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MASTERY

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HENRY CHELLEW, M.A., PH.D., D.SC.

✠ Mastery. ✠

VOL. 1.

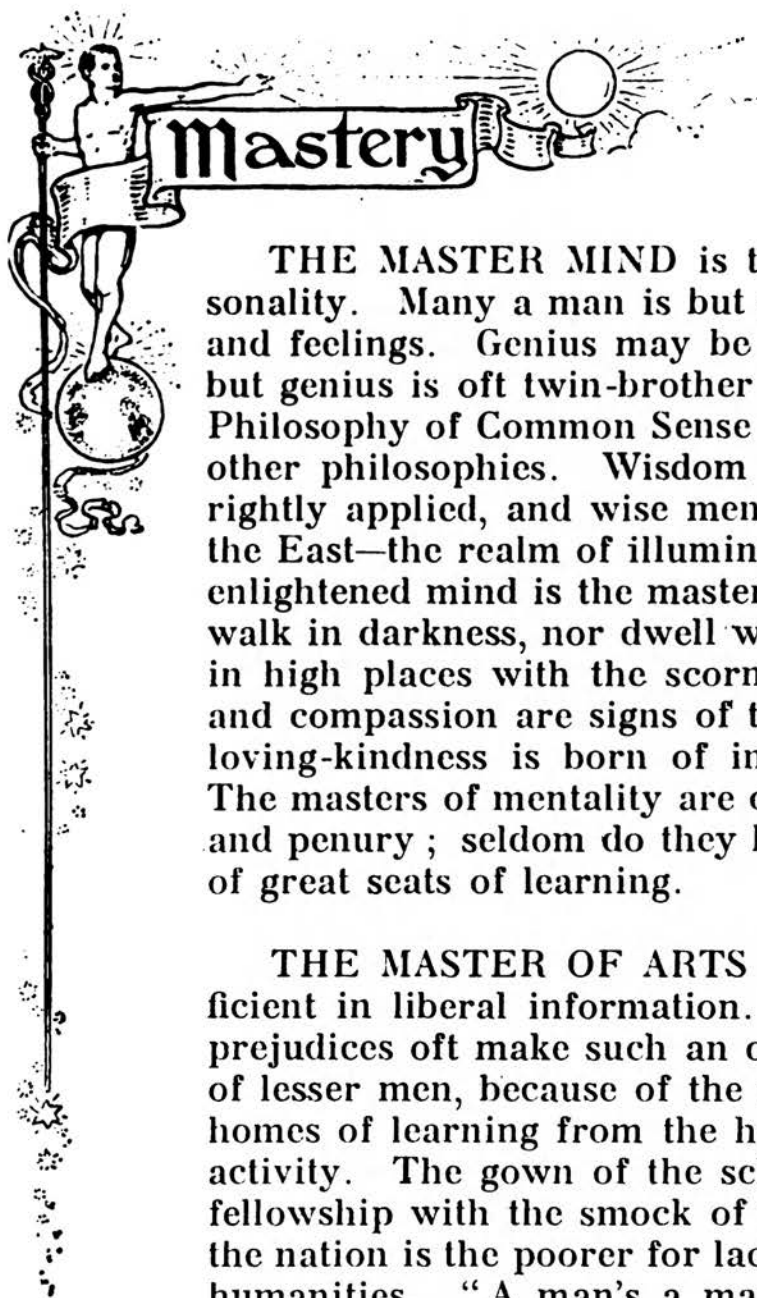
May, 1915.

No. 9.

MAGISTER.

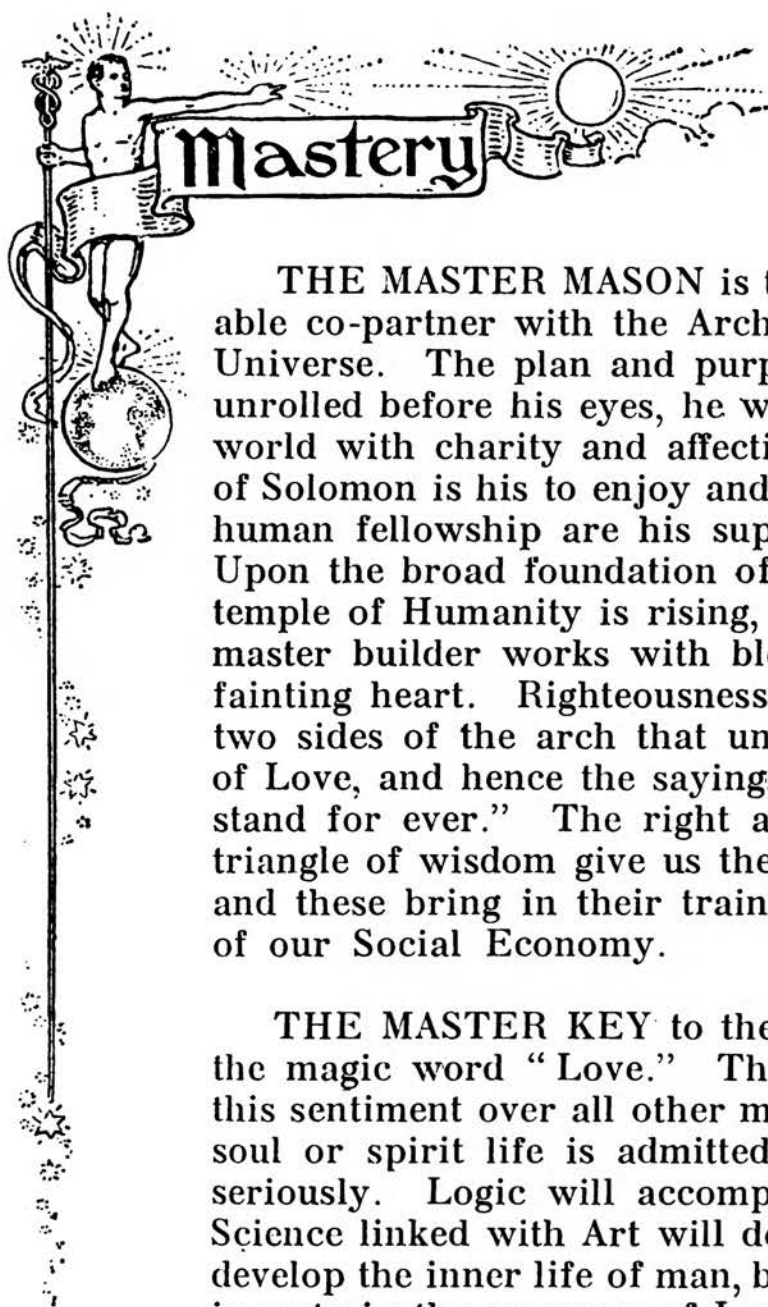
BY HENRY CHELLEW, PH.D., D.SC.

“**T**HE MASTERY—strive [agonize] for it.”
So the memorable words of the great scholar of Gamaliel echo even in these garish days. The history of the Kosmos is one of striving for the Mastery. Thus man, in obedience to the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, finds himself at the apex of Creation. Strange above all things that he has not achieved self-mastery. The Laws of Self-Conquest are written on the heart—no thunders of far-off Sinai are needed to enforce them. The Voice within is the voice of God. Hence, with the Greeks, conscience resided in the breast, not in the brain ; its voice could not be stifled.



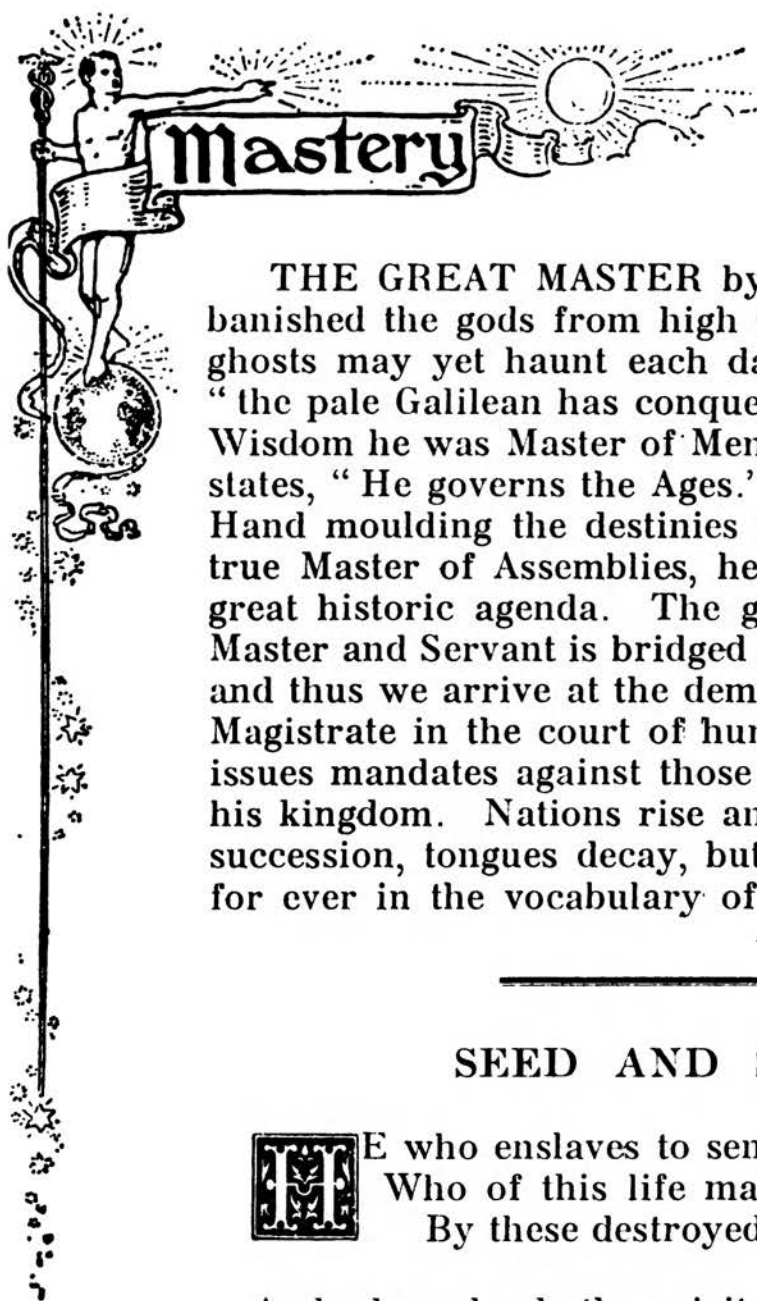
THE MASTER MIND is the organized personality. Many a man is but a riot of thoughts and feelings. Genius may be a gift of Heaven, but genius is oft twin-brother to madness. The Philosophy of Common Sense is greater than all other philosophies. Wisdom is knowledge rightly applied, and wise men always come from the East—the realm of illumination. The enlightened mind is the master-mind—such do not walk in darkness, nor dwell with cynics, nor sit in high places with the scornful. Humility and compassion are signs of true greatness, and loving-kindness is born of intelligent sympathy. The masters of mentality are oft the sons of toil and penury ; seldom do they bear the hall-mark of great seats of learning.

THE MASTER OF ARTS is one who is proficient in liberal information. Yet feudal prejudices oft make such an one a harsh critic of lesser men, because of the remoteness of the homes of learning from the homes of industrial activity. The gown of the scholar has oft no fellowship with the smock of the labourer, and the nation is the poorer for lack of the real humanities. "A man's a man for a' that"—wherever men are found. Art for humanity's sake is true art—all other has only a fictitious value. Supreme of all is the Art of Life—it is found in the Scriptures of all peoples and superlatively exemplified by the sublime Artist of Nazareth. The Master of Hearts is the greatest graduate from the School of Life.



THE MASTER MASON is the free and acceptable co-partner with the Architect of the Universe. The plan and purpose of life is unrolled before his eyes, he works to roof the world with charity and affection. The wisdom of Solomon is his to enjoy and the riches of human fellowship are his supreme possession. Upon the broad foundation of brotherhood the temple of Humanity is rising, though many a master builder works with bleeding hands and fainting heart. Righteousness and Truth are the two sides of the arch that unite in the keystone of Love, and hence the saying, "My house shall stand for ever." The right angles in the triangle of wisdom give us the Rights of Man, and these bring in their train the obligations of our Social Economy.

THE MASTER KEY to the Riddle of Life is the magic word "Love." The supremacy of this sentiment over all other manifestations of the soul or spirit life is admitted by all who think seriously. Logic will accomplish much and Science linked with Art will do wonders to develop the inner life of man, but even Psychology is mute in the presence of Love, for Love is God and God is All. This key opens all doors to wisdom and unlocks all the gateways to peace and happiness. The phrase "true as steel" is only another way of saying that "Love never fails." The citadel of the human heart knows no password but this, and admittance is denied to all others. Faith will work miracles, and Hope will save myriads—but Love dominates the Universe.



THE GREAT MASTER by his simple ethic banished the gods from high Olympus. Their ghosts may yet haunt each day of the week, but "the pale Galilean has conquered." Master of Wisdom he was Master of Men, and as Lacordaire states, "He governs the Ages." His is the Master Hand moulding the destinies of nations. The true Master of Assemblies, he proceeds with his great historic agenda. The gulf fixed between Master and Servant is bridged by his Law of Love, and thus we arrive at the democracy of the heart. Magistrate in the court of human affairs, he issues mandates against those who would destroy his kingdom. Nations rise and set in endless succession, tongues decay, but his words stand for ever in the vocabulary of the heart.

SEED AND SOIL.

HE who enslaves to sense his soul,
Who of this life makes flesh the whol
By these destroyed at last shall be.

And whoso lauds the spirit till
He scorns the flesh that works its will,
But darker makes life's mystery.

But he who soul and sense doth know,
As seed and soil, life's flower shall grow,
To blossom everlastingly.

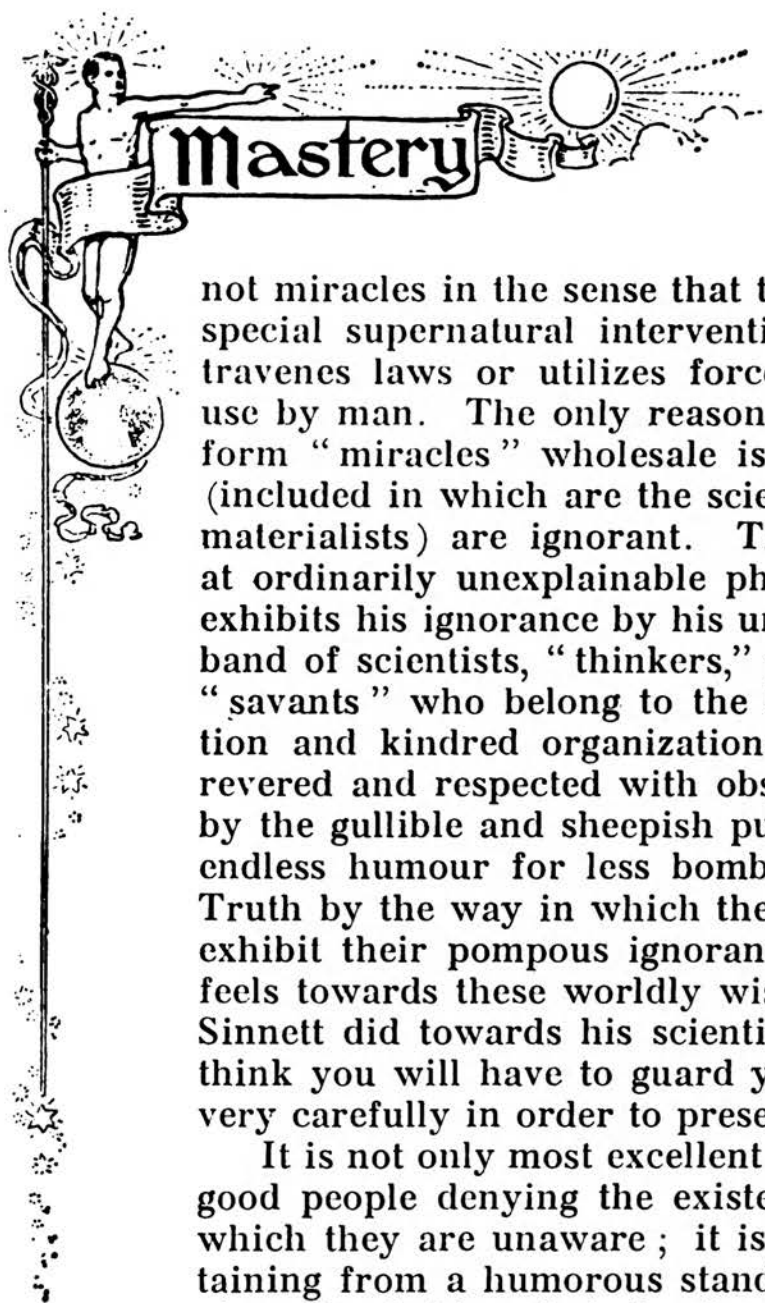
—HABERTON LULHAM.

SCIENTIFIC MYOPIA.

BY GUY CLIFFORD STANLEY.

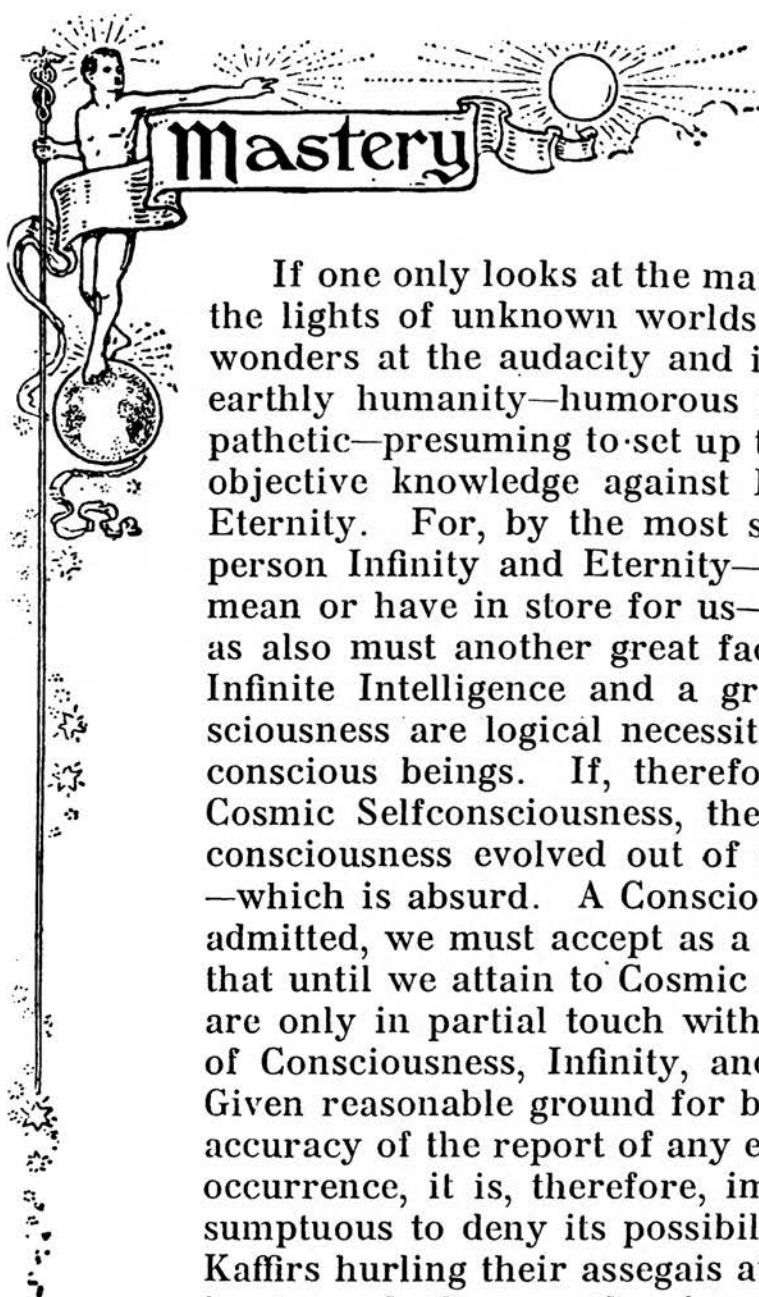
IT is amusing to watch with what laborious pains some modern philosophers and scientists argue and theorize upon explanations of phenomena they do not understand, upon the problem of Truth and upon the meaning and purpose of existence and the universe. I have recently read a reprint of a discussion which took place at the Little Theatre and which arose out of G. K. Chesterton's play, *Magic*. The debate set out to answer the question, "Do Miracles Happen?" and the debaters were G. K. Chesterton, Joseph McCabe, Hilaire Belloc, Dr. J. Warschauer, J. A. Hobson, A. P. Sinnett, Cecil Chesterton, and E. W. Lewis. With the exception of the speech by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the debate was an amusing waste of time and suggests the mountain in labour bringing forth a mouse.

Orthodox scientists and those who insist upon believing only what is demonstrable to the senses seem unable to realize that there may be laws and forces as to the workings of which we are at present ignorant, and that there is no such thing, and never has been such a thing, as a miracle explainable on any ground other than the operation of natural laws. So-called miracles have happened and are happening, but they are

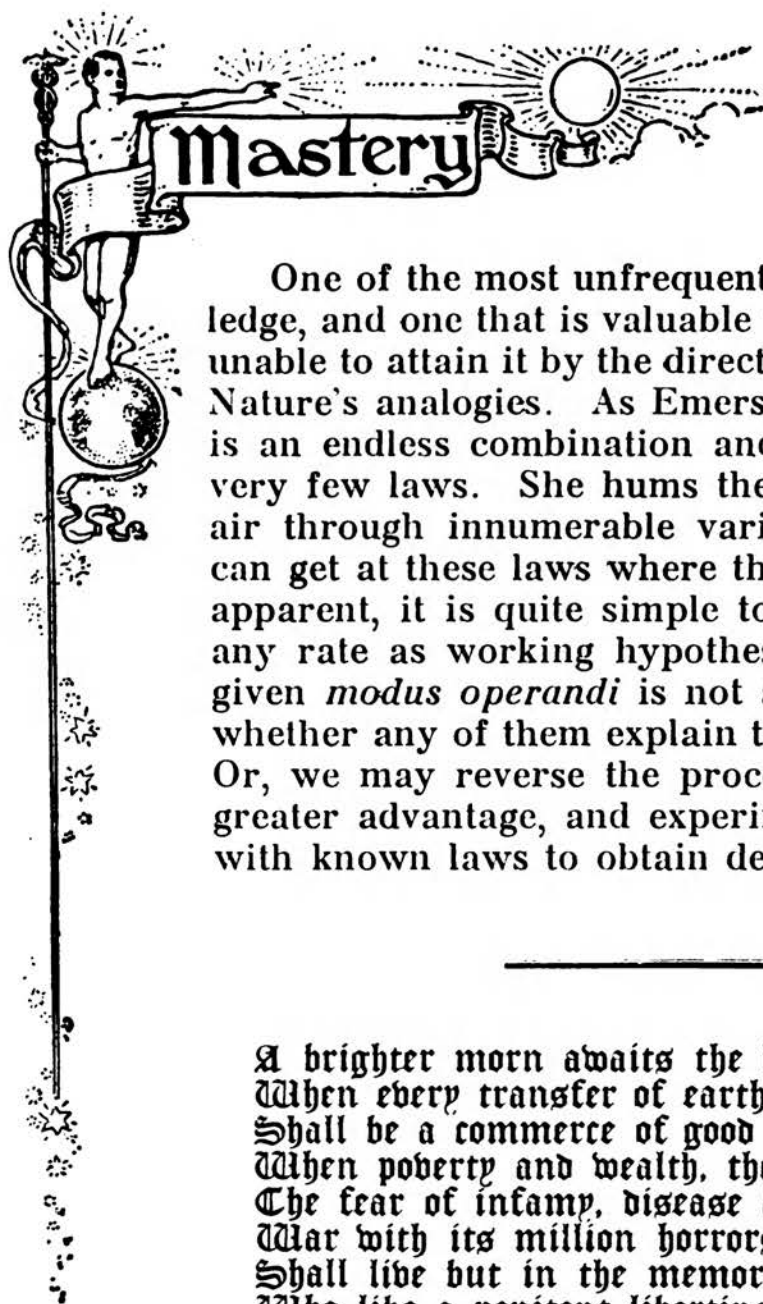


not miracles in the sense that they are due to any special supernatural intervention which contravenes laws or utilizes forces impossible of use by man. The only reason men do not perform "miracles" wholesale is that the mob (included in which are the scientists and materialists) are ignorant. The cynic scoffing at ordinarily unexplainable phenomena only exhibits his ignorance by his unbelief. The noble band of scientists, "thinkers," philosophers, and "savants" who belong to the British Association and kindred organizations—men always revered and respected with obsequious attention by the gullible and sheepish public—provide endless humour for less bombastic seekers after Truth by the way in which they strut about and exhibit their pompous ignorance. One often feels towards these worldly wiseacres as Mr. Sinnett did towards his scientific friends, "I think you will have to guard your ignorance very carefully in order to preserve your science."

It is not only most excellent fun to see these good people denying the existence of laws of which they are unaware; it is still more entertaining from a humorous standpoint to see them virtually shaking their heads at the possibility of any laws or forces other than those with which they are now acquainted on this physical plane. It is as if a man in a physical body should sit on the pinnacle of Eternity and condescend to tell his less elevated fellows how materialism, annihilation, and fate were the tyrants and masters of helpless humanity.



If one only looks at the mantle of night, when the lights of unknown worlds peep through, one wonders at the audacity and impudence of earthly humanity—humorous if it were not so pathetic—presuming to set up their hardly-won objective knowledge against Infinity and Eternity. For, by the most simple-minded person Infinity and Eternity—whatever they may mean or have in store for us—must be admitted, as also must another great fact—consciousness. Infinite Intelligence and a great Guiding Consciousness are logical necessities. We are self-conscious beings. If, therefore, there be no Cosmic Selfconsciousness, then was self-consciousness evolved out of unselfconsciousness—which is absurd. A Conscious Over Soul admitted, we must accept as a corollary the fact that until we attain to Cosmic Consciousness we are only in partial touch with the unlimited field of Consciousness, Infinity, and Universal Law. Given reasonable ground for believing the accuracy of the report of any extraordinary occurrence, it is, therefore, impotent and presumptuous to deny its possibility. It is like the Kaffirs hurling their assegais at the army marching towards them on the cinematograph film. This was not an illusion due to defective eyesight, but a reality provided by means with which they were unfamiliar. By their stubborn pig-headedness, which is allied to that of the scientists, they destroyed an avenue of knowledge and ended, for the time being, the possibility of further visions.



One of the most unfrequented roads to knowledge, and one that is valuable to those as yet unable to attain it by the direct method, is that of Nature's analogies. As Emerson says, "Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws. She hums the old well-known air through innumerable variations." If we can get at these laws where their operations are apparent, it is quite simple to apply them, at any rate as working hypotheses, where any given *modus operandi* is not apparent, and see whether any of them explain the new phenomena. Or, we may reverse the process, perhaps to greater advantage, and experiment synthetically with known laws to obtain desired results.

A brighter morn awaits the human day,
When every transfer of earth's natural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and works ;
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,
The fear of infamy, disease and woe,
War with its million horrors, and fierce hell,
Shall live but in the memory of Time,
Who like a penitent libertine shall start,
Look back and shudder at his younger years.

—SHELLEY.

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light ;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night.

—SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

THE MAN FROM THE SUN

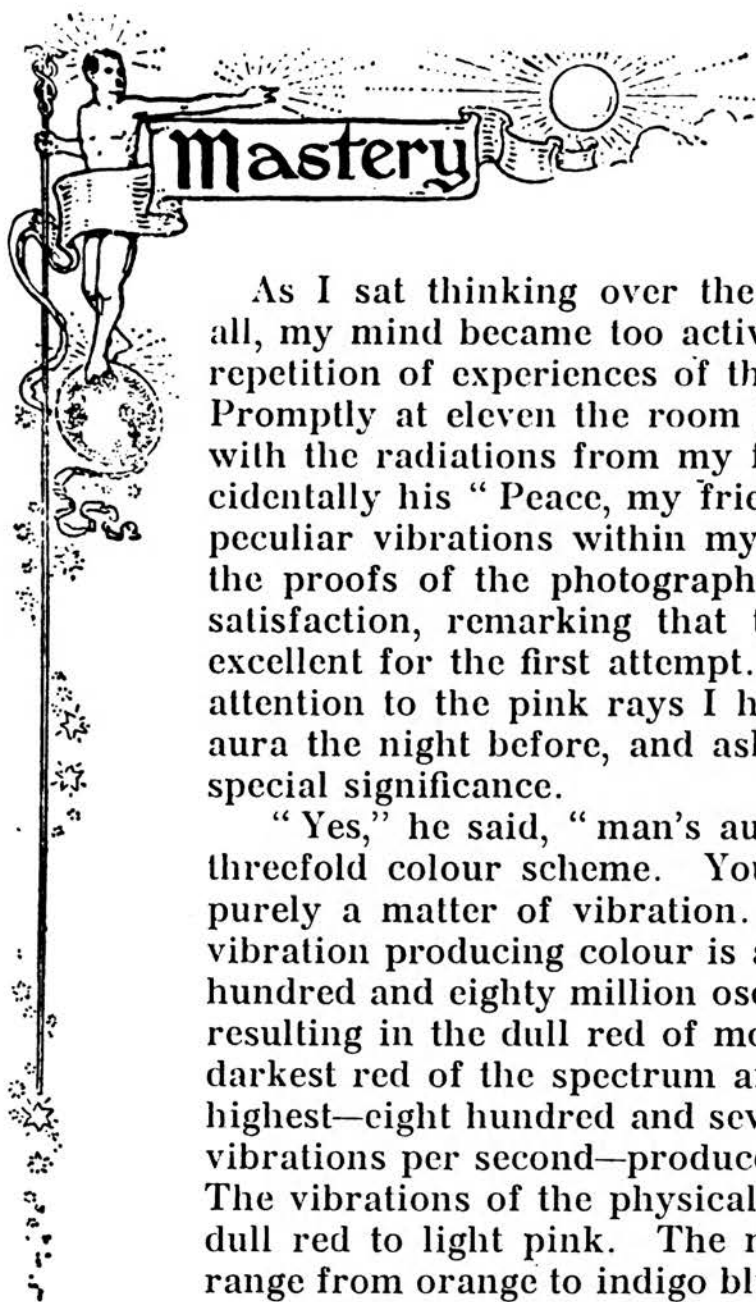
A Scientific Novel in which an attempt is made to solve
the Problem of Unlocking the Energy in the Atom.

CHAPTER V

(Continued from MASTERY for May, 1914.)

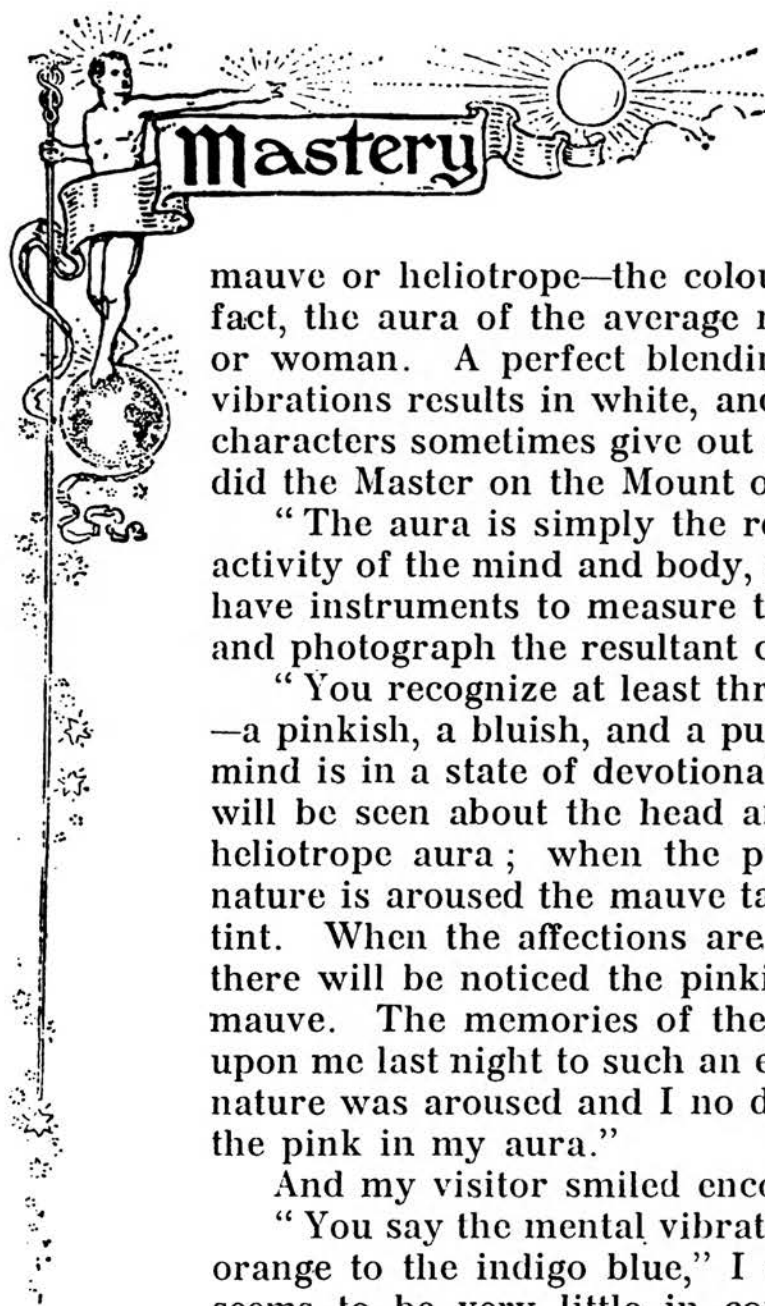
THE next morning I was up early, intent upon seeing what would appear upon the developed dry plates. While incredulous, I was sufficiently curious to use much more care in their development than was my custom. As one after another came from the bath I was delighted and astonished to find unmistakable outlines on each plate, but the child face was by far the most distinct. Upon printing them during the day I was amazed beyond expression at the results. The courtyard and the landscape scenery in the three were very good, but the figures of the child and woman indistinguishable; yet in the first the likeness was life-like.

My spare time during the day was occupied in writing this account of my experiences, and my normal way of life was reasserting itself. While, if anything, more than ever interested in the strange things that were happening to me, yet I was beginning to accept them as matters of course, and to again take interest in my daily work. However, when evening came I repaired to the little retreat with many fond anticipations.



As I sat thinking over the strangeness of it all, my mind became too active to permit of a repetition of experiences of the past two nights. Promptly at eleven the room became resplendent with the radiations from my friend, and coincidentally his "Peace, my friend," produced the peculiar vibrations within myself. He examined the proofs of the photographs with evident satisfaction, remarking that the results were excellent for the first attempt. I called his attention to the pink rays I had noticed in his aura the night before, and asked if they had any special significance.

"Yes," he said, "man's aura is made up of a threefold colour scheme. You know colour is purely a matter of vibration. The lowest vibration producing colour is at the rate of three hundred and eighty million oscillations a second, resulting in the dull red of molten metal—the darkest red of the spectrum and rainbow; the highest—eight hundred and seventy trillion vibrations per second—produce the ultra violet. The vibrations of the physical body range from dull red to light pink. The mental vibrations range from orange to indigo blue; the spiritual vibrations from yellow to ultra-violet. The aura of a baby or of a pure young girl in love is pink. That of a highly intellectual scientist is indigo blue. A good normal man in perfect health whose love-nature is finding expression, whose mind is active and whose spiritual life is awakened, will have an aura composed of the blending of pink, blue, and violet, which will appear to the average person able to see auras as



mauve or heliotrope—the colour which is, in fact, the aura of the average normal good man or woman. A perfect blending of all colour vibrations results in white, and highly sublimated characters sometimes give out a lustrous white, as did the Master on the Mount of Transfiguration.

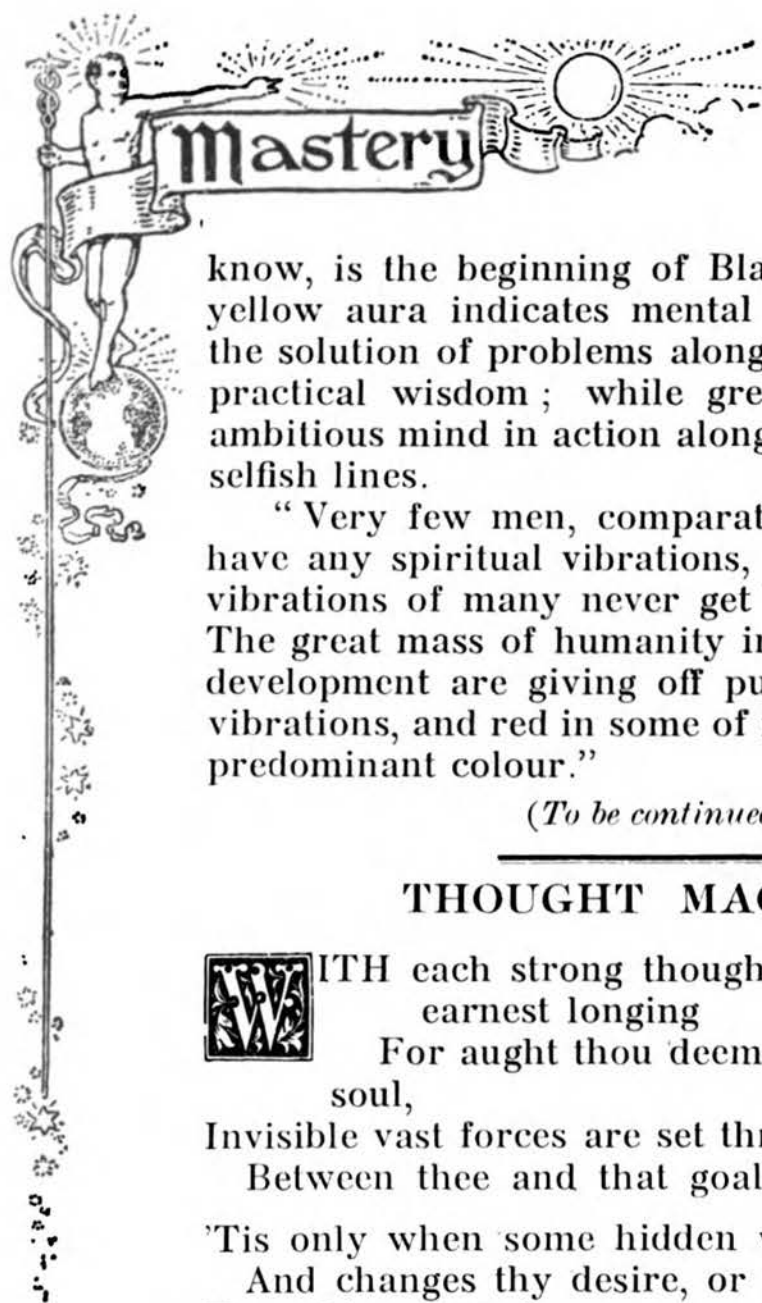
“The aura is simply the result of the radio-activity of the mind and body, and you will soon have instruments to measure these vibrations and photograph the resultant colours.

“You recognize at least three shades of mauve—a pinkish, a bluish, and a purple. When the mind is in a state of devotional exaltation there will be seen about the head and chest a bright heliotrope aura; when the purely intellectual nature is aroused the mauve takes on the bluish tint. When the affections are in the ascendant there will be noticed the pinkish shades of the mauve. The memories of the past crowded in upon me last night to such an extent that my love nature was aroused and I no doubt had much of the pink in my aura.”

And my visitor smiled encouragingly.

“You say the mental vibrations range from the orange to the indigo blue,” I ventured; “there seems to be very little in common between the orange and the blue.”

“Nevertheless,” he answered promptly, “they are both produced by mental vibrations. The orange aura results from developing the psychic powers of the subconscious mind without unfolding the spiritual powers of the super-conscious mind, and usually indicates the selfish use of psychic forces, which, as you probably



know, is the beginning of Black Magic. The yellow aura indicates mental activity in seeking the solution of problems along the lines of practical wisdom ; while green indicates an ambitious mind in action along more or less selfish lines.

“Very few men, comparatively speaking, have any spiritual vibrations, while the mental vibrations of many never get above the green. The great mass of humanity in its present development are giving off purely physical vibrations, and red in some of its shades is the predominant colour.”

(To be continued.)

THOUGHT MAGNETS.

WITH each strong thought, with every earnest longing
For aught thou deemest needful to thy soul,
Invisible vast forces are set thronging
Between thee and that goal.

'Tis only when some hidden weakness alters
And changes thy desire, or makes it less,
That this mysterious army ever falters,
Or stops short of success.

Thought is a magnet, and the longed-for pleasure,
Or boon, or aim, or object, is the steel ;
And its attainment hangs but on the measure
Of what thy soul can feel.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

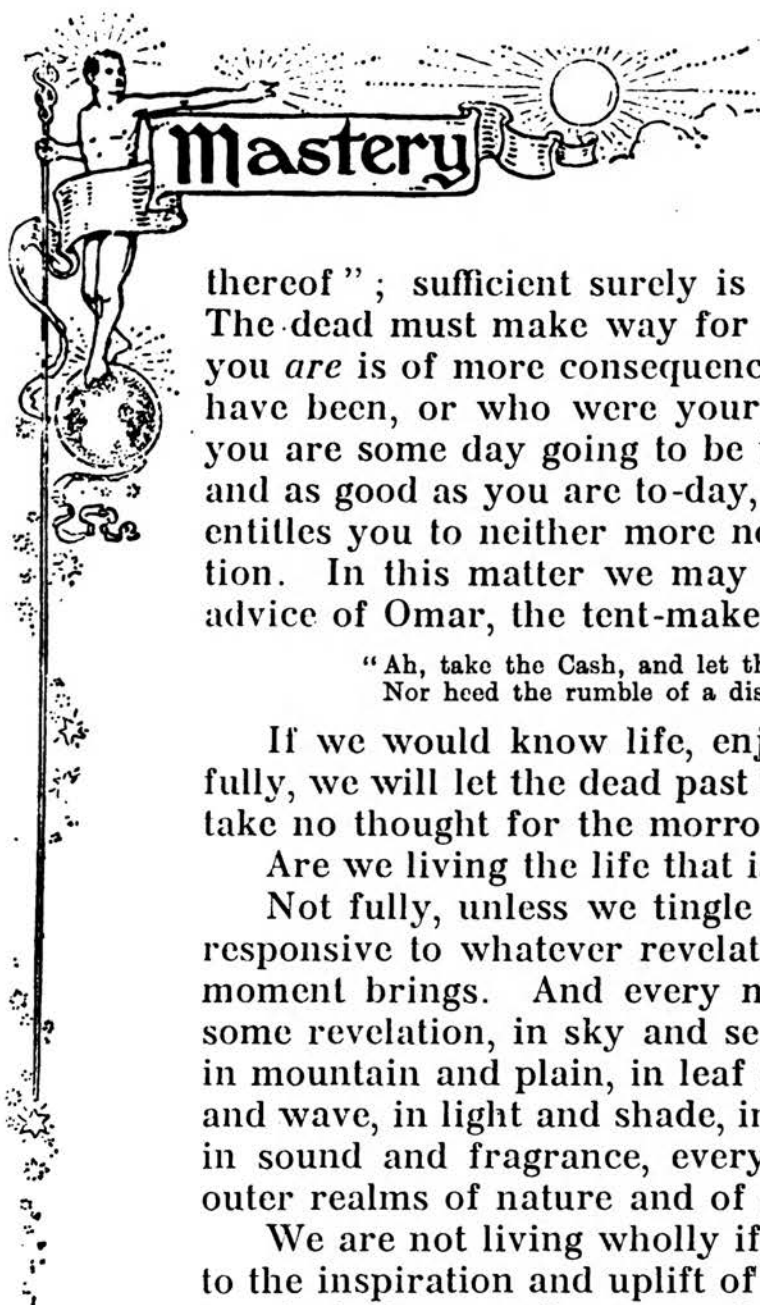
LIVING THE NEW LIFE.

BY PAUL TYNER.

*"One truth a man lives is worth a thousand
he only utters."*—EPICHRMUS.

PERFORMANCE is better than promise. Action in the living present is required to fulfil promise in past action. Action *now* is earnest of what *future* action shall be. The ripe fruit is its own excuse for being. It is at the same time evidence of the character of the tree that produced it, and it "beareth seed after its kind." Past and future are linked in the present moment. Yet, in a sense, the present is parent of both past and future. I AM THAT I AM, at every step of the way, because of the goal to which I press forward, the mark of my high calling. If I am alive and growing, I am no longer what I was yesterday. The past is dead and gone, which means that it is not. All of sweetness and beauty, all of truth and life that the past ever held, is now transmuted into the living present. The child is not dead, but developed, in the man. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

History is vital only as it helps us now to realize and to use the present life of the race as a growth, holding, in fuller development of power and grace and beauty, all that was real and enduring in the past. So with persons, places, emotions, and experiences in the individual life. To-DAY is master of both yesterday and to-morrow. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil



thereof"; sufficient surely is the good thereof. The dead must make way for the living. What you *are* is of more consequence than what you have been, or who were your ancestors. That you are some day going to be ten times as great and as good as you are to-day, or ten times worse, entitles you to neither more nor less consideration. In this matter we may well heed the advice of Omar, the tent-maker:—

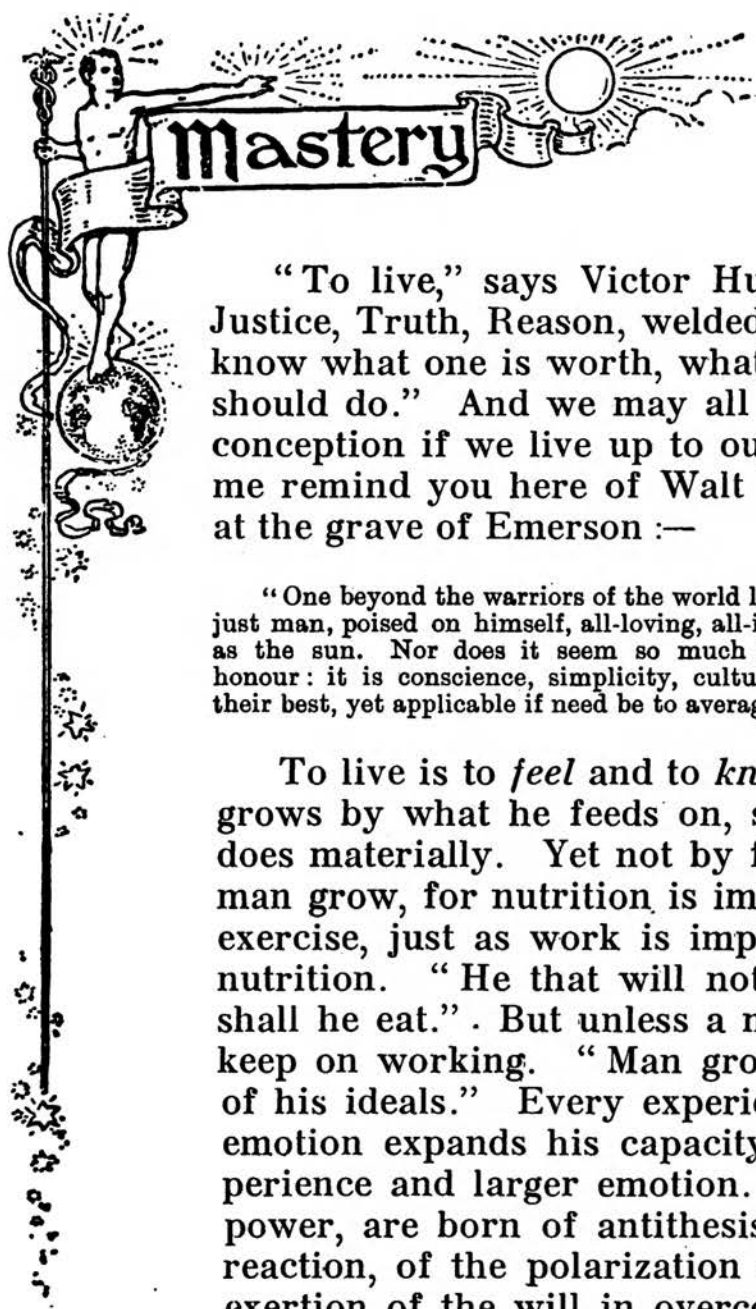
"Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go!
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum."

If we would know life, enjoy life, live life fully, we will let the dead past bury its dead and take no thought for the morrow.

Are we living the life that is ours to live?

Not fully, unless we tingle and thrill joyously responsive to whatever revelation of God the moment brings. And every moment brings some revelation, in sky and sea, in sun and stars, in mountain and plain, in leaf and flower, in wind and wave, in light and shade, in form and motion, in sound and fragrance, everywhere in the outer realms of nature and of art.

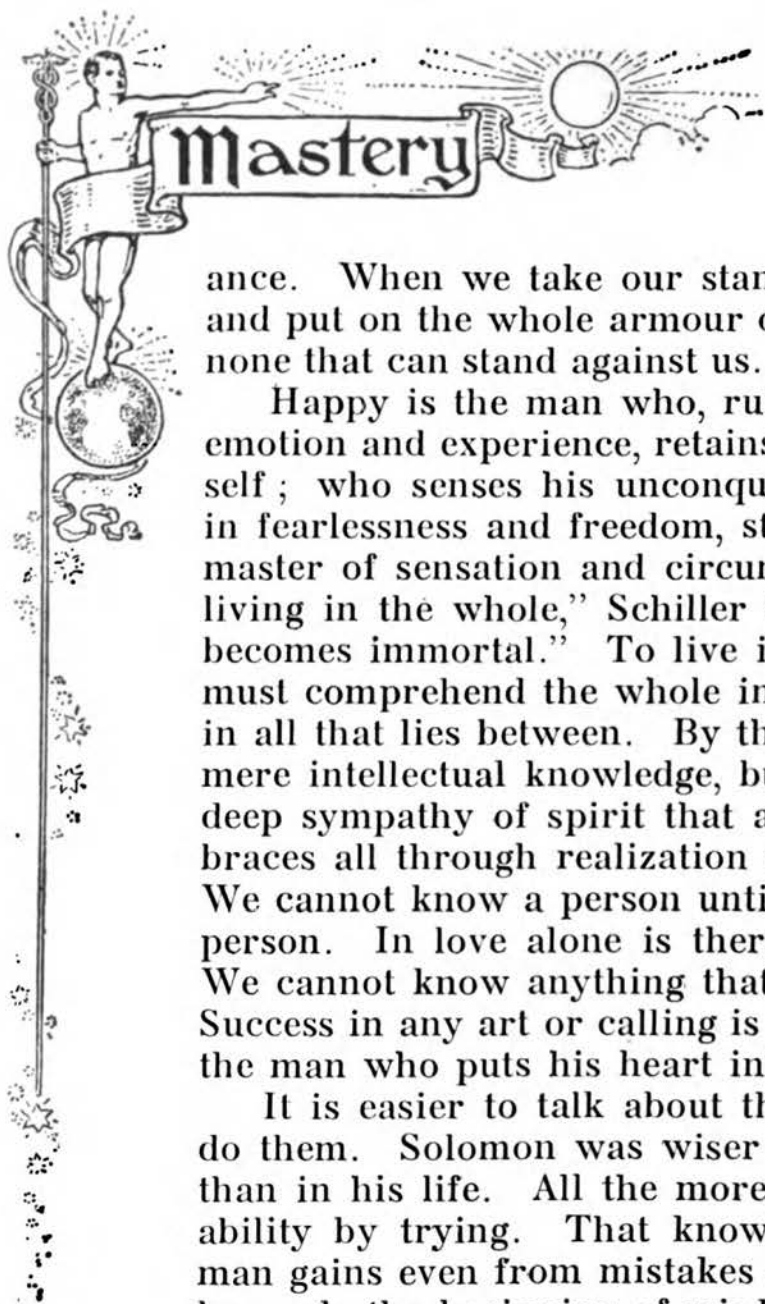
We are not living wholly if we are insensible to the inspiration and uplift of the grand and heroic in human thought and action anywhere, making it our very own. We are not truly living if our hearts do not throb with tenderest and truest emotion of loving and giving. We are not living continuously to the full if we do not turn at times from the infinite *outer*ness to the infinite *inner*ness, finding in its peace and power, its wholeness and completeness, the harmony that makes of inner and outer ONE.



"To live," says Victor Hugo, "is to have Justice, Truth, Reason, welded to the heart ; to know what one is worth, what one can do and should do." And we may all realize this heroic conception if we live up to our opportunity. Let me remind you here of Walt Whitman's words at the grave of Emerson :—

"One beyond the warriors of the world lies surely symbolled here. A just man, poised on himself, all-loving, all-inclosing, and sane and clear as the sun. Nor does it seem so much Emerson himself we are to honour : it is conscience, simplicity, culture, humanity's attributes at their best, yet applicable if need be to average affairs and eligible to all."

To live is to *feel* and to *know* and to *do*. Man grows by what he feeds on, spiritually, as he does materially. Yet not by feeding alone does man grow, for nutrition is impossible without exercise, just as work is impossible without nutrition. "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." But unless a man eat, he cannot keep on working. "Man grows with the growth of his ideals." Every experience and every emotion expands his capacity for larger experience and larger emotion. Poise, harmony, power, are born of antithesis ; of action and reaction, of the polarization of opposites, the exertion of the will in overcoming obstacles, which is the price of all attainment. We need not let ourselves be targets for the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." We have only to "take arms against a sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them." The only power that difficulties or obstacles have to trouble us is the power we give them by recognition and accept-



ance. When we take our stand in the Infinite and put on the whole armour of God, there is none that can stand against us.

Happy is the man who, running the gamut of emotion and experience, retains his hold on himself; who senses his unconquerable soul, and, in fearlessness and freedom, stands unmoved, the master of sensation and circumstance. "By living in the whole," Schiller tells us, "man becomes immortal." To live in the whole, one must comprehend the whole in its extremes and in all that lies between. By this I do not mean mere intellectual knowledge, but the broad and deep sympathy of spirit that accepts and embraces all through realization of the unity of all. We cannot know a person until we love that person. In love alone is there understanding. We cannot know anything that we do not love. Success in any art or calling is possible only to the man who puts his heart into his work.

It is easier to talk about these things than to do them. Solomon was wiser in his proverbs than in his life. All the more reason to develop ability by trying. That knowledge which a man gains even from mistakes and errors may be made the beginning of wisdom. We "rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things," and he that *doeth* the will of the Father "shall know the doctrine."

Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

—GEO. HERBERT.

THE TREATMENT OF LOCOMOTOR ATAXY AND SIMILAR DISEASES BY KINETOTHERAPY.

BY F. OSTEN, M.D.

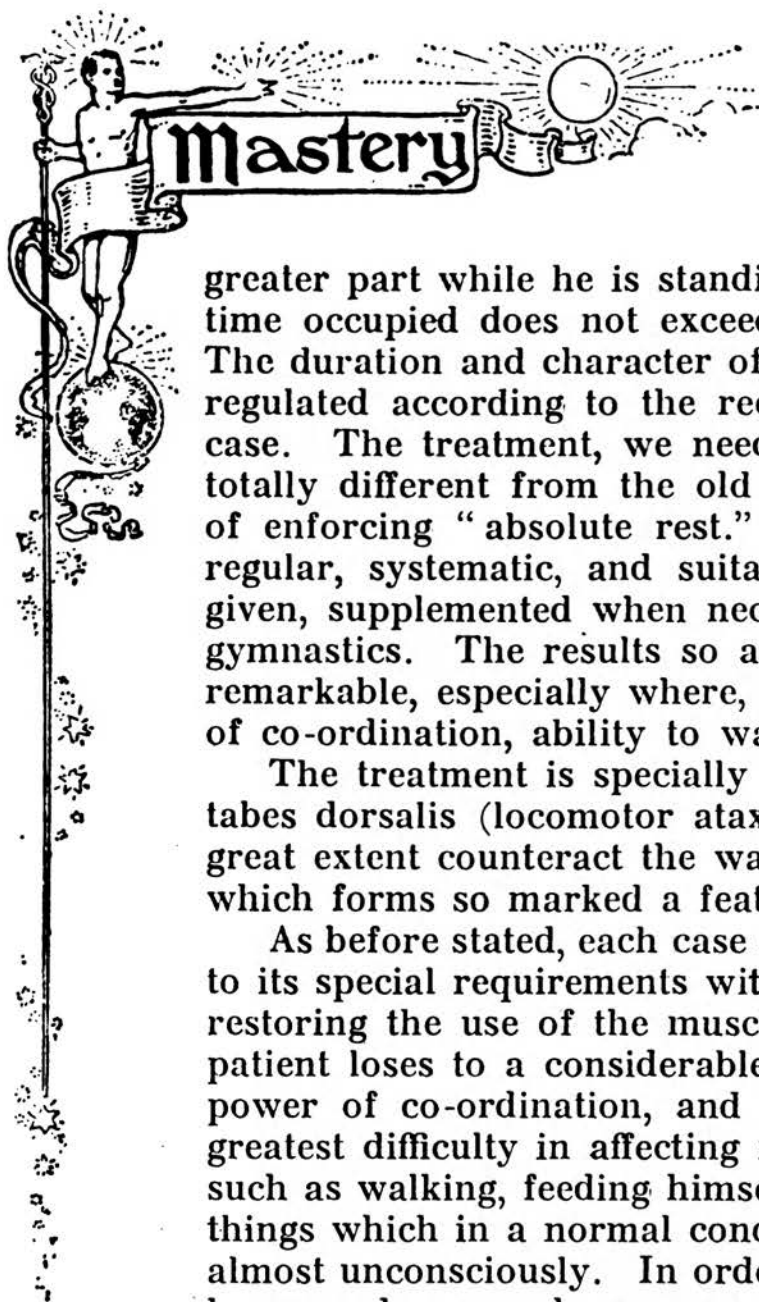
[My attention has been recently called to a treatment for locomotor ataxy and other forms of paralysis that can well be classed with the miraculous, and yet, like all miracles, when fully understood, is found to be based upon the scientific working of natural laws. The treatment was originated in Switzerland, and is practised here by Dr. F. Osten, late of the Berne (Swiss) University. It really consists in bringing the power resident in the subconscious mind into the field of conscious use, the co-ordination of mind and muscle, in teaching the patient how to walk again, as in childhood. I have been amazed at the results in one striking case: a gentleman, bed-ridden for over a dozen years, now, after a few months' treatment, is able to be about his business in the City, can stand easily with eyes closed, and seems about to be completely healed—for years pronounced incurable by fully qualified practitioners. It is with pleasure we print the following explanation of the treatment by Dr. Osten.—*Editor.*]

SUFFERERS from locomotor ataxy and similar diseases will obtain marked permanent benefit from Kinetotherapy and will be enabled to again resume their social and business duties.

This treatment has already produced the most satisfactory results, and is essentially different from the drastic and frequently useless methods which have been administered before.

The results achieved within the past five years by this wonderful process are splendid beyond comparison. In fact, it is the only treatment which can honestly hold out any hope of real improvement.

The necessary compensatory exercises are performed under the supervision of an expert—in part while the patient is lying down, but a

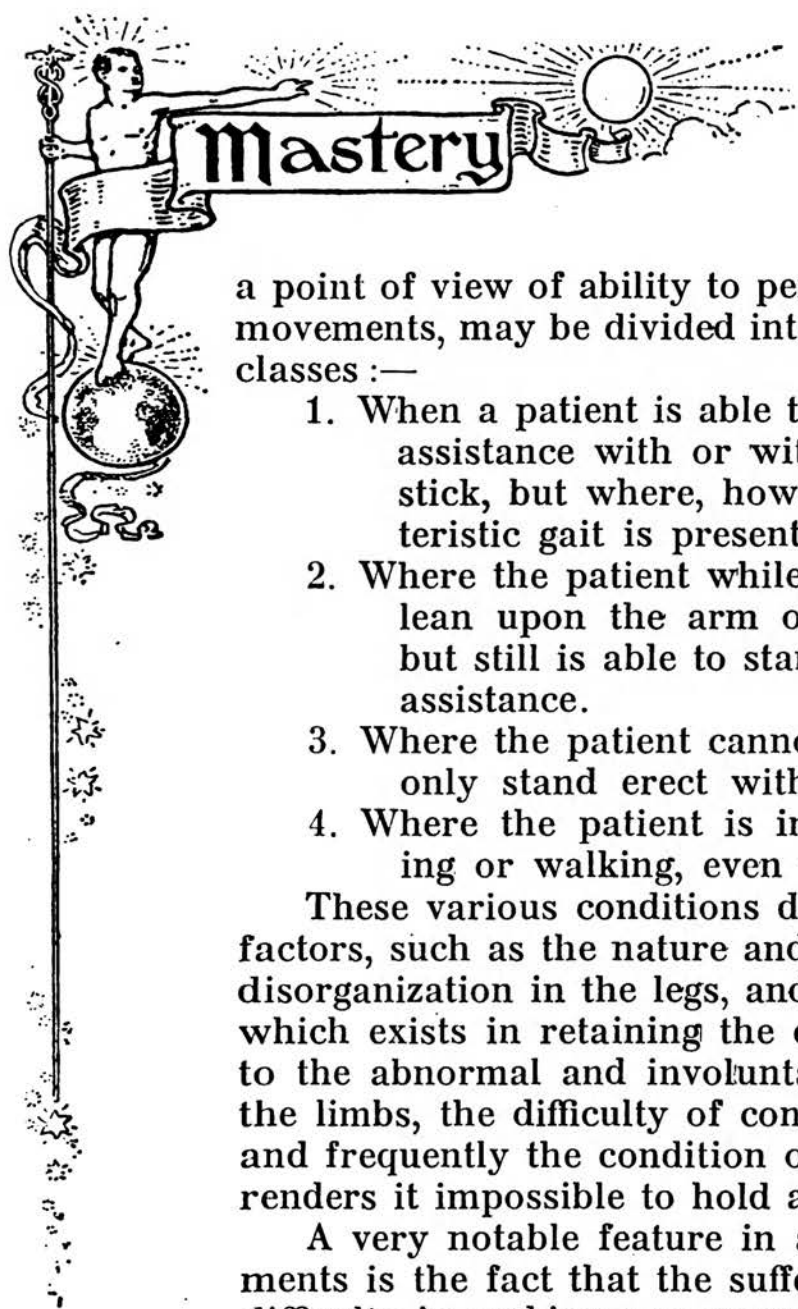


greater part while he is standing or sitting. The time occupied does not exceed one hour daily. The duration and character of the exercises are regulated according to the requirements of each case. The treatment, we need hardly say, is totally different from the old unfruitful method of enforcing "absolute rest." On the contrary, regular, systematic, and suitable exercises are given, supplemented when necessary by special gymnastics. The results so achieved are most remarkable, especially where, owing to the want of co-ordination, ability to walk has been lost.

The treatment is specially applied to cases of *tabes dorsalis* (locomotor ataxy), and can to a great extent counteract the want of co-ordination which forms so marked a feature in this disease.

As before stated, each case is treated according to its special requirements with a view to restoring the use of the muscles. In *tabes* the patient loses to a considerable extent his mental power of co-ordination, and experiences the greatest difficulty in affecting many movements, such as walking, feeding himself, and doing other things which in a normal condition are effected almost unconsciously. In order to walk one yard he expends as much energy as would, if properly applied, carry him twenty-five. It is in teaching him how to properly apply the muscular force at his disposal that the secret of our treatment is to be found.

There are many degrees of nerve degeneration in *tabes* which, though they may all be classed as disorders of co-ordination, yet, regarded from



a point of view of ability to perform co-ordinated movements, may be divided into four great classes :—

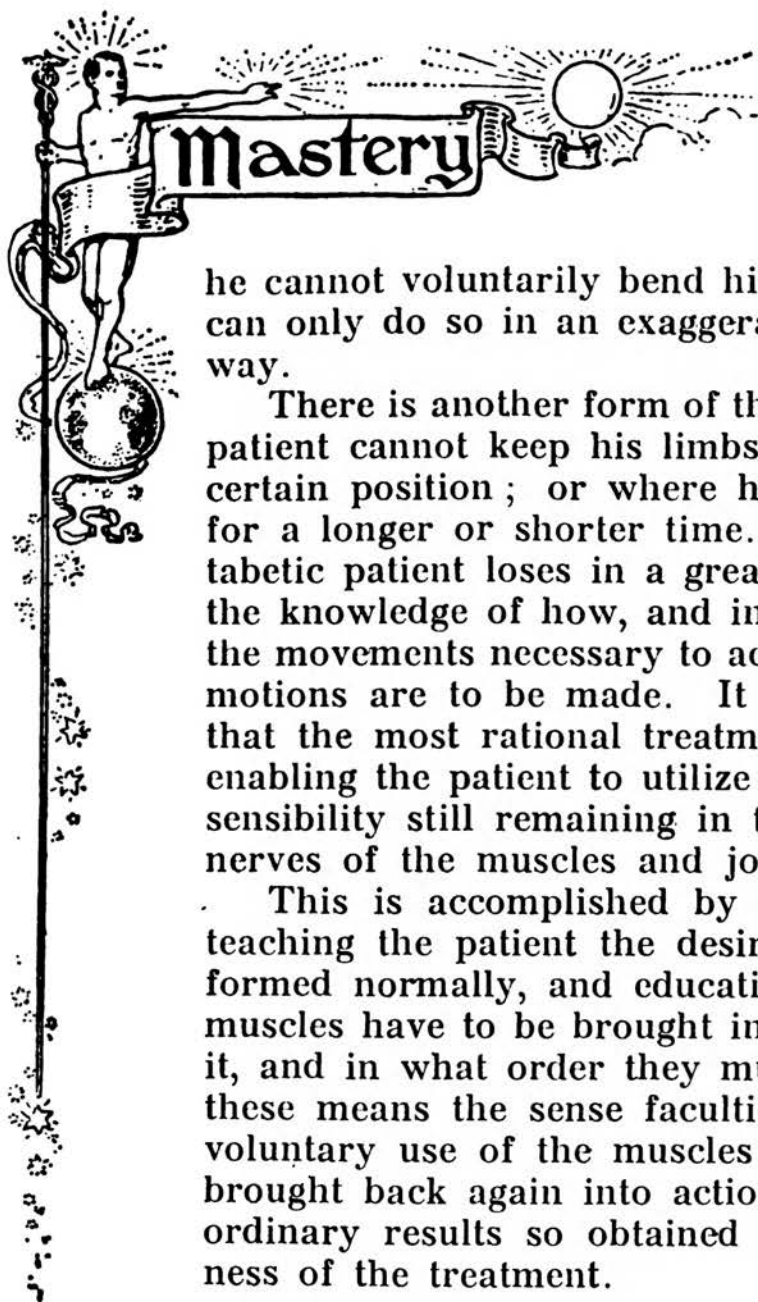
1. When a patient is able to walk without assistance with or without a walking stick, but where, however, the characteristic gait is present.
2. Where the patient while walking has to lean upon the arm of an attendant, but still is able to stand without assistance.
3. Where the patient cannot walk and can only stand erect with assistance.
4. Where the patient is incapable of standing or walking, even with assistance.

These various conditions depend upon other factors, such as the nature and severity of nerve disorganization in the legs, and the difficulty which exists in retaining the equilibrium owing to the abnormal and involuntary movements of the limbs, the difficulty of controlling the body, and frequently the condition of the hands which renders it impossible to hold a walking stick, etc.

A very notable feature in all ataxic movements is the fact that the sufferer finds increased difficulty in making any movement with his eyes closed.

All these abnormalities are the result of want of co-ordination in the group of muscles requisite to effect any given motion.

A simple form of want of co-ordination is shown when the patient can only sit or lie down with difficulty, or when in either of those positions



he cannot voluntarily bend his leg or arm, or can only do so in an exaggerated or abnormal way.

There is another form of the disease where the patient cannot keep his limbs at rest or in a certain position ; or where he can only do so for a longer or shorter time. In time the tabetic patient loses in a greater or less degree the knowledge of how, and in what succession the movements necessary to accomplish any given motions are to be made. It necessarily follows that the most rational treatment consists in enabling the patient to utilize to the utmost the sensibility still remaining in the corresponding nerves of the muscles and joints.

This is accomplished by showing and teaching the patient the desired motion performed normally, and educating him as to what muscles have to be brought into action to effect it, and in what order they must be used. By these means the sense faculties and power of voluntary use of the muscles is increased and brought back again into action. The extraordinary results so obtained prove the soundness of the treatment.

(To be continued.)

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

—HORATIUS BONAR.

SCRIPTURAL INTERPRETATION

INDIFFERENCE *versus* NEW THOUGHT

(JOSHUA 1 ; JAMES 1 ; PSALMS 37, 46.)

"Now after the death of Moses, the servant of the Lord, it came to pass, that the Lord spake unto Joshua, Moses' minister, saying, Arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all thy people, unto the land which I give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life : as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee : I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage : for unto this people shalt thou divide the land. Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do all the law. Turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest."—JOSHUA 1.

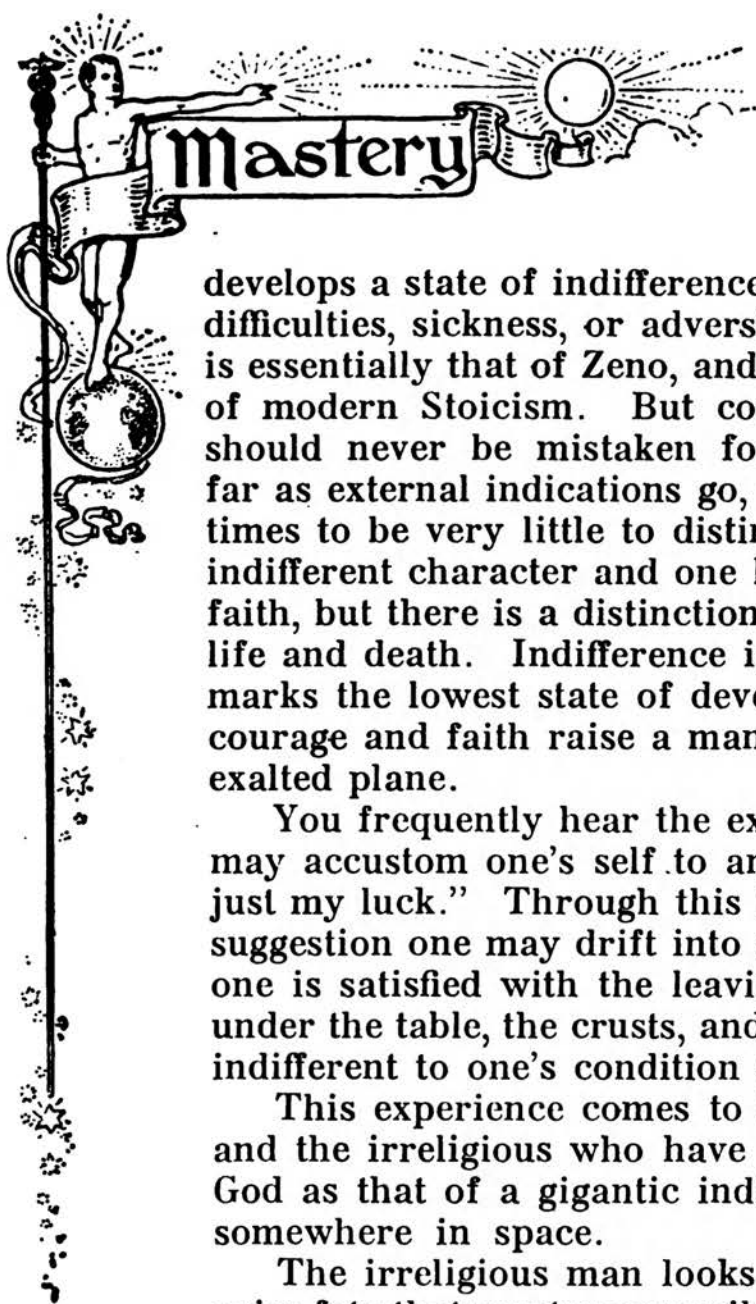
"Count it all joy when you meet with various tests, knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience. Let patience have her perfect work that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. If, any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him : but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. Let not that man think he shall receive anything of the Lord. A double-minded man is unstable in all things."—JAMES 1.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the Holy Place of the Tabernacle of the Most High. God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early."—PSALM 46.

"Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in him ; and he shall bring it to pass. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. He shall deliver him from the wicked, and save him, because he trusteth in him."—PSALM 37.



HERE seems to be a feeling upon the part of those inclined to criticize adversely the followers of New Thought that it



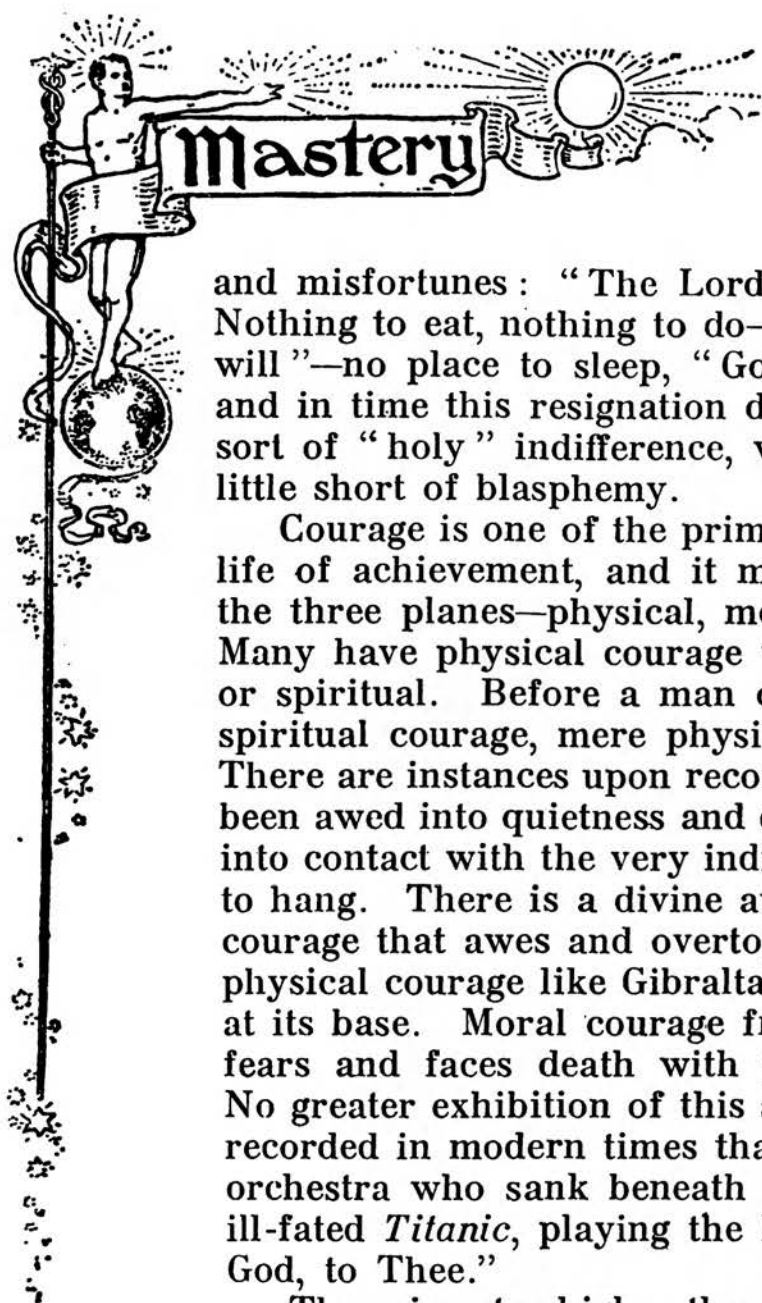
develops a state of indifference, and that under difficulties, sickness, or adversity, this philosophy is essentially that of Zeno, and constitutes a sort of modern Stoicism. But courage and faith should never be mistaken for indifference. So far as external indications go, there seems at times to be very little to distinguish between an indifferent character and one living the life of faith, but there is a distinction as vital as between life and death. Indifference in the human soul marks the lowest state of development, whereas courage and faith raise a man up to a most exalted plane.

You frequently hear the expressions, "One may accustom one's self to anything," and "It is just my luck." Through this line of auto-suggestion one may drift into a condition where one is satisfied with the leavings, the crumbs under the table, the crusts, and so finally become indifferent to one's condition and environment.

This experience comes to both the religious and the irreligious who have the conception of God as that of a gigantic individual located somewhere in space.

The irreligious man looks upon life as some grim fate that must necessarily use him as a toy ; his only happiness comes in sinking into a state of indifference, and he looks upon death as a release.

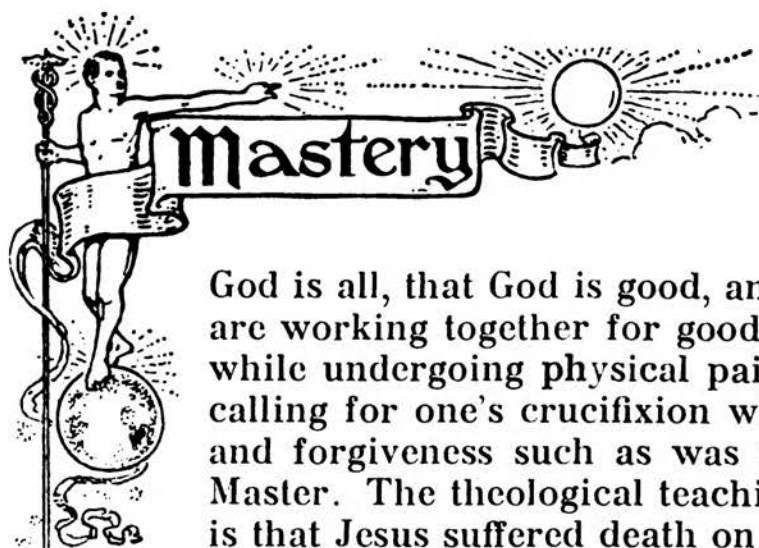
Very little better is the religious character who explains everything that comes into his life as having been sent directly from the hand of an outside God, and says in all sorts of conditions



and misfortunes: "The Lord's will be done." Nothing to eat, nothing to do—"It is the Lord's will"—no place to sleep, "God's will be done," and in time this resignation degenerates into a sort of "holy" indifference, which in reality is little short of blasphemy.

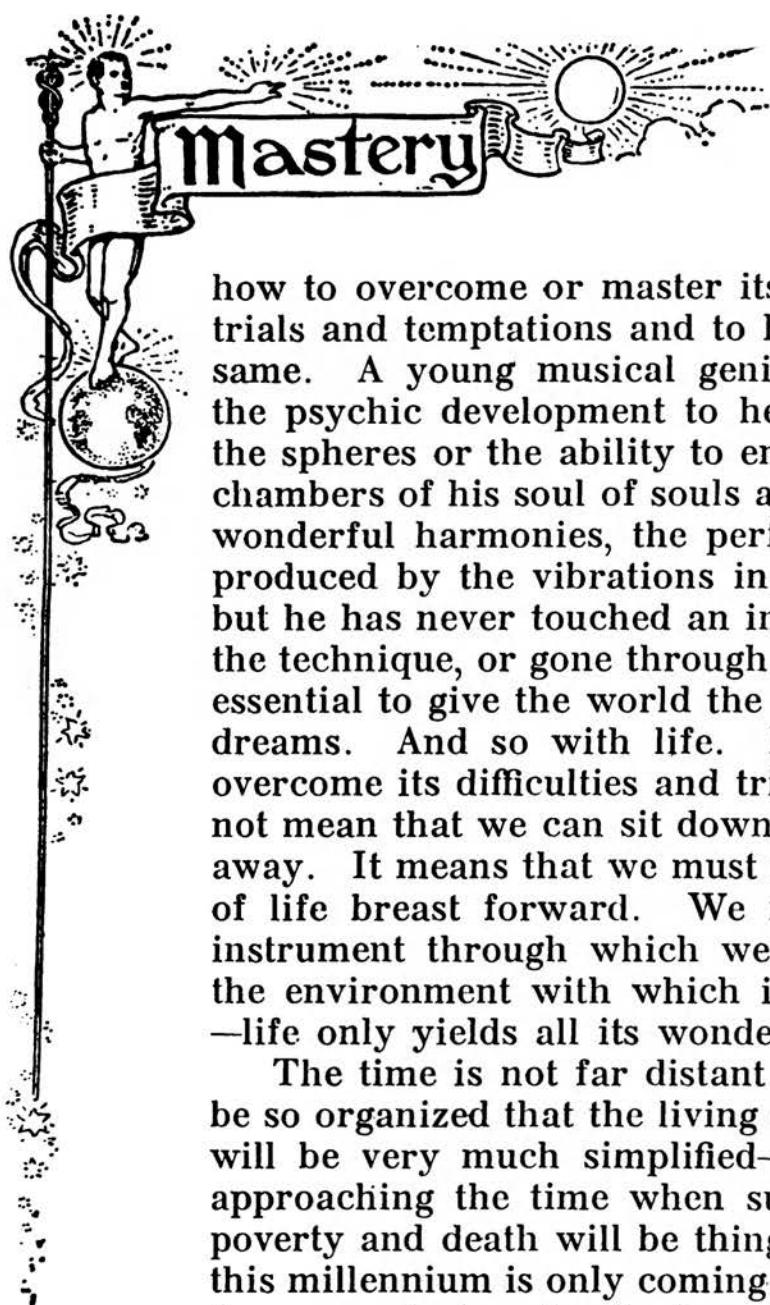
Courage is one of the prime essentials in the life of achievement, and it manifests upon the three planes—physical, mental, and spiritual. Many have physical courage without the moral or spiritual. Before a man of great moral or spiritual courage, mere physical courage quails. There are instances upon record where mobs have been awed into quietness and dispersed by coming into contact with the very individual they desired to hang. There is a divine audacity about moral courage that awes and overtops mere animal or physical courage like Gibraltar the surging waves at its base. Moral courage frees life of all its fears and faces death with perfect calmness. No greater exhibition of this sort of courage is recorded in modern times than that of the orchestra who sank beneath the waves in the ill-fated *Titanic*, playing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

There is yet a higher than moral courage, the courage produced and backed up by faith, the courage that stands "though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the sea," a courage that knows itself to be greater than all circumstances, that has learned that life is everlasting and cannot die. This is the courage that is based upon the absolute assurance that



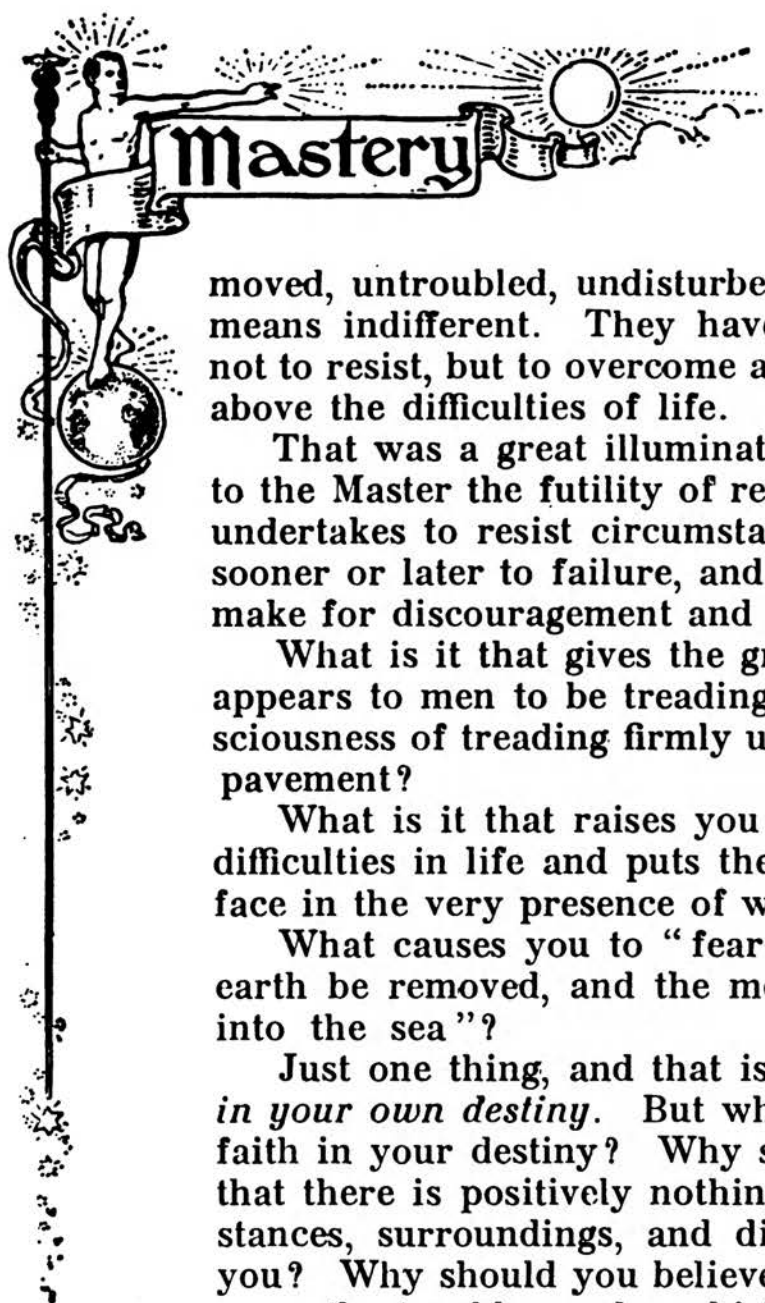
God is all, that God is good, and that "all things are working together for good"; a courage that while undergoing physical pain can face the mob calling for one's crucifixion with a gentleness and forgiveness such as was exhibited by the Master. The theological teaching usually accepted is that Jesus suffered death on the cross to propitiate an angry God, and to save from punishment a world of sinners that Jesus had grown to love. But the thing that gave to Jesus his wonderful courage was his sublime faith in himself, in the God within; the faith that he could lay down his life and take it up again. And there was no possibility of demonstrating that life was eternal without submitting to what men call death. He had that absolute assurance, the faith, the knowledge, that life was indestructible, which gave him the courage to undergo any sort of test in order to demonstrate this wonderful truth. Instead of indifference resulting to souls who choose to develop courage through faith, exactly the opposite condition is produced, and one becomes hypersensitive to all conditions. At the same time a magnanimous spirit—a God-like way of looking at things—raises one above the so-called adversities of life.

Through faith, the human soul awakens to an understanding of the laws governing conditions and things that fills it with divine courage, that substitutes the column of steel for the cotton string that often constitutes the backbone of the average individual. He does not become indifferent to the experiences of life, but he learns



how to overcome or master its difficulties and trials and temptations and to help others do the same. A young musical genius has, perhaps, the psychic development to hear the music of the spheres or the ability to enter the innermost chambers of his soul of souls and there sense the wonderful harmonies, the perfect symphonies produced by the vibrations in the Great Within ; but he has never touched an instrument, learned the technique, or gone through the exercises essential to give the world the music of his dreams. And so with life. It is possible to overcome its difficulties and trials, but this does not mean that we can sit down and dream them away. It means that we must meet the difficulties of life breast forward. We must master the instrument through which we express life, and the environment with which it is surrounded—life only yields all its wonders to the master.

The time is not far distant when society will be so organized that the living of the perfect life will be very much simplified—we are rapidly approaching the time when suffering, sorrow, poverty and death will be things of the past ; but this millennium is only coming to the race because there are giant souls who have made the discovery that there is something in man that is greater than his environment ; something that is greater than his circumstances, and this knowledge has given him the power to overcome, has taught him how to so master the instrument that he can strike the keynote that puts his world into perfect harmony. And while these giant souls are un-



moved, untroubled, undisturbed, they are by no means indifferent. They have simply learned not to resist, but to overcome and raise themselves above the difficulties of life.

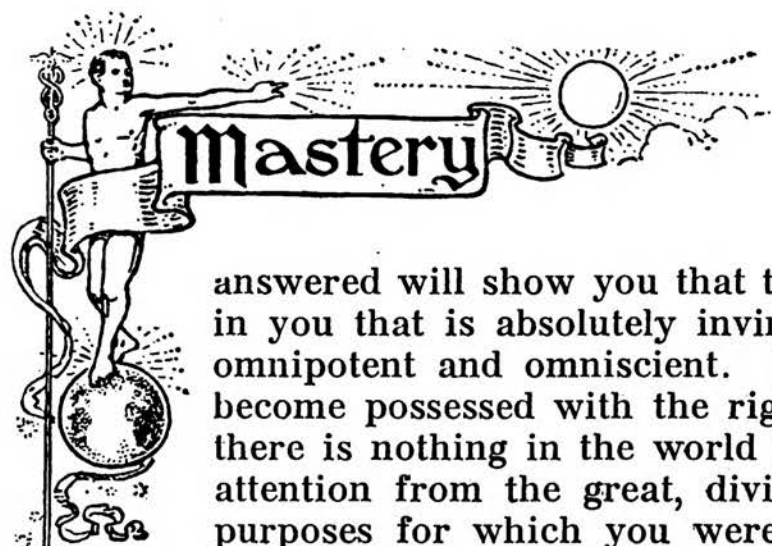
That was a great illumination which showed to the Master the futility of resistance. He who undertakes to resist circumstances is doomed sooner or later to failure, and repeated failures make for discouragement and finally indifference.

What is it that gives the great soul, who appears to men to be treading on air, the consciousness of treading firmly upon the granite pavement?

What is it that raises you above offences and difficulties in life and puts the smile upon the face in the very presence of what seems disaster?

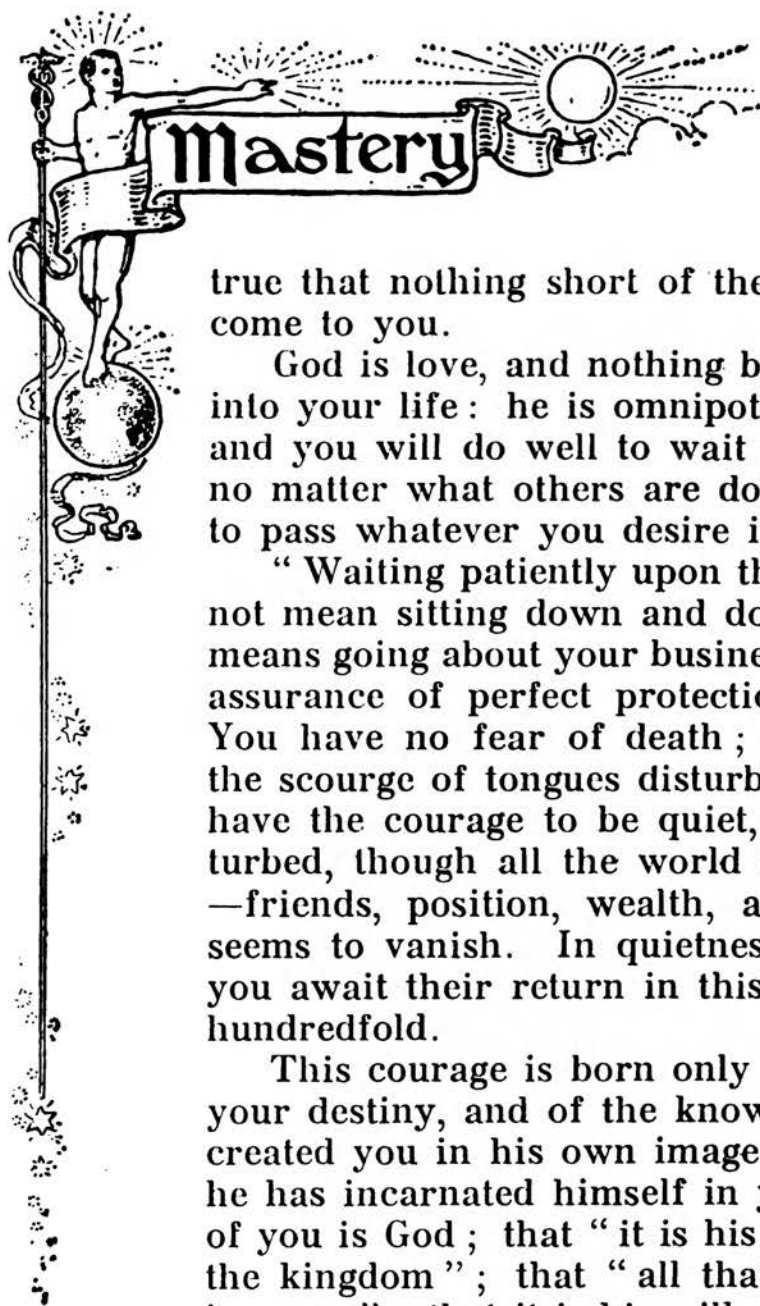
What causes you to "fear not though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the sea"?

Just one thing, and that is *an absolute faith in your own destiny*. But why should you have faith in your destiny? Why should you believe that there is positively nothing in your circumstances, surroundings, and difficulties to harm you? Why should you believe that you can overcome the troubles under which countless millions have gone down? What is there about you that makes you laugh when troubles come?—that causes the people about you to think you callous or indifferent? What? Answer the question: "Who are you?" and you will discover that you are greater than all the physical manifestations of life upon the planet. This question correctly



answered will show you that there is something in you that is absolutely invincible, something omnipotent and omniscient. When you once become possessed with the right idea of yourself there is nothing in the world to distract your attention from the great, divine, omnipotent purposes for which you were manifested.

The unfoldment necessary to this realization, the getting rid of the limitations that now hamper your outlook upon life, and hide from you the consciousness of your real self, will make you infinitely more sensitive to the criticisms of friends and enemies, to the psychic atmosphere in which you live. It will give you infinitely more compassion for the unfortunate, crippled, and diseased, with whom you come into contact ; more sensitiveness to all these things, and yet an absolute serenity and poise will possess your soul. This very serenity will be easily enough mistaken for indifference by the unilluminated. And why this peace that passeth the understanding of the unenlightened? Why? Because you have come into a consciousness of unity with the Omnipresent, in which you live, and move, and have your being. Because you know that God is good, and that there is nothing upon this planet or in the universe but good ; that God is all, and in all ; that God is all there is of you ; that you and the Father are one, therefore nothing can disturb you. If his will is omnipotent and omniscient and you have torn away all the barriers and are allowing his will to work omnipotently through you, then it is also

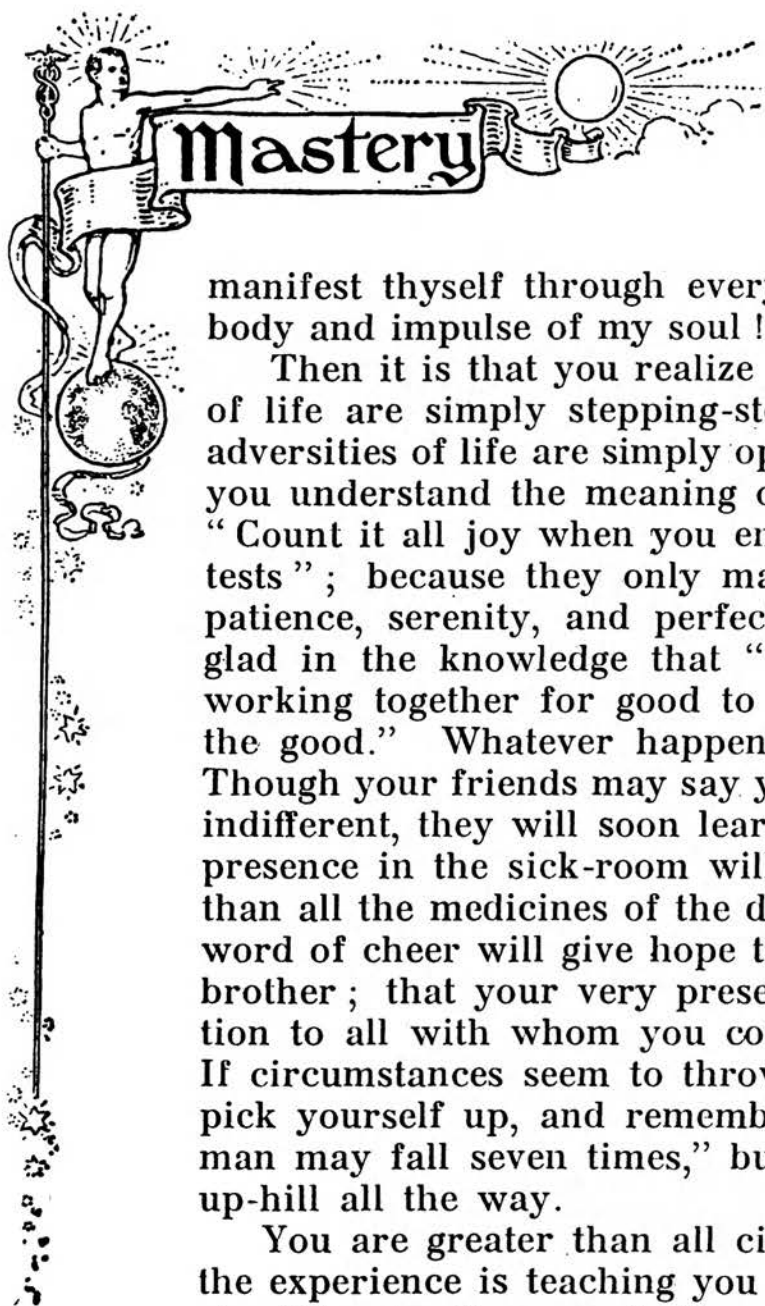


true that nothing short of the will of God can come to you.

God is love, and nothing but love can come into your life: he is omnipotent and omniscient, and you will do well to wait patiently for him, no matter what others are doing. He will bring to pass whatever you desire in your life.

"Waiting patiently upon the Lord" does not mean sitting down and doing nothing. It means going about your business with the absolute assurance of perfect protection at all times. You have no fear of death; the lion's den or the scourge of tongues disturbs you not. You have the courage to be quiet, serene, and undisturbed, though all the world thinks worth while—friends, position, wealth, and reputation—seems to vanish. In quietness and confidence you await their return in this present world an hundredfold.

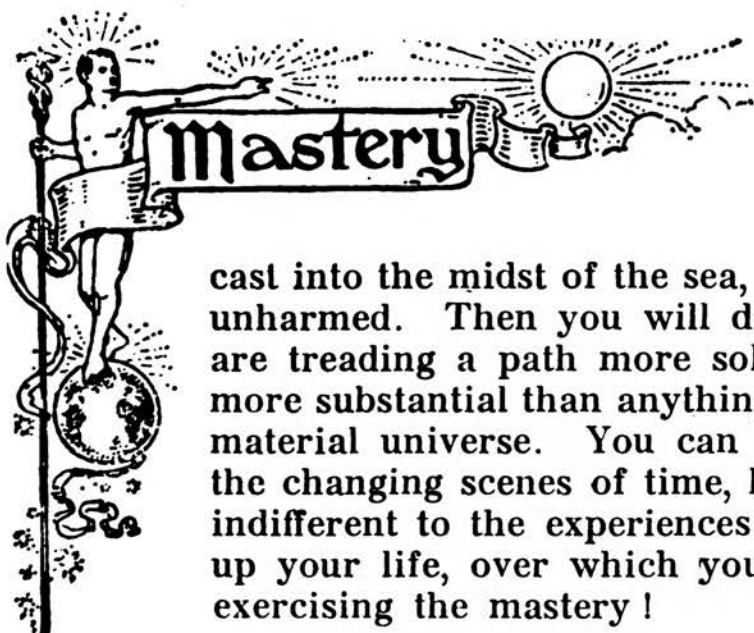
This courage is born only of absolute faith in your destiny, and of the knowledge that God has created you in his own image and likeness, that he has incarnated himself in you, that the Real of you is God; that "it is his will to give you the kingdom"; that "all that the Father hath is yours"; that it is his will and desire that you should be all that God can possibly be in human form, and, therefore, your soul cries out continuously with rapturous, passionate abandon, "Thy will, O God, be done in me this day! Thou dost think through my brain; Thou dost speak through my mouth; Thou dost heal, and work, and bless, through my hands; Thou dost



manifest thyself through every movement of my body and impulse of my soul ! ”

Then it is that you realize that the difficulties of life are simply stepping-stones ; that the adversities of life are simply opportunities, and you understand the meaning of the injunction : “ Count it all joy when you enter into divers tests ” ; because they only make for more patience, serenity, and perfection. Just be glad in the knowledge that “ all things are working together for good to those that love the good. ” Whatever happens, just be glad ! Though your friends may say you are callous or indifferent, they will soon learn that your very presence in the sick-room will do more good than all the medicines of the doctor ; that your word of cheer will give hope to the discouraged brother ; that your very presence is a stimulation to all with whom you come into contact. If circumstances seem to throw you down, just pick yourself up, and remember that “ a perfect man may fall seven times, ” but he is falling up-hill all the way.

You are greater than all circumstances, and the experience is teaching you to uphold your stumbling brothers, and after a while your climbing will not require these trippings, and you will walk with a steady step and with the courage and faith that makes you sure-footed. You can “ pass through the waters and they will not overflow you, ” and “ pass through the fire and it shall not kindle about you. ” The very earth may tremble and the mountains themselves be



cast into the midst of the sea, but you will be unharmed. Then you will discover that you are treading a path more solid than granite, more substantial than anything else in the material universe. You can afford to smile at the changing scenes of time, but you are never indifferent to the experiences that go to make up your life, over which you are gaining or exercising the mastery !

MY BOOK.



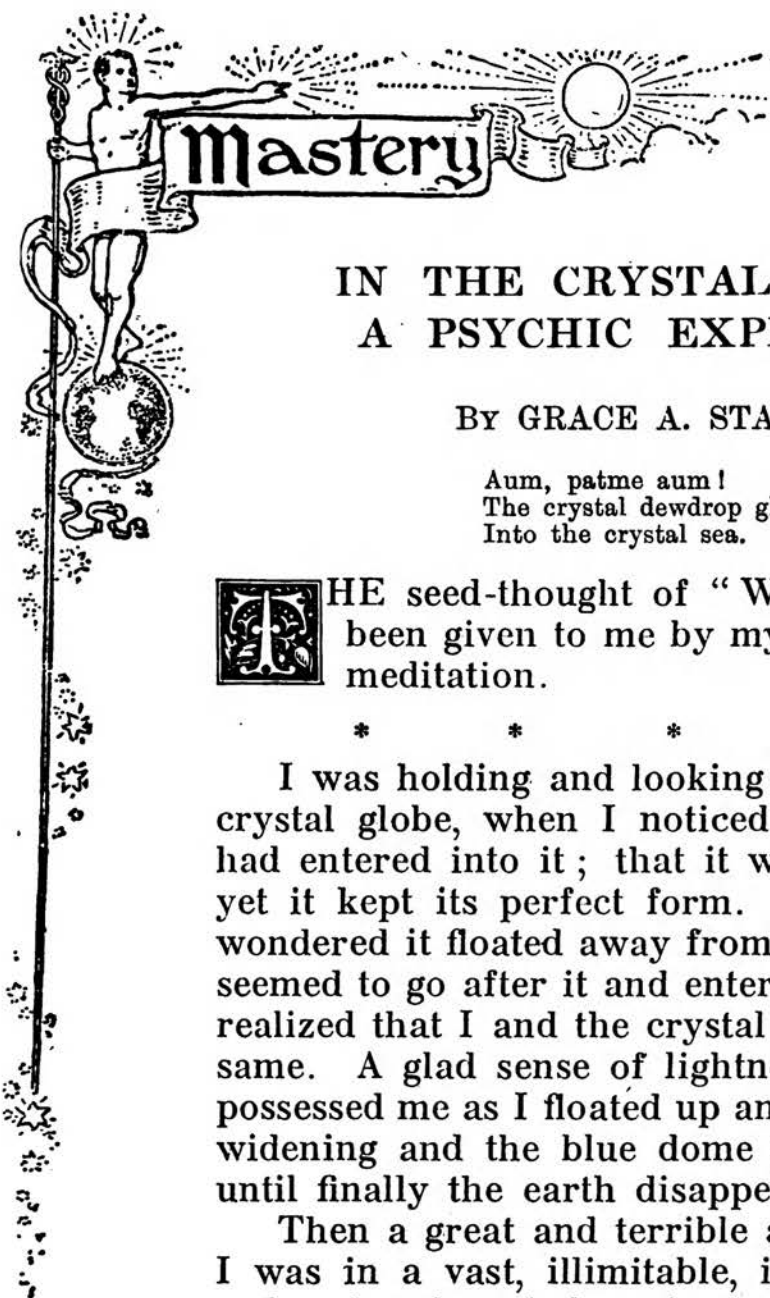
FRAGILE fern with tender fronds
uncurled,
A primrose tuft with petals dew-impearled,
Blue violets hid within the wood's green gloom,
The apple branches breaking into bloom.

The low, green hills, the tender, smiling sky,
The river laughing as it hurries by,
The merle and linnet and the wayward thrush
That fill with liquid notes the evening hush.

Contented here in quietude I wait,
And stand all day at summer's golden gate,
Or peacefully I read my magic book
In every lane, in every woodland nook.

And you who cannot read this book of mine,
These lessons written by a hand divine,
To you I'd show His Word in every sod,
And teach you all the world's the Book of God.

—ELIZABETH A. TWIGG.



Mastery

IN THE CRYSTAL SPHERE: A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

BY GRACE A. STALLEY.

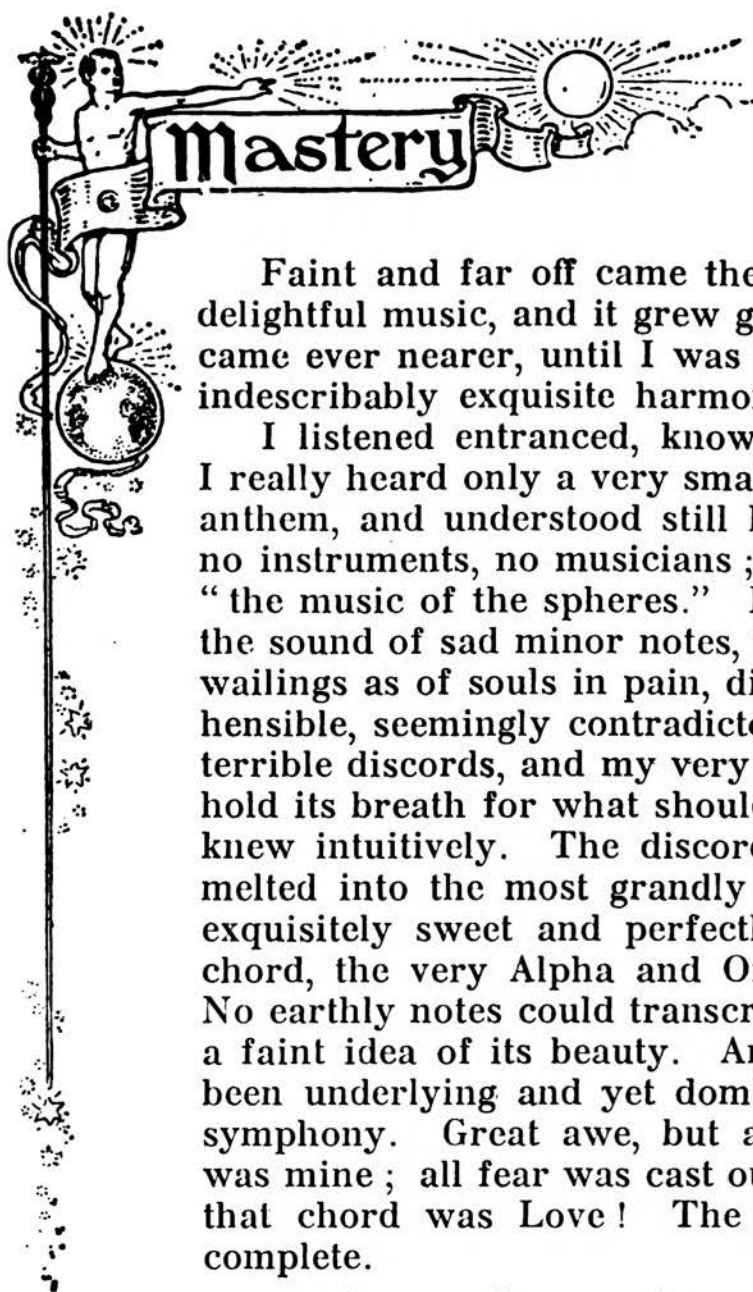
Aum, patme aum!
The crystal dewdrop glides
Into the crystal sea.

THE seed-thought of "Wholeness" had been given to me by my teacher for meditation.

* * * * *

I was holding and looking deeply into a crystal globe, when I noticed that my fingers had entered into it; that it was no longer rigid, yet it kept its perfect form. And while I wondered it floated away from me, and my soul seemed to go after it and enter into it; nay, I realized that I and the crystal were one and the same. A glad sense of lightness and freedom possessed me as I floated up and up, the horizon widening and the blue dome growing deeper until finally the earth disappeared altogether.

Then a great and terrible awe came over me. I was in a vast, illimitable, infinite sphere, embracing the whole universe. Innumerable worlds, far surpassing our little sun in grandeur, stretched away into boundless space. And the Great Sphere was vibrant with life, nay, it *was* Life itself; it was not just full of light—it *was* Light, All-Power, All-Wisdom, the Source of All—Omniscient, Omnipresent—God! And my soul fainted within me for joy.

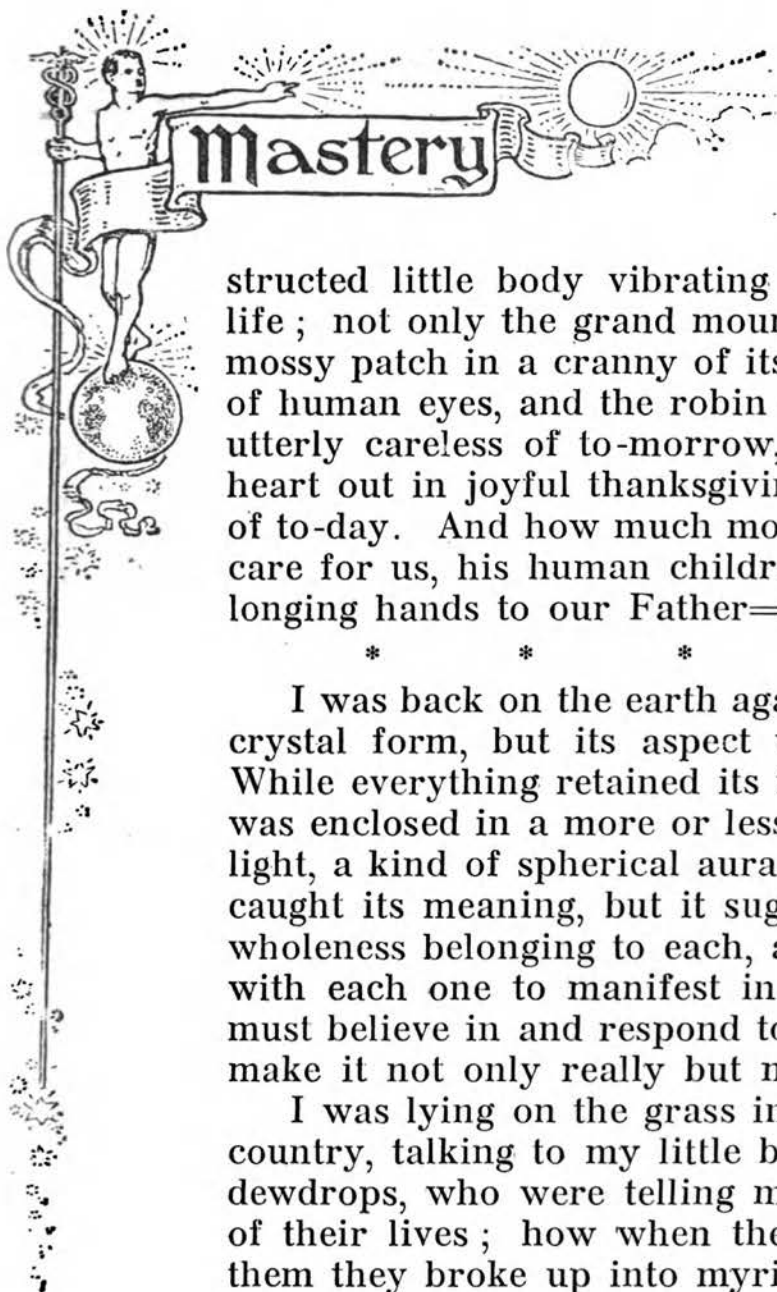


Faint and far off came the sound of most delightful music, and it grew grander as it came ever nearer, until I was bathing in a sea of indescribably exquisite harmony.

I listened entranced, knowing, however, that I really heard only a very small part of the grand anthem, and understood still less. There were no instruments, no musicians ; I was listening to "the music of the spheres." By and by I caught the sound of sad minor notes, then anguished wailings as of souls in pain, difficult, incomprehensible, seemingly contradictory passages ; then terrible discords, and my very soul seemed to hold its breath for what should follow, though I knew intuitively. The discords led up to and melted into the most grandly triumphant yet exquisitely sweet and perfectly harmonious chord, the very Alpha and Omega of all music. No earthly notes could transcribe it nor give even a faint idea of its beauty. And I knew it had been underlying and yet dominating the whole symphony. Great awe, but also great peace was mine ; all fear was cast out, for the name of that chord was Love ! The sphere was complete.

* * * * *

I knew beyond all doubt that God not only creates all things, and that through him they are ever evolving towards greater perfection, but that (oh, marvel surpassing finite comprehension !) he can and does embrace each in his love and care, from the grandest of the starry spheres to the tiniest insect with its wondrously con-

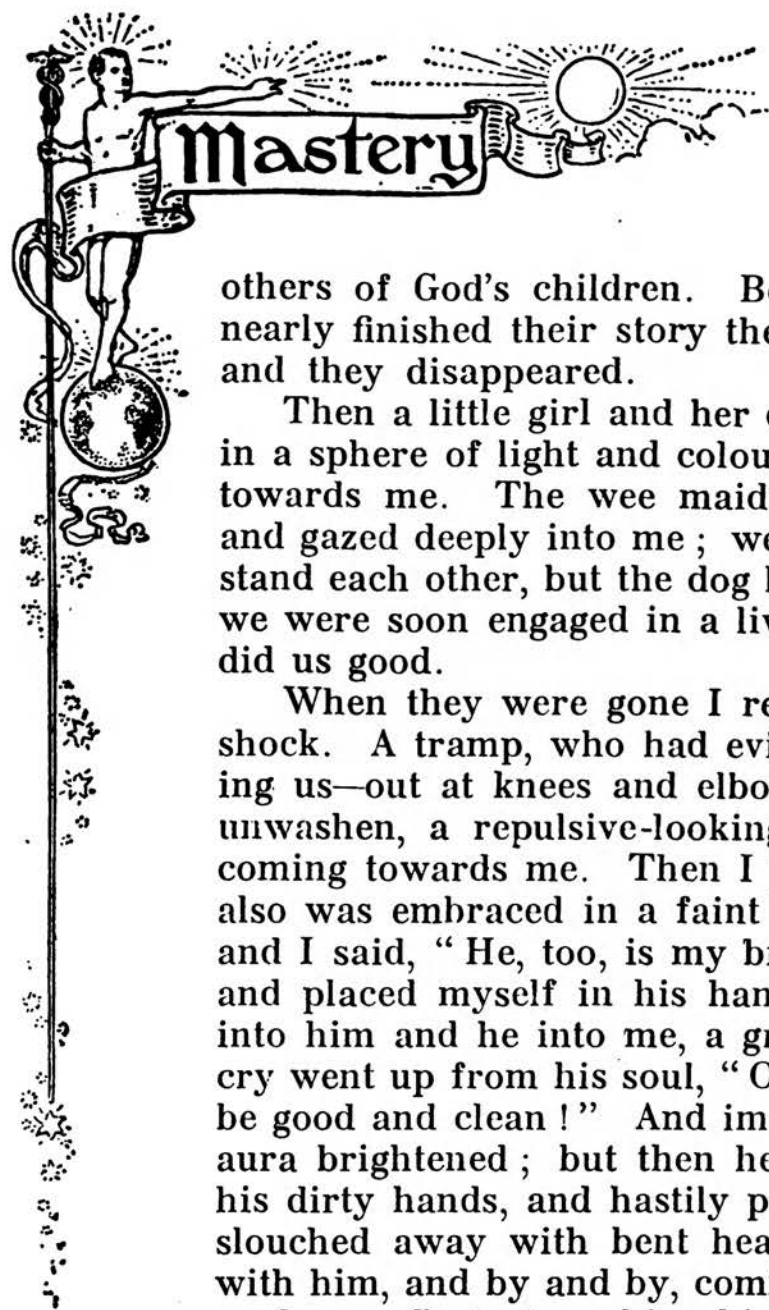


structed little body vibrating with his own life ; not only the grand mountain but the little mossy patch in a cranny of its side out of sight of human eyes, and the robin on the tree branch, utterly careless of to-morrow, singing its little heart out in joyful thanksgiving for the blessings of to-day. And how much more does he love and care for us, his human children, who stretch out longing hands to our Father—Mother—God.

* * * * *

I was back on the earth again, still in my crystal form, but its aspect was changed. While everything retained its familiar form, each was enclosed in a more or less distinct globe of light, a kind of spherical aura ; I but dimly caught its meaning, but it suggested a potential wholeness belonging to each, and which it lay with each one to manifest in perfection. We must believe in and respond to the wholeness to make it not only really but manifestly ours.

I was lying on the grass in a large sweep of country, talking to my little brothers the crystal dewdrops, who were telling me the fairy story of their lives ; how when the great sun called them they broke up into myriads of infinitesimal globes of light and rose up into the air to meet more brothers and sisters from lake, river, and sea, and how together they floated along, a silver cloud in a blue sky, gathering more life, light, and nourishment as they went, only to give it all away again when the right time came. Then they would join forces and rush merrily down to earth again, carrying their blessing to

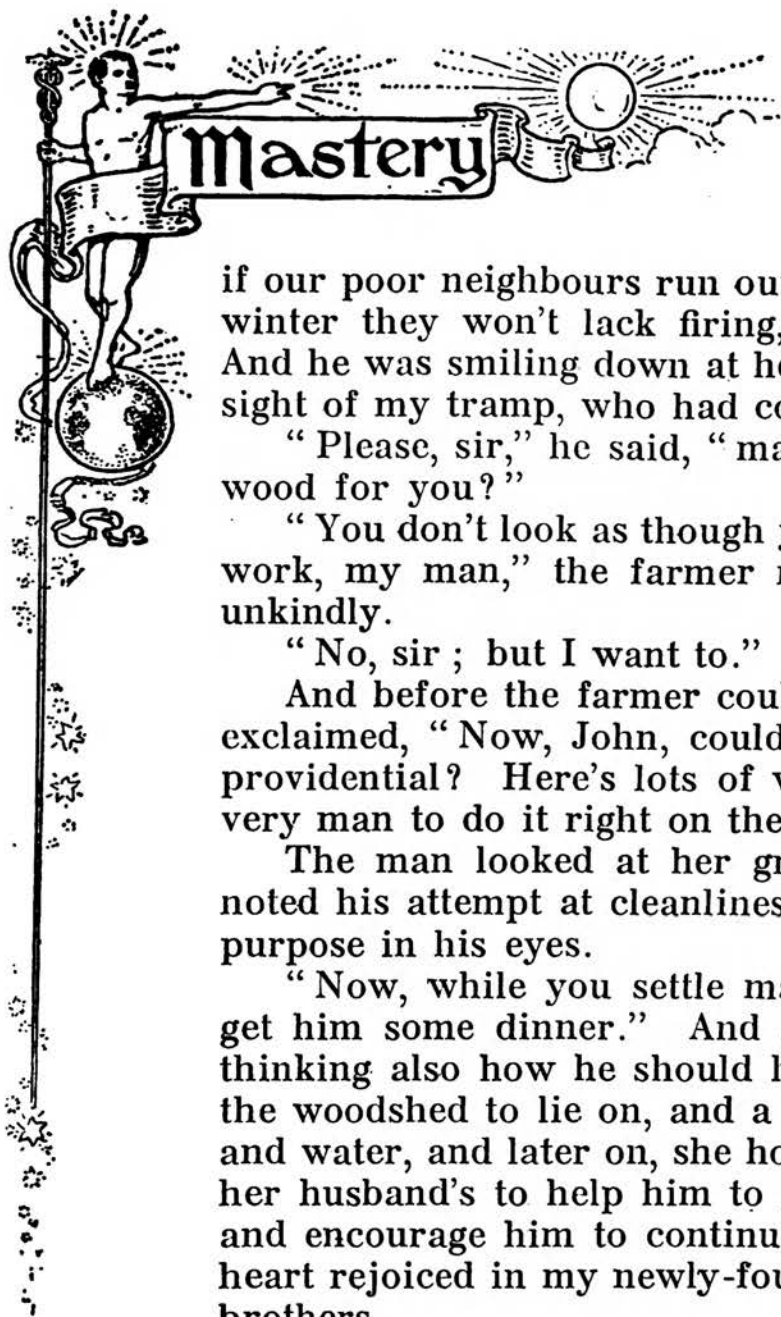


others of God's children. Before they had nearly finished their story the sun called them and they disappeared.

Then a little girl and her dog, each enclosed in a sphere of light and colour, scampered towards me. The wee maiden caught me up and gazed deeply into me ; we seemed to understand each other, but the dog becoming impatient, we were soon engaged in a lively game which did us good.

When they were gone I received a little shock. A tramp, who had evidently been watching us—out at knees and elbows, unkempt and unwashen, a repulsive-looking object—was coming towards me. Then I perceived that he also was embraced in a faint sphere of light, and I said, "He, too, is my brother," and I went and placed myself in his hands. As I looked into him and he into me, a great but unuttered cry went up from his soul, "Oh, if only I could be good and clean !" And immediately his aura brightened ; but then he caught sight of his dirty hands, and hastily putting me down, he slouched away with bent head. But I went with him, and by and by, coming to a pond, he made an effort at washing his face and hands, after which he walked on more uprightly till he came to the gate of a farmhouse, out of which a waggoner was just coming after depositing his last load of faggots on a huge pile next to a large stack of logs.

The farmer and his wife were contemplating their riches, and she was saying, "Well, John,



if our poor neighbours run out of wood this winter they won't lack firing, will they?" And he was smiling down at her when he caught sight of my tramp, who had come up to them.

"Please, sir," he said, "may I chop some wood for you?"

"You don't look as though you did much hard work, my man," the farmer replied, but not unkindly.

"No, sir ; but I want to."

And before the farmer could reply his wife exclaimed, "Now, John, could anything be more providential? Here's lots of work, and the very man to do it right on the spot!"

The man looked at her gratefully. She had noted his attempt at cleanliness and the light of purpose in his eyes.

"Now, while you settle matters I'll go and get him some dinner." And she bustled away, thinking also how he should have some straw in the woodshed to lie on, and a coarse towel, soap, and water, and later on, she hoped, an old suit of her husband's to help him to greater self-respect and encourage him to continue working. My heart rejoiced in my newly-found sister and brothers.

* * * * *

I woke to a sudden sense of weight and stiffness, to find myself sitting as of old in my Bath chair !

But in a minute I said, "I, too, am in reality whole. God is within me ; I will manifest Him in my body and my spirit, which are His."

YOUR BIRTHDAY

May 20th to June 20th—Gemini.

IF you were born during this period you should be intellectual and refined. You should guard against restlessness, nervousness, and fondness for change and variety. You are naturally subject to contradictory moods, but are very quick, artistic, and deft with your hands, and if you will set yourself a daily task of doing something useful with your hands you will overcome to a large extent your moods. You are very versatile, have exceptional adaptability, and will learn quickly anything that interests you. You are inclined to idolize the intellectual, and have great admiration for culture and scholarship, but you are diffusive, volatile, and apt to neglect your own culture and the drawing out or educating of your own innate mental powers.

Your dissatisfaction, restlessness, and anxiety arise more from pre-natal conditions than from environment; therefore you should restrain these tendencies, always remembering that the cause is within.

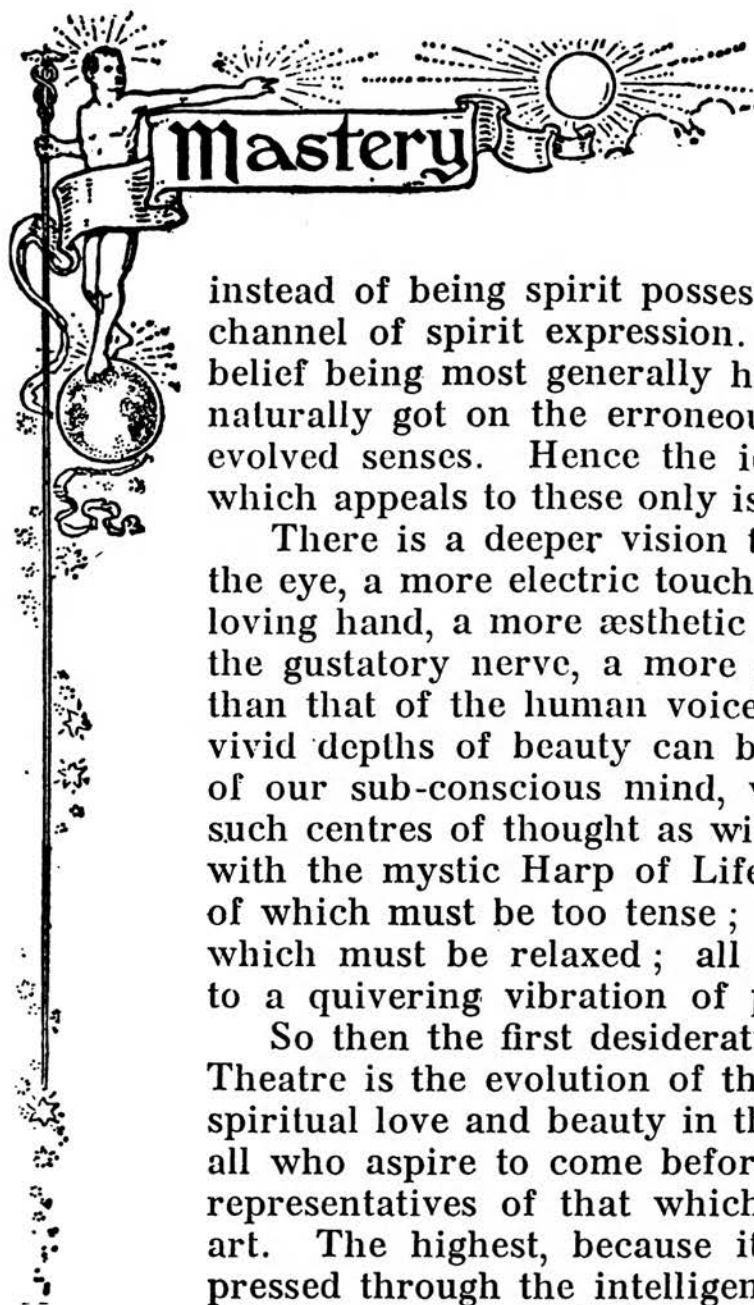
FOR A PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

BY GERALDINE PAUL.

THAT the soul must evolve through the channel of the senses, and the senses evolve through their realization of perfection, is clear to the intelligence of all thinkers. This being so, the actualization of a People's Theatre for the further evolution of humanity is a *sine qua non*. There are those who say that it is immoral to give theatrical performances which appeal to the senses only. These say, Give only drama that appeals to the intelligence—to the mind. Is not mind then behind, and in every sense? If the special area of the brain that belongs to the sense of taste, touch, vision, or of hearing, is injured, the conscious mind, with the particular sense that functions through this special brain area, has no channel of expression. Hence the emotion or feeling by which the particular sense was initiated is *nil*, so far as it is concerned with objectivity.

Behind and through every sense is mind or intelligence; the only requisite is to keep its outlet, the conscious brain, in proper working order.

For endless generations we have been taught through pre-natal influences, through tradition, through conventionality, through endless and incessant erroneous education, to believe that we are body, with a possible suspicion of spirit,

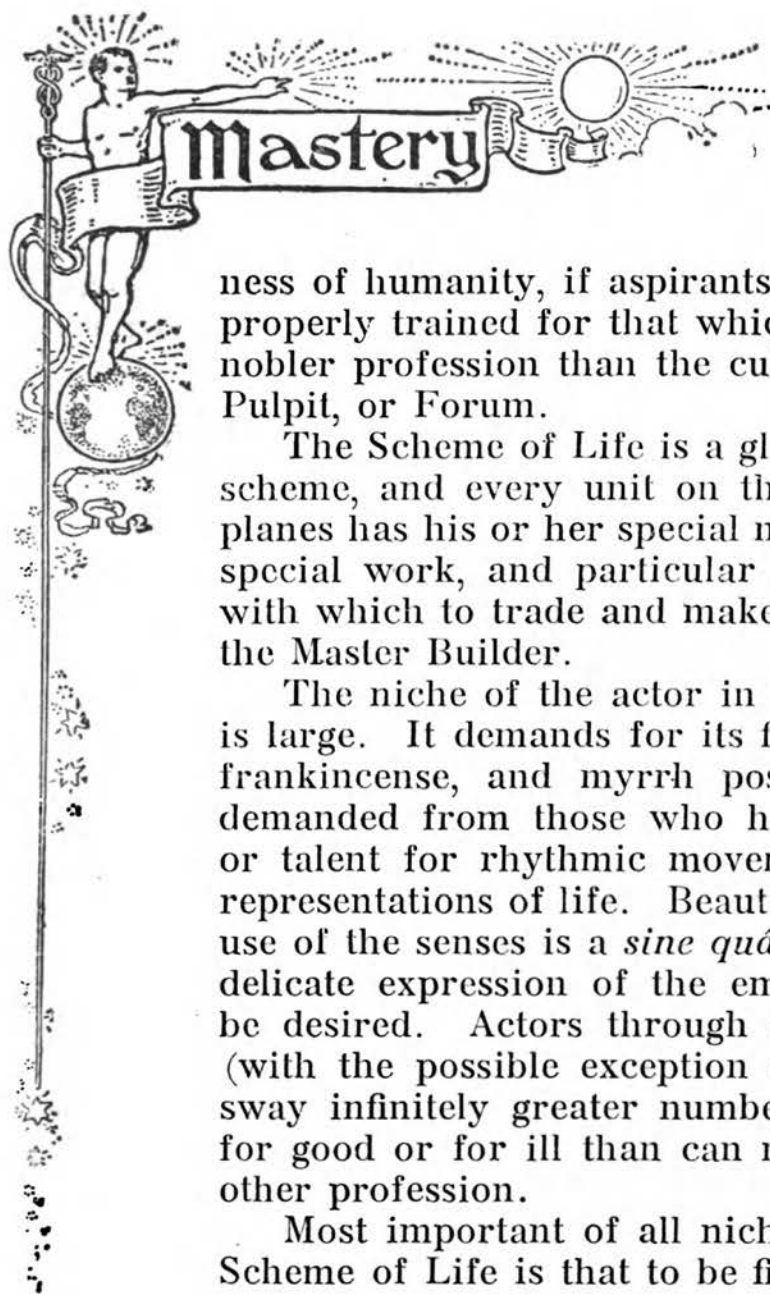


instead of being spirit possessing a body as a channel of spirit expression. The former belief being most generally held, we have naturally got on the erroneous side of our evolved senses. Hence the idea that the drama which appeals to these only is harmful.

There is a deeper vision than the sight of the eye, a more electric touch than that of the loving hand, a more æsthetic taste than that of the gustatory nerve, a more glorious vibration than that of the human voice; but before these vivid depths of beauty can become realizations of our sub-conscious mind, we must create such centres of thought as will vibrate in unison with the mystic Harp of Life, not one string of which must be too tense; not one string of which must be relaxed; all must be attuned to a quivering vibration of perfect harmony.

So then the first desideratum for the People's Theatre is the evolution of the perception of spiritual love and beauty in the actor, and in all who aspire to come before the public as representatives of that which is the highest art. The highest, because it is not only expressed through the intelligence of the human mind, but deals exclusively with all that goes to make up glorious vital living.

Crude cinematographs, vulgar and often licentiously suggestive musical comedy, dramatic play that appeals only to the lower self of mankind, cheap acrobatic movements to tawdry music by ungraceful, unlovely women—all these horrors would be wiped off the conscious-



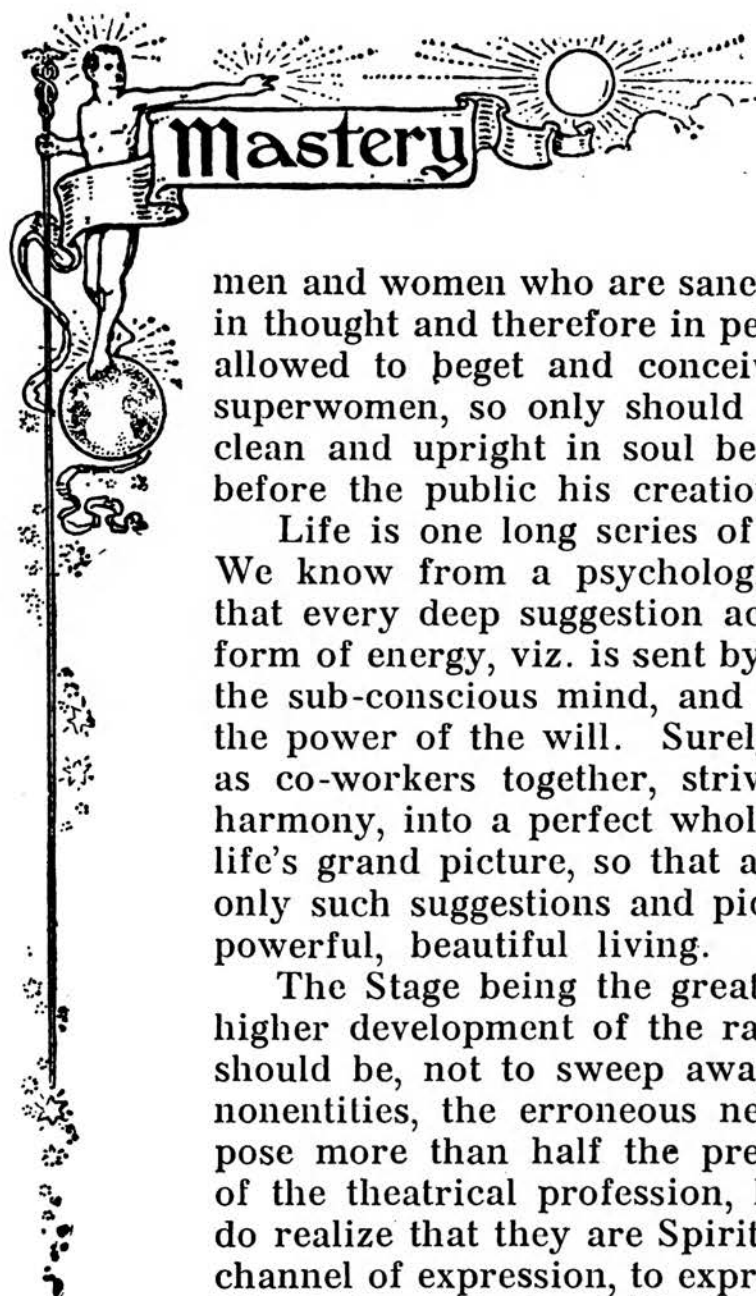
ness of humanity, if aspirants to the stage were properly trained for that which is a higher, nobler profession than the cult of the Press, the Pulpit, or Forum.

The Scheme of Life is a glorious, marvellous scheme, and every unit on this or other planes has his or her special niche, his or her special work, and particular talent or talents with which to trade and make a full return for the Master Builder.

The niche of the actor in the divine economy is large. It demands for its filling all the gold, frankincense, and myrrh possible. Much is demanded from those who have an aptitude or talent for rhythmic movement or dramatic representations of life. Beautiful and restrained use of the senses is a *sine quâ non*, subtle and delicate expression of the emotions greatly to be desired. Actors through their art can (with the possible exception of a fine orator) sway infinitely greater numbers of humanity for good or for ill than can members of any other profession.

Most important of all niches in the great Scheme of Life is that to be filled by the actor whose creative instinct is highly and powerfully developed; for such an one can actually evolve and create out of his sub-conscious mind a veritable living soul, using his or her own form as a channel of expression.

Next to the generative desire for the begetting of supermen and superwomen, is the *creative* desire for characterization, and just as only those



men and women who are sane, clear, and beautiful in thought and therefore in person should be allowed to beget and conceive supermen and superwomen, so only should the actor who is clean and upright in soul be allowed to bring before the public his creation of a character.

Life is one long series of suggestive pictures. We know from a psychological point of view that every deep suggestion acts as a potential form of energy, viz. is sent by the conscious to the sub-conscious mind, and acted upon through the power of the will. Surely then we should, as co-workers together, strive to bring into harmony, into a perfect whole, all the details of life's grand picture, so that all may give out only such suggestions and pictures as make for powerful, beautiful living.

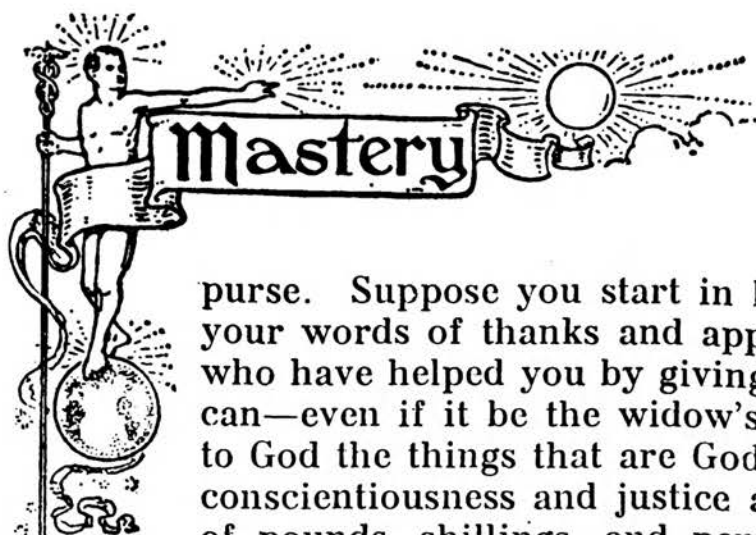
The Stage being the greatest factor for the higher development of the race, the first act should be, not to sweep away all the crude nonentities, the erroneous negatives who compose more than half the present representatives of the theatrical profession, but for those who do realize that they are Spirit with a body as a channel of expression, to express in their personal life, their professional life, their creative life, only that which is beautiful and healthful ; only that which is harmonious. By so doing, they will, through the magnetism they create, by right thinking and living, draw most of the negatives into their higher vibrations. Thus, without any preaching but the effective preaching of their own lives, these negatives will then become positives.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

NOTE.—Readers are invited to ask freely any questions suggested by their reading, study, or experience, as seekers of the light, as well as to call for such light as sympathetic interest and understanding with desire to help, may enable us to shed on their personal problems in "living the life," freed from sickness, unrest, or lack of any good thing.

C. G. A.—Like the young man in the Bible, there is probably some one thing I lack in order to be able to demonstrate health and prosperity, for I have not "many possessions." My one prayer for years has been to know God's will and to obey it. I have been a vegetarian for many years, have fasted often, given much time to meditation in the silence, and endeavour in thought, word, and act to be kind, loving, and appreciative to all. Yet am I a helpless victim of arthritis, seemingly proof against the healing power of the Spirit, which has brought health to so many. Why don't I respond? What is it I lack? For of course, I realize that it must be something in me.

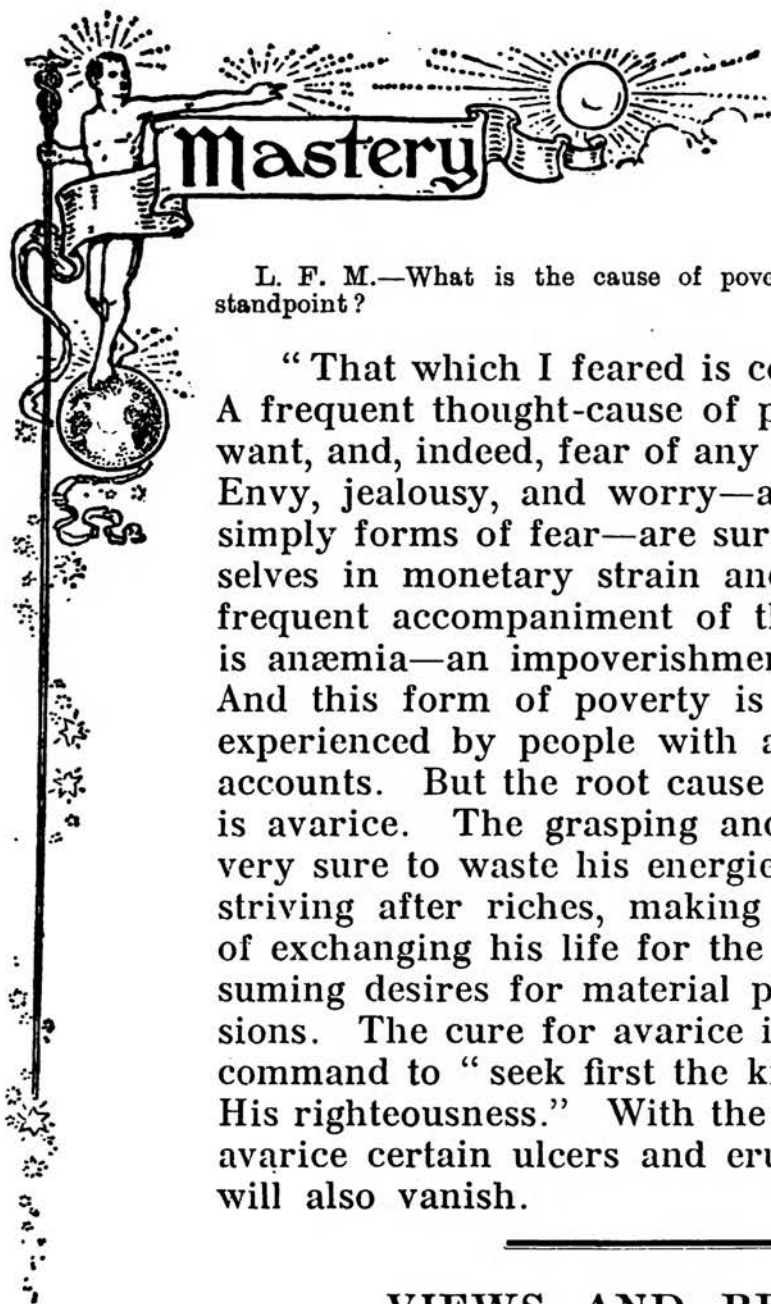
Whatever your lack or defect it is that of your abnormal, and so false condition, made apparent in the gouty deposits and the stiffened joints, and not of the real man. The rich young man had kept all the commandments from his youth up, and perhaps he meditated and went into the silence. He came to Jesus asking to be shown the way to eternal life; but the thing he lacked was a willingness to pay the price. To sell what he had and give to the poor—that is, to detach his mind from the obsession of things and their ownership and to give freely, not merely money, but himself with his money. It is not only those who have many possessions that are so hypnotized by material desires and concerns that the Christ in them is denied and rejected, and in consequence the image of such denials of life and freedom are imaged in congested conditions of the body and of the



purse. Suppose you start in by accompanying your words of thanks and appreciation to those who have helped you by giving them what you can—even if it be the widow's mite—rendering to God the things that are God's with as much conscientiousness and justice as you yield tribute of pounds, shillings, and pence to the tax-collector, the landlord, the greengrocer, the baker, and the candle-stick maker.

D. B. L.—In your "Scriptural Interpretation" in the *March Mastery* there seems to me to be a failure to entirely grasp the significance of the injunction: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." You say, "One cannot talk to the Father while there is resentment in the heart against another of His children." But the text declares if thou rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; *not* if thou hath aught *against thy brother*. It has always seemed, I confess, an unreasonable requirement (if the words hold such meaning) that before coming to the altar, or into the presence of God, not only my own heart must be void of offence or of resentment of any sort, but that also it rests on me to first see to it that a perhaps unjust or mistaken grudge or condemnation harboured by any other man shall be cleared away. How do you explain it?

I am my brother's keeper in the sense that it is incumbent on me not to be a stumbling-block or a cause of offence. It is incumbent on one who would live a true life to avoid even the appearance of evil on this account. But the first step towards reconciling the brother who hath aught against you is to purge your own heart from every vestige of condemnation, resentment, or criticism. It is our own thought, conscious or subconscious, that is reflected in the thought of others towards us or about us.

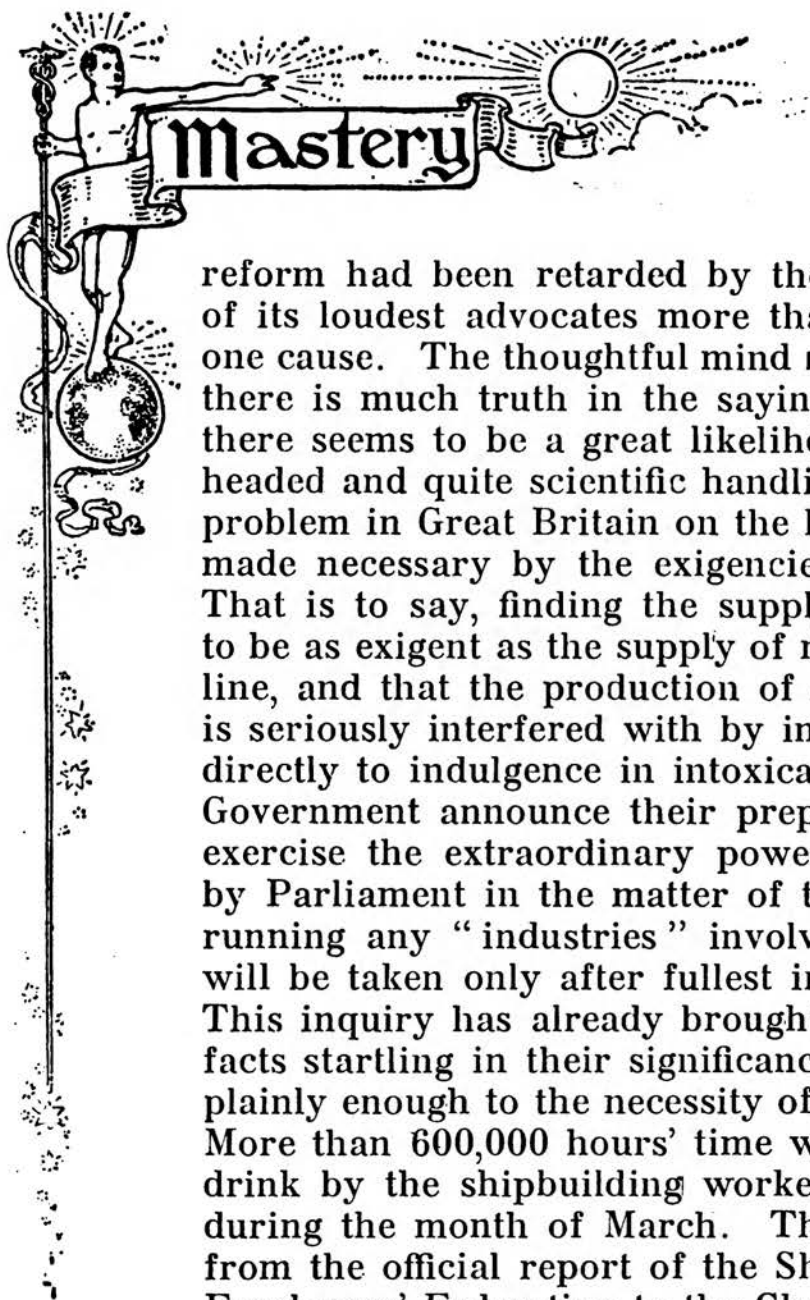


L. F. M.—What is the cause of poverty from the metaphysical standpoint?

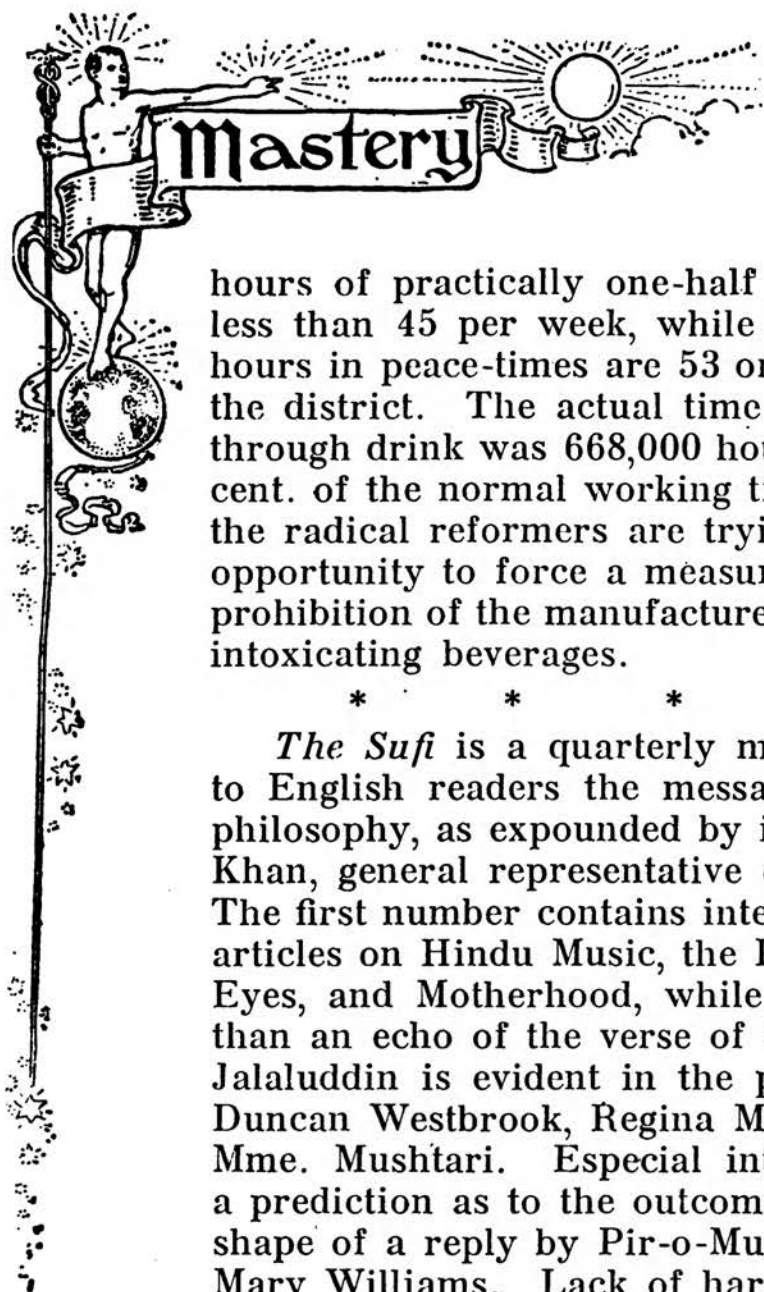
“That which I feared is come upon me.” A frequent thought-cause of poverty is fear of want, and, indeed, fear of any and every order. Envy, jealousy, and worry—all of which are simply forms of fear—are sure to reflect themselves in monetary strain and stress. A frequent accompaniment of the poverty thought is anæmia—an impoverishment of the blood. And this form of poverty is sometimes experienced by people with ample bank accounts. But the root cause of poverty always is avarice. The grasping and covetous man is very sure to waste his energies in scheming and striving after riches, making the poor bargain of exchanging his life for the dross of consuming desires for material power and possessions. The cure for avarice is given us in Jesus’ command to “seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.” With the disappearance of avarice certain ulcers and eruptions on the skin will also vanish.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

THERE is some hope for the intelligent and speedy settlement of even a “burning” question when it is approached temperately, without prejudice, and from an honest desire to be governed by the facts and to act for the greatest good of the greatest number. Bishop Potter, of New York, once said that temperance



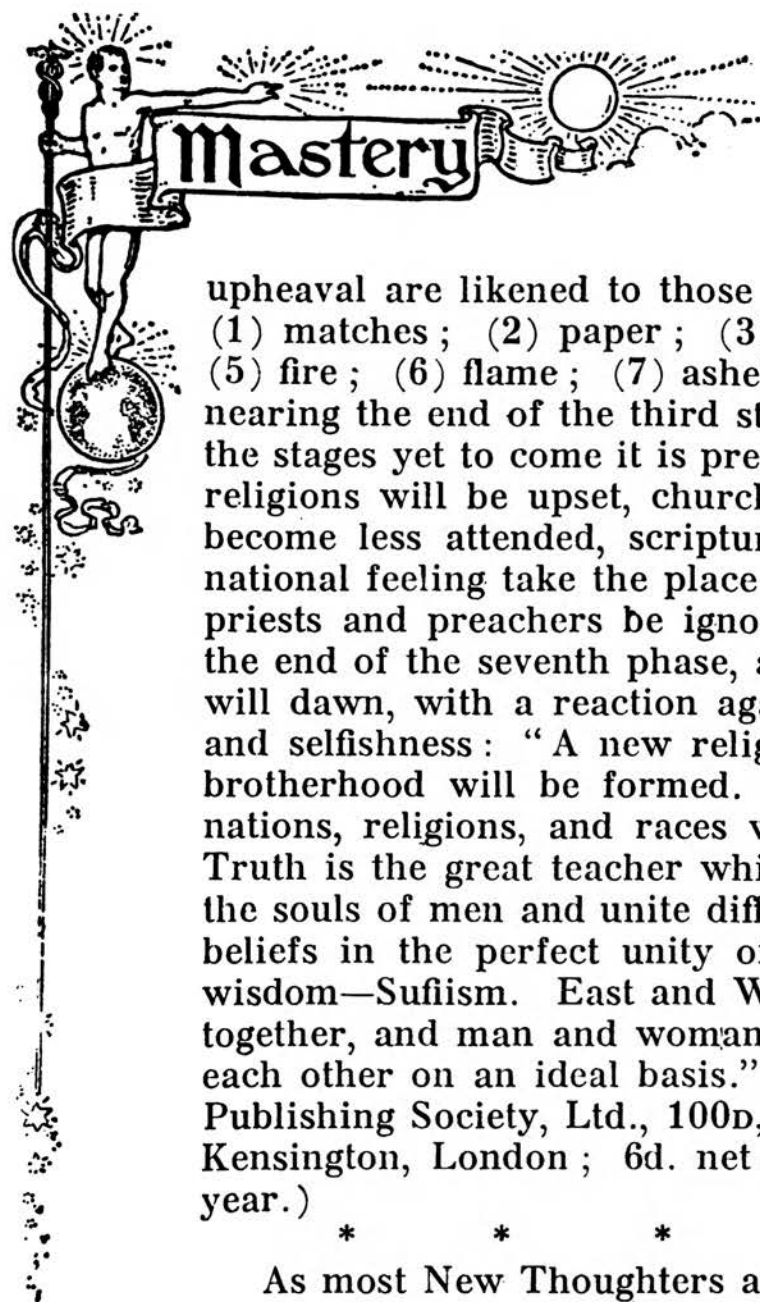
reform had been retarded by the intemperance of its loudest advocates more than by any other one cause. The thoughtful mind must admit that there is much truth in the saying. Just now there seems to be a great likelihood of a cool-headed and quite scientific handling of the drink problem in Great Britain on the basis of action made necessary by the exigencies of the war. That is to say, finding the supply of munitions to be as exigent as the supply of men on the firing line, and that the production of such munitions is seriously interfered with by inefficiency due directly to indulgence in intoxicating drink, the Government announce their preparedness to exercise the extraordinary powers given them by Parliament in the matter of taking over and running any "industries" involved. Action will be taken only after fullest investigation. This inquiry has already brought to light certain facts startling in their significance, and pointing plainly enough to the necessity of radical action. More than 600,000 hours' time were lost through drink by the shipbuilding workers of Britain during the month of March. The figures are from the official report of the Shipbuilders Employers' Federation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and are supported by the actual time-sheets of forty-eight firms. These sheets show that only 24 per cent. of the men worked beyond the normal week of 53 or 54 hours, according to the district; 40 per cent. worked between 40 and 53 hours per week, and 36 per cent. under 40 hours, including overtime. The total working



hours of practically one-half the men were less than 45 per week, while ordinary working hours in peace-times are 53 or 54, according to the district. The actual time avoidably lost through drink was 668,000 hours, equal to 25 per cent. of the normal working time. Of course, the radical reformers are trying hard to use the opportunity to force a measure for the total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages.

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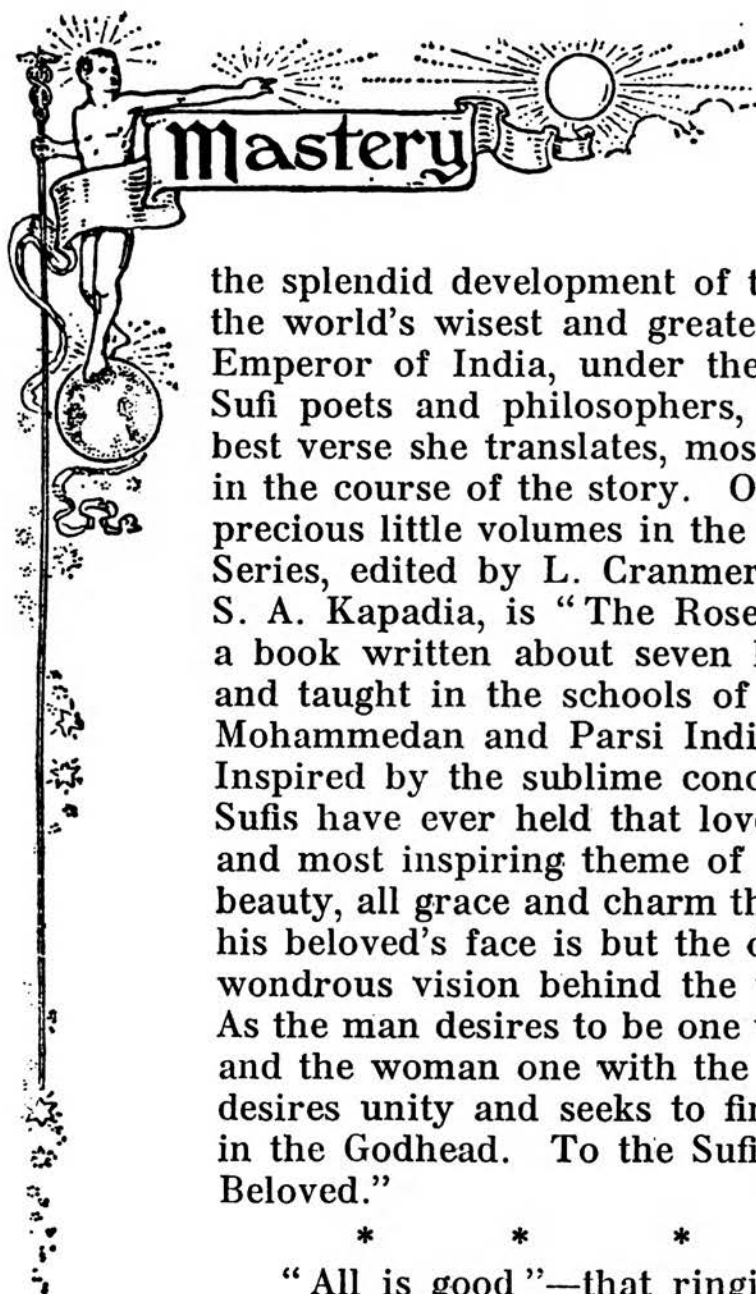
The Sufi is a quarterly magazine carrying to English readers the message of the Sufi philosophy, as expounded by its editor, Inayat Khan, general representative of the Sufi Order. The first number contains interesting short articles on Hindu Music, the Philosophy of the Eyes, and Motherhood, while something more than an echo of the verse of Sa'di, Jami, and Jalaluddin is evident in the poems by Jessie Duncan Westbrook, Regina Miriam Bloch, and Mme. Mushtari. Especial interest attaches to a prediction as to the outcome of the war in the shape of a reply by Pir-o-Murshid set down by Mary Williams. Lack of harmony between man and woman, the materialism of the age, and the curse of modern civilization are presented as the real causes for the present world-cataclysm. We are told that it will pass through seven phases, during which a hitherto unknown lust of destruction will increase in the world, until at last we will have an ideal period of peace and love. The seven phases of the



upheaval are likened to those of fire ; that is :
(1) matches ; (2) paper ; (3) wood ; (4) coal ;
(5) fire ; (6) flame ; (7) ashes. We are now
nearing the end of the third stage, and during
the stages yet to come it is predicted that all
religions will be upset, churches and temples
become less attended, scriptures be disregarded,
national feeling take the place of religion, and
priests and preachers be ignored. Towards
the end of the seventh phase, a period of peace
will dawn, with a reaction against materialism
and selfishness : "A new religion of universal
brotherhood will be formed. Prejudice among
nations, religions, and races will disappear.
Truth is the great teacher which will arise in
the souls of men and unite different faiths and
beliefs in the perfect unity of sublimest
wisdom—Sufism. East and West will be drawn
together, and man and woman will comprehend
each other on an ideal basis." (The Sufi
Publishing Society, Ltd., 100D, Addison Road,
Kensington, London ; 6d. net ; 2s. 6d. the
year.)

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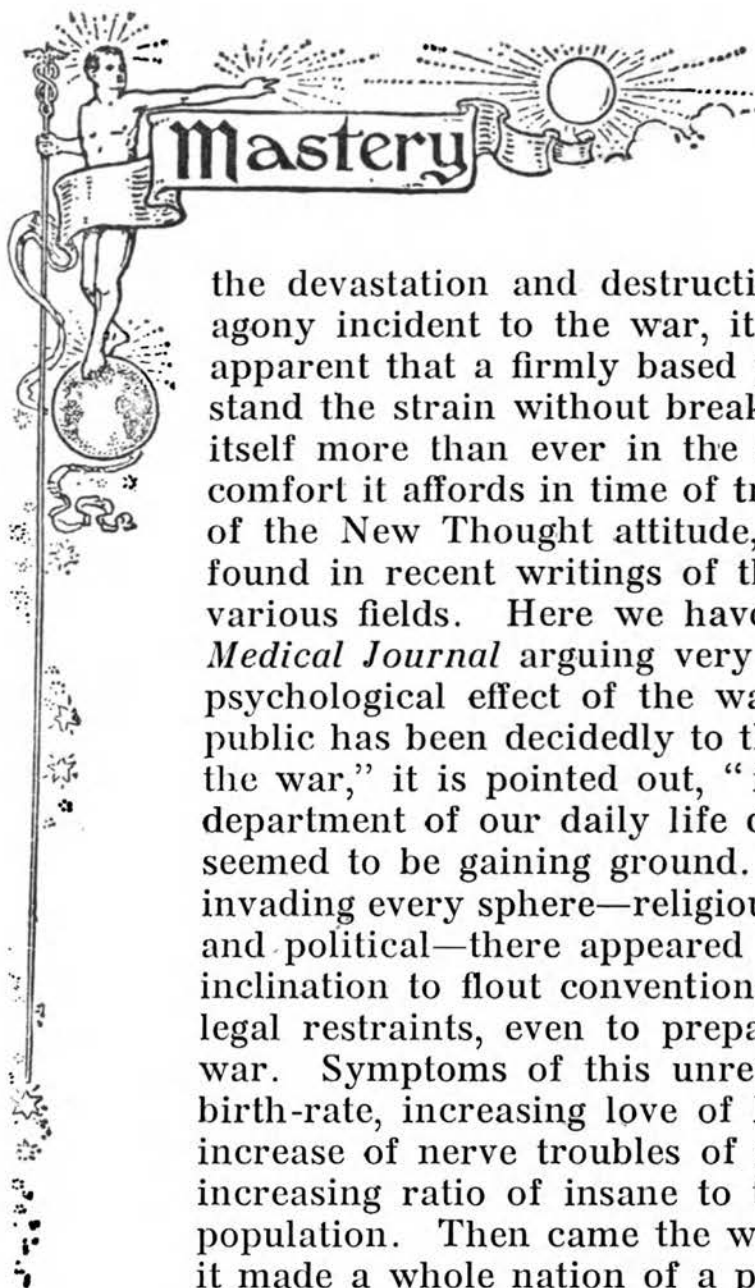
As most New Thinkers are aware, Emerson
was profoundly influenced by the Sufi philosophy
—the philosophy and religion of love and beauty.
This teaching is indeed summed up by the
American sage in his charming poem "To Sa'di."
In one of the most fascinating romances of our
time, "A Prince of India," an English writer
of rarely sympathetic insight and deeply learned
in Oriental lore, Flora Annie Steele, brings out



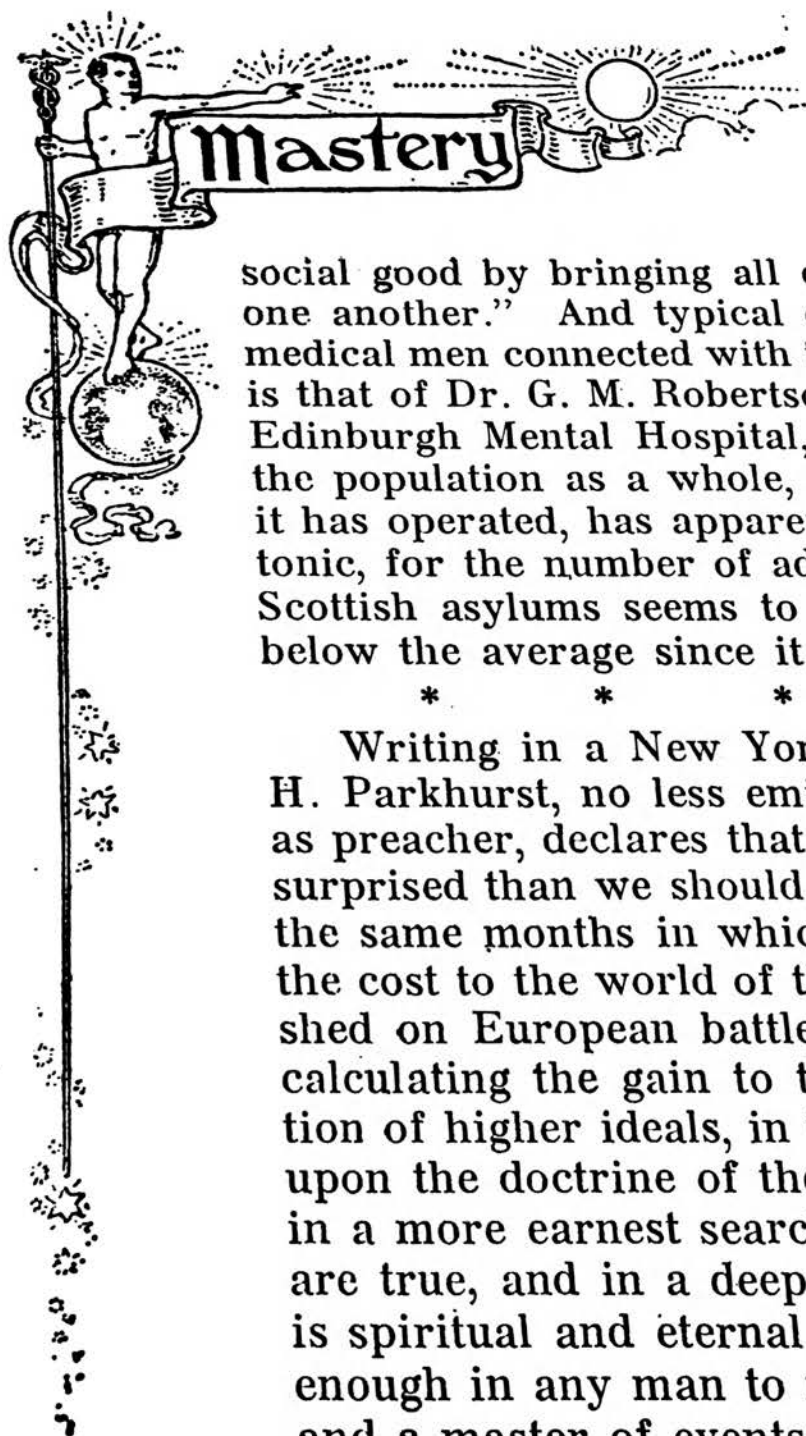
the splendid development of the soul of one of the world's wisest and greatest rulers, Akbar, Emperor of India, under the influence of the Sufi poets and philosophers, much of whose best verse she translates, most happily for us, in the course of the story. One of the most precious little volumes in the Wisdom of the East Series, edited by L. Cranmer-Byng and Dr. S. A. Kapadia, is "The Rose Garden of Sa'di," a book written about seven hundred years ago and taught in the schools of to-day throughout Mohammedan and Parsi India and in Persia. Inspired by the sublime conception of God, the Sufis have ever held that love is the highest and most inspiring theme of man ; that all beauty, all grace and charm that the lover sees in his beloved's face is but the dim reflection of the wondrous vision behind the veil of mortal flesh. As the man desires to be one with the woman and the woman one with the man, so the soul desires unity and seeks to find its lost attributes in the Godhead. To the Sufi, God is "The Beloved."

* * * * *

"All is good"—that ringing marchword of the New Thought—is apt to come in for criticism in these days of international upheaval. Used in the sense that all is good in the large and in the long run, when seen in right perspective, the axiom must hold good under all possible circumstances of seeming evil and disaster. And while it is not easy to see how a greater strain could be put on our optimism than that of



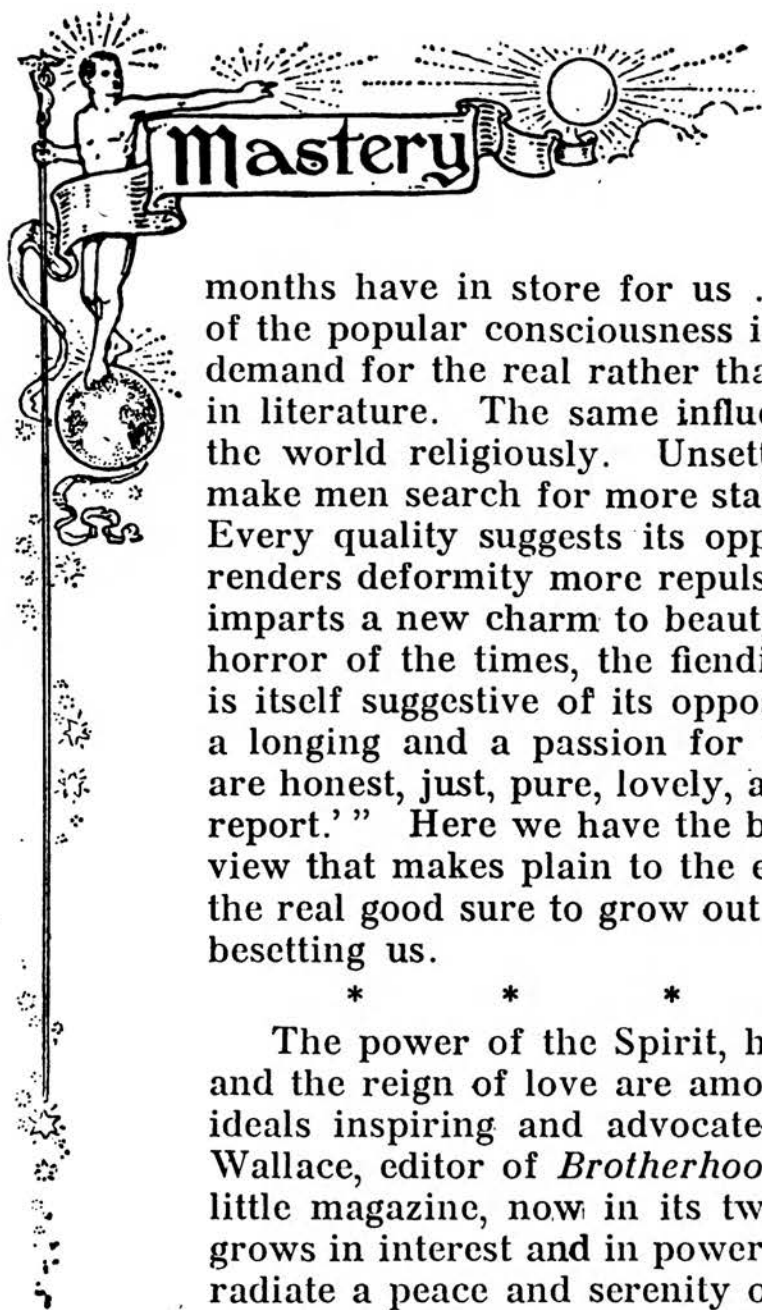
the devastation and destruction, suffering and agony incident to the war, it is becoming apparent that a firmly based philosophy will stand the strain without breaking, and vindicate itself more than ever in the strength and comfort it affords in time of trial. Corroboration of the New Thought attitude, moreover, is found in recent writings of thoughtful men in various fields. Here we have the *British Medical Journal* arguing very lucidly that the psychological effect of the war on the British public has been decidedly to the good. "Before the war," it is pointed out, "in practically every department of our daily life disruptive forces seemed to be gaining ground. Insidiously invading every sphere—religious, social, economic, and political—there appeared an increasing inclination to flout conventional canons and defy legal restraints, even to preparation for civil war. Symptoms of this unrest were a falling birth-rate, increasing love of luxury, an increase of nerve troubles of all kinds, and the increasing ratio of insane to the general population. Then came the war. The shock of it made a whole nation of a populace which was separating into antagonistic groups. The groups fused; their antagonisms were forgotten and replaced by a clear national ideal. The war has taken people out of themselves, distracted them from introspective habits and personal worries, making them sympathize with and, in many cases, work for others. It has probably done our country mental as well as moral and



social good by bringing all classes closer to one another." And typical of the reports by medical men connected with the insane hospitals is that of Dr. G. M. Robertson, of the Royal Edinburgh Mental Hospital, who says: "Taking the population as a whole, the war, so far as it has operated, has apparently acted as a mental tonic, for the number of admissions to the Scottish asylums seems to have fallen slightly below the average since it began."

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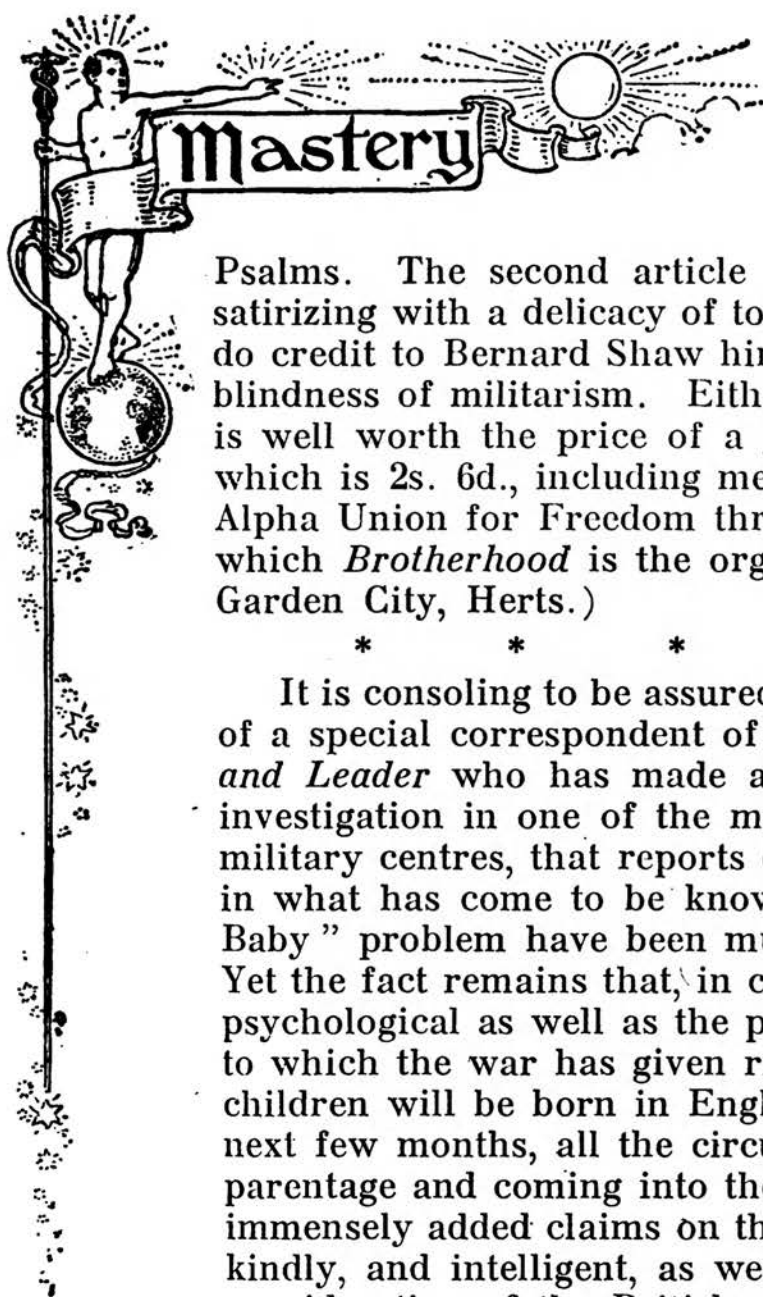
Writing in a New York journal, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, no less eminent as publicist than as preacher, declares that we are perhaps more surprised than we should be by the fact that in the same months in which men are computing the cost to the world of the blood that is being shed on European battlefields, they are also calculating the gain to the world in the acquisition of higher ideals, in the broader grasp upon the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, in a more earnest search after the things that are true, and in a deeper experience of whatever is spiritual and eternal. He says: "There is enough in any man to make of him a prophet and a master of events, if only he be overtaken by some influence penetrating enough to reach inward to the hidden spot where are closeted his possibilities. That is the philosophy of the present intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the world. It has been stirred out of its sleep, and will be still more thoroughly aroused than it is now by what the coming



months have in store for us . . . a deepening of the popular consciousness is indicated by a demand for the real rather than the fictitious in literature. The same influence is affecting the world religiously. Unsettled conditions make men search for more stable foundations. Every quality suggests its opposite. If beauty renders deformity more repulsive, so deformity imparts a new charm to beauty, and the very horror of the times, the fiendishness of them, is itself suggestive of its opposite, and creates a longing and a passion for 'whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.' " Here we have the broad philosophic view that makes plain to the eye of the mind the real good sure to grow out of the seeming evil besetting us.

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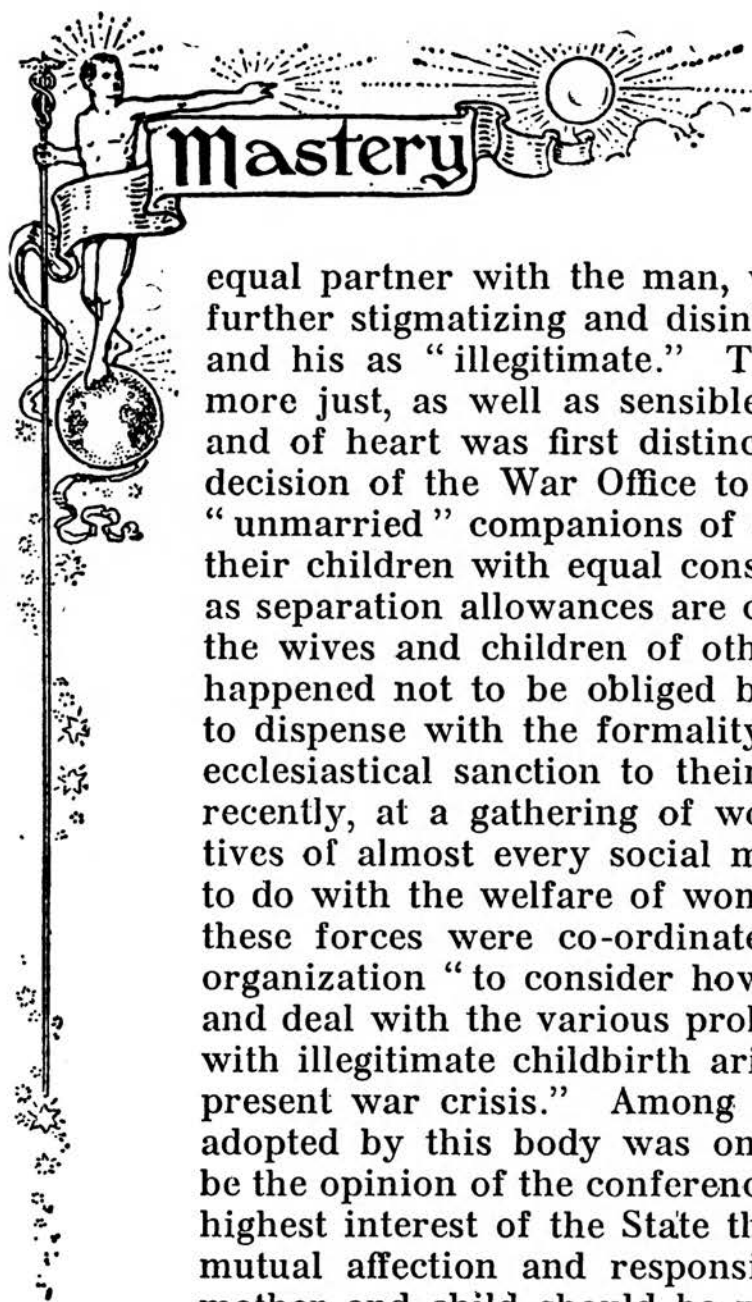
The power of the Spirit, human brotherhood, and the reign of love are among the very evident ideals inspiring and advocated by J. Bruce Wallace, editor of *Brotherhood*. This vital little magazine, now in its twenty-eighth year, grows in interest and in power steadily. Its pages radiate a peace and serenity of soul that must be found especially refreshing and renewing in these times. There are two articles in the April number that are especially illuminating and interesting in very different ways, although both are by the same writer, Dr. W. W. Winslow Hall. In the first article he gives us a deeply suggestive exposition of the experience of Hebrew illumination as revealed in the



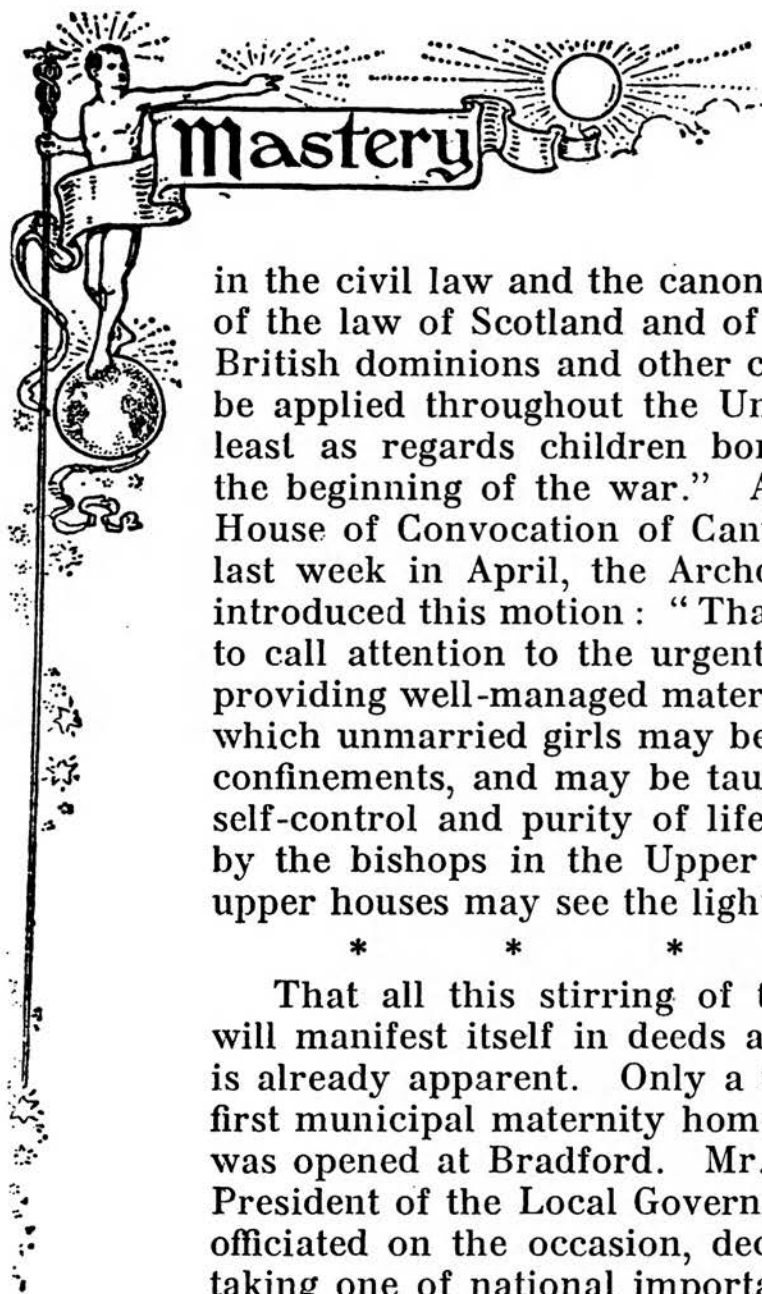
Psalms. The second article is a playlet satirizing with a delicacy of touch that would do credit to Bernard Shaw himself the bombastic blindness of militarism. Either of these articles is well worth the price of a year's subscription, which is 2s. 6d., including membership in the Alpha Union for Freedom through Truth, of which *Brotherhood* is the organ. (Letchworth, Garden City, Herts.)

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It is consoling to be assured, on the authority of a special correspondent of the *Daily News and Leader* who has made a thorough investigation in one of the more important military centres, that reports of the evil arising in what has come to be known as the "War Baby" problem have been much exaggerated. Yet the fact remains that, in consequence of the psychological as well as the physical conditions to which the war has given rise, thousands of children will be born in England during the next few months, all the circumstances of whose parentage and coming into the world give them immensely added claims on the humane, loving, kindly, and intelligent, as well as patriotic, consideration of the British people. In this connection, it is cheering to note a change in the stony-hearted attitude crystallized in the law levying heavy and peculiar disabilities on the unmarried mother and her child—the distinctly unchristian visitation upon the woman of the whole burden and blame for a "sin" in which she chances to be the victim, or at the most the



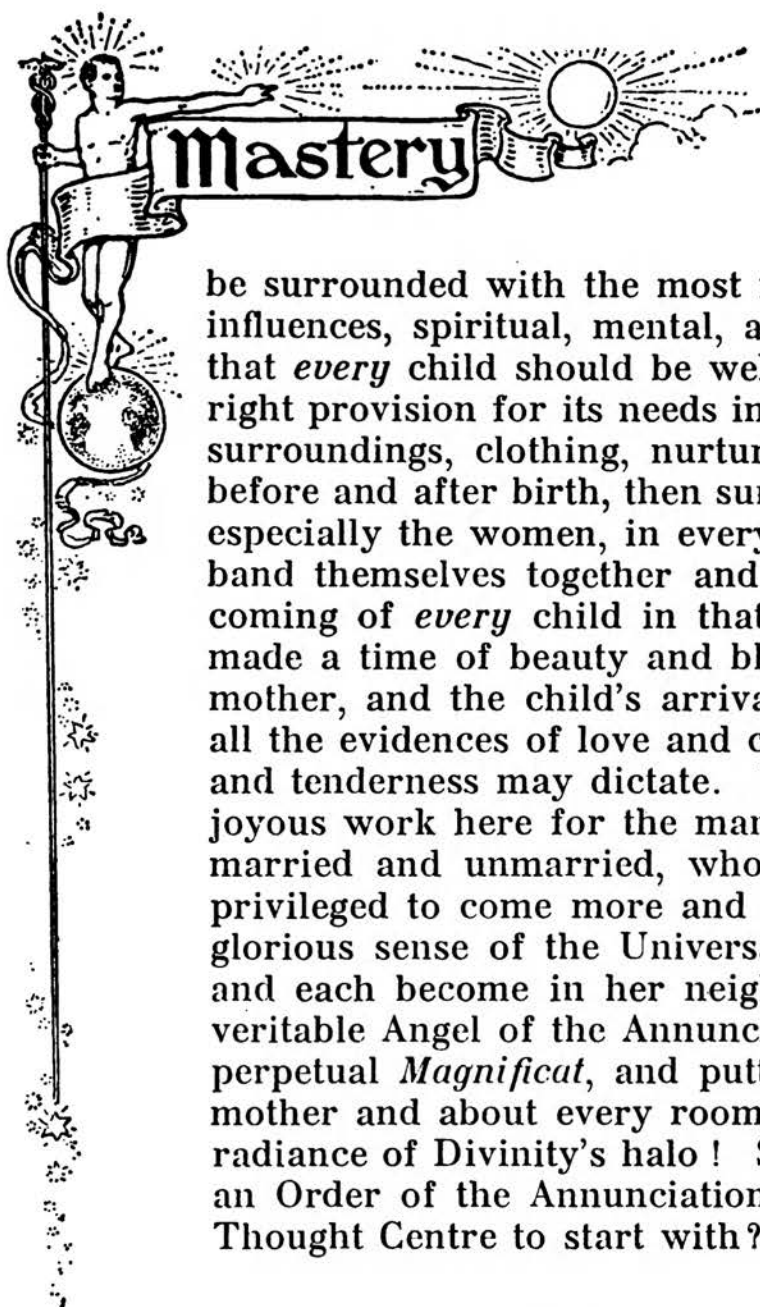
equal partner with the man, who goes scot-free, further stigmatizing and disinheriting her child and his as "illegitimate." The tendency to a more just, as well as sensible, attitude of mind and of heart was first distinctly marked in the decision of the War Office to treat the "unmarried" companions of certain soldiers and their children with equal consideration, so far as separation allowances are concerned, with the wives and children of other soldiers who happened not to be obliged by army regulations to dispense with the formality of a civil or ecclesiastical sanction to their mating. More recently, at a gathering of women representatives of almost every social movement having to do with the welfare of women and children, these forces were co-ordinated in a definite organization "to consider how best to investigate and deal with the various problems in connection with illegitimate childbirth arising out of the present war crisis." Among the resolutions adopted by this body was one declaring it to be the opinion of the conference that "it is in the highest interest of the State that the bond of mutual affection and responsibility between mother and child should be preserved." Mr. Dundas White has introduced in the House of Commons a resolution declaring it the opinion of the House, "both on general grounds and particularly in view of circumstances arising from the war," that the principle of the legitimation of children by the subsequent marriage of their parents, which was embodied



in the civil law and the canon law, and is part of the law of Scotland and of several of the British dominions and other countries, "should be applied throughout the United Kingdom, at least as regards children born subsequent to the beginning of the war." And in the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury during the last week in April, the Archdeacon of Surrey introduced this motion: "That this House desires to call attention to the urgent necessity of providing well-managed maternity houses in which unmarried girls may be received for their confinements, and may be taught the duty of self-control and purity of life." It was tabled by the bishops in the Upper House, but even upper houses may see the light by and by.

* * * * *

That all this stirring of the new conscience will manifest itself in deeds as well as words is already apparent. Only a few weeks ago the first municipal maternity home in Great Britain was opened at Bradford. Mr. Herbert Samuel, President of the Local Government Board, who officiated on the occasion, declared the undertaking one of national importance, and that he had been glad to be able to secure the consent of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the payment from the national funds of one-half the cost of the municipal activities in the matter. Perhaps we should be satisfied to make haste slowly; but when it is realized that it is of the most tremendous importance to the nation and the race that every prospective mother should

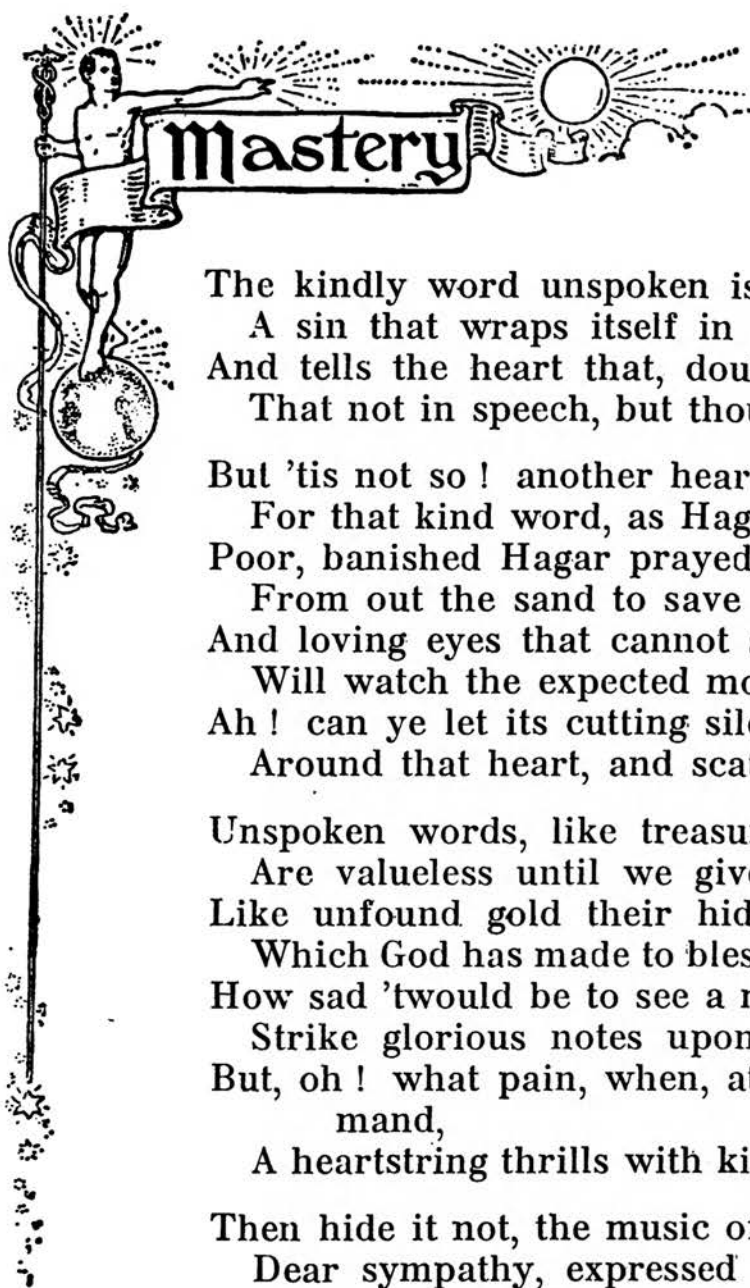


be surrounded with the most favourable influences, spiritual, mental, and physical, and that *every* child should be welcomed with the right provision for its needs in the matter of surroundings, clothing, nurture, and growth before and after birth, then surely *those who love*, especially the women, in every community will band themselves together and see to it that the coming of *every* child in that community is made a time of beauty and blessedness to the mother, and the child's arrival welcomed with all the evidences of love and care that wisdom and tenderness may dictate. What a field for joyous work here for the many childless women, married and unmarried, who would thus be privileged to come more and more into the glorious sense of the Universal Motherhood, and each become in her neighbourhood a veritable Angel of the Annunciation, sharing in a perpetual *Magnificat*, and putting all about every mother and about every room of birth the radiance of Divinity's halo ! Shall we not have an Order of the Annunciation in every New Thought Centre to start with ?

—MARCO TIEMPO.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

THE kindly words that rise within the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own ;



The kindly word unspoken is a sin,
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so ! another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor, banished Hagar prayed a well might burst
From out the sand to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movements of the lip ;
Ah ! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart, and scathe it like a whip ?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth ;
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute !
But, oh ! what pain, when, at God's own com-
mand,
A heartstring thrills with kindness, but is mute !

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh ! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the
weak ;
And He will bless you—He who struck those
chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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ORLANDO EDGAR MILLER,

Principal.

PAUL TYNER, *Registrar.*

TRUTH IS WITHIN OURSELVES, IT TAKES NO RISE
FROM OUTWARD THINGS, WHATE'ER YOU MAY
BELIEVE.

THERE IS AN INMOST CENTRE IN US ALL
WHERE TRUTH ABIDES IN FULLNESS; AND AROUND,
WALL UPON WALL, THE GROSS FLESH HEMS IT IN,
THIS PERFECT, CLEAR PERCEPTION—WHICH IS
TRUTH.

ABAFFLING AND PERVERTING CARNAL MESH
BINDS IT—AND MAKES ALL ERROR; AND TO KNOW
RATHER CONSISTS IN OPENING OUT A WAY
WHENCE THE IMPRISONED SPLENDOUR MAY ES-
CAPE,

THAN IN EFFECTING ENTRY FOR A LIGHT
SUPPOSED TO BE WITHOUT. WATCH NARROWLY
THE DEMONSTRATION OF A TRUTH, ITS BIRTH,
AND YOU TRACE BACK THE EFFLUENCE TO ITS
SPRING

AND SOURCE WITHIN US; WHERE BROODS RADIANCE
VAST,
TO BE ELICITED, RAY BY RAY, AS CHANCE SHALL
FAVOUR.

—ROBERT BROWNING.



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