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AND THE

NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.

HORATIO W. DRESSER, Editor.

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WAR FROM THE METAPHYSICAL STANDPOINT.

BY HENRY WOOD.

WAR, like every other human phenomenon, may be studied from a variety of points of view, thereby revealing unlike aspects. We may survey it from the patriotic, ethical, social, humanitarian, religious or economic standpoint, and as a result reach one-sided and even misleading conclusions. But the metaphysics of war subtly permeates or rather underlies them all. The things which are revealed by the conventional studies enumerated are in the nature of surface indications, while only a deeper penetration into the constitution of man can lay bare the causative roots and essence of wholesale human conflict.

The same war may be holy or unholy, necessary or unnecessary, humanitarian or barbarous, as logically interpreted from the premises of the observer. But the true significance of every great human activity is only determinable in the light of a philosophy which is both metaphysical and evolutionary. But even under such an examination there are two sides of the subject which seem unlike and even in opposition. On the one hand it is not easy to look at war specifically and relatively without some feeling and appearance of pessimism. But as the optimistic conclusion is the only true and final one, we suggest that if

the first pages of this paper carry any tinge of the former, judgment be held in abeyance until the final summing up is reached. In the closing synthesis we shall find that war is only an educational incident in an eternal economy which is wholly beneficent and optimistic. This larger encloses and swallows up the smaller, for the circumference of the Good is boundless.

Beginning, then, with the more specific and limited investigation, we may definitely state the foundation principle, that the sole cause of war is found in the evolutionary survival of brutehood in man, while objective questions or international differences, which are commonly regarded as causes, are really but occasions. The almost universal popular obliviousness to this vital distinction is responsible for a large part of the misery of the world. Occasions, being comparatively superficial, should be entirely under human control. Real causative forces are too deeply imbedded in the nature of things for the average man to grasp, much less to truly weigh and measure.

While the phenomenon of war is visible and objective, war itself is entirely within the mind of man. The action of armies and navies commonly called war is only war's outward expression. The latter is secondary. When collective passion rises to such a pressure as to find embodiment in fitting instruments, the visible signs are named war. But the term is applied to a symptom rather than to the disease. The real culprit hides himself beneath a great pile of rubbish. While the metaphysical philosophy inculcates only a recognition of the good, war is the dominant recognition of evil.

We are now prepared to take what may seem a bold step, and affirm that the greatest harmfulness of war does not consist in its material desolating touch, the bitterness of pain, the tragedy of wounds, the carnage of battle, nor the accompanying harvest of disease. Terrible and revolting as these concomitants appear to us, the monster which overtops them all is the great tidal wave of collective hatred. This is behind all bullets and shells, and all fuses are ignited by its heat. Among the

millions of a great nation which is in the throes of strife, not one in a hundred loses life or limb in battle, while the deadly *spirit* of destructive antagonism rankles in the national heart, to its utmost territorial limits. Consciously or unconsciously, all are immersed in a great psychical sea of hatred, and, aside from actual combatants, the one and absorbing impulse towards the other millions is destruction. The more complete such destruction the greater the rejoicing. The passion becomes so general and consuming that it might truly be diagnosed as a sweeping and collective monomania. Any normal and true sanity must include a measure of love and sympathy towards every human brother, of whatever race or name. Any so-called patriotism or religion which limits this outflow to national boundaries is a sham and a deception. A true evolutionary or even humanitarian view shows that nationality is but artificial. The race is nothing less than a solidarity.

Hatred is more disintegrating to its subjective possessor than to its assumed objective. Its blight begins at the core. It glories in the destruction of thousands of innocent men when they happen to be on the "other side." From its very nature, enmity dwarfs the soul and stunts every normal and wholesome impulse towards growth in virtue and Godlikeness. The judgment of wholesale brute force is blind, and has no guarantee of justice. Even if war seem to have a righteous excuse, its corrupting character is inherent and indelible. Human brotherhood, love and unity are so deeply engraven as normal in the constitution of man, that a reversal of them is not only abnormal, but positively deadly. The Sermon on the Mount, with its injunction, "Love your enemies," is so vitally a part of man's life that its violation, so long as it continues, constitutes "the unpardonable sin." The very nature of the case determines it. That peculiar "sin" is not an act, but a condition. "God is Love," and his nature is the economy of the cosmos. Even the "stars in their courses" turn against him who tramples upon universal law. War is often more dangerous to the victorious

than the defeated nation. Its "flaming sword" turns every way. To violate the basic principles of one's being is to invite subjective penalty, until amid the bitter dregs of an unnecessary and dearly-bought object-lesson one in the last, desperate extremity "comes to himself."

While we will not aver, as some one has vividly depicted, that the invisible forms, or astral bodies, of those who pass out amid the strife of the battle-field continue the destruction in which they are so absorbed — hardly aware of the loss of their cruder shapes — yet what a boundless contrast between such a removal and a transition which is in any degree ideal. What confusion! What darkness! What a psychical obsession by the demon of destruction!

But the war system is drawing near to its end. Moral, ethical, and even political differences among nations are soon to be adjusted by ideals of right rather than by brute force. Through the merciful and beneficent progress of spiritual evolution, the countless multitude of souls which in the past has been ushered into the unseen, quivering with convulsive struggles, and fresh from the fields of conflict, is not to be duplicated in the future.

The keynote of the great Christian ideal as expressed by the "Heavenly Host" was, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will towards men." However we may differ regarding the degree of literalism or symbolism involved in the song Celestial, there can be no difference of opinion as to the principle declared, or that it enunciates the rule through which man's highest development is to be worked out. The final touchstone by which every objective institution, system or phenomenon must be judged may be summed up in the question, Is it based upon love and good-will? These form the all-inclusive, human ideal. Whether on this or the next plane of existence, it is the only possible creator of that condition of harmony called heaven. It is progress upward and onward. Every war is an evolutionary turning backward, a bringing of the brute again to the front.

All differences of less than an international magnitude have been conventionally provided for, and vengeance, even so-called righteous vengeance, has been outlawed and constituted a crime. When the evolutionary step from the brute to man was taken, a large residuum of the former was brought over. The new veneer, though very apparent, was yet very thin. The working unit was the individual, and there was belligerency toward everything beyond. Slowly the limit extended so as to include the family, and, step by step, to take in the clan and the tribe, and it has now reached the nation. Here we are still lodged. Patriotism is yet construed to be, regard for those within the national limit, with an inferred and illy concealed jealousy and antagonism towards all outside. Politics, ethics, poetry, fiction and literature with practical unanimity are here encamped. When will they move on? When will all humanity be practically included? So soon as the whole family of man is seen to be an organism. In the past it has seemed to be but a mass of disconnected and even antagonistic elements. The highest good of each was supposed to be included only in itself. But the dawn of the great truth, that HUMANITY IS ONE, cannot much longer be postponed.

What an utter inversion of all logic to give relatively small crimes repulsive names, while that on the most gigantic scale is counted, not only as excusable, but laudably patriotic and even glorious. The rising of the war spirit into overt activity is rarely the result of any deliberate and well-reasoned purpose, but rather of a general cumulative and contagious passion. The principles of the Sermon on the Mount are not only designed for practical use, but are positively scientific. William Penn and his associates put them into actual demonstration. They lived in the midst of ten powerful and barbarous Indian tribes, with no military defence whatever. They were armed, though without visible weapons, and were strong with unseen strength. But as the brute still depends, both for defence and aggression, upon its horns, claws or beak, so men put their trust in armies

and navies, giving little heed to the compelling force of moral ideals. Nearly all wars have come, not from a dispute as to any vital principle, but from racial or religious prejudice, personal or party ambition, selfish hunger for territory, or a lawless antagonism falsely labeled patriotism. There are plenty of plausible excuses, but it is mainly through such incidents or weaknesses that passion assumes the character of a tidal wave, and a nation is swept into that wholesale destructive spirit whose outward manifestation is called war.

Millions who would scorn to play the bully in any lesser relations will applaud themselves for doing it on an international scale. If at the outset of a conflict there are misgivings or objections among the more thoughtful majority, they are swept away by a loud and aggressive minority, and by a well-known psychological process the movement soon carries all before it. While there has been no ethical change in reality, that which seemed unnecessary and unholy becomes righteous. On the surface every war is undertaken for some justifiable and beneficent purpose. But were it possible to eliminate all the elements of selfishness, personal and collective ambition and military glory, subtly present in multiform combination, what would be left?

But as a wholesome optimism shows that good comes out of evil, may not war be justified upon such a principle? It is really a question of how dearly good shall be purchased. So long as men insist upon paying a very high price for what may be had for the asking, war will have a negative utility. There are some things which each generation insists upon learning through bitter experience. One advantage in this is that the knowledge gained is very thorough. To drive out a lesser evil by means of the sum of all evils is revolutionary rather than evolutionary; nevertheless the purpose is often accomplished. If "war is hell," it can never be desirable until, in a dire emergency, hell is needed as a medicament.

During the prevalence of war the whole psychical atmosphere

is surcharged with ideas of destruction. Weapons, armaments, murderous inventions, sieges, charges and conquests are the staple mental pabulum. Every mind is filled with pictures of strife and carnage, and everything not pertaining to war is at a discount. Unless of the warlike variety, literature is flat, fiction dull, art insipid, history lifeless, and science tame. The enginery of war is all important. There is no glory but military glory, and no heroism but that of the sword. The glamour of the pomp and pageantry of war alone is brilliant. The white-winged fleets of commerce are transmuted into gigantic vehicles of death and destruction. The peaceful uprearing of decades is leveled in a day, and the slowly accumulated savings of a nation are squandered with a prodigal rapidity. Human life in all its phases is overshadowed by the dark cloud of wholesale slaughter. The gospel doctrine of non-resistance is unrecognized, and dependence is still centred upon carnal weapons.

The future political ideal among nations is federation, but this can come only through a previous federation of heart and soul. We are members one of another, whether in smaller or larger combination. The world is materially tied together in many ways unknown in the past, but good-will is the strongest and only normal bond. The weal of each is more and more the weal of all. Profoundly viewed, there are no "diverse interests." Universal good-will would usher in a veritable millennium—a kingdom of heaven upon earth.

Having outlined a few of the metaphysical aspects of war, it may be in order to enumerate and trace out a few of the roots which subtly nourish the spirit of militarism. We may note:

First, through Fiction. Its glory and glitter, its pomp and pageantry, are delineated in the action and plot of novels, where the spirit of antagonism often runs through the whole warp and woof. Military grandeur and heroism are made the vital centre around which all circumstance and interest revolve.

Second, through the Drama. War struts upon the stage, and is deftly interwoven with charming scenery, environment,

incident, love-making, rescue, sentiment, freedom, and even peace itself. Its cruelty and demoralization are hidden, and its intrinsic character outwardly painted and gilded.

Third, through Art. The ideal mission of the artist is to cultivate, through the eye, the spirit of beauty, harmony, symmetry and spirituality; but his talent is often degraded to the representation of battle-scenes, impossible charges, the clash of arms, savagery, and mortal combat. No matter how technically correct such creations may be, for the more perfectly done the more harmful, they intoxicate the mind with a mock grandeur, and photograph mental pictures which are lastingly demoralizing.

Fourth, through Poetry. Even poets, whose privilege it is to be the prophets and inspirers of mankind, often forget their grand mission, and glorify the scenes of human strife, through the charm of rhythm, versification and literary art.

Fifth, through History. Historians unwittingly lend their aid to dignify the insatiate Moloch. A very large and unnecessary proportion of the records of the past is especially devoted to human conflict, intrigue, ambition and conquest; and thus the student of history lives and breathes the atmosphere of destruction, which not only surrounds but permeates him.

Sixth, through Tradition. Folk-lore and legend paint highly-colored incidents, and present surface details of the monster with his great mass of terrible realism forgotten or hidden.

Seventh, through Music. The divine art of music is invoked to divert the attention of men from the inner spirit of enmity. It confers a sentimental charm upon the deadly intent. What would an army be without the roll of the drum, the shriek of the fife, and the inspiring melody of the march? The Marseilles hymn has hypnotized its countless thousands. Without the impelling power of martial music, the poetic mask of the wholesale destruction of life and limb would be stripped off, and its true nature laid bare. Its inspiring strains upon the battle-field yield a collective mental intoxication, so that carnage and cruelty are forgotten.

Eighth, through caparisonment and decoration. Why should men adorn themselves with feathers when they are bent upon mutual destruction? To make them forget, so far as possible, the nature of the business in which they are engaged.

Ninth, through the magnitude of military operations. The colossal scale of imposing evolutions, and the rhythm of marches, cause men to lose their individuality, and become simply part of a vast destructive machine. An army is a despotic unit. A single will is imperious, so that the authority of a czar is freedom itself in comparison.

Tenth, through early education. Ferocity in the child is stimulated and cultivated by stories, precepts, playthings, and especially by military drills. The "boys' brigades" of the present day undoubtedly have a harmful tendency. In passing let us express the hope that they may soon be replaced by something like the "George junior republics," where discipline, industry, judgment and self-control are stimulated, without any admixture of the belligerent sentiment.

May we also add a kindly hint regarding the subtle influence of military and even patriotic associations? While rightfully glorifying the heroic virtues of our honored ancestors, there is an insidious possibility of apotheosizing this same deceitful passion. The light of the closing decade of this notable century is far brighter than that which shone upon our worthy forefathers.

The reformation of educational histories may also be noted as of vital importance in the dethronement of the tyrant of mutual destruction! A sentimental hatred towards other nations is imbibed by millions of childish minds, and innumerable impressions of antagonism are made which can hardly be effaced. The determining influence which comes from such seed-sowing in the fertile soil of youthful mentality is beyond computation.

How can each one of us, as individuals, lend a hand in the advancement of this great reform, which already has received some impetus?

Let every pulpit which is occupied by an ambassador of the Prince of Peace proclaim anew the very foundation principle of Christianity.

Let the hundreds of thousands of noble women who belong to the great temperance, charitable, humanitarian and other reformatory and benevolent organizations agitate for the removal of this colossal relic of barbarism! In no other way can they so effectively relieve the woes of humanity which they are trying to heal. Let those numerous societies which have been formed to perpetuate patriotic sentiments, and to keep in mind the heroic achievements of noble ancestors, have a care that in their well-meant enthusiasm they do not unwittingly stimulate the subtle spirit of militarism.

Let every philanthropist and economist who is conscientiously striving to stop one or two small leaks in the ship of state, give some heed to the great reefs in its course upon which it may be dashed.

Let every wife and mother who has a husband or son, who, in the course of events, may become food for the insatiate monster, add her voice to the swelling chorus which shall demand its abolition.

Let every scientist and evolutionist, who is anxiously waiting for the time when the animalism in man shall be overcome, urge a higher moral and spiritual unfoldment; for only this can still a selfish antagonism.

Let the daily press, now so largely devoted to the details of a degrading sensationalism, rise to the occasion, in an educational work important beyond all precedent.

Let teachers, who are shaping and guiding plastic minds, show the beauty of peace; let them teach the power of higher ideals, and how to win real victories; let them exhibit moral heroism as manly and honorable when compared with brute force; let them remind their pupils that "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Let fathers seek to guide that youthful exuberance in their

sons, which finds expression in militarism, into higher channels and toward more worthy ideals.

Let the sovereign people, in the elections of members of congress and senators, choose such men as will not misrepresent them, and longer sustain the reign of brute force in the place of law, reason and right.

Let the great truth go out to the world that so soon as men overcome the animalism within them they virtually conquer enemies without. Let them put away suspicion, envy and revenge, and rise to a manhood which shall be characterized by justice, mercy, love and peace.

It now remains to sum up the subject in the light of the broadest evolutionary and metaphysical philosophy. If in the absolute and ultimate the foregoing pages seem to involve any degree of pessimism, we shall endeavor to set at rest such an impression. So far war has been considered relatively and specifically, and such a view brings out its ugly features. But in the broader study of human progress in the whole divine economy, it is only incidental and educational. Evolutionary advancement is not uniformly steady. It often takes a bound forward or seemingly backward, which, in a way, is *revolutionary*. The smaller revolution is enclosed in the larger evolution. Even an apparent retrograde through educational influence may store up added momentum for an accelerated progress toward the ideal of universal love and peace. If, as before quoted, "war is hell," some taste of hell may reveal its quality as no amount of precept could do. Contrast may render a most important aid as a true interpreter. "Evil" finally blossoms into good because within it are contained purifying fires which in due season reduce falsity to ashes and bring into full view the great normal reality of eternal Good.

The unending march of human development is never by measured step, for vibration is universal. Every rounded action contains an element of reaction, and there is some natural recoil to every forward impulse. As the surplus steam in a boiler

finds vent through the safety valve, so the residuum of brute-hood in man will seek occasional outlet until it finally disappears. Such outbursts are both indexes and object lessons. War, therefore, while ideally bad, is provisionally good. So long as it exists it has a utilitarian mission. Its black background helps to give strength and tone to the high light and color of the great panorama of human ascent. It aids man to interpret himself. By its rough measuring-rod he computes distances and maps out ascents. If we stood upon the metaphysical vantage ground, war would be absurd and meaningless; but it is the necessary accompaniment of the material plane and outlook.

The incident of war does not in the least invalidate the unbounded beneficence of law, nor the absoluteness of the ALL Good. It is one of the great "growing pains" of the transition from the Adamic to the Christly consciousness. Among its passing lessons are vicariousness, human interdependence and racial solidarity. In the eternal climb towards the Kingdom of the Real, the road is thorny only so long as thorns have a use. War, though hellish as an ideal, may be a means and furnish an impetus toward a more refined realism. It will survive only so long as materialism needs a testing ground.



To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy and respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is to be my symphony.— *Wm. Henry Channing.*

CONCENTRATION.

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

ALWAYS upon entering the silence for spiritual meditation it is necessary to know what one is seeking, namely, to discover the higher self, to commune with the infinite Spirit. If the eye is single to that, there is no likelihood that one will enter into unpleasant psychic experiences, or become involved in physical sensation, since all other channels are closed and the desire for the highest is self-protective. This is concentration in its simplest form, and if one can turn immediately toward the Highest there is no need to pass through successive stages. Concentration, in other words, is not a relaxation process; it is a process of exclusion of all thoughts but the one which is the chosen object of meditation. It is a combination of activity and receptivity. It is exemplified in every well-directed effort of daily life. The best way to acquire it, therefore, is to learn it through our ordinary occupations; for the kind of spiritual self-control one wishes to obtain is that which one can command under any and all conditions. Those who practise artificial methods are apt to be bound by them. They seem unable to concentrate unless the crystal be at hand, or only at a certain time and under precise conditions. In those, too, who have so long contemplated according to Hindoo methods one detects a sort of forced self-restraint and over-serious, inactive, if not morbid tendency; and the question presents itself whether this absorption in the Absolute be not absorption in self. The remedy is worse than the disease, unless it develop that form of optimistic spirituality which one can realize among the lowliest of one's fellows and in the home life. But let one desire simple, natural

spirituality, and one will instinctively follow natural methods in the development of concentration.

Thus considered, concentration is a universal law, the gathering at a point, the involution which precedes evolution. Psychologically it is based upon the act of attention. We pay attention where we are interested, and if we are not sufficiently interested the mind wanders. Any act may be made a lesson in concentration by placing the mind fully upon it. Every time the thought wanders away, bring it back and focus it once more upon the chosen idea, and continue this process day by day until concentration becomes a habit. Those who become masters of any art or trade acquire great powers of concentration without knowing it. Any persistent intellectual pursuit accomplishes the same end. To acquire a language, for example, one must *think*, and the training of the powers of thought is but another name for concentration. Systematic intellectual study is therefore strongly recommended to those who would learn self-control. Particularly is it advisable to develop one's own intellectual material systematically, since the effort to master individual thought puts the individual himself in self-command. It clears the brain and is most beneficial physically. It also helps one to overcome the habit of dreaming.

Intellectual self-control thus becomes the basis of greater quiet of mind, and prepares the way for healthy spiritual meditation, which is simply persistent thought upon some high theme. It is advisable to put one's self in a comfortable physical attitude, and it is of course easier to meditate in a quiet environment. But if sights and sounds intrude, learn to see and hear without being inwardly disturbed, and thus learn superiority to intruding circumstances. If concentration is difficult for you, let the mind think for a while as it will. Do not force yourself to be still, for some part of you will rebel. Do not make the mind a blank, but as it becomes calmer give it conscious direction by centering it upon a single idea. Or call up some peaceful scene in nature and enter into its calmness.

As an aid to this latter process, it is helpful when away from home to return in thought and try to visualize familiar surroundings; look mentally at the faces of the dear ones there, see the pictures upon the wall, or try to locate the books on the bookcase. This experiment not only helps one to become more observing, but gives greater command of the thought forces. The mental picture furnishes material for the imagination, just as the definite thought gives free play to the intellect, leaving the higher nature fuller opportunity to enter into the spirit of the meditation. Then, too, the ability to send the thought elsewhere and visualize other surroundings is of inestimable value when pain and trouble come.

But do not merely look within. Do not look down; look up and out, thankfully, joyfully, expansively. All other meditation is in part harmful. Do not examine self and sensation. Look beyond all this to its outcome. Aspire calmly, moderately. Do not make nervous affirmations, but quietly *recognize* the highest truth and ideal of life. Become more objective by opening out from within, and freeing the unexpressed self. Think actively for a time, then listen expectantly that you may receive. Or, in other words, first become the observer, then take hold of yourself, gather in the scattered forces and direct them toward the chosen ideal. Stamp the ideal upon the mind as upon an impression plate. Think about your problem for a time, then dismiss it and let it think itself. If your meditation has been successful, it will leave you refreshed and calm. If you fall asleep it is probably because you need rest, or because you were too passive and not intellectually awake. If you feel constrained and tense, it is because you have held yourself tightly. It is better to move occasionally and relax than to concentrate long in one position. Concentration at its best is a comfortable attitude of calm, restful self-command. It ought to be acquired naturally, gradually and happily. Thus attained, it becomes a part of one's very life, and is without unpleasant and harmful reactions.

THE INSANITY OF RESENTMENT.

BY GEORGE A. GAGE, M. D.

ONE of the characteristics of savage or primitive people is the extreme readiness with which they resent a real or fancied grievance. The reason for this is readily seen in their lack of discrimination which renders impossible a peaceful adjustment of the difficulty. It never occurs to them to consider the matter from any but their own standpoint, and, submission being out of the question, their only resource is to decide the matter by force.

We referred to this trait as characteristic of savages; but if it belongs to them alone, we must include in their class the vast majority of the human race.

Resentment may be classed as active where there is some vigorous or violent display of anger, or passive where one frets at something which does not conform to his ideas. There is a much more subtle form in which people are unhappy over things which they cannot control. Epictetus says we should not wish things to be different, but should wish them to be as they are. A subtle resentment is often more dangerous than one apparently more violent. A smouldering fire may be fully as harmful as an open blaze.

Resentment is the mark of an undeveloped nature. It is one of the noxious weeds which must be rooted out of the mental garden. It is of the emotional or sense nature rather than the spiritual. It is a feeling rather than a fact. It interferes with the bodily functions, impairs the judgment, and clouds the spiritual vision. Yet we cultivate it as though it were a valued friend! The only possible excuse for such a blunder is a deplorable ignorance of the basal principles of life.

Every thought which enters the mind has its effect upon the body. Science has demonstrated that during a fit of anger all digestive and nutritive processes cease. Thousands of people who were supposed to have completed lives of godliness by dying of some of the good old orthodox diseases were in reality killed by some of the many forms of resentment.

Unless put out after consuming its fuel, a fire will smoke for hours. Resentment is smouldering anger. It is a stumbling-block which we place in our own way. It is a viper which we harbor in our own bosoms. It is a consuming fire which we hold to our very hearts. It is a temporary insanity arising from a thought of self. Two of its most subtle forms are sorrow and grief.

No sound can reach us unless we are within range. No word can come to our consciousness from without unless it awakes a responsive chord from within. How, then, can one be affronted except with his own consent? The person who can be insulted deserves to be insulted. He should not live upon a low enough plane to make such a thing possible. By resenting the insult he places himself upon the same level. We do not think of resenting the barking of a little cur, because it is too far beneath our notice. We are not offended when a child makes an unpleasant remark, because we realize the slight extent of its development. Whenever we are offended we should take it as a suggestion to live in our higher and nobler natures, and thus by changing an offence to a kindness extract honey from gall. The great French philosopher Descartes used to say, "Whenever I am offended I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it." No grievance however severe, no insult however humiliating, can warrant a display of temper or a feeling of resentment. An emancipated spirit is incapable of either.

But for every sorely tried person there is provided a way of escape. A voice speaks to us from out of the distant past. It is that of the great emperor, Marcus Aurelius, who, while cam-

painging against the barbarians upon the frozen Danube, meditates in his tent after the fatigues and dangers of the day. He says: "Men seek retreats for themselves—houses in the country, seashore and mountains—but it is always in thy power to retire within thyself, for nowhere does a man retire with more quiet or freedom than into the solitude of his own soul." Thus spake the man who was the acknowledged master of the civilized world, and the intelligence of the succeeding centuries has verified the truth of his utterance.

When we begin to realize the insane folly of resentment we will expel it from our lives. Until we do this we have not learned to live. The great mass of humanity pass through this plane of existence enjoying its pleasures as far as they are able, and suffering from its trials and sorrows, without once grasping the real meaning and purpose of life. Thus far we have remained in bondage to our doubts, fears, resentments, and the host of kindred Satanic spirits. Shall we never free ourselves from this despicable and pernicious slavery? Let us awake to a true knowledge of our higher selves, and from now on live purer, nobler lives, showing forth in word and deed the law of kindness and of love. When we faithfully do this all trials, vexations and sorrows will disappear like mist before the sun, and throughout life's pathway we will rejoice in infinite goodness and infinite peace.



At night my gladness is my prayer,
I drop my daily load;
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

HOW TO PRAY.

OH, let us learn the lesson how to pray
From those meek lips that taught a prayer for all.
Behold ! our Elder Brother bade us say
Our Father, when upon the Lord we call,
Thou art in Heaven, and that is even here,
Our Father could not dwell from us apart ;
We breathe Thy love, it is our atmosphere,
The Heart divine beats close to human heart.

All hallowed be Thy name ! the most revered
When known the most, but never wholly known
To any creature, only loved and feared
Unto the full, when all adore the One !
Thou who dost fathom every depth, art still
The unlearned secret of the Dark and Light,
Though at the nearer stars we gaze our fill,
Great shining hosts are lying out of sight.

Thy kingdom come, when always to the quest
Of righteousness we follow, and of Thee !
When we are cleansed and meet to be possessed
Divinely, Thou wilt fill us utterly !
On earth as now in Heaven, be done Thy will ;
Sometime the dream of Evil will be o'er,
And human souls with angels will fulfil
The law of holiness forevermore !

Give us this day, O Lord, our daily bread !
The bread of earth and heaven — for this we ask
To feed upon the words that Christ has said
Lest we should falter in the lifelong task.
Thus nourished and sustained, we gather strength,
Our courage grows, and as the days go on
The feast in sweetness gains, until at length
The marriage supper of the Lamb is won !

Pardon for every trespass we implore,
And we bestow it as we would receive.
Sweet is the duty, for the smart gives o'er
And smiles above reply when we forgive.

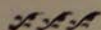
Like two fair halves into a perfect whole
Pardons divine and human join in one,
And Peace envelops every gentle soul
That puts away its wrath at set of sun!

Give us, we pray Thee, sight so true and keen
That we may pierce the wrappings of disguise,
May find no sin a snare, no good thing mean,
Nor let illusions shut away our skies!
So shall we ne'er be tempted or undone,
So shall we be delivered from all Ill,
So shall our eyes be turned to God alone,
And all the universe shall work His will!

C. H. R.



Does God suffer with us? is a question very frequently asked. A recent writer has summed up the rational reply in a single sentence: "God walks the ways of men, nor is his life above our sorrow and triumph. If there were one breaking heart or one joy-throb anywhere in this universe which did not enter into the consciousness of the Eternal One, then were he finite and no longer infinite." — *W. W. Fenn, New World, June, 1897.*



Subjective idealism is carried to such an extreme that one frequently hears of the law and order, the beauty and variety of nature characterized as so many aspects of man's belief, as though matter had no qualities of its own, and nature only such beauty as the mind of man projects into it. In his "Grammar of Science," Karl Pearson goes so far as to say that scientific law describes "the routine of our perceptions." But H. V. Knox (*Mind*, April, 1897) shows conclusively that there is no routine of our perceptions. "Consciousness of routine is very far," he says, "from being the same thing as routine of consciousness." If there is one fact persistently forced upon human consciousness, it is the objective regularity of nature. The prudent man ever tries to bring his conduct up to the level of nature's routine. "The universe is invested with inevitable conditions which the unwise seek to dodge."

How joy and sorrow interfuse and blend with one another! And the result is a new compound of life which is different from either. How evident it is that by some principle more deep than just that joy is pleasant and pain is hard to bear, they are distributed. It is as if Jesus walked under a cloud and yet felt always that in the very substance of cloud there was suffused and softened light. The cloud had light in the darkness and darkness in its light; and so the explanation of it all was clear. A sunlight through the cloud He felt, and behind the sunlight there *must be a sun*; behind, the *bitter* circumstances by a law, the blessed law of obedience, which was fellowship with God; and behind the law a *truth* which was God himself. Under that same cloud of circumstances we must walk; but if there is behind it for us, too, *that law* and that truth, which really made the life of Jesus—the law of obedience and the truth of sonship—then for us, too, light shall come through the cloud, and, mingling with the darkness, make that new condition in which it is best for a man's soul to live, that sweet and strong condition in which both joy and sorrow may have place, but which is greater than either of them, the condition which *He* called *peace*.

There yet remains one other class of pleasures and sufferings which belong to all devoted and ideal natures, and in which Jesus had a share. It consists of the moral joys and pains of those which come from the acute perception of right and wrong, of moral fitness or unfitness of the things about us. You cannot put a man very high unless you give him a good share of that quality. Merely to see that things are right and wrong, and not feel a pleasure in their rightness and a pain in their wrongness, does not indicate a finely moulded character. The *moral perception*, even the *moral* obedience, do not make a full moral life. The *moral emotion* must be there too!!! It is not calm, cool approbation of goodness, it is delight in a good man with which the Christian kindles.—*Phillips Brooks*.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

HELPFUL THOUGHTS.

TRUE healing means to trust God more, to love more, to become at peace, to get out of self, to understand self. It comes through receptivity, by laying fear aside, by becoming adjusted to the body and to one's environment, through aspiration. It is not mere personal influence, it is helpfulness, it is love, it is sacred. It is not the giving of one's own strength and health. It does not exhaust. It is mutually helpful and renewing. It helps another only until that other can be self-helpful.

Sometimes it is most helpful for a little group of people to sit together in the silence to realize the depth and beauty of the eternal now, as though one should say to the rest: Peace, let us be still within and commune together with that presence and that power of which all life is a sharing, and to which all conduct should be a helpful witness. Whatever calamity may come to us in the future let it come when it must, for it were better that we should not foreknow it. Each of you will probably go away from here when our silence is broken, but just now why not lose all sense of time until the hour has come? This room and this bit of existence that we know is infinitely small and trivial, but in some way it fits into the great universe and unites us with all that lives. Eternity is here just as surely anywhere or in any time. Life is one great unbroken whole, and from the centre of each consciousness, as if it were the very heart of being, vibrations of thought and love extend out to the uttermost confines of the whole. We are forever united with that which owns, knows, uses the Absolute, pure, perfect, all-wise and all-good. Each of us exists within and yet not identical

with that great Spirit, so that for each he is personally the Father. For each he has provided in that wonderful way of perfect wisdom which establishes the limit, sees the end, implants the ideal, yet leaves freedom for all to sin, freedom to think and have experience, until at last in the fulness of time we shall awaken from ignorance, learn the wisdom of experience and choose the life of devotion to the highest. From this present trouble of ours there is a safe way of escape. Self alone stands in the way. Yet even this is no ground for complaint. If the universe as a whole is purposeful or ethical, then even this present, mysterious experience of ours has its place and meaning in the whole. If we are rightly adjusted to the creative rhythm or process, we will not be troubled by it any longer than is necessary to teach us its lesson. Then let us be content. Let us drop all fear and impatience in quiet trust and restfulness. Peace, be still. There is nothing to fear. Nothing can come to us without receptivity or willingness on our part. We therefore hold the keys to our minds. We can accomplish anything through faith and with sufficient time. We are not responsible for the universe, nor for the lives of any of its people. If there be a screw loose somewhere, as some allege, we cannot reform the world at this late day. And probably its continuance up to the present time is good evidence that there is no loose screw, since an overbalance of evil would mean chaos and self-destruction. We cannot fully explain our belief in the goodness of things. But the belief is *there*, and the only fault seems to be that we do not trust more. We cannot tell fully why we believe in God. It may seem audacious even to speak of him as though we had thus penetrated life's secret far enough to describe our oneness with him. But here again we apparently err only because we do not live *more* in the thought of him. This deep, fundamental basis of life, the unseen, the eternal and changeless, is the true reality; it is the permanent substance or being which goes forth as the word or spirit, and expresses itself through all the changes of

form, of space and time. This present, passing experience of ours, life as you and I now live it, is just such a going forth, partaking of the living essence of God. It does not proceed forth at random, but is directed by perfect wisdom and love. Every part is adjusted to every other part, and all parts are governed by the one central purpose which makes the universe a realm of law and order. That which guides and inspires is sufficient for all needs. There is no opposing power to break in and mar the creative process. All is a steady march. No fact, no experience, no thought lies outside the whole. In each fact, each thought the whole is reproduced in miniature. One need not travel to find the whole. Space and time add no new principles. But everywhere in ever-changing forms and in ever-fresh experience the one law, the one life, the one spirit or wisdom is again and again reproduced. If you are to help another most successfully, it will be by putting yourself most fully in touch with the spontaneous prompting in your own soul. The patient will be most receptive if he looks for the spontaneous welling up of the higher power.

In the work of healing there is one central question: What is the universal will seeking to accomplish in this particular phase of your life or the patient's life? How is that tendency being opposed? Where is the friction located? The object, then, is to put self aside, to take off the tension, remove the fear.



The wise or economical method of adjustment to life is well illustrated by mountain-climbing. Observe a company of people making their first ascent, and you will see them start out with considerable energy, walking at a good rate of speed, and telling how easy it is to climb mountains. But very soon they find it necessary to slacken their speed, by and by they sit down for rest, drink considerable water, and then start out again feeling stiff and somewhat discouraged about mountaineering. On the

other hand, the Swiss guide who has climbed mountains all his life has sought out the easiest way. He assumes a steady pace which he does not vary throughout the ascent, he drinks little or no water until the worst of the climbing is over, he does not sit down, but rests for a few moments at a time by quietly standing until he feels ready to resume the march. The strong, erect attitude invites strength; the weakened, discouraged attitude increases the sense of fatigue. Here is an example which one might well follow throughout life. Life is after all very much like mountain climbing, with its heights, its valleys, its sharp descents and glorious vistas. See the *end*, and then adjust yourself accordingly, resting not in a weak, but in a strong attitude, and you shall gather strength for the worst difficulties. When the pressure becomes too great upon the muscles and nerves, pause for a time until the organism is ready for more work. Pause in *time*, before the accumulation is too great to be easily thrown off. Disease comes from failure to observe this need of moderation of rest and change of work; that is, it results from too much energy spent in one direction. It is temporary loss of *poise*, and should always be so regarded. Yet the habit of mankind is to put the wrong thought into it from the start, to look upon it as something that has seized one from without. But the pain is nature's notification that she is trying to restore harmony, and if one holds the right thought about it one may rise above the sensation, quietly awaiting the time when one is ready to resume the habits of daily life. One may thus be a positive help to nature, whereas a large part of our doctoring shows how utterly we neglect this beautiful law of life's economy.

Life has a sort of rhythm, harmony with which brings peace and growth, while rebellion leads to no end of trouble. This rhythmic flow of life may be illustrated by life on shipboard. There is a steady rise and fall of the steamer as it meets and mounts over the long waves of mid-ocean. One can become adjusted to it so that one rises and falls with it pleasantly and

easily. It may take time for a sensitive nature to avoid all nervous tension and ill-adjustment to the steamer's motion; but it can be done, and the result is most pleasurable. One may in the same way adjust one's self to the motion of the cars, of a horse, or of any exercise one is doing. The same result is illustrated by singing in tune, or reading in the spirit in which an essay or book is written. The clue to every experience is its spirit, its tendency or rhythm; and if one can feel its spirit one may be carried along by it, whereas if one approaches it critically one reads only the letter.

Few people realize until their attention is called to it with what a spirit of fear, of worryment, fault-finding, doubt and trouble the majority approach the world. We are unconscious that we are creating our own world of happiness or misery by our attitude towards it, whereas we might develop wonderful power and health by daily and hourly viewing things in a purer, loftier, more trustful spirit. We reach out and beyond as though we could be educated from without, when in deepest truth that which we most desire is already *with* us, awaiting the time when we shall recognize and come into harmony with it. No one can convey to another the deepest reality and wisdom of life. People have made this mistake long enough, and have sought to graft on dogmas which would not grow. No one is the wiser who is healed of infirmities without learning how to avoid a recurrence. It is of no use to doctor effects if one is uncharitable in spirit, given to anger, jealousy, fear, worry, complaint, and the rest, and is constantly creating that which self-understanding and self-help alone can remove. It is that which comes *out* from a man that defiles him. It is ill-adjustment within which causes our external trouble, and it is of little avail that we attend lectures, read and discuss books, if we remain the same in disposition, blaming others when our feelings are hurt, and complaining of the universe for returning to us just what we gave.



If people try to control or subjugate me, I may rest calmly in my true self, in the love and peace, the power and protection of the Father, and wait until their efforts cease. For nothing can touch the soul. All contamination is superficial. It does not affect the character. It is my own deed which moulds my character. If I send out hatred, if I retaliate, judge, condemn or yield to the other's dominating spell, then I consciously take part in the fray and must suffer the consequences. If my feelings are hurt when a friend abuses me, it is because I descend to his level instead of sending out sentiments of charity and love. I have only to change my own attitude, be strong, self-reliant and trustful of the higher power, to close the door to all influences. And as I calmly think it over, thus realizing my powers of self-protection, I become grateful that this opportunity has come, that I have been attacked where I was weak, that this side of my nature has come to consciousness. If I take my opportunity now, this experience will never come to me again. If I calmly wait to let it settle itself without taking a hand in it, it will come to an end so much the quicker. Thus I quietly but firmly put myself in another attitude, in perfect forgiveness for the one who sought to influence me; for he acts as he does simply because he has gone no farther in his development. He is having an opportunity too. The creative power is at work there, teaching him that the precincts of another mind are not to be invaded, that he cannot have things his own way. If I maintain this calm, forgiving attitude, it will help him to meet his problem. Is there any greater power in the world than this, the quiet, charitable, trustful attitude of soul where one sees the wisdom of the situation?

The effect produced upon us by a given experience, by climate, sickness, food, poisons, heat, cold, is dependent not on our state of mind alone, but on three conditions:

(1) The quality resident in the physical object as a manifestation of God;

(2) The state of the body and its senses during a given experience;

(3) The condition of mind of the observer, his understanding, his thoughts at the time, his opinions and beliefs, his fear or happiness.

"But yesterday," says a recent writer, "the miracle of the world was *life*, today it is consciousness." That is, consciousness is coming to be regarded even by men of science as fundamental or ultimate, even as the directive force of all evolution. "Consciousness," says Prof. Cope, "was coincident with the dawn of life." "I think it possible to show," he continues, "that the true definition of life is, *energy directed by sensibility*, or by a mechanism which has originated under the direction of sensibility"; that is, every action is primitively the result of mental effort, it is the mind in us and in things which underlies matter and gives it its tendencies.

It is a positive stimulus to our friends to hold high ideals in regard to them. It is in fact as much a duty to hold right thoughts about people and to aid them by a helpful mental atmosphere as any obligation which the ethical life presents. Few people realize how important this is, how much we are affected by the chance words dropped by our friends, and the good that might be done through the right sort of sympathy. True sympathy is *helpfulness*, it extends the hand of hope and cheer, and points the way out of trouble. If one cannot thus bring comfort, it were better never to visit the afflicted at all.

When one thinks out into space, the thought may be sent out and out and still think of space lying indefinitely beyond. Any conceivable solar system or system of systems would still have space around it. Any being with an abode or a universe within him would be included in this indefinite space. Ultimately, then, the mind can conceive only of the formless, within which all forms are found. Both within and without any particular portion of space, for example a house or a universe, is this infinite extension; for forms are of no more consequence to it than the space occupied by a drop of water forty fathoms deep in mid-ocean is to the ocean. It is literally continuous.

No limitation shuts it off. Likewise with time. If I think backward or forward I find no limit. Any particular period of time still has time before and after it. We live in a continuum. In this continuum activities and substances gather about centres. For example, a world with its centre of gravity, a physical body with its nervous system and central ganglion. Number can only apply to that which is *within* infinite extensibility.

In the soul's profoundest vision of itself as contrasted with the fleeting world of sense experience, it says: "Amongst impermanent things I permanently remain; my highest office is to maintain continued consciousness of the Father's presence and return to him only the purest and holiest thoughts!"



The idea of God is a necessity of thought, for without it the theory of the universe is "burdened with the absurdity of an eternal succession of events" without cause or basis. Matter and force alone are insufficient to account for the past history of the universe. There must have been some Power to determine the directions and forms of force and matter, since we find that their history records an evolution from lower to higher forms.



If the world were governed by chance alone, the law of cause and effect would hold just as surely as in a universe where intelligence governs. All accidents or happenings have an adequate cause. No event could happen uncaused in any universe. Chance alone would apparently never lead to adaptation of means to ends, to economy of motion, and the evolution of higher forms. Chance may therefore be a factor in the universe; but its presence does not militate against design, nor does it interfere with the universality of law.

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