons, brothels, and other infernal institutions. I have seen how they tempt those that come near these places. I have seen them also in churches, relieving, and putting to leep, the consciences of their victims with that baneful dogma of a vicarious atonement. Oh, my brothers and sisters! Could you only see what a *curse* to mankind your large cities are, you would, certainly, hasten to return to the bosom of Mother Nature! (Large cities are a curse in some respects, but, looked at from the standpoint of evolution, they have also been a blessing to man. It is man's task to remove the curse and leave only the blessings. Ed.)

This morning I went to jail to see a murderer who soon will be sentenced to death. Through a small opening in the door of his cell I saw him. He did not see me. How bewildered he looked! His eyes wore an expression as if a legion of despairing animal souls looked through them; and that was no wonder, for a great number of terrifying shadows had crowded around him. I heard them whisper to him: "They will take thy life as they took ours. Be sure thou wilt be sentenced to death as we were. Be our avenger. Kill those damned judges and jailers; kill them, all of them!"

When I left the jail I warned the jailer, but he said with a sneer: "You call him a despairing fellow; he is a damned rascal which I should like to hang with my own hands."

This afternoon that same jailer was killed by the captive. In this case it is impossible that my fancy could have played me a trick. I was, until this morning, an advocate of capital punishment. I cannot be so any longer.

What a dangerous thing it is to be a SPIRITUALISTIC MEDIUM, in the ordinary sense of the word! I saw that clearly at a seance last night. It was the celebrated Medium R. . . .*) who conducted the same. If he could have seen who the shadows were that crowded around him, eager to take possession of his bodily fortress, which was like a town without any protection, a prey to every enemy—if he could have seen that, and have noticed how often his fortress was in danger, then he would have shuddered, and he would, probably, have given no more seances. I say “his bodily fortress,” for man’s physical house is a fortress, the walls of which protect him against enemies that he is not strong enough to fight with in the open field. THE MEDIUMISTIC DEVELOPMENT IS, GENERALLY, A DEMOLISHING OF THE FORTRESS, and that is dangerous. The medium cannot be sure that invisible powers will always prevent a black shadow from taking possession of the open house. How I wish the medium would follow that advice which is the best of all: “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God” etc.—and they would become mediums of the Divine Grace.

At the same seance I saw again that perplexing writing inside the double slate which had given me so much useless speculation. Last night I saw how it was done and, I wondered how simple it really is. The invisible “intelligence” (as the spiritualists like to say) wrote with the bit of a slate pencil that was put between the two slates. With the fingertips—sometimes condensed by matter borrowed from the body of the medium—the “spirit” took the pencil and wrote between the slates, which his spirit-body easily penetrated. . . .

(* He calls himself a “Psychic,” but the name does not alter the matter.

... That was a real TIGER HUNTING which will be remembered for a long time. What a panic when the city heard the Bengal tiger had broken out from his cage. A luck that we had our brave soldiers who soon found him out, and killed him. . . . I saw the tiger die, and wondered very much how the death of an animal is like the death of a human being. As soon as the body began to loose its life— or, better, to loose the power of maintaining the union with the soul—began the real Ego (I do not know, now, what to call the real tiger, to which the body of the tiger is the house only!) of the animal to withdraw from the body. It looked like a black cloud, or vapor, ascending from the dying body. After several days that cloud left the corpse which apparently, had been dead long before. Now and then I saw the tiger psyche like a black phantom steal about. Sometimes it looked as if he imagined to be in his cage: he walked to and fro as he used to do, when behind the iron bars—sometimes he dreamed to be in the jungles of his native country, going out for prey. But this was quite clear: THE WILD TIGER NATURE, WITH ITS CRUELTY AND THIRST FOR BLOOD, WAS IN THE BLACK PHANTOM.*)

Last night Mr. R. . . . gave his parting seance, and that has become to him a fatal event. A materialisation was tried, and the body of Mr. R. . . . lay in the dark cabinet, a prey to whomsoever might come. Then in came the tiger phantom—invisible to all spectators, but me!—causing a great confusion amongst the visitors from the fourth dimension. The tiger, still living in the illusion of earth life, was afraid of those visitors; he looked for a place to hide himself, discovered the “empty” house of Mr. R. . . . —and darted into it! Immediately Mr. R. . . . awoke from his lethargic state; with the howl-

(*NOTE AFTERWARDS. Of course! Wildness, cruelty, etc. can not be bodily qualities—they belong to Psyche.

ing of a tiger he sprang towards the spectators, intending to attack them with his teeth and nails. Five or six courageous men got hold of him and prevented him from doing any harm. He is now at the asylum for the insane. This morning I read the following in "The Daily News":

"Last night, at a seance, Mr. R. . . . the noted medium, was seized with a fit of madness, and brought to the Insane Asylum. He imagined to be the tiger that some time ago broke out from the menagerie and caused so great a panic. It was, indeed, horrible to see poor Mr. R. . . . howling and preparing to dart upon the confused assembly at X. . . . hall.

We think this event is easily explained— Mr. R. . . . arrived here just as the tiger panic culminated. His vivid imagination and his most sensitive constitution were the cause that the pain made so deep an impression upon his receptive mind. Mr. R. . . . has given a great number of seances in our City; and these seances have, naturally, so much excited his nervous system, that he could no more see the difference between idea and reality. May this sad event give a warning to mediums."

An Alchymist.

No. 4.

"I think Edgar Poe's tale about Von Kempelen's discovery*) too phantastic. That story of the large trunk, without hinges, hasp, or lock ect. that was full to the brim of old bits of brass—which was not brass, but pure alchymistic gold!—that is too much for me. And then the apparent scientific reference to the diary of Sir Humphrey Davy, which reference is said to show that the great chemist had not only conceived the idea of making gold, but had ACTUALLY MADE NO INCONSIDERABLE PROGRESS EXPERIMENTALLY—no, that is too much!"

The speaker was a tall elderly looking gentleman, who

(*Edgar Poe: "Von Kempelen and his discovery." (Tales of Mystery.)

sat at a small table outside one of the numerous restaurants of Boulevard Sebastopol. Opposite to this elderly gentleman sat the person to whom he spook: a young man rather poorly dressed, with a striking dream-like expression of face.

With a polite smile the young man answered: "But it seems there can be no doubt that persons have been able to make gold, to transmute lead, for instance, into gold. Facts are the best proofs; and I shall take the liberty to remind you of two facts. Johann Baptist von Helmont, the excellent doctor and chemist, who lived in Holland in the 17th century, tells that one day he was visited by a stranger. The conversation turned upon the art of making gold, and the stranger presented himself as an Adept. When he left van Helmont he gave to him a very small quantity of a red powder, which he directed him to put into quicksilver. Van Helmont did so, and the powder transmuted 19200 times its weight of quicksilver into gold! Another such illustrious doctor and chemist—Johann Friedrich Helvetius—tells us the same, only he transmuted lead into gold with the red powder."

"I have heard of these facts, and I admit they appear to be historical. However, both, van Helmont and Helvetius (they lived at the same time), may have become the victims of a most shrewd impostor," said the other.

"I think," was the answer of the young man, "they may have had a visit of the same Adept; for both of them were excellent chemists, both of them were alone when they tried the power of the red powder." "Yet it must have been an impostor, or impostors; for *it is impossible to make gold!*"

"Beg your pardon" said the young man with a smile; "We appear to argue differently. Both of us admit that both, van Helmont and Helvetius, tell us their tales about the Adept honestly and firmly, convinced of the reality of their experiences. Now you argue: it is impossible to

make gold—ergo, that fact cannot be a fact. I say: it is a fact that van Helmont and Helvetius made gold by way of the red powder—ergo: gold can be made. Our ways of argumentation are so different that it would be of no use to speak any more about the matter.”

“Excuse me, my dear sir,” cried the elder man, “if I say only a few words more. You will admit the impossibility of transmuting one element into another element?”

“I do not know what is absolutely impossible. Yet I should think it impossible to transform an element. But I doubt very much that those sixty odd elements really are elements. The organic world has only four elements; in fact, why should there be more than ONE element?”

“Of course I admit that this supposition is reasonable, and that our so-called elements may be only different arrangements, or groupings, of the one element. But this is of no signification as to the controversy between us. Whether our so-called elements are elements or no, we cannot transform one into another.”

“*Not yet*, you ought to say,” the young man remarked. “I am glad because you do not speak of the impossibility of transforming the elements, but now say that we cannot. For if there is but one element, we must admit it possible that a quantity of some matter may be taken, dissolved into its original state of existence (the real elemental existence), the atoms arranged in another of these 64 Combinations*) which are possible, and, finally the transformed matter condensed into one of those wellknown aggregations. . . .” “But we cannot do this,” interrupted the other. “No not yet. Or I might say, may be, till now there were only few who succeeded to condense the *Soul of Gold*, and make the red powder.”

“The Soul of Gold!” exclaimed the other. “I guess you speak parabolically, there?” “Not at all!” was the quick

(* Comp. Ye-King, the work of Fo-Hi.

answer of the young man—who now had no more that dreaming look. “You know that the stronger acid will drive out the weaker acid, and UNITE WITH ITS BASE, THUS FORMING ANOTHER SALT. For instance: we take a piece of writing chalk, which is a union of carbonic acid and chalk, and put it into a vessel that contains sulphuric acid; then the latter acid will drive out the former and unite with the chalk. Exactly the same will happen if we take, for instance, mercury—which is a union of matter and mercury soul and mix it with the condensed soul of gold: the latter will drive out the former soul, unite with its matter, i. e. TRANSFORM THE MERCURY INTO GOLD-”

“A genial thought my dear!” cried the elderly gentleman.” At least to me it is quite new, and I must admit it looks plausible. I have only three objections to make: the minerals have no soul; even if they had a soul, it could not be condensed, as only matter can be that; and even if souls could be condensed we should not be able to do that, as we only understand to act upon the physical plane.”

“My dear Sir,” replied the young man with a most amiable smile;” you say *the minerals* have no souls. This is an assertion which wants a proof,”

“No, it is an axiom, and does not want to be proved. Take thousands of men, and ask them about the souls of metals, and they will say: We never discovered them.”

“To be sure,” calmly answered the young man; “and how many of them will have discovered their own souls? But do tell me, my dear Sir, why *you* believe the metals to be without souls.”

“Of course: they are dead, have neither consciousness, nor growth, nor movement, nor anything of that which belongs to life, or, which indicates life.”

“Will you permit me,” was the answer of the young man, “to look a little into these assertions? You say: the minerals are without consciousness, accordingly, without life. I might answer that we do not know anything a-

bout that; but I will say this only: the plant, you will admit, has a soul—I do not doubt you will be sure, the plant has no consciousness.”

“Of course,” said the other, “and I hasten to admit that soul and consciousness are not identical. However: growth and movement are inseparably united with life and soul—and neither the one, nor the other, you will find in the kingdom of minerals!”

“Both of them,” was the quick reply of the young man. “I wish you could see how the molecules of that glass whirl around unceasingly. If your sight were opened to that kind of phenomena you would see that there is no point without movement—or life—in the universe. And now as to growth. What is it? In the organic world it is the building up of cells upon cells. But what is a cell? Simply a collection of molecules, built up in a certain manner. And what is a molecule? A collection of atoms, built up, too, in a certain manner. In the inorganic world you will find just the same building up of molecules and atoms. We call that crystallization. The forms of crystallization indicate, or foreshadow, the forms of the vegetable world. Remember the ice flowers on the window panes in the winter time. And now I ask you: Who is the architect? Who is it that builds the human form, the trunk of the elephant, the leaf of the oak, the crystal palace of the diamond and of the snow flake—builds them exactly so, and not otherwise?”

“No, you are right! All that exists must have a cause of existence, a Soul. But I hope you will not be tired from my objections! You have spoken of the condensation of the Soul, and there I cannot agree with you, as I know only matter can be condensed, and soul is not matter.”

“We do not know what soul is, nor what matter is; accordingly we cannot know whether the one is the other, or not. As for me, I have the faith of the Fathers, and mean God to be the creator of all that is. Every thing that is, is a manifestation of God’s Logos, or Thought, as the gospel according to John teaches. Spirit, Soul, Matter, are all manifestations of the Logos, and Soul and Matter are Differentiations of Spirit. Spirit is the Substance of all things, said our wise fathers; Spirit, Soul, Matter are aggregations of the same, as Vapor, Water, Ice are only the same matter under different conditions, or condensations.”

“I understand,” said the elderly man, “you mean that

Soul is condensed Spirit, Matter condensed Soul?"

"Exactly do I mean that," said the young man. "I use the word *CONDENSED*, as we have no better expression for the conditions of descending Spirit. . . You will understand that, to me, the difference between soul and matter is not essential, and that the condensation of soul, about which I have spoken, is no impossibility."

"Well, I must admit that. But at all events *we* shall not be able to realise that condensation, as we can act upon the physical plane only."

"Indeed! Those of us that cannot act beyond the physical plane are not able to make the red powder that contains the soul of Gold; this is not made by way of ordinary chemistry. . . You are aware that *man lives on two planes at once*: the physical man upon the physical plane—the spiritual man upon the spiritual plane. But the latter man is, generally, subdued by the former; and only few men, therefore, are conscious of any thing else than their physical nature, and all that which belongs to the physical existence. Do you not think, then, that if a man will sacrifice himself to the work of *purifying himself from the animal nature*, then the divine nature in him will develop and he—living upon the spiritual plane—will be able to realise the condensation of a soul" . . . And more than that, may be."

"Certainly! *You are an Adept!*" exclaimed the elderly gentleman, raising from his chair and looking with astonishment at the other. "I only wonder, why you—" he stopped in embarrassment.

"You do not comprehend, why I look like a poor man. I can tell you: I am a poor man."

□ "Oh" said the other, and his humble manner was no more to be seen; "I thought you were an Adept—now I understand, it was only theories, and fancies, and phantoms."

"Do not think so," the young man answered with a bright smile. "I will tell you a mystery that I hope you will be able to solve, by and by. *He that wants to make gold—he cannot; he that can—he does not want to.*"

With these strange words the young man suddenly disappeared. His chair was empty—and the elderly gentleman did not see him any more. But until this day he believed that he had, that morning, a most extraordinary visitor.

Francis Schlatter a false Prophet?

No. 5.

(Two letters.)

Denver, Colo... 1897.

... I am, indeed, very glad that you have managed to begin a correspondence with me from Paradise. For in your elevated state you will be able to solve those riddles, the solution of which is, according to the nature of things, "hidden to mortal eyes," as our poets say.

I anticipate that you know very well what happened here, a short time ago: how that most remarkable Christ-like man, Francis Schlatter, during a few weeks cured a great number of sick people by taking them by the hand or by laying his hand upon them. Blind, and lame, and many others did he cure; and he took no pay whatever for it. And many believed him to be the Christ who had come again, to establish the kingdom of the Millennium—"for no man, except the Christos (I would rather say: *a* Christos!), could do the works that he did."

But now a lamentable thing has happened! Several of those he cured *have relapsed*—and many are they who have, therefore, lost belief in him! Mrs. Ada Morley Jarret came from New Mexico, and lectured about him and his mission; the Rev. Myron W. Reed has, courageously professed his belief in Francis Schlatter; "The New Man" writes about him. However: our belief has been shaken by the relapsed state of those he cured, and I should almost think it necessary that you, from your elevated sphere, would send me an answer to this question: does the circumstance that several of his cures are not permanent, prove him to be a FALSE PROPHET?

P. S.

As I was to take this letter to the Astral Post Office this news came: Francis Schlatter has died in New Mexico; THE POOR LUNATIC HAS STARVED HIMSELF TO DEATH. Now he will not be able to establish the Kingdom that he had come to realize—and my letter is, to some extent useless now.

Paradise

No, my dear Brother! Your letter is not "useless," as you say. I think you mean that the answer you expected from me would be of no practical use: it has been proved that Brother Francis was "a poor lunatic," accordingly he was not a Prophet, etc.

Let me write some words in answer to your P. S. It is not given me to reveal to you the real fate of Schlatter. In the first place, it is by no means certain whether the man who was found dead was Schlatter or some one else, whom he met dead or alive, and with whom he left his articles for some reason of his own. In the second place you are aware that Francis Schlatter was a Master and cannot be judged by the ordinary standard.

"A Master!" you say.

"To be sure. How else would you explain his healings? Also those that could not believe in him (Indian horses, for instance!) were cured by his touch, The signification of the fact that some of his cures have not lasted I shall try to explain; but your question is really against our agreement: I promised to tell you of Paradise, not about the events of the U. S. A.—and Brother Francis healed in that country. Please to keep our agreement in future, or you will hear from me no more . . .

In my days they said: "Nature is the best Doctor." And I know that this sentence is very near the truth. For this is true: it is THE SOUL that will have to reestablish order when disorder has taken place in the body. I think you agree with me: it is the Soul that builds up its body—from a certain moment, at all events? Then you will think, too, that it is the Soul that puts things in order again, IF SHE CAN MANAGE TO DO SO. I say "she"; for the Soul, the Psyche, is the housewife who has to manage her household—and ONLY SHE CAN DO THAT WORK. Behind all functions and things of the body you will find Dame Psyche as the cause and the active power.

In what I have said so far is the answer to your questions. But it was my intention to give you an answer that you could not but comprehend, and I, therefore, took upon me the trouble to go to Denver, to investigate matters on the spot where the wonderful cures took place. Accordingly I put on my diver's dress, and went to the U. S. A.

The first house I stepped into looked very disorderly

Not one thing was in its right place; and many of the things were broken. At length Dame Psyche appeared. Her hair hung into her eyes, and it was a pity to look at her cloths. Most embarrassed she stood in the midst of the confusion, and I asked her if she mayhap knew a person by the name of Francis Schlatter. "No," she said; "I never come out of the door, indeed, and never does any body come here. I have enough to do with my own affairs. No, I do not know Mr. Schlatter, realy... Oh, pray! Do not look about you! It looks so dreadful"...

"Indeed," I said; "it looks as if enemies had invaded this country."

"Enemies in the country!" she cried, "There you said a true word: He, the Man, is so terribly ardent, so passionate. When the bad temper rules him he will throw all the things together, and break them—and how does he, then, maltreat the poor children... I have enough to do without putting the things in order; but I never succeed—for the bad temper rules him too often."

Poor Psyche had tears in her eyes; and I could see how desirous she was that I should go away. I took leave and went away with my question.

The next house I entered appeared to be a house of mice and rats, rather than an abode for men. The vestibule was full of them; and the same was the case with the room I stepped into. As I entered the house I heard loud cries of a female voice, and loud knocks upon the floor, now and then. Suddenly Psyche came hurrying in where I stood: blushing and out of breath she ran after a flock of big rats scolding them and trying to hit them with a heavy broom stick. "Excuse me, Madam," I said; "I wanted to ask you a question, if you please."

"I have no time to speak to you, to be sure," she answered in an irritated tone; you see, I think, that I am busy."

"Indeed," I said meekly, "I see you are catching rats. But why have you no cats?"

"I have two cats," she replied, incessantly in persuit of the rats; "but they cannot manage to take all these ugly beasts. There are so many of them—they nearly eat us up, and I, poor woman, cannot do anything else than run after them, and kill them, all day long,"

"You ought to try poison," said I.

"I have done that," she cried, fighting with the broom stick: it was of no use! if he would only stop carrying meet, and meet, and meet into the house, that attracts the rats. But to him meat is the best thing in the world. . . ." And she ran after a big and very fat rat—and I had to go away without an answer to my question,

Then I came into a house where Dame Psyche sat weeping. . . . "Beg your prdon, Madam!" said I. Sorry to disturb you. But I want to know something that, may be, you might tell me." "Alas," she said with heavy sobs, "I think it is of no use to ask me—I cannot colect my thoughts."

"I am very sosry for you, Madom; is illness or death in the house sinse you are se unhappy?"

"Were it only that!" she sighe. "No, it is much worse! For He has united with a spirit, a bad spirit which always haunts this house. The children and myself are in constant fear of this terrible phantom. The children have taken ill from fear, and I have fully lost courage—I don't fulfill my duties—oh, I unhappy wife!" And Psyche wept so that it would move a stone. "Which spirit got so great an influence in this house?"

"Alcohol is his name. During the first time when he was here I could put in order; but it became worse, and worse—and now I have given up the fight. . ." At last I got an oppertunity to set forward my question, and I told her what you have written to me: how Francis Schlatter healed the sick, only by taking their hands, etc. But that Dame Psyche assured me she had not heard any thing about the man. "I wish he was here," she muttered; "may be he would help me to drive away the devil. . . ."

Many houses did I visit ere I heard of Francis Schlatter. I experienced great sorrows through my calls, but some satisfaction, too. How I must admire those silent, patient housewives—so faithful to their duties! They were quite buisy with keeping the house clean and orderly, preparing food and cloths for the family—and thousands of other things. But how is she troubled and misused! He will make her work ever more difficult—and then he wonders and gets angry because she *can* not do her duty. If I should happen to live again upon the earth plane I should certainly, establish a "Union for the Protection of Dame Psyche."

One day I met with a Psyche that had known your prophet. She told me: that he had come to Denver from an unknown place, that he possessed nothing, and that all his doings were directed by "Father's Will," and his PSYCHE HAD HER HOUSE IN SO PERFECT AN ORDER THAT SHE COULD HELP HER SISTERS IN NEED. "I know that, for I got some help myself," said she. "The windows of my house had become dim: He, the Man, troubled me so much that I could not do the necessary cleaning. Then the cleansing of the windows was neglected, and very soon they had become so dirty that the light could not penetrate through them. . . Then Schlatter came here. For a short time his Psyche assisted me—and the windows were clean again."

"But I see," said I, "that your windows are as clean as those of any housewives in this city. How is it to be understood that you now can do the cleansing, too?"

"Quite natural," was her answer. "He, the Mhn, was converted, and acknowledged he had demanded too much work from me. He is reasonable, now, and I can keep the windows clean—I have a sister whose windows also became dark. She was also assisted by Francis Schlatter's Housewife, but her Husband did not convert—and her windows are now dark again. Stupid people say, this is a proof that Schlatter was a false prophet. . . "

My Brother! Do you still believe in the prattle of those foolish people?"

Notice.

These stories first appeared in *The New Man*. If you like them and are not already a subscriber, send speedily for a free sample copy. Backnumbers are 50 cts. per volume. This means the numbers published prior to January 1st. 1898.

We shall increase the number of pages and advance the price to one dollar per year, beginning with the January issue. *The New Man* will be cheap at this price as we shall give to our readers *more* than value received. As previously announced, there will be, beginning with January 1898, a series of articles by that most eminent writer and

lecturer W. J. Colville, on Soul Development. Capt. H. H. Brown, one of the best lectures on New Thought lines will contribute a most valuable, interesting, and scientific series of papers on "Living as a Fine Art". We cannot say too much on the value of the two series just named.

Then there will be a series of very helpful and suggestive essays on "Opulence and how to gain it" by the editor. Those of our readers who have read his past writings will not doubt his ability to write a most valuable series of articles on the subject just named.

But besides all this and a lot of other interesting matter there will be a most fascinating romance (begun in this issue) entitled "Our Angel in Heaven, or The Little Saviour," by Dr. P. Braun. Like all of Mr. Braun's writings, this romance will aim to be not only entertaining, but practical and helpful to those reaching out for Light, Love Peace, Happiness and Prosperity.

The author takes his principal characters from the children of men, who are on the animal human plane of life, and follows their growth through sorrow and despair, sin and disease, step by step, until they are save on the divine human plane, which is the harbor for which all of God's children are struggling. This is the heaven of Peace and Rest, of Health and Happiness. The author has chosen this method of presentation, because it is the most entertaining as well as instructive. Subscribe now before the numbers containing the opening chapters are all sold. They will not last long. In closing, the members of The New Man Publ. Co. unite in wishing our readers a most happy and prosperous NEW YEAR.

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A Few of the Many Expressions of Appreciation.

Mastery of Fate has given me the key and now I have entire control of my sexual system.—W. H.

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The fifth lesson "The Cure of Disease." I regard as one of the most helpful articles I have ever read. Mrs. D. W. G.

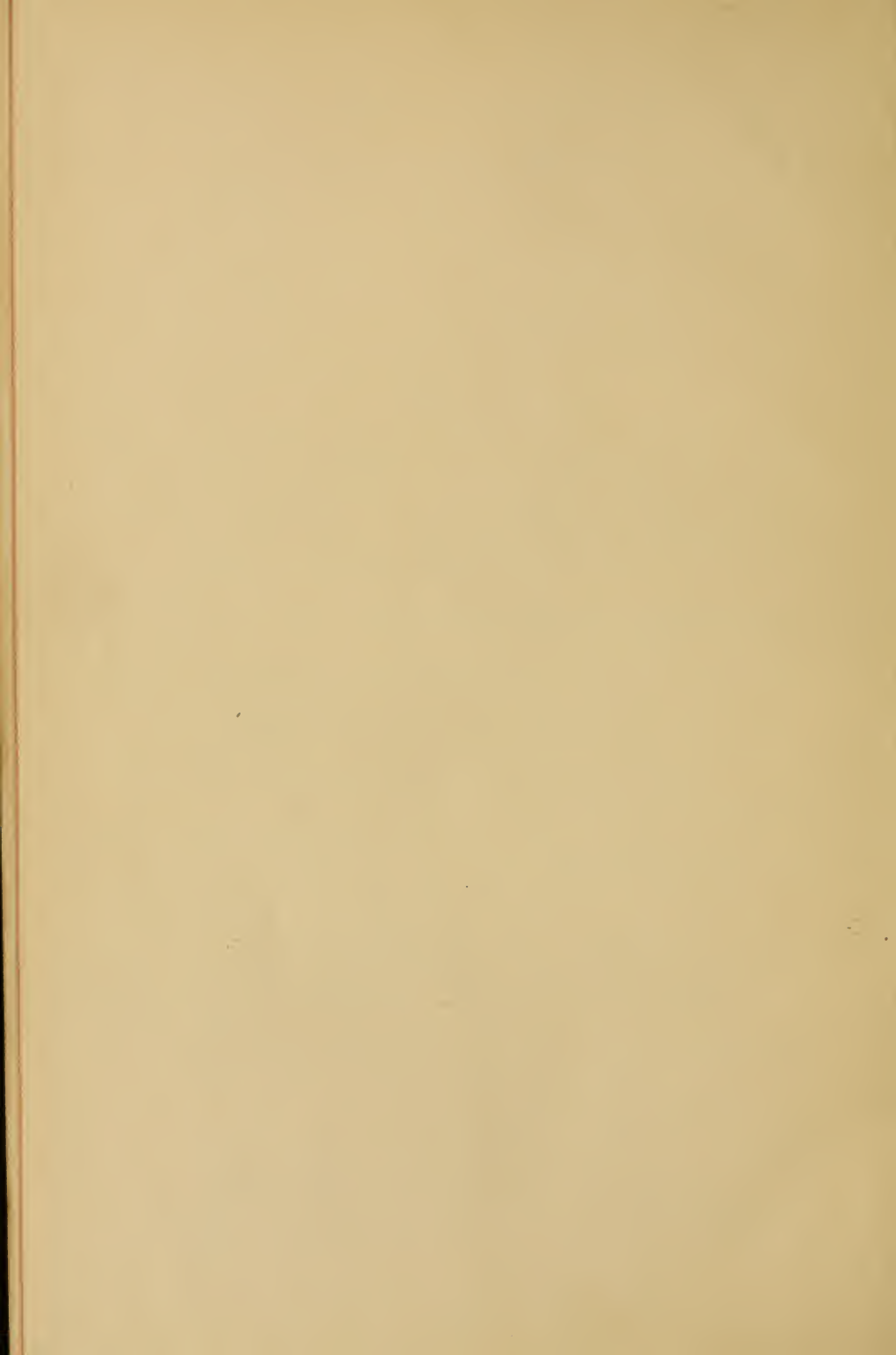
I feel that I am gaining and that a continual study of your lessons is the cause.—D. H. S.

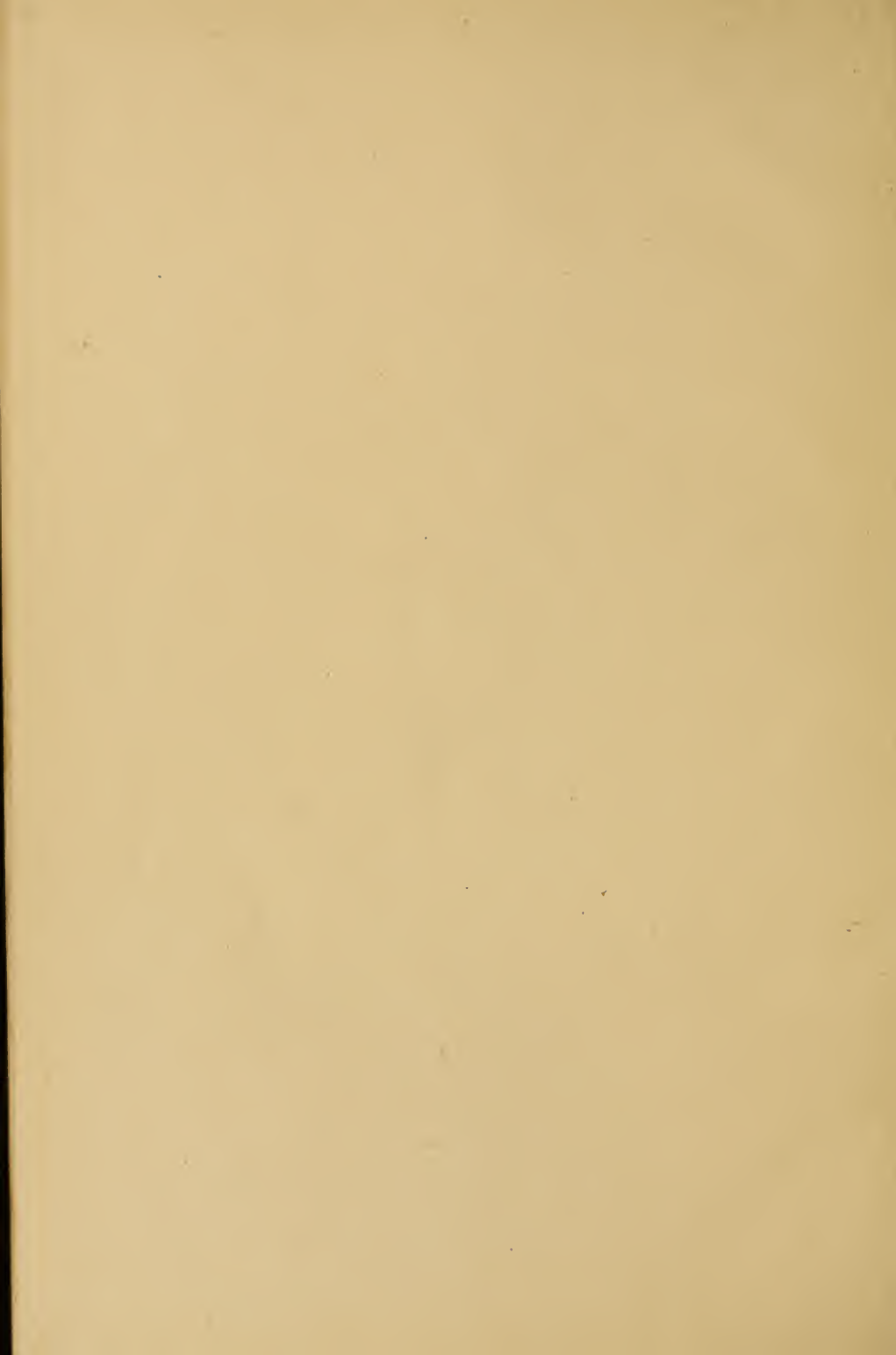
You have drawn me closer to the Fatherhood of God and the heart of the Universal Brotherhood of Men, yes closer to the realization of my inner and true Self.—G. K.

I have read and re-read your book and weighed every line carefully and thoughtfully. Am now 57 years old, but have never come across a work that is more calculated to raise a man up to the point of Oneness with his God, as it can. In its pages one may learn the truth which makes free.—G. W., M. D.

I thank you again for writing that wonderful book of yours. Words I have not in my vocabulary to express my feelings on reading the revelations contained therein.—Ada S.

A prominent healer in England sends us the following clipping taken from the letter of a patient: "I am deeply indebted to you for sending me the "Mastery of Fate." It has energised me more than anything I have yet read. It is a most convincing presentation of Truth and as such has completely taken me captive.... This book has filled me with a new determination and there is nothing that can make me turn back from the way I now stand in."





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