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The First Word.

By DR. SEARS.

This will again be a personal word.

There are many things to talk about and one must talk a long time in advance, if they want to get everything into shape for a harmonious future.

One of the most important success methods is "Have a Plan," so we will begin with the plan for the International New Thought Convention to be held in London and Edinburgh in June.

It is an established fact that the Convention will be held at the Higher Thought Centre in London, under the leadership of Miss Callow and Miss Hope, and at the New Thought Centre in Edinburgh, under the direction of Mrs. Helen Rhodes Wallace, who will be the hostesses of the International meeting.

The New Thought Church and School of London will co-operate in every way with the Higher Thought Centre, as will all the other London centres, and no effort will be spared to make this Convention a wonderful world-wide messenger of truth and peace.

Naturally the first question is "Are you going?" and the second question is "Are you going to do something toward helping the National New Thought Alliance to finance its part of the work?"

You may ask, "What is there to be done?" Many things! There are notices to be sent out, secretaries' salaries to be paid, preliminary headquarters to be maintained where all the team work of the Convention must be systematized, teachers registered, and all special programs of lectures and classes arranged—and this will need financial support.

Those who are aiming to be present at the Convention, and who will give material aid, should communicate with the President of the National New Thought Alliance, Mr. James A. Edgerton, U. S. Purchasing Department, Washington, D. C.

The date of sailing and the ship can be determined, and parties can travel together both going and coming back.

THE COLUMN believes that it is the privilege of every New Thought educator in America to make the very greatest effort of his or her life to be present at this Convention, for it affords a splendid opportunity which has never before been given to extend the brotherhood and fellowship of nations in a most unique and powerful way.

Remember, we get out of life just what we put into it; and sometimes, money, effort, love, interest and enthusiasm, put in

at one place and in one way, yield a glorious dividend in another.

Personally, I shall sail for London May 12th, on the North German Lloyd Steamship "Kronprinz Wilhelm," as I wish to be in London for a few weeks' rest and happy days before the Convention.

I shall welcome anyone who is ready to sail at that time, to write me in advance.

I have already heard from Miss Emma C. Poore, the pastor of The New Thought Church and School, of Boston, Mass., and I know there will be a great many more who will take a second thought and come, too.

As to the Summer: The next question that must be answered is about the summer school at Oscawana.

I shall return to open the Oscawana Summer School, July 11th-12th, and the season at Oscawana will continue this year until the first of October.

I shall not remain abroad this time; the trip is only for rest and the joy of the Convention.

I hope you will feel the enthusiasm of this opportunity to become a part of a world-wide movement, and make this trip the big holiday of your year.

Every Day Lessons.

MARY ALLEN.

Shakespeare says, "All the world's a stage," but to the pedagogic and the New Thought mind, it seems more true to say, "All the world, and all the worlds, are schools."

To the awakened mind every trivial happening of the daily life shows the operation of some great law; and seeing the simplicity of its working in the lesser problems, enables us to face the great ones which present themselves with absolute calmness and a clear knowledge that the law works just as surely and just as logically in the greater lesson. It certainly takes a more developed and inclusive intelligence to apply the rule to the more intricate problems, but that is true in all exact science.

My father was for thirty-five years a professor of higher mathematics, and during the last decade of his life, one of those at the head of the actuary department of the great New York Life Insurance Company, where they had to solve the intricate problems of interest in foreign countries; therefore it was not astonishing that at fifteen I was teaching a class in algebra, every one of whom was older than myself, and that recently I was one of less than a dozen, out of a very large class at Columbia University, who passed the exams. in the higher mathematics. I love with all my soul, to apply the great laws to any old problem that comes along and see the difficulties disappear.

The other day I bought a new book-case, and on my return from school found the crate sitting in the middle of my room and I just danced for joy. I went after my hammer and chisel before I took off my hat and soon was hard at work. It is a sectional case with glass fronts and if any one could have seen my cozy and comfortable sitting room in the next hour, they would have fled from the awfulness of it. Before I stopped I had taken all the books out of three other book-cases and they were piled on every table and chair and all over the floor, and then I thought as I looked around, "Mercy! what if I should get discouraged just now and not keep on working till I got them all back again?"

And suddenly it came over me, how wonderfully that illustrated one of the great lessons of New Thought. One of our very first lessons is the necessity of both construction and destruction; the necessity to pull down, take apart, and practically destroy some part of our life, in order that we may make it over and construct a newer and greater thing out of the debris. It may be that at one time the old was new and desirable; but suddenly our spirit makes the demand for better and greater, and with this courage of knowledge, we destroy the now undesirable and old, as the first step towards the attainment of the new.

But suppose we should accept that destroyed old as the ultimate; suppose we do

not persevere and persist in building a new and better thing out of the destroyed old? Surely our last state is worse than our first, and we have retrograded instead of advancing.

Sometimes our demand for the newer and better is so strong that the infinite wisdom and love flying to our assistance, accomplishes the destructive step for us and sets us free to begin the constructive work at once and that is the test of our knowledge and faith. If we are of the old school of thought, we say, "It is God's will that what I have loved should be taken from me, therefore I will submit to it and praise his name;" the student of New Thought, however, intensifies his vision of the thing his soul demands and begins steadfastly to build the new in the space cleared by the destruction of the old.

So, if we look upon every seeming destruction of old conditions as simply a chance to rebuild and construct something new and wonderful, we have learned the first part of a great lesson.

The second part is to know how to construct a new and beautiful thing out of the ruins of the old. This is the part that takes so long to learn and perhaps longer yet to

do; but it is under a law as exact and scientific as any law of mathematics. Like mathematics, the student must first learn the law or rule, then learn to apply it to the solution of simple examples, and then to the more difficult problems. We will find that each problem is a little different from all the others, but there is no problem that cannot be solved if one has a thorough understanding of the fundamental law, and the intelligence to apply it.

We can feel absolutely certain that our intelligence will always be sufficient to solve whatever problem faces us, for the teacher who dictates the problems for the next lesson in advance, is our own divine demand, and it will never make the mistake of expecting us to solve the problems of calculus when we are only learning the simple applications of the multiplication table.

And so, my dear new cases are all in the places that my vision made for them; my books are arranged in shining and beautiful row on row, I have taken them out and put them back and changed them about till there is harmony of subject and size and color of binding, and my soul says to the body which persevered, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy" of reading and lending to all your friends.

Mrs. Levi Finney's Idea.

"Mis' Brown got discouraged," continued Aunt Jerusha. "Ye see, Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of blaming everything onto her. I don't suppose the deacon meant it—'twas just his way—but it's awful wearing. When things wore out, or broke, he acted just as if Mis' Brown did it herself on purpose; and they all caught it like the measles or the whooping-cough.

"And the minister a-tellin' how the deacon brought his young wife here when 'twasn't nothing but a wilderness, and how patiently she bore hardship, and what a good wife she'd been! Now the minister wouldn't have known anything about that if the deacon hadn't told him. Dear! Dear! If he'd only told Mis' Brown herself what he thought, I do believe he might have saved the funeral.

"And when the minister said how the children would miss their mother, seemed as though they couldn't stand it, poor

things!

"Well, I guess it is true enough; Mis' Brown was always doing for some of them. When they was singing about sweet rest in heaven, I couldn't help thinking that that was something Mis' Brown would have to get used to, for she never had none of it here.

"She'd have been awful pleased with the flowers. They was pretty, and no mistake. Ye see, the deacon wa'n't never willing for her to have a flower-bed. He said 'twas enough prettier sight to see good cabbages a-growing; but Mis' Brown always kind of hankered after sweet-smelling things, like roses and such.

"I've been a-thinking, Levi, you needn't tell the minister anything about me. If the pancakes and the pumpkin pies are good you just say so as we go along. It ain't best to keep everything laid up for funerals."

E. J. H.

The Christ of the New Civilization.

MURIEL BROWN.

The Science of New Thought is based largely on the life, the teachings and the acts of Jesus, the Christ, that great central figure, which, though known to public life only for the short span of three years, though dying in apparent ignominy, practically deserted and alone, an apparent failure, yet has stood out so high above the rest of the human race that it has been set apart, worshipped as God Himself.

So wonderful was this life in its mastery, so striking the personality, that throughout the whole Christian era it has been thought supernatural, beyond human understanding, utterly beyond human attainment.

So the centuries have come and gone, and, in spite of the fact that Jesus said: "These things that I do shall ye do also," the power to heal has died out of the churches. In spite of the words of Jesus, "Ask, and it shall be given you," millions of lives have come and gone, enduring lack of all that makes life worth the living, and have never dreamed that those words might be true for them. In spite of the message of love Jesus brought to the world, nations have fought, religions have fought, cruelty and hideous crimes have been committed even in the name of Christ Himself, and today we spend more on elaborate preparations for war, for killing and destroying our fellow-men, than on almost anything else in the national expenditure, which all goes to show that somehow Christianity has not been a success.

We know how the Japanese came over to Europe to see what effect religion had upon the Western nations, and having seen our so-called civilization went back to their own country and said, "Well, if that is Christianity, we prefer to keep our own religion." And the reason of this? Simply that Christianity has not been made real, practical—something that can be lived and demonstrated in everyday life. Simply because Jesus has been set apart from ordinary humanity; a divine being with supernatural powers, who worked miracles which had nothing whatever to do with us at the present time, and who said things

which sounded very nice in church, but were of no practical value to us in the actual living out of life.

All this is altering now. Every day, more light is breaking in upon the consciousness of the spiritual leaders and teachers. Everywhere the meaning of the Christ-life is coming to the world with a new significance. We know now that the man Jesus did not have the sole monopoly of the Christ spirit; the Christ spirit which was in him is in *every* human soul, only awaiting development.

Jesus was divine; so is *every soul*, from the highest to the lowest, *divine*. Jesus was further along the path, that is all, and came to show us that what he was all men might become; that the things he did all men might do. There was nothing supernatural in what he did; he simply understood all the higher laws of the planet, which we are gradually discovering today through higher spiritual and psychical research. He had grown into a *constant* realization of the oneness of the soul with its source, or God, which a few of the mystics have touched all down the ages, and which we of the new civilization are consciously developing today.

Let us try to understand who Jesus, the Christ, really was. Far beyond this earth plane there is a sphere where dwell, in this consciousness of at-one-ment always, great master spirits, Christs, Celestials, souls that have come through all the lower kingdoms, all the many ways of life below them, and have mastered their laws. These masters are always in the world working and helping unseen, for their joy and happiness lie in helping souls farther back upon the path. Sometimes they are seen, by those who have developed psychic vision, as forms surrounded by golden light; sometimes their presence only is felt as inspiration by those who are trying to help lift the world out of darkness; sometimes they make themselves known by a voice to those who have developed clairaudience; sometimes, but very rarely and only when there is great need in the world, they reincarnate,

taking upon them the human body, subjecting themselves to the laws of the ordinary human life, but using their own higher consciousness and power wherever condition makes it possible, pointing the way to the race mind, giving out the great truths of being for those who are ready to see and understand.

Such a master reincarnate was Jesus, the Christ, and we need to grasp the idea of Jesus the master, Jesus with the glorified consciousness, showing himself as he really was to his disciples on the mount of transfiguration. We read that: "Then in their presence his form underwent a change, his face shone like the sun, and his raiment became as white as the light." Too long has the race held up the suffering Christ, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, as the supreme ideal. Jesus suffered, of course, as every advanced spirit must suffer, until the last soul on the pathway shall be lifted out of pain and out of the false sense of separation from God. The crucifixion was the natural consequence of the life Jesus had chosen. He had defied the laws, he had healed on the Sabbath day, he had denounced hypocrisy and sham, into which the religion of the Pharisees had degenerated. He had preached new ideas (and there has always been opposition to the new), he had given out the glorious truth of man's oneness and equality with God—an idea which is new to the world even now. So is it any wonder that two thousand years ago they said: "This man is a blasphemer, he makes himself equal unto God." Is it any wonder that they crucified Him? Jesus chose to come to earth to reincarnate once more for the sake of man; he chose to live his life of healing and teaching. He chose to go his own way, and the crucifixion was the natural result; the price he had to pay for taking on human nature; the price of living the celestial life in a world steeped in darkness and cruelty. It was typical of his own words: "He who loseth his life shall gain it." He lost the physical body, the human life, but gained again his celestial one, just as every human soul, as it progresses upwards, loses and crucifies more and more of the lower self, that it may resurrect into a life and a self more truly divine. That is the whole significance of

the crucifixion of Jesus, and so the event does not, in the New Thought world, stand out as the all important one in his life.

The old idea of Jesus dying and taking upon himself the sins of the whole world, dying to save humanity from the wrath and vengeance of God—that very God whom he came to proclaim—the God of *love*; these ideas we dismiss as childish, worn-out beliefs, because we know that no soul can bear the sins of another; neither do we believe in a God of wrath and punishment at all. The sacrifice of God sending his only son to die for the sins of the world is no longer truth to us. Jesus came and took a human form because he wished to come; because to lift the world, to give the race a hope of a new consciousness, new power with which to overcome suffering, was to him the highest joy, the truest way, to his own self-fulfillment.

Voluntarily he pursued his course, knowing full well the end from the human point of view, for he could perceive the way the law would work just as he could read the thoughts of those about him. But was this sacrifice? Is it sacrifice to consecrate yourself to a work of love, when that love is greater to you than all else? Of course there is always the price to pay, but New Thought points always rather to the thing accomplished, the thing fulfilled, than to the pains by the way. We do not want to dwell morbidly upon the price Jesus paid for bringing us his message. If Jesus was manifest in the flesh today, he would say to the world: "Why do you dwell on my pains and sufferings, which were simply human? Why not concentrate on the glorious consciousness, the freedom from limitation I came to teach you, all of which is divine and to which you too can attain." He would say today as he said when on earth: "Why do you call me 'Lord, Lord,' and not do the things which I say?"

So the New Thought world turns from this old conception of the Christ, accepts Jesus as an elder brother, and through study of his life story, learns how to reach a new and glorified master consciousness. The first thing that strikes us in studying the Christ life, is his wonderful sense of oneness with God, and his equality with God. Never for a moment is there in the

attitude of Jesus that old religious servility, that self-abasement before God that belongs to the lower state of consciousness and can have nothing to do with the master soul which knows that it is an individualized God-center; that never at any step upon its pathway is it separated from God, and that it is just as necessary to God as God to it. The soul that grows into the Christ consciousness knows and feels this, knows and feels the truth of the words: "He who has seen me has seen the Father. Do you not believe that I am in the Father and that the Father is in me. The things that I tell you all, I do not speak on my own authority, but the Father dwelling within me carries on His own work." Do you see what a powerful thought this is when we realize that what Jesus said about himself is true of every one of us. We are no longer ever alone, on the lonely road, through the dark times of difficulty, when human loves fail us, when the pathway ahead looks hopeless. He that sent us never leaves us alone; he is always with us and within us, carrying on his work. And for the soul that knows this, not only as an intellectual fact, but knows it deep down in the subconscious part of being, fear and worry and anxiety—all those things that were born of the false idea of the separation of God and man—vanish away. You don't have to fight them, they simply go.

The disciples were afraid of the storm at sea. Jesus was asleep, and when aroused, and because he had no fear, he was able to calm the waves and the wind. Absolute lack of fear was the secret of the power of Jesus, and when we have ceased to fear, when we have minds freed from all anxiety, then we shall have perfect control, as he had, and not until then. Peter was able to walk on the water until a doubt passed across his mind, and then he began to sink. It is a well-known fact that animals will always attack those who are afraid of them; also that the instant we fear people we give them control over us. Be afraid of anybody or anything, and that instant will that person or thing control you. When a speaker is afraid of his audience, he will never control or sway it. Be afraid of catching cold and epidemics, be afraid of the damp weather, afraid of cold.

of heat, and you are no longer master of life, but a slave.

Fear means loss of control, loss of power, every time, and must be the first thing to go if we want the higher power and the higher consciousness. "These things that I do, shall ye do also," were not words said to the cowards in the race, not to the weaklings and the grovellers; they were said to those brave, courageous souls, ready to accept their oneness, their equality with God, the Father; ready to accept the responsibility of their own life building, for the Father hath given all judgment unto the son. "With God as the strength of our life, of whom then shall we be afraid?" Surely not of a shower of rain, of a draught of pure air, of eating a cucumber, of meeting strangers (to the Christ consciousness there are no strangers), of people's opinions and criticisms, of expressing ourselves before the world. These old, silly fears depart forever before the realization of our sonship to God—a sonship as real as was that of Jesus—and are replaced by a confidence and a trust that nothing can shake.

The absence of all anxiety for the future is another quality of this Christ or Master consciousness. Jesus was so perfectly at one with the Father, that at any moment he could reach out his mind into universal substance and draw to him anything he desired, whether it were the soul back again into the physical body of the dead Lazarus, or whether it were loaves and fishes to feed the five thousand. Wherever there was human need, from the most spiritual to the smallest material thing, Jesus by reaching out his consciousness could obtain it from the universal supply, which is Good. Health for the sick and dying; wine for the marriage feast, when the supply ran out; a draught of fishes for those who had toiled all the night.

And how was it he could do these things? Had he a supernatural power? No; but he had what we have not—perfect faith, perfect belief, born from an absolute knowledge expressed in the words "All that the father hath is mine."

So real was this knowledge, so surely did he know that he had only to stretch forth his hand to supply everything he might need, that he tried to convey this to

his hearers in the well-known words, "For this reason I charge you not to be over-anxious about your lives. Look at the birds which fly in the air, they do not sow or reap or gather up in barns, but your heavenly Father feeds them. Are not you of much greater value than they?" If we could only remember this when we get upset and worried about the trifles of the present hour! When we do, and when apparent lack stares us in the face, it is best to sit down quietly and just try to feel and know that God is working in and through us, and working harmony and peace and order out of apparent chaos.

Jesus never meant that we should sit with our hands folded and expect things to fall into our laps. The Father works, he says, and I work. One part, then, is to ask for what we want. First of all to give up all anxiety, all strain, all that old pushing and struggling and striving after the thing we want, and just ask. It is all so much more simple than we have thought. We have only to learn to ask rightly, and though we might have all we possess swept away from us, we could turn to the great universal supply and know that more must be given us. "Ask, and ye shall receive," is as true today as it was when Jesus said it, but how many of us really believe it?

From the highest spiritual illumination, from a perfect gift of healing, to the smallest material need of our life, we can have by asking rightly. It is not asking rightly to strain every nerve to get the thing we want; that is where we get nervous breakdown, aching heads and a feeling that it has not been worth while even after we get it. Asking rightly is not rushing toward the thing we want and neglecting those things which lie straight in front of us. If we run away from things, they will confront us again at some other turn of our life's pathway. Asking rightly means going on day by day, just where we are, overcoming all fear, all anxiety, all antagonisms, becoming strong and positive and loving to all people and all conditions. It means living always close to God, knowing and feeling that God is working in us, helping us in all we do, whether it is office

work, work in the home, in business or in the school. It means knowing ourselves and the needs of our life; and taking them, in strong desire and concentrated thought, into the Infinite day by day. It means absolute faith, absolute knowledge, that the instant we ask it is given, and it only then takes time for it to manifest on the material plane.

"Ask, and it shall be given you" applies to the needs of the personal life—which are health, supply, love and usefulness. "Knock, and it shall be opened to you" applies to the higher knowledge and powers which Jesus possessed, and which we too can attain if we will do the necessary knocking and give the necessary self-consecration. Any life willing to concentrate on healing power, or on divine inspiration, can receive it, as the disciples of Jesus, just ordinary, uneducated fishermen, received it. Earnest desire, concentration, consecration and love, are the necessary "knocking," and true to the promise, the door will be opened.

So the New Thought world makes the promises and the teachings of the Christ a reality in daily life, and seeks to follow the Christ life, not in poverty, not in pain and suffering, but in the overcoming of these things; by healing the sick, casting out devils, binding up the broken-hearted and giving sight to the spiritually blind.

It is Christ the master, transfigured on the mount, the beloved son of God, who spoke the word of healing, who never knew lack in any form, that we seek to follow. It is the risen, glorified Christ—his earthly work done—who appeared again to the little band of disciples and fired them with enthusiasm to preach the gospel when their hope was dead after the crucifixion. It is the unfolding of the Christ consciousness and the Christ power in every soul that we know to be the work ahead of the race today, to restore to the church her old function of spiritual healing and her gifts of revelation and prophecy. And when we get discouraged, then ringing down the ages comes the promise: "For greater things than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father."

Truth Never Dies.

J. A. EDGERTON.

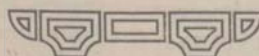
Truth never dies. The ages come and go.
 The mountains wear away. The seas retire.
 Destruction lays earth's mighty cities low;
 And empires, states and dynasties expire;
 But caught and handed onward by the wise,
 Truth never dies.

Though unreceived and scoffed at through the years;
 Though made the butt of ridicule and jest;
 Though held aloft for mockery and jeers,
 Denied by those of transient power possessed,
 Insulted by the insolence of lies,
 Truth never dies.

It answers not. It does not take offense,
 But with a mighty silence bides its time.
 As some great cliff that braves the elements
 And lifts through all the storms its head sublime,
 So Truth, unmoved, its puny foes defies
 And never dies.

The lips of ridicule dissolve in dust.
 The sophist's arguments, the jibes are still.
 God, working through the all compelling Must,
 Has broken those who dared combat His will.
 New systems, born in wild unrest, arise,
 Truth never dies.

As rests the Sphinx amid Egyptian sands;
 As loom on high the snowy peak and crest;
 As firm and patient as Gibraltar stands,
 So Truth, unwearied, waits the era blest,
 When men shall turn to it with glad surprise.
 Truth never dies.



New Civilization Fundamentals.

By JULIA SETON SEARS, M. D., Founder New Thought Church and School.

FIFTH FUNDAMENTAL—THE NEW IDEA OF LIFE.

There is a great difference between the interpretation of the old and the new idea of life.

The old world saw life in the "short run," and the new world sees life in the "long run."

Upon these two vastly different ideas hang all the philosophies, sciences and religions of the two worlds.

The old civilization grew up around its idea, and the new civilization is forming around its own. As the old lived, loved, hoped, feared, gained, lost, evolved, through the experiences which its beliefs brought, just so the new will be forced to abide by all that its own fundamentals bring.

Life in the "short run" began by making each individual the special creation of a personal God, and saw each birth presided over by special dispensation.

The path of life reached only from the cradle to the grave, and all human hope, joy, sorrow, loss, gain or reward, was measured therein.

There was in this idea no reaching back into a forgotten past, and no reaching forward into a pathway that led from worlds to spheres, from spheres to dominions, and from dominions to eternities.

There was no blending of cause and effect in today, that might have its fulfillment in tomorrow.

With the old race idea of life in the "short run," human life became simply a blind alley, filled with agonized human endurance, with no beginning, but with an end somewhere in the doubtful future.

With the "New Idea of Life," humanity has a new hope and a sublime realization which gives it the majesty of its own place on the path, and hands it, here and now, the full reward for things done and undone.

It gives man a rational interpretation of himself and his cosmic journey, and in this "long run" man finds time enough to interpret, adjust, arrange and re-arrange his

human experiences, to fit his own unfolding consciousness, and fit his consciousness to harmonize with his experiences.

"The New Idea of Life" begins with man at his beginning, and follows him in close comradeship, from atom to man, from man to angel, from angel to Host, from Host to God, and from God to the ONE LIMITLESS ALL-CONSCIOUSNESS ONE.

We see man, on his journey through the sub-kingdoms, manifesting simply as the undifferentiated Cosmic Mind; then, through the inter-kingdoms, where consciousness is creeping into human form; then through the human form, and the kingdom known as the Worlds, evolving from this into the kingdom of the *Spheres*; then to *Dominions*; and then into ONENESS with the zone of transmutation, ETERNITY.

With the vision of life in the "long run," and man as an Individualized God, always in self-imposed conditions walking his pathway fashioned from himself and for himself, this thing called human life becomes a wonder, a joy, a never-ceasing romance of consciousness, each hour more entrancing than the last, for it can be so overspread with strange enrapturing subtleties.

The New Civilization says: Life is a means to an end. The cause of life is Divine Desire. The purpose of life is Expression. The way of life is Love and Service. The end or consummation of life is God-consciousness, and this consciousness worked out in unending reaches of desire, expression and love.

Around these fundamentals are woven all the laws and the prophecies; and there are rising new schools of learning, new institutions for healing, new industrial opportunities, new churches with new religious privileges and revelations; and, high before the new and the old, these principles hang. The new leaders point to both and say: "Choose this day whom ye will serve."

This, then, being the cause, purpose, way and end of life, and the time eternity, the

place always just where the soul is upon the path, man finds himself and finds that he never had but one work to do, and that was, just to *live* and *be*; and in this living and being he is fulfilling the great cosmic design.

Following him, then, we read the story of himself. It is written on and in all we find around him.

Man is expressing through a perfect season of all forms of God-consciousness; and he must have this perfect season in every race, nation, people, colors, climes. He must feel the impulses of the savage breast, the barbaric mind, the half-civilized emotions, the weaknesses of full civilization, the degeneracy of the supra-civilized senses, and the full perfected consciousness of each.

He must include the experiences of the black, the brown, the yellow, the white skin; must thrill with the joy of the sensuous consciousness of the tropics, and chill at the hardness and repression of the mountain's cold and fastness.

A perfect season of all sensation, emotion, reason and intuition is not included in one small zone of form or expression, and the one who is on the pathway to universal consciousness must take all paths.

The biggest life is the one which includes the most, and the most perfect life is the one which expresses constructively and universally the things which it includes.

The master knows sorrow until it passes into joy; thus, he wears out pleasure and pain.

He knows passion, until from its own white ashes, it flings forth the blossom of love; Divine love, until it thrills with the pangs of passion; tears, until they turn to smiles; and he smiles through tears, for so sweet has grown joy that it merges into grief.

This is *Life*. On the great wheel of human experience man is ever passing himself on from one to another self-imposed condition of *greatness*.

His perfect season of unbelief of most things, is the law which whirls him on to belief in *all*, and he "hugs and kisses the spokes in agony," until he learns this lesson and has eyes to see and ears to hear what all nature's voice is speaking, that "all life is God, and God is quivering life."

The old world story of life in the "short

run" was a sweet fairy tale in some of its gentler details, but all too narrow for a growing soul.

It takes more than a few short years between the cradle and the grave for each human soul to be all that it is meant to be; and not even the calm uninterrupted bliss of the Christian's heaven can quite satisfy the craving of the Individualized God-man, or recompense him with its inertia for the fierce delight which his own Godhood can give.

There are thousands of persons on the planet to-day who know life in the "long run," know that they have lived before; that they will live again; that they are to-day the picture of their hopes and dreams in other lives.

They can read the handwriting on the wall of their own consciousness, and see that they the taking out of life in the *now* just the effects of the causes they put in operation in the past.

Life in the "long run" answers the questions of How? Where? When? Why? No other answer will do, and no other answer has been accepted for long by the evolved human reason.

Life in the "short run" answers nothing. It plunges the soul into an impossible hypothesis and leaves it to hunt its way back along dim corridors of doubt, made more terrible by their uncertainty.

Life in the "long run" teaches man to interpret himself, while life in the "short run" leaves man to the mercy of the ignorant and superstitious.

With the "New Idea of Life" in the "long run," man looks at himself, and finds conditions around him. He knows where to put the blame, and as he is an Individualized God on his own self-made path through the worlds, he knows that the only place to put the praise or blame for anything is upon himself.

Disease, poverty, and the heart-break of life, become for him, then, only the effects of his own causes; and joy and health and love are the perfect fruits of his own tree of life, whose root is truth.

Life in the "long run" makes every man a master builder, and in this Cosmic journey, in all and through all, he may pass along quickly, or he may make his transit take thousands of years.

He may go the long way of Cosmic *evolution*, or the shorter way of Cosmic *transmutation*. He can learn everything in a moment in consciousness, or he may live it all through in experience in form. The choice rests with him. His perfection demands that he contact both the formed and the formless, but the stay in each is in his own will.

The path of evolution, births and re-births, of experience in form, is the pathway of the race man; the path of transmutation, through experience, expression and inclusion in *consciousness*, is the path of the masters and saviors. "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way; few there be that walk therein."

To take conscious command of the human life in every detail, and speak, think and direct our every action, with the consciousness of God and as one who speaks with authority, is the highest power, and leads us on quickly into the Elder Brotherhood of the path.

The Universal does not care; Eternity is a long time and man is a free agent. The Path is open and the way is his own. He can take his own time.

The whole of life may be one hour's passing, or it may drag through endless seasons of births and re-births.

The soul that seeks the short cut on the long run of life will find it, and it comes through human conditions which bring with them the concentrated essences of joy and grief.

It is written, that a woman died and went to Hell, and finding that she had been condemned to dwell there for a thousand years, she wept and prayed for freedom from the sentence. The devil jailer said, "Nay! Nay!"

Then she knelt and begged him take her back to earth just for a little while. She must see her beloved husband before she went into her long exile. He had loved her so; he would not live without her; she *must* go back.

At last, wearied with her incessant appeal, the jailer consented, and they began their journey back to earth for one last farewell.

They came to earth. Sweet strains of music greeted them. They drew near and found they came from a great cathedral, out of whose doors came a gorgeous throng.

The devil pushed the woman before him into the crowd as the multitude parted to make way for a triumphant bridal party. "Kneel here," he said, "and watch."

The woman knelt and waited. Down the long aisle, amid the cries of the multitude, who sang and showered them with roses, came the bride and the groom. The woman saw the upturned face of her beloved husband, warm, sweet, tender, blind to all else but the wondrous beauty of his new-found bride.

The woman reached out her hands as he passed; her dumb lips failed to gasp his name, and he was gone.

The devil came and looked steadily into her eyes. She sank slowly to the earth. "Take me back to Hell," she whispered, "I am ready"; but the devil stooped and lifted her to her feet. "Your debt is paid," he said, "you need not go back; for in that moment you lived a thousand years in Hell."

This is the human pathway of transmutation, and in life in the "long run" man finds opportunities everywhere to lap his own experiences of thousands of years into one, and to include in one vast fling of mind the reincarnations, births and re-births of many centuries and many zones.

The final word, then, is this:

Every human being begins and ends as God. Life is only the opportunity for him to express his ever-increasing God-consciousness.

Life is not a sentence, a judgment, nor a sin, but is a wonderful cosmic cord, linking zones of intelligence together, until they are at last merged into *one*.

There are four classifications of earth formations, viz.: the mineral, the vegetable, the animal and the psycho-intellectual or divine human; amongst these four, in order, there is no division.—J. P. N.

The Poet's Theme.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

What is the explanation of the strange silence of American poets concerning American triumphs on sea and land?—*Literary Digest.*

Why should the poet of these pregnant times
Be asked to sing of war's unholy crimes?

To laud and eulogise the trade which thrives
On horrid holocausts of human lives?

Man was a fighting beast when earth was young,
And war the only theme when Homer sung.

'Twixt might and might the equal contest lay:
Not so the battles of our modern day.

Too often now the conquering hero struts,
A Gulliver among the Liliputs.

Success no longer rests on skill or fate,
But on the movements of a syndicate.

Of old, men fought and deemed it right and just.
To-day the warrior fights because he must,

And in his secret soul feels shame because
He desecrates the higher manhood's laws.

Oh! there are worthier themes for poet's pen
In this great hour, than bloody deeds of men

Or triumphs of one hero (though he be
Deserving song for his humility):

The rights of many—not the worth of one;
The coming issues—not the battle done;

The awful opulence, and awful need;
The rise of brotherhood—the fall of greed,

The soul of man replete with God's own force,
The call "to heights," and not the cry "to horse,"—

Are there not better themes in this great age
For pen of poet, or for voice of sage

Than those old tales of killing? Song is dumb
Only that greater song in time may come.

When comes the bard, he whom the world waits for,
He will not sing of War.

The Science of Success.

By JULIA SETON SEARS, M. D., Founder New Thought Church and School.

FOURTH SUCCESS METHOD—SELF-CULTURE.

We meet persons every day who have found themselves, who have a plan, who have patience to wait, and yet they are not a success.

They find one engagement, one position, one home, one friend after another, but they are never happy, never satisfied, and change and confusion is over them.

What is the matter? Why are they not successful when they are filling so many of the success laws?

This is the great question. *Why?*

Surely the reason is not very apparent, and one has to direct careful and deliberate attention to their life before the question can be answered for them.

After enough thought and attention has been given, the reason pops up like a "jack-in-the-box" clamoring for recognition, and we are amazed that we did not know it sooner.

The answer is found in the unhappy disposition of the individual. Moods have wrecked tens of thousands.

"Clean up your moods!" This is the slogan of the successful person.

With a hateful disposition, no one can ever become a permanent success.

Self-culture is not a myth. There are negative, destructive states of mind, that will destroy the finest genius if they are allowed to manifest and take part in the individuality.

There are persons with dispositions so vicious that they are like biting dogs. No one is safe for a moment from the outbursts of their spiteful tongues and temper.

Hasty temper has cost more than one person a good position; lost others a really valuable friend, and shut the door of grand opportunities.

No one wants as a friend, companion, wife, husband, employee or employer, one who is likely to fly into a rage and lose his head at the slightest provocation.

Every condition worth while calls for poised, calm, self-controlled states of mind

In these there is power and opportunity; in haste and rage there is nothing but lack of opportunity and waste of energy.

I know a man whose temper is like a raw-edged blade, continually cutting everyone who comes near it. He has his whole immediate family cowed down and afraid of him; everyone sidesteps his temper. He is allowed to go on each day, bullying the household into subjection.

Visiting there one day, the gentle mother, afraid of the effect some New Thought ideas might have upon this big tyrant, cautioned me, saying: "Now be careful, don't make Al mad." She said it for days, until at last I said: "Who is Al? He is no better than the rest of mankind, and why should I fear to make him mad?" "Let him get mad if he wants to. It is his privilege, but I am a free agent in consciousness, and the divine thinker of my own thoughts, and he had better look out that he does not make me mad."

No one had ever dared to "make him mad," yet the fact remained that he was "mad" all the time and a confirmed grouch.

The dear ones in the home, who love us, may protect us in our destructive states of consciousness, and we make them the victims of our moods and tempers; but there will come a time and place when the world will teach us that if we sulk or act spitefully we will do it *alone*.

The whole world of successful business waits for the big, genial, loving person, who will be a mascot for it; but it has no place for the crabbed, uncontrolled, moody, sulking individual, who thinks the whole world was made to serve and adjust to him.

We have no more right to pour our discordant states of mind into the lives of those around us, and rob them of their sunshine and brightness, than we have the right to enter their houses and steal the silverware.

Unhappy black moods, discouragement, hasty temper, sulks, and grouches are mental habits, and they have no more right to

be allowed to persist than any other indelicate, uncultivated habit is allowed.

It is just as uncouth and ungentlemanly to wear a sulk as it is to wear a soiled collar. Neither will be tolerated where the standards are true and high.

Gentleness, patience, consideration for others, self-forgetfulness and true selfness, are all the trophies of well-directed thought culture. They build up a personality that has a hundred per cent. of attracting force.

We can be small, mean, narrow, bigoted and fault-finding, with our hand against every man, and his hand against us, but as the years go on, we lose our value in every respect; our room is preferred to our company.

People will tolerate us, but they will not desire us, and after a while the whole world will pass us by, leaving us to eat out our hearts with the bitterness of spirit which our own discordant thinking has engendered within us.

We can set ourselves to clean up these endless little weaknesses of disposition, and put in their place, through persistent self-culture, the states of mind and heart which bring us forth as a personality valuable in every walk of life.

We can be "big," true and kind, patient, forbearing, full of wisdom and understanding, and the world will come and gather round us, no matter where our feet may wander, bringing us the fruits of our life's greatness. Success then is ours, to remain with us. Everyone seeks to receive something from and give something to the one who stands ever ready to give and receive.

Our personality and character becomes, then, our guarantee of ability; and the gentle attention, the sympathetic understanding, endears us to our friends and home, while our geniality, patience, forbearance and tranquility makes us indispensable in the big discordant world of work and conquest.

The Heart of Life.

Within my heart's most holy place
Where only God had held His hidden shrine;
There gleams in radiant glory, your dear face;
And life is love, and loving, half divine.

Oh! Heart of Hearts! my soul is drunk with joy!
So madly have I called you through all time;
I held a faith that years could not destroy,
And now, at last, at last, I call you mine.

DR. SEARS.

Consciousness of Life.

By E. H. PRATT, M.D.

Consciousness of Life as our source and as our destiny is helpful at all times in one important particular. It annihilates all sense of individual isolation and separateness. We can no longer be lonesome, for we are life-born, life-sustained and life-destined.

It is comforting to be wanted. To feel that our part in the plan of creation is as essential as it is individual, feeds our self-respect and all our laudable aspirations on sustaining manna. It quenches our thirst with a satisfying draught of living waters. Our personal services are wanted. Whatever we are good for is in demand. For this sentiment to permeate our blood stream and tingle along our nerve cords until it becomes the conscious sentiment of our entire cellular construction is to make things seem worth while. The inter-communication between the bodily structures is so complete, the associated press of the organs is so perfect, that what is felt or recognized in one part of the body immediately becomes a matter of universal tissue knowledge.

The bodily unity is marvelous. How truly wonderful is this arrangement! It constitutes the body a unit, an ideal government, a world in itself, creation's perfect model. As a result of their intimacy, all parts of the body are glad together or sad together. Smiles and tears, loves and hates, joys and sorrows, faith and doubt, triumph and discouragement, strength and weakness, hope and fear, indeed, all possible moods and experiences of consciousness—yes, of subconsciousness as well, are felt synchronously throughout the whole body, and work their upbuilding or disintegrating effects upon the entire bodily organization, thus influencing for good or for bad, all physical functioning and conditions. When food is taken into the alimentary canal only what is digested and assimilated assists in body building and renewing; the remainder is but refuse to be loaded on one of the funeral trains.

Accurately corresponding to this is the process of character building. Only such ideas and sentiments as are in some way outwardly expressed become permanent acquisitions. Only what we DO do we BE-COME. Emotions of any kind may well up within us and tingle to the very borders of our physical organization, but they will remain but passing colorings, neither helpful nor harmful, unless, by an act of the will, we crystallize them into some type of physical expression. If we just put them in language, in writing, in our walking, in our gesticulating, in something we say or do, then they are ours as a permanent acquisition; by this practical endorsement we have made whatever they stand for a part of ourselves.

It is a great privilege to be thus in supreme command of our destiny. We can become what we will. We can choose what sentiments we prefer to make our permanent possession. We are not footballs for circumstance; not at the mercy of incidents and accidents, not mere chips on the waters of time, at the mercy of winds and waves, of facts, of happenings, of sayings and of opinions of others. All human experiences are to us but outside facts; these constitute merely our brick pile, our lumber yard, our storage of supplies from which we make our selection, as we build our abiding places and carry out our other purposes. We do not have to stay with things from the outside, but only with our interpretation of them, our use of them—how we take them. We are free to select, free to adopt, free to make use of all logic, free to incorporate it in all of our constructive work, be it an outward house or an inward character; but the power of adaptation lies in the doing. I must make use of what I select; I must crystallize it into some form of physical activity before it can be truly my own and a part of myself. This is the great advantage of all types of gymnasium work. Mere physical exercise is of little consequence in itself; the important part

is, what am I exercising? Whatever the quality of my emotions at the time of physical activity immediately becomes the sentiment of my tissues. As I would race for a goal, shoot at a target, aim at an object, aspire to a throne, seek to become the embodiment of an ideal, while I am exercising, walking, riding, talking, breathing, I must concentrate steadily upon desirable stuff. If my body is to be healthy, my moods must be wholesome; if my character is to be a happy one, in my moments of physical activity I must see to it that my mind is concerned with the impulses that make for happiness.

It is comforting to have at command a practical method by which my purposes can be carried to fruition, a definite exercise by which my ideals can be transformed into permanent embodiment. Now, while talking, writing, walking, gesticulating and the various forms of manual labor all have their uses in working out my destiny, of all types of physical activity, perhaps the most magical in its ability to solidify formless, molten emotional states into physical embodiment, is respiration. I can picture myself as I would be, and, by concentration and steadiness of purpose, I can breathe myself into the reality of its accomplishment. By systematic breathing exercises, inspired by any sincere want of my nature, held in steady, vivid concentration, I can

secure its legitimate products. By careless living have I permitted myself to become enslaved to destructive or otherwise unfortunate habits which act as obstacles to my serious aspirations? By systematic breathing to a purpose I can establish habits antagonistic to these that shall annihilate their power, free me from their bondage and enable me once more to trudge on goalward. If upon self-examination I find that I am habitually irritable, I can breathe amiability to such perfect establishment in consciousness, that the tendency to irritability will be completely banished from my nature. If I detect the presence of fear or worry or anxiety I can breathe their opposites or antidotes into sovereignty. Do lusts of the flesh tempt me to be satisfied with the nourishment they afford? My true spiritual self can be speedily breathed into power and all my appetites easily made to understand that they are my servants and not my masters.

Step by step can consciousness thus be renovated, educated and uplifted to its complete awakening to goodness and truth. I can not master myself, but Truth can master me, and the full power of Truth can be invoked at my call. I can breathe it into shining in every part of my nature where lurks the darkness of ignorance and of error.

Thinks.

DR. SEARS.

Sadness is a habit—as easily acquired or broken as any other habit.

* * *

Life is a tide—we cannot escape its ebb and flow.

* * *

Youth is one state of mind, old age another. No one escapes these mental attitudes, but one is great or small in them according to his understanding.

Ugliness of face and form is the evidence of centuries of inharmonious thinking and acting.

* * *

When beauty is only "skin deep" it will be lost in another incarnation.

* * *

We are the outside picture in form, of the states of mind we intensify.

About Baptism.

E. S. ROMERO-TODESCO.

Leaving aside Baptism from a theologian's standpoint, many queer customs and superstitions relating to the various forms of Baptism are very interesting.

According to Edward Clodd, the modern Sacerdotalist represents in the ceremony of Baptism the barbaric belief in the virtue of water as in some way equally difficult to both medicine-man and priest to define—a vehicle of supernatural efficacy.

Christian Baptism is, of course, the sacrament by which a person is initiated into the Christian Church. Baptists are one of the denominations of Christians who deny the validity of infant Baptism and of sprinkling, and maintain that Baptism should be administered to believers alone, and should be by immersion.

Anabaptists are the members of any sect holding that rebaptizing is necessary for those baptized in infancy.

Hypothetical Baptism was administered in certain doubtful cases with the formula: "If thou art baptized, I do not rebaptize; if thou art not, I baptize thee in the name of the Father," etc. There existed a Baptism of the Dead which seems to have been founded on the opinion that when men had neglected to receive baptism in their lifetime, some compensation might be made for this default by their receiving it after death, or by another being baptized for them. This practice was chiefly used among various heretical sects.

The Baptism of the Tropics or of the Line was originally carried out in a reverent spirit on board ships that sailed safely across the imaginary line of the equator; but it degenerated into an unseemly sea-carnival display, and a picture showing it thus portrayed is by Mr. Biard. It was exhibited in the Paris Salon, 1834, and is called "Baptême Sous la Ligne." The ceremony of baptizing the tropics first took place in the Fifteenth Century, when the Portuguese made their expeditions in Africa.

In the diet of Nuremberg of 1581, the ceremony of baptizing bells to make them

capable of driving away tempests and devils was declared to be a superstitious practice, contrary to the Christian religion.

The first records of baptisms of bells, ships, and inanimate things, are to be found in the Capitulars of Charles the Great. Baronues carries its antiquity only to the year 968, when the great bell of the Church of Lateran was christened by Pope John III.

The baptism of fire consists in being present for the first time at a battle.

Baptism of blood is synonymous to martyrdom.

Concerning the baptism of children many superstitions held sway in olden times. Dr. Moresin was an eye-witness in Scotland to a newly baptized infant being taken on its return from church and vibrated three or four times gently over a flame, saying and repeating twice: "Let the flame consume thee, now or never."

This practice comes from the ancient feast performed in Athens, called Amphidromia, which was held on the fifth day after the birth of the child, when it was the custom for the gossips to run round the fire with the infant in their arms, and then, having delivered it to the nurse, they were entertained with feasting and dancing.

The ancient Irish mothers at the birth of a male child put the first meat into the infant's mouth upon the point of her husband's sword, with wishes that it might die only in war, or by the sword.

Pennant says that in the Highlands midwives give new-born babes a small spoonful of earth and whisky as the first food they take.

The ministers of Logierait in Perthshire, describing the superstitious opinions and practices in the parish, says: "When a child was baptized privately, it was not long since customary to put the child upon a clean basket having a cloth previously spread over it, with bread and cheese put into the cloth, and then to move the basket three times successively round the iron crook which hangs over the fire from the roof of the

house, for the purpose of supporting the pots when water is boiled or victuals are prepared.

This might be anciently intended to counteract the malignant arts which witches and evil spirits were imagined to practice against new-born infants.

And Herrick says:

Bring the holy crust of bread,
Lay it underneath the head;
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away while children sleep.

At one time the whole body used to be immersed in Baptism, and in reference to this practice Giraldus Cambrensis says that "at the baptizing of the infants of the wild Irish, their manner was not to dip their right arm into the water, that so, as they thought, they might give a more deep and incurable blow."

According to the Catholic faith, Christian baptism was established when Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist.

Baptism, rationally considered, is merely the symbol of purity; for to be clean is to be pure before God. In the act of washing the body the intention is, symbolically, to wash the soul. The ancients washed in the Ganges, whose waters were reputed sacred.

To be baptized is to be spiritually reborn; in the genesis the earth comes out of the waters; and the dove which hovered about Jesus was the bird symbolizing the earth coming out of the waters.

Tertullien says that water is the seat of the Holy Ghost. Water was the first element in which life manifested itself, and accordingly, it is natural that water should be used in baptism to bring life. In spite of this spiritual re-birth given to man by Holy Baptism, Rigault was sorry to find that

"The world is full of baptized pagans
Who believe themselves to be Christians."

On the Shelves.

HERE AND HEREAFTER, by Julia Seton Sears, M. D. The Column Publishing Company, New York American Building, New York. Price, 35c.—1s. 6d.

The first enemy to be overcome is death; and death can only be overcome through deeper understanding of the finer forces.

This book is a rift in the curtain, between this world and that one over there.

Certain knowledge of the life beyond the grave is not so plentiful that one can afford to pass by anything that promises a little more light on the path.

Much of all that is spoken and written is only material to be used as a signboard, pointing the way, but never passing over it.

"Here and Hereafter" speaks with authority, and could only be written by one who *knows* and who is not a stranger to the laws of life on either side.

If it had no other message in it than the one of how to find your dead in your sleep, it would be invaluable to those who mourn; but its pages are full of certain and definite statements for human guidance.

With this knowledge, death becomes simply the open door through which the

spirit passes at will, even while he is yet in his natural body; and when "the call" comes, he has already explored the country to which he is journeying.

THE BROTHER OF THE THIRD DEGREE, by L. Garvin. The Purdy Publishing Company, Chicago. By mail, \$1.35.

This is a wonderful book. The writer is plainly a high initiate of the Temple teachings.

The book is full of much that is an eternal verity, and of much that is superstitious, pretension and old race beliefs, none of which is valuable as real knowledge, but which serves to stimulate the curiosity of the mass man, and lead him on to finish the realities of the book.

Pure truth is too simple; so the writer has clothed it in the fascinating garb of phantasy and magic.

Brothers of the Third Degree are beside us in every walk of life. This book will help you recognize them, and will do a great work in the consciousness of those for whom it is written.

Some Practical Virtues.

JAMES ROBERT WHITE.

It is only too true that most of us to-day are living on the material and competitive plane where the masses swallow up the individual in the mad rush for success, fame—or mere existence. As a result of this terrible momentum toward mammon and pre-eminence, social and individual virtues have weakened and waned—especially along lines that measure gentleness and refinement.

To one cause and another may be traced the steady decline from the days of Chivalry to the present time. *Selfness* in its true and legitimate sense has grown into *Selfishness* in a great many little ways, and the result is not only marked indifference frequently to the rights and feelings of others, but a decided lowering of standards that should properly be exercised at all times and along all lines.

Let us first consider the simple question of cheerfulness, basing our thought on the Biblical question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Too seldom do we stop to think of the wonderful reaction of a smile—a cheerful expression, whether of face or word. Away back in the days when Sparta reigned supreme in Greece, the mandate went forth to all those within the city that despite the awful tidings of slaughter and loss in battle, expressions of joy and merriment should be seen everywhere in public. And we are told that those who lost and suffered most seemed most jubilant in the throng. This sounds extreme to us to-day, when few are called upon to exercise such heroism. But in a lesser degree and surely for much greater reasons, the man or woman whom we meet in the social life of the present should feel the obligation of conveying only such influence as will elevate the thought, arouse nobler emotions, and inspire others to grander effort. In this sense, we certainly are our brothers' keepers. Yet, alas, how often the passing glance on a thoroughfare detects the opposite feelings and emotions as the facial lines are read, and thus is registered a negative influence. Browning has so admirably portrayed this civilizing and human-

izing power in his poem "Pippa Passes" where he sings with Pippa:

"God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Another individual virtue that should be ever present with us in our daily family and social intercourse, but which is almost lost to sight in its practical workings, is that of attributing to another right motives and complete effort, whatever the result. Instead, if something ends wrong, we hear the heartless phrase—"I told you so," implying wilful failure and faithless endeavor. And what is so akin to annihilation as such lack of appreciation when he who served has done the best he could. The act is close akin to murder, for it slays the spiritual life if not the physical of the individual. I would not bespeak false praise—for "with what measure ye mete, that shall be measured to you again;" but full and complete understanding that what is unfortunate in its ending was likely most favorable in its beginning and fondly sought by the one who labored for its fulfillment. We all err in the doing right along, for none of us are perfect; but most of us have just as strong desire for satisfactory results as have those who observe and pass judgment. All who as teachers deal with immature, undeveloped child life, should especially heed this caution; and these are not secondary to parents—the greatest possible teachers of all, who wisely hold in mind that "the highest order of criticism is commendation."

Maturity views the same point from many perspective positions, making it impossible for all of us to see the same thing in the same way. Hence the necessity of imputing either right motives or no motive at all rather than the first seemingly plausible negative one.

Right in this connection we may consider the response made by one to another for some attention or slight service rendered. We are so constantly dependent one upon another that we grow careless and callous of our obligations. In this connection I am not regarding a formal etiquette

of surface manoeuvres that often conceal insincerity, but rather a natural, spontaneous expression of our consciousness and appreciation of another's act in our behalf. Words often conceal rather than reveal a true feeling, for frequently they are clumsy messengers; but I maintain that if the thought only momentarily centres on the obligation, the proper response will be conveyed in natural terms to the expectant and appreciating soul. A glance, a gesture, a slight movement only of a feature—to say nothing of words—may convey volumes of feeling. You recall, it was too slight and insignificant a thing for Sir Lamsfal to do to give a cold draught to the beggar at his gate as he went forth on his quest; instead, he threw the alms that the beggar spurned, for he read the heart back of the giving. Sir Lamsfal, like too many of us, was giving thought to larger things of repute, as the world measures them, yet the Almighty sat at his gate pleading for some slight consideration. The slightest possible service rendered to another is rendered as to the Father of All.

In this work-a-day world we are all doing something. It is a working world—if only the effort is trying to kill time. All real work is honest and honorable, and the world needs great and willing workers—not drones. And in the doing, the only legitimate aim is the doing of it *well*.

Some one has said wisely that perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection is no trifle. Now perfection results only when everything that it implies is right. Good material poorly put together never made perfection; anything *half* done is surely not *well* done. And so it would seem that there is no chance in this great plan of work—if Creation is still going on, and we are helping the evolution—for us to slight any effort without bringing failure and ultimate destruction to all.

You have doubtless read the fable of the man who hired a good laborer to do a quick, or shabby, piece of work, because he had no money to pay for a better effort.

When the work was finished, the man was surprised at its perfection and feared the price to pay. But the laborer replied—"If you pay all you can and I do the work, I must do all I can; I cannot afford to do poor work even though the price be small."

How often we realize another's need and our ability to satisfy it at comparatively small cost, but fail to do so *because it is inconvenient*. How little treasure are we laying up for ourselves by such response! Christ found it not beneath Divine dignity to wash his disciples' feet, when those who saw felt a human chagrin. He thereby taught a lesson of thoughtfulness of others even at some slight sacrifice. We are servants one to another—not because we would be, but because the condition is inherent in social life.

Then, again, the proprieties of time, place, and occasion, may well hold our attention more than they do. There is always a psychological moment, we are told, and I doubt not an equally psychological—that is appropriate—place and occasion of everything. Too often, however, we are stunned by improprieties—the lack of simple fitness in dress and behavior. The lower strata of society to-day are economically in error because of trying to employ standards of living appropriate to—at least, employed by those more lavishly endowed with worldly goods and opportunity. Discontent and dissatisfaction result, and their only prestige—disaster and downfall.

There is the right way always, whether it be concerning the word spoken, the deed enacted, or the opportunity embraced.

To sum up briefly, right for right's sake is a good rule to follow in trying to apply these suggestions to everyday life. Not to gauge our act by another's interpretation, or for unnecessary and other lesser reasons, but by our minor standard in consciousness. Then the result may be what it will—it is right. If it concerns a principle, so much the more need; but equally important is it if it concerns only the individual.

It is a wise parent who teaches his children to give as well as to save, for therein lies the chance for this world's happiness. Over the North Pole should be written the word "Save," over the South Pole "Earn," and on the equator girdling the whole earth "Give." Then would the children of to-day bring peace and love to this globe.—N. Y. World.

Childhood and Early Education of Jesus.

FROM THE AQUARIAN GOSPEL OF JESUS THE
CHRIST, BY LEVI.

Now Rabbi Barachia, of the synagogue of Nazareth, was aid to Mary in the teaching of her son.

One morning after service in the synagogue, the rabbi said to Jesus, as he sat in silent thought: Which is the greatest of the Ten Commandments?

And Jesus said: I do not see a greatest of the Ten Commands. I see a golden cord that runs through all the Ten Commands that binds them fast and makes them one.

This cord is love, and it belongs to every word of all the Ten Commands.

If one is full of love he can do nothing else but worship God; for God is love.

If one is full of love he cannot kill; he cannot falsely testify; he cannot covet; can do naught but honor God and man.

If one is full of love he does not need commands of any kind.

And Rabbi Barachia said: Your words are seasoned with the salt of wisdom that is from above. Who is the teacher who has opened up this truth to you?

And Jesus said: I do not know that any teacher opens up this truth for me. It seems to me that truth was never shut; that it was always opened up, for truth is one and it is everywhere.

And if we open up the windows of our minds, the truth will enter in and make herself at home; for truth can find her way through any crevice, any window, any open door.

The rabbi said: What hand is strong enough to open up the windows and the doors of the mind so truth can enter in?

And Jesus said: It seems to me that love, the golden cord that binds the Ten Commands in one, is strong enough to open any human door so truth can enter in and cause the heart to understand.

Now, in the evening Jesus and his mother sat alone, and Jesus said:

The rabbi seems to think that God is partial in his treatment of the sons of men; that Jews are favored and are blest above all other men.

I do not see how God can have his favorites and be just.

Are not Samaritans and Greeks and Romans just as much the children of the Holy One as are the Jews?

I think the Jews have built a wall about themselves, and they see nothing on the other side of it.

They do not know that flowers are blooming over there; that sowing times and reaping times belong to anybody but the Jews.

It surely would be well if we could break these barriers down so that the Jews might see that God has other children that are just as greatly blest.

I want to go from Jewry land and meet my kin in other countries of my Fatherland.

Just for Fun.

With regard to the competition described under this heading in the February issue, Mr. Brickett's decision re the awards arrived too late to permit of us detailing it in this issue. It will appear in the April number, and in the circumstances we are pleased to renew our offer of three months' subscription to "The Column" free to anyone who can accurately forecast what Mr. Brickett's decision is.—
Editor.

Earn Your Vacation Money One Hundred Dollars.

“The Column” offers a prize of *ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS* in cash to the person who sends the greatest number of subscriptions by July 1st.

¶ The Contest will open 1st March and close July 1st. It is entirely unlimited, as the one who sends the greatest number of subscriptions by July 1st will receive the \$100—£20 in cash.

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New Thought at Home and Abroad.

AT HOME.

The New Thought Church and School, New York American Building, Columbus Circle, New York City.

Julia Seton Sears, M. D., founder.

On Sunday morning, February 22nd, the second Union Service was held, and the speakers who were listened to with evident pleasure were Mrs. Sophia Van Marter, William Osborn McDowell and Dr. Sears.

These Union Services will be a monthly fixture, and at the next one, to be held on March 29th, the speakers and subjects will be: Mrs. Elizabeth Silverwood, "The Eternal Verities"; Swami Abhedananda, "Divine Communion," Mrs. C. Fisk, "What Does God Require?" and Dr. Sears, "The Roots of Pain."

On Monday evening, February 23rd, Dr. Sears gave a dance at the Empire Hotel, 63rd St. and Broadway, for the benefit of the New Civilization Fraternity. The occasion was a real "play-time" and there was a large attendance.

On Sunday, March 8th, Dr. Sears will be with the New Thought Church, Huntington Chambers, Boston, Mass., and, in her absence, the platform at 48th Street Theatre will be taken by Swami Abhedananda.

The New Civilization Fraternity, 46 American Building, Columbus Circle, New York City.

Weekly meetings every Monday evening at 8:30.

Mrs. L. Dow Balliett, who is so widely known and accepted as the first authority in the psychology of "Names and Num-

bers," will lecture in the Fraternity Room, on Wednesday evening, March 18th, at 8 o'clock. Her subject will be "The Vibrations of a Master," and a very interesting and instructive lecture is promised.

Mrs. Balliett will also hold classes for those wishing to study her philosophy of numbers.

Church of The Silent Demand, Chicago, Ill.
Pastor, E. J. Northrop.

A letter received from the pastor tells of a volume of successful and uplifting work accomplished during February.

Many members have received great assistance from the Silence Hours observed almost daily by this centre, and there is promise of still higher realization for the future months.

The New Thought Church and School, Huntington Chambers, Boston, Mass.

Founder, Julia Seton Sears, M. D.

Pastor, Emma C. Poore.

Dr. Sears will be in Boston, a guest of the Church and School, from Friday, March 6, till Monday, March 10.

ABROAD.

The New Thought Church and School of London, 78-80 Edgware Road, London, England.

Pastor, Muriel Brown.

Founder, Julia Seton Sears, M. D.

Services every Sunday at 11:15 a. m., Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street. Weekly classes in the School.

Program of forthcoming lectures, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary on application.

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 New Thought Church and School, 1789 East 89th Street, Cleveland, O.—Pastor, Mrs. Ella Fish.
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