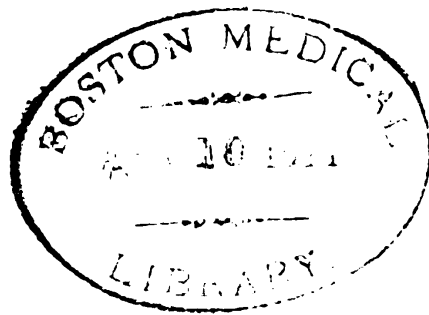


MIND

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OCTOBER, 1902—MARCH, 1903.

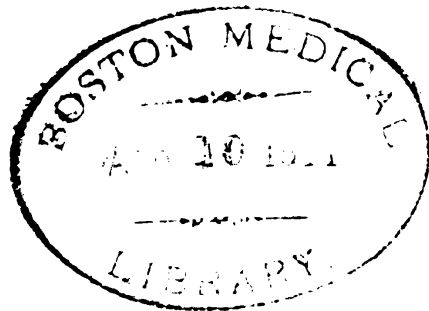


NEW YORK

MIND

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1902—MARCH, 1903.





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MIND.

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OCTOBER, 1902.

No. I.



UPLAND FARMS.

Summer School Number.

THE Eleventh Volume of MIND opens most auspiciously this month with a number that, in accordance with the announcement in our last issue, is wholly devoted to the proceedings at Upland Farms, the new Summer School of the New Thought at Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y. The first session closed on the 31st of August after two months of work that has proved successful from every standpoint. Most of those in early attendance prolonged their sojourn throughout the entire season, and many remained for some weeks after the final lecture to avail themselves of the natural facilities of the place for an enjoyable

But the intellectual and spiritual refreshment enjoyed by those present at Upland Farms' initial session was even more productive of important and lasting results than were the opportunities for physical rest and recreation. While there was no narrowness or sectarian bigotry to interfere with associated effort, the teaching was clearly defined and eminently instructive. The key-note of the proceedings in all their branches was *freedom*, based on universal law and order. It was sounded in every topic discussed—the range of subjects including art, science, literature, music, sociology, as well as the distinctively metaphysical studies and development of the principles of mind action that constitute the chief purpose of the School.

The success of the undertaking shows that it was founded on right lines and reflects much credit on its promoters; yet its freedom from personal domination and its adherence to the coöperative ideal have already been amply demonstrated. *Mental Science* is a term that increases in inclusiveness with the widening of its successful application, and it is becoming ever more difficult to confine it to a single line of thought or phase of activity. Its universality is being recognized along with the discovery of new aspects of Truth; and it is this fact that—in a school, a magazine, a society, or an institution dedicated to the interests of the New Thought—necessitates a scope ever ready to expand to the broadening needs of the movement. Personalism must be eliminated from similar enterprises that seek to emulate the success achieved this summer at Upland Farms, where the democratic and altruistic ideals of life obtained at all times; yet we hope to see a number of such enterprises throughout the country in future years.

In the suspension for one month of our regular departments, in order to make room for the comprehensive report that appears on the following pages of this number, we are convinced that our readers will suffer no deprivation; for the opening session of the new Summer School has proved in every way worthy of commemoration in this form. Much more could have been said than what is given herewith, and some of the functions and discourses have received only "honorable mention," yet the exigencies of space have permitted a presentation of the subject that will afford a most instructive insight into the mission of Upland Farms.

To those kind friends of the enterprise and of the magazine who have favored us with the excellent accounts of the proceedings and the well-written descriptions of various features of the School that appear in this issue of MIND, the hearty thanks of its editors are hereby extended.

J. E. M.



A NOTE OF WELCOME.

[*Extract from a brief address on opening day by RALPH WALDO TRINE.*]

In this busy world in which we live there is much work for each of us to do and many problems for each of us to solve. Each of us has his burdens to bear, and no one is exempt from them in one form or another. It is an aid in these things to be surrounded by conditions and influences as favorable as possible. Living in a great city, such as the city of New York, is productive of a far greater expenditure of nervous force than most of us realize. In such conditions it is easy for us to drift from our moorings, and we many times realize that it is necessary for us, from time to time, and the oftener the better, to find our center and be true to it.

under the far-reaching sky, where we can live a natural, restful, and thoughtful life. Such a place is Upland Farms, with its streams and its groves, its far distant hills and its broad and picturesque expanses of river views. Its nearness to the city and its accessibility from all quarters make it truly an attractive and unusual spot. To its vicinity for many years many people have come for rest, quiet, and recreation. With greater accommodations and with opportunities of living on the hills instead of in the valleys, undoubtedly much larger numbers will be attracted to this ideal place; and now a Summer School is being started that will call here from time to time many able men and women, as lecturers, teachers, and musicians, as well as a very delightful company who will come to share in what they will have to give. By the mutual sympathy existing between lecturer or teacher and hearers, an uplift will undoubtedly be received by all who come; and many will go back to their duties and to the claims of their daily lives cheered, rested, and strengthened in both mind and body.

I congratulate you all upon being present at the opening meeting of what, it seems to me, promises to be a very important movement and a movement of far-reaching influence. It is a simple beginning, and I am glad it is such. I congratulate you also upon being present at the opening meeting of a movement conceived and inaugurated by a man of the characteristics and abilities of the one to whom this movement owes its birth; one who enjoys so thoroughly the confidence of all who know him intimately; whose generous qualities and thoroughly impersonal type of work are also a guaranty of the impersonal interest of the earnest and interesting men and women who are aiding in carrying it forward.

To this interesting section, where a splendid outlook is

they can come for the summer or a greater part of the year and return to their work, their duties, and their problems stronger, healthier, and better men and women, and more in harmony with the powers and forces that work for righteousness.



SPECIAL FEATURES.

(Contributed.)

Besides the free public lectures given each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon during July and August, a brief report of which is given in this issue, special class lectures were given from time to time that proved to be most inspiring and helpful. The first one, that conducted by Mr. Warren A. Rodman, was regarded by those who had the privilege of attending his classes as being remarkably gratifying to those earnestly seeking the truth. The topics he took up covered substantially the ground indicated in the following subjects: The Spiritual Universe; The Creative Self; Transmission of Power; The Inner Peace.

The next of the special courses, that given by Mrs. Annie Rix Miltz, was a most comprehensive one, each subject being taken up with reference to the light thrown upon it by the Biblical writers. In this course there were twelve lectures, on the following subjects: The Absolute One; Discrimination and Good Judgment; The Mystical Death; Forgiveness and Grace; The Laws of Prosperity; The Secret of Power; The Sex Question; Regeneration; Redemption of the Body; Immortality in the Flesh; The Conquest of Physical Death; The Love-life of the New Age.

Supplementing this course was another of four lectures on

who have had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Militz's virile message will realize just what this kindness on her part has meant to the Summer School.

Toward the end of the season Mr. W. J. Colville gave a short series of discourses with his usual enthusiasm and inspiration, and to his many admirers the course suggested the best wine, which was of old served at the end of the feast. The lecture on "Browning's Message," which is reported briefly elsewhere, was a most stirring word on a subject much needed in these days; and his other afternoon lectures—one on "Astrology" and the other entitled "The Power of the Ideal and How to Realize It"—were most interesting.

Occasionally throughout the season a single lecture was given by one or another of the prominent workers in the New Thought who were spending a few days at Upland Farms, among them being an informal talk by Dr. J. C. Street on "The Power of the Spirit," given with his usual force and directness, in which he sounded the high note of purity, simplicity, unity.

The instructors in physical culture, Mlle. de Palkowska and Mr. H. Alphonso Steigner, each introduced the class work with a single lecture on the general subject of the correspondence between mind and body and the reaction of body on spirit; and their work during the season has been most highly appreciated by those who have had the advantages of their respective courses.

Miss Mabel L. Robinson, whose class in Nature Study proved one of the most attractive features of the season, also gave a general lecture on Birds at the opening of the course.

Nature's message of peace and harmony, has been felt by all to have contributed most powerfully to that consciousness of unity and of diversity in unity for which the work at Upland Farms stands.

Somewhat as an outgrowth of these morning talks an informal gathering, either under the trees or in the Hall, was held from time to time, and proved most helpful, Miss Ellen M. Dyer and the Rev. Helen Van-Anderson giving of their fulness in a most free and uplifting way.



THE MESSAGE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Out from the noise and stress of the city, only thirty-eight miles quickly traveled along the banks of America's most picturesque river, into the quiet of country roads lying cool under the shadows of great trees, then winding up and out into the



open till the reach of river, valley, wooded hill, and radiant sky lies revealed in one encompassing picture of surpassing beauty—and we are at Upland Farms. The old life is behind us, the past environment beneath our feet. We have stepped up higher.

Surprised and delighted as we are that such rich, wild beauty, so close to the great city of New York, has been waiting all the years to be recognized and appropriated, it is yet not the physical beauty and refreshment that will perpetuate the memory of Oscawana-on-the-Hudson in the hearts of those who have spent the summer weeks of nineteen hundred and two in one or another of the cottages hidden in its wealth of greenness, and that will call them back to their Mecca in the summers to come.

One common purpose has led the people hither, and one common love has bound their hearts together. Criticism forgotten, personal differences ignored, individuality held sacred—a more sincerely harmonious group of people were perhaps never brought together and held in a bond of daily good-fellowship and mutual uplifting.

The key-note of the impersonal, struck on the opening of the Summer School July second, has vibrated unbroken to August thirty-first. Teachers with quickened hearts spoke to hearts that were quickening the message that the School has been created to promulgate: *The Spirit of God is WITHIN YOU; do Its bidding!*

It has been interesting to note how different were the phases of presentation as the speakers came in turn and spoke their word out from their own life of experience and thought:

impressed with the simplicity of the great truth of being, and with the nearer possibility of its being lived in its simplicity through the stress of the outer life by the Soul whose eye is single to the God within himself. His whole body shall be full of light.

ELLEN M. DYER.



NATURAL BEAUTIES OF UPLAND FARMS.

Hardly could the New Thought people have chosen a more satisfactory and delightful location for their camp than among the hills and farm-lands of Oscawana. From the time the hot, dusty city becomes a mass of roofs and spires in the distance, until the arrival at the summer abiding-place, one's sense of rest and beauty is constantly appealed to. The trip by rail along the banks of the Hudson is a pleasure so familiar to the majority that it needs but the allusion to bring the changing and picturesque scenery vividly to mind.

On leaving the train at the little station of Oscawana, one's first act is to stand for a moment and take in the surroundings. Nothing here to suggest the wear and tear of the busy life left behind—not even the little landing for freight or passenger boats, nor the one business street with its clustering of stores and dwelling-houses and its somewhat drowsy activities, which characterized many of the preceding stations; nothing indeed to connect one with the city life but the railroad, curving from the woods in the distance into the woods near by. The immediate surroundings of the little station—the well-kept lawn, bright flower-beds, and neat drive-ways—give restful welcome to city-tired eyes. Then the more distant surroundings—to the west the broad expanse of the Hudson and the little town of

Thus the very gateway, so to speak, to Oscawana is expressive of that for which the New Thought largely stands: Peace—Beauty.

The drive from the station to the Farms is full of the delights of Nature in her free and luxuriant growth: the picturesque, winding road, well shaded by the overspreading branches of long rows of trees; the graceful festooning of the woodbine about old stumps, fences, and tree-trunks; old stone walls disappearing here and there under the profuse growth of the wild grape; now and then enchanting glimpses of water as the road crosses the path of a rambling brook or comes within view of a small pond nestled in the bosom of some meadow; and the glory of the fields, at this season abounding in golden rod and the majestic stalks of the Joe Pye weed, the old rose flowering of which against the dark background of tree-trunks makes an exquisite bit of coloring.

About a mile and a half from the station one comes within sight of the tents artistically grouped among the trees of an orchard, which in their whiteness and suggestiveness of habitation add much to the picturesqueness of the landscape.

Through a curving avenue of maples and locusts, with a delightful outlook over near fields and woods, one approaches the dwelling-houses of the camp. These are prettily located on knolls or hillsides amidst groves of trees, with, in several instances, a background of woods and jutting rocks. The lawns surrounding these farm homes; the old-fashioned flower-beds; the cozy nooks for hammocks; the abundance of shade and sunshine; the fertile gardens and fields, with their abundant supply of fresh fruits and vegetables; and, above all, the good will and cordiality of the farmers and their wives, make these dwellings inviting and homelike abiding-places for the

and wood lands, with a bit of water in the foreground and a divide in the near hills through which may be seen in the distance the dream-like mountains of the Hudson.



HARMONY HALL.

Harmony Hall, originally a barn, but so changed as to make a unique, comfortable, and artistic gathering place for temporary use, is prettily situated on a hillside amidst a grove of locusts. This little building has been the center of the spiritual, intellectual, and social life of the community, and, I doubt not, will be enshrined among the loving thoughts of many to whom it has been the birthplace of new hope, life, and

the hours may be wiled away in undisturbed quiet. Or, if in an exploring mood, one may saunter on, now this way and now that, according to the delightfully mysterious leading of the narrow woodland paths—stopping here and there to admire the patches of the dainty pipsissewa, the white fragrant flowers of which peep out from beds of mosses and leaves. Now and then a bit of meadow land intervenes, delighting one's eyes with clusters of the field lily or the tall white wands of the black cohosh growing along some old stone wall and forming a pretty bit of woodland border.

Thus wandering, one may suddenly emerge upon the banks of Kolabaug Pond, embosomed among wooded hills, the smooth surface of its sunlit waters broken by large patches of that spotless and queenly blossom, the water lily. Or, on a similar ramble, one may chance upon Tumbling Brook—in early summer a veritable fairy-land in its surroundings, with its great boulders curiously placed and shaped, enchanting bits of waterfall, long stretches of moss-covered banks, and here and there some quiet pool clearly reflecting the leafy canopy overhead.

Leaving the immediate locality of the camp, and following the roads onward and upward for half a mile or more, one comes to one of the hill-tops of Mt. Airy, so called because of the breeze that seems never to fail, whatever degree of heat is indicated by the thermometer, and on turning from the main road one passes through a series of fields in one of which is a rocky bluff—the abrupt ending of a plateau-like bit of meadow land on which is to be erected one of the main buildings of the New Thought School. This location commands a view unsurpassed by any of the previous ones, embracing fields and woodlands with a glimpse of the houses and tents below a

the wide expanse of the Hudson in its southerly course toward the metropolis. Here the spires and steeples of distant towns, the numerous sails dotting the water, the slow movement of some long line of canal boats firmly held in tow by the indomitable little tug, and the lazily receding lines of smoke from the several brisk little steamers, give a life and charm that are quite irresistible.

But one must not linger wholly satisfied, for the heights are yet unattained and the present bit of loveliness stands but as the part to the whole. The summit of the hill reached, the supreme view of all bursts upon one in the fulness of its panoramic glory. The beautiful river, curving in and out among the hills and dotted with craft of various kinds; the majestic hills themselves, in their varying glory of sunlight and shadow, clear and distinct in the foreground, dim in the distance and finally lost to sight in the exquisite blue of the atmosphere; the near-by meadows, with the shadow of some great tree playing across their greenness; the cultivated lands and low-lying farm-houses; the well-traveled highway, appearing and disappearing in its winding course, and the whole lightened and softened by the marvelous blending of tints and shades in the green of the vegetation, make an outlook truly wonderful and beautiful. And when to this are added the glories of a resplendent sunset the picture becomes sublime, and one can but sit in silent communing, or repeat with the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

One cannot thus dwell upon the attractiveness and beauty of the surroundings of Upland Farms without at least touching upon the attractiveness and beauty of its community life. The common object—the search for and study of truth in its highest—unites those who gather here in a bond of sympathy

soul cannot but be lifted into a life of health, peace, and beauty.

This is the work to which this Summer School of the New Thought has consecrated itself; and the good accomplished this summer—though so gratifying—is but the forerunner of the good that is to come, the growth that is to be.

MABEL E. CLEVES.



UPLAND FARMS FROM THE NATURALIST'S STANDPOINT.

For two days I have been trying to sort over in my mind the crowds of pictures that fill it when I try to do justice to the endless resources and beauties of Nature at Upland Farms. There is no chaff—everything is too precious to be thrown aside. Deep, tangled woods, threaded by mysterious grass-grown roads or persuasive paths that lead nowhere; sunshiny, rolling hills and upland pastures, sweet with wild roses, white with daisies or yellow with golden rod; brooks that have still, brown pools and wee shining falls; misty, purple curves of mountains; blue stretches of the Hudson: they refuse to be sorted—one is as beautiful as another, and all together they must blend, the picture of a perfect summer.

New England has always seemed to me the very best place to know birds, both because they are so plentiful there and because their haunts are so charming. But New England, even Maine, will have to take a second place now; for Oscawana, near as it is to New York, surpasses in number and variety of birds any place I have ever seen. It is not surprising that birds choose this for a summer residence, for it offers attractions to

the ordinarily shy wood-thrushes sing in such great numbers all about Oscawana is surely due in part to the abundance of cherry-trees. In our walks, as surely as we approached a cherry-tree we heard its presence proclaimed by a thrush. Would that New England were as prodigal with its fruit trees! The glorious thanksgiving anthems are rich payment for any amount of trouble.

The first morning after my arrival I was awakened at dawn by such a singing and ringing and trilling and calling that I felt I had reached bird paradise at last. Nor was I mistaken. Go out when we might—and we have walked in all kinds of weather—there was always, even in August, bird melody in the air.

The Nature class was a happy combination of indefatigable spirits and unwearying enthusiasm; the children lent us lightness of foot and heart, and we shared with them our bits of wisdom. Blind and deaf, most of us started; all songs were alike; all bird forms, except for a slight variety in size, resembled one another; one fern was like another, and all the little growing wonders were hidden away. But with the first independent observation, the first real individual “find” worthy of the attention of the rest of the class, what a wonderful growth began! Instead of helpless groups of passively receptive listeners, we were scarcely able to answer all the eager calls to view new wonders. Nature study requires the best and keenest attention, and in return increases the power to give even better. It is astonishing to notice how the power of observation strengthens with use: how one grows to the knowledge of the beautiful common—yet never commonplace—things in Nature.

About nine o'clock every morning except Saturdays, we

gloried over the dainty mosses and ferns, curious mushrooms and Indian pipes, and later the glowing cardinal flowers. In some particularly cool green spot we came together for a rest, and there we had the lesson of the morning, bountifully illustrated by our spoils and experiences. In this way we took the wonderful steps in the evolution of the plant, from the green film of the *Pleurococcus* on through the algæ and fungi, up into the mosses and ferns, and at last to the seed plants. Who ever knew a naturalist who was an atheist? God's great throbbing life pulses through the development of even the least of these tiny green shreds with as firm a purpose as through our own.

At first we rarely found nests, but by and by, as our eyes opened, nests fairly stared through the branches at us; and many a small family we watched into the world. Down by an old brook bed we chanced upon a family of indigo birds. The nest was a dainty cup, well hidden in a wilderness of black-berry vines. The day the brown babies flew we arrived too late to see the start. The nest was empty, but the air was so full of anxious chirps that we knew we were "warm." Back and forth flew the beautiful blue male and his sparrow-like mate, until at last, as we watched patiently, a bit of a brown twig stirred near us, and there was one wee son directly beside us. We moved away and breathlessly watched the untiring parents feeding, urging, calling, coaxing, until they had all three little ones well up the brook bed.

Near the old mill we found the nest of a wood thrush. She was on the nest when we came, and, brave heart that she was, she stayed even when we came close to her, and watched us with such pleading, human eyes that we hadn't the heart to disturb her even to see the beautiful blue eggs.

On rainy days we gathered in the house. With pictures

examine closely the new birds. Often, as we talked, we heard the familiar cluck of the cuckoo in the trees by the little porch, or the ringing song of the wood thrush from his favorite perch on our front gate. One day, indeed, a diminutive wren, who belonged in a hole in our back door, from misdirected efforts fluttered down the hall into our room. His parents, though not shy, hardly liked to come in for him, but stood outside and vociferously demanded his return until we tucked him in his hole. Thereupon they began as vociferously to urge him out again. We could not regret the final departure of this noisy family out of the reach of the black and yellow cat and all the imaginary terrors that kept them in a constant state of eruption.

All this time we were coming to know the birds by their songs. We had one little hill at the end of a shady lane where we could hear and compare the songs of the four sparrows—field, song, vesper, and chippy. Of English sparrows there were none. It was a great triumph when the sound of a bird note brought forth an intelligent response. What did it matter if there were mistakes and confusion of notes at first? They were learning to listen intelligently. How much greater variation in bird songs than in human voices—yet how easily we know the voices of our friends!

In August, when we had made sure that the birds had finished with their nests, we began to collect some of them. And what an education they were in themselves! The wonderfully woven orioles' homes, the carefully plastered nests of the thrushes, the red-eyed vireo's dainty scrap-basket, the goldfinch's nest of "feather of the dandelion, silk of the thistle,"—if nests will not arouse the enthusiasm of a child, then there is

us climb—and climb we did: up through the orchards where the cedar birds were yet nesting, into the brush of the pastures cheered on by the chewinks and sparrows, up, up, blown lightly along by the cool northwest wind until we came to the top of our Upland Farms hill. Then we sat down on the rocks and silently let the beauty of it all sink into us: mountains and woods and great blue river, a sky clear and tender as a baby's eyes, and air that made the blood go singing through our veins.

The next morning when we took account of stock we had nothing to place on the loss side but a few dilapidated skirts and shoes, and some old worries and perplexities that refused to stay with us when they received so little attention. And on the gain side? The knowledge of fifty birds and their songs; a glimpse at the wonderful evolution, life, and adaptations of the plants; the pleasure of watching the whole procession of flowers from the late anemones to the early asters; health and prodigious appetites, keen senses, and a feeling that we had been so—

“ . . . near to the heart of God

We could feel it beat, down from the sunshine and up from the sod.”

MABEL L. ROBINSON.



THE SOCIAL ATMOSPHERE.

To those accustomed to the pretentious resorts beside the sea or in the mountains, a wild, rocky, fern-bordered country road leading up into the hills from the shore of the placid and historic Hudson might not seem to offer very much in the way of social activities and possibilities, no matter how desirable

tions, along with the advantages, of a sojourn in the comfortable farmhouses of these uplands and lowlands of Oscawana. They wisely left behind them, however, all thought and expectation of such conventionalities as are not needful to a gentle and gracious expression of life, and have realized their compensations in the freedom and simplicity of the actual.

The list of the summer's guests and lecturers includes people cultured and distinguished, from the North and the South, from the East and the West; people of rare attainment in divers lines of work and development, whose identity of interests and unity of purpose have drawn them to this rural meeting-place. They brought with them, too, an awareness that our heaven is carried along with the rest of our personal luggage, and that we find awaiting us that which we take with us; therefore, it is not strange that the very breezes that blow across the face, as one leaves the little station and begins the easy ascent to the Farms, seem to whisper a cordial welcome and a hospitable greeting, with a promise of something better further on. Nor does the promise fail of fulfilment, for the spirit of love and helpfulness that prevails has created an atmosphere of its own, which the newcomer is quick to recognize and adopt; and this spirit has bound and held all in a fellowship that has grown and strengthened with the passing of the weeks.

Standing, as this New Thought movement does, for an expression of the Universal and the Impersonal,—standing also for a practical realization and manifestation in daily living of the highest conception of Absolute Truth,—there has been no place for inharmonies. On the contrary, there has been evident such freedom from unloving, harmful criticism, such freedom from small-mindedness, such a withholding of the careless or unkind word as would refresh the soul of the

vividly from the background of the season's work and experiences are Love, Truth, and Coöperation; the self, the personal, in the social life has been merged in the interest of the whole. It is true that, because all souls are in evolution, many of those who came to Upland Farms brought with them life problems a-plenty, which elucidating knowledge and illumination have in large measure solved; but if these problems included either mental or physical tales of woe, which might not be detached and left at home, they have at all events been generously locked away from sight, and each has contributed his best, his sweetest and most cheering notes to the uplifting song that has echoed from hill to hill and from valley to valley. With this harmonious condition for a foundation, it goes without saying that the purely social events have been a happy feature of the life here, and that, living so continuously and rather strenuously in the thoughtful atmosphere with which the profound lectures enveloped all who listened, it has seemed most needful and wholesome that the hours of relaxation should be quite as positively emphasized as those of the more serious occupations; and to this end the dweller among us has lent himself with zealous enthusiasm to the amiable frolicking and merry-making, or to the more formal and well arranged functions of the week's program.

The Saturday night concerts, conducted by talented and competent artists, have been a joy to all lovers of fine music; and although the piano in Harmony Hall is now closed, and the strings of the choice old violin have ceased their wordless singing, the memory of the entrancing symphonies of the master musicians brings back to us the thrilling harmonies of other hours.

These concerts have been followed by two or three hours of dancing, and, as the New Thought repudiates the sugges-

shelf of innocuous desuetude, have repentantly brought them forth again, resolved to continue to the end of time so altogether desirable an expression of vigorous life and gladness.

The Wednesday "at homes," with a special hostess for each occasion, have fulfilled their mission in extending a gentle courtesy to the lecturer of the afternoon, and in giving an opportunity for cozy visits, or more meaningful aftermath talks over the teacups.



INTERIOR OF HARMONY HALL.

An accomplished monologist proved himself a pleasing entertainer during one evening with "L'Aiglon," and during

Point for the evening parade, gave an afternoon and evening of interest and mirthful episodes.

Tramps by day through fields and beside crawling streams, and strollings in the moonlight under the shadows of the grand old trees that line the roadways, have filled free hours with fruitful exercise and congenial associations. On the brow of the farthest hill stands a clump of ancient cherry-trees, which have proved a favorite rendezvous for patient, aspiring souls, and Sunday nights have found a liberal company *en route* thither with well-filled baskets, eager to attempt the climb, for the sake of the broad, wondrous river view and the radiant beauties of the sunset and the brief twilight—that “subtle hour ’twixt to-day and yesterday,” which charms and idealizes and makes one almost forgetful of the workaday world below.

The pleasant camp in the century-old apple orchard, through the lane, has contributed its full quota to the social life of the New Thought settlement, and the hospitality of the tenters has proved a snare, though never a delusion, to many a one who has yielded himself only too willingly to its beguiling and restful attractions and comforts. With the coming of the cooler evenings the great bonfires have been blazing an added welcome to the camp—such fascinating fires, which transform even the roughest bit of landscape into a fairyland; fires about which to gather with song and story, with wit and wisdom, with words of jest and earnest, until the logs burn low and the glowing coals breathe of toasted mallows and roasting ears, or perchance the friends sit in quiet thoughtfulness watching the play of the firelight and the changeful figures of the cooling embers.

Not a few of this goodly company have been tempted by

The Summer School of 1902, with its auspicious opening, its phenomenally successful continuance, and its prophetic ending, has closed its doors; but that same spirit which pervaded its initial hour, which made it what it has been, is still potent, and has vitalized even to a regeneration the consciousness of those who have enjoyed its pleasures and have been blessed in mind and body by the healing influence of new-old Truth.

SARAH A. CLEMONS.



THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

(Contributed.)

This has been under the direction of Miss Mary G. Burd, pianist, pupil of Emile Schoen, of New York City. Miss Burd has a reputation as a scientific teacher. This, together with her experience in Summer School work and her skill as a soloist and accompanist, makes her well fitted for the position she has held at Upland Farms.

Through the courtesy of Steinway and Sons, of New York City, one of their finest concert upright pianos was sent to Oscawana to be used in the Summer School. Music was given at the beginning and close of the Wednesday and Sunday lectures. In addition to this, musicales or recitals were given every Saturday evening during July and August. The audiences were large and appreciative and drew from the musicians their best efforts. Every one who took part felt the most positive help from the listeners; for the key-note of all the work during the summer has been to discover the good and to make possible the fullest expression of the highest. The musicians

and vocalists who were attending the School, which gave a pleasant variety to the programs. Mr. de Vaux-Royer is a violinist of unusual ability, a talented and refined artist, who has been known for the last six years in European musical circles. He began the study of the violin at the age of nine. His training has been under the greatest German, Belgian, and French masters, and his general culture is displayed in his playing, which is of the romantic-classical school and is characterized by a singing tone, sympathetic interpretation, and fine technical acquirements, gained from his long-continued studies in Berlin with Halir, and with Ysaye in Brussels, finishing with the French artist Marsick in Paris.

The selections rendered during the summer covered a great variety of compositions. Beginning at the first concert with the old master, Johann Sebastian Bach, in his *Loure* and the air on the G string and Gounod's *Ave Maria*, founded on the Bach *Prelude*, it was but a step to the Handel sonata in A major. This most beautiful sonata belongs to the old classical school. It is a pure composition without any discordant clashes.

Mr. de Vaux-Royer shows himself equally versed in the more modern romantic school as in the foregoing classical compositions, having a broad, singing tone, delicacy of feeling, fire and passion. With all these qualities that go to make the artist, his playing is always finished.

Among the more modern compositions given were mazurkas and legendes (Wieniawski), romances of Sinding, Saint-Saens' compositions, *adagio* and *introduction et gavotte*

The climax was reached in a Wagner evening given by Mr. de Vaux-Royer and Miss Burd. Extracts were played from the *Meistersinger*, *Lohengrin*, *Walküre*, and *Parsifal*. Short sketches of the opera were given by the artists before each number, thus enabling the audience more fully to comprehend the meaning of the great master.

The work of the musicians was in perfect accord with the spirit of the New Thought movement. The music at the lectures and at the musicales and recitals was simply the same expression, in another form, of the All-Good, making each one realize that "music begins where speech ends."



UPLAND FARMS.

On airy height where Hessians camped of old,
Selling themselves to war for England's gold,
Where mile on mile of beauty greets the eye—
Green hills, great river, and the summer sky—
Is gathered for the study of Life's Truth
A multitude of people: age and youth
Together learning daily, all and each,
The lessons that the hills and valleys teach.
With open heart and mind they hear and see
The truths taught by the bird, the rock, the tree;
And knowing these they see with clearer sight
The ways that lead from darkness unto light.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

(Contributed.)

Mlle. Marie de Palkowska, of New York City, was with us during the month of August. Her name is doubtless familiar to many, as she is a successful teacher of Diaphragmic Breathing and Physical Culture. Her method is very simple and condensed. She believes in individual teaching, and gives personal attention to the mental and physical needs of each student. The lessons were given in the open air. Before the opening of her course she gave a most interesting talk at Harmony Hall, which fully explained her method of teaching from an anatomical, physiological, and psychological standpoint, with the help of an anatomical chart upon which she illustrated the effect of health upon the nervous system and the various parts of the human anatomy, showing that the mind continually reacts upon the body, and *vice versa*; hence the necessity of simultaneous and harmonious development, since its absence is a contradiction. There must be a correspondence, full and complete. Body is God's gift to man—the visible expression of the invisible. This visible expression of the glory of God must be a glorified one. The simple and natural function of *breathing* was shown to be a fundamental principle in the upbuilding and glorifying of the body, and “know thyself” the key-note.

Mr. H. Alphonso Steigner conducted, during the season, departments of Dramatic Expression and Physical Culture, instruction in the former being illustrated by several reading recitals. “New Thought Physical Culture” would best de-

A WORD OF CONGRATULATION.

[JUST before the close of the session, the following appreciative letter was received by Mr. Patterson from the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., President of The International Metaphysical League. Permission to read it to the assembly and to publish it in this issue of MIND was readily granted. Couched in the exquisite diction that is characteristic of the writer, it gives utterance to the unanimous sentiment of those who have enjoyed the advantages referred to as well as that larger number whose engagements precluded their participation in the work of the Summer School; and we gladly append it to this section of our report.—J. E. M.]

East Hampton, N. Y., August 27, 1902.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I congratulate you on the success of your newest venture of faith. That such a Summer School should succeed in time, few of your friends doubted; but that it should "go" so splendidly from the start—this was surely more than the most sanguine expected. The venture of faith already proves "the substance of things hoped for."

The importance of such a School for the movement is plain. Those who are doing pioneer work in lonely places, in more or less skeptical communities, and whose central fires may well die down somewhat in this isolation, can here meet their fellows in the blest vision of the future; renew their courage, faith and hope; feel themselves not scattered atoms in a hostile world, but living cells in the organic growth which holds "the promise and potency" of the "good things to come," of which our Elder Brother is the great "High Priest." They can know afresh that the current on which they have thrown themselves is nothing less than the great Gulf Stream of the Spirit. Brave men and women, who

return to their work renewed, refreshed, recreated! Those who would fain know what "this new thing means" can perhaps better learn, at the start, in the living presences of those who dwell in the secret place of the Most High rather than from the printed page. After the personal inspiration, the power of the book may follow well.

A happy thought to found such a center of life and light—the light of life!

I am more and more persuaded of the vast benediction for mankind which this New Thought movement carries. What I have believed with the intellect I have this spring and summer found realizingly in experience. In a sore need, I have been greatly helped by my friends at whose feet I am glad to sit. And for the first time I have been able to help myself into the consciousness of health and strength when most needed. I go to work again this winter through this power—the power of God in each of us.

So I thank you, on behalf of the host who need what I have needed, for this chance to gain the blessing craved. Many be the years before Upland Farms! And many the years in which you yourself shall therein be led into "green pastures" and by the side of "still waters!"

Affectionately yours,

R. HEBER NEWTON.



PUBLIC LECTURES.

[WE regret that the limitations of our space forbid the publication in full of the many excellent discourses that were delivered at Upland Farms. But an attempt is made in the following pages to present a summary of the public lectures that will suggest the line of thought brought out by the various speakers. The teachings are necessarily given in condensed form, and the very interesting addresses by the Rev. Howard Wilbur Ennis, Augustus Thomas, and Ursula N. Gestefeld are omitted from this issue owing to our inability to obtain reports of them. A lecture by F. W. Ruckstuhl and one by Mr. Patterson are unavoidably held over for insertion in later numbers. But in the series that follows an admirable and instructive epitome is presented of the leading feature of the Summer School exercises. The abridged discourses, considered merely as essays, are sufficient in themselves to constitute this issue of MIND one of the most valuable that have yet appeared, and we trust our readers will concur in our belief that their quality compensates for their brevity.—
J. E. M.]

PRACTICAL IDEALISM.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

For a great many centuries the world has been peopled at times with great idealists. Some of these showed their ideals forth in works, and some were content to give to the world theories of life, letting the matter rest there.

Our own great Master, Jesus Christ, was one of the greatest idealists; yet we find the practical side combined with almost everything that he undertook. People may say that there

time of doing more than to impart this knowledge to his disciples. He knew, too, how useless it would be for him, in the short time he had to spend on earth, to seek to arouse the great body of the people. He knew it would be useless to appeal to the Church of his time. "Do not put new wine into old bottles, lest the bottles burst and the wine be spilled." The thought was to impart this knowledge to the world—to people who were ready to receive it. He said: "To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God." It is not given out to the people as a whole, for Jesus recognized that the soil was to be prepared for the reception of the seed; that the seed that fell by the wayside or among the stones would not bring forth fruit; that the soil would have to be prepared for the reception of the seed. He therefore gathered about him a body of people who were ready to receive the truth, and these people tried to impart to others the knowledge that they had received from Jesus, the Christ.

The teachings of Jesus have not been thoroughly understood. We regard the whole Christian religion as being made up of certain creeds and dogmas. Now, Jesus never founded any church, as a great many people have supposed he did. We find his disciples conforming to all the Jewish rites and ceremonies and declaring that if any man believe in Christ he is a new creature. Jesus did, however, set forth certain great laws of life; and if these laws were thoroughly understood and lived they would revolutionize life as it is to-day.

The Golden Rule that Jesus gave to the world, when we stop to consider it, is one of the most revolutionary statements ever made. If this rule were obeyed to-day, would we see

We have never understood the meaning of the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The law is here set forth that whatever we give to the world is given back to us. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Whatsoever we *think* must sooner or later find expression in the world in which we live. It would be far better if we could understand these laws of life and, through understanding, conform to them. We should not be satisfied with a religion in the *mind* of man, but should have something that we could forever give vital expression to in the world about us. What we need to-day is a practical religion—a religion founded on this very law of life: that whatever we give we receive. It might in one sense seem selfish that the giving and the receiving should be made to go together; but we may not look at it solely from that point of view, for there is involved the action of a certain definite law. Whatever we sow in life we shall reap in the harvest time. It is not a question of selfishness.

It is well to remember another statement made by the Master—that we should love our neighbor as ourself. In other words, we are related to one another. Mankind is a unit. We are expressions one of another. When we realize the unity of life, and when we see that we are related to one another and that our own good is wrapped up in the good of all, then we discern that the greatest good that can come into our own lives is to do good to others. If we would find our lives, in reality we must lose them. We must lose this personal sense that sets the personality above everything else. We are not to lose our individuality or do away with anything that is original in our own lives, but rather use our individual powers and qualifications for the highest good of mankind.

objective *evidence* thereof. A great many people have waited for others to do the thinking, when they would accept their conclusions; but that is not enough. We must think for ourselves, feel for ourselves, and act for ourselves. In other words, when we realize the unity that exists between us and all mankind we will keep our lives in a true sense free—we will individualize ourselves in order to be more social.

There are great truths in Socialism and Individualism, and when we unite these two we will have one complete truth. The individual must be free to think and to act out his own life. In doing this he gives to the rest of mankind and advances the interests of all humanity. In this way he becomes a true Socialist and a true Individualist. There is nothing antagonistic in these terms, and the time is rapidly approaching when all religion will be scientific and all science will be religious. So-called material science deals with the forms of things on this plane, and the spiritual science of life deals with facts that pertain to the things that lie back of the form. We must see that each has an office to fulfil.

It is altogether out of place for people calling themselves Christian Scientists or Mental Scientists to assert that physical science has no proper part in this world, and that we have no need for it—for we have. The whole outer world is an expression of the inner, and students of the one should be without prejudice toward the other.

Each one of us is in this world for a definite purpose. We are here to work out our individual salvation; that is, we have been endowed with certain qualities of mind and soul, and we are told to use those qualities. If we are not using them we are preventing our own growth. If we are only thinking of these things in an expressionless way, we are not using them.

acquired by the human mind is worse than useless if it is not *expressed* in the world about us. It only becomes a burden. Knowledge should serve some practical end, and then it becomes a benefit to both mind and body.

Some persons tell us that this world was created in six days. Why, it is not fully created yet! Man is creating this world through the power that God has given him. And it is growing better all the time; there is a leveling-up process going on in life that is constantly bringing man up a little higher. A prophet has said that "the desert shall blossom as the rose." The time is approaching, and man himself is doing this—it is not being done for him. *We* are making this world. All of us are doing something to make it better. This is our God-given mission. It is not for a class—for a teacher, for a doctor, or for a scientist—but for every one.

The world is made better, first of all, by a careful self-examination. What are the motives, the impulses, prompting the life of man? There is an inner consciousness that makes the external consciousness and changes everything in our world. What of the ideals that enter the mind? Do we clearly see what we want to be and the things we want to do? Or are we walking blindly, leaving everything to come by haphazard or chance? We will never make the world better if that is the course we take. Is there not something we can do *well*? Let us give our best thought to it. Suppose you are not able to do it at once? Then keep the ideal in mind—feel that sooner or later that thing *will* be done, and sooner or later the ideal will find expression. I know that of a very truth. I know we would not be here this afternoon if that were not the case. Years ago I thought of just such a gathering as this, and in just such a place as this. and I have felt all the time that even-

inner thought in the outer world. It is not to be seen by one for many; we must all see it for ourselves.

The way of life each one walks in. One may throw light on the path for another, but he cannot travel it for another. Each one must work out his own ideal of life, no matter what it may be. The outer work is the evidence of the inner consciousness of life. So let us seek first of all to get the truest, the most uplifting ideals in mind. Let us turn them over in our inner consciousness. It is possible to enter into a consciousness of life much higher than anything that is external to us now. Some time that higher consciousness may be external to us; but the greater the ideal, the higher the ideal, the greater will be its expression in the outer world. Let us, then, use *all* our ideals, and not let any of them go to waste. Do not let a noble picture enter the mind simply to leave it the next moment, but *retain* it. Having formed the ideal in mind, then "whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might."



SYMBOL-PSYCHOLOGY AND THE MYTHS OF NATIONS.

BY THE REV. ADOLPH ROEDER.

I.

In the consideration of any study we must always start with some premise, as, for instance, the Monad in Biology, or if the study be Theology the premise is a Divine Being. In our subject of to-day, our premise is that mind precedes and matter follows, and we will regard this premise from the scien-

certain shape, this fact being revealed by small particles that always take a certain course whenever the wind blows. Steam, another invisible force having a tendency outward, compels the little particles to assume the form of rings, like the rings of smoke. Magnetism reveals the form of its energy by always placing iron filings in the figure 8.

Following out this same law in other ways, we come to see that the matter constituting the human form is outlining spirit form, and that it is the force working within the human body that makes it do certain things. As is mind, so is body. If there is poise, strength, grace within, then will health, strength, beauty be revealed in outward form; if the mind vacillates between fear and hope, if there is not a proper balance between the great spiritual qualities, then the fact will be expressed by some physical condition.

Symbol-psychology calls attention to the fact that human life is divided into two broad sections—a period when man is unable to take charge of himself and that which is without, followed by a period when he has attained power. In other words, there is an unregenerate and a regenerate phase of life.

It is generally conceded that the formation of character, or the development of eternal values, is the reason for this earthly life; and in the study of Bible symbolism we come to the conclusion that before any enduring thing can be formed there must be strength and skill developed in order to build.

Now, while this skill is being gained, the individual life must rest on something, and that something is the life of the parents. Each one inherits or receives from father and mother a certain tendency, a borrowed and not an original force; and this must all be repaid in time when the soul begins to build for itself.

The regenerate life does not begin till skill in the handling of force is acquired. There is, then, this double life—the bor-

or one thousand years, and the new life in which we control our own forces.

The Old Testament treats of life by inheritance, and the great character of the New Testament is the symbol of life from within. All the Bible narratives are of value mainly because of a certain purpose that runs through them from start to finish. The same story appears again and again, each time bringing out some new element that has been wrapped in it from the start—as; for instance, the Woman story. In the Scriptures we find woman at first overcome by the serpent, but finally in spite of every difficulty we see her as depicted in Revelation rising into the highest heavens, having overcome all that beset her.

Throughout all the great world stories a certain thread can be traced as they appear in their different phases, and, though we might illustrate this by many different myths, we will take the story of the ark as related from time to time in our Scriptures. At first it is a large ark on a large body of water, containing many powers within it, both animal and human, but not the higher power that liberates. It finally lands on some mountain peak, some peak of ambition, and thence there is a scattering and a fresh beginning. Next, the ark is a small one pitched within and without; it floats among the bulrushes and contains a little piece of humanity. It contains the beginning of the law and the prophets which is discovered and nourished by its own mother. Then we find the ark in the tabernacle, which is a movable place of worship and which finally gives place to the temple, with its permanent home for the ark that contains its symbolic treasures. Then man himself in the person of Jesus is declared to be the temple in which the law is perfected.

Throughout the various phases of the ark story much is taught in every little detail of the symbol. In the tabernacle

Israelites, and in the matter of gifts it is only the choicest that can be accepted. So in the individual we come at last to see that character is not built except a man give of his best in the service of humanity, and that whatever is done for the physical condition alone has not the same value as that directed toward the building up of the one great body of mankind.

As we look deeply into things and grow through experience, we find that it actually is only the good traits in man that are accepted—that is, that remain; and all will be eventually built into a perfect ark of character, which ark shall be exalted in the heavens, high above all earthly principalities and powers.

II.

In studying the myths of the nations man has followed the same general course that he took in studying natural phenomena: the first effort was to collect the great mass of myths, then came the men who aimed at a classification of them, and later the desire was centered in seeking a reason for their origin and the peculiar aspects of those myths which many nations had in common. To know the details of certain phenomena, whether in the realm of matter or in the intermediate realm of mind, is of little value; but to seek to know why the details assumed one especial aspect in one part of the world, and why the type varied as it did in another, may be of great practical value.

In the history of myths the careful student discovers certain marks as rich in suggestiveness as are the great geological indices of the general development in the natural realm. These

edly deals with more than the outer world, such as the Greek story of the birth of Minerva, who sprang, full-armed, from the head of Jove. Where in Nature can you find the suggestion of so abrupt a development?

The true solution of this second group of myths is that within the Nature story there is a mind story. The Greek was not concerned primarily with Nature, and he strove to express the truth that he apprehended in regard to man himself. To the Greek, woman was not born of the earth, but in heaven; he felt that the affectional side of man's nature was a spiritual, not a natural, generation, and this he strove to show by having her spring forth from the most highly developed part of the highest god. The Greek by this myth was saying: *Love is not born till you understand clearly. As long as there is no intellection there can be no love.* The Hebrew, on the other hand, conceived love to spring forth from the heart. Woman is born when man is unconscious, and she is born on the earth. There is much to be gathered from both myths, and the whole truth is that intellect does not develop highly until the affections stir and awaken it, and also that there can be no pure, all-inclusive love till the perfect knowledge, which is divine intelligence, shall have been attained.

The main value in all myths is not the details of the story but the meaning that lies back of the details. Now, there is an evolution in myths just as there is in Nature. You can take any series of stories and show the development from a small to a perfect growth as you can in the natural types. Every race of men have the great myths of creation, paradise, a deluge, an ark, a tower of Babel, and a long wandering of the

nations as the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Phoenician were intellectual peoples, we naturally ask, What did they mean by these symbols? What does the American mean when he pictures Uncle Sam with an eagle near by, or an Englishman when he shows Brother Jonathan always accompanied by a lion? The Assyrian bull with the human head and the Egyptian Sphinx with the tiger's body and human head are the result of the same symbolism that we note in our day. Man is ever trying to express that which all races feel to be true: that there are actually two natures in man—that he has certain traits in common with the animals and certain other traits that transcend the animal consciousness.

In studying symbol-psychology we come across so many of the winged animals in the various nations that we are led to seek an explanation of their meaning. Why, for instance, does the Greek put wings on a horse and the Assyrian do the same with the bull? What does the combination mean? Each nation that resorts to the symbol of wings, whether they are placed on the feet of a man or on the shoulders of a bull, is endeavoring to teach that there is a "something" that lifts us above earthly limitations. The sense-man must be lifted if he is ever to escape from the earth problems that beset him. The bull symbolizes endurance, and the thought with the Assyrian was that man should work till he was so tired out that he would forget self and so be lifted above the personal plane. The Greek's concept, illustrated by the flying horse, was that man is lifted only as he grasps his problem intellectually; he does not try to lift the body but the mind of man. Another race of men see that it is not enough to drown one's self in work or to understand with the mind—the moral nature

It is not by one part of man's nature that he shall be fully developed, but by the fullest exercise of all his various powers. That for which the head of the eagle, the bull, the lion, the man stands plays its part, and it is only as all the traits are lifted up and honored that a perfect being can be realized.

Myths are to us the history of the struggles of the racial mind in its attempts to solve the world problem; and when we can regard them in this light they can teach us deep truths.



POETRY AND ITS RELATION TO LIFE.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Certain critics are saying that Poetry is doomed to perish—to be sponged out by the hand of Science. As well say that poetry will obliterate science; for each stands on its own ground separate and secure, coequal, eternal, like the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn. Others again are saying that the world of poetry has been exhausted by the poets themselves—that nothing now is left to see or say. But this, too, is an idle statement. The mission of the poet is far from being completed.

When Homer had given Troy to fame and immortality, no doubt there were those who said, "Poetry can no further go." But after Homer was Æschylus, who came with gorgeous tragedy and sceptered pall; Dante, who journeyed the laborious way from the frore infernal Pit up to the Rose of the Blessed; Shakespeare, who disclosed to us the long, sad, glad procession of humanity.

And who shall say that a fellow of this, if not a greater,

us all the youth and wonder of the morning? Who has pilaged all the flaming beauty of the sunset? And has not the heart of man grown deeper, more unsearchable, with the process of the suns? Shall poetry perish? No! we have had as yet but the first few golden syllables of the inexhaustible Song of Life—the song from which the worlds arose.

But who is the Poet, the man who comes speaking some syllable of this mighty Song? Certainly he is not a mere molder of golden meters and sugared rhymes—"a pleader of lovely and pleasant causes, nothing perilous." No; if he is a poet worth while, he enters with serious steps the chambers and gardens of the muses. In his loftier moods, his words may well be said to be oracular, prophetic. In the youth of the world he appeared to his people as an impassioned seer. Religion, in the Vedas, the Eddas, the Scriptures, descended as a song—as a poetic vision of the Creative Man. Yes, in his true function he is one of the substantial forces in the world-movement: as essential to the growth and glory of the people as is a blossom to the pomegranate.

The poet is a dweller between two worlds, the Seen and the Unseen, and beholds objects and events in their large outlines. He never rests with the sensuous, the apparent. He frees us from the tyranny of the moment. His mission is an eternal quest for the absolute reality and veracity behind the veil of the senses. To the poet, then, the world is not substance, but symbol. Therefore, he is forever pressing on through the shows of things to the significant, the permanent, the universal behind them. He ignores the shell and gives us the spirit and the splendor. So his report is truer than history and deeper than science. A page of Homer gives us a deeper insight into Greek life than do a hundred pages of Grote. A canto of Dante gives us more of the heart of "the ten silent centuries"

spiritual aspiration, its clogging carnality. "Of all the writers under the sun," says bold Sir Philip Sidney, "the poet is the least a liar."

But where can the poet in these prosaic days find the stuff for song? say some. And we make answer: It all depends upon the soul that surveys. The genius, the man with the seeing eye, finds field for his powers in any nation, any epoch. While it is true that the material of the poet is everywhere, still in our America there is an especial affluence of the stuff for a noble poetry; and at last our poets have discovered America! No longer do our native bards walk by the Merrimac and the Charles to gather English primroses and hawthorne, and to listen to Philomel and the skylark! Instead, the rhodora, the dandelion, the wild poppy glow through their meters; the blue-bird, the bobolink, the mocking-bird now carol through their rhymes. But not only have we the flower and bird to tempt the poet's heart: we have also beauties and glories, myriad and marvelous—mountains, rivers, lakes, forests stretching a thousand leagues away. America—home! The mere vastness of our land appeals to the imaginative passion. All the spaces and faces of our country, like the ideas of our people, have the large outline, the limitless sweep.

This blending of many nations into one new nation gives a fresh impulse to literature, a new spirit to poetry. From this massing and adjusting and inbrothering spring new activities and audacities of the soul, new purposes, new perils. Out of this melting-pot of the race, with its traditions, its superstitions, its nobilities, its vulgarities, its seething potentialities of good and evil, must come an organic unity—a new type of man. And it is the flame and hammer of imagination that must accomplish this mighty mixing and molding. It is the

the poet of democracy. Let the American poet hold aloft the great ideal of progress and fraternity till we shall feel that we are not only compatriots but also brothers; that we are conscripts of one heroic hope, comrades of one destiny!

America furnishes to the poet the inspiration of great achievement. She has won high place in the constellation of nations; she has snatched secret powers from the sphere of Nature; she is on her way to vast victories in the markets of the world. It is to the poet we must look for an interpretation of the glories of our stronger Carthage, our greater Tyre. It is he who will throw upon our Patent Office reports, our census returns, our ledger accounts, and our enlarging maps some light from the ideal. It is he who in the perils of our prosperity must keep alive in the people a faith in the unworldly enterprise, "the unprofitable risk."

What poet's heart can fail to believe that America has been reserved to these later ages by the Higher Power for some vast purpose, some transcendent manifestation? Here certainly is to be worked out the highest freedom the world has ever known. To the life of the people, then, the life of the toiling millions, art is beginning to look for a new inspiration, a new courage, a new joy. Painters have caught its homely tragedy. Poets are realizing its terrible pathos, its tender beauty, its epic force. And, with this new art ideal, a new economic ideal is beginning to demand a new world wherein I shall ask nothing for myself or my child that all others cannot have on equal terms.

Man is progressing, but each step of his progress seems only to reveal new rights to demand and new freedoms to conquer. We have achieved religious freedom and political freedom, and now we are in the early beginnings of a struggle for industrial freedom—the greatest struggle that has yet come

the passion of poets. The Crusades, the Christianization of Europe, the emancipation of chattel slaves in two worlds—all the moral adventures of the past are dwarfed in the presence of this new ideal that now begins to press upon the conscience of the nations. Into this world-struggle the poet of America will be drawn for a new prophetic utterance.

The Book of Kings is closed, and the Book of the People is opening. It may well be said that the old epic was "Arms and the man," but the new epic is "Tools and the man."



THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

BY BOLTON HALL.

In the past parents and teachers have too often taken the attitude toward children that because they have the *power* to command them they therefore have the right, and we are quite apt to yield to the temptation of telling a child to do one thing or not to do another under the impression that we are thus developing or aiding the child. But liberty is the great bed-rock of progress, and children, like adults, learn mainly from experience. It is therefore not kind in us to shield our children constantly, thus preventing them from learning in early years what they must surely learn some time; and if we are in earnest in this matter we will sooner or later realize the wisdom of letting the child experience a little fall from the single step so that he may learn that which will prevent him from experiencing the more serious fall down the whole flight of steps.

Who gives us the right to say to a child, "Thou shalt not," or "Don't do that?" We really have no more right to compel

pline is really tyranny. Discipline, the learning how to control one's self, comes in the main through our realizing, by means of suffering incurred through a lack of self-control, that one must be master of himself. When we prohibit children either by physical or mental force from doing various acts, we teach them a bad lesson—that of dependence on another's judgment; and much of the wrong-doing of each generation may be traced to this false idea of morality. This it is that prevents progress and keeps the present bound in the fetters of the past.

Heretofore much of our effort in regard to our children has been along the line of repression rather than expression, and we have often checked them in their exuberance of spirits because their noise disturbed us rather than because it did them any harm to make a noise. As a matter of fact, a child has just as much right to make a noise as an adult has, or to tell the grown folks to stop talking if he wants to be heard. But it would be difficult to make the average parent see the matter in this light.

After all, love is the only authority; and true love never compels. But we may do much in the way of influencing our children (by our own development in matters of self-control and self-expression), and we can guide or guard in the sense of advising them, always leaving them free, if they please, to learn the wisdom of our advice through their own unpleasant experiences.

We cheat our children out of their rights if we prevent them from learning in this way; and indeed we cannot really prevent them, for we only postpone the inevitable by so doing. The time always comes when a soul must meet each issue in its own strength.

If, then, we regard our children in the right light—that of our equals—we will not fail to treat them with the deference

allow ourselves to feel that we are personally aggrieved when they do not listen to us.

The fact that a child is smaller and more feeble than we are is no reason why we should impose our way upon him. Indeed, how do we know that our way is best? We ourselves often make mistakes; yet we attempt to lay down the law for another—and that other being one whom at best we only partially understand. Government is a matter in which we are as yet in our A B C's; and parental government is not very far ahead of our standards of political government, the chief characteristic of which is the domination of the stronger over the weaker ones.

I do not believe in the maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Just think of what the assault-and-battery plan of education means! After all, we come to see that we cannot be both a governor and a friend. Would that the nations would learn this lesson! When you make a child afraid of you, he does not fear the consequences of his own acts, but he does fear your vengeance; so that where you rule over your child by fear you have defeated your own ends, for what you truly desire is that your child may learn to know the law of cause and effect.

We must all undergo natural consequences; and, though for a time we may seem to learn much by another's experience, in the last analysis each step upward is gained by the exercise of our own power in our own way.

Aside from our privilege in advising children, we can do little for the world in the matter of lifting it to higher planes of achievement except by a faithful exercise of our own powers, thus inspiring others to do the same. If a child believed all that we told him he would be a fool, and that one who per-

humanity but the one condition of progress, and some day we will become unselfish enough to leave all men free to work out their salvation in their own way.

Now, I am well aware of the fact that all that I have been saying is thoroughly impractical, and that an ideal education is possible only when we have ideal conditions. Whenever I speak on this wise to a mixed multitude, my brothers who earn their living by the sweat of their brows say: "That is all very well on paper or in a palace, but we cannot let our children learn how to use a hammer by pounding the floor, for if we did the family beneath us would complain and our landlord would interfere. And we cannot let our babies cry till they find out the folly of crying, for we live in a world where we are not free to bring our children up according to our own convictions. They are brought up for us by all of our neighbors, you see."

This is perfectly true. You cannot get far on any question without being brought face to face with the question of landlordism, and when we once realize vividly that liberty is the first requisite for development we soon take the next step and acknowledge that the first requisite for liberty is the free use of the earth on which and by which we live. If, then, you would do something toward the realization of the rights of children, you will join the ranks of those who are trying in one way or another to establish an *occupying ownership* instead of an *exclusive ownership* of land.



LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

the little one begins to receive impressions from the world about him these impressions begin to form convolutions upon the brain. The psychologist tells us that after one reaches twenty-five or thirty years of age the brain ceases to convolute, and thereafter receives no new impressions. Whether this be true or not, of one thing we are sure, and that is that the brain of the babe is far more impressionable than the adult's, and that early impressions are the strongest; also, that the child has extreme sensibility, for in him the subconscious side is uppermost.

We must not read too much to the child, nor allow him to read too much; for the sensitive brain is taxed quite a bit in recording phenomena of Nature that we adults are apt to forget are sources of wonderment to the child, and that his brain has to adjust itself to them, so to speak. Let him have time to comprehend Nature, to get close to her heart, and do not analyze and dissect her for him. Let the magical, mystical side remain, so that his subjective mind may freely register the lovely fancies of childhood; and so you will not rob him of the poetry, indeed of divinity itself, as expressed in Nature.

The best book in the world for the little one is the open book of Nature. And right here we must begin to study the nature of the child. Some children will not be sufficiently impressed with the beauties and wonders all about them. To such they should be pointed out, and poems on this subject read to them. A very little child can understand much of the modern verse about Nature. Wordsworth, Bryant, Longfellow, and even Browning are very simple at times. Almost any

he is able to do his own reading; for at this time you can form his taste far more easily than you can three or four years later. By allowing him to hear only the best in literature you will so impress upon him the sense of what is good that it will become instinctive with him to choose only the best. With this thought in mind of establishing a taste that will become instinctive, we can read the poets and essayists to very little children. They will not understand most of what is being read, it is true; but they will enjoy the rhythm of the poetry or the melody of the fine prose. And there is a certain dignity—a certain grace and beauty—about the sound of the best literature that is widely different from the sound of careless work, or nonsense rhymes like “Mother Goose.” Besides, the subconscious side is exactly registering every word we read, and the influence on the child in later years may be more than we dreamed of when reading to him. But it should be remembered that in such reading the idea is simply to please the child by the sound, and there must be no attempt to explain meanings unless the child demands such explanations. I am speaking now of the very young child.

Very early in life certain qualities will crop out that must either be cultivated or eliminated—never suppressed. It is a tremendous error to try to suppress anything in a child. This is not the way to make the best of him. If you see something in the child you do not want there, ignore it, and bring to his attention and try to interest him in what you do want. With the thought in mind of building up that part of the brain we want to cultivate, by making it active, and by ignoring the un-



infinity of form, grace, and beauty to the angle of sixty degrees," as one writer has well expressed it. Read to the little one about the action of sunlight, about rain and dew, from scientific standpoints, and so let him correct a too vivid imagination that makes him personify to a point that is not good for him.

Suppose the little one has a fierce desire to go hunting and kill something—he needs that the loving, humane side in him be cultivated. For, if the thoughts are allowed to wander on undirected into other channels, the child is likely to grow up cruel and thoughtless of the comforts of others—both of people and animals. To a child of this sort one should read of the intelligence of animals, of how they often suffer willingly rather than desert a charge, and how they are our humble, faithful friends. An excellent book about animals has been compiled by Sarah J. Eddy. It is called "Friends and Helpers," and is published by Ginn & Co. Books by Alex. E. Frye, published by the same company, are excellent to read to children or to give them to read. They are about Nature.

Another thing to bear in mind is to give a child freedom in his choice of literature. I do not mean lawless freedom; but we should not force him to listen to reading or make him read what he does not enjoy. It is cruel, and besides nothing is gained when one reads what one dislikes. There is so much good literature for children, and on so vast a number of subjects, that it is not difficult to find something good that will suit each child's taste.

If a child has perverted tastes—and he will not have if he has had judicious reading before he is able to read for himself

these books is not to be commended, entirely; nevertheless, one cannot help enjoying them keenly, and they lead easily to stories written by Thompson Seton,—which is, I believe, his latest variation on his name,—where we step on a much higher plane. For, with Kipling, although he will hold the child's breathless attention, yet all his stories are about how some person, animal, or thing gets the better of some other person, animal, or thing. Even the locomotives crow over one another. But his animal stories put us in closer touch with our speechless brothers.

This brings us to the subject of morbid literature. Much that has been written for children is unfit for them to read, because it tends to give them false ideas of life. In spite of its charm, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is not a healthy story. Neither is "Editha's Burglar." Both picture abnormal sorts of children. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is likely to cultivate snobbery in a child, for it gives exalted ideas of social position; while "Editha's Burglar" encourages the belief that it is rather noble to be a thief, and also that there is something very fascinating about villains; and though this last is often true it is not exactly the thing to bring to the child's notice. "The Bird's Christmas Carol" is rather too morbid in spite of its funny streaks. No more pernicious books for girls were ever put on the market than the "Elsie" books. Elsie is worse than a prig. She inculcates a belief that a child has, like the king, a divine right that frees him from being a respecter of parents. Give the boys and girls such books as those written by Louisa Alcott, Mary Mapes Dodge, Sophie May, Susan Coolidge, Celia Thaxter, J. T. Trowbridge, Olive Thorne, Laura Richards, and Louise Chandler Moulton. Abby Morton Diaz has given the children a source of delight in the "William Henry

Let us aim to make our children light-hearted. We as a people know little of that delightful, spontaneous fun that makes people in Japan and Europe so happy and so able to appreciate simple pleasures. We strain every nerve for material possession and make so mournful a thing of our every-day life that it has been said of us that we take our pleasures sadly. Let us keep the shadow of money-making out of the child's life.

It is a simple matter to interest the very young child in history. It is amazing how accurately children will remember historical events if read to them at a very early age and in the form of entertaining stories. When the study of history is arrived at in the school course this early familiarity with it will take away much of the drudgery of memorizing.

It is well to read the history of foreign countries to our children; for United States history is rather overdone in the public schools. Of course, there is a purpose in constantly hammering our country's history into the minds of the children in the public schools, because of the large percentage of foreign-born children there. Proper respect for the laws of the country are thus inculcated. But it is a good idea for the well-born American child to read a good deal about the great deeds in other countries. History shows how overconfidence in the power and superiority of one's own country has proved disastrous in times past. Spain, England, and the United States might have had a cleaner record than they have made for themselves in the last few years if each had not been overconfident in its own power.

There are delightful histories of various countries, in words of one syllable, that children will be sure to enjoy and

tion between them and what I have just been saying,—they are an important part of a child's literature, and they should be read to him or given him to read when he is old enough to know that there are no such things as monsters and dragons and wicked fairies; for these bring fear into the little one's mind, and fear is the most dangerous thing that can get hold of children. Fear has ruined or killed many a child—fear of darkness, fear of witches, fear of hell, fear of teachers, and—oh, the pity of it!—fear of parents. But when the child can understand certain facts in connection with fairy stories, then they will be of use to him. You can tell him about prehistoric man, and how it is quite probable that the dragon of the fairy story is really a vague report handed down from earliest humanity, some kinds of which were still extant when man was first expressed upon earth. You can tell him how large these monsters were, and how they flew about like birds, although perhaps as big as elephants, and thus you will have taught the child something about the history of the earth that he is not likely to forget. And certainly it adds much to the interest of the fairy story. This is but little of what the child may learn about fairy stories if they are properly explained to him. He learns through them how closely related are all the people—all the races of the earth.

Then the child will begin to get interested in various nations and races and his sympathies will enlarge. We can show how the different ages—the stone, the bronze, and the iron—have their impress upon the fairy stories. Then we can tell him it is supposed that the reason that the same fairy stories are found in lands far apart is because that “beyond all historical record there were migrations: that, after a time, the

to different environment, and finally seemed little related to the original race." In this alone—these migrations—much has been written for children, especially about the Children's Crusade. And from the fairy stories the child can be led to reading of these migrations, thus enlarging his knowledge of the world's history.

There is one branch of reading and study that I feel obliged to speak about, and that is the study of biology. Do not let the child read about experiments with live creatures, nor allow him to experiment with animals in any way that entails suffering to them. Do not, I repeat, if you value your child's moral nature, let him do these things. Another department of literature that will influence a child largely is biography. There are many stories written for children about famous men and women, and if a child becomes familiar with the history of the lives of three or four men and women who have accomplished much in the world, if he learns of their brave struggles and their perseverance, he may derive from this knowledge the inspiration and impetus to make the most of his own life. But do not let him read too much biography; rather let him read just enough to have the impressions clear and distinct upon his mind.

In these days of plenty in literature we are inclined to read too much. This habit we must guard against in the child. It is bad enough for the adult to form it, but disastrous to the little one. It engenders carelessness of fact and slovenliness of mind, and weakens the memory. Let the child have comparatively few books, and let him get the habit of reading a book several times.

Thus we see that our children can be developed by what we read to them and by what we give them to read. Ever must we remember, in the words of Lowell:

"It is no little thing, when a fresh soul
And a fresh heart, with their unmeasured scope
For good, not gravitating earthward yet,
But circling in diviner periods,
Are sent into the world.

Children are God's apostles, day by day,
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace."



THE SUNRISE OF SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY WARREN A. RODMAN.

Whatever theory a man may profess to hold, his life reveals his real philosophy. But this fact does not disprove the value of theory in the effort at better living. On the contrary, a candid investigation shows that waves of practical progress have almost invariably been preceded by theories so new and radical, in most cases, as to be met with ridicule, contempt, denunciation, or even forcible resistance, only to come gradually into a wider and fuller acceptance and finally into general adoption. It is also true that theories once universally believed to be true have, later on, yielded to the combined power of logic and experience only to be in turn superseded by others.

And, just as the reason has thus so often played us false by its partial views and hasty conclusions, so the senses have given numberless evidences of their unreliability. So common are these illusions of the senses that their testimony has been declared to be exactly opposite to the truth. Were this absurd theory true, however, a right adjustment would simply mean a reversal of our accepted terminology. Nothing is gained and

are wholly unreliable in regard to matters of fundamental value. Surely, "spiritual things must be spiritually discerned;" but who shall say that the reason and the senses are not spiritual faculties that our expanding consciousness is teaching us how to use aright?

Our senses bring us into direct contact with a seemingly external world: a world so beautiful in appearance, so infinite in variety, so marvelous in resource, so suggestive of an omnipotent energy that even the primitive mind is naturally led back to a contemplation of the problem of its source and control. Speculation has traversed every known avenue; dogmatism has insistently, and oftentimes cruelly, impressed its tenets on an unwilling people; faith, from the superstitious to the sublime, has held its followers in devoted adherence, even to martyrdom; while inspiration and illumination have shed their light on this profoundest of all problems. Yet, in the face of them all, we turn to that matchless stanza of Tennyson's, "Flower in the crannied wall," for the finest statement of the problem ever given to mankind. For, as Renan so wisely says, "the glory of philosophy lies not in solving the problem but in putting it."

Compare the results of all the philosophizing of which the greatest minds of the world have been capable and you will find that they can be roughly grouped into two great classes, which may again be subdivided into five groups. Yet, if we carefully analyze these apparently diverse lines of thought we are surprised to find a distinct basis of unity for their practical application. For, in practise, what difference does it make whether mind and matter are separate substances, either with a causal nexus or foreordained to run in parallel grooves, as claimed by the two classes of dualists; or whether there is only one sub-

treme materialism as compared with his place under extreme idealism (Parmenideism under a modern name and guise), we find that, in either case, as a sentient, volitional, free, immortal being he is swept wholly out of existence—he is totally annihilated. But if, guided by the wise and true chart of the devout Agassiz, that, “a physical fact is just as sacred as a moral principle,” we start from either of these extreme viewpoints, we may sail swiftly and smoothly over an uninterrupted and well-buoyed course, into the safe haven of the other. In other words, while each of these views is true, neither is complete without the other. The whole truth is found in the harmonious blending of the two through the rational recognition of the essential unity of being and expression, or existence.

Again, compare the orthodox idea of a future heaven, reached only through the gateway of death, and its teaching of the worthlessness of the present life, with the view of those metaphysicians who contend for the illusiveness of the soul’s life until it is illumined by what they choose to call the spiritual consciousness. If we substitute the orthodox heaven for the cosmic (or spiritual) consciousness, the completeness of the parallel is clearly manifest.

These studies of the similarity of past and present lines of thought may confuse or classify according as we use them. But they seem essential to any large and true view of the bearings of a particular theory or belief on the general philosophic situation, and especially as to our practical relationship in the life we are now living. For, as we find reason correcting the testimony of the senses and intuition revising the deductions of the reason, the conception dawned that a glimpse of the world from

The avenues leading to God seem infinitely varied because of the response made by the individual to His appeal. Not alone through suffering, or joy, or reason, or nature, or right thinking, or good works, or illumination is man led to God,—led into His spiritual regeneration,—but through them all. In all of these ways, and more, God stretches out the loving hand. Man takes it when he is in the mood.

“Dwelt no power divine within us,
How could God’s divineness win us?”

When one has reached this larger conception of his innate capacity for seeing things from the God standpoint, he finds himself voluntarily and completely submitting himself to the guidance of that inner, that divine, self. This method of life approves itself theoretically and it also stands the test of all experience. Through it, the inner response to external stimuli is modified and harmony is produced. Through it one may see that every experience of life has its place and its value, on whatever plane it may occur, and that—

“All’s right with the world.”



FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES.

BY FRANCIS EDGAR MASON.

In prefacing this address, let me state that I am well aware that I can give you nothing that you do not already possess. Nature has equipped man with all the elements necessary to the

tion to the law of life. Nature does not determine what man is to be or do. Man elects and Nature fulfils. We speak about a physical condition as if it were a permanent thing; yet we do not live in a physical world, but in a physical phase of thought. We could never be rid of it if it were a cosmic entity; but we can change our outward conditions by changing our thought. We become that state into which we think ourselves.

There is just one Man who demonstrated true manhood, and he was enabled to do this because he reckoned his pedigree from the Infinite. The New Testament is the testimony of the one who thought the divine rather than the finite or partial thought.

The story of the "immaculate conception" is the story not of a physical but of a mental conception of what constituted the divine, the true man. Jesus said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" "I and the Father are one." His egoism was not the personal but the sublime egoism of one who began with himself in order to fulfil divine requirements. He actually manifested the creative fiat, "Let us make man in our image;" and the record of the Galilean is not given us to prove what was accomplished in an isolated or unique case, but to reveal what is in us and can be done through us. The interpretation of man is man himself. He is what he thinks himself to be. The barbarian development, was the result of barbarian ideals. It is the concept that creates. Nature simply equips us with means necessary to realize our thoughts. If man claims divinity he will find all that is required to equip himself to that standpoint.

The majority of men believe in a God. Yet all the qualities ascribed to God arise in man's own mind. Now, that which is found in the mind belongs to the economics of the mind. just

tusks, or are swift of foot or can change their color. Man, the highest in Nature, has *mind* with which to protect and furnish himself as he needs. The more he uses it the more sovereign he becomes—the more he can overcome abnormal conditions.

There is only one absolute basis of life—the spiritual. Life cannot be founded on two hypotheses. There is not a physical and a spiritual cause. The physical world is an innovation, an abnormality; it is not a reality, but a lack. All failure, distortion, disease, and death are simply the phenomena of ignorance. We have tried for thousands of years to escape from poverty, disease, and death; we have gone from paganism to Christianity and are still singing “In the sweet by and by.” Jesus said, “The kingdom of heaven is within you.” Now, let the things obtain in earth that you have been placing up in the heavens. Man is not both a finite and an infinite being; but men have considered themselves descended from Adam, and by so doing they have perpetuated the “fall” in themselves. Jesus said, “I came forth from the Father.” The difference between the Man of Galilee and the man of to-day is a difference in concept. Unless we think the divine thoughts and determine to measure up to them, life will be a capricious, a fortuitous thing; but when we do that the dominion will be ours. God will remain a myth till you make him a man. Man is the embodiment of God, and the Son hath glorified him. Jesus did not regulate his thought and life according to outside authority. When we do that we get out of running order; but we must apprehend and reveal the power that is from within.

Thoughts are things, in the sense that all outward things existed first in the realm of the ideal. The phenomena of Nature are crystallized thoughts. The universe is the revelation of man’s mind.

We have not escaped from disease, notwithstanding all the

sciousness. I am not an evolutionist, for I believe man is fundamentally perfect and potentially Christ. All we have to do is to eliminate that which screens him from himself; as Paul expresses it, we are to "put off the old man."

Nature anticipates the supremacy of the individual. There is no attainment that a man may imagine that he cannot realize. The "fall of man" consists in the lowering of the mind. Adam may be any of us to-day as well as a character in Bible history—as may also Jesus. "For as he thinketh in his heart so is he."

In the parable of the woman who lost a piece of silver we find that she lights up her house and sweeps it. Our house is our mentality, and if we would find that part of our possessions—our capital, which we have temporarily lost trace of in the darkness of the world life—we must light up the mind by truth and sweep it clean from all that clutters it.

The only distance between us and divinity is our thoughts, and everything you see in life comes from yourself—from the corresponding conditions in your own mind. "To the pure all things are pure." It is not the multitudes who need redeeming, but the one who sees the shortcomings of the multitude. We make our own environment and we see only the self. So, then, if we would lift men, *we* must first be lifted up. Then and to that degree we will draw all men to the light.



BROWNING'S MESSAGE TO THE WORLD.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Robert Browning, in his poem of "Abt Volger," exclaimed

love of God, the knowledge of the highest, is born of the love of neighbor and entrance into the depth of soul-consciousness.

To those who stand on the threshold of life surrounded by the beauties of spring, and feeling its soft atmosphere, it is easy to exclaim sincerely, "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world;" for the hopefulness of youth paints all the future in glowing colors. But to state the essential safety and goodness of all when one has wintered through the storms of life is quite another matter. Herein lies the great distinction between the prophets and the plodders. If one simply looks out upon the world as it is to-day, or backward into the past, and takes cognizance of the strife, the war, the bloodshed that prevails and always has prevailed, he could never predict, as Micah did, that the time would come when men would beat their swords into plowshares; nor if he looked into the moral world and noted the discord, the seeming evil, would he ever get the idea that all is good and wise and peaceful throughout the universe. But he that can look within, above, and before him will be enabled to speak the prophetic word, for in such righteous gazing he is enabled to interpret optimistically all that he sees around him, and feels sure in his own heart that it will some time correspond to the heavenly vision on which he has looked within.

I often compare a great bard like Browning to a mountain climber whose goal is the heights and who stands thereon, and is thus enabled to harmonize the limited views of those who are still climbing and who necessarily see only that part of the view that lies on their particular side of the mountain. All the various schools of philosophy have been right as far as they have gone, but the true prophet is the world-interpreter—he

should aim to build himself up, and that evil was the opposite; the true Christian on the other hand asserts that it is good to forget one's self and work for others. Both are right, but neither alone tells the whole truth. If one builds himself up so that he is a tower of strength, what use is it if he does not serve humanity therewith? We no sooner admit the egoistic standpoint than we are driven to the altruistic side, and finally we arrive at the *mutualistic* point of view, realizing that truth combines egoistic and altruistic ideas.

Browning tries to show that it is as we take up each duty of the moment and faithfully discharge first one and then another that we come to realize that "all's right with the world." One who follows this course comes in time to know that nothing that has ever seemed good can be looked upon as evil, and everything that had formerly been regarded as evil will in time be seen to be good.

It is well to ascertain the sense in which the word *evil* was originally used. In the oldest astrological terminology we find no such meaning attached to the word as it conveyed in Europe during the Middle Ages, but that it suggests simply the idea of *diversity*. Things differ, and each has its use. The great question is, "Am I using each thing wisely?" In music it is not a question as to whether a note is good, but whether it is used wisely—whether you commingle various sounds according to the laws of harmony. So it is with all questions pertaining to externalities. There is no evil in the universal plan; and, as some rightfully claim that when you are in the right thought you can eat what you please with impunity, so it is in all other matters. If I truly love my neighbor I may do as I please toward him, for right feeling will insure right action. But if I have not attained to the idea of coöperative relation-

set forth, and we find the central figure in this great epic occupying at first practically the position suggested by Browning when he speaks of one who is in the spring-time of experience. It was no proof of great faith that Job should worship the God who had always smiled on him; so we follow him, on through his various experiences, and hear him asking, as if to strengthen his own faith, "Shall a man receive good and not also evil at the hand of God?" As one difficulty after another confronts him, driving him in upon himself and awakening in him a consciousness of strength and faith that had never been his in earlier days, we find at last that Job's word is the prophetic one that all seers have ever spoken and that has been born out of the heart of things in the very face of most disheartening appearances: "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world."

Wise mental treatment serves but one purpose—that fulfilled by Job's adversities, which is to aid one to realize that all overcoming power is within. What we need to do is to realize our possibilities here and now; whereas many persons teach that we will need many incarnations before we can demonstrate our ideals. Now, I would like to know—if our ideals cannot be realized in the present—why they arrived so much ahead of time? Yet we should not act unreasonably and from another's dictation. There is where much of our folly lies. You hear some one say, perhaps, that you have perfect sight, and you throw away your glasses—only to find before long that you will have to buy another pair, for you actually cannot see any better, even though for a while you thought you did. You simply adopted another's thought instead of realizing faithfully your own spiritual vision, which would have made your eye-glasses useless.

Now, this is all that a master, a seer, a prophet can do for us—to walk in the way, and by so doing influence us to tread

fited by allowing a surgeon to operate on them; others think that a pill or potion will benefit them, and others again rely on mental treatment to pull them out of some slough of despond. But in each case they desire to be saved by exterior force; they themselves have not exercised their own native power in any of these cases—and so there is really no gain in the direction of true mastery. No treatment, whether physical or mental, does more than relieve for the time being unless it tend to awaken in one a consciousness of a power that is superior to outside conditions.

There is much that passes for truth that is really only a weak clinging to some power outside of ourselves; it is *hope*, not *knowledge*. We may note the difference in this respect between the two great poets, Tennyson and Browning. The writer of "In Memoriam" takes us with him through his bitter heart-experiences, through all of which run questionings, doubts, and hopes; and at last, after passing through the difficulties of agnosticism, he takes us as it were to the gates of the temple of Divine Wisdom. But Browning is the poet of declaration. He has little to do with the appearances of life, the negative side, but speaks in trumpet tones from the heart of things and says, confidently, "We musicians *know*." He gives us meat, not milk, and is enabled to do this because he has lived deeply. Through his marriage with one who lived habitually in the realm of the ideal, as well as through his own vivid realization of truth, Browning entered into the mystery of life and spoke with the sure tones of a seer. In spite of the physical disabilities of Mrs. Browning, the lovers realized so triumphantly the life of faith and love that any lack in the outer manifestation of health was as nothing to them, and they have each left a sure word of prophecy for the race: We musicians, we who have entered into the heart of things, know that, de-

AN HOUR WITH TOLSTOY.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

There is a little book by Tolstoy entitled "On Life," which gives succinctly his central thoughts in so direct and simple a way that to many it seems the most important of his works. In it he allows the reader to travel with him in his search for an answer to the question, "What is Life?" In looking back through his own experiences he first concludes that life is an expression of desire, personal desire, the child's constant thought being, "I want this," or "I don't like that;" and the outcome of it all he finds to be some particular ambition on the part of the man. But in the course of things man some day discovers that the attainment of his goal does not satisfy him, and he also realizes that those who succeed are really no happier than those who do not gain their point; so that Tolstoy's conclusion is that personal ambitions do not serve as an outlet for life. Yet the life energies must find a channel for expression, and so in time man begins to serve general rather than individual good, and in doing this he is lifted up and actually becomes a new creature. Tolstoy states it as a fact that when he began to let his love go out to all men he began then to *experience*, not simply to *think*, immortality.

Now, there is nothing new in this discovery of the great Russian Quaker, as Tolstoy is sometimes called; but, as far as his own work goes, it is an independent and original contribution to the world's knowledge.

All the eccentricities of this man will find a simple and satisfactory explanation when you look upon him as an original investigator and one who actually tries to live up to his lights.

Tolstoy's life presents in a strikingly dramatic form almost all the great living issues of the day; and each of the radical changes in his career has been brought about, not as is often the case through reading some book, but because of something he saw. The story told of how he came to leave his university after only six months of study is a case in point. While attending a ball at the home of a nobleman near the town and to whose house he had been driven by a peasant, the hardships of the peasantry impressed him in a most effective way, his driver having nearly frozen to death while he had been in the warmth and gaiety. The inequalities of life took hold of him with such force that he decided to give up his useless life and devote himself to bettering the condition of his fifteen hundred serfs.

Yet he had no sooner gone down to his home than he found himself face to face with the great question of landlordism. He struggled on for a few years trying to benefit his serfs, only to find that his best efforts were misunderstood and that he had practically done nothing. Later in life he gives in the book entitled "Resurrection" his conclusions on the land question, which are substantially those held by Henry George.

In his disappointment in regard to his serfs he rushed off to join the artillery and fight at the front in the Crimean war. He was in the siege of Sebastopol, taking part in the defense of the city, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that when in later life he declared unequivocally that war is always wrong he knew from practical experience what it was he denounced.

Returning to Moscow, he soon found that the career of an author was open to him; accordingly, he moved to St. Petersburg and joined the literary and social life of that city. It is during these few years that he is said to have led a rather wild life, as most of the young men of his class are apt to do. But this could not hold him, and soon he began a tour of Europe, not for the purpose of sight-seeing, but in order to meet and

Yet nowhere did he find anything that satisfied him, and it was another dramatic incident that turned his energies into a new channel. Witnessing an execution in Paris one day, he declares that it made a much deeper impression on him than he had expected; for, as the head and body fell separately into the box prepared for them, he said he felt, not simply in his mind and soul but throughout his whole body, that such things were wrong. He declared stoutly that if the whole world said that that thing was right, he, Tolstoy, would nevertheless know it to be wrong. From this incident sprang all of Tolstoy's conclusions on criminal law, on which subject he takes so radical a position, declaring plainly that our treatment of criminals does little or nothing toward protecting the public, but has the effect instead of spreading the very disease we would cure.

About this time, while Tolstoy was in Paris, the Russian serfs were liberated, and he hurried home in order to do what he could toward fitting those who had been his serfs for their newly acquired freedom. With his usual thoroughness in whatever he undertook, Tolstoy entered heartily into the work of opening schools for the children; and he also established a paper devoted to educational subjects, in which the teachers were free to give their experiences and so help one another.

Tolstoy himself taught in one of his schools and tried in every way to work out practically his own theories. One of them was that it was not wise to teach children subjects that did not interest them; and so he would begin in the morning with whatever study came first to hand, and if the children did not feel in the mood for it he would put it aside for another, and so on through the whole list of subjects until he found something that held the children's attention easily. This method he found to be very inconvenient at times, for it often

Another of Tolstoy's convictions was that a child should not be kept in school against his will, and so about twice a week some one of the urchins would rise, take his cap, and go out, without so much as an "if you please," which naturally influenced the whole school to do likewise. This would have been enough to make most men change their theories, but notwithstanding the frequent half holidays Tolstoy held firmly to his position, comforting himself with the thought that the hours that the children spent in the schoolroom were willingly so spent, and grounding himself on the belief that whatever was learned under such conditions was well learned. Tolstoy's whole concept of education is the exact opposite of that formerly held by so many of the New England worthies—that character is developed through a discipline that consists in making a child do that which is disagreeable to him, Tolstoy on his part holding firmly to the belief that character is developed in freedom.

Shortly after this episode in his life, Tolstoy married and thereafter devoted himself for fifteen years to writing and to managing his estates and household. It was during this period that he published his "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," the latter book being somewhat of an autobiography, as it recounts in the characters of *Lavine* and *Kitty* his own courtship and marriage.

When he reached middle life he realized keenly that he must frankly face the great question of life and find a satisfactory answer for himself. So seriously did he regard the various problems that, though he would seem to have had everything to make him happy, being at this time a most famous author, occupying a high position in the aristocracy and being blessed with a sympathetic wife and children he never-

find a religion that would satisfy him, asking all his friends for help and searching through all books that gave any promise of light. He even began once more to attend the little village church, feeling as he did that the peasants had something that he did not possess. However, before long, the gross inconsistency of the Church drove him from its fold, for he could not continue to support an organization that on one day taught that we should love our enemies and on the next ordered that prayers should be offered up to the end that the Russian Government might overcome the Turks.

At last Tolstoy began to study the Gospels in the Greek, and more and more was he impressed by that part of the Sermon on the Mount beginning, "Resist not him that is evil;" and, as the principle of all-inclusive love took firm hold of him, he immediately began to try to live it out. So with this in mind he took up his residence in Moscow with the idea of distributing his superfluous wealth among the poor people, thinking in his simplicity that he was going to establish a little kingdom of heaven right there, where gratitude, love, and consideration would be the order of the day. To his surprise he found that nothing separates people more than to receive alms. As the result of his methods the worst rather than the best traits came to the front, as the people were never satisfied and complained at everything.

During this period Tolstoy came to the conclusion that, as we are possessed of hands, arms, and legs, they should be used; and he therefore fell into the habit of going out to the suburbs of the city to chop wood. As he was returning one day after his work in company with a peasant, they were appealed to by

anything. His conclusion was that the only thing we can give is that which we earn, and from that moment he revolted against his whole past life, in which he now saw that he had been living on the labor of others. From that hour he began to cut off one luxury after another, even adopting thenceforth the simple dress of the peasants, not because of a desire to play to the galleries as it were, but because he felt compelled to make a protest against our unjust and artificial system of civilization. In this last step that he has taken, the utter sincerity of the man is shown most clearly, his life being one of extreme simplicity and helpfulness. The story is sometimes circulated that he is living even yet in luxury while protesting in print against it; but, having seen him in his own home, which is excessively bare, I can testify to the contrary.

One little incident illustrates Tolstoy's firm belief in the principle of non-resistance of evil. In May, 1894, his little girl Sacha, a child ten years of age, was playing in front of the house with a little peasant boy when they began quarreling over something. As a result of the dispute, the little boy hit her with a piece of wood, and Sacha rushed into the house crying and calling upon her father to come out and give the boy a whipping. Instead, Tolstoy took the little girl on his knee and talked so softly to her that the first part of the conversation was not heard by her who told me this incident.

Knowing Tolstoy's thought so well, I feel quite sure that what he said was this: "What good would it do you, Sacha, for me to whip the little boy? Would it make your arm hurt any the less? What was it that made him strike you? Was it not because he was angry with you; and if I should whip him would he not hate. not only you. but me too? Now. what we

conclusion of the story is that the little girl did just as the father had suggested.

In all ways, and to the best of his ability, Tolstoy is trying to get off from the backs of his brothers and to receive as little as possible from their unrequited toil; and, though in many ways his efforts may be considered crude, he stands as the rough outline of that manhood which shall prevail when exploitation of brother-man shall be no more.



PROSPERITY AND SPIRITUALITY.

BY MRS. ANNIE RIX MILITZ.

In the divine mind prosperity and spirituality are one. That prosperity which is the very presence and power of God is that which all men call prosperity. There are not two kinds, one of which is due to world power and the other to God power; and in speaking of prosperity I would not have you understand me to mean something separate from this life, but quite the contrary, for it is that prosperity which every heart desires of which I am speaking.

If in our concept of prosperity we find an element that is not godlike, we may rest assured that to that extent what we have called prosperity is not a reality. We can understand this when we turn to the matter of health, for we are ready to acknowledge that the strength and harmony revealed in the body are of God and are altogether good in and of themselves, whether the one possessing health is using it wisely or not. So in the matter of prosperity, he who is enabled to demonstrate success on the material plane is manifesting forth the

It lies with us to have the spirit of discrimination, so that we may see strength freed from all mixtures and false relations. It is not enough to recognize Spirit as operating on the spiritual plane, for it is omnipresent—the one force that is at work on every plane of being; for God is One and God is All.

In the past there has been a tendency to regard material prosperity as the sign of selfishness and self-seeking, but there may be just as much selfishness exhibited in our refusal to allow God to work through us in our daily affairs as in our determination to profit at another's expense. It is because we have so frequently taken the negative position in regard to the affairs of this world that giants occupy the Promised Land of plenty; and sooner or later the spiritual peoples must start on their journey toward the land flowing with milk and honey.

We are often led to false conclusions by seeing many, who have at one time possessed great wealth, reduced to the most straitened circumstances. But the ephemeral character of riches has been due to the fact that those who have displayed God-power in amassing wealth have failed to realize it *as* God-power; they have not worked consciously in the Spirit, and so there has been an element of weakness in their prosperity.

The Hebrews believed that if they loved God with all their hearts they would be blessed outwardly by all things necessary to the fullest life; and we are returning to this concept. Spirituality has often been regarded as other-worldliness, but we are coming to see that it is a most practical power and operates in every line of activity. It is the kingdoms of this world that are to become the kingdom of God; and, although this state of love is first within you and comes so quietly into

in placing the externals first, making them our main object and centering all our desires and energies on material possessions; but the command is given us to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things (the outer evidences of inward possessions) will be added unto us. The material things are not first, but neither shall they be lacking.

One step toward realizing the essential oneness of spirituality and prosperity will be taken when we are able to acknowledge the power manifested by our great financiers and industrial kings as God-power. We must learn to see through things, and while it will require much generosity and true kindness of spirit, much tolerance and forgiveness, to be able to recognize in many so-called prosperous ones the all-power that is always and everywhere good, yet this very discrimination between the energy displayed and the use to which it is put will aid us in our own spiritual consciousness.

Many who come into the light of life are sorely burdened by their possessions, feeling as they do that they have not come by them justly—that is, as an outcome of their own energies. But we must always begin right where we find ourselves when we awake to truth, and we can rest in the thought that we may be stewards of the Divine power and give of our abundance wisely and freely.

We should realize that that selfishness which has formerly been associated with prosperity is passing out of favor; for the brotherhood spirit that is rising in the hearts of men makes it impossible for them to rest peacefully in the possession of that which has been gained through injustice to brother-men; and it will be because of the deepening of the consciousness of

Therefore, whatever seeming prosperity may result from such activities will be short-lived and most unsatisfying to the man who pursues such a course.

Chauncey Depew has accounted for the disparity between the success of the few and the failure of the many by saying that there is a "microbe" of prosperity, and that those who possess it will succeed without knowing just why they act as they do. They buy and sell stocks according as they feel impelled, not as other men do—from reason or judgment. There is a something *in* man that guides him in all his operations, so that whatever he touches turns to gold; and we have all known of cases where men will inspire us with confidence, irrespective of their particular gifts on the intellectual plane. Some men know by instinct what men to place in certain positions, what goods to manufacture for the markets, what to supply and how to supply it, and this power is a spiritual power that will yet be honored as such. The day is coming when we will honor the outer world as the correspondence to the inner. Then will we realize the close connection between spirituality and prosperity, and we will also realize that our prosperity is such only as we use our powers for the good of all men.



THE NEW THOUGHT IN THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY LUCY G. MCGEE.*

My first association with the Army was in Boston; it was there that I had my first experience in the barracks and in the open air. My soul was rejoiced when I saw it demonstrated that idealism, the pure expression of spiritual truth in its sim-

rain had fallen; the streets were wet, muddy, unswept. As the corps marched over the cobble stones it sang:

“Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to-day.
Sunlight, sunlight all along the way,
Since my Savior found me and took away my sin,
I have the sunlight of His love within.”

It is a mighty flood of sunlight, all purifying and illuminating, which shines out upon the path of those who are consecrated to seek the wandering and lost sheep.

The object of the open-air service is to speak forth the word of power, of the realization of the “sunlight of His love within,” that the wandering ones may retrace their steps, and the lost awaken to their condition and come to themselves and God. The Army seeks the unchurched and the unsaved churched.

Strangers to the Army work are usually introduced through the street services. Dear old slaves to all sorts of sin and bondage have often heard for the first time on the street-corner that there is a power that will set them free, and then purify and illumine the soul and keep men holy. The power of the Army lies in the holiness of its men and women and in their consecration to the things of God and his righteousness.

There are no departments of the Salvation Army that exclude women. The Army exults in woman and exalts her. Rescue and slum work is carried on exclusively by women. This work is held sacred and fundamental. The Army rests upon it.

The 23d Street Slum Post is conducted by two young women—a Swede and a Canadian. It is carried on with such

the platform. After unsuccessful efforts were made to quiet the light-headed, the young Canadian, every inch a soldier of the cross, walked back from the platform, took hold of the noisiest of the disturbing element and gave him a good shaking. That young woman gave a beautiful demonstration of omnipotence. The deep, serious purpose in her heart, the immediate need for the young man to get saved, so that he too might know the joy of a holy purpose in his heart, gave her a fearless ability to use her only means to enlist his attention and obedience.

In the Rescue Work there is no bond or free; no black or white; no poor or rich. The Jew, Italian, Hungarian, German, negro, and Anglo-Saxon stand upon the same basis. The Rescue has for its object to heal the broken-hearted, to open the eyes of the blind, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Its work is that of the Master. The Army cares for the out-cast, for those against whom all other doors are closed. It is this ideal that gives the Salvation Army its zeal and fire.

Those in the last extremity of want and suffering and delusion come to the Home daily. A young German woman, just dismissed from the hospital, with her two-weeks-old baby, wanders all day seeking in vain for a shelter. No place to sleep, and the baby is so young! At nightfall she is brought to the Home.

A fine young woman, neat and clean, driven from her father's home, rings at the Home door. To deal with all who come, one needs the wisdom of a serpent and the harmlessness of a dove. The evening of the first day, instead of preparing to retire, this young woman proceeded to shampoo her hair; she was sent to the sewing-room to wait for her hair to dry.

claring she preferred that room to the one that had been given her. The officer on duty soon followed her in and informed her that she was in the officers' room. Her reply was: "Whatever is the officers' is mine; I am just as good as any officer in the Salvation Army; the officers' room is none too good for me."

In my heart I said, "Amen, she is right, eternally right;" but the officer on duty, thinking her crazy, said, "Come along; you must go where you belong; this is the officers' room."

The young woman with her socialistic doctrines did not adhere so closely to the Christ-teaching when she announced, "I'm going to stay right here; if you try to remove me I'll cause you trouble." Then the dear deluded soul (for all souls are deluded when they appeal to violence) began talking of her trunk that she claimed she saw down-stairs, etc., and that she would sit on that bed till she got her trunk.

Then there is Tillie, the Jewess, arrested for vagrancy and released by the judge, provided she chose to come to the Home instead of going to jail. Tillie was called crazy; whatever her disease was, her selfishness was rampant enough to cause it. She was being consumed with the thought of herself. She fancied the Salvation Army was organized for her special care and that the world was created to serve her. She scorned the other women, and declared that she would associate only with the officers. She played the piano well; she thought that distinguished her. Greed, pride, delusion, false notions about life, are no easier to dispel on the plane of defeated desire and ambition than when so-called success has been achieved.

The expenses of the Home are about \$350 per month. The seven officers, all women, who seem to be without knowledge

It may be interesting to note what allowance the officers receive. The cadets, of course, receive nothing. The lieutenants receive \$1.50 per week, the captains \$1.75, ensigns \$2.00, adjutants \$2.25, majors \$2.50. These unmentionable amounts clothe the officer and furnish pocket money. We have heard officers long in the service say the allowance is enough. What a lesson to the indulgent and self-serving world!

Students of the New Thought, as well as students of the New Testament teachings of Jesus Christ, love symbolism; it is the vehicle for the expression of spiritual truth. It conceals or reveals, according as we have spiritual perception. The Salvation Army is replete with rich and suggestive symbolism. There is the Army with its flags of the earthly and spiritual kingdoms; it has its corps and posts, its barracks and quarters, its soldiers and uniform. The battles are fought, and the daily knee-drill is the preparation for victory over the enemy. Notwithstanding all the Army paraphernalia, the fundamental teaching and practise are, "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good."

The one phrase most beloved by the Salvationist is, "Blood and Fire, Love and the Holy Spirit." This phrase is closely related to the Army's basic teachings. It is Love that saves us from sin; it is the indwelling Spirit that keeps one free from sin and renders one holy. Turn from the darkness; abide in the light; live in the consciousness of Omnipresence, and no evil can touch you.

The realization of the Christ-consciousness is the key to divinity. A realization—a semblance will not suffice—will hold us to the divine life of unselfishness. Then, to give a cup

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A committee has been appointed to raise a fund of \$1,500 to erect a library building at Upland Farms. This structure is to be for the benefit of the Summer School and for the permanent residents in the neighborhood. It is intended also to serve as a place for social gatherings and a repository for a most interesting and valuable collection of curios and antiquities loaned by Mr. C. B. Patterson. Contributions to this fund may be sent to Miss Alice Drake, secretary of the Metaphysical Library, 569 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MEMBERSHIP.—Any one subscribing \$100 or more will become a Life Member of The New Thought Alliance at Upland Farms. Annual membership, \$2.00.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Stanhope Phillips.	Miss Elsie C. Lord.
Mrs. Wilbur Fiske.	Mrs. Ella H. Sturtevant.
Mrs. R. Heber Newton.	Miss Elizabeth E. Rich.

An Alliance Club will be formed in New York this winter that will continue the work so successfully begun at Upland Farms. Full information will shortly be sent to all members of the School and will be given in the next issue of this magazine. Requests for information concerning membership, etc., may be addressed to the Secretary.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENSES.	
Contributions (miscellaneous)....	\$460 00	Lecturers and Teachers.....	\$186 66
Contrib'ns to Bldg. Fund { General	657 00	Building	212 79
Library	31 36	Traveling	88 37
Lecturers and Teachers	172 43	Postage, Stationery, and Printing	25 80
Rents (farm-house, tents, and rooms)	344 50	Wages and Labor.....	281 50
Music Department.....	132 65	Music Department	121 35
		Board and Lodging (guests, etc.)	171 35

**PAGE NOT
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HANNAH MORE KŌHLAUS.

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THE DAY OF RECONCILIATION.

BY HANNAH MORE KOHAUS.

With the ushering in of the new spiritual era, there should come a day of reconciliation, not divergence. New ideas, especially when originating in eternal Truth, should not rend asunder hearts, households, nations, or religions. If there is a knowledge that will conciliate, harmonize, and adjust, rather than sever and alienate, it should now be called into action.

Some of the presentations of this "Thought Beautiful" are so hard, cold, and unnecessarily unsympathetic that frequently many are repelled from investigation when otherwise they would be attracted. Discretion and patience are needful in the introduction of new ideas, especially when dealing with an emotional, conservative, tradition-bound people. In view of this fact the relation of denominational religions to the new spiritual movement should be considered and their positions adjusted.

Of those accepting the teachings of what is broadly classed as the New Thought, many have come from the ranks of the denominational religions. This step, until the teaching became

ligions to this modern spiritual renaissance are clearly and justly defined.

In the evolution of a planet, a race, or an individual, denominational religions, taken collectively as spiritual teaching, have their normal place. Inevitably there must be the seed before there can be the tree and its fruit. Then may not we safely regard the system of religions, as a whole and in its incipient purity, as the seed of this present revelation of Truth—that seed in which have lain silently folded for ages the potentialities and powers now being educed from its innermost recesses?

In that wonderful seed, softly reposing and awaiting the breaking open of its shell, was all that ever can be known when fully revealed; and that is knowledge of God, of the Lord God, of Jesus the Christ, of the Trinity, the Apostles' Creed, baptism, atonement, heaven, immortality, and every other aspect of religious teaching known to humanity. But in the seed we have only had a glimpse of these—looking at the “letter,” with its mist of intellectual confusion, instead of through the transparent window of spiritual vision.

Should the seed be condemned and ignored because it is not yet unfolded? By no means. Neither should the mighty expanding tree issuing from it be rejected and denounced as it puts forth what is involved in its nature, and after tasting the rich fruits of which we shall hunger for more and more until it is wholly transplanted in our own souls.

Those who possessed the seed before the tree's growth have lost nothing now that they have come into consciousness of its possibilities. Hence, those trembling on the brink of investigation, fearing lest they lose the old seed by laying hold upon

it down from generation to generation, gradually obscuring its pure light until it lost its clear radiance, now it is again a living knowledge, a revealed power, containing a practical value and spiritual helpfulness, because reilluminated from beginning to end.

The contents of the seed are as available as the tree. Its massive trunk is the "embodiment" of all enduring things; its far-reaching branches fill existence with all essential powers for the soul's needs; its leaves are indeed for the healing of the nations, and its fruit the food for immortality. Its roots are embedded in the Eternal; its life-sap is the omnipotent Force of the Universe, and not a fraction of it is disregarded when put in its right place.

Therefore, the present new spiritual movement is certainly the outgrowth from that valuable seed. It is something to know that God is; it is more to know *what* is God, and that—as Life, Love, Intelligence, Mind—God is interwoven with every fiber of man's being. It is much to know that there is the Lord God of the Old Testament and Jesus Christ of the New; but it is more to know that Jesus Christ is the actualization of the Lord God, and as such the virtual possibility of every individual being. It is of value to know there are the Trinity, Atonement, Immortality, and other well-known features of religious systems, but it is of far greater worth to know what these are in their fullest meaning, how they are peculiarly related to each one of us, and how to make them available now and here.

Who would not rather pluck and eat the life-giving, health-producing, joy-securing *fruit* from the tree than to stand *gazing at* and blindly adoring the seed? "Ye men of Galilee! Why stand ye here gazing [only] into heaven?" Fear not to take another step forward and get up into the blessed abode

serviceable the truths already in them. We should not lose sight of nor faith in the Jesus Christ in whom we have believed and trusted, but generate one like unto him within ourselves; "for," as Paul declares, "of His fulness have ye all received, and grace for grace." Thus we can practically reconcile the former and the present for ourselves to-day, and for the generations yet unborn. "Reconciliation" is the white flag thrown upon the breeze by the strong hands of those who watch and wait ever for unity, love, and peace to triumph.



HANNAH MORE KOHAUS: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Hannah More Kohaus, writing from London in reference to her article, which is published in conjunction with this sketch, says: "So many with whom I have come in contact here are restless and ill at ease in the churches—so weary of the 'old' yet fearing to investigate the 'new,' owing to its seeming departure—that I have been wanting to write an article on this subject ever since I have been here."

Mrs. Kohaus is peculiarly fitted for work among those who revere the Church and yet are becoming conscious of a lack in the pulpit's presentation of the Truth, for her early years were spent in active church work in the atmosphere of denominationalism, she having been the daughter of a clergyman. It was while she was giving of her strength in order to help along the work in the various departments of her church that she lost

heard of Ursula N. Gestefeld, she appealed to her for assistance, and, as Mrs. Kohaus expresses it, "In a short time I had not only the restoration of my health, but what has proved to be of infinitely greater value—the awakening of my soul and the opening of my perception: characteristic features that invariably follow the work of this enlightened woman." Mrs. Kohaus is one of the many who gratefully acknowledge the virile work of Mrs. Gestefeld; and, as she has studied either by means of oral instruction or books with all the Mental Science teachers of any note, she feels that her appreciation is founded on knowledge, and she states that in her estimation Mrs. Gestefeld excels all others in point of logic, clearness, rationality, practicality, and common sense.

After six years of earnest study and practise, those who needed help began to turn to Mrs. Kohaus, the numbers increasing slowly till she was conducting classes of some size in Chicago and adjacent cities. She was occupied in this way for three years, when the Truth Students' Association of Chicago engaged her to teach under their auspices. It was during her work in connection with this association that the Exodus Society was organized under the management of Mrs. Gestefeld, and shortly after its inception Mrs. Kohaus received a call to become an associate teacher in the society.

Four busy years were spent in this work, when in the summer of 1901 a call from London led Mrs. Kohaus to resign her position and take up the work awaiting her in the great British metropolis. Her statement in regard to the conditions in England will be of interest to MIND's readers:

"I find the outlook in this country with reference to the work very encouraging. The people, although circumspect and conservative, are very intelligent and receptive on spiritual lines. Those with whom I have come in contact are so earnest and careful, so appreciative and large-hearted, that it

who may stand by and help it through its travail. Not a few of the leading clergy are with us in a quiet way, and some of the progressive physicians have their eyes turned in our direction. The antagonism of the masses is weakening, and I think ere long this movement will have a large field and a fair fight in the British Isles."

Mrs. Kohaus had been a writer on other lines before coming into the *New Thought*, and since that time she has devoted her pen to the promulgation of the Truth that has done so much for her. Her first book on this subject, entitled "*Between the Lines*," published in 1897, is an attempt to elucidate the more abstruse and mystical presentations of Mental Science. Among other good things that might be culled from its pages we select the following:

"Because of a man's capacity to think, which is the eternal and inseparable connection between mankind and God, no matter how far away from his true home—his real godlike consciousness—he may wander, no matter how ignorant he may be of his divine nature, he can never for one moment be severed from God or his fellow-men. But Deity and the universal brotherhood remain unknown to him so long as he neglects to use rightly his power to think—the one talent that enfolds all others and is bestowed alike upon every individual being, irrespective of birth, race, nationality, color, or environment. To know of this God-given power and its unlimited and inestimable value is doubtless the most important lesson one can learn."

A small book containing thoughts for each day in the year was published under the suggestive title of "*Blossoms of Universal Truth*," the author's effort being to simplify the good news and bring it practically into daily use.

A Divine Science Hymn-Book was Mrs. Kohaus's next work, after which she wrote "*Soul Fragrance*," a book of

And turned the night to day complete;
Three simple words, but oh! how sweet—
Love faileth never!

“Aye, suns may rise but suns will set;
The dearest earthly ones forget;
The bravest heart may change or fall,
But love, God-love, endures through all—
All times; all states; 'twill never cease,
O words enfraught with heavenly peace—
Love faileth never!

“So near, it could not closer be;
Near as myself it is to me;
Mine to avail for every need,
In every path to guide and lead;
Always at hand, unvarying, too—
O words most beautiful and true—
Love faileth never!

“Imprinted where my eyes can see:
Engraven on my memory,
Burned deep within my soul, I hold
These words with power so manifold;
That wrapped me in a close embrace,
Like child and Father face to face—
Love faileth never!”

Mrs. Kohaus has also written two booklets, “Remedies of the Great Physician” and “Fruit from the Tree of Life;” and her latest work, “The Science of Sciences,” published in 1901, is a book somewhat on the line of her first publication. Here once more the author brings out forcibly the responsibility that we each bear because of our great gift of thinking:

“It is as impossible to cease thinking as to cease living. We had better learn how to think in unison with the Infinite, for if we must live forever we must think forever, and would do well to heed Paul’s injunction. ‘Let this mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus.’ . . . The

SYMBOLISM AS A SOURCE OF METAPHYSICAL KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE REV. ADOLPH ROEDER.

Symbolism is usually interpreted along either historic or literal lines, and many students rest content with an interpretation of a myth or a symbolic narrative that makes it a sun myth, or a moon myth, or a creative myth. Although these conclusions are perfectly legitimate and true, yet they in no case go far enough. Though it is quite true that all language, all symbolism, all mythology is open to a Nature interpretation, yet this fact does not exclude the twin fact that it is also subject to a mental or spiritual interpretation. It is well known that the sentence, "I see the tree," involves a literal or Nature interpretation for the word "I see"; while the sentence, "I fail to see your meaning," involves a mental interpretation for the same word. The sentence, "The lime has a bitter taste," uses the word *taste* according to its Nature interpretation; but the sentence, "He is a man of artistic tastes," employs it according to its spirit interpretation. The sentence, "The Kaffir worships his idol," and the sentence, "This painter makes his art his idol," give the word *idol* its dual meaning.

Language may be said to be full of imagery that has both a natural and a spiritual meaning; and what is true of single words is equally true of a series of words or narrations. A symbol—a story, an allegory, a fairy tale, a myth—involves not only a natural or historic meaning, but also a mental process: a description of mind—life.

factor of the association of animals and human beings. After a careful investigation of the various stories involving this association, they are readily classified into four classes: One in which the hero of the fairy tale sets forth and presently finds animals in distress, and renders them a certain service that in the near future they return to him; a second in which the animal is associated with the man or the deity, as is the case when the classics speak of the peacock as "sacred" to Venus, or the owl to Minerva, or when Christian mythology speaks of a certain animal as being associated with one or the other of the Gospel writers; a third, when man is turned into an animal—usually to be restored to the human form, when the story comes to a close; and the fourth is a still more intimate association of animal and man by the actual combination of the two in a composite figure. These more complex figures are known to the student of classic literature as the Sphinx, a combination of man and lion; as the Centaur, a combination of man and horse; as the Dragon, a combination of man and fish; and as a winged Bull, a combination of man and bull. And in Egyptian mythology there are frequent combinations of man and bird, man and ram, man and jackal, and so forth.

It is evident in all these cases that the myth-making element of Race-Consciousness realizes the more or less intimate association of human and animal traits in man; for man has an animal side as well as a human side. Sleep and food and shelter are called for on the part of the animal side, and its outbreaks of rage and fear in war or panic are distressingly

sists in the fact that the varied forms of combination tell the Race's thought on the subject and the conclusions to which its ripest thought has led.

Comparative study in symbolism, as in all other branches of human intelligence, produces the most satisfactory results—not only in the demonstration of general principles, but also in any one branch or topic. Thus comparative analysis of a series of similar stories soon reveals a number of “common factors,” and valuable lessons are to be derived from careful study of such “common factors.” There is an entire series of factors common to hundreds of stories, myths, and legends. There is, for instance, a “Twin Brother” or “Two Brother” idea, and to the mind of the reader a few of the more prominent ones will readily occur: Romulus and Remus, Hengist and Horsa, Fafnir and Fasolt, Alberich and Mime, Castor and Pollux, Jacob and Esau, Cain and Abel, Moses and Aaron. I have purposely taken the names from various localities and various symbologies, to impress upon the student the widespread presence of the features here called “common factors” of symbolism; and the reader immediately notes that in all of these stories there is an element showing the superiority of the one over the other—for Romulus kills Remus, Fafnir kills Fasolt, Cain kills Abel, Alberich is instrumental in bringing about the death of Mime, Jacob attains superiority over Esau, Castor lives when Pollux is dead, and *vice versa*; and so there is always an element of struggle and of the ascendancy of one brother over the other.

No symbolic version more true to the relation of Nature to spirit, of matter to mind, of the natural man to the spiritual man, could be devised than this “Twin Brother” idea.

Microcosm and the Macrocosm: the little world and the large world, the younger brother and the elder brother, the "little" brother and the "big" brother. In the "Two Brother" or "Twin Brother" stories told among all peoples, the Race has recorded its various solutions of the question: "In what relation does matter stand to mind, and mind to matter?"

To these two "common factors" there may be added an almost infinite number of others. Throughout the vast *Treasury* of ancient lore are scattered the ideas of a "captive maiden"; of those that sleep—the "sleeping beauty," *Briar-rose*, *Brunhilda*, *Barbarossa*, *Rip Van Winkle*, the *Seven Sleepers of Ephesus*; of the *Life Token* idea—the something at the center of a story about which the destinies of all concerned seem to revolve (the *Holy Grail*, the *Ring of the Nibelung*, the *Ark of the Covenant*, etc.); of the journey, or pilgrimage—the wanderings of the hero in the fairy tale, the wanderings of the Jews, of the returning *Ulysses*, of the Greeks, of the Christ, and of the *Buddh*. And so, almost infinitely, factor crowds upon factor.

The careful student of *symbolology* sees in these stories, so similarly told among the peoples and nations, the effort of the Race-Mind to solve the problem of Life, of Mind and Matter, of the two natures of man, of the center and focal point of life, of the experiences of Life's pilgrimage, and all the thousand and one facts and factors that go to make up a human life.



WITH respect to the authority of great names it should be

THE GREATNESS OF ART.*

BY F. W. RUCKSTUHL.

It would seem almost useless at this stage of the world's progress to discuss art in public, such is the amazing difference of opinion about what is a really great work of art. But, since all our intellectual life is made up largely of reworking old thought into new forms, the merest drivel about art, if serious drivel, must be interesting. For, in the last analysis, the two most respectable things in life are Love and Art.

There is a universal desire to know the superlative of everything in life, especially in art; and, no matter how futile it may seem to seek a fixed standard by which any work of art may be judged, men are ever bent on finding such a standard. Therefore, any serious discussion of art, having in view the finding of such a standard, must be instructive.

When at thirty-two I arrived at Paris to study the technical side of sculpture, I soon found such a variety of schools, fads, and "isms" that I was bewildered. There were Realism and Impressionism, Idealism and Materialism, Plain-airists and Rembrandtists, etc. There were those who said Velasquez was the only Painter and Falguiere the only Sculptor, and others that Bouguereau and Dubois were the only ones who followed the true path. To find for myself a standard amidst this labyrinth of systems, therefore, became my first task.

Before going to Paris I had twenty years of solid study back of me, and I arrived there with a half-fixed point of view. After three years more of study and interrogation of some of the greatest artists there, my point of view became fixed, and I have never wavered since. Two years ago, after twelve years

more of reflection, I succeeded in reducing my point of view to a formula. That formula is as follows: Every human work made with the purpose of stirring human emotion is a work of art, and a work of art is great in ratio of its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

Practically speaking, we are made up of a body, a mind, and a soul. We exist in the body but really *live* in the soul, the mind being a mere tool of the soul. The really important thing in man is the soul, not the mind: what we feel, not what we think. In short, man is above a savage in ratio of his hunger for emotional activity of the highest kind and his capacity for experiencing such emotion. The query now is, What is an emotion; and which are the highest emotions of the soul?

There is a vast difference between a feeling and an emotion. A feeling is that which concentrates us upon ourselves and keeps us imprisoned within ourselves—such as sadness, remorse, envy, vanity. An emotion is that which takes us away from ourselves and lifts us toward the Infinite—as joy, reverence, wonder, awe. There are, roughly speaking, two classes of emotions—intellectual and spiritual. The intellectual emotions are serenity, wonder, laughter, sympathy. The spiritual emotions are joy, reverence, awe, adoration. Hope is the lowest emotion because it contains a large element of self-interest. Adoration is the highest emotion. It is so because it takes us absolutely away from ourselves. Adoration is that state of being in which we have given ourselves in spirit, to some person, or cause, or thing, so completely that all desire of self has been lulled to sleep and the soul feels transfigured and released from earthly bondage, and, if only for a moment, mounts toward the empyrean and makes us feel we are nearer the Infinite.

comes the Musician, then the Architect, then the Sculptor, then the Painter, and then the Prose-writer.

One of the astonishing things that met me in Paris, when first I arrived there, was the contempt of many of the American artists for the old masters and their extravagant admiration for the modern works in the Luxemburg. However, a few of these young artists, as soon as they had learned enough of the technical tricks necessary to entitle them to call themselves good painters, could hardly be induced to waste much time away from the old masters in the Louvre. For there they found something higher than mere technical tricks. They found grand conceptions full of lofty thought and ennobling sentiments. The same was true of the sculptors.

Now, there is abroad also in this country a tendency to talk and work in all art from the standpoint of "Art for Art's sake." In other words, those who preach art for art's sake claim that it makes no difference what the subject is in a work of art; but that so long as a work of art is well done technically it is great. A prominent New York painter lately said that "if one could properly paint a howling dog with a tin can tied to his tail it would be a masterpiece." To me this is the most vicious standpoint possible for an artist to take. And I prophesy that so long as it prevails in this country so long will American Art remain on a level of mediocrity. And if I am here to-day at all, it is that here I might do my share to protest against this material point of view.

The chief argument of the art-for-art's-sake school is that it is the function of a work to "charm." I agree that to charm is one of the great functions of art. But I claim that it is the function of art to amuse, to interest, to instruct, to soothe, to inspire as well as to charm. But after all the highest function of art, from a drama to a cathedral from an oration to a statue,

earth there is a universal agreement, by instinct, as to what is superlatively beautiful in many things. Shakespeare says, truly, "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

If you go to the Musee Guinet, the museum of religions in Paris, and study the different statues of the gods and goddesses and the different types of beauty, male and female, used by the different nations, all over the world, to express their ideal as to what is an adorable head of a god, you will find that, in general, the features, independent of the head-dress, approach more or less the Greek classic.

In China there are all kinds of noses, for example. But no Chinaman will ever put on the head of any god or goddess, that is to be adored, anything but a straight or a slightly aquiline nose. The same is true of the Hindu, the Siamese, and the Japanese. You will find also that those women who are universally considered beautiful—and there are such—approach closely the classic type: thus proving that the classic is the real beauty, the universal standard by which all beauty is and must be judged. And no female head can possibly be called truly beautiful that does not closely approach the best classic type. That is not my personal opinion merely—it is a law of Nature.

What all men long to have is a practical standard by which to measure any work of art. Let us see if I can give you such a measure, based on my point of view. The highest standard of art is that based on an equation of all standards; and that is Power. The elements of artistic powers are six: Conception, Expression, Composition, Drawing, Color, Technique. Of these the most important is the element of Conception: first, the originality of the conception, and second, but above all, the

that religion—that is, the desire to find and adore God, or the Good—is the everlasting longing of the soul. It is the chief occupation of the race. Therefore, without more words, I assert that *religious* art is the highest of all forms of art; for it deals with the loftiest interests of mankind and gives the largest scope for the exercise of the highest intellectual and spiritual faculties of man.

The next highest class is Ethical Art—that in which an effort is made to influence men to higher conduct, like Falguiere's grand statue of St. Vincent de Paul, Rude's glorious bas-relief of the "Marseillaise" on the Avenue de Triomphe at Paris, and Couture's sublime picture of the "Decadence of Rome."

The next highest is Allegorical Art. It is almost equally high with ethical art, and offers almost as much opportunity as religious art for lifting mankind to the realms of poetry. But it is particularly fitted to stimulate the hope and best ambitions of men, or to soothe them in sadness and nerve them through the trials of life.

Then follow Historical Art, Landscape Art, Portrait Art, Genre Art, then Still-life Art, which is the lowest form.

The second most important element of art power is Expression. The end of all technical effort in art is to express *life*. The more any work of art pulsates with life the more does it thrill us. If the life is merely material in form, it charms the mind; if it is spiritual, it stirs the soul. Now, it is difficult enough to express real life; but to express ideal life is still more difficult. To carve a head of a god like the Jupiter Otricoli, or draw such a head as Leonardo's Christ, is the highest manifestation of artistic power of expression; for in these heads the great artists realize for us godlike or transfigured life.

Composition is the next most important element of art power. On this subject volumes have been written. The ele-

are all sorts of rules. But there are a few laws of composition that may be applied to every work of art. For example:

(1) All meaningless things in a composition are bad.

(2) All the parts of a composition must be subordinate to its main purpose. Thus in a statue the eyes are the most important, and anything that hinders the mind from rapidly going to the eyes is bad.

All parts of a composition must lead the eye to, and aid, the main part. Anything that fails in this is useless—therefore bad.

The arrangement of lines and masses of forms is the object of composition. On this arrangement depends most of the beauty in any work of art, and too much stress cannot be laid upon this point. So true is this that the art-for-art's-sake people find in this one of their strongest arguments. However, Raphael composed a number of Madonnas, even more beautiful in composition than his "Sistine Madonna," but, lacking a child that looks as if it might have been the real young son of God, they fall into the second class in spite of their composition being finer than the "Sistine Madonna:" thus proving that Expression is higher than Composition. There are horizontal, perpendicular, circular, oval, and elliptical compositions. But the greatest element of composition is the Pyramidal. The muscles of our eye are so arranged that of all the forms of Nature a pine tree, a cone mountain, or a pyramid gives us the greatest visual pleasure and most powerfully lifts us upward; and all the greatest works of plastic and graphic art are pyramidal in composition.

After composition comes Drawing in importance. There are many kinds of drawing. Some men draw in a manner so

Color comes next in importance, in my judgment. Raphael's "Transfiguration" is not as beautiful in an engraving as in the original. But if we lost the original and retained a good photograph we would still say it was a great picture.

The art-for-art's-sake people make a fetish of color. Because tone and color are the greatest technical difficulties in painting, when a young artist sees another who easily surmounts these difficulties he falls down and worships and calls the brilliant technician a great master. Later in life, when he has new perceptions and grander ideals, he will know that color is not of supreme importance.

The least important element in a work of art is Technique. The question arises at once, What is technique? Technique in sculpture means the modeling of the surface in a peculiar and personal manner, and the leaving of certain kinds of dabs, strips, or scratches or thumb-marks, supposed to be interesting in color, in light and shade. Technique in poetry means the choice and arrangement in a peculiar, personal way of certain kinds of words, meters, and rhymes. Technique in painting is the manner or trick of putting on color in one way or another.

When a work shows a strong, simple but effective technique, charming color, and fine drawing, but is defective in every other way, it has already a claim on our profound respect. But it drops in the scale of excellence just in ratio of its being weak in one or more of those six elements of artistic power I have named. Per contra: That work of art which shows the sublimest Conception, the greatest Expression of life, the finest Composition, the most virile Drawing, the most charming Color, and the most effective Technique, is the greatest work of art in the world. This is a practical working measure. By this measure we can judge every work of art, no

may. For, as Goethe says: "The artist, make what contortion soever he will, can bring forth only his own individuality." Whatever the personal character of an artist may be, it will inevitably show itself in his work. If he starts out with a lofty purpose his work will show it. If his soul degenerates his work will degenerate also. Falguiere was an example; Troyon also; and there are others.

Modest, reverent endeavor to enrich the world with a sublime creation is the first mark of a supreme artist. Second-class men do not know this; hence, we are forced to endure oceans of mediocrity, most of it addressed merely to the mind. For in the long run of years all works of art addressed to the mind alone—the mere valet of the soul—will surely be relegated to that large lumber-room where we gather the curios of our national art life.

Do not imagine I am a pessimist, or in despair. The fecundity of the American mind is so great that it astonishes the world. It will be so in art. It is now merely a question as to which path we shall choose; for not all poetry is dead. And we already see the aurora of a time when our fair land will be the home of a grand art. But, in order to insure and hasten that epoch, I would teach an art philosophy of the highest kind in every school: not to make more artists, but fewer and greater, and to give to every citizen the key to the world of art and to teach him what is really great in art. Unless we adjust the national conscience in harmony with the loftiest ideals we cannot expect the appearance of great genius in our art; for a nation obtains exactly that which it prays for—most surely without fail.

Let us, therefore, "hitch our wagon to a star"! Let us

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

BY EVA C. DIX.

The New Thought professes to be purely a religion of Love. May we not, therefore, reasonably expect to find among its exponents a greater measure of the spirit of inclusiveness than has seemed hitherto to characterize the forms of religion most commonly taught and professed? Many who hate tyranny and oppression in all their forms find themselves looking with renewed hope to this increasing agency of good for evidences of that much-needed consideration for our humbler fellow-creatures which will tend to the amelioration of their present sad condition. If "Love is All," surely the patient, silent millions daily sacrificed in every conceivable way, in order that man may prove himself the fittest to survive, ought to begin soon to come into their inheritance, and to share some portion of the blessings that man—with an arrogance ill adapted to his character as a spiritual being, a child of God, and wholly at variance with the nature of the "spiritual image and likeness of God"—has always shamefully, or shamelessly, monopolized.

The religions of the earth have too long taught the supremacy of *man*—the necessity of *his* happiness at whatever cost to these innocent ones, sharing in common with him the breath of life, with its essential capacity for pain and pleasure in varying degree. If "Life is God," can we safely continue to place so small a value on any manifestation of that life, even though it be seemingly but a temporary phase? The virtue of loving

familiar, commonly called wild—and the various denizens of stream and ocean, are no less our “neighbors” than are the man and his family across the street. God’s sunshine and showers fall equally on the tares and the wheat of His harvest field; man’s love alone is stinted and apportioned, and while it so continues we shall have the tares. The savage nature in man and beast is the result, the outward manifestation, of our limited comprehension, and consequent limited reflection, of the Allness of Love.

The universal language, Love, will alone enable us to appreciate the possible intelligence of a creature unrelated to us by ties of language and outward form. Some one has truly said, “If you can’t understand a man’s ignorance, account yourself ignorant of his understanding;” which spirit of magnanimity should not be limited to our dealings with *man*.

Evolution—which, after all, is purely spiritual—will advance more rapidly when we forsake forever the ancient methods of “dominion,” which means the suppression of those seemingly behind us in the race. The human “race” should mean much more than a race for place and power. “Family” seems a more appropriate term for the heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

There is a beautiful text in Isaiah: “To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” In its common acceptance and application, however (“them” being interpreted to mean the human family alone), how wofully it is shorn of its full glory! The mere form of the beautiful promise is retained, while its soul is sacrificed—because our idea of beauty and of joy is so imperfect, so superficial. The bird is deprived of the joy that is to him as real and intense as ours that the marksman’s vanity may receive a fresh impulse, or that his beauty

God gave him. It was not given to us; therefore, we have no more right to it than we have to steal it from the back of another human being. We take what does not belong to us simply because we want it, and the creature thus deprived of his rights has no redress—he falls a victim to our immature sense of justice, our woful lack of imagination.

But the New Thought lays so much stress, not only on the fact of our ability to do without material aids and adjuncts, but the *necessity* of so doing, that we can but wonder to see so many, even among its professed advocates, still clinging so tenaciously to a mere custom, so barbarous, so distinctly unspiritual as is this adorning of the body with stolen finery. How can any *real* joy be won at such a cost, or that be deemed beauty which means the “ashes of desolation” to another creature?

We are taught also that *materia medica* is not a real power *per se*; that the drug has no specific, inherent properties to be safely relied upon in man’s hour of need; that any proposition to the contrary is simply a case of “one belief casting out another belief, into which science (understanding) does not enter.” But the prevailing belief of *hunger* seems to be allowed more reality than the belief of so-called disease, because it persistently demands a material remedy—which, at the present stage of the world’s progress, is not in itself a matter for cavil or censure, save that materialism in its grossest and most cruel form is calmly sanctioned to meet that demand. While requiring the selfish, awful, and unnecessary sacrifice of animal life in order that the human family may be fed, are we not clinging to quite as heathenish a custom as is dependence on drugs? We believe that the smoking altars of sacrifice in the ancient church represent an ignorant superstition, which in our day has

Is it not a little suggestive of "straining out gnats," this denial of the existence of intrinsic qualities in a drug while harboring the belief that the flesh of our four-footed friends contains nutritive qualities essential to one's physical well-being: at one time denying the reality of physical needs and at another giving them undue emphasis? Are many of us willing to sacrifice the desire for good and savory things to eat, and beautiful things to wear, involving in the procuring an inconceivable amount of animal suffering, in order to demonstrate the omnipresence and omnipotence of Spirit? Is it worse to seek the drug store for medicine for disease than the butcher's shop for a seeming prophylactic against disease? If God (Good) is to be found in or through one agency, He can be found through the other. However, He is the one and only Agent in both cases.

That reasoning seems fallacious which says, "Rejoice always; God has given *us* richly all things to enjoy," while narrowly interpreted to mean the adornment of the person with seal-skin and ermine, humming-birds and egrets (like the savages), together with the sacrifice of the whole gamut of animal life, from roasted ox to robins' and peacocks' tongues, for no nobler purpose than the gratification of the palate and the so-called benefit of the inner man. Only chemical changes can be superinduced by the introduction into the human body of that form of material substance known as animal food; but if morphine, ether, and belladonna have no use and no characteristics save what mere *belief* gives them, of what use are the especial carbons, fibrins, and phosphates in the animal carcass? If flesh food is necessary for the production and maintenance of strength in the man, why is it not equally so for the horse or the ox, whose body so closely resembles man's in its constituent elements? The strength of these animals is seen to be wholly

relief and cure of that especial form of dis-ease, or inharmony, called *hunger*.

Now, it is only because man's ingenuity has contrived many means of concealing all painful suggestion of the gruesome preparatory details inseparable from the final production of the toothsome and savory meat-viand, as we know it, that flesh-food has come to be so universal. If we were obliged to witness but a small part of the agony and horror incidental to the loathsome business, or to kill even *one* creature ourselves, most of us would not only lose our present relish for such unnatural food, but we would hesitate to condemn any man to such a life of slavery in our stead. But such is the demoralizing influence of custom, tradition, and "belief" that the last acquisition of the culinary art that tends most successfully to obliterate all traces of those distressing details, which should be so fraught with meaning to all calling themselves thoughtful and humane, is hailed with unfeigned delight; while the comfortable doctrine that God has given *man* "dominion over the whole earth" is accepted with a most savage literalness.

The evil that lurks beneath the ingenuity of the cook is, as some believe, of quite as subtle and insidious a nature as that of the chemist's laboratory. "Let love be without dissimulation;" and if we are learning to live without one form of false support, why not realize that there are many others that require our serious attention, and that we must lay by if we are really to talk about a religion that expresses the "seamless garment"?

The pleasures of savory eating, and the luxuries and changes of fashion and dress, are simply distractions to divert the thought from absorption in the realities of life. They consume much valuable time that might be better spent in countless ways for the good of our fellow-men, and the silent races now so cruelly oppressed. They are all snares of the "tempter,"

precept, must remain sadly inadequate and inefficient. Paul said, "I die daily;" and unless we also are hastening the death of these errors, instead of demanding that millions of God's creatures die daily in order that we may live, we have no right to rejoice. The time for rejoicing will come, like all other good things, when we are ready for it—when universal happiness reigns, and the word "kill" has no longer place nor meaning in the language of the earth.



IN general it may be said that cheerful, happy emotions augment constructive, life-producing changes in the body, while sad and unpleasant emotions do just the opposite. Happy feelings create energy and make one feel like exerting one's self; grief or depression of spirits incapacitates one for effort. Thus one may be the builder not only of one's own brain but of one's own character. It is all a matter of developing the cells of the mind machine. By the exercise of generosity one becomes more generous, and so it is likewise with other good impulses. Every good action makes one better, and every bad action does just the opposite. Our mental and moral selves are of our own construction, and to know how to build them rightly we must understand something of the true psychology, which I have called the Mind Art.—*Prof. Elmer Gates.*



LET everything turn upside down, not merely about us, but within us; let the soul be sad or gay, in sweetness or bitterness, at peace or in trouble, in light or darkness, temptation or repose, gratified or displeased; let the sun burn us or the dew refresh us: we must rest with eyes fixed upon the will of God, our one sovereign Good.—*St. Francis de Sales.*



NO ONE can cherish an ideal, and devote himself to its realization from year to year, and strive and struggle and make sacri-

OUR HOME.

BY M. G. T. STEMPEL.

'The more I live, more truly do I feel that earth is but a
stopping-place.

Where we must learn and learn,

To which we oft return—

That 'tis not Home.

Here must we roam,

Now in the valleys that are flower-spread,

Now on the mountain-tops where all seems dead,

Now on the ocean, lone with cloud and wave,

Now in a cradle and now in a grave.

This is not Home! This is no place of peace, where we
may our whole being rest.

It is a battle-ground

Where we must bleed and wound;

'Tis not sweet Home.

Oft in our gloam

We stoop and try our very best to hear

A note that whispers of this Home so dear.

Alas! even the fondest mother-arms

Cannot protect us from the earth alarms.

Sometimes a note we try to hear comes to us in a human
voice beloved,

A voice that whispers low:

“Dear one, I love you so!”

'Tis almost Home—

Our longed-for Home!

But time goes on; we love; we give; we take;
 We have some days of joy, then sorrows make
 Our lives so dry. We've sunshine and we've shade,
 Then from our hearts the note of hope doth fade.

Ye souls that have gone homeless thro' this world—have
 bled your victims, felt your wounds,
 Have loved and hoped and sighed
 Until your bodies died,
 Have you found Home—
 The longed-for Home?
 Have you found joy that ends not in a sigh?
 Have you found love that will not faint and die?
 Is memory hushed, or past things naught to you?
 Have you the peace that rests you through and through?

“In this great Universe things dual are,” a voice within
 here answers me;
 “There's day and there is night,
 There's wrong and there is right;
 When you get Home—
 (For you'll *get* Home),
 You'll find the love that you have longed for here;
 You'll find the joy not followed by the tear.
 You each must have the things for which you pray—
 This place called 'Home' must be your own some day.”



S H A D O W S.

SELF-REALIZATION.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

We talk much and read appreciatively of *Self-realization*, or the power of realizing our oneness with God and with one another; yet it is only the superficial philosopher who does not understand that partial realization only is possible to us upon this limited plane of being. *Complete* realization would mean that we were conscious of possessing all knowledge and all power—that in every sense of the word we realized our identity with God. In a restricted sense only can we feel this oneness, although we know that there is no limit to our advancement toward the perfect realization, and believe that the nearer we approach it the greater is our power and our intuitive perception of truth. Were it possible to attain *complete* realization there would be nothing beyond—nothing to strive for.

There is no cause for discouragement in this thought. We stand as yet only at the foothills, beyond which lie countless mountain-peaks stretching away into infinite space. Ages of earnest striving may not bring us to the last, but each one that is conquered will bring its own reward in greater power, added strength, new and grander revelations of the heights beyond, and inspire us with renewed hope and ever-increasing aspirations. The things in store for us, even while we remain here, are almost infinite in possibility. We know that we may conquer, if we will, infirmity and disease of the physical body. Even this is but partially understood as yet, and by a very limited notion of the human race.

reptiles shall not only become innocuous but have no power to attack us. Material food will not always be required to nourish the body, and the desire for it will some time cease; thus the struggle for existence will be greatly lessened, and the force now expended in supplying animal wants may be given to higher employments. Much less sleep will be required for refreshment of the physical frame, but the psychologic value of sleep will be appreciated and utilized for purposes of development. People will not die of old age or disease, but will pass out of the body only when their work shall lie in another plane of existence.

The most remarkable progress may be looked for along the line of psychologic development. Clairvoyance and clairaudience will become as common endowments as the gifts of seeing with eyes and hearing with ears. Already we are beginning to triumph over the limitations of space, and the time will come when we shall be able to communicate freely with inhabitants of other worlds.

The "higher mediumship," which all possess in a greater or less degree, will be developed to such an extent that we can at any time communicate with the great minds of the past, and we shall be conscious that we walk and talk with God continually—as many indeed are to-day. We shall also, in a measure, triumph over time, and have the ability—perhaps limited—to foresee events as well as to estimate probabilities.

But, while all of these and many other wonderful possibilities are within the range of our vision, we must admit that the power of realization seems at present to be much more highly developed in some individuals than in others, even among those who are seeking it. It is from this evident condition that those who believe in reincarnation draw one of their

to realize this knowledge than others? May it not be because in some this sense has been developed through many previous incarnations, the *result* of these successive developments being now manifest?

We constantly hear the question asked, "How can we *attain* self-realization? It is beautiful philosophy, and we believe it is true for many; but it seems to be beyond our reach. Try as we may, we cannot grasp it as applied to ourselves." Now, while such questioners may, as we have said, have been less highly developed when their present life began, yet it is quite possible for them to make very rapid progress when once the light begins to break upon their path. Very often the trouble seems to be that, although disclaiming all belief in a personal God, yet by the persistence of ideas imbibed in early life it is difficult for them to rid themselves entirely of the effects of such belief. They may be scarcely conscious of the fact, yet whenever they hear the word "God" there is a vague notion of something outside and apart from themselves.

It would be much better for such persons to discard the word "God" entirely and substitute the term "Universal Spirit" in its place. In fact, such a substitution, if universally adopted, would be an improvement. This idea of infinite, all-inclusive Spirit must be first appreciated before any further steps toward realization can be taken. As soon as this is fully grasped, let the following affirmation be constantly held in mind:

"I am only a manifestation of infinite Spirit. I am not something distinct or separate, but, like every other member of the race, I am but one form in which this Spirit shows Itself. This particular method of manifestation that I call 'myself' is employed for a purpose, and as soon as that purpose is accomplished I shall cease to exist in my present form. Being in Truth then, this infinite Spirit. I must have chosen this

real self that should have dominion over my apparent self, or this physical body.”

With this affirmation will gradually grow upon us the habit of seeing Self in all things,—of looking upon the physical universe as but a reflection of ourselves,—and there will be no difficulty in grasping the successive revelations of Truth as they rise to the surface and become part of our conscious knowledge. Look not to others for this knowledge, for it exists within yourself. Neither should you attempt to thrust upon others your own view of Truth until they are ready for it. What is true for *you* to-day may not be true for them until to-morrow, while that which is true for them to-day may not appeal to you until to-morrow; and indeed you may yourself, in the light of future revelations, come to regard your own views to-day as erroneous. Nevertheless, for *you* and *to-day* they are *true*.

But if the grand triumphs to which we have alluded are actually possible of achievement during the few short years passed upon this earth, what shall we say of those to be attained in the infinity that lies ahead? There is nothing within our present conception to which we may not aspire, and when we have attained it there will still be eternal possibilities ahead, still unlimited scope for endeavor, still the grand ideal of which we can have no conception. And the great path that reaches ever upward is called *Self-realization*, while the motive power ever impelling us forward is *Aspiration*.

True aspiration is that intense longing for spiritual development which exists in every human soul. Whether recognized or not by the individual, we cannot believe that any are

progress do our ideals become more beautiful and our aspirations more exalted.

In every other path it would seem that man may reach the limit of his desires. He may acquire riches until their accumulation has no further attraction for him. He may attain fame in any field of labor until his ambition is satisfied and adulation palls upon his ear; or he may rise to such a position of influence and power that there are no more worlds to him worth conquering. But in spiritual things no man was ever satisfied.

We have said that there are some in whom aspiration is still a latent force. A large portion of the human race is so situated that the aspirations of the soul are never fully aroused. In their narrow lives the opportunities for soul growth have not appealed to them. And here, once more, we may find an argument in favor of reincarnation. Of course, it cannot be doubted that the future life will be one of continued progress through trials and experiences; but these will differ in many ways from those of earth life. If these mortal experiences are necessary for some, are they not so for *all*? Or can we suppose that we should find ourselves here at all if the same results could have been reached without the experiences that we encounter here?

Distasteful as the theory of reincarnation may be to many, there are so many arguments in its favor that we cannot reject it as improbable. But we may well leave speculation and doubts upon this subject to those who have a taste for them, since it is with the present incarnation that we are chiefly concerned. Let us make the present life all that is possible—let us approach the higher ideals as rapidly as we are able, and

THE RATIONALE OF ASTROLOGY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

With revived interest in all ancient sciences and speculations, astrology has during recent years been brought prominently into vogue—so much so that many respectable periodicals in both hemispheres are devoted entirely to its interest. Though many vagaries undoubtedly surround the subject, there is much in it that cannot be gainsaid, as predictions made by astrologers are constantly fulfilled; but it is often difficult to determine how large a part is played by some psychic perception in such prognostications.

To the student of antique lore, astrology is a fascinating study, it being inextricably interwoven with the religions and philosophies of all ancient peoples. The exact relation of astronomy to astrology, according to experienced occultists who presumably know whereof they speak, is that of the external to the internal, or the physical to the psychical.

If this is a living universe, it is not difficult to imagine all worlds and solar systems as instinct with vitality and peopled by differing races of intelligent entities. This view is familiar not only to students of ancient cosmogonies or cosmologies, but to all who have read the romances of Camille Flammarion, in which scientific statements are charmingly introduced into romantic stories.

Medieval Europe witnessed the obscuration of the grand old theories of the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks, and other historic peoples, and it is from the perversions of medievalism

Holy Writ go far to prove that this misconception of natural diversity was extant when Job and Isaiah were written, for in both these Scriptural books we find a protest against a corrupt idea of duality that had gained currency in the Babylonian Empire and had affected to a degree contemporary Jewish thought. The third chapter of Ecclesiastes contains the best outline view of what genuine astrology teaches, for there the Preacher tells us that God makes *everything* beautiful in due season.

The modern reader who peruses a popular manual of astrology is apt to be depressed with the erroneously gloomy view taken of Nature's contrasts by almost every writer who attempts to explain the basis of the science of the Magi, but it is possible clearly to explain various aspects of the planets without ever introducing so disagreeable a term as "malefic," which is one of the nightmares of recent astrologic literature.

A simple guide to astrology should explain the significance of the sun, moon, and the various planets, and also elucidate the meaning of the twelve "houses," or signs, of the zodiac. The sun is regarded by esoteric astrologers as the great central spiritual luminary—the abode of the guiding spirit of this solar system; for, as the law of correspondence is universal, the actual position of the literal sun in space and its relation to the planets that revolve around it must be expressive of the relation sustained by its spiritual inmost to the spiritual selves of these planets. It is surely no more difficult to conceive of several inhabited worlds than of one. Indeed, it would be less easy for the contemplative mind to think of this particular orb on which we dwell as alone sustaining conscious, individualized life than to realize that Terra is but one of God's offspring and that all His other children are of like nature with this earth.

similar conclusion regarding mutual psychic consistency. We must think of Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury as brothers and sisters of our planetary home, and try to realize that we are living on one of several closely interrelated spheres; our relations are therefore thoroughly interdependent. We cannot be so much under as in the midst of a great sea of interplanetary action and reaction; we are consequently neither masters nor serfs, but comrades in a community that embraces elder and younger (more and less experienced) members. Though there are numberless suns and systems in the universe, we have nothing to do directly with any system outside our own, as we are inclosed in a solar economy the leader of which is our own parent and director, Sol.

In pure astrology, the sun always stands for the spiritual center of our human commonwealth; thus there is much meaning in the old saying, "The wise man rules his stars; the fool obeys them," which is only the equivalent of the doctrine that as we unfold our spiritual consciousness, which illumines our reason and controls our passions, we become regnant over circumstances that rule over all who are swayed by their own inferior propensities.

Neptune stands for all tendencies to profound philosophic research. Uranus denotes the advent of the unexpected, disposition to change, and love of intellectual novelties. Saturn signifies love for things occult, penetration into mysteries, and greater regard for scientific study than for accumulating earthly riches. Jupiter suggests joviality, cheerfulness, and all tendencies to success in pleasure and in business connected with a

to eloquence. The moon is the figure of our entire sensuous nature, and disposes toward high regard for all that is distinctively material. Such in brief are characteristic planetary influences as they exist around and within us.

The twelve signs of the zodiac need to be considered in two distinct relations—with reference to the time of day and time of year; and unless we consider the “houses” in this dual manner we shall often fail to interpret peculiarities in ourselves and others when we attempt to handle the zodiacal key. Every astrologic day begins at 6 A.M., and every astrologic night begins at 6 P.M. The six day signs are: Aries, 6 to 8 A.M.; Taurus, 8 to 10 A.M.; Gemini, 10 A.M. to 12 M.; Cancer, 12 M. to 2 P.M.; Leo, 2 to 4 P.M.; Virgo, 4 to 6 P.M. The six night signs are: Libra, 6 to 8 P.M.; Scorpio, 8 to 10 P.M.; Sagittarius, 10 P.M. to midnight; Capricorn, 12 to 2 A.M.; Aquarius, 2 to 4 A.M.; Pisces, 4 to 6 A.M.

It takes very little observation to confirm the theory that the *hour* of birth gives a large clue to the peculiarities of the nature. To simplify the doctrine as much as possible, we may confine ourselves at first to mere reflection upon the influence of morning *vs.* evening, and of midday *vs.* midnight, upon the growth of vegetation and the tendencies of animals to sleep or wakefulness, and then apply it to our own experiences.

The same twelve signs considered in the wider sweep of the year stand thus: Aries, March 20; Taurus, April 20; Gemini, May 21; Cancer, June 21; Leo, July 22; Virgo, August 22; Libra, September 23; Scorpio, October 22; Sagittarius, November 22; Capricorn, December 21; Aquarius, January 21; Pisces, February 21—each sign reigning till its successor is in the ascendant. In trying to determine how great is the influence of a sign in a special nativity, it is necessary to note

The qualities of the twelve signs may be broadly summarized when we remember that the circle of the zodiac is described in human form thus: Aries, head; Taurus, neck; Gemini, shoulders, arms, and hands; Cancer, breast; Leo, heart; Virgo, solar plexus; Libra, hips; Scorpio, generative system; Sagittarius, thighs; Capricorn, knees; Aquarius, ankles; Pisces, feet.

It would be absurd to demand acceptance for astrology on a merely theoretic base; but, as it is easy to collect birth dates and compare peculiarities and careers of persons born at different periods, the theme is one that easily lends itself to immediate investigation.

A much more intricate position of the practise of astrology concerns the setting of a figure for a particular hour when an *enterprise* is conceived or started, and in this branch of horary astrology we need to observe two important rules: (1) We must note the planetary positions when we are determined to execute a certain plan, for these will show in the midst of what influences the child of our intellect was conceived; and (2) we must note the positions when we actually carried out our project into material effect, that we may know in what astral environment our mental offspring was brought forth.

Quite recently in England astrologers were busy casting the horoscopes of Edward VII. and his consort, Alexandra, and in determining the ascendant influences for the day originally fixed for their coronation—June 26, 1902. Though little diversity of opinion prevailed as to the position of the planets at the time when the King and Queen were born, and it was

It is necessary for all who peer into this question to keep cool and remember always that though unseen influences do certainly environ us, and that these are extremely varied, our mission in this terrestrial school is to meet and vanquish difficulties—not to be conquered by them. We can no more change the actual existence of planetary conditions than we can prevent the occurrence of weather. We may foretell; but how any weather affects us, be it psychical or physical, depends very largely upon ourselves.

There is a wise middle course between two extremes, one of which denies the existence of astral influences while the other foolishly considers man as perpetually an underling. We shall act most wisely when we give heed to that reasonable theosophy which assures us we are all parts of a great system in which every ego has a special part to play in the eternal drama of illimitable being and existence; but, though we can but fulfil our various destinies, we can learn to control our fate. Thus, while external agencies press around us in obedience to a law greater than our personal will or private choice, we who are thus environed by the unseen as well as by the extremely evident may so learn to govern our own elements that from the state of servant to that of master we shall, through mental and spiritual evolution, assuredly ascend.



THE essence of prayer is reverent and trustful seeking, the earnest desire, the upward look, and the confiding will. Whether these take form in acts, in words, or in thought and feeling alone, they are true prayer, and bring the answer and blessing of prayer.
—*Samuel Longfellow.*



THE DISCIPLINE OF MEMORY.

BY GRACE BLANCHARD.

In the rudiments of learning we are impressed with the possibilities of use. No fact is more faithfully inscribed, that mankind may be benefited, than the one that treats of physical development through habitual exercise. Recognition is due this as a fundamental truth; yet this same truth rarely applies to man's mental development. Though memory is one of the first faculties to be aroused in the mind, it is at the same time one of the most neglected, which is the result of not having the proper realization of the power centered in it; for this in itself is a force almost without limitation.

The time was when a poor memory was granted the indulgence due to a deficiency, but to-day we find a defective memory the direct outcome of ignorance or indifference. The assertion may be verified by recorded instances of so-called phenomenal memories. The great botanist, Professor Asa Gray, at once can recall the names of twenty-five thousand plants. Ten thousand verses of the "Rig Veda" have been accurately preserved in the memories of the Brahmans. Thousands of Mohammedans, likewise, know the Koran word for word. The same astonishing memory was displayed by Mozart in music. We find in these specifications that phenomenal memories were the outgrowth of exertion, and were not great gifts individually bestowed. The force of concentration converted

the great strength of the root goes into it, maturity brings the bud to a state of perfection. In this we have a common law of Nature. The mental effort is governed by the same principle. Desire is the great root that forces memory into a growth of perfection; though not from a half-hearted desire can we hope for the fulfilment of our aspirations. The memory, like the mind, becomes dwarfed by disuse; and only by the aid of constant exercise can we make it the masterful faculty that Nature intended it should be.

To entertain a clear conception of memory it is necessary to compare it with our physical construction, that the difference may be manifest. The body is constantly renewing itself: several complete transformations take place in the physical mechanism during the average life; while the memory, in creating for itself new proportions, loses nothing of the old. Thus it is that impressions made upon this faculty in youth are indelibly fixed. No greater gift was ever bestowed upon the human family than these repositories in which to store knowledge for coming years. No greater provision was ever afforded man than this vast fund from which he may draw without diminishing the supply.

It is generally conceded that the impressions received in childhood are more lasting than those received in later years; but this fact cannot be attributed to the failing of memory. Youth is the state of enthusiasm. It is also one of absorbing interest. It is the impressionable age, in which we find the keenest susceptibilities. For this reason the child retains that which would have passed readily in after years. The more mature memory gives evidence of a lack of discipline; for life does not continue to present incidents of such interest as to claim the entire attention. The age of wonder passes, and

follows the dictates of fancy. There must be within us a firm resolution to extract from this faculty its greatest possibilities, which is a privilege, not to impoverish, but to develop.

Recollection and memory, however closely allied, bear to each other the relation of messenger and sovereign; for recollection is but the messenger of memory. Nor is it at all times a trustworthy one, for, though the many corridors of memory be lined with material ready for immediate use, too often it is that recollection becomes refractory and refuses to convey to us the information most needed. In how many instances have we felt assured that there was stored in our memories that which we could not on the instant reproduce! This is a fault of laggard recollection, rather than of memory itself. The full use of this wonderful faculty and its great treasury of wealth must come to man only when he realizes that the power lies within himself to claim it, if he wills, as his rightful heritage.

When the last great vault was added to the United States Treasury Department it was put into immediate use; more space was needed in which to place the gold. But with man the still more marvelous vault with which he is endowed remains but partially occupied. So great is this mental capacity that, though we add to it continuously, there still is ample room. It is from this vast storehouse that the mind is enriched, and through it the mind is sustained. So necessary is memory that it must lend to all the other faculties in order that they can perform their natural functions; for they, in themselves, are the dependents of memory, and all good issuing from them must come from memory alone.

It is at the same time a serious and most important matter

meet the demands of the future, and, at the same time, trust implicitly in its capacity to receive and distribute for every present need. That we may receive the full benefit of memory it must be susceptible, ready, and retentive—a condition that is always within its possibility. The power to mold for himself this faculty into whatsoever he chooses is given to every individual; and it is due to memory that it be given full, complete recognition, that it may return to us its unlimited achievements. From this source comes one of the greatest joys that belong to mortality; and only the loss of memory can bring mankind to a proper realization of its worth. To be deprived of this possession would be to leave destitute the mind and soul and sweep into everlasting oblivion the past.

Of such great magnitude is this matter that we are daily confronted with the result of its neglected possibilities. However great a taskmaster discipline may be, it is from this school that memory must receive its greatest benefit. The simple act of continued or repeated practise will make memory as Nature intended it should be—the ready servant of the will. It is through neglect that this faculty becomes crippled. We rob it of freedom by denying it the full power of its capabilities; just as the muscles are robbed of robust proportions by disuse. When Nature gave to man the priceless gift of memory, it had yet to be perfected. That is man's part. It is the clay in the hands of the potter, waiting to become the creation of the will.



THE universe is as full of truth and goodness as it is of light. And no more surely does the constant day return alike to the "just and the unjust" than true lives will rebuke our untruth.

MEMORIES AND MEDITATION.

BY HARRY HAKES PORTER.

Strong and deep in the human soul is the desire for elevating thought. This longing indicates a true want; for it is thus that the soul is enlarged—and enlargement, next to salvation, is the supreme need. We are born that we may grow. This is true of the spirit as well as the body. The soul becomes great by contemplation of the great. Conceptions of the vast in Nature are elevating. As we stood by the snowy ranges of the grand old Rockies and looked on the mighty snow-stoled mountains as their vastness grew in the mind, or as we stood on the deck of a vessel have sought the incessant wave-march of the unfathomable sea that it might broaden and deepen our intellect, or at night as we sat on the upper deck of the vessel listening to the voiceless music of the stars bringing ideas larger than our words could shape—in each such exercise we have felt a growth in soul stature.

If meditation on creation is so good, how much more ennobling is a thought of the Creator! There we see Infinity in all directions—in time and space, in power and wisdom. No thought of Him can be adequate; but not one, however imperfect, can pass through the human mind without leaving a benediction behind it.

Life, too, is a business we are all apt to mismanage; in fact, we should despise a man who gave as little forethought to the conduct of any other enterprise. The temptation is to think more about making a living than about making a *life*. He is a wise man who takes time to get out of the dizzy whirl of

live recklessly from day to day, and rarely, if ever, take an outlook beyond our daily concerns and comprehend the possibilities of our existence. It has been the mission of poets and prophets to induce such moments of clear insight. The poet has a lofty mission in this busy world. He watches its restlessness and hears the noise of its tumult. He feels the passion of its soul-thirst, its sorrow, its aspiration. He is in sympathy with men as they sing and toil and pray under the gray smoke-cloud of our puffing industrialism. But he stands also somewhat apart from the confusion, and keeps his eye fixed upon a serene and upper world where all is calm. Nor is the serenity of the higher realm a symbol of vacancy or of apathy. It overflows with multitudinous life that is too full and free to know struggle. It is the duty of the poet to bring these two worlds together. It is, indeed, a high and beautiful ministry to make men more conscious of the unseen and everlasting realities with which our human life is everywhere encompassed.

This is an appropriate season for musing memory and for calm meditation. It is the time when Nature counts her riches, when the harvests are gathered and garnered, when the somber autumn gives place to the white splendor of winter. From our earliest infancy we have known and loved the name of Jesus. His shining foot-prints led us in the past, and the beauty of his spirit shone round our childhood. This name is the emblem of all that is true and beautiful and good. It blessed us when we were born; it has guided us through all the years; it will rise soft and rich and fair beyond the vague and formless things that drift through the mind as darkness deepens into death. Unfaded by the flight of ages, it is still the fairest name in history. The birth of Jesus marked a new epoch in the story of the race: his life brought a new spirit into

“Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he.”

Looking sadly into the past is useless; it comes not back again. We have not lost anything that is worth keeping. All that was true and vital and divine in the past lives in the present, and will live on forever; for such things are eternal. No sweet and tender thought can ever die. Truth never grows old; the endless years of God are hers. Faith and hope abide, and love never faileth. These great relations live by their own divine vitality; they are the changeless amid the ever-changing. If faith and hope and love abide, life can never lose its meaning. He who speaks a loving word has contributed to the immortal. After all, the eternal life is a life for eternal things. Men have tried in vain to keep their names alive by building vast monuments of marble. The marble endures, but their names fade away. No one knows who built the Pyramids. It is singular that the prophets of the race have no stones to mark their graves. They need no monuments because they are still alive. We cannot think of them as dead; they seem a part of the order of the world, exempt alike from decay and death. We do not have to go to where they are buried to know that they once lived; we feel their presence in the heart-beats of humanity. In a small sphere we can do what they have done on the mighty stage of world history.

One is surprised to realize that one remembers but a small part of what occurred in the past. Not one millionth part of that unbroken succession of sensations and experiences can be recalled. The rest have melted away like snow-flakes in the warm bosom of a lake. Only a few things—here a scene, there a face, and yonder an event—stand out distinctly, amid the mist of vanished years, like the spires and domes of a distant city. That a dull routine should be forgotten is not strange, but im-

have not only been outlived but can scarcely be remembered. Nor can we fail to see that those experiences which we remember the longest remain bright and clear because *love* has endowed them with immortality. What we have once really loved we can never forget. All other feelings write their record in the sand, and the wind blows it away; but love writes its fadeless memories in the heart and neither time nor tide can blot them out. Memory, careless of all other things, clings tenaciously to those gentle ministries which love wrought in the long ago. If you would have men remember you, love them and be kind. The only wonder is that we are not all kinder than we are. How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered!

Thinking about the past is a rational and salutary experience. We owe a vast debt to the men of other days. Nearly all that we have was the creation of their hands; we live at ease upon that which cost them hard toil. The scenes of their heroic deeds are sacred shrines. Everywhere we see their influence in the constitutions and institutions of civilization. We are the products of the past, as the rose-buds are the color of the light that fell upon them in days that never come back. As the coral rocks that rise to the surface of the southern seas are the deposits of multitudinous lives, so we are the accumulations of numberless generations. Reverence for all the generous dead whose wealth of wisdom has helped us to where we are is the first duty of a thoughtful man. Except as a few great names we do not remember them as individuals. Human monuments are the memorials, not of the virtues of the dead but of the forgetfulness of the living. How vain it is to send

and inaccessible mirage. In reality it has no existence. Our future will be largely what we make it. All the past throws its weight upon the present, and all the future depends upon the present—that men may realize the greatness of passing days, and rise to deeds of daring excellence. Viewed in the light of the past and in the presence of the future, each moment is clothed with vast significance. There is deep truth in the words of the old poet—

“I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell;
And my soul returned to me,
And answered, I, myself, am heaven and hell.”

That is certainly true. We are building in our hearts either a prison darker and more filthy than the slimy dungeons of Bastille or a city more radiant than was ever builded in a dream. Every man makes his own hell and his own heaven. Our resolution should be a determination to think less of some golden heaven floating far away in the future and to strive to make our hearts and homes more heavenly here and now; to dream less of shadowy angels created by the magic of our fancy and to love more truly the breathing angels of the world. Sweeter than the trembling of church-bells mingled with the murmuring melody of the sea is the music of kind words spoken out of loving hearts. No sonata of Beethoven is comparable with it for sweetness. But these loving words are often left unsaid until it is too late. Do not wait to speak the gentle word until the heart that ached for it has ceased to beat—until the white hands are folded over a pulseless breast and the ears are closed. I would rather be buried in the sea and have no man know where I slept in the vast and wandering waters

Religion is to do justly, to love mercy, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. So to live that no man will be poorer, no woman sadder, no little child more wretched for aught that we have done—that through our words and deeds men may see the true, enjoy the beautiful, and reverence the good: that is the religious life. If I should write a symphony of life I would exhort men to live a simple, sincere, serene life; to be pure and true and just; to avoid evil, envy, and anxiety; to be faithful in their friendship and generous in their fellowships; to cultivate gentleness, self-control, and the spirit of hopefulness; to develop patience, cheerfulness, and helpfulness; to treasure all the truths that genius has expressed, and all the deeds the brave have wrought; to be guided by great moral principles and live in the presence of unseen realities; to fill the passing days, from dawn till dusk, with the splendor of pure thoughts, kind words, and noble deeds.



LEON DAUDET, the son of the great novelist, advocates the enactment of a law forbidding the sale of all fiction to women and children on the same principle that morphine and also cigarettes are forbidden in certain States. M. Daudet says morbid appetite for romance is responsible for most of the unhappiness and dissatisfaction, which in turn breed crime. He declares that his contention is supported by every scientist who has been questioned upon the subject. He points to universal warping of the mind and predicts that future generations will scorn novel-reading as a deliberate and low form of intoxication.—*New York World*.



It is the highest form of reverence to teach that man's most habitual irreverence lies in his pious pretense of shifting upon Providence his own responsibilities.—*New York World*.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL.*

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find what many students have regarded as a literal account of creation; but the world is coming to realize that in all sacred literature there is an esoteric meaning back of that which appears on the surface, so that until we have entered into the mysteries of life through experience we cannot even read our Bibles intelligently. In all of Jesus' teachings he brought out clearly this matter of *growth*, revealing in his parables the fact that the ground must be prepared; that is, the soul must be developed through experience before truth can be fully apprehended. Man cannot pass directly from a physical to a spiritual plane of consciousness, for there is the great intermediate plane of intellectual activity that must be fully lived out before the higher consciousness can be his.

In the first chapter of Genesis we also find the account of the spiritual creation of man. It is here that we see that man existed ideally in the mind of God before he appeared in human form on the earth, and that he is all that God is, for "In the image of God created he him; male and female created he them," the masculine and feminine nature of God and man being clearly indicated in this account.

In the second chapter is recorded the earthly manifestation of that which had previously existed in the mind of God, and

the spirit of the tree dwelling within it; and it is this spirit that produces the seed, as it also in turn produces the tree and its fruit. So it is with man: the first appearance is of a physical creature, which instead of being first is the last of all; for the spiritual man was first conceived in the heart of God, then the thinking man, and last of all appeared the physical creature operating on the plane of materiality. The serpent symbolizes the physical man, and it is written that he was more subtle than any beast of the field; this is because he was the epitome of all that was evolved before him—the whole animal creation being summed up in the physical man.

In the Bible we have a record of the seven great stages in soul unfoldment, the first being that of Adam, the earthy man. The second stage in development, or self-revelation, is represented by the character Abraham; and man enters upon this plane of consciousness when he sees there is one God above all gods. This is the fundamental idea in the Hebrew religion, and suggests why the Jews continually refer back to the God of Abraham.

The next stage is represented by Moses, and begins when man rises to the realization that God rules the universe through law and order. This idea leads man to great heights, so that he is enabled to catch a glimpse of the Promised Land; but it is necessary to apprehend something grander than external law if one is to enter into the land flowing with milk and honey, and Moses never set foot therein.

We pass over Joshua, for he stands as a type of things to come, the words *Joshua* and *Jesus* having the same meaning. What Joshua represents in a material way Jesus actualized in the spiritual conquest.

The next great character that represents soul development is David. When we realize that this character stands for that

The fifth stage is represented by the prophets, of which Isaiah is the most prominent. In him we begin to see that man's power of foreseeing and of foreknowing is awakening, so that the prophets stand for the intuitional faculty that sooner or later must be developed in every one.

Thus we come to the sixth stage, which is indicated by the appearance of John the Baptist. In him we find man coming to so vivid a realization of a power within himself that he instinctively discards much that has been previously felt to be necessary to happiness. He renounces the world and the things thereof. Yet even this is not the highest soul development; and we hear Jesus declaring: "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." What does this mean? Is it not that man at last reaches a plane of consciousness in which he knows himself as Love incarnate—that is, recognizes the inner and outer realms as one? John renounced the outer world that he might know the inner, and that is necessary for a time; but when we have become one with perfect Love we will honor the outer world of activity by revealing love in every thought, word, and act, thus breaking down the wall of partition that has formerly seemed to exist between the ideal world and the world of phenomena; and thus shall we establish that kingdom which is unity, not duality.

The seventh epoch in soul growth we find represented in Jesus, the one who is the first-born of many brethren, and who by rising to the high plane of Love incarnate stands for that day of fulfilment, that sabbath day, which shall be realized when the outer realm is entirely at one with the inner.

Man cannot reach this consciousness of unity at a bound; our whole experience, the world's history, and our sacred writ-

the Garden of Eden we find man responding to the temptations that come to him from without, and we learn that, even when the consciousness has reached the spiritual plane, environment plays its part in man's development; but in the latter case it serves only to draw out the wonderful resources that the loving one has found within himself.

The first temptation that Jesus met was on the physical plane—the sense-nature saying to the spirit within, “If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.” But the temptation was overcome through the realization that real support is found in the spiritual consciousness itself, not in the physical realm.

The second appeal from the outer realm came in the shape of a suggestion that Jesus should use his wonderful powers in order to convince men of his unique character. This, however, would not be a spiritual conquest over men, but simply a winning of their admiration and subservience through man's love of the marvelous; and Jesus realized this and repudiated the suggestion.

The third temptation was that which every great soul meets when he realizes his power over the material and mental realms. The word came to Jesus, when in vision he had been shown all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, “All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” But Jesus put aside the temptation to control the outer world, grounding himself forever in the truth that he could center himself only in Love—not in the outer world of physical and mental forms and forces—if he was to reveal love in all its wholeness and beauty.

One more temptation assailed Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane—that of retaining the bodily form: but that, too, was

every appeal that the outer world can make to man; and when through the various experiences of life the soul realizes at last that real strength is from within, and that the one great work is that of self-revelation, the peace which passeth understanding is its eternal inheritance.

Jesus is thus the summing up of all the soul's experiences in the earth environment, and he stands for the soul triumphant, which is the goal to which we are all to attain.



PEACE to the troubled heart and brain;
 Rest to the ever-questioning mind;
 Hope to the slackened blood
 And freedom to its course.
 Wherefore this aching weariness?
 Surely some hidden glory
 Is its aim!
 Lift, then, the hands to power
 And the heart to praise.
 Be sure, behind the darkness
 Stands a Love
 That will turn your soul
 To morning and your life to day.

ALIDA CHANLER EMMET.



"THERE are laws of the inner life as well as laws of outward nature, and these Jesus seems always striving to set forth. He saw—what a moment's reflection must make clear to us all—that, as human society is constituted, the great natural tie that holds us is the need of each other."



THE affections are richer than money-making, and the truth-seeking capacities and the richest affections are those which bind us consciously to the Infinite. Every kind of life is essentially

THE LAW OF DISCONTENT.

BY MAY MCCOLLUM.

That discontent is an orderly process would be less surprising if we more readily realized the truth that formation is no more a method of development than is disintegration. The diffusion of particles in the latter is but the transmutation of one form of life into another; the inevitable expansion beyond the bounds that are no longer wide enough for its powers—the pressing life-forces in the restricted mold of its outgrown uses. These processes are at all times present in Nature. Forever goes on the breaking up of the old that the newer, larger life may show forth.

Nothing is long cohesive. The conditions of change are bound up in the very nature of the atoms that make the solid whole. This is equally true of the human whole—whether it be nations that, though it take ages, yet dissolve to form other nations, or cities that send out their restless elements into the wilds to make the centers of still other cities, or individuals whose very powers make impossible any lasting satisfaction. Nations feel this force in the never-ceasing flow of the undercurrent in the masses. A chronic dissatisfaction with the purposes, methods, and results coming from those in places of power is found everywhere. Parties rise and fall, policies are upheld only to be overthrown, revolutions and evolutions are but the certain effects of the resistless tendency of national discontent. The differing ideals of the individuals that make up its body gradually solidify in a modified general form, and dis-

but the natural processes that control the trend of events cannot be long delayed by pretenses or conciliatory and partial measures. Not in a decade, nor in a century, perhaps not in many centuries, are evidenced the full results of this all-pervading tendency. Nor is this force exerted only in reforming unsatisfactory surroundings: it is sometimes manifested in simply escaping from them. This is made clear by the ceaseless stream of emigration from nation to nation and from continent to continent; from the undesirable to the desirable, often only from the known and therefore unsatisfactory to the unknown but ever-hoped-for beneficial—a seething tide of humanity surging from place to place, a restless sea of seekers after satisfaction.

But satisfaction is elusive, ever evading all but the most transient grasp. Governmental ideals do not last. No sooner is one nearly realized than another presents itself, beckoning always to higher points, to greater achievements. The few recognize it. The close observers, the broad thinkers of the time, see better possibilities, and, like the dropping of a pebble in water, the greater thought is dropped, and disturbing discontent spreads in ever-widening circles to the nation's circumference.

As in the fermentative processes of Nature the most volatile substances are the first to escape, so in nations in a like effervescence. The most restless, most easily discontented break away from the body politic, escaping to wider opportunities and new activities in helping to create new governments; or, becoming absorbed in one already established, they add fresh elements of life necessary to its growth.

Not only is this the fact with nations: it is also true of sections and localities. The country gives a population that is

a definite good in the larger outlook, the touch of new personalities, the polishing friction of comparing and competing effort. Yet in these cities the real condition is the same. The ferment of discontent still pushes from these centers outward, sending forth their unquiet constituents to pioneer in wild, unsettled regions, to herd cattle on broad ranges, to dig tunnels, build railroads, sink mines, and found cities.

These general conditions of man as a whole are but the larger sign of the tendency of the individual to show in detail, in definite ways, his vital relation to this uniform law of discontent active in all sentient life. Through the necessities of his physical nature, man's first care is material. What he shall eat, what he shall wear, what shelter shall be his—these are questions that the activities of his brain and the skill of his hands must answer. Whatever degree of efficiency in these instruments of his powers he succeeds in gaining, the result of their use must always fall below the standard of his desire. As work progresses he sees a possible larger return for further effort, greater skill, or lengthened time. But the use of one or all of these factors of success fails to bring nearer together the desire and its realization. To his certain disappointment their relative positions ever remain the same. This is often a disturbing mystery, as the reason usually lies deeper than his consciousness, in the instinctive dissatisfaction with any present result, however great. Yet this very dissatisfaction gives the impulse to wider activity, better skill, higher accomplishment.

These impulses have made possible the material progress of the world. They have displaced the primitive home of discomfort and poverty by the cottage and mansion of comfort and wealth; they have lightened drudgery, annihilated distance, made civilization possible.

In the intellectual life the action of this law is still more

a conscious pleasure, giving a sense of mental reach, of enlarged being, but the very act of grasping a truth carries with it the sure perception of related facts or truths before unsuspected, at once lessening the value of the present gain.

However great the good already won in the condition of knowing, the keenness of intellectual delight is not in possession, not in counting treasure gained, nor in brooding over a truth grown familiar. These are but the sources of comparison by which the attained suffers loss of value. Appreciation of an obtained result cannot long yield a satisfying degree of pleasure. Restless indeed is the mind that has once known successful effort. No finished task can give freedom from the pressure of its certain discontent, which ever urges to fresh fields of labor, to higher planes of thought.

Whether it be discoveries of Nature's laws and processes in her inanimate forms, or tracing the tendencies and unfoldment of human life and character in its myriad directions and degrees, or realizing and embodying the beautiful in the upper realm of literature and art, the intellectual life reveals the source of its activities. It is never the attained that satisfies. Always there is the knowledge of the imperfect in the present. Always the magic finger-tips of the ideal touch the eyes to loftier vision, and thrill the heart to win the sacred joy of newly creating the beautiful and the good.

Slowly, perhaps, but surely, does the soul respond to the same vital power in the ethical and spiritual life. The social relation both generates and tests the standard by which are gauged man's acts of duty, justice, and mercy to his brotherman.

In the undeveloped moral character ethical perceptions are dim—the line of demarcation between "thine" and "mine"

tion in permanent selfishness. No more can the heart be content with mere narrow self-seeking; no longer can be ignored the greater good of service. With certainty the inner pressure expands the outer limit; life is broadened, character builded, good diffused.

The subjectivity of the soul-life makes it peculiarly emotional and sensitively responsive to the strongly-held ideal. Its strange variations from almost lethargic quiescence to extreme activity appear mysterious, erratic, lawless; yet this is but superficial seeming caused by its dual character. From its immanent God-quality it *knows* that in reality all is well, and tends to reposeful, brooding dreams; but the limitations of its finite nature and earth-plane development make irrevocable the law of dissatisfaction, struggle, and attainment as a necessity of its unfoldment.

The hour of illumination is one of unspeakable joy, but ingrained in the very constitution of the spiritual nature is the source of the reactive movement that makes its durability impossible. Its radiance but shows more clearly the vantage-ground of greater heights before it, upon which is seen the alluring ideal, inspiring it with glimpses of a brighter light—a higher truth. And again, as ever, the present result but serves irresistibly to impel the soul to renewed activity, to finer endeavor. Not with one vision, however beautiful, may it linger on the foothills of spiritual realization.

The law of discontent is the law of growth; the pressing outward and upward of the infinite, perfective life; the “divine unrest” forever impelling the soul to fulfil the high purpose of its unfolding destiny.



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE SOUL AND ITS ACTIVITIES.

ONE of our subscribers in Hartford, Conn., sends us a courteous letter requesting replies to the following questions. "They have troubled me a good deal," says our correspondent, "and I, and doubtless many others, should be very glad to have your views concerning them." They relate to problems with regard to which there is much difference of opinion, and a wide diversity of application in the use of terms; but we shall endeavor to give herewith the consensus of New Thought teaching upon the queries propounded:

1. Do you consider that T. J. Hudson is right in treating the subconscious mind as the soul?

Mr. Hudson's definition is inaccurate only in the sense that it is inadequate. While the subconscious mind and the soul are of the same substance, yet they have not a common origin. The former is an *outgrowth* of the latter. The soul is antecedent to and creative of the mind. It is the real spiritual *man*, the "temple of the living God," and the mind is its instrument. The soul is endowed with pure intelligence, the activity of which is *thought*—the great function of the mind. It is only thus that the two entities may be regarded as one and inseparable. Yet, while the soul

usually dominant. The outer consciousness, or sense life, is the product of evolution; the subjective consciousness is the result of the involution of the soul; the soul is the spiritual ego.

2. Do you believe that there are two expressions—physical and psychical—of the self?

Not of the higher self. The physical expresses the psychical, and the psychical *ought to* express the spiritual. It is because innocence in the soul realm is as effective an obstacle to growth as ignorance is found to be on the lower plane that experience is necessary to *progress*—the stages of which may be denominated as follows: (1) experience, (2) knowledge, (3) wisdom, (4) happiness. Experience is the base and happiness is the apex of the pyramid of life. But *all* expression is the result of *mental* action. "Of the soul the body form doth take" is a loose statement. The soul is the higher self, but the human personality is unfortunately not often an index to its divine potentialities. The abuse, or misuse, of our free agency as thinking beings may nullify the best efforts of the spiritual ego to express itself in the flesh; and even the psychical man may be darkened and temporarily warped out of all semblance to the antitype in creative Mind while the inquisitive spiritual babe is learning that it is the nature of fire to burn. But when evolution shall have completed its perfect work there will be, not two, but *one* "expression of the self," recognizable on all planes of being.

3. What relation do you consider the psychical self holds to the physical; and do you regard the psychical as the form of the next life?

We are spiritual beings, living in a spiritual universe. The individual represents organized or differentiated Spirit. He is a

and directs its so-called involuntary or automatic functions. It has qualities that correspond to all the senses of the outer man. It is the astral, or "double," that informs and overshadows the personality, and by an act of will on the part of a psychic adept, or of ordinary persons under the stress of great excitement, may be projected to a remote distance from its fleshly tabernacle. At dissolution the soul finds itself still embodied though no longer incarnated. Though unmasked, it is yet personalized; for the psychical body is of a fiber so refined as to defy the law of material decay. For this reason it is more responsive to the action of the mind than the physical body ever is; hence, its "form" is likewise a more accurate reflection of the real *mental* quality of the individual. If the earth-life has been lived in conformity with law, the psychical shape will portray ideal beauty, harmony, and radiance; if degraded to sordid and sinful ends, the repulsive entities we find embodied on earth suggest the astral results. It is on that ethereal plane that the Biblical statement, "as he thinketh in his heart so is he," is most true.

4. Do you consider that the soul holds the same relation to the physical as to the psychical body?

Ultimately, yes; but at the present stage of evolution the soul can affect the physical organism only indirectly. It acts directly upon the *psychical* body, through the mind, and thus may reach the physical. When the mental conditions are favorable, it may through this channel permeate every atom of the body. It is by such means alone that permanent *healing* can be effected. The

SCIENCE AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Religious journals are disposed at the present time to emphasize the recent utterances of Prof. George F. Wright, of Oberlin College, bearing upon certain disputed points in Old Testament history. Prof. Wright tells us that he has found that the going back of the waters of the Red Sea is a phenomenon that has been observed by modern travelers, and is due to a strong east wind; so that it was merely an ordinary event that permitted the Israelities to pass over dry shod, and in turn submerged the pursuing Egyptians. He finds that Lot's wife was overtaken by a saline eruption, and that the flood was a natural geological occurrence.

These statements are supposed in certain quarters to corroborate the teachings of the Old Testament, and to serve as a basis for the removal of the doubts that have always existed in regard to the authenticity of these narratives. To the wayfaring man, however, they have little or no bearing upon the perplexities of the skeptical. No one finds difficulty in believing that there was a flood, or that volcanic eruptions destroyed life in the earliest times, or that the sea might sometimes be overmastered by the wind and driven out of its bed. The difficulties lie in another direction. If one reads the stories to which reference has been made he will find that the purpose of the writers is to teach that *Moses with his rod* rolled back the waves; that Lot's wife was submerged by a specific providential act; and that the flood came, not in the natural order of events, but because the race was wicked. And it is upon this interpretation that orthodox teachers have insisted as a test of one's allegiance to Biblical truths.

Prof. Wright has, therefore, accomplished nothing in the way of clearing the air by his researches, valuable as they may be.

There are three possible solutions to one who faces such problems as these. Either God manifested himself by special miraculous acts in connection with the early history of the Hebrews. Or

hypothesis mentioned that has caused the trouble, and it is the second hypothesis that appeals to thinking men to-day.

In an age of ignorance and superstition, when the thunder was the voice of Jehovah, the lightning the flash of His eye, and a volcano the smoking of a mountain touched by His finger, it is little wonder that the supernatural played a large part in the Old Testament writings. Perhaps the wonder is that they did not contain more. If one who believed thoroughly in the providential guidance of the destiny of the United States should write a history of our civil war, he might easily fill his pages with the supernatural. A rainstorm that delayed a battle would be a special act of Providence; a camp fever would be a plague to punish the sins of the people; and what we commonly call "strategy" would be due to the fact that "the Lord spake unto" our victorious generals.

Let us, then, call science to our aid to eliminate all the supernatural we can, and then remember that the Old Testament writers shared the notions of the times in which they lived. Their code of ethics was wonderful for those times, but vastly inferior to our own. What they wrote was true in the highest and best sense. They made mistakes and they had their shortcomings, but their like has not been found in ancient literature.

If the modern theologian would stamp his *imprimatur* on such interpretations as these, there would soon be an end of perplexing discussion. The stories of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, of the slaughter of innocent children, and the utterance of the imprecatory Psalms would not be difficult to believe if told in connection with men of like passions with ourselves. The Old Testament would cease to be a mysterious and perplexing volume, and take its rightful place in the literature of the world.

JAMES S. STEVENS.*



N. Y. BRANCH OF UPLAND FARMS SCHOOL.

An association has been formed in New York, with headquarters at No. 327 West Fifty-sixth Street, to continue throughout the winter the work so successfully begun this summer at Upland Farms, Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Classes in Mental Science and kindred subjects will be held from time to time by different teachers, and occasional public lectures will be given by recognized leaders of the New Thought movement of which due notice will be sent to all members.

Social gatherings at stated intervals, with music, will be an interesting feature of the new society.

The rooms will be open daily for the convenience of members and visitors. Those from a distance will be made especially welcome, and information concerning the work and progress of the new teaching will be cheerfully furnished to inquirers.

There will be a well-stocked free reading-room for the accommodation of those wishing to keep in touch with the periodical literature of the movement, and members will also have access to the Metaphysical Circulating Library at 571 Fifth Avenue.

A resident mental healer will be in attendance at all times.

The general affairs of the organization will be managed by an advisory board, to be elected annually by the members.

It has been decided to make the initiation fee optional as to the amount. No arbitrary or fixed sum will be asked from any member, though generous subscriptions are invited from all interested in the movement who wish to join this branch, affiliation with which includes membership in the Upland Farms school. All funds will be used to meet the necessary expenses of the new society and to further the interests of the parent school, as it is not intended to make the new association a merely local affair but to extend its work and influence wherever possible throughout the country. It is hoped however that it will become a prominent

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

AN IDEAL CHILD TRAINER.

In every family there ought to be somebody who would be a child with the children—a kind, wise, jolly “grown-up” somebody who would love the children and do for them for love’s sake; somebody who could tell stories, romp, answer questions, and yet be the sum of executive power as well. The day of the colored “mammy” is past, though often the Southern eye kindles and the voice grows tender when recalling the days when “mammy” ruled—which tells how potent a personage she must have been. The day of the old-fashioned grandmother seems also one of memory’s dreams. Where, then, and how, shall we serve the children of to-day with this peculiar comradeship, which their natures need and their hearts demand?

The bedtime chat can hardly be supplied by the busy mother of these “club” days, nor yet by the grandmother, who also has social and literary duties, nor by the “French maid” (God forbid!), nor by the Topsy-like nurse-girl, who spends sunny hours wheeling the baby-carriage or chatting contentedly with her friends while Harry and Madge wander at their own sweet will. Who, then, can fill this most important position as story-teller extraordinary and instructor-in-general to the small heirs of the household? Perhaps some silver-haired, sweet-faced “auntie,” who has given up the possibility of children of her own and pours

They may not know it, but this very firmness on her part makes her leniency more precious. They learn to understand her for what she is—the embodiment of love and justice; and justice they admire and respect.

There is no danger of jealousy when Aunt Mary is administrator of affairs; for each child knows that at all times she is just to the fraction of a hair, and that love tempers all just decrees. To their minds no one can tell such wonderful stories, or be so patient in answering questions, or know so many true things as Aunt Mary. She is the oracle that never fails. If Aunt Mary says so it is true. No questions need be asked. What Aunt Mary does not know is not worth knowing. She can tell where the honey comes from, how it is made, and all about the cunning houses of the busy bees; she knows just how cheese is made, where the cocoanut comes from, and about the dishes, carpets, and everything that makes the house comfortable or beautiful.

And then Aunt Mary is so excellent a story-teller! She knows how to begin, and how to tell things that are true from things that are untrue. She knows just when to stop. Really, the greatest delight of the day is story-hour, when Aunt Mary can and does give herself wholly to the nursery.

All this and much more is eloquently told by the four happy children whose young lives are spent in the sunshine of Aunt Mary's presence. And I saw her—this aunt—when she was spending her vacation away from her proteges for a little time. She was charming: bright, vivacious, jolly, with pink cheeks and white hair—the very type of a good story-teller. And no wonder she could tell stories! Not a thing escaped her bright, bird-like eyes. Not an item of the environment, in the beautiful country round about, but was properly related and classified in that wonderful mind of hers, which in due season would marshal forth every fact in parade uniform for the benefit of those four irrepressibles who were looking eagerly for her return.

New things to tell? Why, she was always looking for new aspects and new combinations of old facts; so, how could she help being troubled with something new that itched to be told?

cheery temperament naturally—one that overflowed with warm sympathies. This alone would make children love her. And she had through long years, I fancy, cultivated the habit of *forgetting herself*; and this was the secret of her charm. She evidently enjoyed the best of health, and to *live* was a joyous delight that imparted itself to others. I could not imagine her morbidly bemoaning any situation. She would throw off every cloud with her buoyancy, her cheeriness, and large sympathies. What an ideal for childhood to imitate! No wonder the children adored her! They would rarely have to be disciplined if Aunt Mary could be umpire of all disputes. I could see that; for with her genial presence there seemed always a sphere of sunshine that every child felt instinctively.

We were speaking one day of the different dispositions of children in the same family. “*My four are very diverse in their temperaments,*” said Aunt Mary, “but I manage to keep them all happy. There isn’t much to it; just say the thing in the right way, and you can reach any child, although the way may be different with each one. With Harry I coax, with John I insist—but only once, now that he has learned to respect the law. Mabel only needs to understand the right of a question, while Edith must know all about it. When she is convinced of the important consequences of her action regarding it, she will adjust herself promptly on the right side.”

“It takes tact and patience, does it not?” I asked.

“That is true. Many a disposition is ruined for lack of one or both.”

“What would you do with a child who never behaves well before company?”

“Certainly not notice his delinquency at the time. That would be fatal, because it would only increase his malady.”

“Which is——”

“Self-consciousness. In some way I should say that child had been made to suffer for something in the presence of others.

"Then as little self-consciousness as possible is your aim?"

"Yes; and this means many interests, diversity of knowledge, and great sympathies."

"I think children could be taught most important lessons through pets," I ventured.

"They can. There is truly nothing equal to life and living things by which to come in touch with all phases of Nature and kinds of knowledge. A child that cannot have something *alive* to love, pet, and care for is cheated, I think. I insist on having animals for them. Harry has a white rat and two kittens. John has pigeons and a dog. Mabel and Edith have the birds and a kitten each. Many a fine lesson have we had, as well as a great deal of experience, with all that it brings of charity, sympathy, kindness, and selfless service. Oh, no," continued Aunt Mary, "we could not dispense with the pets in the household. This is the best way to teach Mr. Angel's lesson of prevention of cruelty to animals. Once awakened *love* for the dumb creatures in a boy's heart and he will never beat or mistreat an animal when he is grown."

"How about shooting for sport, or wearing birds' wings, or aigrets?" I asked.

A cloud passed over the cheery face. Aunt Mary shrugged her shoulders, as she said: "That depends largely—I may say almost *wholly*—on the mothers and fathers. As long as shooting for sport is looked upon with lenience or indulged in by the parents, what can we expect? It places one like me in a delicate position; for, although fortunately my children's mother is on the right side of this question herself, what if she were not? Could I say anything about wearing aigrets or wings that would be effective without reflecting on not only her intelligence but her humane feelings? No; but I am glad to say there is an increasing sentiment for kindness to animals springing up everywhere."

I was glad to hear it, though there is great need—greater, perhaps, than many are aware of.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Fire! fire! upon the maple bough
 The red flames of the frost!
 Fire! fire! by burning woodbine, see,
 The cottage roof is crossed!
 The hills are hid by smoky haze!
 Look! how the roadside sumacs blaze!
 And on the withered grass below
 The fallen leaves like bonfires glow!

"Come, let us hasten to the woods,
 Before the sight is lost!
 For few and brief the days when burn
 The red fires of the frost.
 When loud and rude the north wind blows,
 The ruddy splendor quickly goes.
 But now—hurrah! those days are here,
 The best and loveliest of the year."

—*Marian Douglass.*

"Of one thing we may be certain—that He who turns the world upon its axis so as to cause the changes of the seasons meant us to receive some new happiness from every one of them. 'He hath made everything beautiful in its time;' and, if we were but as grateful as He is good, how would the seasons, one and all, ring with the hymns of thanksgiving!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

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 THE CANARY'S CHUM.

Jimcrack was a beautiful and very aristocratic canary. His family for many generations had been among the most noted singers in the great bird conservatory in the Harz Mountains in Germany. Little Jimcrack could not speak the German language, but he could sing superbly. His fine voice was the result of education; and he had to spend some months at school, just

first at the other birdies and then at the teacher, whose feathers were of a dark, glossy green and who had a beautiful song.

For the first day at school the poor little fellow was dreadfully homesick. He had never been away from his mama before; and, as she was not allowed to go to school with him, he could not snuggle down under her wing, as he had done so many times. He peep-peeped in vain for her. After trying vainly to comfort the little birdling in a very gentle voice, his teacher began to sing a pretty little song; I think it must have been a lullaby. It was so beautiful that all the little birdies forgot to be homesick, and listened until it was time to close their sleepy eyes for the night.

Several days were passed in listening to the teacher; and then, one after another, the little fellows tried to imitate him. First there was a twitter, then came one note, and then another, until finally they found they could sing all of the song. One day some people came into the room, and kept very still and listened to the singing; and then they took some of the pupils away, because, they said, these birdies had imperfect voices and did not sing in tune. Jimcrack wondered what that all meant.

Some days later these same visitors came in again, and after listening a while said that Jim could be promoted to a higher class. So he was taken to the high school, or it may have been a college; at any rate, he was placed in the care of the leading teacher, the star of the mountain conservatory, to remain with him until he should be considered thoroughly educated, when he would be sent out into the world to be sold to some one who would love and care tenderly for him.

One day Jim and a large number of other finished singers were taken from the conservatory where they had been so happy together, and were placed in such tiny, funny little wooden cages, in which they could hardly turn around. The cages were piled on a wagon, which took them to a train. This latter was so noisy

many people came to see them and hear them sing. One day a lady stopped in front of Jim's cage and listened to his singing; and she was so pleased with his beauty and his lovely song that when she left the store she took him with her. When she reached her home Jim was hung right in front of a big sunny window. This nice place was such a contrast to the rather dark, crowded shop that he kept very still for a while, and studied his new surroundings. In a few days, however, he felt perfectly at home, and was as happy as he could be, singing merrily from morn till night. Before leaving the store, his mistress had had him placed in a large, roomy, gilt cage, which, besides three perches, possessed a lovely swing. Now, Jim liked to swing as well as little boys and girls do. How he did make that swing go! And the faster he swung the louder he sang. He very soon overcame his fear of his new mistress, and would pick bits of sugar from her finger-tip as she held it between the bars of his cage; and finally he became so tame that he would sit on her finger while she talked to him. Of course, he could not understand what she said, but his instinct assured him that she loved him. His mistress called him "Jimcrack," or "Jim," for short; and he soon learned to respond to the name.

Jim was rather untidy about his house, so his mistress arranged a dainty white drapery around his cage and drew it together under the bottom, where it was tied with a nice big bow of red ribbon.

Jim was really a very clean bird, even though he did scatter his seed about in a somewhat untidy fashion; and he did not feel quite comfortable until his little face and body and feet had been thoroughly bathed. How he did spatter the water! For he loved to play in his bath just as children do.

One morning, as his mistress was tidying up his cage for the day, she discovered that he had had a visit from a mouse during the night. She was frightened at first, fearing that the mouse

scurry across the hardwood floor, and she saw a tiny brown mouse at the foot of the lace curtain that hung near Jim's cage; for at night she always swung it away from the window at birdie's bedtime.

"So you are the intruder, little black eyes, are you?" she thought, as she watched the little fellow. She kept perfectly quiet, wondering how he would reach the cage. She had not long to wait before she saw him jump on to the curtain and run quickly up toward the cage, stopping once about half-way to listen and see if it were safe to go on. He halted just opposite the middle of the cage, where the drapery began, but it was some inches away from the window curtain.

"You cannot get across there, little mousie," the lady thought as she watched him; but she was mistaken, for little brownie had been there before, and was not dismayed at this difficulty. Securely fastening his hind feet in the meshes of the lace curtain, he sprang out toward the drapery of the cage, dragging the curtain with him. He did not quite reach it the first time, but he was not discouraged as easily as some little boys and girls are when they cannot do what they want to, for he did not give it up, but tried again and again. At length, after many failures, he caught one fore foot in the drapery. He soon fastened the other fore foot in, and then began the task of loosening his hind feet; and after several efforts this was accomplished. In the meantime little Jim was getting such a jouncing! But he was evidently used to it, for he showed no fear of his would-be visitor, and sat on his perch contentedly watching mousie. As soon as the little visitor's feet were free, he ran quickly up to the top of the drapery and dropped down inside it on to the outer rim of the cage, and began to pick up the seeds that Jim had so extravagantly scattered out through the bars. As soon as he had eaten all he wanted, he left the cage in the same manner as he had gotten there, and ran down the curtain and home to his own little bed for the night.

NETTIE DAVIS COLE.

WHICH IS BETTER?

Unrest and turmoil,	Banish all sadness;
Change, struggle, strife,	Pleasure is rife;
And wearying toil	Hearts thrill with gladness—
Sum up this life!	Joyous is life!

FANNY L. FANCHER.



PHILOSOPHY FOR CHILDREN.

(V.)

The secret of right living, good influence, success, is early to learn self-control. One cannot begin too young. If we control our passions we will not lose health, friends, or opportunity in vain anger, fear, grief, or hatred.

Self-control would empty all the prisons, reform schools, and half the hospitals. Universal self-control would set the whole world forward at a bound. If we control our minds we can use them wholly for growth; we can direct them to that which is real and elevating, and hold them there so that they will not be drawn on to every side-track.

If we control our bodies we can make them our servants instead of our masters. You may say, "Why, I *am* my body!" No, you are the soul; and the body should serve the soul. Thus the body should never receive unhealthful food or drink—never carry useless or disfiguring clothing, nor live in surroundings or with companions that corrupt.

Then would we be ready to make the most of our opportunities, and turn things to our advantage instead of allowing them to turn us. Then the play of children and their associations with one another would be all pleasure. Now it is more than

THE BUBBLE.

One time there was a fairy,
Who built a palace fair.
'Twas rounder than the harvest moon
And almost clear as air.

The moonlight gave it silver,
The sunshine gave it gold;
Its hangings all were rainbow-hued,
Its price worth sums untold.

And pictures fresh and glowing
Hung round its ceiling bright,
While a star in its arched roof
Poured down its liquid light.

The fairy ne'er could enter,
For entrance none was there;
And when she broke its crystal wall
It melted into air!

ANNA L. SLINGERLAND.



GRIEF is sorest when it brings to mind
Bitter memories for the heart's regretting—
Times when we were selfish or unkind,
Time when all the wrong was in forgetting.

Let us do our duty every day;
Gladness then will certainly be sweeter,
Sorrow will the sooner pass away.

—Mary E. Bradley.



A PICKED-UP FAMILY.

It was quite an exciting day for the little town of Elmore—the county seat of one of Iowa's prosperous counties. To be sure it was in the busy time of harvest; but that "carload of little waifs" from the slums of the metropolis, New York City, seemed to justify a day's "lay-off," and the town was swarming with farmers and their families, eager to see them.

It was a sight curious and pitiful—those fifty little boys and girls picked up from the crowded, filthy alleys of a great city and literally without parents or friends to care for them. To be sure, they looked quite neat and well cared for to-day; but this was because of the kindness of one of those humane societies that are trying to find homes and friends for this sorry class among the kind and well-to-do farmers of the great West.

The ladies of the different churches of Elmore had clubbed together and given them a fine dinner, such as they had never tasted before; and then, after washing their faces and hands and smoothing their locks, they marched to the town hall, where the crowd was gathered to see them and "pick them over."

Mr. and Mrs. Birney, who had them in charge, had taught them several bright songs, some written especially for them; and, as they stood upon the platform and in sweet chorus asked for the "home doors to swing on their hinges and let them in," few eyes were dry and few hearts untouched.

Then the earnest appeal of Mr. Birney to help these unfortunates to make useful men and women but deepened their feelings, until every one was scanning the children with more than idle curiosity.

Among those most moved to give substantial help were plain farmer Kasson and his wife. Blessed with no children of their own, they had not, like so many others, stifled love and lost themselves in money-making for no one but themselves; for, about

"Oh, that sweet little fellow there with such bright eyes and curly hair—*he's* the one we want!" whispered Mrs. Kasson, eagerly pointing to one of the children.

"We wanted him, too," remarked a lady standing by, "an' so did some others. He was caught up quick."

"Well, are *all* the boys taken?" anxiously asked Mrs. Kasson.

"Pretty much, I reckon—jes' a few left no one 'ud care for."

As the people gathered about the platform to make their selections and "seal their bargains," the scene was not a little pathetic and exciting. A strange, inexpressible joy lit up the faces of those who had been "taken," but those not so fortunate wore a look of chagrin and disappointment; and one little red-headed, freckle-faced lad of about seven years was sobbing pitifully.

"Why, what's the matter with you, my little fellow?" asked motherly Mrs. Kasson, as she came to his side.

"No one wants me," he broke out, with heart-touching earnestness, and added, as Mrs. Kasson's hand kindly smoothed his bright locks, "they say I'm so hum'ly!" And then came a deeper sob that went straight to the hearts of good farmer Kasson and his wife; and "looks" went for naught with that aching, orphaned heart beneath them.

"Well, I guess you must be the little boy the good Lord sent us here to get. How would you like to live with us on a big farm where there are lots of cows and pigs and horses?"

A pair of tearful but frank blue eyes looked quick, responsive love into the tender face bent over the truly plain-looking little waif, and one hand slid confidently into Mrs. Kasson's and the other into farmer Kasson's. That settled the matter; and "Willie"—he "didn't know if he had any other name"—was soon driving to his new home, happy as a king. As he ate from the generous bags of popcorn and candy, he replied to the many questions his kind friends asked about his former home in the city.

"Never had no home, nor folks," answered Willie, with a trustful look that gave a hint of beauty to the wizened, freckled face. Indeed, so completely had the little waif made a place for

were almost surprised when their daughter Rachel asked, as they presented him to her, "Was *he* the prettiest you could get?" The whole neighborhood thought the same too. But Willie soon gave them all other things to think and talk about than his unfortunate features; for he was so happy and full of life and so bright in his studies. Then, one of his teachers discovered his sweet voice and rare musical talent, and Willie was soon the loved little musician of the neighborhood.

It is hard to find just where to cut short this story, for it is, I am glad to tell you, a true one; and Willie is now almost a man—a credit and comfort to his foster-parents.

But I must tell you that when Willie was about ten years old the wise and loving Mr. and Mrs. Kasson adopted for his companionship a little lad named Howard, and two happier brothers could not have been found.

A few years later an orphaned youth, several years older than Willie or Howard,—one who had been unwisely placed in the neighborhood,—was given a temporary home under this hospitable roof; and the harmonious relations and stirring prosperity of this "picked-up family" were the remark and admiration of all.

ESTELLE MENDELL AMORY.



TO A MUSIC PUPIL.

'Tis a science divine you're pursuing;
 Few master, alas! few excel.
 While harmonics you strive in accruing,
 True harmony make where you dwell.

FANNY L. FANCHER.



FOR, of the soul, the body form doth take;
 For soul is form, and doth the body make.

—Edmund Spenser.



REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE THRONE OF EDEN. By W. J. Colville. 468 pp. Cloth, \$1.00.
The Banner of Light Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

This extraordinary novel, from the prolific pen of one of this month's contributors to MIND, is a curious blending of occult science and mental philosophy, with interesting descriptions of life in Australia and New Zealand. The characters are vividly drawn, and the tale is interspersed with reports of lectures on a variety of metaphysical topics. A unique feature of the work is the insight given into the workings of a mystic confraternity that seems to employ ancient Greek philosophy and practise in a plan of community life that insures health, happiness, and prosperity to all its members. Some of the accounts of psychic healing recorded are phenomenal. Many sufferers from certain "incurable" diseases are healed through the agency of the Greek hierophant, who combines the attributes of Apollo with those of Hercules. Distinguished women figure prominently in the scene, which is laid first in Australia, then in Ceylon, and finally in England. Even the minor characters participate to some extent in the work of the mysterious brotherhood. While the novel has many romantic elements, it contains much practical teaching on sanitary science and gives detailed accounts of social and economic conditions in New Zealand. A voyage through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal is interestingly described, and many valuable hints are furnished to intending travelers. The story is well worth reading, and deserves a wide circulation.

SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL ATTRACTION. By Eugene Del Mar.
80 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Published by the author, Denver, Col.

The sub-title of this work is "A Conception of Unity," and it supplies a place in the literature of the New Metaphysics that has not hitherto been adequately filled—a synthesis of the material proofs of the action of spiritual law. Transcendentalism is no longer a characteristic element of the New Thought. The crucial question, "Is it practical?" has been asked with a per-

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theorists of the movement. Yet, if its principles are sound, no aspect of the teaching should be more susceptible of easy demonstration than its responsiveness to the demands of common sense and concrete utility. That this is inevitable from the *unitary* nature of the new-old philosophy, Mr. Del Mar ably shows. The effect, though not the purpose, of his book is to call a halt in the growing tendency to belittle the importance of that school-house of the soul, the earth; for the laws of being are as potent and as obvious here as in the higher spiritual realms, and to recognize and prove their action on the purely physical plane is to rob the "materialist" of much of his boasted logic. The volume is a marvel of condensation—perhaps criticizable for its excess of "boiled down" virtue; for the average writer would have made a much larger book out of the same intellectual substance. Yet the philosophy, from premise to conclusion, is sound, comprehensive, and lucid.

J. E. M.



OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HYMNS OF THE FAITH (DHAMMAPADA). Translated from the Pâli by Albert J. Edmunds. 106 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

HEART BEATS OF HUMANITY. Poems. By Russ H. Gilbert. (Paging omitted.) Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Weymouth Center, Mass.

ONE FREE LIFE AT A TIME. By C. A. Strickland. 153 pages. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A SYNTHESIS OF NEW THOUGHT. By L. Emerick. 32 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, Jacksonville, Ill.

THE RESURRECTION OF ADAM. By Mabel Gifford. 13 pp. Paper, 15 cents. Occult Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

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THE WORLD - MESSAGE.

BY STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

The memory of that Syrian land comes to me as of a far-off dream world floating somewhere on the horizon of my thoughts—a mirage faintly bathed in purple and gold. As the traveler first steps on that shore he seems on the instant to sever association with the present and to recede as by magic into the remote past. The land lies under an enchantment, and all the men and women appear spectral and shadowy and pass like figures in a dream.

There was upon a time there a burst of splendor as of an eruption, whereof the particles floated throughout the atmosphere of the world and hang suspended still, giving us a certain faint and spiritual glow by which we see things by another, more rosy light. I am reminded that in our commonest acts we are lighted by no earthly light but by the radiance of other worlds. But the land itself was, as it were, burned up by that fiery upheaval, and there is left for its portion only a scarred and desolate grandeur. There broods over Palestine the spirit of a transcendent dream, and the land is hushed as by the memory of a divine event—struck dumb by the power of that message which came out of the heavens.

And though to-day I penetrate the remote wilderness of the

as this, which passeth understanding—how the countless hosts to be born in the following centuries were yet to feel the effect of that supernal light, to read by it in their sane and uplifted moments, and to feel somehow they must cover their eyes if they would do anything unworthy themselves and their divine estate.

Yet the simple fact as it appeals to the rational consciousness was the appearance of a man gifted with a perception of the Soul; a man of heart and vision, who saw that Love was the substance of life—was life itself. The world attributes that almost inconceivable influence to the man, but it is to be explained only by the force of the *message*. He spoke so true that, however the lips may deny, the hearts of men will *not* gainsay. It is we who spoke there as well—thou and I. It was the impersonal voice of Love speaking ever to the world, as constant as the surf on the shore. When the wind is our way we hear it. If a man arrogate to himself some privilege and deny it to other men, I do not applaud him. But let him speak of universal prerogatives and I listen. It is for this we heed that poet-prophet of Nazareth—though we would fain believe it is for some other reason. If Jesus did not speak for thee and for me, did not believe equally for us and for the last man on earth, what he so confidently asserted for himself—then it was nothing.

I also am the Life and the Resurrection. It is the deathless, omniscient Soul in me that was in him and is in thee. How readily the world accepts what Jesus said of himself, while it refuses to share in the assertion! He spoke of the One, which we see through the mist of illusion. He identified himself with the One, while we associate ourselves with the mist. What you are willing to believe for that divine man believe equally for yourself. for divinity sleeps in us all. I do

pany of the world one man was awake, and so we are content to sleep on. But his affair was to awaken the sleepers; for as soon as a man takes his hands from his eyes and sees the light of day he must set about bringing others into the sunshine of life. How shall he do this until they also have removed their hands from *their* eyes?

The philosophy of Jesus had all been set forth, and far more elaborately, in the monistic philosophy of the Upanishads. He asserted nothing with reference to the nature of man that had not long been preached and practised in India. And, as for that, throughout the Psalms of David runs this same golden thread—for the “Lord” of the Psalms is the “Self” of the Upanishads. “Be still, and know that I am God,” was spoken from the Soul to the bewildered consciousness even from the foundation of the world. It was an Oriental point of view, and Jesus was eminently an Oriental. Witness his lofty disdain of the world and of the life of externals. It was for the *love* in this man’s message, the transcendent love of God as expressed in his love of men, that the West has sat all these centuries at the feet of Palestine rather than of India. This was the lack in Indian thought. “Thou shalt *realize* thy freedom” was the message of India. But that we should help another to free himself was the message of Jesus. This rings true with us where the other falls somewhat cold on our ears. There is that in us which subscribes to this, however we may belie it in our daily life. And yet we must recognize that until a man has gained wisdom of himself he can in no wise instruct another. Only the free can point the way to freedom. It is for lack of this recognition we have so many blind leaders. The day is coming when we shall do this man justice: when we shall see that in place of “dying to save us”—whatever that may mean—he *lived* to minister unto men by force of his love and

lasting life in which this little experience of the world is but an incident: we would content ourselves with dreaming all our days.

The nature of that life of which he spoke is pure love; and whenever here we are irradiated for any time, however short, with love and compassion, we awake as it were into that life and find ourselves in that subjective kingdom of heaven. That we might *stay* awake a little while! There is so much talk of a little sleep to come! It is not sleep we need, but to arise from our dreams. We are already hypnotized. Every man born into the world is on the instant and from that time forth hypnotized by the deception of the senses, by the force of tradition, by his own selfishness. The prophets and seers have been those who have sought to *dehypnotize* us.

Let us come to the facts. What concern have I with the future? 'Tis paltry and mean to be so anxious to save my skin. But to feel that for one day—this day—I have completely surrendered myself to a life of wholeness and sweetness and compassion—that were worth while. A little love sweetens life so; a little charity of thought is so fair an oasis in the worldly desert! Could all men together so feel for one day, the desert would blossom though it were midwinter. What are all our philosophic speculations as compared with this—that we should have charity of thought? Be good to the poor? Aye, but be good to the rich. Do not suppose that money takes the place of love. The poor in love are the afflicted of the world: of all desolate sights—a loveless life! What can money do for them?

There is one nature common to us all. We see by one

you had but grudging toil. Let no appearances deceive you—there is a good heart in man; yet with what measure we mete to the ignorant it shall be meted to us again. Or why must I consider my employer an ogre, and not see that he also is a man sensible to good will and faithful service? Sad it is that Capital and Labor must ever see-saw and grimace on this log of selfishness. If you are hard-eyed to the world it will look hard-eyed at you. The wise smile at political economies and treatises on morals and ethics. 'Tis the practical culture of the humanities we need—more love in the heart. Teach me kindly interest in my fellows; imbue my character with this, and you have given me a foundation that will stand.

It is something, to be sure, to be charitable with our money; but far greater is charity of *thought*. We have not buried the hatchet until we have so ordered our thinking. Why indeed am I in such haste to condemn this man and that? Were I in another's shoes perchance I would do no better. And could he assume my point of view, doubtless he would mend his ways. It is plain enough in the narrow village life that, let the boy or girl go astray, and there are few thoughts sent out to uplift; but there is directed against them a whole battery of mental censure—as if it were not enough that they should fall, but they must be held down!

We do not yet recognize the power of thought—there's the rub. We believe in wireless telegraphy, but not yet in telepathy. Well, one is no more astonishing than the other, and both are facts. What odds is it if I send congratulations to the king by wireless telegraph, but a steady flow of criticism and unkindness to my neighbor by telepathy? Let us put away our money for a day and institute a course in charitable thinking, that we may arrive at the root of charity.

Love, then, was the burden of that world-message which came out of Palestine: and this has in a degree appealed to us

that we have utterly failed to grasp—and this because we *are* of the West. It would be obvious to the Oriental mind that religion with Jesus was wholly a matter of *realization*, and not at all a question of creeds or dogmas. He *realized* where we dogmatize, and from that realization derived his immense powers—powers that are latent in Man and await recognition. To realize the Absolute and Unconditioned in place of the apparent and phenomenal has ever been the Oriental concept of religion—and this was the religion of Jesus. Why talk of “miracles,” or of a supernatural, when we have only explored the very outskirts of that which we designate as “natural”? Give us a little realization of the Soul’s estate and we shall ourselves perform miracles every one. I perceive that the *natural* world is very elastic, and that it expands with our growing ideas and already includes much that was formerly classed as supernatural.

In all times Idealism has been the hope of the world. There has lived no greater idealist than this Galilean. There has been preached no purer idealism than he proclaimed. The kingdom of heaven is within, within, within—it was a message of transcendent Idealism. Mark how he ever associated morals and health—the cause and the result. His philosophy bore fruit always. He healed the sick—so practical was that idealism by which he lived.

Pray, what fruit does our theology bear; what sick are healed, what lepers cleansed? So long as we divorce morals and health, thought and its consequence, we are unable to see any cause for our afflictions. But once let us return to that spiritual point of view, and, behold!—the cause and the remedy.

Jesus took his departure from within—never from without; and his outward life was thus suffused by that inner Light

ment of that world-message which from time immemorial has been so misconstrued, and which in brief is this: *Realize* thy oneness with God—with the Eternal, here and now—and express to the utmost and to all men the love that is in thee. And the renunciation that Jesus taught as the way of life was but the natural corollary to this. I must perforce renounce selfishness as I see the wisdom and beauty of unselfishness: I let go of the seeming as I approach the Real.

And what of the resurrection? It is superstition, merely, we have been listening to. The significance of any resurrection is that I shall rise from the grave of a besotted consciousness, illumined and transfigured by a new and better state of mind. No grave save this has held me, or ever shall indeed. Life is itself a death. I die constantly that I may have life, and the whole process is a resurrection. The trailing Christmas green affords a good analogy in Nature to the course of spiritual evolution, for while it grows and advances in one direction it dies and recedes in the other. I take the self-reliant spider evolving from itself the thread on which its life hangs to be typical of the estate of man, who is to evolve from within that thread of wisdom on which he shall swing free at last.

I ask myself, When shall I come to live the divine life—when have done with postponing, temporizing, compromising? So much theory, so little practise! Yet must I speak for the Soul—must sing the song of the Soul. What else? I will not hear of one Messiah, but of countless Messiahs. In us every one a savior shall be born of love and wisdom. Surely it is not so much our concern how long we may live as *how* we shall live. Above all, let us live well, as becomes men, amply nourished from the abundant source of Truth. If your life is sweet and sound and wholesome, then I say—long life to you! “Thus deeply and greatly have I loved”—in this shall be thy

that day I shall be at peace. To gain this I must die to many things and arise a new man.

Life, then, is a continual resurrection. My graves are scattered far and wide over the earth. Lo! I am crucified, and thou. Tell me, hast thou arisen from no tomb? But what of that ultimate resurrection when this garment of flesh shall be laid aside? Consider the mockery of these empty tombs. When I plant a bulb I do not weep, knowing that for my bulb I shall presently have a lily. What if I should refuse to plant the seed—what if I will not part with my bulb? My sowing is an act of faith. Ah, let us increase the measure of our faith. These whom we know here are not so much men and women as mere seed from which are to spring the true men and women.

Reflect in the graveyard—what if our consideration for the living were in any way commensurate with our respect for the dead? From the inscriptions it would appear the departed were men of many virtues; but their neighbors had for them mostly fault-finding and criticism. This monument to the hero gives no token of the vituperation and abuse that were heaped upon him. How many *friends* had this man? We stand, then, in more just and kindly relations to the dead than to the living. This exaggerated respect for the dead as such, this Chinese veneration, has its roots often enough in remorse for our shortcomings to the living. Well, it is all a farce. There are no dead—but there are many sleepers here on earth.

If I have lived wisely, then let me prepare not for death but for a larger, fuller life. It is but a slight transition for which my whole life should have prepared me. The wings of freedom have been folded here on earth a little while. Birth and Death are one, for every death is but a birth into another sphere; as to be born into one world is at the same time to die to some other. I must leave one room as I enter the next.

land as now I love this—aye, more, since I deem that my *native* land and this but my adopted country. Yet, coming to this land of the lotus-eaters, I have eaten like the rest and can no longer remember, or but faintly recall it now and again. They who are of like mind are my kindred. Some of these are yet on earth, but the greater part I know only by their thoughts that have come down to us. Yet we are all of the same family. They whom I know as wife and child are but those of my immortal kindred who also have left home and journeyed here through the mystic portals of Birth. I am not native to this America or England, but an immigrant merely—but lately arrived and stupid enough. I will conform to its laws and conduct myself accordingly, but in my heart I cherish still the Fatherland.

Be not deceived—the significance of that world-message is to be read in the philosophy of Jesus as expressed in his life and conduct. I grant you he rose from the dead. While yet a boy he rose from the grave into the consciousness of the Spirit. It is that resurrection which concerns us most. Never for an instant was that man wholly native to this world, but to some interior and spiritual world always. His best thought was inspired by the memory of that Elysium where his treasure lay. If we are to heed that message at all, let us construe it aright. Let us never put off the hour of our resurrection. *To-day* I would rise from my dead thoughts and live a divine life. It is nothing to cast off this body if we do not also cast from us these old wrappings of thought. We shall be transformed solely by the renewing of the mind. Where love is there is heaven—there is our *native* land.



“BELIEVE that you are a child of God, placed here amid these natural and social relations that you may perfect yourself in

STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Throughout life the one constant desire of which Mr. Davis has been vividly conscious has been that which we all have in common—the desire for freedom; and in his later years we find him saying with the calmness of the seer, “It is Liberty we want under the heavens, and this descends upon us only with the Spirit.” How he came to rest in the sense of spiritual freedom after having vainly sought his ideal on the other planes of consciousness would be most interesting and helpful reading could the details be given in full. But a general sketch of the salient points is all that space will permit.

Stanton Kirkham Davis was born in Nice, in the south of France, in December, 1868; but he lived there only a short time, for in his second year his father received orders to join his troops in the Apache campaign in Arizona. They started inland from southern California, and the mother and two-year-old son rode for six weeks in an army wagon hitched to unbroken mules, passing through the desert lands of America into the Apache country, where they lived in camp for a year.

At the conclusion of the Apache war, the family removed to San Francisco, where after a few years both parents passed from this life, leaving the child with his grandparents. Mr. Davis, in speaking of this period, has said:

“Two recollections I have of my early childhood. One was my love

tion to me. For a dozen years or more I went every summer into the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We thought nothing in those days of staging all day and night over mountain roads, and when I looked abroad over the crest of the Sierras in the purpling twilight or in the golden dawn, and saw the unbroken forest with nowhere a fence, my heart leaped within me."

When but seventeen Mr. Davis crossed the Sierra Nevada range on foot and alone, and spent two months in the mountains, coming into contact with the rough camp-life in the mining districts. The next year he went into the mountain region again for several months, and reached the Yosemite Valley on foot—an arduous journey.

In Mr. Davis's life the strongest two influences have been that of Nature in her wildest, freest aspects and that of the home life. Unlike many of the prominent exponents of the New Thought, he has had little connection with the Church and does not feel that any very vivid or lasting impressions were received either from church or school life; whereas he speaks most strongly of the influence of the home. After giving full credit to the benefit derived from his long rambles in the mountains, and speaking of the influence of literature, he says: "But there was a far greater influence—that of the character and love that were ever before me in the lives of my grandparents. They were the landmarks in my life—those kind monitors of my heedless youth. I know now that, if the home is right, the boy may go astray, but he will come out right in the end; for the home influence is the greatest of all."

At nineteen Mr. Davis came east and went into a wholesale house. The routine life of the city was so great a contrast to the untrammelled experiences that had preceded it that the freedom-loving youth was driven to take refuge in music and

of thought, although he was constantly poring over the ideas expressed by others. When, however, Mr. Davis encountered the writings of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus his search for freedom began to take a more spiritual aspect. From these writers he learned that the liberty he craved could only be realized through self-control and development of character. With this new ideal of freedom Mr. Davis set himself steadfastly to work out his own salvation, and, as he realized more and more the power of the spirit, the outer world, which had heretofore seemed to fence him in, now assumed a more inviting aspect; so that opportunities for larger service and experience fairly crowded upon him as he became more conscious of the light and strength that come from within.

About this time Mr. Davis removed to Boston and studied geology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The scientific training has proved to be of great value to him; for his early love of Nature has stimulated him to give much time to becoming more intimately acquainted with Mother Earth. His specialty during the last six years has been, however, the study of birds and insects. During his work in Boston three visits made were to Europe, Mr. Davis traveling on foot over a considerable portion of the continent.

It was on one of these journeys that he met Miss Clara A. Hussey, whom he afterward married. She it was who introduced him to the practical application of Idealism as set forth in the New Thought teaching; and, as the great significance and power of Truth took hold of him, a great flood of light broke upon his mind in a way that enabled him as never before to rely upon the divinity within and consciously to evolve that power which is our great common wealth. Then

Miss Hussey and Mr. Davis were married in New York in 1893, and a few years later the home life was made complete by the birth of a son. For a while Italy was their adopted country, and while there, as elsewhere, it was their aim to come as closely in touch as possible with the people around them. Mr. and Mrs. Davis have had exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted with man in his different aspects, they having kept house in France and the Austrian Tyrol as well as in Italy, while their travels have included Spain, Morocco, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, being completed by a tour round the world, during which they visited India, Ceylon, China, and Japan.

Mr. Davis has always felt interested in the countries and civilizations of the Far East, particularly in regard to their religious and philosophic thought and life. He feels that in all his varied experiences among different peoples he has been enabled vividly to realize the great Heart that is ever striving to come to expression in one and all, and that the consciousness of unity and of true liberty that has grown steadily with the years has been his greatest blessing as well as the preparation for sending forth to others the good news of the common life. Naturally, one who has been ever pressing toward the ideal of freedom is eager to make known to others the wealth that is our common heritage, and Mr. Davis has written much that has a unique charm for all who honor and love Nature in her aspect of the revealer of Spirit. In his dainty little book, "As Nature Whispers," published in 1902, we find this:

"It is in solitude we shall draw nearest to Nature—and best understand ourselves. Some measure of solitude we must have; it is as necessary as sleep. . . . It matters not how many people we brush against if we feel no sense of brotherhood; that is isolation. In solitude myriad

For them God peoples the desert and the expanse of the ocean; the forest depth and the mountain summit are redeemed and made hospitable by the Divine Presence. We cannot separate Nature from Religion. Part and parcel are we of what we call Nature—one with the Great Spirit that animates Nature. The perception of our identity with the Spirit and that this external depends on us and not we on it; that despite the manifold appearances the soul abides, ageless, deathless, immutable—therein for us is emancipation. In nameless ways and under endless pretexts, it is freedom at last which men seek. Clear-eyed and resolute though must they be indeed who attain to this.”

“Where Dwells the Soul Serene,” a larger work published in 1900, contains many beautiful passages. The chapters on “Wealth” and “Prayer” are so good that it is a temptation to quote at length. The following gives an idea of the substance of the book :

“True prayer is not a petitioning, but a claiming; it is begotten not of infirmity of the will, but of assurance; it is not weakness, but strength. And he that apprehends the nature of prayer bends not the knee but towers in majesty. He goes out to meet his own; he ascends the mount to speak with God. It is the beggar asking alms, the slave imploring mercy, who grovel in the dust.”

Mr. Davis has ready for the press a companion book to “Where Dwells the Soul Serene,” and another volume that treats of Nature is well under way.

While of a quiet and retiring nature, Mr. Davis is nevertheless positive in his thought and true in his friendships. One could wish he would take a more active part in the New Metaphysical Movement; but he is living in a way that he feels will be productive of the most good, and his opinion as to what should constitute his life work is more apt to be correct than that of an onlooker. His writings have been of great benefit to his readers, and as time goes on and the world

THE PERFECTNESS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. A. B. CURTIS, PH.D.

The assertion in the book of Hebrews that Jesus was tempted in all points as we are, and yet was without sin, is an inference of the author's own, based entirely upon later speculations as to the Christ's nature and of which the oldest Gospel tradition knows nothing.

If there is one note that sounds forth with more of ideal meaning than another from the pages of the Old Testament, it is the note that voices the soul-hunger for a perfect man. Alike in poet and prophet, lawgiver and sage, there is repeatedly voiced the longing that Messiah will come—Messiah, the cherished ideal king of the ages, who will rule in love, and will lead, not drive, his people into paths of pleasantness. Now it is the hunger for some one who will bruise the head of serpent-cunning in our nature; again it is a thirst for a shepherd of men—wise, tender, true—who will lead his people out of the desert wilderness of superstition and ignorance into the promised land of virtue and wisdom. Isaiah covets a royal hero who will overcome oppression by wise counsel, bloody strife by the arts of peace, and sacrifices of bulls and goats to idols by sacrifices of righteousness made in a meek and contrite spirit. Job's cry, again, is a cry of pain wrung by infinite tortures from the lowest depths of his much-afflicted soul:

“O for a daysman to penetrate to the dark
Secrets of God's almightiness! Why are
The arrows he sets to the bow-string to
Shoot at me dipped in poison? Why need
Afflictions come at all? Why to the saints no
Favor? O for a go-between who understands

Then I hear another voice; it is the Psalmist. He is calling for one victorious over death—for some one who will not be consigned to Sheol nor be allowed to see the pit of corruption. The books the Jews produced between the Testaments are full of this hunger—some gross and fantastic, others noble and pure. Even the classic poet Virgil is influenced by these dreams, and the Stoic philosophers take to reading the Hebrew prophets.

How defective, at best, were all these expectations! Yet, as Lowell would say, perhaps the longing for him helped him to come at the fitting moment.

The oldest Gospels made no effort to explain the wonderful personality of the Christ. The story of the miraculous birth is an afterthought. Very soon, however, the effort to make him perfect led to abstruse and soul-perplexing theories. It was said that the Holy Spirit, and not Joseph, was his father; that he had been associated with God in the creation of the world; that he had no human soul, but that his flesh was animated by the Divine Spirit with him. Some said he could not really have suffered any pain while on the cross, for he was God; and others denied that he was ever tempted or had been baptized—for, said they, how could a perfect being be tempted, and what need would he have of baptism, which implies sin?*

So we may read all the helpless tangle of undigested speculation that the world calls the history of Christian doctrine, and through all our confusion and perplexity, if we are fair, we shall clearly discern this truth—that it is all one stupendous, often misdirected, effort to discern the perfect man. Just as

To me the perfectness of Christ consists in three things—his optimism, his sympathy with men, and his growth in grace and favor:

1. Optimism is a sign of perfectness. That is not perfect which has attained to the utmost limit of perfection, but that which is approaching it, for "what's come to perfection perishes." The longing for perfection and the effort to attain it are better than perfection itself. Such optimism, resulting in ceaseless effort, penetrating to the lowest depths of vileness in thought and life that they may be ameliorated, is the optimism that we see in the nature of God, who works continuously on from better up toward the unattainable best.

To Christ, as to Paul, all things work together for good. Evil is that good may be known. In spite of all opposition, apparent failure, undoubted suffering, "God's in his heaven." Such optimism is a sign of moral health and mental soundness. It is courageous and aggressive, everywhere making right to be might. The optimism of Jesus like that of Browning—

"Never doubts that clouds will break,
Never dreams that right is worsted, wrong will triumph;
Holds we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

Such optimism may have its chapter of woes. Carlyle had his, though he knew that justice was at the heart of things. Ruskin had his in life and theory. Jesus pronounced his with great fervor, I have no doubt; but he also knew that at the last the leaven of the kingdom of God would leaven the whole lump. And this would be accomplished not by force, not arbitrarily, but by the normal working of the law of freedom. Freedom working through love will draw ever nearer to the far-off goal of the optimist.

good in a soul and point it out is to reveal that soul's true worth to itself—it is to save it from death.

If there is any good at all in a man an optimist will find it, and no man is ever "saved" till the appeal is made to the good in him. Optimists are always saviors.

2. The perfectness of Christ is revealed in his sympathy. How much this means we can best discover by traversing in the Gospel story the evolution of this sympathy. Jesus learned it through temptation, through hunger and thirst, through the betrayal of friends, through the sight of misery. He was made perfect by what he endured. Having suffered all evils himself, he knew how to help those who were in like evil case.

He hungered in the wilderness; he thirsted on the cross; he sat weary upon the curb of Jacob's well at Sychar. Have you, toil-worn reader, suffered being hungry, thirsty, weary? You are on the road to perfection that was trodden by him. These deprivations entered also the soul of Jesus. I see him hungering for the love of Peter—craving it, begging it. I see John leaning on his bosom, and the Christ feeding on the love-light in the eyes of the beloved disciple. The scene changes; his feelings of pity and justice have been outraged; he is looking upon a crowd with indignation, and his eyes flash fire. And now again he weeps like a woman, and the tears run down his cheeks as he stands at the bedside of a departed friend in Bethany.

Like a manly man, full of ambition, abounding in hopes and plans that would fill a life of fourscore years, I see him recoiling at the thought of death and imploring the eternal Source of all life that his own life may be spared.

Have you craved the friendship of one who remained aloof, cold? Have you looked death in the face? Have you encountered and floored the fears of the flesh? You are traversing the road to perfection that was the Christ's.

being is the most merciful to the weak and imperfect. Herein is the power of the Christ to help us. He knows all; he has given battle to every sin, to every sorrow, to every natural terror. The victory was his. His trial brought great suffering, for the desires he conquered were strong. He could be consoled only as he imparted consolation to others. There was only one cure for his more than wonted grief, and in the compassion of Christ we behold that cure.

"Take me," said an unfortunate woman, "to the wife of the man who in a fit of jealous rage took the life of my husband. She needs my sympathy. Only as I console her can I be consoled, for she, too, as well as I, loved my husband; and her love was so—so pitiful, so insatiable!" The bereaved wife who could utter those noble words had learned the lesson of the compassion that perfects life.

3. It may at first seem strange that I regard *growth* as a sign of perfection in the Christ. Must we not think of him, it will be asked, as the eternally perfect one, like God the Father—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever? No; as for myself, I cannot so regard him. The sapling is as perfect as the full-grown oak. The new-born babe is as perfect as the man in his prime. When the oak ceases to grow it begins to decay, to disintegrate, and become something else. It grows unsound at the heart.

Christ is the eternally perfect Christ because he is the ever-growing Christ. We are told concerning him that he grew in wisdom; the Gospels show it; the history of the Church shows it. We are nowhere told that he has ceased to grow in wisdom and in favor.

Much has been made in recent studies of the character of Christ of this self-same element of growth. His ideas regarding

ing comparison of the "leaven" we have not yet fully fathomed. The spirit of the Christ moves along with the common consciousness of the Church in adapting and applying that idea to ever larger and more complex situations.

The Christ when he came was thousands of years ahead of his time, and the spirit of Christ abroad in the world to-day is as many thousands of years ahead of our time. The perfect Christ is a living Christ; and *life* always implies change, growth, advancement. Growth is an absolute prerequisite of perfection in a living creature. The Church devoted to Christ must possess this quality of which I speak. It is the necessary accompaniment of life. When growth ceases, as Browning has shown in that remarkable manner which is wholly his own, then perfection irks; all is merged in a "neutral best," which renders hope and fear, good and evil, meaningless, and even threatens consciousness itself. Better than all this is the hunger that refuses to remain satisfied, the desire that is insatiable.

Would you attain the perfection of the ever-living and ever-growing Christ? Then it will be yours ever to—

"Aspire yet never attain
To the object aimed at."

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TO-DAY is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know: it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward decay and waste.—*David Starr Jordan.*

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THE little threads of celestial origin weave for us heavenly

RICHES.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

'Twas in an open square of Venice :
A public building where, in ancient days,
There in an angle overlooking stood
A Jew, who, having riches sought and found,
Gave out the secret to his fellow-men—
For so the ancient chronicle.

Self-interest! This is not wealth.
Though grain should fill your barn and gold your hands,
If aught you have oppressed your brother man,
Or gotten treasures by the lying tongue,
Or 'twixt the buying and the selling sinned,
Death, and not riches, is your gain.

Wise in your own conceit, alas!
Your treasures, mountain high, shall shrink :
Your silver and your gold shall be as weights,
Heavy about your neck in waters deep,
To sink ye in oblivion and shame—
For wealth there is none but in *love*.

Not what's expedient, but just ;
For Life, with all its powers of love and joy,
Power to uplift a weaker than one's self :
This is wealth ;—a power not bought for gold ;
A power invisible that never wastes
Nor faileth through eternity.

Leave, then, your ceaseless greed for power !
Oh, rich is he who gladdens one sad face,
Or out from darkness brings a soul to light !

THE DEEPER MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

The student whose love for *truth* is stronger than his love for *creed* will find in his study of the Christian faith, so far as it is historically accessible, that the 25th of December, the day devoted to the commemoration of the birth of Jesus, bears no integral relation to that era-marking event. Physical (not less than metaphysical) and historical reasons interfere seriously with the time and locality identified with the alleged nativity of its great central personage. Thus the herding of sheep on pasturage, which forms so essential an element in the logical unfoldment of the event for which Christmas stands, would evidently be out of the question at a date when the rainy season in Bethlehem is at its very height.

But the obstacles brought up by history are still more serious. Through this we find that the 25th of December had a most important meaning all its own, antedating by ages the advent of the Christian faith. Already in the reign of Numa Pompilius, 500 B.C., that date was freighted with significance and constituted a central element in the pagan faith. The 25th of December was a time of great rejoicing in Rome. The citizens on the streets saluted one another by exclaiming: "Hail to Jove! Adonis is living and with us; Adonis is born again!" When considering that Adonis in Greece, as well as in Rome, constituted the sun deity, and that furthermore Adonai, from which *Adonis* is derived, was one of the Elohim,—the plural deity in the Hebrew and Chaldean faith,—the association of

But Adonis is not the only sun-deity connected in the ancient myths with the first day of the *new-born* sun. Dionysos, or Bacchus—the god, or rather *spirit*, of wine, which stood as a symbol for a spiritually regenerating power by reason of the invigorating and exhilarating influence exhibited by its action on the mind and body of man: an action not unlike that exhibited in the life-generating power of the sun—is also reported as having his birthday on the 25th of December. Likewise the Persian *Mithra*—the presiding deity of the Mithraic sun or fire worship—has his nativity on that significant date. Further on, in the cosmology of the Hindus, we find that Krishna, “the illuminated one,” in his eighth and grandest Avatar, or cyclic incarnation, has his birth at the end of the winter solstice. Ancient tablets deciphered by modern archeologists reveal the singular fact that this birthday is characteristic of the central mythologic personages of all nations. Sakya Muni of India, Chai Tai of China, Quetzabcoatl of Mexico, Zao Wapaul of ancient Britain, etc., have their natiivities fixed on that day. In old Scandinavia, Thor, the dispenser of Light and the formidable enemy of the “giants of cold and darkness,” had an annual celebration in the Thor-temple at the old city of Upsala, in Sweden, on a day exactly corresponding to the 25th of December.

In view of these easily verifiable data, we may naturally conclude that Christmas has a *heathen*, not a Christian, origin. The name *Christmas* is merely the Anglo-Saxon substitute for another name under which it was known by the ancients. Among the Scandinavian people Christmas still retains its heathen name: *Jul*, which is derived from *Hjul* (wheel), indicating the revolution of the seasons resulting in the annual return of the celebrated event. From *Jul* is derived the old Saxon *Yule*, which is still retained as a legitimate expression

The early Church Fathers, St. Justin and St. Augustine, make no secret of the heathen origin of Christmas, but admit that the Christian Church, in order to facilitate the conversion of the pagans, retained the holidays of the latter, merely displacing the objects of worship. Thus the shrine sacred to old *Sol* was by a stroke of clever diplomacy transferred into a Christian altar. The winter solstice became the date of the nativity of the Christian Saviour; the vernal equinox, or spring solstice, became the date of his crucifixion; while the summer solstice, the 24th of June (all pagan holidays) was mysteriously made to coincide with the birth of John the Baptist, whose name—St. John's Day—it still bears, and whose birth it celebrates.

Thus in the *sun* we have the central and supporting power imparting quality and strength to the whole array of religious systems—ancient and modern. When considering the overpowering influence the sun wields upon the earth, and the myriads of life forms that depend for their existence on the waves of light and warmth welling out from this cosmic fire-hearth, it is readily understood why the coming and going generations of men for countless ages have made that luminous orb the sacred object of their worship. Through the twilight of history is still seen the blaze of sacred bonfires on the yellow mountain ranges in China and Thibet—as symbols of this ancient sacrifice on the altar of old *Sol*. The Mithraic fire-hearths, the Druidic temple-caves, and the sacred oak-groves of the north, with their ever-present fires, are symbols, one and all, of the irresistible feeling of gratitude evoked in the human heart through the recognition of the dependence of all

But the human heart felt instinctively that the sun with its light and warmth, in its turn, is a symbol of a deeper reality, with a sphere of action in the soul itself. Light and warmth, when traced back to their inner essence as immaterial forces, reveal themselves as truth and sympathy. Light and warmth are to the body what truth and sympathy are to the soul; the former are to physical growth what the latter are to spiritual growth. Physical light is around us: spiritual light—or truth—is within us; and as the body possesses a means of physical vision, so the soul has a means of spiritual vision. To make this inner vision consciously available is the aim and object of universal evolution. Applied to the spiritual side of Nature, evolution becomes the great drama of the soul; and in this drama Christmas presents the first pivotal act.

To grasp the meaning of this drama it is necessary to realize the duality of human nature. In the words of St. Paul, man is, in himself, both the “old Adam” (Jesus) and the “new Adam” (Christ)—the man and the god. The one is of earth, earthy; the other of heaven, and heavenly. Von Goethe, in his mystical effusion, seems to have caught the vision of this profound truth:

“Two souls, alas! are conscious in my breast.
The one from the other tries to separate;
One clings to earth, attracted by desire;
The other rises upward”

The dawn of this truth breaking through the outer consciousness and sending a ray of its living light into the heart of man is symbolized in the great Christian drama as the birth of the God-child in the manger. This God-child grows in wisdom and power, gradually giving rise in the human mind to feelings of divinity and supermundane ancestry. The contrast of a “high” and a “low” identity is immediately followed

cules, the soul, finds himself at the "parting roads," and his choice—if he chooses aright—will lead him further and further from the old ways of the world; hence the growing feeling of isolation taking possession of the heart at that stage of development.

In the drama of the New Testament this isolation, consequent upon the refusal of the soul to participate in the shallow joys of the lower man, is symbolized in a forty days' fast in the desert. In the transition stage following the breaking down of old ideals and subsequent reconstruction of new ones, the dreams of the past through the refractory medium of memory assume a wholly artificial and untrue but nevertheless formidable importance. Thought is a magician, and can by its touch resurrect the dead past. And this gives rise to the crisis of temptation, when, from the mountain-top of the Taraquina of ambition and self-love, the devil of our lower nature unrolls before the virgin-soul the phantasmagoric panorama of past events, rendered fascinating by a high-wrought and abnormally stimulated memory. Standing on the eminence of a new and purer life, the soul, dazed by the sudden excess of light and purity bursting on its vision, feels at first unable to discern the true character of the surrounding objects. Thus false images, followed by false concepts, present themselves to the mind. But the soul of Jesus—the strong soul, dramatized in the New Testament—quickly rallies, and by a master effort summons up the sovereignty of *will*. Before the penetrating vision invoked through this appeal to the true light, the phantoms of the lower life dissolve and vanish.

After the storm comes quiet: the convulsive action of battle with its hard-won victory gives way to peace and rest, felt in every atom of the man. On the heights of Taraquina the soul won the August day, and, flushed by victory, departs with its trophy—the sacred olive branch, the laurel of peace.

lays upon the altar of prayer the humble offerings of a contrite heart. Presences of light descend to greet the noble hero, and to fasten on him the insignia of spotless honor. The virtuous soul bathes in transcending glories—purified, transfigured. It is the reward due to victorious virtue.

From this spiritual invigoration the soul of Jesus proceeds on the path of duty to win fresh honors. His destiny takes him to Gethsemane, where awaits him the greatest of all trials—the trial of *renunciation*, the sacrifice of self. This forms the crucial test for the candidate for immortality, whose every momentum of virtuous power in this trial is to be weighed and measured. Realizing the meaning of the ordeal and the effort, the soul—Jesus—seeks that sequestered nook in the never-fading gardens of a transcendental Gethsemane, to take sanctuary in communion with his “Father in heaven.” He prays. Laying bare his entire nature, with all its weakness and virtues, the soul-aspirant asks the Master of life and death for strength. Who wonders that, when facing so stupendous a task, the soul, even of one so far advanced in truth and power as the hero of the New Testament, for a moment hesitates and trembles? Yet it is but for a moment. “Pass the cup! Thy will be done—not mine!”

The Son of Man stood the test. The step is taken. The grand battle—a battle in which the cosmos is involved—is begun. The magic staff of *will* opens the mountain wall of power to let the stream of immortal life well out its riches. Jesus, the perfected creature of evolution, has become the recipient of unconquerable God-powers, and Calvary is its crowning manifestation. On this ancient, never-to-be-forgotten mountain top, the world for two thousand years has

meant by this tragic march to Calvary, the *via Dolorosa* of all ages, with crucifixion as its crowning finale, but the heroic battles of the human soul to gain self-conquest and control of the lower nature with its desires and passions? The way of virtue leads ever up-hill; every step is fraught with struggles. "The kingdom must be won by violence." What soul-stirring battles must be fought and won before the man can love his neighbor as himself; can love those who hate him, and surrender every personal will-impulse to the will of God!

Then the crucifixion takes place. The soul triumphs. The rock of ages finds its place in the imperishable structure of a regenerated immortal life. The lower life is absorbed in the higher. Jesus, the Son of Man, has given way to Christos, the Son of God. The "curtain in the temple" that hitherto separated the holy from the holiest drops to the ground. Isis is unveiled. With illumined vision and freed from the trammels of flesh, the soul penetrates the mystery of being. Prometheus is unbound. The last tie of flesh that fettered the Titan to the Caucasus of the lower world is burst; and, transfigured, glorified, sin-free, the soul as Christos merges into the "Father in heaven." Personal consciousness expands into universal consciousness. This is the *ascension*—the last scene in the profound drama of the soul, as presented to us in the New Testament.

The real question confronting the earnest truth-seeker is not whether Jesus is a historic or a non-historic character, but whether the ethics of life as manifested and practised by him during his sojourn in Palestine, if applied to the interhuman relations of our present day, have power to establish peace, good will, and harmony among men. Are his ethical ideals

toric, Jesus of Nazareth is still the redeemer of humanity. But he redeemed, not by his death, but by his life; not by his blood, but by his tears. He redeemed by establishing examples of true life, by demonstrating in word and action the conquering power of love over selfishness and sin. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He described the means and method through which the higher life can be won, but we ourselves must win it; he mapped out the way that leads to the "kingdom," but we ourselves must tread it.

As the historic *personæ* often precede the dramatic *personæ*, we have the right to revere Jesus even in the concrete; we have the right to represent him in our minds as the humble philosopher and sage who lived on earth and taught in word and deed the sublime ethics that for two thousand years in the name of Christianity have gauged the fates and destinies of men. But the time when this exalted soul had his incarnation on our globe has never yet been authentically ascertained. No historic records of any kind guide the student in his researches. No contemporaneous writers mention his name or his world-conquering work. No document or archaic script reveals his features. The sphinx that guards his history remains mute, wrapped in impenetrable silence.

But, while history refuses her testimony with regard to this exalted character, we find in the teachings that bear his name unmistakable evidence of the power and divinity of their author. It is not to historic criticism that the privilege is given to discover the identity of Jesus, but to the intuitive knowledge of the mind, gauged by the *spirit of the word*. It is not the scanning, analyzing reason, but the *feeling heart*, that must be called into action if the finding of Christ shall be possible. The inquiry is one of *love* rather than of intellect, and the student must in his own mind assign the place best

enroll the names and lives of these divine messengers of light in her annals, they exist in their teachings and become real and concrete to the extent that they are understood in the heart of the devotee. Exponents of *light*, they have all been associated with the source of the world-light itself—the sun. Their nativity has become coincident with his; like his, their object has been to dispel darkness and cold (ignorance and selfishness) from the world; and, like him, they have had their law-governed seasons or cycles of appearance and disappearance.

“Revelation is not sealed.
 Answering upon man’s endeavor,
 Truth and light are still revealed;
 That which came to Eastern sages—
 Greek, barbarian, Roman, Jew—
 Written in the heart’s deep pages,
 Shines to-day, forever new.”

The lesson brought home to us by Christmas is of immense significance to every person that takes his evolution in earnest. In the life of Jesus he finds reflected the image and destiny of his own immortal soul. The birth of the ideal; its growth and struggles for existence; its trials, hopes, defeats, and victories—these are incidents or scenes in the drama of the soul; and to the extent that the individual sees the possibilities of spiritual evolution will he be impressed by its necessity. Existence has only two possibilities: growth and decay—life and death. If we will not go under in the struggle we must rise to the position of its unconditional arbiter. To the brave and virtuous, Christmas is a means of encouragement and hope; while to the coward and the weak it presents an image of terror and despair. “The Paradise,” said Mohammed, “is under the shadow of a sword.”



THE CHRIST: AN ESOTERIC STUDY.

BY JAMES K. LIVINGSTON.

As we dig down through the rubbish of extraneous thought that for ages has hidden many of the sayings and teachings of Jesus, how luminous they become! How little is it understood that these divine revelations of Truth were spoken by a high Initiate, a Son of God indeed, to a world then but little less prepared to receive them than at the present time!

Two basic truths serve as the ground-work upon which rest all the teachings of the Nazarene: Renunciation, or the complete effacement of the lower self, and Non-separateness, or the illusiveness of self in its relation to the manifested universe. In other words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." But the true meaning of these words can never be found, much less followed, unless they be illumined by that deeply mysterious inner process within the realm of spirit only, and yet within the heart of man himself, whereby the Christ, rising from the tomb wherein lies the "crucified, dead and buried" self, makes complete that union with the "Father," or God, or Good—Universal Consciousness, or Love; hence the saying, "No man cometh to the Father except through me" (the Christ, the Son).

Jesus came into the world through the flesh, with God-consciousness so perfectly developed that his physical body was merely the instrument through which Divine power was

plane of existence, he performed his work in the physical, the psychical, and the spiritual as the exigencies of the case required. That this is so is clearly shown in his answer to the young man who had "kept the commandments," but whose light within was darkness, and who addressed him, as one man to another, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus answered, meeting him upon the same plane, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one; that is, God."

A good example of his work on the purely spiritual plane is given during the talk with his disciples upon the subject of Reincarnation (a vital truth, then taught and believed, but afterward lost sight of by the early theologians, either intentionally or otherwise). Turning upon them with the searching question, "But whom say ye that I am?" the very answer of Peter, who for the moment received a flash of inner illumination, "Thou art the Christ, son of the living God," together with the commendatory reply of Jesus, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this to thee, Peter, but my Father which is in heaven," gives emphasis to the above statement.

Thus very imperfectly are set forth a few of the causes for the unfortunate misconceptions of the nature, office, and teachings of the Christ, wherein he who came to point out the "way of salvation" through the crucifixion of self became in turn crucified afresh in the hearts of men, blindly and unconsciously worshiping the golden calf in the valley of desire.

These were not new truths that Jesus taught; they were simply old truths presented in parables and aphorisms peculiarly suited to the people among whom he lived and whose outward racial characteristics he himself had inherited as the "Son of Man." But while he ever lived in the "shadow of

only to be "appeased" by the shedding of material blood, no matter how deeply metaphysical its after application might be, as the only remedy for "sin."

Let us be honest and wise—fearless and free! Let us rise to the moral grandeur of that inner heart-conception of the real cross that Jesus ever had in view, and that again and again he held up before his followers. When he commanded them to "take up the cross" he knew and taught the esoteric truth conveyed by the old Gnostic symbol, in use ages before, to typify complete renunciation of the lower self. For Jesus was an occultist; and true occultism is universal in its scope, and knows not time in its usual meaning. It carries with it "signs and wonders," but only to those fitted to receive them are they revealed; hence the saying, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

Occultism is a term but little understood, and is too often misconstrued even by some who otherwise are quite advanced along the broad lines of inner teaching concerning the Truth that maketh free. There is an outer atmosphere of vague mystery about it, attractive to some, repulsive to others, according to one's understanding; but was it not also so at the time Jesus was accused by those high in theological authority of being in league with "Beelzebub"? Human nature has changed very little since then. It is not surprising, therefore, to see the multitude continually turning to the "loaves and fishes," following "afar off" those from whom they fondly hope they can secure these gifts, blindly regardless of the fact that occultism means, first of all, a total abandonment of every desire whatever, even the desire for "salvation"; because when this door, worthless, personal self is left behind and its highest

“He whose joy is within, whose diversion is within, and whose light also is within, is the man of sight, knowledge; becoming the Supreme Spirit, he attains to effacement in the Supreme Spirit. This [Nirvana] is gained by the right-seeing sage, with his sins exhausted (by right performance of action), doubts cut asunder, senses and organs under control [that is, ‘each engaged in its appropriate work under the law of universal harmony’], and devoted to the well-being of all creatures. For men of renunciation, whose hearts are at rest from desire and anger, and knowing the self, there is, on both sides of death, effacement in the Supreme Spirit.”

Kindly take especial notice of the words, “on both sides of death,” and compare them with the statement often made by those trying to cast discredit upon the “Light of Asia”—that *Nirvana* means “annihilation.” So it does, from the standpoint of the *personal self*.

Who can read these declarations of Truth handed down from antiquity, through the Aryan race, in all the purity of the original Sanskrit, without being impressed with the fact that the same Light gave them to a darkened world that, through the Christian Gospels, enjoined supreme love to God and one’s neighbor, and said that “on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets?”

“But,” it is asked, “can such sublime heights be climbed by work-a-day mortals chained to the wheels of conditioned circumstances?” Come back to the words of Jesus: “Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.” It is also written that “when the disciple is ready the Master is ready also.” Only look within; for there alone can be found the Kingdom of Heaven, where the Divine Self eternally reigns—one with Universal Self, or Consciousness.

“For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance.” Oh, ye of little faith! Why longer be blind to the true import of these words? The very prodi-

you care nothing at all for her she becomes your slave." This side of the truth is presented first, because our first lesson must be to take no thought for self; hence, early in his ministry Jesus plainly and sweetly taught the toiling fisher-folk whom he had gathered about him the necessity of "living the life" day by day, free from anxious thought about to-morrow—through *selflessness* eliminating the sordid qualities that make "toil" out of good, wholesome work, and bringing rest to those who are weary and heavy laden.

The learning of this lesson is but a step in the attainment of that Wisdom through which true opulence cometh to the soul of man—through which riches unspeakable become his. Not all at once can the difficult task be accomplished; Nature never works in a hurry. "First the blade; then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear."

Patient endurance under Cosmic law—which has to be "worked out," is no respecter of persons, and the proper understanding of which takes the sting out of much of the seeming inequalities of life in its varied forms and social conditions—and long-continued effort in the practise of concentration and meditation mark the soil preparation necessary to the proper sowing of the "seed," as told in the parable of the "sower."

And finally, as the lessons of non-attachment are learned, brighter shines that Love which is the governing principle in the universe, embodied in the truth of the doctrine of non-separateness, in which every living creature becomes a part of that Divine Life within; and loving one's neighbor in accordance with the ethics taught by Jesus takes on a far deeper

THE TRIUMPHANT CHRIST.

BY WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

Many Christians to-day have the same conception of Christ that the Jews had two thousand years ago. The old Jew looked forward to the coming of a Messiah who would be a mighty king and would make the Jewish nation the glory of the world. The King, so the Jew dreamed, would exalt the faithful to places of ease and honor, and would wreak vengeance upon all their enemies. All through the dark hours of captivity and subjection the true Israelite comforted himself with visions of the glory of this coming King, who would conquer the nations of the Gentiles and make the kingdom of Israel the one mighty nation of all the earth. When the Son of Man came, divinely pure and simple as well as divinely strong, not only refusing but condemning those foolish honors the Jew so dearly loved, and teaching that strange doctrine of love for one's enemies, they turned upon him with all the bitterness of disappointed expectations and cried out, "Away with him!"

The Christian accepts this Messiah the Jew rejects, and professes to take his life as the one perfect standard; yet many Christian teachers describe an entirely different Christ for the future. Many Christians have in their minds a new conception of what Christ is. This conception is to them the coming Christ. They look upon Christ's life upon earth as a brief period of humiliation and shame borne as a penalty for *our* sins. He left the shining courts of glory and abased himself

riding upon clouds of glory and surrounded with warrior angels ready to do his bidding. He will compel all people to fall down and worship him; he will call the elect to places of honor, turn their enemies into hell, return to his great throne, and there throughout eternity receive the perpetual homage and adoration of the redeemed.

Note the parallel. The Jew expected a splendid and all-conquering King, who would establish a mighty and glorious Kingdom; and they rejected the Christ because he did not fulfil their expectations. The Christian accepts the life the Jew rejects, but straightway builds in the future visions of a second coming more glorious than the Jew ever dreamed. This imaginary picture of both the Jew and the Christian is made of gorgeous fancies of kingly glory borrowed from the pagan infancy of the race. There are the crown of gold, the great throne, the warriors, the reward of the faithful, and the punishment of the unbelievers. The Jew expects these in this world—the Christian in the next.

Alas! how long men cling to the old sensual conception of the Universe and its God! How long will we choose the gorgeous false and reject the simply true, mistake the shadow for the substance, and leave the real to follow the passing show?

Christ is not *to come* as a conqueror. Ages before the Jew ever burned a sacrifice—on beyond the utmost limits of the Christian's dream of the Great Day—Christ *is* the conqueror. All of the glory and strength that has been or will be is embodied in the divine principles of the Christ *spirit*. His life on earth was the incarnation of these principles, and by his words and acts we may see and understand. His every act was a victory—his whole life a triumph. It was part

true conception of the real Conqueror that came. We come to think of the life Christ lived as one really degraded, borne by him not of choice but as a sacrifice—as a punishment. We talk of him as being abased then but exalted now. The Christ that we are taught is to come possesses but few of the characteristics of the Christ that lived and lives. Hence, more and more Christians are abandoning the principles of the Christ that came for the one that we have created for the future: the one who is no longer humble and forgiving but the proud, mighty Judge, bedecked with the splendor of the heavens, coming to reign as an earthly monarch might long to reign.

This is all false. Christ's life was just as he wished it. It was the one strong, perfect, triumphant life.

Must we look for a monarch riding on a cloud of glory, wearing a crown set with diamonds, surrounded by a host of angels with drawn swords ready to wreak vengeance upon his enemies, as the real Conqueror? No. Yonder a young man is led up into a mountain where he sees all the kingdoms of the world spread out before him. The thought comes that he may be ruler of all these, but he says to the devil of ambition, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and turns back into the valley to use his marvelous powers to purify hearts and heal diseases. He is the conqueror of the world.

The earth is shaken up; the heavens melt with fervent heat; with fear and trembling every knee bows and every tongue confesses. Is that the real manifestation of Christ's power? No; he chooses plain men for his disciples, talks with a Samaritan sinner, dines with a tax-gatherer, warns the people against the priests, and denounces the Pharisees. His humility conquers pride, his simplicity overthrows tradition, his liberty overcomes religious bigotry, and his truth destroys falsehood. In this is manifest the power that rules the universe.

erring, and prayed for his enemies. This was an illustration of the boundless love of God.

Will his appearance as the Great Judge of all the earth best prove his divinity? No; although he lived amidst falsehoods, hatred, ignorance, and bigotry, he kept his soul unspotted and free. Although his life was filled with the bitterest opposition and persecution, he yet attained perfect development and lived a perfect life. In this, his triumph over environment and his complete mastery of circumstances, he best proved his divinity.

Nor do we need to see him seated on "the right hand of God, eternal in the heavens," to know that he conquered death. When in the hour of mortal agony he chose to remain true rather than to live, he had already conquered death.

Humility, simplicity, truth, boundless love—these are the principles of the Christ spirit. The toil and weariness, the poverty and ill repute, the hatred and persecution, and the agonies of death were not to him a degradation and shame. He is not to come and triumph over these; but forever he triumphs in them, and through them he manifests his power and his glory. And whosoever has his spirit will be exalted by humility, made rich in poverty, win love of hate, govern by service, and find life in death.



GRATITUDE.

As precious pearl brought from its shell,
As diamond taken from the ground,
Is love that doth its gladness tell,
Or breathe its joy like rose around.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.



HEREDITY, HEALTH, AND MORALS.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

(Part I.)

The great word *health* has been sounded forth in all languages and dialects, from the earliest dawn of recorded history to the present moment. It means soundness; symmetry; integrity; perfection; wholeness; sanity; holiness. And after giving these definitions of this one great word, we find that there are many others that might be given without its significance being exhausted.

Now, what we actually mean by "health" is not always easy to define, for some persons consider health to be merely a condition of bodily comfort and well-being; so whenever they think themselves out of health they are supposedly distressed with some physical ailment or bodily symptom of inconvenience. They then apply to a medical man, or to a magnetist or medical electrician, or they turn to a mental healer for relief, imagining that if they can only be cured of this temporary inconvenience or bodily distemper they are no longer out of health. But such a conception is inadequate, for any particular definition of *health* that does not give the word a much higher and broader interpretation than this must be set aside for an ampler view.

When we realize that *health* is vastly more than any one has yet defined, and that bodily health, in a certain sense, is the very lowest kind of health, we must admit that the lowest

gins just where it should leave off. And not only do we find this to be the case among medical practitioners, but it is almost equally the case with Christian Scientists and other schools of metaphysicians. From this unreasonable attitude our attention must be turned. The multitude who look up to Christian Science are usually distressed at first with some physical ailment; and every other kind of mental, spiritual, or divine healing undertakes to offer a panacea for physical ills before going further.

Now, we are not wrong in trying to get well physically—there is nothing unrighteous in the desire for personal ease and comfort in the material world; but we must remember that the search for health on this plane is like unto the search for fugitive happiness. Many philosophers say that happiness is the supreme goal of human endeavor, and health and happiness are well-nigh identical. No one is to be blamed for desiring to enjoy the present life, but in order to acquire this enjoyment it is necessary to fix our attention upon a superphysical goal. Therefore, all that may rightly be termed mental, spiritual, or divine healing—and these terms are all admissible—must begin with an appeal to the moral consciousness of humanity, and must thence proceed to consider those intellectual problems that directly affect our external welfare.

Considering morality to be identical with philanthropy, and regarding the general well-being of humanity as inclusive of the welfare of each particular unit in the human mass, we do not hesitate to place the science of health on a genuinely theosophic basis. The primary declaration of theosophy is universal human brotherhood, which allows of no partiality on account of particular race, caste, color, or creed. To live in harmony with all humankind is to live healthily in our own interior conditions; and as physical effects necessarily follow

conceive of these organs as psychical or spiritual, then as mental or intellectual, and finally as material or physical. This threefold definition of a human body gives us not so much the thought of three distinct organisms, one within the other (though this conception is entertained by many theosophists), as of three distinct planes of consciousness on which the human ego functions simultaneously.

The erroneous and depressing notion that exceptionally good or pious people are peculiarly susceptible to physical distempers is due to confounding widely different sets of human experiences. The righteous are often persecuted; they are therefore made to suffer from the injustice of those too unenlightened to appreciate their nobility. But this kind of suffering, out of which the Bible declares God always delivers his peculiar people, bears no relation to those physical diseases that result from opposition to divine law and order. In times of bitterest persecution, those who have been faithful to their highest convictions of right and duty, though they may have been enslaved and imprisoned, have enjoyed an exceptionally high degree of physical health and vigor, while their persecutors, who have often been surrounded with every worldly advantage, have become victims of the direst diseases.

When we declare health to be our normal birthright, we can well characterize disease as an abnormal birthwrong. The two watchwords of modern science, heredity and environment, have long disputed the palm among professors of psychology. In days recently gone by heredity was more dwelt upon than environment, but the newest psychology of our times lays such great stress on an ampler definition of the word *environment* that it is now being made to include all those influences that

constantly being built up from all the impressions made upon us, subjectively as well as objectively.

It has been truly said that every child has a right to be well born and then to be well educated; but education must not be identified with cramming, which is the chief vice of many scholastic systems that seek to impress knowledge upon the child from without rather than to unfold perception from within. It has been frequently demonstrated that the same outward conditions produced opposite results, not only with different people but with the same persons when in different mental conditions; therefore, it is next to impossible to prescribe a course of action that can be depended upon, in and of itself, to produce the results we desire to see accomplished. Some children enter life with predispositions to which others are not prone; consequently, it is easier for those blessed with what we term "good heredity" to enjoy immunity from disease than it is for those whose prenatal tendencies have been of a depressing character. Precisely at this point comes in the need for a clear statement of the work of a genuine healing ministry. Were we all born free from adverse tendencies we should none of us be susceptible to infantile disorders or to the ailments that usually appear in later years; but, seeing that we have not all been provided with a perfectly normal inheritance, we must seek to rectify the errors that have encompassed us and resolve to master whatever looks like adverse fate by acknowledging our own divinely derived potentialities.

The Rev. Charles Fleischer, in a recent article, gives expression to the very highest and purest metaphysical ethics, as related to those interior mental conditions that make health possible to all who live up to them. Rabbi Fleischer says: "I

line of reflection too often neglected, seeing that we are all too apt to assume responsibility for our neighbor's conduct—or else we are inclined to believe that we are necessarily victims of it, provided it proves unlovely. We must all face facts; no good can ever accrue from denying existing situations. We may be disliked by others who foolishly entertain jealousies or fail in some way to understand us. Such people need instruction and elevation, and if we can assist them in their moral growth we should be thankful for the privilege; but never can we render a good service to others while we remain victims of the belief that their attitude toward us must inevitably work our downfall.

Diseases are often fashionable; yet no one likes or admires them. They are consequently yielded to from fear—also from simple lack of righteous individuality. Many invalids are not in any sense sinners, but they are weaklings who do not dare to rely upon an available divine source of health to rescue them from every inclement surrounding. When once we admit the force of the wise saying that “nothing can invade our consciousness unless we leave a door open for its admission,” we shall be able to neglect at the very outset of our metaphysical studies all the attention usually paid to material symptoms; for we shall quickly grow to realize that physical effects must necessarily follow mental causes. We shall therefore turn all our attention to putting the interior of our house in order, taking it for granted that the corresponding exterior of the habitation will in due season come into order likewise. We often speak of *reality* as if it pertained to material semblances; but the only true reality is the one unalterable reality of the universe, which is revealed to us in the law of Nature—that indubitable universal order with which we must all comply or pay the penalty of non-compliance.

opportunities for instruction we are held accountable by the very law of our being for the sufferings we entail upon ourselves by persistence in courses of action that in all past times have produced misery and continue to produce it.

It is as reasonable to declare that there is an exact science of health as to claim an exact science of mathematics, for it would be absurd to assume that there is certainty in the domain of arithmetic and nothing but incertitude in the realm of health and morals. We may only know our multiplication table to a certain point, but we are capable of learning more than we know already. That 12 times 12 are 144 is well known to every school-child, but that 12 times 24 are 288 is not so generally familiar. The child who will make no mistake in multiplication between twice one and 12 times 12 may be utterly bewildered when called upon to multiply by 13 or by any higher number. The foregoing analogy serves to illustrate the progressive character of scientific knowledge, which is exact in kind but ever increasing in degree.

It is never wise or safe to believe that disease rightfully enters into human experience at any point; but it *must* enter if some mistake has been made to occasion it. We need, therefore, to look closely into causation and seek to discover, not what produces disease, but what is necessary to the production and maintenance of perfect *health*. The ever-futile search for the "microbe of disease" must always result unsatisfactorily, because no reward for such an undertaking can be the discovery of the *microbe of health*; and it is *that* microbe, if such there be, whose acquaintance we need to make and in whose company we need to live continually.

The word *aseptic* is one of the best in the medical vocab-

1. The kindred word *immune* keeps it close company.

portance to those sanitary regulations that bear immediately upon the outward condition of our homes and cities. There is, however, no discrepancy between an entirely metaphysical view of the sanitary situation and paying attention to outward sanitary regulations, because all outward usages grow from mental concepts, which they embody and express.

Many advanced Swedenborgians find in the Swedish seer's doctrine of "correspondence" a solution of the problem of health and disease. Dr. Garth Wilkinson, who has been styled "one of the brightest minds in England," wrote a treatise entitled "Epidemic Man," in which he pointed out that we are generators of scavenging bacteria; and he further stated that disease is due to an influx from the hells of disorder, for it cannot possibly flow from the heavens of harmony.

(To be continued.)



FROM FACE TO SOUL.

One look, one glance, one moment
In the crowded street—
And that alone.

One look, one glance, one moment;
Yet a thought complete
Its seed had sown.

That thought has influenced a life,
Has guided where Care's billows roll—
Awakened love, prevented strife:
The aid of a magnetic soul.

JAC LOWELL.



To HIM who has an eye to see, there can be no fairer spectacle than that of a man who combines the possession of moral beauty

WOMAN—THE INTERPRETER.

BY NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

There must be a woman alive to-day who can reveal to the world of what woman's power consists. That it is manifold has been proved, time and again, by her ample desire to accomplish the work and take part in the toils and cares of life, and to strengthen man's courage by entering heart and soul into his projects and achievements. But in doing this she has forever remained in her own sequestered domain of Love, Womanhood, and Motherhood.

Woman has traversed the realms of science and philosophy, and all the departments of evolutionary advancement as well as the oft-trod road of housework; and, whenever or wherever she has been allowed that privilege which belongs to the Mother of the Race, she has led in art, in science, in agricultural appliances, in educational advancement, and in refining the literature of the age. In all these journeys, to and from her achievements, she has woven about herself a royal robe and plucked from the wayside many gorgeous-hued blossoms wherewith to crown her sex.

Woman has forever occupied a throne—that of Motherhood. Since the day of manifestation of herself, she has mingled her sweetness with the troubled labors of the world. She has made fallow with her tears and smiles the fields wherein the seed—thought—of mankind is sown. She has nursed into power and glory her offspring. She has molded man

has descended into the depths of folly; she has ascended to the topmost rung of the ladder of fame. But never for a single day has she stepped down from her throne—which is hers as a gift from God. She has ruled the world from this throne—and if it be not ruled according to *her* wish and approbation it is her own fault.

One of the attributes of her domain is her self-consciousness—primitively named “vanity.” Woman’s vanity is her saving grace, and her supreme power of attainment. Through this vanity—which is a becoming, a consciousness of her most salient potency—woman rises to the pinnacle of accomplishment; without it she sinks to the level of the mediocre. Without this self-conscious power our feminine poets could not write verses that move the world to tears or laughter; without it Madame de Stael could not have reached intellectual heights; without it our revered and honored sister, Susan B. Anthony, could not have accomplished the splendid work of liberating so many of her kind; without it the best and most powerful of womankind would never have been heard of, and their names, efforts, and desires would have been buried in the débris of a forgetful world.

It is true that in one sense woman’s vanity may prove her weakness and downfall. But, to her in whom are born aspiration and desire to accomplish, this vanity, this self-consciousness, becomes an overwhelming wave of longing to attain the highest; and the very weakness that might be her downfall, if rightly placed, proves to be her strongest suit in the game she is bent upon winning.

Woman’s dominion may not be consciously known or entirely discovered, either to herself or to man. Neither may it have been manifested after the manner of her own divinity.

by right of equal birth and evolution of the soul, she has been accused of affecting something outside her "*rights.*" She has accepted these conditions and opinions as criticism, and shrunk more and more into the background of her regal kingdom.

But there must be a woman who can demonstrate to the world that, although she may become, after a fashion, independent of man, yet she will retain the woman-soul, which can never change its character, no matter how or in what form it may be expressed. The more woman seeks to become individual the more she attains to interdependence with man—the greater becomes her desire to find the path leading to her goal. Through the power of her mentality and the strength of her thought concerning herself, will she prove her wholeness—her entire freedom and fulness of character. It is not until fully developed and molded, the square corners worn smooth and round through attrition, that she becomes a perfect transmitter for love's blossoming fragrance to pour forth its power to the world.

One of the unhappy features of the history of woman has been that, when she has told man of her great love and abandoned her soul into his keeping, he has, through lack of comprehension of her true virtue and marvelous nature, thrown her into prison through jealousy, mortgaged her freedom, and bound her in chains—welded not of his love, but of his ignorance regarding their respective relations. He has bribed her with golden shekels; he has enslaved her by shutting her up with her domestic and maternal cares. She has entered her prison, mistaking it for a gilded castle; she has taken the bribes, thinking them part of her rights; she has been happy, sometimes unhappy, in her home alone with her thoughts and cares. Thus, little by little, she has become blind to her infinite and eternal power of constructive ability and magnetic centering, and

forth with equal opportunities, and if woman has lost her hold on mankind and the world it is because she has listened to the tempter—negative conditions in her own nature—and failed to recognize her power. She reared man and brought him forth, and she has the power to mold him according to her ideal. If he is not according to her conception of what a perfect man should be, the blame must fall upon her, because Nature and her own creative power give her the opportunity to make man what she would be pleased to have him. If he refuses her the privilege of the ballot, it is because she has not educated him while she yet had a chance to do so. If he calls her weak through her vanity and seeks to win her in that way, it is because she has left the door of her inner nature standing ajar, giving him an opportunity to throw her a golden bait, which, when swallowed, makes her weaker from the indigestion it causes. But the wise woman knows wherein lies her power and keeps well guarded the door leading thereto. The awakened woman knows her power, and that she can make man what she wants him to be; she knows that she holds a mighty franchise within herself—her innate motherhood. The subtle woman recognizes her vanity as her stronghold, and she will wield that power to her own advantage, and for the uplifting of her sex.

Woman is the soul of humanity. According to Biblical lore the soul symbolizes the feminine spirit in mankind. The mother-principle is that whence all things come, and that holds the chalice in which all things gestate and receive life. Therefore, she is Wisdom, and must be the *interpreter* of all the mysteries. She leads mankind, step by step, away from all concept of evil. Day by day she brings the world more and more into the sacred consciousness of its definite purpose.

Nothing is too difficult for woman when she awakens to her possibilities. She is happiest when surmounting diffi-

her to push forward more vigorously to the foremost in her kingdom of womanhood. By beholding obstacles as blessings she clears her vision; by searching diligently for the truth that dwells at the heart of every fact in life, domestic, conjugal, maternal, or in her association with the man she loves, she is seen as the Madonna-mother of all that is good, true, and beautiful.

Man shall speak, but woman must be the *interpreter* of his speech. In proclaiming the redemption of mankind, in speaking the gospel that shall redeem the race, man must be the one to stand forth and speak. He must be the one to die on the cross. But he cannot do this alone. He cannot endure the glare of the noonday sun unless the goddess Aurora ushers him through the dawning. Woman suggests to man the work he must do. She inaugurates him king of the universe. She initiates him into the mysteries of turning water into wine—of transmuting the body into soul substance. Mary, the mother of Jesus, saw there was no wine at the wedding feast and whispered it to her son—the Man of God. Thus, *woman* became the inspiration of the first “miracle” of Christ. Through her perception, her power to interpret the mysteries, the guests were inspired with greater joy; the feast was stimulated, and the souls partaking of the wine returned to their homes stronger, better, and purer because of the living substance it contained.

Mankind is athirst for the wine of the *spirit*. Woman perceives this thirst and speaks to the Christ in every soul: “There is no wine.” Immediately the soul awakens, the step is quickened, the pulse beats faster, when, lo! he learns to speak the *word* that, interpreted by her, turns that which is stale into

THE CROSS.

BY JOYCE B. KETCHAM.

The worship of the Cross has been identified with all races of men from the very earliest dawn of organized paganism, so called, in the Eastern world. Its mission has ever been to inspire reverence; but never could the sacred emblem have been more misunderstood than when it floated above a mob of religious fanatics who rushed to the slaughter of their fellow-men and then called their deed of blood a "holy crusade" in the name of the cross of Christ.

The cross seems to have been the aboriginal possession of every people in the old civilizations; and, like all other symbols that have come down to us from the silent ages, it creates a link connecting all the families of mankind. Where history is silent on the subject, we find material proof of its existence on the walls of ruined temples, palaces, and galleries—proof not only of its existence but of the sanctity attached to it by populations of different culture and pursuits. They all sought to lavish on it the greatest ingenuity. In its embellishment expense went as nothing, the one aim being to perpetuate a faith in its grandeur, importance, and virtue.

This statement is borne out by those who have visited the caves of Elephanta in the east, the rocky structure of New Grange in the west, the temple of Mitzla, the City of Moon in Ojaaca, etc. The ancient city of Benares formerly boasted of a temple (Bindhu Maddhu) that was demolished in the

were ascended from the outside by steps, with galleries at stated points for resting-places.

Among all the crosses known to the world to-day—St. George's, St. Andrew's, the Maltese, the Ansata, the Greek, the Latin, etc.—there is not one whose existence cannot be traced back to the very earliest ages; and, while it is true that there has been a certain line of evolution in the cross, its various forms and delineations have, on the whole, been preserved to us intact: borne over to the western world on the surges of Aryan civilization.

Among the earliest known types is the *Crux Ansata*, found frequently upon the Egyptian and Coptic monuments, and called "the Key of the Nile." It signified the heart of symbolism—the hidden wisdom, not only of the Egyptians, but also of the Chaldeans, the Peruvians, the Phœnicians, the Mexicans, etc. Its form is like the letter T, with an oval placed above it. It was figured on the emerald statue of Serapis, which Theodosius destroyed A.D. 389, regardless of the agony of the priests who begged him to spare it because it symbolized to them and their people God and immortality.

The same type has been brought to light in the ruined cities of Mexico and Central America, graven upon the most ancient Cyclopean walls. It is also displayed on the breasts of many of the bronze statues that have been recently disinterred in Nicaragua. When the Spanish priests came to America they were surprised to find that the pagans whom they had come to convert were already established in cross-worship. They cast around for some good and sufficient reason for this state of affairs, but came to no happier solution than that it was "the work of the devil." They met the symbol on every hand, and found that it was formed of various materials, according

The cross is closely associated with water. The devotees of Osiris believed that by means of it he produced the inundations of their sacred river. In some of the water fountains of to-day we have the reminiscence of the cross as it was pictured on the brazen table of Bembus, with four lips discharging as many streams of water in opposite directions—the four arms of the cross.

Among the Mayas the cross was symbolical of the god of rain. Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, who declares this country to be the cradle of human civilization, holds that the word "tau" (cross) is of Maya origin and is composed of three primitive syllables—*ti* (here), *ha* (water), and *u* (month), which is translated thus: "This is the month of water." This well-known archeologist explains the extreme reverence felt by the Mayas for the emblem with this tradition: In all localities such as Yucatan, between the 12th and 23d degrees of north latitude, the dry season sets in about the beginning of January, and for the next four months there is not a drop of rain. By the end of April the whole country has become parched and dry, the trees are bare, and the birds and beasts become tame from thirst. Just about this period a constellation, consisting of four bright stars, is noticed in the southern heavens. To-day it is known as the southern cross. This constellation was hailed as a messenger from heaven, come to rejuvenate weary Nature and bring new life to man—for following its appearance comes the first rain of the season. In the course of time the esoteric meaning of this tradition was lost among the Mayas, but even to this day the meteorologic

which the main branches extend horizontally; while the leafy top, especially when seen from a distance, affords the appearance of a hemisphere, the entire outline being that of the *Crux Ansata*. The Mayas always represent in their arts the sacred tree furnished with two branches extending horizontally from the summit of a conical trunk, the shape depicted being that of a cross (or *tau*).

The cross became the coat-of-arms of the Phœnicians, not only as a recollection of the four rivers of Atlantis, but because it represented to them the secret of their great sea voyages, and to these they owed their preternatural success.

In Assyria the cross was emblematic of creative power; in Babylon of water deities; in India, China, and Scandinavia of immortality; in the two Americas freedom from pain: while in both hemispheres it has ever been the symbol of the life to come. Its deepest signification, perhaps, is embodied in the cross of Calvary. There it symbolizes at once the burden of life and the hope of humanity. Thus we recognize in the cross the conventional mode of expressing truth and mystery from one extremity of the world to the other: the symbol of suffering and pain and discipline, and the sign of "the way, the truth, and the life."



O LOVE, that dost with goodness crown
 The years through all the ages down!
 'Tis in thy strength the mountains stand;
 The seasons roll at thy command;
 And rooted are all things that bless
 Deep in thy everlastingness.

—*J. W. Chadwick.*



THE MASTER LIVES.

BY STELLA C. BISHOP.

Never have I met a master. There are those who come to one, when his life's lessons are hard, text-book in hand, theories aloft, methods upheld; there are boasters; there are strong men and pure, lovely women; there are those who have perfected themselves, along certain lines, to whom people look as leaders: yet never have I met a master.

I have seen the mental healer hurling defiance at disease, and conquering it—a master for a period. Again I have seen the same one struggling, conquered by the emotion of jealousy—helpless under its sickening, subtle influence.

I have seen a hypnotist—masterful for a while, swaying many by his will; a hero. Again he was a victim—seduced, hurt, almost destroyed by the reptile within the glass.

I have seen an author—master in the use of language, of word-pictures, with keen insight into life's mysteries; portraying the hearts of people as skilfully as the sculptor represents their physical expression; imaging ideal character full of nobleness and strength; dealing philosophically with each form of human failure. Again I have seen the same author slam doors in a pettish temper.

I have seen him that was called a master—who could send his astral self far out into space; who could fast for days with-

sensitive to the finest instincts and influences—yet deaf to the “still, small voice” of peace.

I have never seen a master. Still, I know the Master lives, because of his ever-present influence. I *have* seen him—with my inner eyes. I have heard him down deep in the silence. I have felt him with my soul. I have found him wherever I looked. He lived; he spoke through my people when they did their noble work. He speaks in the lowlier life. He comes forth (or is excluded) from every heart. He breathes in Nature always—awaiting expression.

It is the aim of every awakened soul *to be* this expression—*to be master*. The Master is within. He lives. While in him you have eternal life; and in him you are free—free from pain, from limitation, from galling chains, free from all save life.

I have never met a master; yet I know the Master lives, and that each earnest, faithful seeker can and will consciously become one with him. No effort is lost. Every mistake has its lesson, which, if learned, will result in greater mastery—in fuller, freer expression of the Master. When success crowns any line of work it is a beautiful expression of him. When inspiration speaks in still, clear tones it is his voice.

“In my Father’s house” is where the Master lives. His “mansions” are the limitless wealth of the soul—the wealth of knowledge, wisdom, love, and of mighty power: not the power of the sword nor of battle, but of the spirit, which is in all things. Within the inner court of these many “mansions” stands the temple of peace and harmony. Its windows shed forth light and warmth for all the holy city of “mansions.” The Master is in his holy temple—this inner, tower-like palace. One glance at his brilliant, gentle face can dispel every cloud

into the jungle of confusion, nor into the sands of the seeming—for the temple is within. Look not to friends or possessions or others' successes. Look to no material thing, nor to sensation. Look not amidst the glamour of mental impressions and psychologic pictures, where madness is and where the weary years roll their tiresome days along.

The spiritual law of omnipresence holds the Master—ever present, yet within. Stop where you are—no matter how deep the mire or how loud the confusion around you. The Master's hand is where you are. The Master lives.



How CAN anybody enjoy being miserable? Men do, and so do women. They surround themselves with an atmosphere of gloom. They hug trouble to their breasts. They make mountains out of molehills, and there are tears and groans when there should be smiles. Perhaps you have a cynic in your employ. You can pick him out with your eyes shut. He has "the blues" from Monday morning till Saturday night. He will tell you that he always gets the worst of it from everybody; that his talent isn't recognized; that his genius is wasted; that he isn't getting enough money; that there is no future for him—and a lot of tommyrot like that. After that comes the brooding stage. Any man who broods over real or fancied wrongs is dangerous. He is not sane, and he is also a mighty poor workman, whether he is making hoe handles or counting money in a bank. He deliberately destroys his own efficiency and chance for success, and all for the perilous and questionable happiness of being miserable.—*Cleveland Press.*



I CAN sav for myself that, in the highest of all learning—

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE PROSECUTION OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

IT would seem that what is sauce for the medical goose is something entirely different for the Christian Science gander. Never to lose a case is apparently the only way that a practitioner of the latter school can gain legal tolerance for his therapeutic endeavors. It is fortunate for the doctors, and perhaps unfortunate for society, that the same test is not applied to the "regulars" of the allopathic and homeopathic systems; for a large proportion of the cures effected through metaphysical methods are of cases that have been given up by old-school physicians.

For the first time in the history of this State, if not of the country, as the result of a coroner's inquest an indictment for manslaughter in the second degree has been lodged against a Christian Scientist whose patient passed away while under his treatment. The case was that of a seven-year-old girl, who was a victim of "malignant diphtheria," and her parents are likewise accused for having consented to the perpetration of the "offense." The specific charge is "neglect" to procure medical attendance for the child, who, as alleged, was too young to decide for herself that Christian Science was the proper mode of treatment for the malady. The coroner and his brother physicians conveniently ignore the fact that the patient was also too young to "choose" *medical* treatment,

patient would have recovered under orthodox medical ministrations; and on this point what physician would dare make an affirmative statement under oath? The lawyers for the defense could easily point to the record of over a thousand deaths from the same disease in six months in Greater New York—every case attended by a “regular” practitioner.

To every impartial observer it is obvious that most of the old-school doctors who are “aiding and abetting” the coroner in this prosecution are actuated by no higher motive than professional jealousy—based upon the increasing competition they encounter in the practise of the healing art; yet some honest physicians are conscientiously opposed to Christian Science, and consequently consider it a patriotic and humane duty to put obstacles in its path. The attempt of these two classes, however, to frustrate the spread of metaphysical therapeutics will receive a sharp setback from a decision just rendered by the United States Supreme Court affirming the legality of mind-cure. Referring to a statement urging the legitimacy of mental healing claims, which the Postmaster-General recently declared to be fraudulent, Justice Peckham says: “There is no exact standard of absolute truth by which to prove the assertion false and a fraud.” Yet the endeavor finds, unfortunately, much passive support among numerous private citizens who are totally ignorant, or are radically misinformed, as to what Christian Science really means. And what is more unyielding than the obstinacy of ignorance?

For this popular lack of accurate information, can it be said that the followers of Mrs. Eddy are themselves wholly blameless? The assertions put forth without qualification by some extremists of the cult, who “rush into print” when their doctrines or

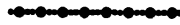
by some practitioners they have every appearance of absurdity. The statement that "disease is not real" is true metaphysically, but it requires a definition of *reality* to make it acceptable to the lay consciousness; for disease is *actual*. Cancers, for instance, have just as much "existence" as the knots in a tree. The "reality" of the latter can be demonstrated mathematically—and mathematics is our only exact science.

But the most indefensible utterance of these Christian Science enthusiasts is their insistence that *all* physical disabilities result from "errors in mortal mind." They make no discrimination between diphtheria, for instance, and a broken leg. Yet the simplest logic should suggest that causes of bodily helplessness are of two kinds—internal and external; that extraneous and mechanical forces and conditions may affect our bodies regardless of our mental attitude toward them. The leg of a *table* may be broken, but a table cannot "catch" diphtheria. A fall from an exploding balloon and a bullet wound in the back may be cited as examples of exterior causation. But the power of mind in effecting *cures* of such states in the human organism is complete and undoubted, and if the spokesmen of this cult were to confine their remarks to *that* principle of their belief less ridicule would be brought upon the movement.

Another ambiguous statement we frequently hear is that Christian Science healing is the result of "prayer." This sends the impression broadcast that it differs in no way whatever from the theological "faith cure," when if the necessary qualification were forthcoming it would be shown that *realization of oneness* with God is really meant, and all suggestion of the miraculous intervention of an external Deity would be properly eliminated.

Then again — why do these leaders and teachers continually re-

strength whatever from the indorsement of any individual. Metaphysical healing is not a "discovery"; it is only a revival of the most vital feature of primitive Christianity. And no addenda of institutionalism, personality worship, superstition, or emotional religion are essential to its effective expression. J. E. M.



THE MIND'S METHOD.

Amidst the many avenues of New Thought mapped out by advanced thinkers, who stepped out of the arid desert of "isms" and "ologies" to pluck from the world-tree the seeds of Truth, in order to plant them wherever they could take root according to soil and sunshine, wander many minds eager to gather the blossoms. Many work and dig with a will to transplant them, root and branch, into their own mind-gardens. Others are content to pick the flowers, place them in a crystal vase, and water them occasionally with a solution of new ideas, that they may adorn the festive board when Truth and Reason are bidden to a feast.

In this gathering and transplanting, many a weed takes root in the allotted mind-plot and grows between leaf and blossom. It is well, therefore, to know and follow a method that will help the gardener to plant and weed with care.

From out the network of the mind darts the faculty of inquiry. It gathers with discrimination such materials as will blend with the slumbering root-thought. This process awakens the thinker, who places every garnered leaf of facts into the scale of Truth balanced by Judgment, well knowing that from without the mind grasps but symbols, which the thinker must interpret according to the light radiating from the subsoil of his mind-planes. He must make every truth his very own—first by observation of its outer

“eye of the soul,” discerning truths ere they translate themselves into facts.

Each fact will take on a positive hue when viewed under the microscope of close attention, until the “soul of things” will shine through the encompassing form. The oneness of the essence will loom up as a luminary shedding many-colored rays upon the manifold manifestation of the form-substance. Upon this basic principle rests Truth, many sided and polished into variegated luster by the diversity of conceptions; for in each individual the chameleon hue of Truth blends with every ray of the understanding sent out from his own mind. Its return path is marked by the trailing glory of toleration for all other forms of thought-expression.

Precedence and prejudice are uprooted like weeds when it is discerned that material science fills the niche of classification by observation; that philosophy teaches by dissertation and religion by adoration of the one Substance—while metaphysics seeks to penetrate the citadel of inwardness by concentration. By this last method every blossom of fact opens into a vista of Truth, and every grain of intuition ripens into realization. The mind’s method of work is then complete. Wisdom then becomes the guiding star upon the pathway of the mind.

L. V. STERN.



THE NEW THOUGHT ALLIANCE.

This new organization, which is a branch of Upland Farms School, holds a meeting every Tuesday evening at 327 West 56th Street, New York. The rooms of the Alliance are open daily. Reading-room, class-room, and social facilities are furnished.

Free lectures will be given by different speakers on the first

Private classes will be held by well-known teachers from time to time. Notice of these will be sent to all members, and may be had by others on application to the secretary.

There is an Advisory Board of seven members, of which Mr. C. B. Patterson is president and Mr. Walter Goodyear is chairman. The following committees have been formed, each having a chairman appointed by the Advisory Board and two assistants chosen by each chairman: Lecture and Class Committee, Social and Entertainment Committee, House Committee, Library and Reading-room Committee, and Membership Committee.

One important purpose of the Alliance is to establish a New Thought College—with headquarters in New York and facilities for continuing its work at Upland Farms, Oscawana-on-Hudson, during the summer—to meet the growing need for such systematic and definite instruction in the principles of this philosophy as will insure practical knowledge and help in the problems of everyday living. To this end every effort will be made to obtain the best and wisest teachers for classes and frequent public lectures; and all who have realized in any degree the benefits of New Thought teaching, and are seeking further enlightenment, are most earnestly urged to cooperate in this endeavor to enlighten the many by generous subscriptions, in order that the work may be established upon a permanent basis.

All subscriptions, inquiries, and other communications should be addressed to Miss A. M. Gleason, secretary and treasurer, at 327 West 56th Street.



THE great books of the imagination are written in invisible ink—that is, they are understood only by experience. You must be able to hold their pages before the fire of life ere their full significance appears to you. It follows that one reading of a great book cannot suffice.—*British Weekly*.



THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

A LITTLE LUNCH PARTY.

Not long ago I received a letter containing a cordial invitation to visit a lady and remain to luncheon. "I hope you will not refuse, for I am anxious to have you meet my children," the letter ran; and as I read it I thought: "How unusual to have the stress laid on meeting the children! But it will be very pleasant." And so I replied by a very hearty acceptance.

On the day appointed, I arrived, after a little searching of numbers, at the right place, and, seeing a lady and a little girl on the steps looking at me with inquiring interest, rightly guessed that they were my hostess and daughter. Warm greetings, followed by a hospitable welcome into the house and an introduction to the little maid of six and a manly small boy of about nine who then appeared, broke the ice of strangeness, and we all began to chat as if we had always known one another, the little folks taking their part in a very sweet, unobtrusive, yet perfectly at ease way that seemed delightful and restful.

The mother presently excused herself and went out to put the lunch on the table, while the children remained to entertain the guest, which they did with a childlike, happy ease that quite won my heart.

When we were called to the dining-room the little gentleman, waiting until the ladies had taken their places, seated himself at

small hands to be occupied in helpful service and small heads to learn to take responsibilities; and so, though I have my outside public work as well as the household to attend to, I prefer to work with my children and teach them by practise and example than to have a servant in the house all the time—although, of course, we have one come in some days to help us out.”

“I am so glad of every proof of what can be done in this direction, for I *know* if all mothers would try it they could not but see splendid results, as you evidently are achieving,” said I, while little Ethel poured and passed the water.

Then we chatted of other things, the children remaining silent when the conversation turned on matters of a more serious nature; and finally at a signal from the mother Edwin rose and proceeded to the kitchen to make coffee, while Ethel took off the dishes and prepared the table for dessert. When the fragrant beverage was brought to the table and I sampled the cup that was handed to me, I could not refrain from remarking upon the delicious result of Edwin’s labor.

“Oh, yes; Edwin always makes the coffee, and I can trust him never to make a mistake, because *that* is his responsibility,” said the mother; at which I inwardly made a mental note to the effect that this was another of my favorite points proved, for giving children certain responsibilities, with due regard to their fitness for taking just enough and no more of the right kind, had long been one of my hobbies.

After lunch the mother and I retired to the parlor, while Ethel with a long-sleeved apron and Edwin with another were left to clear the table and wash the dishes.

It was so delightfully peaceful and happy in the home atmosphere that as I sat chatting with my hostess a continuous under-stream of thought kept running through my mind as to the secret

possessed and well poised Edwin is in his words and manner and work! Why, the *comfort* of having such children would more than compensate for the time and trouble of training them," said my inward consciousness, just as the little folks came in from the kitchen, fresh and smiling after their task.

Edwin showed me his books on the library shelves, pointing with great pride to a set of Stoddard's Illustrated Lectures, saying he enjoyed reading these books best of all because they took him into foreign countries and he could thus learn how the other parts of the world looked and the people lived. He discoursed about these things in the most animated and interesting way, showing how thoroughly he assimilated what he had read.

Ethel had not yet been to school, but was "learning at home with Mama," she informed me, while her mother stepped out for a moment and she showed me the little blackboard on which she had been writing words and drawing pictures.

And so the charming visit came to an end, leaving me rested, inspired, and filled with greater zeal than ever to preach the gospel of child-training by and through parental comradeship and sympathetic coöperation in practical affairs of the home. What can be greater than the opportunity in the family life to lay in the child's heart and mind the foundation for a gracious and beautiful character, which in after years will be revealed through the good works and noble attainments of maturity? Is not Froebel right in saying, in his profound, impassioned earnestness?—

"Family life! Family life! Who shall fathom thy depths? Who shall declare thy meaning? Thou art the sanctuary of humanity; thou art the temple wherein the flame of divinity is kept alive and burning. Thou art more than school or church; thou art greater than all the institutions which necessity has called into being for the protection of life and property! Without the conscience to which thou givest birth, without the reflection which thou dost foster, the school is but a sterile egg—an

FOR THE CHILDREN.

“See how many hearts you can make sing aloud for joy! There is a legend of the Child Jesus, which tells how he made flowers bloom and birds sing in the midst of winter by a smile of love given to his mother. A beautiful meaning may be drawn from this. Love is the true sunshine, and all children can make a cold world blossom with it, after the example of the Holy Child.”—*Lucy Larcom.*



ELEANOR'S PLAN.

“There! they are all ready but one, and to whom will I send it?” said Mrs. Stephens, rising from her desk, where she had been addressing some envelopes containing little Eleanor's last photographs.

“I know,” replied Eleanor, looking up from her dolls, for whom she was planning Christmas and wondering how Santa Claus could crowd into their tiny stockings as many gifts as she thought they deserved; “send it to Santa Claus.”

“Why! what a strange idea!” answered her mother. “Do you think he would be pleased to receive it?”

“I can't say,” said Eleanor; “but I am sure I would like to have him know which little girl I am, and, besides, I wish so much to see him.”

Mama thought a moment, and asked: “But what would you say to him, my dear?”

“Well, first I would thank him for all the pretty things he brought me, and then, if you think he would not mind, I would ask him to please give Bessie Anderson nicer presents than he did last year, because they are very poor and she would be so glad. Of course, if he did not have any more, he could take some of mine for her. Please, Mama, write a letter for me.”

Santa Claus: A merry Christmas to you, and many thanks for all the pretty things you have given me. This is a picture of me; will you please let me see you?"

"No, Mama," interrupted Eleanor; "that won't do. I am sure Santa Claus must be bashful, for none of the little boys and girls ever see him; he must be coaxed. Let *me* tell you what to say."

After many trials the letter was written, a photograph inclosed, and put aside for Papa to post in the morning. When he returned that night (and Eleanor was in dreamland) he inquired, as usual, about the happy hours that sped on during his absence. This time he looked very serious, but very happy when he learned of Eleanor's wishes for Bessie; and, opening the letter, he read:

"My dear Santa Claus, here am I,
A baby far from wise;
And none can guess, tho' many try,
The color of my eyes.

"Just now they are the darkest brown—
My mother's child, you say;
And Daddy listens with a frown,
For his are blue always.

"Again do they the bluest seem—
Favored is father then.
Changed they quickly as a dream—
Proudest is he of men.

"But well I know 'twill never do
To feed their pride this way.
To-morrow, neither brown nor blue,
But just a seeming gray!

"Want to guess? I hope you do;
For while you're gazing in,
Then my first peek I'll take at you,
And try your heart to win!

"ELEANOR."

We hope the letter will reach dear old Santa Claus in due season; and you all have a chance to guess whether or not Eleanor will see him. But, we may be quite sure, her kind wishes for Bessie are not in vain, and Bessie's Christmas will be brightened by many useful and pretty gifts; for good wishes and kind thoughts are never lost, but, like tiny seed, they grow to blossom, shedding fragrance and comfort where we sometimes least expect them. I hope you will all sow them freely at this joyous time, when we commemorate the birthday of the Generous One; for it was his way always to consider others, and in no way could we please him more than to aid the work that he began when, in the far-off East, the Star of Bethlehem told the watchers a new time had come—the time for peace and good will toward all men.

FREDERIC GILLMUR.



WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, but to put it in the pleasantest place, and offer it to the mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a stranger who did not spend her life in their service.

To be kind and helpful to their sisters, as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make friends among good boys.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to tell a false story about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or to drink, remembering that these things cannot easily be unlearned.

A PHILOSOPHER.

All the large confectioners' windows on Canal street displayed cards bearing the legend, "*Gateau des rois*," laid cheek by jowl with the American "Cakes for King day." And, to prove that the cards were telling the truth, large twists of cake, nicely browned and ornamented with fancy candies (especially red cinnamon drops and carraway seed), were piled a foot deep in the same windows. If you went in to buy, the shopkeeper would tell you with the gravity of a Supreme Court Judge that each cake contained a mystic bean.

The *banquettes** were crowded, as usual. Some ladies were shopping, some were on their way to the matinee, and every one was in good humor, though they were being jostled; but that is characteristic of New Orleans.

"Clang! Clang!" and the electric cars glided in and out from Clay station. "*Ow-oo—Ow-oo-oo!*" went the discordant sound from a big whistle. Christmas had passed, but here was almost Twelfth Night. Somehow, holidays do crowd themselves so good naturedly into people's lives.

Near the corner of Bourbon and Canal streets sat a flower-girl, a gentle little thing with all of sunny southern France in her face. She was just a little nervous, too; for, to tell the truth, she was new at the trade and her brown hands trembled as they worked in and out of the flowers. She had never imagined there were so many people in the world.

A newsboy on his way for afternoon papers stopped by the corner, and, seeing the little mite of humanity, straightway began to make faces and stick his tongue out at her. But as she wouldn't cry he decided she was worth talking to.

"You is new here, ain't you?"

"*Oui*"

willing. She told him that she was new at selling flowers, but there were so many little brothers and sisters at home, something just *had* to be done; and if she could make over a certain amount there would be a few pennies for one of those beautiful cakes. She did not know if her mother would permit it, but if she would the boy might come to their little revel.

The boy very graciously listened to all this, and started on his errand, after telling her not to be afraid of any "duffer"—that he would "stand up" for her.

Afternoon—and no flowers sold. Those cakes were beginning to seem very far away.

"Ah! un bon monsieur." Surely *he* would buy a *boutonnaire*, such a lovely *grande duke*.* "Non? Monsieur does not wish jessamines?" Her other flowers were just loose ones—roses with soft petals and long stems, bits of smilax, and carnations.

It was getting quite late. Just then some girls came by.

"Oh, my grand temptation!" said one, looking at the flowers.

"Do come on, Marie. That is why you never have money for ribbons. It's always flowers."

"Ribbons? I spent my ribbon money long ago; its car-fare I'm spending now." And she selected a lovely rose with smilax.

"Did you notice, girls, what a bright face that little flower-girl had? What a model she would make! I don't know which tempted me most—the face or the flowers."

The girls passed on and an old gentleman who had noticed the purchase and the purchasers bought a handful of roses for his dinner-table that evening. Somehow they seemed different—fresher, or something—from other street flowers. Again the little brown hands stole out and cunningly placed some creamy roses near a fragrant heap of carnations.

The cake was beginning to be a probability.

No sooner had she finished the arrangement than she heard a querulous voice right at her side: "You *shall* stop! I *shall* have some flowers; you know I like them!"

"Come here, girl, and bring me some flowers."

"What would monsieur prefer?"

The gentle voice and quiet manner somewhat took the boy by surprise.

"Anything."

The flower-girl handed him a bunch of carnations with a smile.

"Why are you pleasant to me? No one else is," said the boy.

The little girl hung her head. She did not want to remind him of his infirmity, and she did want every one to be happy.

"Tell me—why——"

She stepped back to her flowers and handed him a white rose.

"The rose will answer, monsieur."

The nurse pushed the chair forward and was not one bit careful over the rough places. The boy said nothing; he was thinking. Had he found some one who understood? It did not look like pity. He hated pity. But, somehow, the little flower-girl's happy smile made him feel happy too.

When he reached home his mother said: "There, dear, you have stayed out late again."

"Yes, mother."

That rose must have been saying something to him. Yesterday he would have answered, "What if I did?" It really was a wonderful rose—or was it the smile?

A schoolteacher stood a moment by the basket, and the bright face of the little girl made her forget the drone of the school children. The girl almost laughed aloud when a gentleman called and, looking over the flowers, began telling her a whole lot of long names that he called botany. But the blossoms did not smell one bit sweeter, and she was certain the "grande duke" looked better as a boutonnière than if it had been picked to pieces and hard names said over it. The drollest part of all was, he asked her what she charged for her smile.

"My smile? Oh, I give that!"

"Then the smile is *laquelle*?"*

"Yes, madame; life is so much easier when one is in good humor."

"You are young to be a philosopher."

That was a long word.

"I shall ask ma what it means," said she to herself, as, with empty basket on her arm, she trudged home. "*Philosopher!* It must be good, since it means to laugh!"

HARRIETTE E. WRIGHT.



RAY WILLIAMS, THE BOY EDITOR.

Do you know, children, that sunshine is being manufactured in East Aurora, N. Y., by Ray Williams, the boy editor of that fine little paper, *The Sunshine Bulletin*? He tells us that "kind words are sunshine," and asks that "a word that will comfort, oh, leave not unsaid!" And here is the rule, as given by William Penn, by which he tries to live: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If there is any kindness or good thing I can do to my fellow-beings, let me do it *now*."

I am sure the children who read MIND want to make sunshine too. And they can make the brightest sort of sunbeams by sending to Ray Williams, P. O. Box 432, East Aurora, N. Y., a little note, inclosing a two-cent postage stamp, telling him that they have clothes, or books, or magazines, or toys, or other things that they will be glad to give to children who need them. Then he will tell you where to send them, for he knows many children who are not expecting a single gift on Christmas. Think of that! Now let us see how much sunshine the children of MIND can send out before January first.

"Have you had a kindness shown?"

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

THE DREAM ANGEL.

When each child is sleeping within his wee bed,
Comes the angel of dreams, fair, smiling, and bright,
And, bending a-down o'er each dear little head,
Whispers: "Come, love, with me to the land of delight.
O'er the Lullaby river, come, darling, with me,
And the loveliest things in the world you shall see!

"There are wonderful things in that far-away land—
Things sweet to the hearing and sweet to the sight;
And children are playing upon the fair strand
Where the pearls and the rubies forever shine bright;
For they've caught all the gleams from the heaven above—
The heaven of gladness, the heaven of love.

"There are games in abundance for girls and for boys;
There are ribbons and rings and all 'fol-de-rols';
There are glorious books and most beautiful toys,
But brightest and best are the exquisite dolls;
There are fruits, there are flowers, and song-birds galore
A-waiting the children on Hush-a-by Shore."

And the children are glad with the angel to go,
O'er the Lullaby river in dainty shell boats,
With so loving a guide; and the little ones know
That securely, though swiftly, each fairy bark floats. . . .
"Soft and low, here we go, to the land of delight,
And our pilot so dear is the dream angel bright."

LILLIAN F. COLBY.



AN INTERESTING PEOPLE.

(Part I.)

Would you hear something about the Indian girls and boys at school in the Golden West? For so it is fancifully called because of so much sunshine. But, sad to think, it shines pitilessly down upon the poor Indian, confined to sandy desert stretches and barren hillsides. Mountain, vale, and river over which he once roamed at will—the beautiful and wonderful Nature-spots that were once his home—he can no longer enjoy.

As travelers come to this Western country from the East, where very few Indians are seen, their hearts are stirred at the wretchedness of the Indians herded together upon the unproductive reservations. An Indian reservation is the land the Government has set aside for the Indian to live upon. It is in almost every case a district pronounced good-for-nothing by the white people. But the people of California are loudly protesting against such a course, and hope soon to see a change.

When the time comes for you, my young readers, to have a voice in the government of the country, may you remember the Indian and do him justice, never forgetting that he is your brother and needs your sympathy and help!

I am going to try to show you that the Indian responds readily to the efforts made in his behalf. The fine schools that our Government has established, and where so many Indian children are receiving the benefits of education, leave out the poor parent. I visited the large Government School at Phoenix, Arizona, and a smaller Roman Catholic Mission School at San Diego, California. The first-named school was surrounded with handsome grounds. The palms and umbrella trees, so graceful to look

with great baskets of pottery on their heads and babies in their arms. I asked myself, Why should the children have *all*?

What do the *boys* do at the school? In the first place, they made all the bricks of which the buildings are constructed. They learn printing and print a school paper. They are taught wagon-building, draughting, tailoring, and have manual training besides their regular school-room studies.

Then there is their music. They have not only a band, but an orchestra; and every Sunday afternoon they give concerts in the school-room grounds, and the townspeople come to hear them.

And the foot-ball! The Indian boy beats all his white brothers far and near. Then how the band-boys toot their horns at every victory!—while the white boys take their defeat good humoredly and try again.

In the school-rooms the boys and girls are taught all the English branches, and they recite very creditably. The girls are taught the piano, cooking, dressmaking, fancy work, and rug making. It is a busy and happy family, and their teachers are proud of their progress. There is also a kindergarten room.

In the home-like sitting-rooms connected with the dormitories were many scholars happy over their work; and out on the green lawn groups of girls in bright dresses, and with flowers stuck in their black hair, made a pleasing picture. There were no signs of discord. I neither saw nor heard any loud quarreling, roughness, or meanness. Who ever goes by a public school at recess time without observing all of those things?

MARY ATWOOD HARDING.



WHEN winter winds are blowing,
And clouds are full of snow,
There comes a flock of little birds,
A-flying to and fro.

Give them a hearty welcome!

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE HISTORY AND POWER OF MIND. By Richard Ingalese. 286 pp. Cloth, \$2.00. The Occult Book Concern, publishers, 63 West 45th street, New York.

This is distinctly an occult work. It comprises a series of lectures recently delivered by the author in New York, revised and elaborated for book publication. The occultism expounded in this volume, while accepting and explaining reincarnation, has very few elements of Orientalism; it gives rather the Western concept of Nature's subtle forces—the practical conclusions of Occidental students of mysticism concerning the mysteries of life and being. The work has twelve chapters, embracing the historic, philosophic, scientific, theosophic, psychical, and ethical phases of mind and its processes, probably the best of which is the ninth, which describes "hypnotism, and how to guard against it." In other portions of this book, most spiritual metaphysicians and devotees of the New Thought will find some statements with which they will not agree. What is commonly regarded as "selfishness" is here defined as "individualism," and much excellent logic is employed to sustain the author's contention on this important point. Being compiled from stenographic notes of extemporaneous discourses, the volume has not the literary polish that marks the work of the trained essayist; yet the material is plainly and most interestingly presented, and we commend the book to the attention of every one interested in metaphysical research. It is neatly printed and bound, has a frontispiece portrait of the author, and discusses some subjects that are quite unusual in works of this character.

THE MAJESTY OF SEX. By Nancy McKay Gordon. 185 pp. Cloth. \$2.00. Published by the author, Denver, Col.

Mrs. Gordon's excellent article in this issue of *MIND* is suggestive of the vigorous and incisive quality of her remarkable

can not only make truth acceptable but also apply it without fear of censure to subjects that ordinarily come under the ban of Mrs. Grundy. This unveiling of traditional and conventional mysteries—not with the rude scalpel of passion's slave, but by awakening the inner spiritual consciousness—is one of the most beneficent effects of true Mental Science. That there is a genuine science of regeneration, having its basis in the proper exercise and governance of the sex function, is shown with most convincing lucidity in this volume. The book exalts womanhood with the exuberance that is characteristic of this writer; yet the overshadowing importance of *principle* is not neglected in any chapter, and the law of spiritual unfoldment is defined as a concentric process having its nucleus in the generative impulse. Its appeal is made with equal force to both sexes, and is a comprehensive presentation of the most vital factor of human evolution. The work is a very artistic specimen of book-making, and should be in the library of every intelligent adult, whether married or single.

J. E. M.



OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EIGHTY YEARS AND MORE. (1815-1897.) Reminiscences of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. 474 pp. Cloth, \$2.00. European Pub. Co., New York.

THE HUMAN NATURE CLUB. An Introduction to the Study of Mental Life. By Edward Thorndike, Ph.D. 235 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers, N. Y.

LIFE IMMORTAL. By I. Pickering Miller. Cloth, 377 pp. Kosmos Pub. Co., Orange, N. J.

THE WORD AND ITS INSPIRATION. Vols. II. and III. By the Rev. E. D. Rendell. Cloth, 389 and 500 pp. respectively. The Swedenborg Pub. Assn., Germantown, Pa.

FOOTSTEPS OF TRUTH. By I. M. Morris. 122 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. The Abbey Press, publishers, New York.

CONCENTRATION—And the Acquirement of Personal Magnetism. By O. Hashnu Hara. 97 pp. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.00. Messrs. E. Marsh-Stiles, publishers, Westminster, London, England.

NIRVANA: A Story of Buddhist Psychology. By Paul Carus. 93 pp. Boards, 60 cents. The Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago.

THE NEW LIFE. By Leroy Berrier. 126 pp. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Davenport, Iowa.

BABEL AND BIBLE. By Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch. Cloth, illustrated, 66 pp. The Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago.

THE LAW OF THE NEW THOUGHT. By William Walker Atkinson. 93 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. The Psychic Research Co., publishers, Chicago.

ETERNAL LIFE. By Prof. Henry Drummond. 46 pp. Cloth, 25 cents. Henry Altemus, publisher, Philadelphia. "The Greatest Thing in the World." Cloth, 82 pp. Same author, publisher, and price.

I'M A BRICK. A Congress of Religions. By Corrilla Banister. 155 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Banner of Light Pub. Co., Boston.

ATALA: An American Idyl. With Original Poems. By Anna Olcott Commelin. Cloth, 76 pp. E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers, New York.

THE MODERN BLESSING FIRE. By Asenath Carver Coolidge. Cloth, 152 pp. Abbey Press, publishers, New York.

LIMA BEANS. (Baby Roland Booklet.) By George Hansen. Paper, 50 cents. Elder & Shepard, publishers, San Francisco.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN. By F. M. R. Spendlove, M.D. 24 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Montreal, Canada.

THE BOOK OF HEALTH—And Science of Truth. By George Burnell. 62 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Illumination Pub. Co., Dowagiac, Mich.

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JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

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PSYCHICAL RESEARCH IN THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

If the New Thought is to be more than a "faith" to one its truths must, to some extent, become a personal realization. This realization will be of characteristics and powers already expressed in the life or held in the consciousness, or of those that shall become awakened. It is this personal realization, or the possibility of it, that gives it vitality as a constructive and unfolding system of life. Freedom alone cannot answer all the needs, though it is absolutely necessary for higher attainment. One may be comparatively free from the effects of conventional beliefs, but, unless he combine with such freedom some unfolding power by which he comes into a higher realization than that of the environmental consciousness, he will have little consciously to build into a higher life.

In the content of this experience there are various forms of personal realization, manifesting often as the healing power for self or others, sometimes as loftier states of consciousness, occasionally as supernormal faculty, and frequently as a new view of life and its relations more or less directly with the world and more remotely with the universe. All these forms transcend in kind or degree the normal consciousness, which

position of declaring facts and theories that lie outside of the heretofore assumed warrant of science, as they are outside of usual experience.

This is an age in which a reason is sooner or later demanded by the intelligent thinker, and so completely has the world of theory of the seventeenth century given place to the world of fact of the twentieth that, unless one can find some relation between his theories and declared facts and the recognized order of things, he will have difficulty in securing respectful consideration among those who do not have the personal experience that dispenses with the necessity for a theoretic acceptance. The world asks: What warrant have you for your assumptions of more than normal states of consciousness, or for powers that the ordinary person knows not of; are you not reverting to the discredited field of mysticism and the dictum of vague occultism? And he who realizes from his own experience the truth of what he offers may perchance be at a loss to answer in twentieth-century terms, and can only suggest that these things are in some way the attributes of our divine nature—realizing, however, that this carries no sort of assurance to one who considers divinity as well an unwarranted assumption.

It is here that psychical research supplies the needful facts that support the rational theories and confirm the possibility of the experiences. Of these, brief mention will be made of the subliminal consciousness—its relation to the normal self, its supernormal faculties—and of the psychic energy inherent in the constitution of the individual. The most fundamental of these is the subliminal consciousness. This research has disclosed the fact that the personal man is but a limited

consciousness is differentiated, the latter being but that segment of the former which is directly related to the physical environment and constructed into a consistent chain of memories and experience-results by the normal life. It is, therefore, the foundation of individual existence and the creator of the personal self, for which it is the immediate fountain of life, power, faculty, and inspiration.

While the personal segment has been differentiated by evolution and has unfolded the whole along the paths of mentation and social and intellectual advancement, the deeper one carries on the so-called automatic functions of life—building, repairing, and maintaining the body. Together with its original impulse for expression it is subject to the law of response to environmental stimuli, which determines the character of its manifestations. As such a stimulus the normal thought has a powerful effect upon the subliminal processes, evoking healthful or unhealthful responses. When it is unimpeded by the normal thought, or when the erring inhibition of the latter is suspended, or when the latter assists by the right character of mentation, it tends to perform its health-conserving functions in the most efficient manner, sometimes effecting remarkable cures as well as maintaining vigorous health.

Between the subliminal consciousness and the normal self there is, therefore, the most intimate connection, both causal and influential. The states of the former are continually tending to emerge into the latter and enrich and modify it, while the states of the latter act as suggestional influences to which the former responds, beneficially or otherwise. This deeper consciousness possesses the quality of genius, the character of ecstasy, and the power of direct perception of truth without recourse to the slow processes of reason, but by methods that play over the processes with inconceivable rapidity or arrive

theory of material evolution. These faculties transcend the normal ones both in degree of manifestation, as in the keenness of perception, and in kind, as in those unknown to normal experience.

Of these faculties, *telepathy* is unreservedly accepted by psychic science. It is so harmonious with what we might reasonably expect that Prof. Flournoy has said of it: "One may almost say that, if telepathy did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it. I mean by this that a direct action between living beings, independently of the organs of sense, is a thing so in accord with all that we know of Nature that it would be difficult not to assume its existence *a priori*, even were no sign of it perceptible."

Psychic science has not yet determined the law of telepathy.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers would go no further than to say, "Life has the power of manifesting itself to life." Whether the mode of such manifestation is by the aid of etheric vibrations or by a more subtle soul-communication independent of even this agency, we do not know. It seems assured, however, that knowledge thus conveyed first reaches the subliminal consciousness, and such of it as becomes known to the normal mind emerges thence into it. A great deal of knowledge becomes thus known to the profounder self that never emerges into the normal mind in more definiteness than intuition. It is, therefore, probable that there is an intimate soul-association and influential interaction upon the plane of deeper consciousness.

Included in and as a constituent of the vital expression, there is a subtle force or psychic element that is of special in-

another classification. Psychic science gives us ample evidence of its existence and of many of its manifestations. M. Ak-sakof and Dr. von Hartmann, eminent psychical researchers, say that it is neither purely psychical in character nor confined to the periphery of the physical body, but may overstep its bounds and there produce material and other effects.

Though we might go further and note other facts, authenticated by psychical research, that have an important bearing on the problems of the fuller and higher realization of life, these are a few that will warrant some of the most vital claims of the New Thought, and from them an intelligent twentieth-century explanation may be deduced. The realization of higher states of consciousness that contain elements of a high value to life may be scientifically accounted for by the emergence of the subliminal states and their blending with and influence upon the normal consciousness. Thus I have pointed out in *Realization* the identity between all that class of experiences, including the mystic, the yoga, and the modern "Silence," and the phenomena of the subliminal consciousness. I have stated, too, that the intimate and causal relation between the personal normal self and its subliminal consciousness suggests that the former is but a segment of the latter emergent upon the physical plane and differentiated by its special modes of perception of physical environment and its experience therewith (evolution); that it receives its deeper wisdom, its quality of genius and supernormal faculty, and its impulse for advancement from the latter; that a factor in this unfoldment of the personal self is the gradual incorporation into it of these emergent qualities and faculties of the subliminal, and that for these reasons the healthful and rational methods of recog-

whereby its efficiency for healthful manifestation is greatly affected by the former for good or ill, furnishes a stable scientific basis for the claims regarding the power of mental states in the maintenance of health and in self-healing.

The intimate relation evidenced by telepathy between the subliminal states of persons, together with their quality of responsiveness, furnishes a basis for the claims for healthful thought-communication, and for the beneficent power and value of inspiring, encouraging, and optimistic thoughts, for those whose mental attitudes are receptive to them.

These facts offer also some justification for the claim that the individual man is divine, and by such evidence as cannot be called "unscientific" by the materialist. We start with the known, the personal man, and discover his relations with the next stage of the knowable—the subliminal man. In this latter we find qualities and faculties that transcend those of the normal man—those that physical evolution will not account for. Here is the first indisputable evidence of what may well be considered a divine source of consciousness. Is it an unwarranted assumption that this subliminal consciousness is a differentiation of the Universal Consciousness in which these transcendent qualities inhere originally? It is a very natural one. The normal self becomes, therefore, the most outward and personal aspect of divine consciousness emerging upon the physical plane in individual expression. Inward through the avenue of consciousness it may realize in increasing degree the more purely divine states; and this will be the purpose of realization.



PROGRESS.

JOSEPH STEWART: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The subject of this sketch was born in Kansas, October 30th, 1859. He is a lawyer by profession, being a post-graduate in law from Columbian University, and has been engaged in active legal practise, though for some years past has been connected with the Government service at Washington, in the Executive branch of which he is an official. Though thus actively engaged, he has devoted such leisure time as he had to study, writing, and publishing, and occasionally lecturing upon subjects of advanced thought and the realization of the higher life. Of these avocations, he says:

"In this work I am often asked by my readers whence came and what process of acquirement gave me the realization of which I write; and this has led me to analyze to some extent the content and to endeavor to trace its genesis and development. In so doing I discover that there appears to be a difference between my experience and that of most of those active in the New Thought in that there is no point in the past from which I can date the beginning of my realization of these things. It has always been with me in some form; the years have but elicited varying degrees and aspects of manifestation, and it is difficult for me to realize that such has not been the experience of all. Of course, I do not intend saying that study and thought have not contributed new knowledge, but that, as far as this inquiry is concerned, even such new knowledge has most often followed the lines of a development of the original thought and conviction. In trying to reach the last terms of the inquiry I find, however, two noteworthy elements: the first, this original character, including thought and innate conviction, with which I came into this existence; the second, the manner of its expression, including the influences that have encouraged or modified it."

project was not the full success anticipated; hardships of all kinds incident to life in an entirely new country and strife between the pro-slavery and the free State elements reduced the original community to his father's family and his brother. They remained and threw their energies into the efforts then absorbing the attention of the people—that of making Kansas a free State—and became prominent in the movement.

His parents were liberal in thought, and no conventional restraints as to belief were imposed upon him. Unconsciously, perhaps, he became imbued with the spirit of the time and the circumstances, and happily was left free in expression.

As to the first-mentioned "element," he had few thought-limitations and instinctively rejected conventional creeds and formal beliefs, which seemed alien to his nature. Freedom appeared to him to be the inalienable right of the soul, and absolute devotion to truth the requisite of a true life. With this he had a keen realization of the truly *religious*—an impulse for and a faith in the perfect in life and expression, the perception of the esoteric and the mystical: that realization which he had in later years identified, partly at least, with the "inner life." This original content seems to have held within it the essence of all his subsequent realization. The finding of what we call the higher thought here and there in the literature of the past, and in its more modern expression, has never appeared new to Mr. Stewart, but rather as a reminiscence.

His child life was free; but he thought more than he read, and spent much time in the woods, on the prairie—anywhere with Nature. His article, "The Prairie," is a faithful repre-

"Believing, as I always have, that all knowledge is for man, and that nothing is hidden except by reason of our non-recognition and ignorance, and encouraged by some personal experiences, I made a personal investigation of psychic phenomena through my own powers, and I learned much that has been of great value to me. Certain facts thus learned emphasized strongly the conviction that 'living the life' is the prerequisite of all true attainment, and of future as well as present well-being."

Mr. Stewart is an associate member of the Society for Psychological Research, and has given much attention to the study of the significance of occult phenomena. Believing that truth belongs to no country, clime, or time, but is realized by men everywhere in some degree, and long having recognized the value of Oriental philosophy, he found delightful companionship in Virchand R. Gandhi, the Hindu who represented the Jains at the World's Congress of Religions held at Chicago, and derived much benefit from study with him. A little society was named after him and devoted to philosophic research and study of the methods of a higher life, and Mr. Stewart was the head of it for the several years of its existence.

In 1899-'00, MIND published serially "The Esoteric Art of Living," which was afterward issued in book form. Of this work the *Washington Times* said:

"This book might be called the preface to a new gospel. A great deal of the book is prose poetry of the strain of Emerson. The attitude of the writer is not that of a pessimist; it is calm, sane, and reasonable—the quality of Matthew Arnold without Arnold's tang of bitterness."

It was otherwise called "the most scientific contribution to the New Thought."

He has since written much for MIND and other periodicals; but the largest and most varied body of his writings is in the two volumes of *Realization*, just completed. This little magazine is wholly devoted to his own work.

formulated and published a scientific method of the latter from his own practises. Being acquainted with the established facts of psychical research, of which the most important is that of man's *subliminal consciousness*, he identified its higher manifestations in supernormal states with the states attained in the systems of practise above named and with modern experiences of the "Silence." This identity was first clearly pointed out and the rationale of it given in his "Passive Concentration and Finding the Self," and "The Silence and Knowing the Self," in *Realization*. This view, he believes, will ultimately be accepted by science, as is indicated by the fact that Prof. William James, of Harvard, in his work, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," has recently suggested the same identity with reference to mystical states.

Though very actively engaged in his official duties at Washington, Mr. Stewart keeps up his interest in scientific progress and finds some leisure hours to devote to occasional lectures before liberal societies of different kinds. He also carries on special work with individual students in *Realization*, of which he says:

"The testimony received from many advanced students is that it presents that which is not otherwise or elsewhere obtainable. It evokes the strongest response of appreciation from those who have studied all available systems and are thus able to recognize what appears to them to be a synthesis of the enduring elements in all.

"It appeals also to those who like close analysis and the presentation of the scientific conception of metaphysics and psychics, and equally to those who are constructive, with definite methods and reasons therefor, and is of special interest to those who have the native deep realization. 'It is the happiest blend of science and religion I have ever met with,' writes a student of wide research."

Mr. Stewart works for the love of it, and he expresses

they rest as far as he is able to perceive them. Of his habits, he says :

"The question often arises, how I write what is in *Realization*, leading as I necessarily do so busy a life otherwise. I blend our higher realization with the every-day life; so that, when I am ready to write, the excursion to my *Realization*-subjects is not a great one. I keep close to Nature and its inspiration also, and in every week of the year regularly spend some hours on the hills and in the woods. In the summer, some such leisure hours find me on a secluded hillside, on the ground in the hot sun, appropriating its beneficent power. Thus I have written the Nature-articles that have been so appreciated in *Realization*.

"I have often been asked what I am. I do not name myself. I find companionship in the truth, wherever expressed, and, though discriminating among systems in order to encourage the best as it appears to me, I sincerely coöperate with all who are striving to attain the realization of a higher life."

Mr. Stewart's consistent, sincere work is bound to be productive of the greatest good. We would like to give numerous quotations from his magazine and from his excellent book, but space forbids more than one or two. In "The Esoteric Art of Living," he says :

"The soul must love truth, and love it above all opinion, theory, dogma, doctrine, or philosophy. It must appreciate the fact that to know the truth and live it is the highest state, and be willing to abandon every theory for it. Some who think they love the truth are mistaken; they love their opinion of truth. They are not free. The truth of which I speak is not taught; it is not found in books. Only the method of knowing it may be thus imparted. It itself is internally perceived by him who fits himself to perceive it. It is an interpretation, or a self-revelation, of the Divine."

Writing of "control," and of the creative power of mind, in *Realization*, he has this to say :

"The normal mind must be under control before one seeks to control anything else. Power is destructive if we do not know how to use it, or if we are foolish in its use. . . .

"It has been said that the mind creates our world for us. It is true

THE NEW METAPHYSICAL MOVEMENT.

BY KENNETH RIPLEY FORBES.

During the last quarter of the century just closed, science had been coming to deal more and more with the finer and subtler forces of Nature. As a result of long-continued physiologic and biologic investigation, she had apparently been forced back upon herself by the question, "What now?" The insufficiency of research in the physical realm was continually made more and more evident, and the earnest seeker after truth, though dreading to enter the hazy and shadowy domains of mental phenomena, found no other course consistent with his determination to know the ultimate cause of things. As a direct result of this attitude of science came the establishment of the British Society for Psychological Research. This association was composed of men skeptical in the highest degree of all that was then claimed for the "transcendent powers of mind." Such eminent men as F. W. H. Myers, Frank Podmore, and Professor Sidgwick of Cambridge University have been leaders in the Society since its foundation. What their work has been during the last twenty years is now too widely known to need any general exposition.

As a result of this same tendency in modern thought, several distinctly popular movements were initiated, having among their objects the investigation and development of man's latent

The fundamental principle in the thought of Mental Science might be expressed in two words—Universal Unity. We are living in a boundless, inexhaustible atmosphere of life and power. As individuals, we partake of the love and beauty of the Oversoul. We are related, through our union with the Infinite, the Universal Life, on one hand to the lowest forms of existence in the evolutionary scale below us, and on the other to exalted spiritual beings transcending even our powers of thought. Says F. B. Dowd, the mystic writer: “The teeming life of sea and air and earth is immortal, for it is *life*; it is immortal in man, as man is immortal in God.” But not only do we live and draw our strength and inspiration from the Universal Life, but that Life at all times and in all its phases is good. The unity that we have affirmed is a unity with Infinite Goodness and Wisdom. Whatever the hardships and sorrows we have borne, whatever experiences we may be called on to pass through, we may be sure that the purpose in them all is educative—therefore good. We have brought them upon ourselves as a consequence of past action, and when we have learned from them the lesson they bring their mission will be accomplished and they will pass naturally from our life. Holding, then, to these principles, and deriving his inspiration from the very Source of life, the consistent Mental Scientist should be a strong and helpful teacher and ever the most thoroughgoing optimist.

Such, in brief, is the import of the philosophy of the New Metaphysical Movement. To many, the Mental Scientist appears as nothing more or less than a heretic. The orthodox conception of God he cannot hold. The doctrine of the divinity of Jesus he asserts, but going further, claims that same di-

perfectly realized his place in the universal order, but that same realization must be ours at some time in our future evolution.

Although this system of the Mental Scientist is usually called the "New Thought," yet there is in reality very little in it that is "new" except *its practical application of the principles to the every-day, working life of the individual*. From the time of the ancient Thales down to the present, philosophers and poets have expressed those fundamental ideas which form the basis of the New Metaphysical Movement. Thales, that sage of the old time about whom so little is authoritatively known, gave expression to the doctrine, now so prominent in the literature and teaching of Mental Science, that "death does not differ at all from life." Pythagoras, also, the great mathematician and philosopher, gave to the world for the first time the conception of a universal, a cosmic harmony, of which we are an integral part, and which depends, for its beauty and order, on the great Central Life, the mysterious "One." With the advent of Socrates was first enunciated the idea of the sublime worth of knowledge. "Virtue is knowledge." "To know is to be good."

The survival and extension of this same principle are seen to-day in the teachings of the New Metaphysical Movement. In the last analysis, say the Mental Scientists, all evil is the result of ignorance. Could the individual but realize the results that will, by the operation of universal law, follow his choice of the wrong, he could by no possibility choose the lower rather than the higher. It is true education, not fear, that will give him sufficient knowledge to choose the higher from the lower, the right from the wrong. The aim of true service, then, is to show to the inexperienced and undiscerning the path of knowledge, that he may always choose the largest and highest

movement produced a philosophy that is in notable accord at every important point with the views held by many Mental Scientists. Among the more modern philosophers, the New Metaphysical Movement is most in harmony with the views of Immanuel Kant, and his immediate successor, Fichte. With Fichte, especially, Mental Scientists feel a certain close kinship; for not only was his philosophy optimistic and a pure idealism,—not merely did he make the conception of an immanent God his fundamental idea,—but his entire life was the illustration and exemplification of the power and reality of so truly practical a philosophy.

But throughout the entire history of thought, the one man who has expressed, almost in its entirety, the philosophy of the New Metaphysical Movement is that courageous and noble Jewish sage, Spinoza. His famous doctrine of the "One Substance" has been made the basis for all practical work in Mental Science. The mental healer, meditating upon the immanence of God and on the omnipotence that is his through this indwelling Spirit, speaks to his receptive patient the healing "word of authority." Spinoza's ethics avoided the asceticism of Buddhism on the one hand and the formalism of orthodox Christianity on the other. "Salvation is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself; and we do not rejoice in it because we have previously subdued our lusts: on the contrary, it is because we rejoice in it that we are able to subdue our lusts." Here, as in his Metaphysics, he realizes the surpassing worth of a vital conception of the present, indwelling God: the practical power to be evolved by "trusting in it"—our "Salvation" our ever-present God. This somewhat mystical religious conception is, never-

the exponent of a new philosophy of health and happiness. Although not in a strict sense of the word a philosopher, the "sage of Concord" is undoubtedly the largest creditor on the philosophic account of the New Metaphysical Movement. He has undoubtedly expressed, in his brilliant, epigrammatic essays and poems, the entire philosophy of modern Mental Science. If one wishes for the doctrine and platform of the supporters of this new movement, let him read the essays of Emerson. There will be found their whole confession of faith. Emerson stands, in relation to the New Metaphysical Movement, as a sort of patron saint, and is tacitly acknowledged by its leaders to have been the originator and unconscious founder of the whole modern optimistic movement toward practical idealism.

While Emerson and others, with keen spiritual insight, were preaching the gospel of an Abundant Life, it yet remained for a contemporary of the Concord philosopher to act as the means of the first extensive propagation of the therapeutic aspect of the new philosophy. Phineas P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine, had for several years prior to 1840 experimented with the powers and possibilities of the mind in the healing of the sick. These experiments, however, were not made after the fashion of the empiric scientist, but were conducted as the result of a firm religious and philosophic conviction of the unalienable right of the soul of Man to determine and govern every condition in life—both spiritual and material. The results of Mr. Quimby's experiments proved so satisfactory that he eventually had a large practise, and treated all his subsequent patients entirely without the use of material remedies. His

known as the founder of Christian Science. At about the same time there came to Mr. Quimby two persons that were destined to become important factors in the development of the philosophy and practise of metaphysical healing. Mr. and Mrs. Julius A. Dresser, like so many others who eventually developed into teachers, first came to a knowledge of this new philosophy through illness and subsequent recovery under mental treatment. Mr. and Mrs. Dresser, after obtaining complete freedom from sickness, studied long and faithfully with their teacher and healer; and when they felt that they were measurably competent, and that the people needed their services, they began the practise and teaching of mental healing. It was their high privilege to be responsible, in a very large measure, for the future propagation and successful application of the principles of the New Metaphysical Movement.

But it may be quite justly asked: What is this "mental healing"? Of what does it consist? What are its theories of diseases and their cures?

In the minor points of therapeutic theory and practise, individual healers differ widely; but on the fundamental principles of healing, and on the general theory of disease and its cause, Mental Scientists are in substantial agreement. Physical disease, in whatever form, is obviously at bottom a state of inharmony. To get at the original cause of this inharmony is the problem of any worthy system of therapeutics. The ultimate cause of all disease, say the Mental Scientists, is to be found in the mind of man. Inharmony, evident in the body, is the natural outcome of mental discord. If, in our thought-life, there is worry, "anger, hatred, and all uncharitableness," then will our physical organisms sooner or later show, as a

fevered mind will be in evidence to the keen observer before the ravages of physical fever appear in the body. Looking at the man for whom we are sure there is no inspiration in life, whose round of toil is a dead weight, who has "nothing to live for," but is "crushed" by the "afflictions" that have come upon him—seeing such a one we are not surprised to learn that consumption has marked him for its victim, and that he has been destined for a wasting illness and an early grave.

But what is the use of all this knowledge if we cannot help the sufferers? We surely cannot give the luckless ones a new mind with which to think harmonious thoughts. No, say the Mental Scientists again; fortunately for their well-being you cannot. But something far better you can assuredly accomplish. Teach the suffering ones that their way of deliverance lies in a positive realization, slowly and gradually perhaps but with increasing conviction and strength, of the all-pervading Life, the ever-present Peace, the never-failing inspiration of the immanent Spirit working in and through Nature and the human soul. Show them that this positive, constructive thought and realization will leave no room nor chance for the inharmonious, discord-producing thoughts of resentment, fear, and despondency, and that their own happiness and physical well-being are now matters of conscious, individual choice. "But," it is objected, with good reason, "how can a man, crippled and sorely hampered by distressing physical disease, change the whole current of his thoughts to order? The very reaction of the pain and discord of the body upon him would prevent so attractive-sounding a course." True, answers the mental healer; and for this very reason the necessity for our "treatments" is at once obvious.

This mental treatment, of which we are hearing so much

mind *unconsciously* receives and incorporates within itself. Thus, gradually, are his former ideas replaced,—crowded out, as it were,—and his physical body, true to its nature as a reflector of the mind, begins steadily to express the health and harmony that are its natural right. Having thus gotten the patient mentally on his feet, the wise healer will confine his ministrations to teaching, and will require his pupil to think his own harmonious thoughts, and thus subsequently to keep himself in perfect health through intelligent, well-ordered thinking and living.

So much, then, for the theory, which some scientists have attacked as being manifestly ridiculous, which others have looked askance at, feeling that it can never be either proved or disproved, and which yet another class has looked favorably upon as a natural development of the modern tendency toward the practical in scientific work. Whether or not the Mental Scientist's therapeutic theory can be completely proved is a question that need not concern us at this time; but the query as to the rational justification of such a theory may be, in great measure, satisfied by an examination of the practical workings of the hypothesis—a candid judgment of the value of the movement by its fruits.

It has been customary with independent investigators of the phenomena of mental healing to divide the cases under discussion into two classes—functional and organic diseases. Not a few of these students have come to the conclusion that mental healing is effective only in instances of distinctly functional diseases, and that where the pathologic conditions are organic mental treatment is powerless. In view of much definite and verifiable evidence, however, such a conclusion would

chusetts hospitals as an incurable sufferer from hip disease. This malignant sort of hip trouble, said the authorities, had never, in a single instance of their experience, been found curable. On her coming out of the hospital, the child was brought, a helpless cripple, to one of the Boston mental healers. After learning in detail the history of the patient, and much of her prenatal influence and environment, the healer began treatment. With the exception of the first two, all the treatments were "absent"—given at a distance. In about ten days the girl's crutches were taken from her, and before a month had passed she was walking naturally and was entirely free from pain. In short, the patient had completely recovered.

On hearing of this cure the hospital physicians, although expressing surprise, predicted that the trouble would speedily return. Now, however, after a period of seven years, the patient continues to enjoy normal health, and during the greater part of this time has walked to and from school—a distance of two miles—for five days in the week.

With cases of organic disease, although the known instances are not so numerous, the evidence appears to be equally conclusive. Again we will relate one instance that we know to be authentic. This case was that of a man with chronic kidney trouble. His physician had been unable to do anything for him, and had forbidden him to go to his business. He was fast becoming a confirmed and helpless invalid. When the mental healer was called in he diagnosed the case and began systematic treatment. Improvement was soon noticeable, and at the end of one month the patient was declared cured, and he resumed his regular business with no trace of his former trouble. Up to the present time (two years having elapsed), there has been no return of the illness.

Such, then, is the barest indication of the sort of evidence

true healer and teacher considers the curing of illness as but a small part of his work. If his principles and philosophy are to be of the highest value to mankind they must be applicable to every condition and exigency of experience. They must serve as the unerring compass to guide aright uncertain and despairing footsteps. They must act, in the strenuous life of every day, as the serene poise, yet virile power, of the intellect and imagination. They must provide the ever-present inspiration to the reformer and teacher, and alike serve as the first light and hope to the ignorant and suffering wayfarer along life's pathway.

And all this the Mental Scientist believes to be thoroughly true of his basic principles. He has proved their reality in his own case, and is continually observing the same in the lives of others. The doctrine of the immanence of the good, the reign of a universal law of Love, is the very heart of his inspiration, and a message that he never wearies of repeating, and that, to him at least, never grows old.

The spread of this practical idealism in the countries of the Old World is going rapidly on. From Sweden to the island continent of Australia one may now find the Mental Scientist. And in these distant countries he is not the result of "missionary effort," but rather the expression of a universal intellectual and spiritual awakening. The Mental Scientist of Australia is not the same as the Mental Scientist of Boston. In fact, there are probably no two supporters of the New Metaphysical Movement who hold identical views of life and duty; for, being bound by no creed, they feel perfect freedom to satisfy the inmost longing in whatever way seems best for their particular type of development.

humanity; or will this movement, like so many of its predecessors in the history of man's thought, gradually lose its power and eventually disappear from view? A settlement of this question depends, in the main, on our answer to another fundamental query: Does this philosophy of Mental Science, with its attendant works of healing, supply a genuine need of humanity? This is a question to which it is impossible to give a general answer. Each honest investigator must judge for himself. We have examined, in outline, the Mental Scientist's philosophy; we have seen, briefly, his theory of health and disease; we have looked at some of the fruits of the movement, and noted the nature and extent of its spread. Let each one, then, give his own tentative but candid answer to the question of the real and lasting utility of the movement.

Much that is extravagant, distasteful, and even dogmatic is continually being said and written by well-meaning supporters of the New Metaphysical Movement who have apparently been carried off their feet in the exaltation of their first realization of deep truths. They have perceived hitherto undreamed-of powers of the human mind—they have recognized in their own thought-forces a mighty, practical power; but, failing to look before they leap, they have drawn deductions hastily and rashly, and come, many times, to apparently unwarrantable conclusions. But we, on our part, may well take warning, that we do not let these exaggerated statements and hasty conclusions blind us to the fact of the possible permanent and fundamental value of the movement as a whole.

In this, as in all doubtful matters of our thought-life, Time will prove to be the inexorable and only true solvent. He has acted, and ever will act, as the great threshing-machine of the mental world, and by him the chaff of the new movement will

us *as individuals* to answer. For their solution we can take no man's word. There are presented to us, moreover, two ways of answering the queries that confront us. We may gather evidence on all that pertains to the matter; we may observe, through long periods of time, the phenomena of the movement; we may criticize and classify our results and draw from them whatever we deem a thoroughly logical conclusion. On the other hand, if we are among those who feel a lack of satisfaction and a depressing meaninglessness of daily life we may take the principles as we find them, make the attempt at least to incorporate the new philosophy into our own life, and see for ourselves whether it be true—as the hopeful ones have told us—that life is “not a cry but a song,” and that we can, if we will but realize the strength of the indwelling Life, “come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas.”



It often takes a higher type of manhood to endure failure bravely than to achieve success. When the failure comes without fault of our own or in obedience to ideals more noble than that of personal success, then to bear the disappointment cheerfully, to keep life sweet and sunny, to let our “desire to be great be swallowed up in a willingness to be what we are,” lends to life a crown of glory which no mere success, however great, can bring.—*Rodney F. Johnson*.



THE great and glorious masterpiece of man is to know how to live to purpose; all other things—to reign, to lay up treasure, to build—are at the most but mere appendixes and little props.—*Montaigne*.



TO BE free minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and

THE IDEAL AS A DYNAMIC FORCE.

BY AGNES PROCTER.

(*Part I.*)

What diversity of opinion exists as to the most beautiful thing in Nature! Most persons have a preference, but, even though they admit your choice appeals to them, they invariably suggest something different as possessing a greater significance. Some evade the subject by saying, "*Everything* in Nature is beautiful." I am inclined to think that so liberal an acceptance denotes that they have not given the subject the consideration it deserves, and if questioned could offer no satisfactory answer to the variable emotions engendered by actual contact with the things Nature calls her own. "Everything in Nature is beautiful" might imply a generous estimate of *all* things, but to me the statement discloses indifference. When we particularly admire a thing we should try to recognize the affinity existing between the object and the self.

Nothing is more restful than getting away from the cares of labor and entering into an earnest discussion of something different and higher. If you have no companion or congenial associate, commune with yourself, which is far better than an argument with one not in sympathy with the subject. Begin with a flower, or a baby. Every living soul has a mental image of a baby. It may not be your own; it may not belong to your immediate family; anybody's baby will do—even one

In the beginning of our spiritual consciousness, little things attract us most—our capacity being limited. We admire the beauty and fragrance of the humble flower; the innocence and helplessness of the baby appeal to our strength. But as our soul forces expand we reach out in admiration to what seems beyond us, unfathomable. The grand old trees, the mighty ocean, the sun and moon—these we question in vain; we are enveloped in an atmosphere of awe and mysticism. In losing our descriptive faculty, we are overwhelmed with the immediate cognition of the weighty problem of *Cause*.

Effects are alluring, elusive. Sunrise and sunset are but synonyms for birth and death. What we crave to-day we disdain to-morrow. A feeling of discontent oppresses us; we fail to recognize these indications as processes of growth, and attribute our lack of appreciation to some material shortcoming. Thackeray thus expresses the feeling of discontent: "When I was a boy I wanted some taffy; it was a shilling; I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy." We are always striving for the unattainable. When we reach the goal, and the prize is less coveted, a feeling of disappointment darkens our vision; but it is only momentary. The progressive soul discerns a greater prize in the distance, and the weary feet start on another journey—to meet with the same result. The unattainable (and nothing else will satisfy us) is always a little beyond our reach.

The *I*, the individual, cannot be divorced from Cause. It is God's way of urging us on and on, little by little, until we reach perfection. Once we recognize this statement as a truth, we will ever see before our mental vision four words: "*I am the Way.*" Read that sentence over and over again, until

has been discarded; but with a little effort you will be able again to put it aside, like an old garment that has served its purpose. In time you will forget that it ever occupied so important a place in your mind.

Has "old rubbish" anything to do with the beautiful in Nature? Yes; it is often the means to an end. When we discover that we have no further use for it—when we can obliterate the personal self and look within the Soul for the qualitative substance that has been ignored—then the objective world claims an admiration never realized before. We stand on the hill-top and look down into the valley, and everything assumes a different aspect. Every bitter experience is necessary for the soul's unfoldment. The tear, the sob smothered at its birth, the forced smile that conceals the grief gnawing at the heart—these are little by-ways leading to the road at the foot of the hill where the light shines.

Every one who has given this subject serious consideration has an ideal world. "My ideal world"—what a possession! Silence reigns there eternally. There is no diversity of opinion about "my ideal world"; it is one's *very own*. No other eye can behold its beauty, or appreciate its intrinsic value. If we have no ideal world or purpose, let us try to create one. We can if we will. It is necessary to look after material needs, but why starve the spiritual self? Why hush the "still, small voice" ever pleading on the shores of Time for recognition?

A worthy ideal purpose, such as finding our particular sphere in life, would enable us to transcend the narrow circle

must necessarily be a cessation of action—a transplanting, as it were. There must be time for growth, adaptation, unfoldment. Patience is the oil that lubricates every endeavor. Be firm in purpose, and know that *you alone* can fill that one particular niche in the grand mosaic pattern designed by the Creator and executed through man's instrumentality.

Adaptability to any position forced upon us through "circumstances" is a stepping-stone leading to the summit. Timidity, self-depreciation, and lack of confidence are bridged by the courage to begin.

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it—
Boldness has genius, power, magic in it!
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin it, and the work will be completed."

Our worth is determined by the strength we exhibit in surmounting obstacles that bar our progress. The mental attitude with which we approach the goal decides our fate. If we have not the courage to demand, we have not the right to possess. We are not entitled to a reward until we merit it. No cross, no crown. Much depends on the altitude from which we view our imperfections. If we would surmount them, we must rise to the summit of some great height, mentally occupy that conspicuous pinnacle, and survey our "weaknesses" and "infirmities." How very insignificant they appear! Standing below or on a level with these gigantic monsters, we tremble with fear; rising above them, we look down with contempt at what was erstwhile so formidable. Distance reduces all objects and deprives them of the magnitude our distorted vision clothed them with.

It is impossible to judge what can be accomplished until **you** make the attempt. If there be a nameless **something**, an

the inspiration of the moment, or the opportunity will elude you. Your ideal will never desert you; it will force itself upon you day and night, sleeping or waking. It is stronger than your will. You have doubtless often wearied of this endless longing for something you could not achieve, and have determined to put it out of your mind. But it has become a part of yourself, your higher self. It is a divine spark emanating from the soul, and, if you will not recognize it here and *now*, you will be forced to give it birth some time, somehow, some place.

Realization is concomitant with idealization when the spiritual and mental faculties coöperate to establish the conditions essential for growth. "Conditions" imply giving expression to our highest thought, taking it in its infancy, nursing it with care, feeding it with love, and clothing it in garments we have at hand, until we can embellish it with jeweled raiment and send it out into the world to perform its mission. The Divine Teacher thrusts many gifts upon us, and we either ignore them or bury them in our hearts like the precious stones the Church of Rome has interred in the Vatican.

Know your true worth; seek down into the recesses of your being, and usher into life the fragments of a mighty force that is agitating your soul with emotion and strenuously asserting its right of birth. The fountain of aspiration is inexhaustible, and awaits your command. Demand the highest, and the glory of illumination will steal gently into your soul and flood it with light—penetrating the darkened shadows and transforming your nature into beauty and usefulness.

We must liberate the force within—give of ourselves—or we become stagnant, oppressed with a heavy weight that nothing but *expression* can overcome. God is manifesting

qualitative strength of the soul that emphasizes the message. *You* are the receptacle for the seed of Divine conception. The fruit of the Tree of Life shall be dispersed throughout the universe by the Parent who brought it into existence—to salute a soul entering the body, to greet one emerging from the charnel-house of darkness, or to accompany a departing pilgrim throughout eternity. Ambition perishes with the body. Vainglory of ephemeral existence vitiates the air we breathe, tinctures our labor with weariness, and blights the spirit's bud in youth; it is confined to the lowlands of earth's attractions and separates the soul from celestial bliss. Desire for fame tarnishes the pure gold of our inner nature and robs the Master Builder of the architectural design submitted to all and embraced by few.

The order and the systematic process of Nature's laws are invitingly suggested to us as our mode of procedure in the cultivation of spiritual growth, inasmuch as the manifestation is not evident to sense until it is reflected from the higher sphere. "As above, so below." In our seasons of loneliness the germ takes root; we moisten it with our tears; our hearts expand through longing for that beyond our reach. Divine emanations are wafted through space with inconceivable velocity, distributing the ethereal essence to minds attuned to the harmony of the celestial symphony. By graciously inviting (making ourselves receptive to) the divine influence, we create vibrations that are in sympathy with the law of attraction, thus precipitating into our minds the overflow of what we are seeking. The attitude one should assume in embracing the fundamental principle is to confine one's reasoning to God, Cause, Being—the *All* of Nature's manifestations.

Spirit is the Alpha and Omega of being "We are spirits

thought. It is the spiritual, not the mental, conception that appropriates the substance and reality of being and enables one to "enter into the silence" and commune with souls.

No expounder of a science, a principle, or a truth can reveal to our understanding a knowledge we do not already possess; the only hope is to awaken the subconscious mind, or memory, from its dormant condition. This is the most liberal interpretation we can make for souls wandering in darkness as to the truth of their being and future state. They are undeveloped, and in some previous existence were unamenable to the law of unfoldment; therefore, it behooves us generously to refrain from judgment as to their limitations. It is difficult to determine who is most worthy of consideration in our daily intercourse. We all are God's children, and to make discrimination in regard to color, race, knowledge, or character does not indicate any special dispensation as to the individual's enlightenment. We have traversed the same road and been subject to the same conditions, and we in turn are susceptible to similar discrimination on the part of those who have surpassed our limited acquirements.

The reiteration of "statements of being," meaningless to so many, cannot liberate us from bondage; we must absorb the *spirit* of the suggestion. A repetition of words never penetrates the heart—although the mind accepts them, and they are duly registered upon the brain to be recalled at some future period when one has learned how to apply them. But there is too much stress placed upon "affirmations" and "denials" by both Mental and Christian Scientists. *Denials should be ignored entirely*, for they are but reminders of a condition we are trying to escape from the moment we speak of it.

but one Mind, to which we all have access according to our individual capacity, is to enlarge illimitably our powers of expression. The philosophy of the Christ principle was demonstrated by the life of Jesus, which was very different from the commercialism practised by his reputed followers of to-day. There can be no inherent love of a divine mission if we make it subservient to material accumulations and worship at the shrine of base metal.

A proper dignity is assigned to labor; whatever avenue we may select, or may be thrust upon us, should be appreciated irrespective of any position we may previously have occupied or may aspire to. An honest, upright man dignifies a menial position, but no station, however exalted, can dignify a man lacking these qualities. Remuneration for services rendered is but just and right, whether one's calling be in the kitchen, the street, or the pulpit. How else may we claim reciprocity? We have an account to render in any and every position in life. We all serve; we all are workers along some particular line, and "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

A just application of the law of recompense stimulates our energies and counteracts the weariness we might otherwise succumb to. This applies only to what cannot be termed a labor of love. "That which we delight in physics pain;" for no reward equals the delight that greets the heart and soul enwrapped in the fulfilment of a mission the Father has assigned. There is an overwhelming intensity forcing us to take our stand at the mill—and grind, and grind, lamenting only when the power is exhausted and the body seeks repose in sleep.

Our mentality is a reservoir of vibratory forces played upon

it, that reality must be corroborated by physical evidence of the truth inherent at its center ere it can be accepted by others. To say you *accept* the Christ principle is not sufficient; you must *prove* it by your deeds—your life. An unused lamp will not dispel darkness until the lighted match, as an instrument of illumination, is applied. You cannot find the way until you *seek* God.

(*To be continued.*)



THROUGH the tube of my microscope I am watching the development of a speck of protoplasm. Strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid and yet so steady and purpose-like in their succession that one can compare them to those operated by a skilled modeler upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel, the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules—not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism. And then it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the coming spinal column and molded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due proportion in so artistic a way that after watching the process one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than the chromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work.—
Huxley.



WE might see so much more beauty if we willed it. We might

WHAT IS GOD?

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBBER.

What is God, and why and where?
Is there a God to answer prayer?
Just pause and think: Is not your thought
Of what in Nature has been wrought?
What wrought it? Was it you or me?
Or was it more than we could be?
Do you think God is good and great?
Do you think God is chance or fate?
Do you think God is right or wrong?
What is the burden of your song?
What you think God is—that is He;
What you think God is—He will be
To you, my friend; but, unto me,
He may be more than you can see.
To you He may be more indeed
Than ever I could have conceived.
To you, my friend, God may be Love,
Or Strength, or Will, or Power above.
He may be "cruel" unto you,
Or God may be to you most true.
He may be "vengeance" or be joy—
He may be but a mental toy:
Just what you *think* Him—that is God;
And as you think, you feel His "rod."
'Tis you who make the God for you;
And as you make Him, pray be true.
But never make some other knee

The strength of All-in-all is God,
 And your own strength is your own God.
 You did not make the strength you own;
 It is not strength to you alone—
 For you are but a part of All;
 You only can your strength extol.
 Beyond your strength you cannot go,
 Beyond your strength you cannot know;
 Yet as you grow in strength you see
 That something more than you must be.
 That “something more” becomes your “rod”—
 That “something more” you know is God.



WHO does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm. That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yea, than even fine gold. How contemptible mere money-wealth looks in comparison with a serene life—a life that dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm! How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!—*Success.*



THE ONE LIFE AND POWER.

BY FREDERIC W. BURRY.

A thought that stands out very prominent in modern philosophy and true scientific research is that man contains within himself the motive-force of all production; that he is in touch *now* with the things that his ideals crave; that he is always in possession of the substance or potency of what he longs for, and that creation is simply manifestation—an evolution or unfoldment of what lies within.

Recognition of the life and power forever immanent in all Nature is the key that makes this energy most active. Through human consciousness Nature ascends to a point of glorious Expression. The purpose of existence is continual and ever-greater Expression. By giving freedom to our indwelling energies we create an expansion of universal extent, which has been spoken of as rising to a higher plane. The actions of a single individual may have a wonderful bearing on the whole world's affairs; for each one is a shrine of the one infinite Power.

Is not history the record of a few? To-day we laud and honor the names of that abnormal minority of the ages whom we call heroes, geniuses, masters. What was the secret of power of these great individuals? First, it was self-reliance. In some cases there may not have seemed to be present any particular reliance on self; in fact, very often there appears to have

tude of repose and calm which is so essential for Nature's best working-ground.

By steady, collected, trustful endeavor we reach the heights of genius. A prompt, cheerful acting out of one's ideas will mean more for us than much struggling and straining. The man of will is equipoised; his energies are conserved and concentrated; he finds out how to make each move tell for something. Thus, gentleness is a characteristic of greatness. And gentleness is akin to love—it is born of love. The men who have made history were all lovers. Love is the one force of life—it is life itself; hence, any manifestation of marked power is closely associated with affection.

Many of our writers on scientific subjects have almost ignored the office filled by the emotions in Nature's evolution. With mathematical precision they have, more or less correctly, classified certain phenomena; they have imagined that a survey of events and appearances constitutes all there is of knowledge. This superficial way of looking into things has been called "scientific research." A doctrine built up by other means than so coldly intellectual and material a method is called "unscientific." The material scientist will not recognize any spiritual or intuitional asseverations; if not in so many words, he at any rate says by his actions that the head must be divorced from the heart—that their realms are totally separate, and in many cases divergent. It is because of this divorce that such unsatisfactory, merely tentative, and mistaken theories constitute a large proportion of what is to-day called "science." In plain words, the text-books of the different sciences have been filled with conjecture and guess-work, and cannot be accepted without personal study and experiment. We have virtually to throw our books over our shoulder, and think and work things out for

also—the minds of men have been hampered by popular prejudice, and they have been forced to fit their theories into a conventional groove. Those who have been intrepid enough to fight accepted opinion have in some cases been duly imprisoned or slaughtered for their pains; and, while it is true that methods are not quite so rough as they have been, there is still plenty of persecution all around us. We are still covered with a ban—our tongues and our pens may not show forth all their great power.

When the time comes for absolute freedom (and it doubtless will come very soon), and the word of interpretation, the divine power of language, is given full sway, the earth shall be lit with a great and glorious radiance, and the mighty power of *recognition* will then express its at present unutterable potencies. In the meantime we may approximate this desirable condition of freedom and aid the growth of racial consciousness: we may extend the limits of human intelligence. In this way we shall prepare the earth for its destined larger vision.

To this end the great literary propaganda of the New Thought is launched out. The works of modern metaphysical writers may act as a mirror for those seeking knowledge; they are doing some part toward opening out the long-hidden possibilities of man, hastening to fruition Nature's germs and buds of rich promise, now at last appearing, but so long concealed.

All is One. While Nature appears to be divided in an endless variety, there is an actual connection between all forms of life—an interrelation of all Nature's activities. There is really but one Force, and the different manifestations thereof are in constant touch and sympathy with one another. Life is a unit. It has been said that all are parts of "one stupendous Whole." *Outwardly* we are "parts," but in our very being we each include the totality of the one Life. Our nature is

traversing and encircling the Universe—penetrating, permeating all. This force is All. Matter is not a separate thing from Force, but is its expression. By the activity of the one Force, atoms and worlds are created. Life is action—vibration.

There comes a time in the growth of man when his happiness depends on the knowledge he possesses of his own being and the outside world. In his early days it does not make much difference to him whether he knows anything about himself or not; but there comes a time when there is a hunger and thirst after knowledge—when the desire that rises supreme in him is a desire for *light*. At first, perhaps, he seeks it by exploring the writings of ancient seers and prophets, or listening to the words of modern exponents of philosophy. Usually it is only after long straining and reaching out for wisdom, after long search without, often only finding the mere shadow of Truth, that man at last composes himself, and so finds *within* the substance of Truth itself.

Man's best tutor is himself. By intuition—the subconscious record that is the product of experience—his questions and problems are solved. There is a spiritual basis to all life. The word *spiritual* may have to some a vague meaning, but its literal meaning is "breath," or "force." When I say all life has a spiritual basis I am reasserting the statement that all is Force. One Spirit, one Force, one Being, one Substance, one Life—these are so many synonyms; and the recognition of this unity has a practical bearing on each one's happiness and health.

What awakens our interest so much as questions relating to our *health*? Health seems to sum up every desire of man;

By the harmonious activity of the Life-force within, we are healthy. During our waking hours, the energies of our being manifest themselves through our thoughts. Thoughts are distinct forces, and they exercise a molding influence on our bodies and in all our affairs; their character determines the character of everything connected with us. In man the one Force of creation reaches a marked point of self-consciousness; he is at the summit of creation, and because of his superior intelligence he is the natural lord and king thereof.

In man, creator and creature are united; the circle of existence is made complete. The evolution of Nature, so long carried on in ignorance or most limited consciousness, is now crowned with a wondrous consciousness of Self. This self-consciousness expands, and its growth leads to what may be called the goal of all existence—individual mastery and control.

History, with its countless struggles and deaths, is truly tragic. Only the thought that underlying all mortal existence is a beneficent purpose, which in due time discloses itself, can make us look with anything but horror over the events of the past—or, for that matter, over many present-day occurrences. Things are indeed not so bad as they seem; in fact, they are not bad at all. The only fault is in man's view. Today our view is widening; our eyes are being opened; our consciousness is ascending to a higher plane. And with this development, with this extension of vision, we have more control over circumstances.

It is a blessing for a nation when it awakens out of a stupor. Every nation seems to have its dense or dark periods, followed by periods more or less bright. In the darker ages we find the

less we condemn; with perfect knowledge we discern a universal goodness.

If all is One, all must be Good. Unity implies beneficence. And for a clear vision it is essential that we live in consonance with this everlasting truth. All is good; for all is *real* and *true*. Many, realizing in a measure that reality is necessarily good, have attempted to deny the negative manifestations of life, as being unreal and as illusions. This attitude is only a slight removal from the common standard of morals, since a sharp distinction is still made between right and wrong. What we need is a complete removal of all prejudice and fault-finding; and this is only possible with an unbiased mind, which discerns a necessary office for all life's manifestations, positive and negative.

Neither are we changing our mental attitude to any great extent by substituting the words "abnormal" and "mistake" for "evil" and "sin." So long as we look at appearances with an eye of displeasure, we are in a false attitude of consciousness, and may be said to see things inverted. It is impossible to have a clear recognition while we take what is really an unnatural point of view. Science forbids the interference of "born convictions" or "hereditary leanings." Truth bows to no precedent as such, no matter how antiquated. An absolute immolation of superstition and prejudice is demanded of every seeker after wisdom. As long as we persistently look through the clouds of the race's inherited condemnations we can hardly be expected to discern the light of Truth; we never shall see this light, whether we expect to or not, until we gaze with the eyes of tolerance and entire acceptance.

In the doctrine of gravitation, or attraction, our scientists have from a purely material standpoint given a proof of the

life; that we look for the bearing this universal law has on our thoughts and conduct. It does not take much thought to see that every detail of our character comes under the law of attraction, as well as the material forces. It is the one law that reigns—and our happiness depends on our obedience to it. It is the law that is the very life of our being; and in its higher manifestations it shows itself as Love.

All life is kept together by Love. Love is the Law; Love is Life. Life is an unfoldment. The One expresses itself in the Many. Yet there is no detachment; all is at heart united. But through a temporary divergence the glories of Expression are born. Consciousness thus comes into being. Neither is it to be implied that unconsciousness is all that the end of existence holds for the individual—an absorption of the ego into an infinite blankness. The work of Nature cannot be undone this way. While there is undoubtedly a return of the cycle of existence, it is a spiral ascension, and the soul becomes translated into what has been called a "universal individual."

All the desires of man are directed toward the consciousness of Unity. Every effort has this as its destined goal. By various methods of sensation, man first gains glimpses of the one grand purpose of existence; he thus feels the touch of Nature, with more or less recognition of a deep underlying *meaning*. And when at last his intelligence is able to grasp and arrange in definite coherence the great variety of life's forms and conditions, he may be said to have reached the apex of happiness itself. It is such a vision of the Truth that satisfies the longings of the heart; for consciousness is but the extension of sensation, and brings with it wondrously enhanced joys. This is the vision or recognition that has been appre-

SPIRITUALISM: OLD AND NEW.

I. THE MILLSTONE OF SPIRITISM.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

The latter part of the nineteenth century may properly be called the "Age of the New." The spirit of investigation that developed to a remarkable extent among all classes led to discoveries in many different fields, and new ideas concerning things before considered as fixed as the eternal hills gained rapid and extensive favor. All this, of course, is but the working of the great law of evolution, which rules not only in the physical world but in the world of thought and spirit.

These things we call "new" existed in a potential form until the time came for rising into activity; nor would it have been possible for us to have discovered them until the world was ready for the results of such activity. Most plainly is this evident in the tendency of modern religious thought throughout the world. Abhorrent as the idea may be to some minds, it is undoubtedly true that the most terrible pages of religious history record no facts, no fanaticisms, that were not necessary steps in the Divine plan; for without them the conditions that followed could not have come to pass.

In contemplating this great law of sequence, we are struck by the thought that, ever since the world has been inhabited, its reasoning creatures have been seeking one thing. Through all the intricate windings of many and diverse paths they have been ever trying to discover Truth, which, like "Hope, elusive and so fair," seems always to lie *just ahead*. But we have not

are in the *right path*. For Truth, ever kind to those who worship at her shrine, has scattered all along the way the seeds of a beautiful flower—named for herself; and these, springing up and shedding beauty and fragrance all around, are themselves a rich reward for those who follow in her footsteps. Here and there are found also pearls of great intrinsic value, dropped for the encouragement and assurance of her followers. It matters little, then, whether we walk alone in new and untried paths, or along those already marked by many footprints. We can never be lost, and should never feel discouragement or doubt, so long as we see the beautiful flowers or find an occasional gem. But who has the right to say?—"This is the only way," or "That path is a delusion and a snare; it leads away from Truth; beware of it!"

That form of religious belief known as Spiritualism, like all others that are destined to have an abiding influence upon the world, is progressive. It is, and has been for some time, passing through a transition period. Causes have been at work so far-reaching in their effects that as yet we can but dimly discern the possibilities in store for those who seek in the right spirit, and even the imagination cannot grasp the full meaning thereof. Yet enough has been demonstrated to justify a faith in the near triumph of that element which alone can give to Spiritualism a real and abiding significance, *viz.*, spirituality. Ever since the first appearance of Spiritualism in the New World there have been some among its votaries who discerned in it something more than a mere connecting link between the inhabitants of the seen and unseen worlds—something that held in store for human souls an incentive to continued effort, and promised infinite revelations of Truth. But to the majority of those calling themselves Spiritualists it appealed only as a

ist required greater courage than to face a regiment of Rough Riders, and amounted in many cases to social ostracism; while none could make such an avowal and hope to save their reputations for intelligence.

But so great has been the advancement of thought within the last twenty years that not only is this stigma removed, but we may even say that the tables are reversed, and one who to-day sneers at Spiritualism as unworthy of respectful consideration runs a serious risk of being set down as either wilfully ignorant or too bigoted to give any weight to the testimony of many whose names should be sufficient to win respect for any subject they deem worthy of careful investigation. The subject is one of such prodigious significance that we can only marvel that there are any who fail to recognize this fact and to make personal investigation of it. That there are many such persons can only be accounted for by supposing that these are in reality ignorant of the real import of Spiritualism. Indeed, the unscientific attitude of some men of science can be attributed to no other cause.

When it is asserted that there is no *religion* in Spiritualism, or that its teachings are of no real spiritual value or assistance in leading the higher life, the assertion, if made by a fair-minded person, evinces a failure to distinguish between Spiritualism and Spiritism. Formerly *all* persons who believed in spirit communications were called Spiritualists, and the word *Spiritism* was not coined until the necessity for it became evident. The difference between these two "isms" lies not so much in the particular belief implied by the words themselves as in the attitude of the person accepting that belief and the manner of interpreting it.

Spiritism deals with the *phenomena* only of spirit-return.

And there are two great classes of Spiritists: (1) Those who

become convinced that these phenomena are actually of spirit origin, still view them from the scientific standpoint, and are interested in them just as they are in the freaks of liquid air or in wireless telegraphy. The second class comprises all those who, being convinced of the possibility of spirit communication,—often, it must be admitted, on very insufficient evidence,—still give no heed to the inestimable good to be derived from it. The only “messages” that have any interest for them are such as relate to their own worldly interests, or the vapid and senseless descriptions of the future state uttered by some one speaking under the “control” of a spirit whose delight in displaying himself is in itself sufficient evidence of his low development. Such persons may continue through life zealous attendants at every available séance, proclaiming themselves Spiritualists on every occasion, and yet remain without the faintest conception of what true Spiritualism really is.

While for sincere investigators we have the most unbounded respect, it is to the latter class that Spiritualism is indebted for most of the obloquy and ridicule attached to her name; and, were *they* the true representatives of this cause, small reason would its advocates have for pride. It is time that those who have the welfare and good name of Spiritualism at heart should protest against its usurpation by those who can talk of nothing but raps and table-tipping, or the good time in store for us in that blissful land of flowers and “little white cottages” known as the “Summerland.”

We must not be understood as desiring to detract from the significance or sacredness of physical phenomena, for it is to them that we must point the beginner for evidence to confirm

cepting spirit-communication and its attendant phenomena as established facts, regard them only as instruments for the development of the spiritual nature. Can there be a more beautiful or appropriate name for a religious belief? We have heard most sincere and intellectual believers repudiate the name because of the unworthiness of some who claim it; but this is both unjust and injudicious. Let us not repudiate the name, but rather those who disgrace it. Let us rescue it, if need be, from those who would trail its banners in the dust, but let us always remember that there is no other name more worthy of our respect.

It is hardly supposable that any Spiritualist ever reaches a point where he is not glad to receive an unsolicited message from a departed friend or relative; but, if development be properly carried on, the time will inevitably come when such messages shall be but pleasant incidents, and when he shall realize that Spiritualism has a higher mission than simply to tell us of the love and happiness awaiting us in the life beyond, which should already be to us an assured fact requiring no confirmation.

Many Spiritualists begin by being mere Spiritists, but soon yield to the influences ever seeking to draw them onward and upward; while many from the first are filled with that intense soul-hunger which this philosophy is better calculated than any other to satisfy. It almost invariably comes to pass that these, after a time of zealous attendance at public meetings, cease to go to such places and are supposed by outsiders to have been "disillusioned," while in reality their loss of interest in the exhibitions commonly given in public "halls" is the best evidence of their progress in true Spiritualism. While we would

to be found there. Moreover, while there may be no reason to suspect that the messages received are not genuine, yet they must usually be considered as proceeding from intelligences of an inferior order.

Following the universal law, it has come to pass that, just as Spiritualism developed from what was at first only Spiritism (we speak, let it be borne in mind, not of phenomena, but of *man's interpretation* of phenomena), so a still further development has given rise to advanced Spiritualism—or, as we prefer to call it, the *New Spiritualism*, since in some important matters it differs radically from the old. There are, however, certain fundamental principles held in common. Spiritualists, as well as Spiritists, accept the possibility of communication between mortals and disembodied spirits through the mediumship of certain individuals called “sensitives.” They also believe that life after death is one of endless progress; and this belief is shared by all liberal religionists and advanced thinkers of every denomination. Here Spiritism halts; or, if speculation is carried any further, it is merely in the way of beautiful and dreamy imaginings in regard to “planes,” varying degrees of happiness, or Elysian fields of bliss. Spiritualists, on the other hand, perceiving the import of the revelations that have come to them, press eagerly forward until they are able to grasp the meaning of the truths they receive, to appreciate the possibilities in store for them, and to realize their own relationship to God and the world about them.

The New Spiritualism differs from the old in that it accepts most strongly the doctrine of the Universal Selfhood, and is able to reconcile Spiritualistic manifestations with the theory and practise of divine self-realization. Although fully believing that all persons are aided in their search for truth by those

that *all* persons are possessed of the higher mediumship, which renders them susceptible to the influence of outside intelligences to a greater or less degree. The more we yield to higher and better influences the more we are able to recognize them, and thus our atmosphere is guarded from adverse forces.

But we should far exceed the limits of this article should we attempt to outline the philosophy of advanced Spiritualism. Recent revelations developed in home circles, where alone are to be obtained communications from the more exalted intelligences, give assurance of most important results to be attained by earnest and reverent study along this line. Unfortunately, those who are not themselves believers have no means of judging of the character of spirit communications except by the kind of matter published weekly in the Spiritualistic journals. That communications of the greatest value spiritually, giving evidence of a high degree of intellectuality and couched in language of such dignity and eloquence that it bears no more resemblance to that of the ordinary "spirit messages" than these do to the writings of Emerson, are being received to-day through sensitives unknown as such outside the precincts of their own homes, is a fact well known to many advanced Spiritualists. The reasons why such communications are only made at present through these private channels, in preference to public mediums, and also why even the Society for Psychical Research has been able to give us only messages of very ordinary merit, must form the subject of a second article, wherein also some of the common objections to Spiritualism in general will be taken up. In a supplementary contribution the value of physical phenomena will be considered.



HEREDITY, HEALTH, AND MORALS.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

(*Part II.*)

We often hear it said that *God* sends diseases. This is one of the most foolish as well as blasphemous statements that have ever been uttered; but, like other stupidities, this doctrine has grown out of a misinterpretation of existing phenomena. The idea originally emanated from the experience of many that a severe attack of illness is often followed by a regenerated condition of mind and body, which in turn suggests the ancient notion that divers diseases are produced by devils, which divine healing evicts, the afflicted one often suffering intensely while the unclean demon is accomplishing its exit.

The famous sanitarian, Kuhne, of Leipzig, has declared that all disease is due to overloading the body with foreign substances; and in his system of practise, which is extremely simple, he has demonstrated that abstinence from all excess in food, clothing, and general surroundings contributes greatly to the relief of chronic sufferers. We are usually "overloaded" with inherited beliefs and traditional prejudices, which lead us to adopt courses of external action that are as repugnant materially to a true physiology as they are opposed mentally to a genuine psychology. Let us now consider the psychologic aspect of the question of health, and we shall soon discover that its physiologic aspect becomes self-adjusted after

completeness in our varied activities. But let us never labor, never toil, never live the life of exhaustion. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who has recently celebrated his eightieth birthday (and is, we believe, still in the very prime of mental and physical vigor), said a few years ago at Greenacre that the old word *labor* might well be eliminated from our vocabulary. We should not speak of the "cause of labor" and of "labor organizations"; we should not celebrate "Labor Day"; we should use the more inclusive word *work* instead. There is indeed a vast distinction between "work" and "labor"; yet Longfellow has given us the beautiful and well-known injunction, "Learn to labor, learn to wait." What does he mean? Obviously what was meant in the old Latin phrase, *Laborare est orare* ("To work is to pray"); and we may say also, *Orare est laborare* ("To pray is to work"). "Pray without ceasing" is a sublime injunction, which has no reference whatever to the narrow beliefs that would limit it to any devotional exercises; for these cannot be carried on in perpetuity. To pray and to work in the truest sense must be to live our lives harmoniously; and to live harmoniously is the key-note to health in all its phases.

We hear much in these days of the "strenuous life." But the "strenuous life" is largely a mistaken life; it is not the highest or noblest life. It cannot be free from divers difficulties, and so we read in our newspapers that our President is not in a perfect state of health. He has recently been obliged, by advice of his physicians, to take care of himself and to avoid for the time being his customary "strenuous" exertion.

This all means that so good and great a man as the chief exponent of the "strenuous life" has failed to realize the highest

excitedly, must always result in the penalty we are compelled to pay for haste; for Nature is never in a hurry. Nature's motto is well expressed in the words of a beautiful hymn—

“Without haste and without rest,
Bind this motto to thy breast.”

The highest life is a life without care, without exertion, without toil—a life satisfied to realize the divine presence in every phase of existence. This contentment with realizing the divine presence gives life that we may well look upon as the noblest, the most satisfying, and the fullest of worthy accomplishment.

Many people still dally with ephemeral facts; they still misinterpret the higher thought. They consider that in some mysterious way our sorrow comes from heaven, and that very good people—the righteous salt of the earth—are always the most afflicted. As long as such belief continues there will be no adequate endeavor put forth to overcome rationally or scientifically those many ailments to which we have so long seemed subject. No fallacy, however, is born out of radical misconception originally. There is an underlying element of truth in every theory, but frequently we confound matters that are essentially different.

The righteous may be persecuted; they may be oppressed by tyrants; they may have to undergo manifold afflictions in consequence of the injustice prevalent in the world: therefore, they may have to suffer much for righteousness' sake in the sense of enduring a certain kind of affliction. The righteous have often been imprisoned; they have been condemned even to death because they have stood loyally by their principles and

serve (for a truly noble character) to bring out the very highest and purest elements in its development. The greatest difficulties cause our lives to be purified like gold that has been tried in a furnace heated seven times beyond its ordinary wont.

But *bodily diseases* never come into the world through righteousness; they have never resulted from living in accordance with divine law; they have never been the portion of those who have lived *truly* commendatory lives. Many disorders have arisen through criminality in thought or deed; others through craven dread, through abject fear, or by encouraging resentment. If we unduly pamper our appetites, if we unduly coddle the senses, if we live in fear of our fellow-beings, if we encourage hatred and animosity toward any one, if we live in any manner out of harmony with divine order, or if we bend the knee to false gods and bow down in submission to the idols of the period and thereby perpetuate falsities, we bring the inevitable results of such vices upon us—and then we may hand down to posterity the tendencies that are their consequences.

In these days we find that the word *environment* is occupying a more prominent place than *heredity* in the vocabulary of scientists. These two words are frequently coupled, but *environment* to-day is driving *heredity* almost out of the field, because the former really covers all the ground occupied by the latter. Environment does not pertain simply to a child's condition after birth—it belongs also to its state *before* birth; there is, therefore, prenatal as well as postnatal environment. Every thought held by a mother and every mental condition to which she in any degree submits will affect the unborn child. Every child, therefore, is born surrounded with what Theosophists term an "auric envelope." The inner shape, or psychic body, which inheres within the physical, comes forth into ex-

tendency to bravery; one child is born with a tendency to some special degree of strength or heroism—it will approach a strange dog and become at once on friendly terms with him, while another child of the same tender age will run from any dog frightened and alarmed.

Now, dogs can sense the psychic difference between children. One child is in danger from dogs, while another may safely associate with such animals anywhere. We know instinctively when people are afraid of us and when they feel at home with us; we know instinctively when people are attracted to us and when they feel free and courageous in our presence. And so with children. From one child's mental condition there goes forth a psycho-magnetic effluence that excites the antagonism of dogs, making it very likely that they will snap, snarl, growl, and possibly bite. There is a subtle radiance that goes forth from another child that is so pleasing to the same animals that they are delighted to regard him as a friend. And so it is with horses, and even with wild animals.

The old story of the birth of the Roman Empire is full of deep significance. It no doubt contains some elements of history and certain elements of romance—for between history and legend there is a true connection. History deals with two children, Romulus and Remus, who lived at a particular time, in a particular place, and were nurtured by a particular she-wolf. Legend, or fable, has elements beyond simple history, and suggests for our consideration many children in many countries who may have thus been helped by beasts of the forest. In that sense we may well declare that the story of Daniel in the lion's den is another legendary instance. That it

men as have first subdued their own interior animal proclivities.

Just as we read of four fine Hebrew youths, Daniel and his three companions, living up to a standard of morality not enjoined by the literal precepts of the Torah, which all devout Jews considered binding on the house of Israel as a community,—and these four exceptional young Nazarites, who were strict vegetarians as well as total abstainers from all stimulants, enjoyed health and vigor far beyond the average Jewish as well as Gentile level,—so do we perceive at the present day that non-conformity to existing thoughts and customs is essential to that high measure of health which Mental Scientists and all other schools of metaphysicians are aiming at.

Though doctrines pertaining to health are now everywhere promulgated, we have yet to witness that complete demonstration of the truth of exalted theories that we have long been promised. It will be a proud, glad day for the waiting earth when some truly heaven-sent messenger shall show forth—in its entirety, without exclusiveness and without arrogance—the mighty truth involved in that long affirmed but long contested saying, “*Health is our normal birthright.*” Thousands of lessons may yet have to be given before the people at large shall have come to grasp what is involved in that potent declaration, and it may be premature to announce all the steps that will lead up to its outward demonstration; but it is surely safe to proclaim that in a new reading of the problem of “heredity” the key-note will be found. Every child can be born well, every conception can be immaculate, and every gestation normal. Many of the mystic theories

MOURNING AND FUNERALS.

BY ANNA E. BRIGGS.

“In every word of Genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our own spontaneous impressions with good-humored inflexibility; then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else tomorrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time.”

These words of Emerson occurred to me lately, on reading that a new organization called the “Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association” had at last come into existence. Its aim is to do away with the obnoxious and inconsistent manner in which funerals and the wearing of mourning are now conducted.

I have not, as yet, noticed anything further bearing on the subject; but, now that the ground is broken and the movement started, there is little doubt that the pens of our ablest writers will be wielded in saying with “masterly good sense” precisely what all reasonable and consistent folk have “thought and felt all the time.”

There prevails an extreme sensitiveness on this question, and many are no doubt deterred from expressing an opinion on that account. Custom has made death and crape inseparable. I was painfully reminded of this fact the other day when, in a conversation with a lady who was wearing mourning for her

the Bermuda Islands, or any of the southern climes where flowers bloom all the year, even though they did not expect to see them again in life; and does not Christianity teach that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for those that love Him?" Yet Christians and sinners alike are buried with as much gloomy solemnity as if there were no such thing as immortality. It seems almost incredible that this custom should have so long survived all civilizing and Christianizing influences.

The teachings of Jesus are in direct opposition to all forms of ostentatious display. Speaking of fasting, he said, "Thou when thou fastest anoint thine head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father."

The reason most generally assigned for wearing mourning is that it "shows respect for the departed." Would it not show quite as much respect to their memories to wear something more cheerful, and more in accord with the happy life on which they are supposed to have entered? On this as well as on some other points we would do well to take a lesson from the Chinese, who wear white after the death of their relatives and use flowers instead of crape on funeral occasions.

Another reason given is that after the loss of a relative it suits one's "mood" to wear mourning. We might well consider whether this is not one of the best reasons for *discarding* it. Is it right under any circumstances to encourage a gloomy state of mind? Does it help anybody or make the world any better? Does it seem reasonable to suppose that the departed will derive any satisfaction from the fact that their

It requires considerable courage to depart from the usages of society on this or any other line of reform; but it is becoming more and more noticeable that thinking people are beginning to act independently in such matters as these. The custom of wearing mourning is becoming slowly but surely modified; in fact, there are many who do not wear mourning for even their nearest relatives. Spiritualists do not wear mourning—probably because they have a more certain hope of the life beyond than the rest of us!

No matter from what standpoint we view it, the custom of wearing crape or deep mourning is without one redeeming feature. It not only encourages melancholy thoughts, which are a menace to health and happiness, but it also involves a needless expense, which, instead of mitigating the loss of one's friends, serves to add to the burden of grief. It is doubtless on account of the expense that poor people are obliged to incur in the way of funeral and mourning outfits (or be looked upon as unchristian) that the association referred to has been formed; and if it can succeed in putting these relics of barbarism out of fashion it will have done a good work.



LOVE'S PARAPETS.

Evil exists only to him who lets
Its image enter in his consciousness;
He knows but the beatitudes that bless
Who rears around his soul love's parapets.

SUSIE M. BEST.



A CHRISTIAN poet may pass through scenes of war, but it must be like Dante through hell on his way to paradise. The

THE SOUL'S INALIENABLE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY NORA BATCHELOR.

One of the many blessings brought by the New Thought is that mental equilibrium, that inner calm, which can view calamities on the physical plane with equanimity—can see them as they are: mere ripples on the surface—convulsions in the material that do not affect the spirit.

Having grasped the full significance of the spiritual law, the soul sits in profound peace in its own inner sanctuary, serene in the consciousness that no outward thing can touch or have power over it; that no harm can come to it from any external source. For real harm is spiritual, and comes only from within. The real calamities of life take place, not in the outer world but in the spiritual; and for these *self* is alone responsible. When honor, purity, and truth are lost, then indeed is there calamity and misfortune; then is the soul shaken by a real catastrophe; then is there just cause for lamentation. But outward events touch it not; external forces are powerless to harm. The powers of destruction, like those of construction, are evolved wholly from within.

No man can really injure another. Why? Because man is a spiritual being, and the only real and enduring injury that can come to him is that which touches the soul; and this *he* alone can inflict. Another may persuade him to injure himself—to enter the paths that lead to sin and degradation, and to

ferer save by my own act." And, again, from high spiritual realms there comes down this word of truth: "The soul is of such imperishable nature that nothing can have power over it, for its absolute harm, save its own deliberate act."

Neither mind nor the power of any external force can penetrate to that inner spiritual world where the soul sits as supreme ruler and arbiter, directing its own life energies in pursuit of its own ideals. Here is perfect safety—absolute immunity from any outward power whatsoever. Here the soul rests serene, knowing neither doubt nor fear, calm in the certainty that it is the architect of its own fate, the master of its own destiny, and forever invulnerable to all harm. This is one gem in its diadem of jewels—Safety. But there are others. In the spiritual world the soul is supreme. Its will is law. Whatsoever it chooses, that shall it have. Whatsoever unfoldment it desires, that shall it attain. Whatsoever ideal it cherishes, that shall it realize. No power in this or any other world can come between it and the spiritual life to which it aspires.

Grand and beautiful is the law that thus gives to the soul its own; that makes not only possible but inevitable the satisfaction of every pure and lofty aspiration for spiritual growth and unfoldment; that confers upon every child of the race the power to attain that which alone has value, which alone endures through time and eternity.

Material things fade and pass. Whether we grasp and hold them, whether we sport and play with them for the brief day on this little earth, is a matter of small consequence. But whether we grasp spiritual truths, whether we attain the heights of unselfishness, of goodness, purity, gentleness, patience, charity—this is a matter of vast moment. Material wealth may be won by the few, but the riches of the soul are free to all. "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened." To what do these words apply? To houses and

spirit? Christ never promised worldly goods as a reward to his followers, but he *did* promise them treasures in the spiritual kingdom, where moths do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

Wise and beneficent is the law that thus gives to every soul the choice of its eternal possessions. There is no slip, no break, no modification in the out-working of this law. Result follows choice, as effect follows cause. No matter what its circumstances and environment, to every soul is given the power to attain its ideal of character—the degree of spiritual unfoldment that to it seems highest. Here is a hope that may ever be realized—here a desire that knows no denial.

But in the soul's rich heritage there is yet another gift. Always to it is given the possibility of *service*. This is the richest dower of all. Although we may not by our utmost exertions bring injury to another, we may always *help* that other. Free to aid, to strengthen, to uplift and inspire, but powerless to harm! Wise and beautiful is the law.

The soul that abounds with love for all mankind, that holds humanity's welfare at heart, is always free to serve. All avenues are open to it. Opportunities lie on every hand. No matter what its condition or its lot in life, good it may always do—service it may always render. No higher gift than this is given to the angel throngs in all the "courts of heaven." And it is free to every child of earth.

Thus are three great gifts conferred upon every son and daughter of the race, the beauty, the grandeur, and the significance of which we are just beginning to realize. Our inheritance has been awaiting us for lo! these many years; but

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

VIVISECTION AND COMMON SENSE.

THE many new "schools of healing" that have arisen out of the failure of conventional medicine and surgery to reduce either the prevalence or the variety of disease have one significant thing in their favor: they are a unit in opposition to both vaccination and vivisection. For this one heroic step out of the darkness of ignorance, superstition, and even criminality, they should receive the praise and encouragement of every true Mental Scientist; for these practises have their most pernicious effects on the *minds* of the operators. Still more fortunate for humanity and the lower orders of life is the fact that they are being condemned and abandoned by prominent *physicians* in increasing numbers, as one "serum" after another is discovered, tried, and found useless as a curative agent when not a positive aggravation of the malady to which it is applied.

The endless "experiments," both in and out of our costly laboratories, that are made by well-meaning pathologists, licensed by our laws and endowed with the funds of mistaken philanthropy, are to a great extent but the floundering of blind leaders of the uninformed in the mire of materialistic delusion. When their possibilities are exhausted, and their false underlying philosophy is exposed, these and all similar activities can have but one end: they will lead to an investigation of *mind* as at once the realm of causation and the means of cure. This goal will not necessarily in all cases be reached through intellectual study of the New Metaphysics—the growing spirit of compassion and humaneness

ples of "strenuosity" to whom worshipers of the physical are accustomed to point with pride, there is an obvious trend throughout civilization toward the detestation of cruelty in all its disguises. Although there prevails a wholly erroneous and vicious conception of what constitutes a "hero," yet the wanton torture and sacrifice of even the lowest forms of sentient life are ceasing to be regarded as excusable on any ground.

Among the greatest obstacles to the progress of the humanitarian ideal and of real knowledge hitherto has been the practise of vivisection, based on an entirely empiric, selfish, and materialistic theory having no warrant in Nature or in morals. Its chief strength has been derived from its "scientific" label and its hypocritical excuse for being—the "safeguarding of humanity from the ravages of disease." But its claims are now being examined in the light of known facts—its results have been tested in the crucible of Time. Its opponents have other reasons than sentimental ones for their attitude, for the "information" it affords is of doubtful utility.

One enthusiast has recently appeared in the public prints with a declaration that through vivisection of dumb animals he was enabled to "localize" a blood clot in the brain of a sailor and by a surgical operation thus save his life. Yet the great French physician, Dr. Charcot, says: "In brain it is, above all, that we differ from animals. The utmost reserve is necessary in drawing inferences from animals to man. The results of experimentation, however ingenious, can give only presumptions, more or less strong, but never absolute demonstration." This truth is echoed by scores of

consciousness. Humanity's great heritage of the modifying and creative power of rational thought classifies the race as a distinct species. That this is a *spiritual* endowment is now susceptible of proof, and in this realm physiologic "experiments" were valueless even if the victim were a human subject. Both joy and suffering have their origin in *mind*; they are the outcome of thought—and thinking is an individualistic process. The mental emotions of no two persons are identical; yet like causes produce like effects, and in man these exist on different planes. Our race, therefore, is unique, and principles that may apply to all other orders of creation have not necessarily any application to human needs.

Not many years ago the claims put forth on behalf of the "science of bacteriology" raised the hopes of mankind universally as to the ultimate elimination of disease through the destruction of the "germs" that were alleged to produce it. But a few autopsies on consumptives in whose decayed lungs not a single "tubercle bacillus" could be found, with the discovery of other missing links in the germ theory of causation, have compelled a modification of the doctrine. Says the *Medical Brief*: "Bacteriology, if it lives, will assume a distinctively subordinate place in medicine. Men will cease to fear and fight germs. All one's weapons will be leveled at the conditions that breed them." As the chief of these "conditions" is ignorance, the students of *mental processes* are alone on the right track; yet there are natural aids of which every candid metaphysician is glad to avail himself. There is a rational surgery that has nothing in common with butchery; scientific hygiene and sanitation, especially in our large cities, are indispensable to the general health; internal and external cleanliness,

CONCENTRATION IN HEALING.

One of the cords that hold us in bondage is the thought of defeat. There is always some one experience toward which our attitude is that of fear—until we can meet *every* experience with a consciousness of newly discovered power.

I am equal to every experience through which I must pass. This is the conclusion that banishes every question as to the length of time it will take to manifest the splendid power that is being brought out through the process of overcoming. We should not continually affirm that which causes a turbulence of thought-waves in the mind. When a fact is borne to our consciousness and becomes a living truth through discernment and experience, the affirmation will then ring through our being involuntarily, and it will become the center whence all our activities shall proceed.

The secret of poise, self-control, and realization lies more in that concentration of purpose which holds one ideal and claims the right to manifest it than in affirming any degree of truth that has not become applied knowledge. Take, for example, the statement, "*I am equal to every experience.*" Has not the past revealed this fact? Have you not come through *every* experience to a plane whence you can look back over the journey and marvel at the power that has brought you through so many "limitations"? Is there not a voice within that responds gladly when you say?—"Because I have been equal to every experience so far, it must be that there is an unlimited source of strength from which I can evolve all that will make me equal to every test where strength is needed."

If the one lesson over which we falter is a frail, unconquered body, here is our great opportunity to manifest the strength we have acquired through overcoming every other experience except physical dis-ease. This is the supreme task that souls refuse to undertake until they have acquired a certain degree of strength

work of reconstructing the body. Our attitude should be one of calm assurance that our bodies must respond to the great loving power that we have gained. We must know that the time has come to manifest this power because of our desire and need, which are calling it forth.

Concentration must be along this line. Let us reason, think, reflect, *live* in this one fact of our being, and look always for the good that we are evolving from every experience. This is concentration upon one vital point. Constant, unwavering recognition of the fact that we are *equal* to every experience as it comes gives the soul greater opportunity to manifest its strength than it can get in any other way. This practise, above all others, gradually charges every atom of the body with a vitality that is born of unfailing *recognition* of the inner life.

The highest form of concentration is that method of thought-control by which we obtain a conscious presence of the soul and unveil its inherent power. This consciousness of *what we are*—of our immense possibilities, and of our royal privilege of expressing health and happiness—must enter into all that we do. This is true affirmation and true concentration, which *must* sooner or later bring liberation from physical bondage.

“To-day I suffer pain. Do I know aught that can help? Need I suffer? I have heard of the wounded dog lying down in the stream till all fever left his wounds and healing began. Is it not given me to know of the streams of renewal ever waiting, ever flowing, through all natures? Let me become conscious only of these rivers of peace—rivers with bounding tides, flowing, flowing! Let me lie down in their channels and surrender my wounds in faith, and let the waters of healing bear away my pain—far away where the strong tide of infinity shall engulf them and sweep them out of existence! Let me believe in the streams of renewal! Let me invite the rivers of peace!”

Let us so concentrate our thought on the fact of our own re-

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

REAL CULTURE.

It was my privilege to attend the Thirty-sixth Annual Peace Convention held in Philadelphia recently. I could not but feel as I sat listening to words eloquent and wise, as they fell from earnest lips, that it was a great pity more were not there to hear them—more of the young, with their plastic, responsive minds, which could so easily take the grand ideas into the fertile soil of their hearts and let them grow into the fiber of character. Most of the faces of those present were of mature age and expression. While these people enjoyed they did not need the spiritual stimulus of this soul-stirring meeting nearly so much as do most of those who were not there. The young, the boys and girls in their 'teens, should be at these places, where they might even unconsciously imbibe the spirit of progress, which ever seeks higher ideals and makes more earnest efforts for the betterment of the human race.

What could be more valuable in a young man or a young woman than a desire to come in touch with the world's best thought on all subjects? What could be more conducive to the fostering of the broad and cultured spirit that ought to characterize the youth of this magnificent century than attendance at the con-

would not understand or care to hear discussions on such subjects as usually occupy the time at conventions.”

And why, may I ask, are they *not* interested? Is it because you have not had the broad spirit of inquiry in the home atmosphere? Because you have not found time yourselves, you fathers and mothers, to give thought and fair consideration to all these vital interests of humanity?

It is not the intense partizan spirit, not the one-sided or personal view, that makes culture, but the open, humble, wide-awake alertness for all truth that ought to be in the spirit of all converse in the home. This would eliminate much of the thoughtlessness and selfishness that prevent and retard real soul growth and keep young people so woefully ignorant and indifferent.

Much of the lack of reverence so prevalent among the children and youth of to-day is due to the merely *personal* interests and pleasures that occupy their time and enlist their affection. From the *earliest* years of a child's life he should receive ideas of the grandeur of the great world and its Creator and the noble traits of great men and women. His attention should be called to concrete examples of every elevating and beautiful ideal. All this as daily training and gracious living will fix his tastes and develop his interests for that which is universal rather than particular, impersonal rather than personal. He will begin to know and love the *best* in human nature because it exists universally; and, as he knows the benefit of its individual expression within and through his own character, he will delight in seeing it expressed within and through the universal family; so that all questions that relate to the betterment of the race, the bringing about of more just and harmonious conditions and a sweeter appreciation of life, will be his early aim and enjoyment.

or the public school. Let the home be the arena where all classes of true ideals may find expression and place. Then take him to conventions, where he will hear great men and women give the best of their life's thought and observation. *What he is fed upon in the home will be the food he will choose outside the home.* He must have the soul as well as the mind fed from the best fountains.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
And more of *reverence* in us dwell:
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

The oft-repeated but ever-true saying of the Catholic priest is most impressive in this connection: "Give me the training of the child to the age of five, and you may have him the rest of the time."

Train your child to love the higher things before he is out of your arms, and then he will walk beside you in the halls of truth. This is the true remedy for indifference or irreverence. This is the basis for culture of mind, soul, and conduct. Could a boy be rude who had in his mind the ever-living ideal of unselfish service?

Who has not read that most exquisite and touching story of George MacDonald's, "Sir Gibbie," which shows the rare development of a child who imbibed the spirit of the Christly life so fully that he must needs put it into literal practise?

Let our children see the great traits of character in the lives of the true noblemen and noblewomen of the earth. Let them know that all virtue, all excellence, all loveliness of the spirit is inherent in every soul—it only needs to be cultured to be brought out. Let them know God through His word in Nature and his image in Man.

"Give human nature reverence for the sake
Of one who bore it: making it divine
With the ineffable tenderness of God.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

—
“Each morn is New Year’s morn come true,
Morn of a festival to keep.
All nights are sacred nights to make
Confession and resolve and prayer;
All days are sacred days to wake
New gladness in the sunny air.

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The new is but the old come true;
Each sunrise sees a New Year born.”

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

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ENVIRONMENT.

Environment is a long word, isn’t it? Well, I am going to tell you a story and see if you can guess from it what that long word means.

Once upon a time some morning-glory seeds were planted in very poor soil. The seeds complained a good deal; some of them sulked and wouldn’t try to sprout at all, but just curled up tighter than ever, and said:

“What’s the use in trying to do anything in such a place as this? Now, of course, with the right sort of soil [environment they meant] we could send up long, beautiful vines with pink and blue and white morning-glories on them. We would twine our vines all over that bare window above us and delight everybody with our beauty. But we can’t do anything in such surroundings as these!”

However, not all the seeds felt this way. A few of them said:

“This isn’t a very encouraging place to sprout; but anyway

The five little plants consulted together as to what was best to do—to give up trying or to struggle along. Finally they bravely decided that, if they couldn't do anything else, at least they would keep their tiny scalloped leaves green.

Time went on, and July slipped into August, and there were those brave little plants, each with its two green leaves and nothing more. People looked at them and laughed, and said to the little girl who planted them:

“Well, Sadie, you'll know better than to plant morning-glory seeds in that place again!”

Two or three times Sadie thought she would pull them up, but every time something whispered to her to let them stay. One day, early in September, she happened to look at them, and, to her surprise, those tiny things had each a wee green bud. Sadie thought it was another leaf, and said:

“What's the use in their putting out buds now? The frost will be here long before they can grow into big morning-glory leaves.”

But the next day she saw faint pink points peeping out. This was so surprising that she brought her mother to see, exclaiming:

“Think of it! They've just their first two leaves and they're blossoming. Isn't it wonderful?”

Mother was as surprised as her little girl.

It was not long before each plant had put forth a flower. They were not very big flowers, and their colors were dim; but the plants were glad that they did not give up. After a while the flowers faded and shriveled up, and pretty soon, where each flower had been, there was a seed-pod. When the seeds were ripe Sadie carefully gathered them and put them in an envelope, all by themselves, and securely sealed and labeled it, saying:

“I'm going to keep these seeds by themselves and plant them in rich soil next spring; for they deserve more than half a chance.”

When she went back to school that autumn Sadie found the schoolroom overcrowded, and a new teacher, who was not nor never could be to the little girl what the teacher who had gone

"The new teacher makes me cross! Miss Saunders used to make me feel like doing my best; she spoke so pleasantly and never scolded. But Miss Brown is so disagreeable and speaks so sharply. And I'm not going to try to do things my best any more. What's the use? Miss Brown will scold just the same."

All Sadie's mother said in answer was:

"Do you remember those little morning-glory seeds in their poor surroundings last summer?"

Sadie looked a wee bit foolish. Was *she* going to let the morning-glory seeds be braver than herself?—a little human being with all sorts of faculties that the plants didn't have at all! No, indeed! And often during that hard winter—and it *was* a hard winter—Sadie would say to herself, "Remember the morning-glory seeds!" and smooth out her forehead and overcome her discouragement. She tried so hard to do her best that really she did better work than if she had had nothing to contend with. In the spring she "jumped" two rooms, and was higher up in school than she had dreamed it possible to be in one school year.

"And it's all the morning-glory seeds that did it!" she said to her mother.

Early in the spring Sadie worked busily where the morning-glory seeds had been planted the year before. She turned up the earth and shook it into a light mass. Then she mixed with it some rich earth that she had bought of a florist. And then she planted there the twenty seeds from the seed-pods of the five tiny morning-glory plants. How thrifty the first two leaves looked as they unfolded! How soon and how vigorously other leaves were put forth! What long, beautiful vines clambered up over the shabby window, soon hiding it from sight! How many flowers opened in the early morning light, rosy as the sunrise clouds or blue as the summer sky!

Sadie often said as she looked at the lovely blossoms a-glitter with morning dew:

DREAMLAND.

I just came from dreamland, Mother ;
 It is a pretty place.
 There I found a little brother,
 And had a merry race.
 We ran and ran so very far
 And saw such lovely things,
 It really seemed my dear Mama
 As if we each had wings.

I wish that I could tell you more,
 But now I'm not asleep—
 My tongue can't say just what I saw
 In lands the angels keep.
 And do you know, sweet Mother dear,
 That when I go away,
 My tongue's not there—'tis very queer!—
 There are no words to say.

'Twas only part of me, I fear,
 That went away so far
 And left my eye and tongue right here
 With you and dear Papa.
 'Cause when last night I said my prayers,
 And asked "my soul to keep,"
 I guess God took it up His stairs
 Where eyes can never peep.

FREDERIC GILLMUR.



"GOD might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small—
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree
 Without a flower at all."

AN INTERESTING PEOPLE.

(Part II.)

At the Mission School of San Diego how different the surroundings! The ruined Spanish Mission, the oldest in California, stood crumbling in the center. On each side was a plain wooden school building, one for the girls and one for the boys. There were no flowers and but little foliage. Down in the alley in front of the buildings was an old olive orchard and very tall palm trees. They were brought from Spain in 1769. The olive trees still yield.

Enormous cactus plants form a hedge on the hill, and we were told that they once encircled the place. They were planted as a protection from attacks by the Indians. An underground tunnel leads from the old Mission to the olive orchard in the valley, where there was a well of water. In case of siege the Mission people could still get water.

The building of the mission through California is a wonderful story, and teaches a beautiful lesson. While the good priests worked for the welfare of the Indian they succeeded with them; but when later others got control the Indian perceived the different purpose that animated them, and resented it.

As we stood looking at the ruins a file of Indian girls, accompanied by a Sister, marched through the grounds toward the schoolroom; and we were invited in. After we entered the building another sweet-faced Sister, in her stiff white head-dress and her long black robe, was called to show us through the building. She led us first to the dormitory, and at the sight of the rows of clean white beds one of our party exclaimed:

"It must be painful to the children when they exchange these surroundings for their homes!"

"It is," replied the Sister, mournfully, "and they are always so

choose," she remarked. "When they go home for two months in the summer they carry several changes with them; for they are anxious to show their possessions. They always come back looking neat."

Then, to show their ability to do something besides plain sewing, she brought a box and proudly displayed their drawn work. One piece was an altar cloth. So many of the threads had been drawn it was almost like gossamer. All their work was fine.

In their chapel they have two oil paintings that were brought from Spain in 1749, and some wooden statues representing scenes in the life of Christ, which were carved in the early mission days by a priest. Boys, if you want romance and adventure turn to the history of these times, and you will also learn what determined purpose, energy, and patient zeal will accomplish. These qualities recognize no defeat.

After we had visited the recitation-room, the Sister in charge said, "You shall have some music." At this the girls went to a closet, taking out mandolins and guitars, while one girl seated herself at the organ. As they sat there waiting to begin they appeared to lack animation—as if they had no interest in anything. They never seem to get excited about anything. You probably know that before a war they have all sorts of dances, jumping, shouting, and beating tom-toms to get them into a savage state of mind. Did you ever read what Columbus wrote about the Indians he discovered upon the island where he first landed? It was this:

"The natives love their neighbors as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable; their faces smiling, and so gentle and affectionate are they that I swear to Your Highness there is not a better people in the world."

And then to think how cruelly they were treated!

But when the girls began to play they showed these were not

THE STORY THE TREES LOVED BEST TO TELL.

Near the old Burke road, not far from the Lowery Stand, a group of trees nodded and whispered through the bright summer days. They were arranged in the best possible manner to show off their new clothes and have a good view of what passed on the road. Ah! maybe you smile at this, for there are some people who think that because trees stand securely rooted in the ground they are not wise and could not tell anything if they knew it; but if these people only realized how trees talk among themselves, and also to people who take the trouble to understand them—well!

This particular group were chatting away, and well they might; for, living where they do, they have been in a position to see much of what is now called *history*.

In the winter they are generally stiff and formal to a degree that might be termed frozen. In the summer how they unbend!—especially when there is a fresh breeze to make them feel good, ruffling their leaves, nodding their heads—yes, and now and then bumping heads in a good-natured way—for all the world like a lot of old ladies chatting over their cup of tea; old gentlemen, too—for truly they talk as much as the old ladies.

One old lady—old tree I mean—had her position a little apart from the others, and it was evident from the first glance that she was an important personage in the tree world. Had she not furnished chestnuts for many a hallow e'en? Had she not withstood the winds and frosts of numerous winters? And standing as she did on the very top of the Cumberland Plateau, this coming to a good old age in a perfectly sound condition was nothing to be disdained. To be sure, there was the oak who stood by her side and who always agreed with her in everything she said. He too was old, but look how twisted! The chestnut had the advantage of all her old companions; but they—well, they felt no resentment, but gossiped away as they drank their dewdrop tea and shook

the stars. They did not care about looking at the crimson roses that grew at their feet and that the other trees so often admired. They only mourned for the past. For while other trees had been very friendly, and the venerable chestnut had explained how she and all the rest felt sad that the little boy and girl were no longer there, and—"If we haven't the old time we have our memories." But the pines waved their somber arms and gave a soft, patient sound as if they sobbed to themselves. This after a while annoyed the other trees, and soon it was tacitly understood simply to let the pines live their own life, and the others would do the same. Visitors often came to the old place, and the children would climb up in the arms of the old tree to ask her when her brown chestnuts would be ripe, and who planted the roses, and innumerable other questions, all of which the tree answered faithfully. Some of the questions were about the old times when there was a stage-coach and the Indians who came back to hunt. But the story she loved best to tell was about the little boy and the little girl—how years and years ago, so many it could be called "once upon a time," two families came up from the valley to the cool mountain to find that health and pure air in the rough out-of-door life which their own comfortable homes could not give. They only came for the summer months; but, somehow, they stayed on and on. The rude huts became picturesque homes, and soon the travelers—and there were many—would lean from the windows of the stage, as that vehicle rumbled by, to admire not only the two homes but also the two little tots at their play; and the brown eyes of the little girl would look lovingly up to the fearless gray eyes of the little boy, and she would not be afraid as the great horses passed.

One autumn the chestnut and oak trees were speaking in low tones of the coming winter, for the wild geese had passed early and there was every other indication that there would be much cold weather. In their talk they paused, as they always did, to listen to the children at what the trees supposed was their play;

And the little boy, who had grown so strong, would take the little girl's hand in his and looking down in her eyes would say, "It shall be as you wish."

And they waited. This conversation, so the trees say, was repeated until they were quite sure there would be a wedding almost any day.

The roses were very small when they were planted, so the little boy had to wait a long time.

Listen! What was that? A bugle call! "To arms!" it played. What proud days! There were drilling and drum beating from morning until night. Then came orders "to march." The little boy who had helped plant roses wrote "Captain" before his name. It was merely a handful of men, but their young hearts beat strong and brave under their gray jackets.

A roll from the kettle-drum, a flourish from the bugle, a pause, and ah! the chorus that rang out:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights, hurrah! Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star!"

As the boys passed down the road they heard a girlish voice ringing clear the echo of their song. They did not notice or show they saw the teardrop on their captain's shoulder—the one of many that baptized the loved gray.

Months passed. The bushwhackers and guerillas are abroad in the mountains; the trees shuddered, for they did not know what minute they might be cut down just for spite.

A year passed, and then—what a flutter of excitement in the little house!

At headquarters a furlough had been filed. Then—steps on the gravel walk. Somehow the little girl's ears were very quick. She certainly must have been listening—although she appeared so busy. At this part of the story the trees always fluttered their leaves and drew close to one another, for such memories will make hearts though of oak young again—and there was a memory of

Then there were letters of marching and counter-marching, of camp-fire scenes and of hot skirmishes; letters telling, too, of promotions. And all this time what a cheery soul the little girl was, and how many, many socks she knit for her boys in gray; for she considered the entire company her especial property.

Such droll times they were! Parched corn played it was coffee, and housekeeping in general was carried on in a queer manner.

"What became of the little boy and the little girl?" a curious youngster had once asked.

"Why, the idea!" answered the chestnut. "Every year do you not hear of the wonderful outing in the spring and the nut-gathering in the fall? And who but the 'little boy' and the 'little girl' would come here for such things? They are very grand people now, and live in a fine house (so one of the children told me) in the city."

Hark! This is the vesper note of the whippoorwill. The crickets and the frogs have begun their song for the flowers to go to sleep. A slight breeze comes and gently rocks the trees. The silver crescent of the new moon rises and seems to rest itself on the tops of the pine trees. Not far from the moon a bright star swings out from the deep blue of the southern sky, to keep watch. The trees and the flowers sleep.

HARRIETTE E. WRIGHT.



THERE'S beauty all round our paths,
 If but our watchful eyes
 Can trace it, 'mid familiar things,
 And through their lowly guise.
 We find it in the winter boughs,
 As they cross the cold blue sky,
 While soft on icy pool and stream
 Their penciled shadows lie;
 When we look upon their tracery,
 By the fairv frost-work bound.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

CHRISTOLOGY: SCIENCE OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By Oliver C. Sabin. Second edition, cloth, 315 pp. Price, \$2.00. Woodward and Lothrop, publishers, Washington, D. C.

There has long been a recognized demand in the New Thought movement for a treatise that would make the teaching acceptable to those who find it difficult to dispense with their theological crutches; for among "religious" people these constitute the great majority. It is the tremendous power of the *emotions* that explains the success of Christian Science—the average mind must have something concrete to worship or lean upon. In "Christology," no orthodox church-member will find anything to shock his sensibilities, and thus it meets the need referred to. In addition to certain principles of metaphysical healing, exemplified "through rules, formulas, and incidents," he will enjoy many familiar passages of Scripture, the divinity of Jesus presented as something peculiar and unique, and humble prayers to a personal God. Yet we welcome this volume most heartily—it will strengthen the bridge over which thousands are passing from the theology of the Church into the religion of the New Thought, from the bondage of creed and dogma to mental and spiritual freedom, from idolatry of an institution, a person, or a book to the worship of Truth through study of its principles. The work contains portraits of the author and his wife, is attractively produced, and is well adapted for holiday presentation to one's friends of any shade of religious conviction.

THESE ARE MY JEWELS. By Stanley Waterloo. 232 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Coolidge and Waterloo, publishers, Chicago.

This is a book that meets the supreme test of the value of a children's story—it may be read with equal interest and profit by adults. The lessons it inculcates along New Thought lines are

is shown in a most captivating way, for the incidents are natural though not common. The author has a true understanding of the child spirit—its sprightliness, optimism, and love of freedom—a spirit that harmonizes almost ideally with the teachings of Mental Science. His task is therefore not difficult, for the New Thought is more of a life than a theory—more easily adjusted to instinct than to intellectual forms. There are some occult or psychic features of the general subject, however, that in our judgment he treats with scant justice, for such lines of research are not sufficiently clear for dogmatism concerning them; yet these are not essential to the telling of the narrative nor to the teaching of its lessons, and the book is commended for perusal to both old and young.

J. E. M.



OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS:

NOT HYPNOTISM, BUT SUGGESTION. By Henry Harrison Brown. 56 pp. Paper, 25 cents. The "Now" Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal.

MAN'S GREATEST DISCOVERY. By Henry Harrison Brown. 70 pp. Paper, 25 cents. The "Now" Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal.

HOW TO ATTAIN YOUR GOOD. By Emma Curtis Hopkins. 28 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Unity Tract Society, publishers, Kansas City, Mo.

THE MIND DOCTOR—or, Friendship as a Fine Art. By Maurice Manning, M.D. 25 pp. Paper, 10 cents. The Temple Publishing Co., New York.

THE COW PEA. (Anonymous.) Paper, 63 pp. Published by The Experiment Farm Southern Pines N. C.

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THE ATTAINMENT OF FREEDOM.

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

The law of slavery is the law of limitation, or the law of exclusives. Freedom is evolved as the universal is involved. Slavery indicates control from without, while freedom implies direction from within.

Evolutionary growth tends ever away from slavery and toward freedom. With a broadening life a wider environment is induced, greater harmonies and correspondences are consciously entertained, and an ever-increasing self-control is acquired. The more one has conquered the less is there to bind him.

As one never may become completely universal, it is obvious that he will ever be subject to some limitations, and that freedom and slavery are comparative and contrasting conditions. And, as one is competent to burst asunder the limitations that temporarily prevail, growth is interminable and freedom ever expanding. An epoch in growth dawns upon one as he rises to the consciousness of self-control, self-responsibility, and self-unfoldment. Until then he is as the sport of the elements, and little more than an automaton. Believing in one's own subjection to environment, he becomes the expression of his thoughts and subservient to his self-imposed limitations.

ing, and that they are modified and altered with his changing attitude of mind and point of view. With the first thrill of conscious freedom he feels disposed to break all bonds, and is prone to imagine that he has cast aside forever all the elements of slavery. The birth of this consciousness constitutes one of the "critical points" of life; but it represents a phase of gradual evolutionary development and is not the evidence of any sudden or rapid change or growth. The difference between 51° and 53° Fah. and between 31° and 33° Fah. is the same; and their divergences are equal, although the interposition of the "critical point" of freezing between the two latter conditions would seem to belie the comparison.

The consciousness of self-control and self-responsibility opens up a new conception of life. It does not free one from slavery, but it indicates how this may be accomplished. It does not tell one that he is free, but it tells him that he may convert slavery into freedom. It denotes that another turn has been made in life's spiral. All that he had learned previously must go into the crucible to be remodeled along new lines. He does not discard old conceptions, but he transmutes them by the magic formulas of self-control and self-responsibility. All that he knows must be used in new combinations, and must be refashioned to meet new requirements. As he arrives at a consciousness of the inherent power of self, he comes to that recognition of his slavery which is a necessary preliminary to its destruction. It is this abiding sense of limitation, and the dissatisfaction attending it, that supplies the motive actuating his efforts to escape. As long as one deems himself free there is nothing to rebel against; but when one senses that which binds him it is gradually converted into a transparent mask which eventually falls away completely.

necessary to meet similar conditions under many contrasting disguises before one translates the old conceptions into newer and more beautiful forms. To be free, one must break asunder whatever binds. We are bound by ignorance, bodying forth in the forms of fear, prejudice, hatred, resentment, and ill feeling. We are bound by tradition and convention, by custom and habit. If the barriers are only gradually overthrown, one may find it necessary to scale new walls that have been erected meanwhile.

The prejudices one retains enslave and limit him. He is bound by whatever arouses his animosity, resentment, or ill feeling. Every thought, action, condition, or personality binds him to the extent that it causes him to lose his self-control. One is the slave to whatever angers him, and to whatever he hates. All these confine and limit him, for they do not permit him to know or to express a larger conception of freedom. The one enemy of freedom is *fear*. The root of fear is the belief in duality, separation, in a Principle of Evil; and the cause of this belief is ignorance. Fear and ignorance are inseparable. It is the truth that sets us free, and the truth reflects only Wisdom and Beneficence. Truth is eternal; and as we cease to cling to the personal and the temporary we absorb and express more and more truth. Ignorance breeds fear through its misconceptions of separation and antagonism, while truth breathes the spirit of freedom in its conception of essential and fundamental unity.

One may not be free until he vibrates with the understanding of Universal Beneficence—until he knows that nothing can possibly harm him, and so sees no occasion for fear. He must know that what he attracts is the result of his own de-

ing. Unity in Diversity is the explanation of Nature: a Unity that is deep and abiding, and a Diversity that is vitalizing and complementary, though changing and fleeting. With the sense of separation prevailing, contrasts become contradicting and antagonistic; but when the consciousness of unity is in control, contrasts affiliate themselves for their mutual benefit.

One cannot be free so long as he is bound by tradition and convention, by custom and habit. All of these must exist, and they have their necessary place and purpose; but they must not be permitted to enslave. They are meant for those who require them. The great warrior is he who, with a knowledge of traditions, possesses the higher wisdom that determines when he may dispense with them advantageously. Geniuses are not bound by laws and traditions; geniuses *make* laws and traditions! In all games of skill, the great player is the one who disregards such rules or conventions as stand in the way of a better play than tradition permits.

It is seldom, if ever, necessary to defy or violate social conventions. No matter how unessential forms may seem, their observance does not bind the free. One may live above conventions, and yet conform to them whenever wisdom dictates. It is not the mere observance of forms that binds. One's thoughts determine what he is, and conformity in unessential matters gives one a wider scope for non-conformity in matters of principle. The freed individual needs neither laws nor statutes to direct his conduct. They have no meaning for him—no application. They are essentially negative—they prescribe what one shall *not* do. But it is what one *does* that dominates his life. The freed individual does what is right because it *is* right, and not through compulsion of law. Were

conformity. If one would rise above the mass, he must repudiate the thoughts of the mass and think for himself. The mass will instinctively conspire to keep the individual from rising above its level, and the result of his endeavors to preserve his freedom will be to assist others in the direction of his own higher elevation. But he must be prepared to meet with misunderstanding, hatred, malice, prejudice, and persecution. He may again and again be compelled to view conditions from the old standpoint, but the light of the higher understanding will rescue and reclaim him—until he acquires a firmer mental grasp, and can neutralize completely the influences of the former dominating tendencies.

The freed individual must be prepared to be misunderstood by his family—by those who are nearest and dearest to him. Unless their growth synchronizes with his, they will look upon his thoughts as dreams and his acts as the evidence of ingratitude, coldness, or selfishness. They will see in him, in fact, exactly what they themselves represent. All those who sense and express varying conceptions of separation and slavery will instinctively seek to prevent any desertion from their ranks. Not that it is necessary to break family ties or desert one's friends; but if *they* are impelled to dissolve the connection, from *their* point of view of outer appearance, such will be the result. But the freed individual comes ever in greater touch and unity with what is related to him, and he knows the essential unity even while it is hidden from the eyes of those who still remain enslaved.

The freed individual lives a life of principle. Not that personality is ignored, but it is no longer permitted to separate. Friends and relatives are not sacrificed, nor is personality degraded. On the contrary, all are elevated. The freed in-

munion with others is essentially that of the soul. He may know that it is the animating spirit of others that he is in harmony with, and not merely the outward show of flesh and blood. He may come to recognize that his love for others expresses his consciousness of a harmony with the truth they represent.

Those whose thoughts are centered on personality are taking a microscopic view that brings into prominence each detail of the diversity of appearance. Those whose conceptions trend toward the universal see a telescopic picture that tends to soften and combine into an essential unity and harmony. The former are inclined to "make a mountain out of a mole-hill," while the latter's increased stretch of vision inclines them to disdain appearances and seek for the underlying essentials.

Each must gain freedom for himself; no one may attain it vicariously. It does not rest with one to decide to what extent another is free; each must determine for himself, and take the consequences of his own judgment. Each makes his own limitations, and the conceptions of others may be imposed upon him only with his consent. No one is free until he lives a life of *principle*. He must live unswervingly in consonance with his highest conceptions of life, and his point of view must be toward the eternal rather than the temporary. He must express the truth as he knows it, and nothing more may ever be required. He must live a life of consistency, of integrity, of principle.

The attainment of freedom is shown in the life that lives in the Present. All memories of the past have been purified of the dross of "mistakes" and "regrets." The past is pictured as a pleasant pathway leading through the harmonies of the

he is so wondrous and so beautiful that he sees no possibility of exhausting its ever-increasing attractions. He is in his heaven now; hell lies behind him, in a direction he has ceased to travel.

Living a life of *principle*, here and now, the freed individual expresses a Love and a Faith that place him in correspondence with his exalted desires. He knows that each is ever doing the best he knows how, and that all thoughts and actions reflect varying degrees of wisdom. He sees that a limited degree of wisdom may be conquered always by a greater wisdom, through a higher growth. He recognizes that his interests are bound up with those of all others; that as he gives, so does he receive; that he loves himself as he loves others: and his life voices these conceptions of unity.

Because others are not in tune is not sufficient reason for one joining in their discord. One's harmony may sound the keynote for them. If one is to raise others he can do so only from a higher elevation than theirs. One may give only what he has, and unless he accumulates love and strength he cannot radiate them. One may free others only through freeing the Self. One's elevation from the depths of slavery to the heights of freedom involves time, and demands effort and perseverance. But, as he ascends, the atmosphere becomes clearer and more bracing, and his energies are increasingly stimulated until he finally looks forward eagerly to renewed application and effort. It is work rather than toil—or play rather than work—that one engages in; and with the prospect of a wider vision he presses forward with confidence and gladness. What one must go through, hard as it may seem, is amply atoned for in the freedom he attains.

Temporary pains and burdens lose their sting and are even gratefully accepted, as one absorbs the eternal truths they serve to exemplify and body forth. A new light reaches one when

him. One's sympathy broadens and deepens so as to become all-inclusive, and a bond of love unites him with all mankind and with all life.



EUGENE DEL MAR: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Eugene Del Mar was born in New York City, September 6, 1864. He lived in New York, Washington, and Philadelphia until 1877, when he went to San Francisco, where he attended school and went to college. He graduated as a counselor and attorney-at-law from the Hastings College of Law, of the University of California. His study and practise of law extended over seven years, and he was eminently successful. He was so interested in his profession that he became a victim of overwork, and his eyes and his general health gave out, so that he was obliged to give up his profession and take complete rest. He then went to Europe, and had his eyes treated by eminent specialists in London and Paris. Returning to New York, he was appointed assistant cashier in a prominent Wall Street house, and in 1889 became a member of the New York Stock Exchange.

In 1890 he went to London, and became a junior partner in the private banking house of Walter Del Mar & Co., continuing in association with his brother until 1898, when the partnership was dissolved and he returned to America. He severed his connection with the New York Stock Exchange and for a time resumed the practise of law, but philosophic and scientific interest had been so awakened in him that after a

monthly entitled *Common Sense*. Many able articles from the pen of Mr. Del Mar have appeared also in *Mind*, *The Arena*, *Weltmer's*, *Wilshire's*, and other periodicals.

Eugene Del Mar is a son of Alexander Del Mar, a well-known financial and historical writer: a man of great intellectual power and an original and forceful thinker and speaker. Mr. Del Mar was brought up in a literary atmosphere. He was his father's constant assistant in the preparation of his works. While in London his attention was devoted especially to religious, philosophic, and historical subjects.

He began his investigation of the New Thought philosophy from the point of view of the latest conceptions of physical scientists. Not satisfied with agnostic conclusions, he felt the necessity of understanding the inherent justice of the apparent injustices everywhere. He did not come into the New Thought because of ill health; neither were his ideas influenced to the slightest degree by its therapeutic claims. His first reading along New Thought lines included works by Henry Wood, Prentice Mulford, H. W. Dresser, and Helen Wilmans. In September, 1900, he organized and became secretary of the Mental Science Temple of New York City, of which Paul Tyner was lecturer. He also issued an artistic monthly, entitled *Mental Science*, to further the interests of the Temple. This led to his visit to Seabreeze, Fla., where he attended the Mental Science Convention assembled on Thanksgiving Day, 1901.

Mr. Del Mar is an independent thinker, and is not bound by authority or tradition. He has also reserved to himself complete freedom of opinion and expression. He believes thoroughly in the unity of the mental and physical, the spiritual and material—that one principle applies equally to all. While an individualist in the true sense he has much sympathy with

basis of Mental Science; that in reality there is but one science—one fundamental Principle governing the Universe: the Principle of Attraction. He believes that there is no *principle* of repulsion; that conditions of repulsion and disease are rather manifestations of the principles of attraction and health respectively; that, in the New Thought philosophy of life, curing by others is merely an incident preliminary to self-healing; that curing is only temporary, while real healing is permanent; that true living is the one means of preventing and curing disease.

Besides Mr. Del Mar's magazine work, he has written a book entitled "Spiritual and Material Attraction," in which he sets forth in an original and striking way his views of life. For instance, he says:

"The introduction of Law among the scattered phenomena of Nature has made science, and transformed knowledge into eternal truth.

"Nature is the true revelation or source of real knowledge. As the Forces of Nature are but different forms of the one Omnipresent Divine Energy, Natural Law will enable us to read that great duplicate which we call the 'Unseen Universe,' and to think and live in fuller harmony with it."

In another part of this book he has this to say:

"There is a principle of health, but none of disease—which latter condition merely denotes a falling off in health. Disease has no separate existence, nor is there a zero point between the two where neither exists. There is no condition that is entirely lacking in health, and which expresses only disease. When the human system is in complete order and harmony, it expresses the greatest intensity of health. As it is lacking in this degree of accord does it express less health; and, when this harmony becomes so lessened that the condition is evidenced by pain and apparent discord, it represents an undesirable or diseased condition of health."

Writing of friendship, Mr. Del Mar says:

"Our friendships are dependent upon and measured by mental unity. Those whom we mentally attract to us are our friends, and they come in response to requirements of our growth. If we afterward lose them it is

that condition ceases, and its growth will synchronize with it. There is, indeed, a natural and automatic process governing the lives of friendships,—their birth, maturity, and death,—and these are in constant correspondence with the mutuality of mental conditions.

“When friends draw apart, we may know that their usefulness to one another has come to an end. They have parted for their mutual benefit; for it is use—and use alone, as we have seen—that determines the permanence of friendships; not material use, but the requirements of our mental or spiritual progress. Friends draw apart in order that each may form other friendships of which they are in greater need.”

In an article that appeared in *Freedom*, in March, 1902, Mr. Del Mar says:

“I am willing to take the truth as I see it from whatever quarter it may be presented. In my interpretation, Mental Science includes all truth, and I am in sympathy with all phases of the New Thought movement. I also believe strongly in the desirability of organization; and, so far as possible, I should like to belong to all that may be established.”

The writer of this sketch believes with Mr. Del Mar that organization that does not tend to restrict natural freedom is a necessity to the New Thought movement, and is in thorough accord with his position in relation to organized effort. Mr. Del Mar is a clear and original thinker, and his writing and lecturing must prove of lasting benefit to the great movement in which he is so active a worker. We wish him and his new journal the greatest success.



If boys could learn at school all about education, that would only leave them very dull persons. The object of their education at school is to give boys mental alertness and an eternal curiosity, and its real test is whether it leaves them always saying to themselves “Why?” I do not know whether you have ever thought

REITERATED EXPERIENCES.

BY DR. J. R. PHELPS.

If there is one thing in this life that we all seem to dread and from which we all seek to escape, it is that thing or condition which we call "monotony." Even if that which breaks the irksome sameness is something tinged with a *painful* quality, it is welcomed in a way when an unbroken sequence of pleasure has become cloying.

But is there really such a thing as monotony? If we go down to the root meaning of the word, we find that the definition does not define. There is no such thing as a "monotone." Take any given note in music and it will be found to have its harmonic tones, the third and fifth, ever repeating themselves until they pass beyond the faculty of hearing.

What appears more eternally monotonous than the ceaseless revolution of planets around their central sun, and the satellites around their dominating planet? The orbit is the same for each revolution. Ages upon ages these worlds have been traveling the same path, following undeviatingly the same orbital course. "That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been, and God seeketh again that which is driven away."

But is there not another aspect of this truth? Is there not a new chain of experiences belonging to, or at any rate accompanying, each succeeding year, that gives denial to the assertion that "every to-morrow shall be as to-day?" In

So we may assume that there is no real monotony, but what appears to be monotony is but our inability or indisposition to get the meaning out of life—to catch the divine intention regarding each event of this existence. There is no escape from God's schooling. There is no transferring from one grade to a higher one, leaving much of the problems of the last grade unworked, in this school over which God rules as Principal. And even when we faithfully work out the lessons belonging to one grade in our life's study we are not through with the science. Mental arithmetic is succeeded by slate exercise, and when we pass to the academic grade we find mathematics still confronting us in the form of algebra, and the classics supplementing English grammar. It is the spiral motion, which all life takes on,—the coming back to the starting-point for a fresh start,—only, if we so will it, from a higher plane of departure.

Ages ago, in the Far East, a drama was enacted that has come down to us in the pages of sacred history. A selfish advantage taken of a brother, in a moment of his weak discouragement—an advantage followed up by a deceitful trick—resulted in a man becoming a fugitive from the wrath of his cheated brother. Taking his journey toward the north, night overtook him in the pass of Luz. The story of his pillow of stones and of the vision of the ladder that reached from earth to heaven is told in Genesis. Even this wonderful experience in prophetic, symbolic clairvoyance could not overcome his bargaining, trading disposition, and he made a vow qualified by an *if*.

"Ifs" are plenty with the ordinary human being. The man, resting on the solid, cold, hard facts that he has learned (which are the "stones of that place"), has an interior consciousness—temporary, perhaps—of a divine meaning in life. He is willing to admit that the ladder on which spiritual things

comes for him to "lift up his feet" for his farther journey, and he begins to lose his faith and sight—and then he "bargains." The consciousness of the divinity of this life grows dim. He pursues his journey, but he has lost something, and that something is the power to discern the spiritual side of this life. He is in a condition to be cheated, and he gets cheated. For with an awakening affection for spiritual truth—something that will explain this life, with its inequalities, contradictions, and paradoxes; a love that leads him to toil seven years for Rachel, who represents this affection—he wakes up in the morning to find that Leah has been brought to him instead of Rachel. And then he forgets that he has cheated his brother, and complains that Laban has cheated *him*.

It does seem sometimes that God cheats us, but it is *only* a seeming. We get all we have any right to—all that we are fit to have. "In this country we do not get the younger before the elder." No man gets any conscious spiritual life before he has served the natural plane. "Fulfil her week." Get all there is in the lower plane of material life. This does not mean, be overwhelmed by it or dragged down by it, but fill it with real life—if it will hold such a thing. For it is not *every* condition a man gets into—gets himself into—that helps him upward. It may stand between him and his dearest, truest, noblest ideal, and when this is the case life does not wear a halo. There are men who can sit down quietly and with a semblance of serenity amid the ashes of their fondest dreams, but there are more who cannot. Perhaps the hiding of the interior consciousness from one is a kind provision of Providence—a sort of anesthetic.

And then when one gets what he was after—labors another seven years for Rachel—he finds her *barren*; for Bethel only gives a man a momentary glimpse of higher possibilities, and all the increase of wisdom and knowledge comes at first through

for; and Bilhah herself has strange relations with Reuben, Leah's eldest son.

There is nothing in the experiences lying between Bethel and Peniel that fills the real needs of the soul. While a man is living in the things of this material life, serving the plane of generation, even the power of understanding Love as a spiritual, a divine creation and creature, does not satisfy. The very instinct of the higher spiritual love sells him out to the lower animal nature for a few love-apples. Love plays strange pranks with a man sometimes, and the impulse of ardent, passionate love perhaps leads him down for a time; but a change comes. When the man settles down into himself apparently, the change may be at hand; for there is a spiritual awakening. *Rachel conceives and bears Joseph.* And now Jacob wants to go back home. When he reaches the border he passes another night alone, and he wrestles all night with the god of generation; for this antagonist takes on the human form and appears like a man. But, when the struggle is over, Jacob, the natural man, becomes Israel, the spiritual man. A new interior quality gains the ascendancy, although to the eye of the world the man is the same. But he finds himself unable to continue his journey at once.

There may be a deep sexual meaning in this part of Jacob's story, but in all spiritual history the first incoming of a new life seems to cripple the man for a time. Jacob rests—"halts." Saul on his way to Damascus is struck blind. Is it a spiritual law that in whatever function of the life the change is effected temporary paralyzation ensues?

But it is time to reach the end. After a brief rest in the vicinity of Shechem,—where Levi and Simeon distinguished themselves in a way that Jacob could only remember with horror,—Israel is sent again to Bethel, the place where he had his

to the starting-place, but on his last round he has changed. Things look different. And now comes the sorrow of his life, for Rachel dies at Ephrath—dies to the plane of sense, but lives in the higher plane of spirit. Jacob mourns for her, but Israel does not. It is a symbol of Love that has served the plane of passion, has *glorified* passion, and now is glowing with a new light, radiating a more intense warmth, more real than when—passion's slave—*it served*.

Bethel was the starting-point, and from there Jacob went forth on his twenty years' journey—his exile. The future was unknown, and he went out led by a resistless fate. Bethel was the starting-point for his second journey, but this was toward home; and his future was lighted by a promise that he did not doubt.

What is the meaning of this story of the wanderings of an Oriental patriarch, whose chief purpose, as far as the literal account reveals it, was the starting of a nation that spattered the pages of history with the most outrageous and bloody records of fiendish cruelty that blot its rolls? Is it simply a tale of ignorant, superstitious zeal handed down for the delectation of ignorant and superstitious zealots, by which they squared their lives and justified their murders in the name of religion? Or is there underneath and within the letter a deep meaning for every soul, a mystic light that reveals the inner workings of many souls—*all* souls? There is a symbolic character to this most occult book, the Bible, and it may be that these journeyings of Jacob and his posterity portray the processes of the soul's evolution, and that in this story each one may find the story of his own life.

For, launched out into this struggle for physical existence, I find a consciousness—dim and undefined, perhaps, but still a real consciousness—of some sort of inner life that is mani-

ect, in some personality; and these are well enough in their way, for they hold the life power to *some* center. But it does not answer to the soul's need. The spiritual experiences that take the form of dreams are evanescent. But I *must* travel this road, serve every plane of the life; and if the lower influences are potent, even Love must fold its wings and plod with me through the mud and mire of sense and sensation. Thus I may labor and toil, grasping at happiness and reaching out for higher things, only to clutch their semblances; but I am moving in my orbit, kept in it by the attraction of a power that I cannot understand and may be tempted to deny. Some day, saddened, disappointed, defeated it may be, I come back to the starting-point of my journey. The same pillar of stones is there, but the revelation has come and some of the inner meaning of life has opened to me.

The past, in the mellow radiance of the dying day, takes on the beautiful glow of a summer sunset. Colors, somber and bright, blend into one sheen of light—this brightening the shade and that tempering the brightness. Experiences of all sorts look soft and sweet in the fading light, and even passion's flaming, fiery glow takes on a tinge of beauty as the day dies into the darkness. I stand and cast one look backward—a lingering, longing look behind it may be; for the shadows are shutting down over some things that were beautiful, some that were tender, some that were not of this life even though the pall of sense life closely infolded them.

And then I turn and press forward into the night, and the darkness closes about me, that thick, heavy veil that hides the bright beyond—the new day that shall surely dawn for me, for us all, when the discipline and experiences that God sends into our lives have wrought their perfect work.

THE TAHITI FIRE WALK.

BY CHARLES W. SMILEY.

“When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.”—*Isaiah xliii. 2.*

The natives of the far-away island of Tahiti, in the Pacific Ocean, have for some time been noted for a religious ceremony the outward demonstration of which consists in walking with the bare feet across a collection of stones heated nearly or quite to redness, without any apparent injury to the feet.

Notwithstanding the remoteness of the Society Islands, of which Tahiti is the chief, located about 2,700 miles south of Hawaii and approximately midway between Australia and the central part of South America, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution has felt it worth his while to make a trip there in order to investigate reports that have been printed from time to time. Prof. S. P. Langley's account of what he saw was published in *Nature*, London, August 22, 1901, and in the Smithsonian Report for 1901. A reprint, numbered 1348, can be obtained gratuitously upon application to the Smithsonian Institution.

Prof. Langley is admittedly one of the most distinguished physicists living. Papa-Ita is the “savage” priest of Tahiti under whose guidance the fire walk takes place. After witnessing the event, and with the assistance of Chief Engineer Richardson, of the steamship that carried them to Tahiti, and

several of the metals melt at a much lower temperature than 1,200° F.—tin at 442, lead at 612, zinc at 773, antimony at 810—and mercury boils at 675° F. A higher degree than 1,200 is required to melt silver, copper, iron, etc. Many persons have found the marble flooring of a Turkish bath unbearable when the stones contained between 175° and 200° F. of heat.

Prof. Langley's conclusion is: "It was a sight well worth seeing. It was a most clever and instructive piece of savage magic. But I am obliged to say, almost regretfully, that it was not a miracle." Evidently the professor's definition of a miracle is "an impossibility." What he means by "savage magic" I do not imagine that he himself knows. The words sound like a slur at what he could not comprehend. The truly wise neither know nor talk about "miracles." The ignorant followers of priestcraft alone believe that Nature's immutable laws can be or are abrogated for special purposes.

Langley's trip being solely for this purpose, he of course exhausted his powers of scientific research upon it. He inquired of Papa-Ita what preparation was necessary, and was told that Papa-Ita would spend two or three days before the rite "in prayer," an important psychic factor the meaning of which the professor entirely overlooked.

The trench was two feet deep, nine feet wide, and twenty-one feet long. Some cords of wood being placed in it, about two hundred rounded stones weighing from forty to eighty pounds each were piled upon the wood. The fire, which was then lighted, burned about four hours. Six photographs were taken of the stones and of the ceremony, and these are reproduced in the Smithsonian Report. Neither the outer stones nor the topmost stones were trodden upon; but with long poles the inner and hottest stones were exposed for Papa-Ita to walk

Having uttered what seemed to be commands to the fire, and striking the stones three times with a large bush of leaves, he advanced steadily over the central ridge, followed by two disciples similarly dressed, but who walked about half way between the middle and the edge, where the stones were not quite so hot. Several times Papa-Ita crossed back and forth. Other "savage" natives followed him, but no "civilized" Europeans dared cross with bare feet.

From the center of the pile, the professor secured one of the hottest stones with which to experiment upon the temperature. He declares that a red-hot stone contains between 1,300° and 1,400° F. of heat, which is a little more than the mean temperature of those trodden upon (1,200° F.).

Langley neglected a most important opportunity—that of examining the soles of the feet of Papa-Ita and of his followers. Investigation would doubtless have shown a thick coating of cuticle. There are no nerves in cuticle—nerves are withdrawn during the hardening process. Long months or years of practise are necessary for this hardening; and ages may so harden feet that we have the hoofs of various mammals and the claws of fowls.

While by severe exposure feet may incidentally become caloused, Mental Science reveals to us, though it does not seem to have revealed anything to the physicists, how in a much shorter space of time these changes may occur. By practise in concentrating the mind upon a given thought two or three hours every day for a year, any portion of the physical body may be changed. If fire-walking is the problem, and mental concentration be continuously applied to the soles of the feet, the nerves will be withdrawn therefrom and the tissues made insensible to pain. By a lesser degree of mental concentration a person

idea of restoration, and were soon restored to health. We have known others, prostrated with disease, to have exerted such intense mental or psychic force that they were able to leave their beds in three hours after skilled physicians had said they must lie on their backs as many weeks.

These powers, which can only be acquired by patient practise, are superordinary, and may appear "supernatural" to the unlearned. Prof. Langley's poor opinion of prayer forbade his ascertaining what Papa-Ita prayed for, or what his three days' supplication could do for his feet. True, prayer as a petition to the Absolute is silly superstition; yet prayer is a mental force, and when put forth must react upon both mind and body. Prayer is repetition; repetition produces belief in that which was not believed in before. He that has prayed long enough will have the assurance that he can do that which he has desired; for example, walk upon red-hot stones. The assurance will come after the mental force exerted has destroyed the nerves in the soles of his feet. The *words* of prayer are utterly immaterial. The essence of prayer is desire. Beyond its exercise as a means of intensifying desire, it is worthless. Desire is a dynamic force. The intenser the desire the stronger the force. Desire may be increased by meditation, or by the gathering together of persons that wish to intensify the same desire.

Of necessity, but perhaps unconsciously, desire that relates to the physical body reacts upon and affects it in proportion to its intensity. The desires of people in general are so spasmodic and evanescent that it takes years to realize them. Influenced by *the* rationalism and materialism of the age, public prayer has *degenerated* into mere forms of words, and is correspond-

these unconsciously, as have those Catholic saints who actually produced the marks of the crucifixion upon their bodies by intense prayer. Successful "going into the silence" relaxes every function of the body and every faculty of the mind. An incredible stillness and peace comes over the consciousness. One seems to be in the presence of boundless Reality, and to have the keys to hidden secrets. One may be conscious of supernatural power if the silence be deep enough. Here is the key to the instantaneous cures that often take place, eliminating convalescence—a phenomenon utterly inexplicable to the medical profession. Here one finds himself beyond the laws known to the physicist or the physician, and among those before which even the metaphysician bows his head in profound reverence.

Prof. Langley has presented the physicist's conclusions; above are the comments of the metaphysician, who recognizes the power of mind over matter. But we need not stop here; still finer forces are at work about us producing still more wonderful results.

Papa-Ita gave a hint to the professor when he said that he was a disciple of a still older priest of Raiatea, to whom he could "send his spirit" to ask permission or assistance. Were not wireless telegraphy an established fact, it would be rash thus to trespass upon the credulity of the materialist. He that has familiarized himself with the finer forces of Nature can make a projection of thought that may be understood by a trained listener at a distance. To do this, Papa-Ita "sent his *spirit*"—a finer force than mind. If Papa-Ita were sufficiently familiar with these subtle energies, he himself could withdraw

but it is not beyond scientific explanation and demonstration when the laws of *spirit* are understood. It was not a "supernatural" event—there never occurred a "miracle" that violated the laws of Nature.

It is not improbable that the "savage" Papa-Ita has some knowledge of those laws whereby, through power of concentrated desire, the physical body may be rendered immune to fire, disease, and even the grave. But it is a matter of very great surprise that Prof. Langley made no examination of the soles of his feet—(1) with a view to discovering charred tissues, and (2) with a view to determining the temperature of those tissues. Had he proved them to be *not* charred, though subjected to a degree of heat sufficient to destroy tissue under other circumstances, it might have afforded an opportunity to prove the possibility, through a knowledge of "spirit," of protecting tissues under such circumstances. The cheap materialistic thought and methods of the physicist cannot penetrate the problems involved in so weird and interesting a ceremony as that of the Tahiti fire walk.

In view of Prof. Langley's proofs that Papa-Ita walked unharmed upon nearly red-hot stones, the following "miracles," selected out of many hundred recorded in religious literature, may perhaps be read without the skepticism born of ignorance of the laws that govern occult phenomena:

In the life of St. Catherine of Sienna (A.D. 1347-1380) it is related that she fell to the floor in an ecstasy in front of the fire, and shortly after was seen sitting on it. Instead of being burned, as was expected by others, not even her clothes were singed.

St. Francis of Paula (A.D. 1416-1507). upon being visited

a feeble creature, but, God helping, he can do all things." On another occasion he did the same thing in the presence of Pope Paul II.'s chamberlain. St. Francis also entered a lime-kiln while it was enveloped with flames in order to prevent serious damage being done.

Baring-Gould, in "Lives of the Saints," tells of a hermit who stood upon live coals during vespers unhurt, and did not move therefrom until the prayers had been completed.

St. Peter Gonzales (A.D. 1190-1248) placed himself unhurt in the midst of a fire in the presence of a harlot, and told her that this was nothing to the hell-fire toward which she was alluring men.

The archbishop of Treves, in "Martyrology," reports that on December 13, 305, Paschasius, governor of Syracuse, piled fagots, resin, oil, and pitch round St. Lucy, and that she stood uninjured in the midst of the burning pile.

In the sixth year of Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 167), Polycarp, then eighty-six years old, was by Herod of Smyrna placed in the midst of a mass of burning combustibles. His body was unaffected by the flames, and the executioners were obliged to pierce it with spears in order to "kill" him.

St. Thuribius (460 A.D.) held burning coals in his hands, and St. Tiburtius walked barefoot over live coals at the command of Fabianus, the Roman governor.

Many authors tell us that, when the Fimbrians burnt Ilium, the statue of Pallas Minerva stood in a heap of ashes wholly uninjured. The fact was memorialized by being engraved upon medals.

In the recent burning of the Theatre Français in Paris (March 8, 1800) a priceless statue of Voltaire by Houdon was

phenomena into that concealed under the words *spiritus* and *pneuma*, and would result in statements incredible to what has been uniquely styled the "mortal mind" of unregenerated man—or the man whose life is absorbed in explaining physical phenomena. In closing, it may be interesting to remind the readers of MIND that, out of a vast collection of paintings, frescoes, and statues in the Theatre Français, the only one preserved (and that by "magic") was Houdon's statue of the most flippant scoffer at priestly teachings that France has ever known.



THE fountain must be sweet to send forth sweet waters, and the tree must be good to yield good fruit. We must not be cast-aways if we would save others. If we would learn to *do* good, we must learn to *be* good; and that needs self-knowledge and the knowledge of goodness. If we neglect common duties and everyday virtue, we shall rather be meddlers than helpers.—*Russell L. Carpenter.*



HOWEVER unwillingly a person who has a strong opinion may admit the possibility that his opinion may be false, he ought to be moved by the consideration that however true it may be, if it is not fully, frequently, and fearlessly discussed, it will be held as a dead dogma, not a living truth.—*John Stuart Mill.*



"THERE are infinite gradations of holiness, from the first faint stirring in the soul of love for God and goodness to the conscious, complete, successful devotion of a life to the highest ends of living; but all are bound together and made one by that breath of the Holy Spirit which is their single strength."



A CONCEPTION OF GOD.

BY WALTER DE VOE.

The basis of all systems of thought is God. Every new philosophy is founded on a new conception of this one primal Power. The many seekers after God are like the blind men who tried by groping to get a conception of an elephant. One got hold of the tail, and to him the elephant was like a rope. To the one who found the trunk, the elephant was like a snake. Running against his broad side, another was certain that the elephant was like a wall. And from the shape of a leg the fourth was sure the elephant was like a tree. So all the limited conceptions of God are but partial and one-sided views of the Infinite and Eternal One. From the very meaning of the words *infinite* and *eternal*, which are used as descriptive of Deity, God is nothing less than the Whole. We must see that God is at least as great as the vast Universe; and, if we concede that all is a manifestation of one Power, there will be room in our idea of Divinity for all the expansion that will come to our mind through growth in knowledge.

The Hindu Vedantists postulated an abstract Being that was beyond all ideas of consciousness, neither conscious nor unconscious, so immutable that it was incapable of generating a universe, and so absolutely quiescent and peaceful that in it there was no thought or desire or activity of any kind. After formulating this entirely incomprehensible idea of Divinity, they were led to think that this absolute Being was the only reality and the only truth; that all else was nothing—unreal and illusive; that all created things were the “figments of a

sorption into the abstract state of the Eternal. To escape the joys of life as well as the sorrows was the aim of every true aspirant for emancipation from the bondage of existence, and all effort was to the end of sublimizing the mind to the degree that the individuality should lose itself in the one great Essence of existence.

But the pendulum has now swung to the opposite extreme, and the present race is not seeking to lose its individuality, but to build it stronger—not desiring to escape existence, but to enter more deeply into it. There was truth in the Hindu ideas of Divinity and in their methods of spiritual worship, but they were not the whole truth: just as there is partial truth in the ideas of God prevalent in the orthodox world. And the conquering and overcoming activities of the Western race are the expression of a Divine method in that they are conducive to the development of great individualities. The Hindu system of thought vividly grasped the *Soul* of the Universe as the supreme Reality, but denied that there was any use for the mind and body of the Universe; so all effort was toward the reduction of the human mind and body to a state of pure, resistless quiescence. The Occidental mind is infatuated with the material side of existence, and it is only beginning to comprehend that the physical universe has a subjective or mental side; hence, not much attention is given to the development of aught but the faculties or qualities that deal with manifested forces. The soul is not considered worthy of any attention, nor is it thought by many to be anything more than a name. And, in fact, so strong is the materialistic spirit of the age that even among certain metaphysicians, who have formulated the laws of the invisible but omniactive Mind, there is a strong repugnance to the idea of the Soul of the Whole as the spirit of man.

pendulum of racial development will find its poise between these two extremes, and the philosophy of the East and of the West will be united, to the production of a race of beings who, while powerful in individuality and ability to surmount every limitation of negative existence, will nevertheless realize their full power and wisdom through the acknowledgment and expression of the higher potencies, qualities, and attributes of the Soul life of God.

We are rapidly outgrowing the belief in evil that shrouded the mind of the world for so many ages. To the Oriental mind *all* existence was a form of evil, even to the highest states of manifested life in the heavenly spheres. All was looked upon as limitation and bondage, and only in the Absolute was there enduring rest from the bondage to everlasting transmigration and change. To be sure, there was the greater evil of the deluded souls sunk in sin and misery, with no aspiration for emancipation, and the lesser evil of living for the welfare of others; but at its best life was criticized and condemned as evil, and escape from life was the only good. With all their wisdom, the dark shadows of evil covered their mind and limited expression. Later religionists placed humanity in the midst of two great contending forces of Good and Evil, but the good was much closer and more easily and quickly realized than in the most ancient philosophy; for it was not considered necessary to go through a number of incarnations before the ties of attachment could be cut and the good attained, as in the Hindu system of thought, but one only had to wage the fierce fight against evil in the present to find a pleasant future secure in the arms of Paradise for all eternity. And now, so close are we growing to the vision of the One who is too pure to behold iniquity that we no longer look upon existence as evil even in greater or less degrees, nor do we see in the Universe of God the opposing forces of Good and Evil. But we rejoice in the

to its best aspect, from the lowest to the highest degree and form of manifestation, it is all good.

We now comprehend the great truth that we stand in the midst of a growing, evolving Universe, and in and behind it all are manifesting the purpose and the will of the omnipotent Soul; and whether we stand on a planet whose humanity is young in the expression of the divinity latent within it, or on a planet older and wiser and more fully rounded out in the individualization and expression of the omniscient intelligence of God, it is all good. The young planet with its warring, savage humanity, and the older planet with its humanity of peaceful, godlike beings, are alike formed from the universal substance of God; and the love of the Infinite One is shed as graciously upon the warring tribes of cannibals filled with hatred and cruelty as upon the angelic beings radiant with the consciousness of Divinity, for the patient love of the Eternal is wise with the knowing that *All* is its own evolving substance, pregnant with the infinite life that shall awaken, during the endless evolutions of time, the intelligence of each atom as of each mind to the fullest realization of the intelligence and purpose of the All.

We may look upon the Cosmos as the manifestation of an almighty battery of energy, so that the duality of "matter and energy" created by materialistic science will be resolved into the conception of one omnipotent Intelligence expressing itself through the positive and negative poles of universal Substance. The objective universe of so-called matter is the negative aspect of the one universal Substance, the negative pole of the great mental battery; for all substance is capable of endless expansion in the development of intelligence, and the subjective realms and states of existence are this same Substance in a more refined degree of expression—in a more positive

states and conditions of sublimated and spiritualized existence are the beings who have grown positive with the positiveness that inheres in the inmost and all-comprehending sphere of omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent Consciousness: the Soul of the vast Whole—God.

Our mind expands and thrills with the sublime conception of the magnitude and mightiness of the God of the Universe, an individualized and forever individualizing expression of the Eternal and Unmanifest, whose negative body (the physical universe) is infused and sustained by His positive mind body (the spiritual universe), and the whole forever developing in intelligence and perfection as its great Soul comes more and more into expression, infusing the positive and negative poles of His body with more of life, love, and wisdom, and manifesting in each succeeding cycle of progression more of the perfect power and grace that reside in the Soul. Our hope enlarges and our faith grows sure of the possibilities in our own unfolding, for we see that God has individualized Himself as the Whole, and the Whole is forever developing its power of expressing divinity; so that, as the positive Mind of God grows more positive, it infuses its intelligence into the negative body of existence, so that negative substances grow more intelligent. And through this unceasing process of individualization each being, as an epitome of the Whole, is polarizing the intelligence and power and substance of God toward the development and expression of a more positive and enduring individuality.

We are each one an individualized soul, being polarized and organized from the love and wisdom and power of the Soul of God; and this individual soul has organized a positive and negative pole of mental and physical energies that are polarizing constantly from the positive and negative poles of the mind and body of God. So it is evident that, as individualization is

of human, angelic, and archangelic beings. And it does not take much imagination to fill the subliminal universe with the myriads of beings that have lived in human form, and to see perpetuated in sublimer form the trees and flowers and all the beauties of earthly scenery on a grander and larger scale. And we can imagine the older, wiser, and more powerful souls in the position of gods and goddesses, as radiant suns of spiritual life and love to the less developed souls, attracted to them and their kingdoms for the wisdom and love the appropriation of which will give them augmented powers for spiritual expression.

With what exalted emotions we contemplate the idea of these spheres of spiritual beings, all working in harmony and obedient to the law of love and life, and seeking to benefit those less developed—so that each planet is surrounded by its mental and spiritual worlds of living beings who appropriate from higher states of Mind and bring into the lower states the light from above, all working as a constant blessing and upliftment to incarnate humanity! In this idea we have the solution for the teaching in regard to all the saviors and gods and angels and spiritual entities of the past. There has been truth in all teachings that have been wafted to earth from the heavens above for the spiritualization and education of humanity, and our system of thought must be large enough to embrace all the gods and deities of the past as well as the discoveries of modern scientific research, for in the Whole there is that which will satisfy every human emotion and desire. Those who long for absorption in the Absolute, as well as those who wish to enter Nirvana with Buddha, may work out their desire to their own satisfaction, without limiting the good of any. Those who pray to any gods will find the gods they pray to, and plenty more; those who worship as their Savior Jesus Christ will find him Lord of lords and King of kings in this solar system and

THE LIVING DEAD.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Though the words *living* and *dead* are antithetic in idea and import, it is often wise to treat them as simply antiphonal—a practise we can well honor if we are but willing to admit that life and death in the universal order serve equally beneficent ends. A child is born and we rejoice; a child passes from us and we mourn. But why should we be glad on the one occasion and sorrowful on the other? Though the statement sounds pitiless, it is often useful to quote the gospel utterance, "If ye loved *me* ye would rejoice." When an earthly mission is accomplished, and a soul goes forth into the next stage of its perpetual functioning, earthly sorrow, though natural, is but a selfish sentiment. We are grieved because a sense of bereavement has stolen over us, and we hug our selfish sorrow usually to such an extent that we become blinded to all those convincing evidences of immortality that are possible to us provided we cease to affirm the belief of death and thereby deny the thought of life immortal.

Death is only a mortal shadow; it has no reality whatever when viewed in the light of spiritual realization. So vitally true is this statement that it may well serve as an introduction to a restatement of popular notions concerning our futurity. Modern Spiritualism has for fifty-five years in America held before the world a claim for demonstrated immortality, but probably ninety per cent. of professed Spiritualists have looked upon exceptional mediumship as the only gateway between the two planes of consciousness we commonly style two worlds. Spiritual Science approaches the question through another nor-

simply continue living on our subjective side after we have discarded our objective mantles. *Dual mentality* may be a better term than *two minds*, though the latter phrase is by no means inadmissible.

The problem of immortality is soluble only as we come to grasp the concept that we are, now and always, spiritual beings. The idle dream of fleshly immortality is but a chimera, though it is probably based on some partially stable foundation. That limited view of life which bounds it by an objective horizon can never have given birth to the deep-rooted faith in immortality that is present over nearly all the world. Fleshly existence is necessarily temporal, though by no means evil; and while it is rational to claim perfect health for the physical body (as perfection may be claimed for any instrument wisely designed for temporary use), it is the height of folly to stultify the soul's progress by limiting its expressions to terrestrial incarnation.

Whatever may be the possibility of prolonging physical existence indefinitely at the dictate of the will, we are always confronted with two great obstacles: (1) What has become of those who have not immortalized their flesh and are very near and dear to us? and (2) Is it probable that we shall desire everlastingly to perpetuate existence on the external plane with which we are now familiar? No grief-stricken mother can be comforted by being told that she may find a way to immortalize her flesh; and it is because many teachers of so-called practical metaphysics fail utterly to reach the needs of bereaved ones who are seeking consolation that curious phases of psychical research are pursued by many who can see much beauty in a gospel of physical health but cannot rest content with anything short of lucid teaching concerning the Great Beyond.

Children are frequently so sensitive that their experiences

into life immortal. Children should never be coerced into telling what they experience spiritually; neither should they be reprimanded for allowing their open spiritual vision to exercise free play. What right can any adult have to deny the spiritual sight of innocent childhood? Is it not the very depth of nescience to pronounce impossible that which we personally have not experienced?

Communion with the so-called dead is well-nigh universal; there is scarcely a family where some member has not been at some time conscious of enjoying intercourse with a friend who has passed on. And, though an effort is made in some quarters to explain all such experiences on the basis of telepathy, it needs but little reasoning to convince any logical mind that telepathy is wide enough in its range of action to include communion with kindred entities regardless of whether they are yet connected with the flesh or separated therefrom. The subjective mind is called the seat of the telepathic faculty, and it is the "sub" or "super" self that continues to live after physical dissolution. So say the advocates of the theory of human duality, now prominently put forward by teachers of a new psychology. Let their doctrine be accepted, and the necessary conclusion is that our post-mortem existence is a progressive continuation of life on its subjective side.

Absent mental healing throws much light on what we are as continuing spiritual entities, for when we enter a state of complete abstraction from exterior surroundings we feel ourselves no longer connected with the boundaries of space and time. England and Australia are close together. A friend in New Zealand is as accessible in New York as though healer and patient occupied a single sofa in a consulting-room. It is impossible to let one's self free from limitations of mortal belief

What is popularly termed "the new psychology" is actually rehabilitating the old "ghost story" in a scientific manner, as records of societies for psychical research have already proved. But, with renewed belief in the possible communion of two realms of human existence long regarded as separated by an impassable barrier, we should never expect a return to the superstitions of ancient ages, though in certain places we witness some evidences of recrudescence. A sane and healthy Spiritualism bears no relation to that maudlin variety which is largely an accompaniment of hysteria and lends itself through sentimentality to the unwitting encouragement of fraud. That trickery does masquerade as Spiritualism in many districts no open-eyed observer of psychic phenomena can deny, but the lesson taught by this circumstance is by no means an unimportant one. The spiritual element in man is not awakened to expression by sensationalism, for we all know how easily our senses, especially in times of emotional excitement, can be deceived. Physical proofs of immortality are certainly possible, but they are never finally conclusive because an appeal made to the corporeal senses can never thoroughly convince the inmost reason. Whatever may be the exact conditions that environ us when we have left the flesh, we are certain that our life hereafter must be on another plane than that of the exterior matter which constitutes the mundane realm as we sensuously cognize it. That other realm may be well conceived of as now existing for us and in us, but it is apprehensible only through the medium of a faculty that transcends all acknowledgment of what we commonly call matter.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan made a stupendous claim for psychometry when he said that it would introduce a new era in civiliza-

ficiency as phrenologists, physiognomists, or chirologists. Motives will stand revealed; characters will go undisguised by any art of hypocrisy. In such an age or community we may choose our acquaintances at discretion, associate with those with whose motives we feel in sympathy, and avoid intercourse with those whose insincerity would plunge us in disaster did we give them our interests to handle. Taking this illustration as a portrayal of what life beyond the grave may be, it at once becomes easy to conceive of the closest spiritual association subsisting between kindred minds and of no companionship being possible between those of diverse inclinations.

The unprejudiced and open-minded student of religious and Spiritualistic literature will find much to admire and to indorse in current publications, and much also to discount; but through all ages one doctrine concerning the "living dead" has held its own unfalteringly—that *affection* is the chief source of union between those in this world and the next and between all members of spiritual societies in the psychic universe. The question of mode of activity as concerning our departed loved ones is always one of closest interest, and, though it may be impossible to *describe* a state upon which we have not completely entered, there are lines of rational thought to be pursued in this direction that must lead us to some definite conclusions. Inspection of our own inner life is desirable when conducted with a view to discovering our spiritual capabilities, and it is also true that when we engage in profitable introspection we find ourselves in communion with a spiritual world that lies beyond the range of our ordinary waking consciousness.

Does telepathy explain *all* alleged spiritual communications? This is now a pertinent question, and one that forms the title of a recent book by the Rev. Minot J. Savage. Telepathy *may* account for every psychic experience known to man,

may expect to receive definite revelations of the state of our loved ones who have crossed the mystic border. The illimitable range of telepathy is its surpassing charm, but even that term by no means exhausts the catalogue of means whereby we may demonstrate, if not our absolute immortality in the highest philosophic sense, at least our continued individual existence beyond the tomb.

Clairvoyance certainly makes possible a true vision of the state of those who have passed before, when it is sufficiently deep and lucid, but aside from all such phenomenal evidences of life's continuity there is a higher view of this subject that transcends all other thoughts concerning it. The influence of the "living dead" upon us who have not passed through the gateway of transition is most subtle and powerfully effectual in ways we externally know not of. The thoughts that come to us unbidden; the inspirations that flood our minds when we least expect their advent; the sweet consolation we receive in hours of bereavement; the warnings that come in the very nick of time to protect us from impending danger—these and many other psychic influences that infuse their presence into our lives convince us that we and our "departed" are nearer in real communion than outer sense or speculative reason can discern. And, as with us as private persons, so must it be with nations and with institutions.

Founders of great enterprises and promoters of philanthropic causes do not lose their interest in this world's affairs because they have cast off their outer sheaths of personality; and, as to the sentimental idea that because an earthly robe is laid away mental activity must have subsided—such a theory of spurious "rest" in the hereafter, instead of meeting the re-

cause they sometimes feared that it might mean a cessation of active enterprise, are now even more fully and congenially employed than when best occupied on earth; and their influence with us must ever constitute one of our greatest means for intellectual and moral progress.

Spiritual Science is capable of giving to the world proof of what the heart craves as well as food for the inquiring intellect. Never was there a more fervent desire or more insatiable demand for spiritual evidences than at present; and the supply is surely forthcoming if without prejudice and without excitement we will betake ourselves to the calm, uplifted region of soul consciousness and simply invite such realization of the world of unending life as may come to us unbidden. A rational view of life's continuity and a clear statement of what awaits us in the Beyond are among the greatest and most truly answerable demands of the twentieth century.



A HERESY-HUNTER is a hired man telling ghost stories to amuse children. He is a stumbling-block of the Church. Superstition will be burned up in the white heat that is coming within the next half century, beside which the higher criticism of the present day is but the flame of a candle.—*Rev. Dr. J. R. Day.*



WHEN a clergyman wonders, as one in East Orange does, "how his congregation can stand him," he is rapidly approaching the point at which he may find himself extremely useful to the world at large.—*New York World.*



L I F E .

Our life's a fear of life itself,
And then a hope we learn to trust;

THE MYSTERY OF SACRIFICE.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

Whence came this ancient sacrifice—
This mystic, widespread, ancient faith?
What in the nation's life gave rise
To this life-taking, carnal trait?—
This paradox in human thought
To render love in murder wrought!

What brought to man this grim and crude
Conception of immortal love,
So to pervert his gratitude
For gifts received from spheres above
That he would turn from deeds of joy
To deeds that life and joy destroy?

Perhaps behind this carnal view
A truer, nobler image dwells—
Where truth in accents old yet new
A far profounder story tells:
A story of that wondrous life
Which sweeps through cords of love and strife.

Not on an altar reared from clay
Shall grateful hearts their fires light;
Nor on its hearth a victim lay
Whose life is robbed by brutal fight.
The victims of true sacrifice
Must from the heart itself arise.

The altar but a symbol is
Of one eternal truth that sways
The course of human destinies—
Inspiring every soul who lays
On duty's altar some dear vice
As victim for his sacrifice.

Not upon sentiment but fact

TRUTHS OF BEING.

BY EMILY WRIGHT HOOD.

Who, having been upon the mountain top, sniffing the pure, life-giving ozone of the rarefied strata, will desire to descend again into the foul, dank fumes of the pit? Not one. And yet the mountain top compares to the spiritual plane of our nature,—Pure Being,—from whose majestic height we escape the foul, dank fumes of the pit of vice, of hatred and its brood of vipers, such as anger, resentment, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

There is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is the spark of divinity within him. If he had not this divine spark he would not be a man. That he has reached man's estate shows him to be on the road to godhood. First manhood, then godhood. The journey is long and tedious, but he makes it longer and more tedious. Because he becomes enamored of the things that pertain to the animal plane, and long after he has learned that they are not good for him and retard his progress, he still clings to them, trying to lull his awakened consciousness into a hypnotic sleep, when he can play the "serpent"—that condemned ruler of the lower nature that assumes to dictate with authority the palliative sentence: "Thou shalt not surely die."

Man's struggle with the "serpent" is a long and fierce one. It has beguiled him to seek the pleasures of materiality, and driven him from the Garden of Eden, the estate of purely ani-

he cannot expect to be perfect? Are we not thus enjoined?—"Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." And does not this show that we are expected to reach perfection here? The real unbelievers are those who do not believe in spiritual advancement on this earth. They see only monotone and vain repetition here, and therefore can conceive of nothing beyond. If one spiritually illumined should undertake to relate to them facts and experiences of the higher plane, they would either scoff or consider that one a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. Is it any wonder that adepts do not diffuse their knowledge? They alone can realize that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. The materialists are somewhat in the position of wanting to eat their cake and have it too. They would like to know the higher joys they hear about, but they look upon them as rather uncertain, and are not willing to forego their selfish pleasures.

Divine happiness : selfish pleasure. Ponder the expressiveness of the two couplets, and choose. It may help you to choose rightly if you look about you at the distorted forms and features of a half-developed humanity. The wolf and the tiger and the ape still peer out from human eyes; yet the divine is there, too, waiting to be called into expression.

Man cannot escape his duty to his brother without his share of the suffering. Physically we are individuals, but mentally we are bound together indissolubly. We are continually giving and receiving impressions. Our spoken words are powerful, and their power may be not only equaled but exceeded by the silent word—the *thought*. Our thoughts are continually going forth into the sensitized ether, to meet and mingle with currents of thought from other minds—perhaps, if strong and

charged with mental ptomaines that have been absorbed into the system, so that it cannot be said of us that if we shall drink deadly things they shall not harm us. We are poisoned by deadly things because there is that in us to which such things correspond, and so they destroy the body; but these things were harmless did the mind not contain the poisons of hate, fear, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. The medical fraternity have good cause to combat the spiritual scientists' claim on this question at the present stage of progress. The purest are still too full of error-thought, and surrounded by the same quality, to toy lightly with prussic acid or formaldehyde. But we may at least be glad to know that it is but a law of the physical plane, and that "he who is led of the spirit is not under the law." When we have subdued the flesh, and risen to the heights of our being, we shall have transcended the laws of the physical plane.

One's aura is that psychic emanation which envelops the physical form, giving out the quality of the inner thoughts and feelings. It is sensed by those into whose presence we come, and is pleasant or unpleasant to them. For instance, if one's love nature is dwarfed they are likely to be repelled.

The color scheme is a part of our constitution. The hues that appeal to the physical eye are typical of the inner, esoteric part of our natures. But the real heart of Being is the divine spark at the very center, and that is white, the great white light of Truth—Absolute Purity. This gives us our halo. And, as we purge away the coloring matter of the characteristics of our Adamic or earthy nature, this pure white light flows through and illumines us. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Heaven is within, at the heart of Being, and God is in heaven. Let this pure light

Our so-called civilization is in some respects a failure. With the development of the beautiful on the material plane has come a love for that beauty *per se*, at the expense of its symbology in regard to higher planes. Why are gold and precious stones so beautiful to us? Because they are symbolic of the divine attributes of our characters; the precious gems of love and refinement; the holy virtues that shall mean so much to us when we reach the other side of life, where character is the true insignia of worth—the real riches.

We are God's jewels, going through the refining process, being purified in the crucible of mortal suffering, that we may be worthy the beautiful setting in which we shall be placed when we are ready to "shine forth as the sun" in His kingdom of righteousness and glory. If we tire of the dross that still clings to our earthly lives, let us know that it will all be brushed away when we have come into a full consciousness of the law and its minute workings—when the practicability of our lives shall be along spiritual rather than material lines.

The dreamers of life may be more spiritual than many of the practical type; but let the practical people become spiritually minded, and they are of more value, because they accomplish exoterically. Nevertheless, there is infinite power in the esoteric life. The inner, hidden workings of men's hearts and minds are a great force in the universe. The quiet people one does not hear much about are influencing the tide of affairs with a silent potency, because they are thinking, thinking, all the time; and thought is a power that must be recognized in the divine economy—in the grinding of God's mills. One of the wise hath said: "Though the mills of the gods grind slowly yet they grind

random, for random thinking lacks the force of concentration necessary to produce desired results. A person of very materialistic tendencies may accomplish by sheer force of will that which he desires; yet if he is merely using the mortal will instead of trusting to the Divine Will, with the desire to be true to the highest within him, his accomplishment is limited, and he is building upon sand instead of rock. Mental Science is built upon the rock of faith, and firmly backed by the Law of Being.

Those who look upon religion as a thing apart from science, not knowing that the latter is the strength thereof, as steel is the strength of iron, say, in levity tinged with scorn, "Oh, just *think* it is going to happen, and it will," or, in case of sickness, "Don't *think* you've got it, and you won't have it," forthwith indulging in a fit of laughter at the expense—they think—of Mental Science. But we know the Law is not mocked, and the Law is not contained in one little "think," though it will be when we have reached the point of *realization*. The present mental atmosphere, so impregnated with the thick vapors of sin, sickness, and death, must be cleared by concentration ere we can experience realization. This is why healers treat a patient's environment (as well as their own) before they treat the patient.

Physical mud brought into our material homes is disposed of in short order, but mental mud is too often allowed to accumulate, until we wonder, when negative conditions begin to show forth, what strange freak of Providence brought us to such a fate. There is a mental world all around us, in which we are submerged, and which is the reality, being the cause of all we see in the material world—its reflection as perceived by

ward, concerning itself with effects rather than causes. The time, however, seems to be ripe for introspection, and the great Searchlight of Truth is turned in the direction of this inner thought world, revealing the fact that it must be cleared of those vermin of the mental realm—anger, envy, hatred, malice, and similar distortions of Universal Intelligence and Power.

To heal is to make whole, and there is much healing to be done in this evolving world where negative thought has held such sway. She has reached an interesting point in her evolution. We are witnessing the reversal of old beliefs, and former things are passing away. If it is proved that we have this wonderful healing power,—and it has been,—why should we not cultivate rather than repudiate it? The very possibility suggests a vast field to be labored in.

It is a fact in Nature that the great mass of materiality goes down before the higher vibrations of Infinite Mind!



THE essence of chivalry is *to look out for the little ones.* Wherever a child can be helped, wherever a stranger can be guided or a friend who is shy be set at ease, wherever a weak brother can be saved from falling and its shame, wherever an old man's step can be made easy, wherever a servant's position can be dignified in his eyes, is the chance for chivalry to show itself.—*W. C. Gannett.*



WE cannot ask a better point of leverage from which to move our little fragment of the world toward truth and goodness than the point on which we have been placed. All that made saints and heroes of old strong and full of trust is as near to us as it was to them.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*



THE IDEAL AS A DYNAMIC FORCE.

BY AGNES PROCTER.

(*Part II.*)

The practicability of the correlation between spiritual and material forces, when harmoniously active, cannot be questioned; it is only when the higher is ignored or repelled, and we dwell entirely on the lower plane of existence, that discord obtrudes itself into our daily lives. Thus, if for no other consideration, is it not advisable to crawl from under the tent of physical sensation, and realize that we represent a trinity—spirit, soul, and body: the latter being but an instrument through which the higher forces operate? The instrument will respond to our bidding when we know how to manipulate the strings, and demands just as much attention as we bestow upon an engine, or any mechanical contrivance; or a race-horse, or a fine dog—in fact, anything we possess that has a commercial value. These facts suggest that the body is a necessary factor in the fulfilment of spiritual design; it must be clothed, receive proper nutriment, and in every way be supplied with necessities according to our power to meet the demands. If it should become disabled in any way through dis-ease, or so-called “accidents,” we are crippled indeed if we have no recourse beyond the limits of that poor instrument.

However imperfect our physical organism may be, *spirit*

We are not forced to accept or dwell upon an undesirable thought simply because it presents itself to our mental sphere; our intuition will indicate when it is an intruder, and our duty is then to dismiss it *at once*, not hesitating for an instant; otherwise it will presume upon the encouragement it receives and become a permanent guest. We display no courtesy when a reptile or a burglar enters the house, but proceed to eject such intruders without any delay; and we should treat in a similar manner all discordant or vicious thoughts that obtrude upon the seclusion of our mental domain. This exclusion is easily consummated when we have a coterie of ideals to serve as a protection and to form a battlement that is not easily scaled.

The time devoted to the acquirement of knowledge as to spiritual law (such being in almost every case innate though dormant) is as nothing compared to the responsibility entailed upon us through ignorance, and being blind to the protean possibilities of the *ego*. This assertion includes health, success, prevention of crime, and everything appertaining to material existence. They are *conditions* only, and lack the substance of perpetuity. But, since we must come in contact with "conditions," why not understand how to control, overcome, and make them acceptable—thus creating a calmness that assists us in transforming our many obstacles: dis-ease, lack of success, "accidents," etc.? We create our own environment and psychic atmosphere, and attract, through our desires, that which is beneficial to our development and advancement; likewise we repel the discordant element, or are not affected by its contact should it come within our radius. There being no sympathy extended, it cannot exist for any great period owing to the atmospheric repulsion.

patient, and do not swerve from our purpose because it cannot be immediately attained. Results must follow in due course of time as concomitants and living parts of the ideal. Our growth is commensurate with the requirement expressed by desire, which germinates in spirit, gestates in mentality, and has its birth in the heart, whence it is expelled by thought, and becomes a fugitive unless we dictate and demonstrate the power of mind to retain and direct its activities to the sphere associated with its mission. In other words, we must not allow the itinerant nature of thought to escape our surveillance.

The greater the demand the greater the supply. We can receive only by absorption. If our capacity be enlarged through the qualitative spirit, by which one correctly apprehends the law that governs being, the supply is limited. An individual who accepts an undesirable condition, whether it be dis-ease, poverty, or other foe to freedom, is lacking in the instinctive and spiritual energy displayed throughout the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. I do not imply that inharmonious conditions are not necessary *as a means of growth*, but that we should accept them only as such; they indicate a discord that it is in our power to remove. Adverse circumstances quietly submitted to weaken our fortress of mental strength, when such conditions should serve as an incentive to greater effort.

When we discard the idea of associating heaven with locality, and give it its true relation to our environment,—consider it as a condition, lacking substance except it be embodied in spirit abstractly considered,—our apprehension will be more truthful in regard to ultimates. The simplicity of a child is an admirable quality to cultivate, and is recommended to all adherents of the higher law. Credulity lends a charm

in sympathy with all truth that has the Christ principle for a foundation we shall be able to discover the pearls in each and every method of instruction, and as we progress in understanding we can apply the knowledge in any system we choose to formulate. Our pearls will form a circle of old ideas to decorate the subject according to the needs of a progressive and enlightened age. And, even though we should limit the application to our individual development, the luster of the jewels can never be concealed. They will shine in our deeds, in our life; their brilliancy will dazzle the beholder into a desire to possess the treasures that have been the means of producing so enviable and harmonious a condition.

An artless and confiding nature attracts the beautiful by the love element that pervades the heart, and lives in a state of hopeful expectancy that never fails to reward its patient endeavors. It is susceptible to the Divine influence, which when embraced permeates the whole being. And so we should cultivate this benign quality, which not only assists but is a necessary equipment for all who would attain the highest. Its fortunate possessor will outlive the narrow-minded skeptic, who is very wise in his own estimation, declining to view truth except through material glasses, and insisting upon seeing and handling a spiritual entity that eludes his grasp and retires from his consciousness, awaiting the removal of the stone wall that he himself has erected and that remains an insurmountable barrier so far as his growth is concerned. He courteously acquaints you with his "authority," and says: "I have no time or inclination to sift these matters myself. I accept the results of scientific investigation." But these scientific invaders, delving into Nature's secrets, resort to the

skeptic—that is a part of our purpose in life. But the bigot or cynic who wishes to intrude upon our precious time for the sole delight of airing his prejudices is not entitled to courtesy. Since he has “no time or inclination to sift these matters himself,” I fear he will never realize a spiritual hunger in this embodiment. Were he physically starving would he ask another to partake of food to satisfy his own appetite, or to drink for him that his thirst might be quenched? If these material and tangible needs cannot be supplied by another, how expect the subtle, unseen forces of Nature to avow their reality to one who lives in a state of perpetual denial, and who refuses to accept aught beyond the domain of the carnal senses?

The Divine Presence *must* be realized some day. It is felicity to recognize it in the air we breathe, in the love that overflows the heart; but oftentimes it is veiled in adversity. Affliction weakens the physical activities; we become helpless, dependent, our world diminutive, and in our pain and bitterness of accumulated despair we implore divine help. It may be the first prayer we have ever uttered, but we have grafted the little twig of love and hope,—opened the way, as it were,—and with care and patience it will grow into a great tree that will shelter us from the storms of life.

“Authority” is an enemy to spiritual progress. We have no right to accept another’s view as necessarily true. We should hold it in abeyance until we accumulate the divers *opinions* of investigators. There is no restriction as to what road we travel. “Take up thy cross and follow Me!” There is no other way.

God is Spirit—ever present within your own being. You limit His power when you confine your worship to a

consciousness. The only way to find God is to search in the deep recesses of your own being. Any "authority" promulgated in the church, in a hall, or in the street, as to how, when, or where you can stand in the presence of your Creator—any mandate as to a given law, or mode of procedure of an organization, intimidating and weakening your intuition through fear—deserves your renouncement, for it is an impediment to your spiritual growth.

God is Love. Fear and punishment should never be associated in any way whatsoever with Deity. Fear is the foundation of every dis-ease known to man. We are brought into existence shrouded in the fear of the mother who gives us birth; her watchful care during our infancy is never separated from fear—that we fall, suffer, or die; forgetting that her little cherubs are but as mirrors, and reflect the thoughts of the parents' minds both before and after birth.

If every man and woman, the latter especially, before entering wedlock were compelled to acquire a knowledge of the grave responsibility attending that sacred state, criminals, imbeciles, and dis-ease would be eradicated from the world in less than a century. The time will come when it shall be considered a heinous offense to bring a soul into the world to suffer sickness, poverty, and the penalties of crime—a living witness to the ignorance and animalism of the parents. These little ones are taught to fear the God of their being, and it is only when they have outgrown paternal supervision, when weary and heartsore through the unreality of material joys, that they seek a shelter within the soul and find the God of their idolatry.

Thought, as a function of the mind, can be trained like a vine to ascend in spiral shape to great heights, insuring a degree of excellence most devoutly to be wished. Neglected, it will display its natural proclivities, cling close to earth, and find companionship among the weeds and low estate of Nature's

and it thus becomes weaned from its previous associations. This process of cultivation necessarily should begin in childhood. Unfortunately, parents are indifferent to the urgency of anticipating the thought-element that must develop. They make no preparation as to the understanding of temperament, or to train the first little shoot as it should go, and the garden of that little mind is soon overrun with worthless weeds, with no skilled cultivator to uproot the inimical growth.

The sins of the parents are visited upon the children through ignorance as to the germinative nature of thought. So long as this idiocy exists they will be responsible for the downward proclivities of their progeny. These little souls are impressionable—exalted sentiments presented to their understanding will be seized with avidity, and in natural sequence will develop the aptitude for an apprehension of the highest truth. Even though we admit that the progress of the individual depends upon unearthing, discovering, and cognizing the soul forces—that the ignorance of the parents was absolutely necessary as an environment for the good of his ultimate growth—what man or woman could consciously bestow so ignominious an inheritance upon his or her offspring?

A standard of ethical or spiritual culture can never be determined by impeachment or vituperation. It can be done only through the awakening of the individual and the efforts extended to enforce the right of way so far as to exemplify the truth—thus influencing the entire race through love, and a knowledge of its greater possibilities to attain a standard that will benefit mankind, the scientific principle being instilled into the parents' minds and reproduced in their progeny.

Mother Nature imposes the task upon her children of adhering to laws of which she is a living counterpart; and a cessation of activity is enjoined upon all delinquents, thus cultivating a reposeful soul for the receptive faculties through which a

feebles our spiritual and physical energy to a degree of incompetency not conspicuous in the early stages of our career, but wofully evident when impetuosity relaxes its hold and we succumb to the inevitable inertia as a result.

By intelligently observing effects we naturally revert to causes. If our reasoning can transcend materiality, we find conclusive evidence of the creature manifesting only what the mind has created. This is particularly exemplified in disease. We are often able to locate the discord without any difficulty, and again it may have occurred at some remote period, and is therefore beyond immediate recall. But the nature of the malady always indicates the source through which it is projected into visibility—acting upon the same principle that a seed planted in the ground will in course of time produce a growth corresponding to the nature and quality of its genus. “As ye sow, so shall ye reap.”

The susceptibility of one's body to respond to the dictates of the mind has been confirmed beyond a doubt. Ancient philosophers descanted upon this subject, and even though they were content with theoretical investigation they admitted the practicability of their philosophy. Mind is an acknowledged therapeutic agent, and as its power is operative in one instance the natural supposition is that we can rely upon it for producing results in other directions, realizing always that mind is universal.

The reiteration of facts that have been presented to the world by learned professors should not be considered presumptuous when a humble devotee, less qualified in intellectualism, assumes the office of reminding those who are slow to act upon a suggestion until the subject has been repeatedly placed before them as a reassurance of the truth; for, although we respect and render a deference to these learned exponents we must

their own, and phrases and sentences must come within the limits of one's mentality; otherwise the substance of the expression is lost in bewilderment. All depends upon the personal key-note whether one merely accepts the simple coloring of the composition or absorbs the substance. The qualitative variability of the mental faculties necessitates great discretion in the selection and harmonious arrangement of words, in order to meet the requirement of the student as well as to appeal to the mind less cultured. Old ideas, becomingly attired in newer garb, present themselves for approval, or submit to the rejection that is often their fate on the plea of a lack of originality: when in fact the etheric waves are transmitting and repeating the same truth anew to every generation, thus revivifying an eternal entity as a wedge for some deific purpose. Nature's annual renewal of her garments is prototypal of the perpetuity of universal ideas, whereby perfection is attained commensurate with the individual's capacity to assimilate and diffuse such knowledge.

If you are not liberated from the bondage of self, and remain confined in an atmosphere that inhibits the soul's flight, be not an arbiter. "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." In seeking to eliminate the grosser elements our receptivity becomes imbued with the enlarged requirements of the higher substance, and the lesser elements of necessity sink into the refuse of Nature's economy. A refined and aspirational equipment enables one to transcend the limits of materiality and to enter the domain of Spiritual Force, wherein he may assume the responsibility of dispensation.

Man's arrogance and conceit in the matter of personal opinion

comes the education of the soul. The suspension of desire for spiritual progress and achievement retards the opportunity, delays the moment that must be embraced ere man can mount the throne of power and command the forces of Nature to obey his will—a will that cannot beneficently operate apart from his affiliation with God.

An infinitesimal part of pure material extracted from our inner nature proves the possibility of a gold mine of intrinsic spiritual worth. It is only when we fold the curtains of material pleasures about us and veil ourselves in darkness that we make our own shadows and fail to catch a glimpse of the radiant sunshine that awaits to envelop us in love and glory, that life shall be a poem, and “passing out” but a grand anthem in which the celestial choir participates. Let us try so to live that our deeds will reflect this inner presence when we have ceased to manifest on this earth plane—like unto the sun’s afterglow that illumines the horizon when the day’s work is finished and it has gone to rest.

(Concluded.)



PROGRESS is without doubt the law of the individual, of nations, of the whole human species. To grow toward perfection, to exist in some sort in a higher degree—this is the task which God has imposed on man; this the continuation of God’s own work, the completion of creation.—*Demogeot.*



A MAN’S character is his dæmon.—*Heraclitus.*



C O N T R O L.

SPIRITUALISM: OLD AND NEW.

II. THE NATURE OF SPIRIT MESSAGES.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

Perhaps the most excusable of all the objections urged by its opponents against Spiritualism is that spirit-communications are, as a rule, unworthy of the source whence they are supposed to emanate. This would indeed be a valid reason for rejecting them, not as *false*, but as *undesirable*, if it were true that only such are received.

That there is apparent ground for this widespread belief cannot be denied, and for it the editors of certain Spiritualist periodicals are largely responsible. It is astonishing what a lack of discrimination is shown in their selection of articles, the veriest twaddle and most preposterous assertions being freely printed if only their authors have the forethought to label them "inspirational." If that portion of these publications set apart for "personal communications" could be done away with entirely, their dignity and standing would be greatly enhanced. There can be no reason for giving publicity to the utterances of an imbecile or an ignoramus simply because he has dropped his robes of flesh and wrapped himself in those of immortality. It seems to be very difficult for many to understand that death alone does not effect a change of character or place one upon an advanced intellectual plane; and when this fact is more fully apprehended we may hope for the establishment of a high-class magazine that shall be a true ex-

existence lose neither their interest in those who remain here nor their power to communicate with them. The principal reason why so little of the higher spiritual philosophy received from this source has been given to the world *as such* is because Spiritualists who receive it do not, as a rule, assert their belief in its origin, knowing that, however lofty or inspiring the sentiments expressed may be, to label them as coming from a spiritual source would be to have them rejected with scorn by many who without such label might receive benefit from them. Some of the grandest sentiments and philosophic treatises published in magazines of advanced thought to-day have been received in this way.

When communications bearing internal evidence of superior intelligence come to us, as they positively do sometimes come,—not written automatically or inspirationally but in manuscript written without human hands, at such a distance from any medium and under such test conditions as to preclude the possibility of fraud,—they are considered in the highest degree sacred, and it is not unusual for them to be accompanied by instructions as to their use. This is also true of inspirational and trance-written communications. The writer has personally known of an instance in which a medium attempted to copy with the typewriter something that he had received, for the purpose of sending it to his father, who was away from home. His hand was suddenly stopped as if paralyzed, and it was a physical impossibility for him to touch the keys of the instrument until he recognized the meaning of the interference and gave up the idea of sending the copy—when his hand was restored to its normal state. At this time the father was not fully in sympathy with his work, but later on he became so, and the same manuscript was copied for him without any difficulty.

Most of the communications received by the Society for

spiritual philosophy, and does not furnish the best instrument for the conveying of spiritual messages. Second, their investigations are carried on wholly in the interests of science, and not with any demand for spiritual truth. What the Society desires is cumulative scientific evidence to assist in determining the origin of so-called "spiritistic" phenomena. It may very aptly be said that nothing would go further toward establishing this than the character of the phenomena themselves. But we must always remember that the supply cannot exceed the demand. We are no more likely to receive bread when we ask for stones than we are to receive stones when bread is required.

Should the Society for Psychical Research succeed in establishing beyond question the fact that spirits can and do communicate with mortals, they would still be only Spiritists, but we can have no doubt that as *individuals* they would soon be found within the Spiritualist fold, seeking more earnestly than ever before and receiving the full measure of their demands. It must be borne in mind that, while the more advanced spirits have not lost their interest in those who remain here, they are chiefly concerned with our spiritual welfare; and that, although the work of the Society is most commendable and tends to advance the cause of true Spiritualism, yet the loftier intelligences may not be able to assist in this work. For in that higher realm, as well as in this, every soul has its own special work to do. The attitude of science, however legitimate and worthy, is not the attitude of those who are to be assisted by intelligences whose work is to aid in the revelation of spiritual truth. From this it will also be clear that we cannot reason-

peculiar merit existing in themselves. Whether or not this supposition has any foundation, nothing can be further from the truth than the assertion that these proofs are in reality an evidence of such merit, or that there can be any favoritism or partiality shown by the higher intelligences. Even in this mortal state of existence the further we advance in our knowledge of spiritual things the less exclusive do we become, and the more do we seek to extend our sphere of usefulness and our sympathy so as to include all of God's creatures, even the most degraded, in the bonds of universal brotherhood. And can we attribute narrower views to those whose condition renders them so much more able to see the God-in-All and to participate in the fuller Realization?

But it is well known that the medium's development along certain lines is shown by the nature of the communications that he receives; and it is usual for Spiritualists to say that we "attract" those spirits who resemble us in nature or character. This is not the correct term to use, for it is susceptible to the misconstruction above noted. It would be better to say that spirits find it *easier to use* those mediums whose development has proceeded along the line of their own special work. Just as any workman, if he would do the best work, must select the proper instruments, so is it reasonable to suppose that for work so important and so delicate as this the best instruments must be selected.

It is probable that if the Society for Psychical Research could engage the services of some medium who has received a competent education, and who has given earnest study to the subjects of psychology and logic, the evidence obtained would be of a more intellectual and scientific sort, while valuable suggestions as to the work of the Society would doubtless be re-

come. I am aware that, to those who can see in these facts only additional evidence of the all-sufficiency of the subconscious mind to account for all the phenomena of Spiritism, no suggestion or theory can appeal with any weight against their preconceived ideas. Such persons will never be convinced by *evidence*, but when ready for the truth it will appeal to them *as such*. In the meantime we need them—we need their carefully studied hypotheses and their learned arguments; for in no way is truth assisted more materially than by conscientious opposition.

It is not because the ignorant or degraded are not of equal interest and importance that they are not the recipients of the higher class of communications, but because they would not appreciate them, and must receive according to their needs. No genuine prayer for help was ever made in vain, however; and whenever a hungry soul seeks in the right way, a blessing is sure to follow and to take that form which will conduce to the highest development (though not always the form most desired). For we must remember that the higher intelligences, after all, merely *assist* us in our search for truth, which in reality we must find within ourselves. They do not force anything upon us, but lead us on, step by step, until at last, when a new perception breaks upon us, it carries conviction with it, and we realize that it is *this* we have been so long seeking to understand. And so, with infinite patience, they bear with our follies, our weaknesses, and our mistakes, deeming it best for us to come into a knowledge of the truth in this way rather than to accept it on trust from them.

We are constantly reminded that in all matters of conduct

ducing their self-reliance to a deplorable degree. I have known persons so carried away by this idea that they claimed to eat, drink, cook, trim their hats, and make their dresses under the guidance of Jesus of Nazareth or John the Baptist! Are we not excusable in speaking of such as unworthy the name of *Spiritualists*? Yet it is probable that such ideas are really encouraged and fostered by a certain class of spirits who are thus enabled to gratify their desire for notoriety by *posing* as deceased celebrities. Nor are we justified in doubting the probability of their doing this merely because we can see no possible good to be accomplished by it; for neither can we, with our limited vision, perceive any good that can result from a multitude of other things that, on this account, we call evil.

Yet such instances as the one just cited carry with them a solemn warning that we cannot afford to disregard—that we should be just as careful to guard ourselves from the influence of undesirable spirits as to shun those mortals whose companionship is unwholesome. It is not, indeed, possible here to avoid the company of the vicious, for even duty may demand our contact with them; but we can by holding only pure and lofty sentiments keep ourselves *en rapport* with those influences which shall aid in bringing us ever nearer to the perfect life. The New Spiritualism, while recognizing all truths as coming from within, teaches that all persons are aided in their efforts to realize truth by those living in another state of consciousness. These may or *may not* be those who have at some period of their development made use of mortal bodies upon this earth. Some of these intelligences assure us that they have never yet taken upon themselves such robes of flesh as we ourselves are familiar with, while others as positively assert that they have lived here, not *once* but *many* times.

The New Spiritualism, so far as it is concerned with this

New Thought teachings are but different phases of this spiritual renaissance. It is *active truth* employing the latent powers of the Universe and transforming them into thought. Its object is the bringing about of universal harmony and demonstrating the truth of altruistic philosophy. That this transformation has always been going on, and with this object in view, is of course not to be doubted; but as we look back over the history of the world we cannot fail to note that certain periods have been especially marked as times of unusual spiritual awakening, as if the pulse of the universe could be distinctly felt. These are times when fresh revelations of truth unfold and are intuitively perceived by those prepared for them, giving rise to new lines of thought and new interpretations of religion.

The last of these pulsations occurred at the time of Christ; hence, the last nineteen hundred years have been called the Christian era. The New Dispensation now developing will still be a Christian era, for its mission will be to reveal the true meaning of Christ's teachings. It is probable that during the early part of the present century a great teacher or leader will arise, who shall carry on the work begun by Jesus in a manner suited to the conditions and intelligence of the times. Such a teacher would be properly styled the "second Christ," having the Christ spirit perfectly developed within him. It is not necessary to assume that he would be a reincarnation of the Great Nazarene, but we can scarcely doubt that he would be constantly upheld and assisted in his work by the Master as well as by all other intelligences whose services could be of any value in the great work.

Whether our teachers be many or one, there can be no question that the Christ spirit is with us to-day in very active form.

Despite the assertions of those of the old faith that we of the

him by bowing the head and bending the knee whenever his name is mentioned has indeed been laid aside, but in its place we have more of love and true discipleship. We do not “fear him;” neither do we any longer “fear God,” as we were taught in our childhood to do—in the same breath that we were also admonished to *love* Him. Most of us have suffered mental tortures in trying to perform this feat, which is clearly impossible, since “perfect love casteth out fear.”

The gospel of Christ is the gospel of Love. This era, more than any that have preceded it, will be conspicuous for its tolerance. No church whose ministers are forbidden to express their conscientious convictions, or whose members dare not think for themselves, can fail to go down; while from the ashes of all such churches shall arise the Universal Church that shall rest only upon a sublime faith in infinite Justice, infinite Love, and the Divinity of All. In such a church there will be room for Spiritualists also, and those endowed with special gifts of mediumship will be welcomed and honored; for *at last* all men shall believe what so few now really believe—that “with God all things are possible.”

.....

OH, the burden of birth! I am that mysterious personage called Fate. To-day I smiled into the open face of Destiny, and myself smiled back at me.—*Muriel Strode.*

.....

IF one easily pardons and remits offenses it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be reached.—*Bacon.*

.....

THE small fidelities of life accumulate to great changes, until at last the faithful soul is born again.—*Lawrence P. Jacobs.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

METAPHYSICAL SOCIOLOGY.

THE earliest social structure erected among human beings was the *tribe*. This was but a humanized expression of the gregarious instinct of the physical man's anthropoid ancestors; and the governmental systems of the most enlightened communities in modern civilization are merely a development of the tribal principle. That the barbaric impulses of primitive peoples still survive is evident in our multitudinous laws against crime as well as in our institutions for the conversion of mental darkness into the light of knowledge; yet many qualities that distinguished the childhood of the race have become refined in both purpose and method while remaining almost identical in essence. The paint and feathers of the early savage have given way to the brass buttons and gold braid of the military "hero" of our day, but the occupation of the latter is not considered less worthy of respect. As the ancient warrior who killed the largest number of "enemies" and was most ingenious in the invention of new means of torture was rewarded with the chieftainship and the belle of his dusky clan, so the gay and popular militiaman in uniform has social precedence and real distinction at the functions of modern society.

The desire to settle disputes by an appeal to brute force is of all animalistic survivals the most difficult to eradicate from the

attention and admiration. The tenacity of this brutal element is due to that spirit of selfishness which has been coequal with civilization's growth in complexity. As society became organized and governments were instituted, human life soon lost its natural simplicity and the races of men began to serve as mere tribute-bearers to centralized authority. It did not take long for such a situation to evolve into a religious superstition, and thus to become impregnably fortified as one of the inescapable conditions of existence. The Church having constituted itself assistant caretaker of the bounties of Nature, it was but a step to its claim of custodianship of the key of "heaven"—an abode that (the late worshipers of the sun and moon were easily convinced) lay far beyond the clouds.

This conception of human needs, together with all the evils that have marked its realization down to the present century, was based on a single ancient and fundamental economic error: the treatment of the natural resources of the planet as the private property of the strongest and greediest members of a race of self-seekers. It was at this juncture that materialism had its origin. Yet at no time throughout the ages has humanity been left without a witness to the Truth—ever-present and eternal; and individuals in advance of their fellows have proposed remedies as numerous for the amelioration of social ills as those offered by the United States Pharmacopœia for the curing of bodily diseases. As a rule, those backed up by *force* received the widest acceptance, while others of "quack" nature were rightly considered as but aggravations of the distressful conditions. Social and economic theories of varying degrees of logic have issued from

Only during recent decades, however, has Sociology come to be regarded as a distinct *science*. And this recognition of fundamental factors in social evolution is a direct outcome of the failure of historic remedies to produce results of lasting benefit to the race. The costly legislation that has given birth to our elaborate and cumbersome plans of municipal and national life is plainly inadequate as a means of encouraging fraternity, of establishing justice, or of promoting racial unity. What element does it lack? *Spirituality*: a recognition of the immutable law of *right*, which is immanent in man, a principle of the universe, and an aspect of Divinity. It is true that the Church and its theology have not been without influence in the framing of our processes of government—many of our political precepts have a Biblical origin and our legislative sessions are opened with prayer; but, as these forces have themselves become imbued with the selfish materialism of “civilization,” their power to curtail abuses or to accelerate the current of social reform is obviously limited.

Hence there has been added to our list of educators the “sociologist”—a person with large opportunities for usefulness if he will only assert his independence of traditional standards. Let him direct his attention to principles rather than measures, and learn that certain *spiritual* facts have been discovered that can be scientifically applied to mortal needs. Let him confine his investigation to fundamentals, remembering always that God’s children constitute but a single family, and seek through mutualistic channels a remedy for that acutest form of destitution which arises, not from poverty, but from the *fear* of it. Let him realize that in humanity there is a divine element, which is the direct antithesis of selfishness, greed, strife, cruelty, injustice, and avarice, and that its harmonious and dominant operation as a factor

A LECTURE TOUR.—Readers of MIND and other friends of the New Thought throughout the country will doubtless be pleased to learn that Mr. Patterson has started on a lecturing tour of somewhat extensive duration. His itinerary will include Hartford, Conn., Philadelphia, Pa., Syracuse, N. Y., Springfield, Mass., Washington, D. C., and many cities in the Southern and Middle Western States and some perhaps on the Pacific Coast. Announcements as to dates, etc., will be duly made for the information of local inquirers, and Mr. Patterson will be very glad to meet those of our subscribers in Toledo, Denver, Colorado Springs, Chicago, and elsewhere who may find it convenient to attend one or more of the lectures to be delivered at those points.

J. E. M.



PRESIDENT ELIOT AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, has aroused much interest by denouncing, at a recent gathering of a ministers' association, the methods employed in the modern Sunday-school, as too emotional, doing no lasting good, and furthering a system that is all wrong. President Eliot says the Church needs to reconstruct its method of training the young, as it is injudicious to implant doctrines, principles, and imagery drawn from war, strife, or sacrifice. He asserts that the Church should teach natural poetry—that of human affection and the common sentiments of mankind. Further, President Eliot said:

“Give the children the Buddhist thoughts of kindness to animals and of looking up to Nature’s God through Nature, and at twenty let them be taught the graver matter of comparative religion. The emotional side is developed, perhaps, most largely in the Methodist Church. I find it does me no good to get my emotions stirred up unless I can do something about it all. The

fi ce. Yet the Scriptures and religious poetry are filled with it. The conception of sacrifice and warfare ought to be omitted from all teachings for children."

It is small wonder that such advanced thoughts as these created consternation in the ranks of the preachers who had been wont to consider the religion that governed the lives of forgotten generations sufficient for and applicable to present-day needs. It is small wonder, also, that new religions are springing up like mushrooms when the great majority of the clergy insist upon such scholars and practical educators as Dr. Eliot subscribing to a creed that was made by men who had no conception of the needs of the present time. Such stiff-necked egotism has cost the Church the loss of some of its brightest and deepest thinkers.

Robert G. Ingersoll, whose father was a minister, became the avowed antagonist of a Church that continued to feed upon the husks of dogmas long since useless. Had the Church shown some leniency with this man of independent thought and convincing eloquence, he might have arrayed his forces in her favor instead of leading hundreds to question her doctrines and her claim to righteousness.

Thomas Paine, patriot, scholar, logician, to whom America owes more than she has ever been willing to acknowledge, was denounced and persecuted by the Church because he failed to accept the cut-and-dried creeds of the churchmen. Have you noticed how time has softened the attitude of the Church toward this man?

Both Ingersoll and Paine were of spotless morals—as honest and true in the general conduct of their lives as any Christian.

Dr. Felix Adler, recently elected to the chair of sociology in Cornell University, and president of the Society for Ethical Culture, is one of the great mental and moral forces of New York, doing some of the most successful, energetic, and practical moral work that has ever been undertaken in the metropolis. He is at

they could investigate the successful schools and kindergartens organized by "The Adler Society" in New York. In these institutions children are being carefully educated along purely moral lines. The schools seem to be conducted on the theory that you can better teach morality to children, and make them more moral, by teaching them morality pure and simple—laying the chief stress on this—and not by occupying the mind with a series of mere religious dogmas and theories about God and other mysteries that children, and even intelligent adults, cannot understand.

The Church cannot afford to ignore the successful practises of these great thinkers and moralists. Mere *belief* in a Higher Power cannot solve the question of life; yet knowledge of that Power conceived as endowing the individual with an understanding of his own needs—mental, moral, and physical—and his duty toward his brother man, is an all-sufficient basis for a solution of the reason for existence. A theology can be built magnificently on belief alone, but a philosophy can be built soundly only on knowledge, reason, and facts. The Church has not yet formulated a creed of purer or better morality or more practical application than these few rules of Confucius :

"Heaven does not speak—it operates. What Heaven has conferred is called the nature; an accordance with this nature is called 'The Path of Duty.' When one cultivates to the utmost the principles of his nature and exercises them on the principle of reciprocity, he is not far from the path. What you do not like when done to yourself do not do to others.

"To give one's self earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual being, to keep aloof from them, may be called 'Wisdom.'

"The doctrine of our Master is to be true to the principles of our nature and the benevolent exercise of them to others—*this and nothing more.*"

Progressive thinkers everywhere are repudiating many of the old and useless dogmas of the Church. Will the Church see its opportunity and so broaden its creed that it will keep pace with

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

A group of ladies were discussing reminiscences of childhood.

"I shall never forget to my dying day," said a gray-haired lady, "one lesson that was given me when I was seven or eight years old. I had overheard mother and a neighbor talking over certain matters, which I went out and repeated to my little chums. When I went into the house again, my mother called me to her side, and, with a severe look and what seemed an ominous tone, said, 'Go right out in the kitchen and get me the sharpest knife you can find—the very sharpest;' and I tremblingly started to obey. The maid gave me a knife that seemed dreadfully sharp, and as I returned to mother I asked what it was for. 'This,' she said, 'must be very sharp, for it is to cut a piece out of little girls' tongues when they have tattled.' I was terrified, and cried woefully, although of course it was only a threat made to impress a much-needed lesson, and one that I never forgot; but the anguish I suffered then and months afterward no one can ever know. I shudder even now to recall the same feelings as when she faced me with that terrible knife."

"Well," said another white-haired lady, "my great fright came when one of the schoolgirls who had been to a funeral told me how she had seen the body put into the grave, and then added:

might be years before I would die; but the shock of it has been as a nightmare all these years."

"And I," said another, who had been listening hitherto—"I used to dream of the end of the world, the lake of fire, and the terrible last judgment. I can recall these dreams even now, and they were unspeakably awful then."

These are the words, as nearly as I can remember, that fell from real lips and came from real experiences. Do they set you to thinking as they did me, I wonder? You may say: "But in this generation, mothers know better. They would never think of frightening or allowing others to frighten children in that way."

Do they *all* know better? Think on this and observe whenever you can. Study the sensitive temperaments of children such as belonged to these women. Every child is more or less sensitive.

Is it any wonder we have so many cases of "shattered nerves," of "hysterics," of poor, shrinking, timid souls who are always afraid of something, seen or unseen? It is early impressions, those which seem most hidden, because least understood and therefore least feared, that often point to the key of character in after life. Why permit the delicate organism of a child's brain to be so cruelly abused—his faith in the All-Good to be so ruthlessly crushed or stunted? Why not give, from earliest infancy, such teaching, stories, or interpretations of experience as will stand by him throughout after life, and indeed make that life rich with sweet memories?

It is these early impressions more than anything else that make or mar happiness and cast clouds or make sunshine. It is these that often stimulate and even mold character, a most striking illustration of which is found in the story of Dr. Lorenz, the great surgeon, who is now one of the greatest figures in present-day history. A little incident is told by Dr. Lorenz of his early life—his poor pinched, poverty-stricken childhood which has fruited

my son, it will be a long time before you find the other one.' I knew she did not speak of finding the mate to that glove, yet from that time on through years of struggle and hardship I was ever seeking the other glove."

What a tale of the inner life—the splendid efforts of the determined soul! The mother unconsciously gave the word that impressed that plastic, ready mind with an idea that never left it. In this case it was a living seed-thought. It fired the imagination of the boy. It inspired his unceasing effort. It stood by him through long, battling years. Yet to-day, in his high noon of triumph, when men, women, and children all over the world are showering upon him words of gratitude and blessing, he humbly and simply tells the incident of his childhood that stands out in the blazing light of memory as the inspiration, motive, stimulus, that had to do with the making of the great Lorenz.

Read the story of Whittier in his early life,—the boy whose mother fed him with stories, legends, prayers, and sympathy; whose every youthful footstep reverently touched the floor of Nature's domain; whose poetic soul was thrilled with the sweet companionship of birds and bees and flowers; to whom all animals were as loved and loving brothers,—then see what the early impressions of what some have called a childhood of poverty have proved to be: the rarest stones in the foundation of the temple of character.

Read and have your children read, while they are still in the plastic period of early childhood, stories of great souls—men and women that have lived and wrought and worked for the glory of humanity—

"Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,"

and let them have definite pictures to look at while they grow—perhaps grow like these admirable patterns. And do this *while*

FOR THE CHILDREN.

“Pretty little snowflake,
Floating softly by,
Bringest thou a message
From the fleecy sky?

“Yes, ah yes, a lesson
Beautiful as true;
Silent be, but busy,
When you’ve work to do.
Avalanche and snow-drift
Grow from single flakes;
Every crystal helping,
Yet no noise it makes.”

—H. E. B.

“If there were less beauty upon the outside earth in winter, there would still be the charm of home life, which is always more perfect in a cold climate. One stronger reason than all others for being glad that we live in the temperate zone is that it is the zone of homes.” —*Lucy Larcom.*



A WALL OF SNOW.*

There is a pretty, curious old town in Germany. The streets are narrow and the houses very quaint, with their pointed gable-ends toward the street. One house stands somewhat isolated from the rest. It is at an angle where two streets meet, and is built with so many projections and jutting windows and carved friezes that it is quite a study.

One cold, cold afternoon in midwinter, when the silent frost was penetrating everywhere, and men moved quickly, muffled up in furs—a time for people to close their doors and gather round their firesides—all the quiet inhabitants were astir. There was a bustle of preparation in parlor and kitchen; and young and old, wrapping their garments about them, were ready to go out in the cold. There were dismay and confusion in all the streets. Why?

They had heard that the French regiment, called the Pitiless,

fear from these soldiers, who acknowledged no right but that of the strongest.

In the queer old house of which we have spoken there was no bustle of preparation. By the fire, in a large old room, sat an aged woman and her two grandchildren. Unable from her lameness to leave home, her grandchildren would not forsake her. Her faith in God enabled her to feel that they might be safer there than when fleeing from danger.

“O God, till darkness goeth hence,
Be thou our stay and our defense;
A wall, when foes oppress us sore,
To save and guard us evermore!”

These, the last notes of their evening hymn, died away amid the rafters of the shadowy room.

“Alas!” said the boy, mournfully, “we have no wall about us to-night to protect us from our enemies.”

“God will be our wall Himself,” said the aged woman, reverently. “Think you His arm is shortened?”

“No, grandmother; but the thing is impossible without a miracle.”

“Take care, my boy; nothing is impossible with God. Hath He not said He will be a wall of fire unto His people? We must trust Him, and He will be our wall of defense.”

They sat quietly by the fireside. The wind moaned down the large open chimney, and the snow fell softly against the window-pane. Steadily it fell all night, and the wind drifted it in high banks, covering the shed, streets, walls, and paths of the silent and deserted town. And yet there was peace by that quiet fireside—the peace that can only be felt by the mind that is stayed on God. Few words were spoken. They held one another’s hands, and looked into the fire, and listened, in the pauses of the storm, to catch the blast of the French trumpets. At nine o’clock

they wherein to trust? The shield of faith! And safely they rested beneath its shadow.

Every house was a scene of revelry. Great fires were kindled. Altars were ransacked. The soldiers, with their songs and winecups, their oaths and blasphemy, made the streets ring, striving to drown the remembrance of intense cold and terrible privation in those hours of drunken merriment.

Still the little group in the quaint old house sat peacefully through the long, long hours of the night, till morning dawned and showed them the wall of defense that God had built round about them. Exposed as was their house, from its position, to the eddies and currents of the wind, the snow had so drifted about them that the doors and windows were completely blocked up; and the French soldiers had not found it. With the daylight they had left the town.

Wind and storm had fulfilled God's word, and encircled those that put their trust in Him with a wall that protected them from their enemies—a wall, not of fire, but of snow.



THE SOLACE OF A LITTLE SONG.

Little nut-brown baby, sitting in the sun,
Silently playing till your mammie's done
Washing for a lady. Monday is the day.
You'll be "goodie," won't you, dear, while your mammie's 'way?

Eyes in baby-wonder fastened on the sky,
On the grass, the flowers, or a passer-by;
Wriggling with its "brownie" toes,—only plaything near,—
Nut-brown baby early knows not to shed a tear.

With its love of music list'ning to a bird
Twitting in the tree-top by the zephyrs stirred;
Learns from it the comfort of a little song
That cheers the weary hours of the days so long.

H O M E .

The sweetness of that word, *home!* What does it imply? What is home? The poet has answered this question for us: "'Tis home where'er the heart is." Think over that beautiful expression. Where the heart's dear ones are, where sweet and beautiful memories are, where love breathes as naturally as fragrance is shed from a flower—*there* is home! A great deal of delight is bound up in that word *home*. The word itself suggests comfort, love, sympathy. Distances may separate us from home; but those who have a love for anything will long for its sweetness, although that home may be found in one shabby room. Yet it is there that heart meets heart.

How sweet at night, with the duties of the day done, to gather round the fireside at home, with mother there! The children will agree with me, I am sure, that their dear mother is worth an army of friends.

Those of us who are away from home and cannot sit by its hearthside at nightfall—although we may be in pleasant places and with kind friends, yet will our thoughts wander to linger o'er the dear ones at home.

Then, dear children, let us each do our share in the home to make it bright and happy; let us forget ourselves in doing what we can to bring joy to father, mother, brothers, sisters, and so help to make the word *home* mean all that it should.

FANNIE MALIN.



THE BUTTERFLY'S QUEST.

One morning, as the far-away sun arose to mantle mother earth beneath its radiant garments, and a dove's cooing echoed from the breast of a silent oak, a butterfly flew to a sleeping daisy that grew in a meadow, and whose beautiful form sparkled with dew. The butterfly kissed the daisy many times and hovered

daisy from the sun when it was at its greatest height, while a group of sweet-scented clovers nestled in the meadow close by.

"Awake, happy flower!" cried the butterfly, as he steadied himself upon the flower's sleeping head.

"Oh, beautiful daisy, so happy and content, sleeping peacefully while I am compelled to run forever on, never resting, never stopping until I come to the fair blue sea!" muttered the stream; and her murmuring voice floated across the meadow.

"Do you dream of the glad, where none ever weep, where hearts never feel any pain?" sighed the willow, her head cast down and swaying to and fro.

From the branch of an oak a dove softly cooed: "Awake, and behold the splendor of the morning and drink from its breath the happiest hour of life! In sleeping and dreaming you're wasting your time."

The daisy opened her eyes with a start, which took the butterfly so by surprise that he nearly fell to the ground. He clung to the flower's beautiful face, and said:

"Fair, sweet flower, do you dream of God? Tell me where love and happiness can be found?"

"Love and happiness?" repeated the daisy, joy beaming from her eyes. "Go find the heart's-ease that lives in a beautiful garden near the deep blue sea, and she will teach you life's greatest lesson. Does your soul desire this love and happiness? If so, seek the heart's-ease and learn the lesson that this pure, sweet flower would teach."

"Duty, duty," murmured the stream. "On this long and tiresome journey 'tis ever duty."

The willow raised her drooping head and whispered to the stream: "Ah, who can tell the way to love and happiness? Does not sorrow always follow in the wake of joy, as night follows day?"

"Go, go, dear butterfly, follow the stream," said the daisy.

noisy flapping of a great crow's wings, as he flew to the ground, awoke him.

"Oh, crow," cried the butterfly, "have you ever been to the garden that stands near the ocean, and in which are many, many flowers?"

"I just came from there," replied the crow, as he picked up a worm, gulping it down his throat at a single swallow.

"Did you see a heart's-ease there?" asked the butterfly.

"Heart's-ease?" screamed the crow, his sides fairly shaking with laughter. "You silly butterfly, throw yourself into the stream. 'Tis only there you will find heart's ease."

"Death?" sighed the butterfly. "Do you know no other heart's-ease? I seek the flower that would teach me the lesson of love and happiness, which fills our hearts with content and brings us nearer to the world above."

"What know you of the world above?" cried the crow. "I have flown times again toward the sky and have seen naught but space, space, space. The greatest trees have appeared to me as mere bushes in their beds of soil. Begone, deceptive creature! I care not to talk to one such as you, who tells of things of which he knows not."

The butterfly continued his journey, following the course of the stream until he came to the garden that he sought. There the stream and the ocean met. The constant roaring of the great blue sea frightened him. The breakers, rolling angrily, awoke within his breast a doubt whether love existed in all things. He sought the heart's-ease and found her standing in the garden, her purple-tinted eyes lifted upward in silent prayer.

"Oh, heart's-ease, I am seeking love and happiness, but yonder ocean, rushing madly to the shore, in angry voice seems to say that in all this world such cannot be found."

The heart's-ease smiled. and in her pure, sweet voice said :

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A BOOK OF MEDITATIONS. By Edward Howard Griggs. 226 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. B. W. Huebsch, publisher, New York.

This work is a fine addition to the genuinely thoughtful publications of the day. It is real literature in the highest and best sense—an expression of the subjective ideal in intellectual terms. In both prose and verse the author portrays the commonest sentiments of the race with a most uncommon clearness of diction and an epigrammatic power that is unique. Yet the book is instructive, optimistic, and to a profound degree philosophic; while a fine poetic suggestiveness is emitted from almost every page. The range of subjects is very wide, showing the result of wide reading as well as of deep thinking. The work abounds in discriminative criticism, rhapsody, and metaphor, and has many fine descriptive passages that are full of human interest. The “meditations” are all brief, but the collection is large and comprehensive, embracing well-nigh the whole gamut of spiritual and mental experience. The book unfortunately lacks an index, yet it may be opened at random with the certainty of finding a thought to inspire, to uplift, or to educate the mind of any reader who has grasped even the first principles of the higher life. It is fully up to the standard of the author’s earlier work, “The New Humanism,” and is heartily commended to the friends of the New Thought.

PHILOSOPHY OF WORK. By Swami Abhedananda. 93 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. The Vedanta Society, publishers, New York.

In this volume the Vedanta Society presents three lectures by the leader of the Hindu religious movement that is making much headway among philosophic minds throughout the United States. They are devoted to different aspects of a single subject—“Work”

wisdom, and concentration and meditation. The book is an excellent antidote to the gospel of selfism now popular in many quarters, and a copy should be in the hands especially of every ambitious seeker after the loaves and fishes of material desire. It shows the folly of slavery to sense and the means of escape from the thralldom of egoism, while elucidating the Hindu concept of many things that are "race problems" because of individual ignorance of spiritual principles. These discourses merit a wide circulation among unprejudiced minds.

J. E. M.

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OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOW TO CONTROL CIRCUMSTANCES. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. 100 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. The Exodus Publishing Co., 185 Dearborn st., Chicago.

THE CASTLE BEAUTIFUL—And Other Stories. By Mary J. Woodward-Weatherbee. Cloth, 96 pp. The Abbey Press, publishers, New York.

THE RATIONAL MEMORY. By W. H. Groves. 115 pp. Paper, \$1.00. Published by the author, Gloucester, Va.

CLAIRVOYANCE: The Seventh Sense. By Mrs. Excell-Lynn. Paper, 36 pp. Published by the author.

PRACTICAL HYPNOTISM. By O. Hashnu Hara. 103 pp. Paper, 30 cents. E. Marsh-Stiles, publishers, London, S. W., England.

SEX; or, Pair of Opposites. By Sara Thacker, S. D. 130 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Applegate, Cal.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DESPAIR. By Dr. David Starr Jordan. 39 pp. Paper, 75 cents. Elder & Shepard, publishers, San Francisco.

ELIZABETH TOWNE'S EXPERIENCES IN SELF-HEAL-

MIND.

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THE NEW THOUGHT AND EVOLUTION.

BY HENRY WOOD.

In its entirety, Truth may be compared to a perfect sphere, though but a fraction of it is yet in recognition. As truths, one after another, come into sight and are added to the amount that is already known, the great visible accumulation is ever growing more symmetrical and complete. It is a postulate of science that every atom in the whole cosmos is in relation with and attracted by every other atom. Similarly, all truths, great or small, high or low, are falling into their fitting niches in the great temple of the whole. Many assumptions of the past that have been accepted as verities are found to be misfits and are gradually crowded out and come to dissolution. The winnowing process is continuous and universal. Judgment is eternal, and the goats are ever passing to the left hand of negation and oblivion. The law of specific gravity is as ubiquitous in the domain of the unseen as in that of the visible.

Before considering the evolutionary philosophy in the light of that modern practical idealism commonly known as the New Thought, it may be well to define two unlike phases of the latter; for exact definitions are indispensable as a starting-point. One wing of its exponents is composed of avowed extreme idealists, who deny or at least refuse to recognize anything

those who hold such views can have no real fellowship with evolution. While the perfect whole may be profitable as an ideal, it should not be exclusive, because the human mind is so constituted that it is normal for it to note its own progress. The forward steps taken in consciousness are exercises of the intellectual counterpart, and, like a pair of draft-horses, this and the intuitive perception should pull together.

The evolutionary aspect of things, while only relative, is very practical; in fact, the abstract can only be approached through the gateway of the imperfect. Perfection is, but no exact knowledge of it is possible except through a conscious experience among its inferior degrees. The eternal mystery of life is that great unknowable Reality which is forever unattainable and which is always becoming, but never becomes. Better the growth and assured progress of an infant than the attainment of an archangel who is resting at the ultimate goal, were such a condition possible. In pure abstraction there is no place for the delightful exercise of faith and hope. There must be mystery ahead, and one's "path must shine more and more." Growth is indispensable to life; and if to-morrow were to be but another to-day, living would be a failure. But in its very nature it is to be a success—a triumphal march with ever-growing breadth of horizon and scope of attainment. The abstractionist is all right, because it is impossible for him to be consistent with his philosophy. Life is an all-inclusive educational scheme—an unending university course. Its curriculum is as broad as the cosmos and as high as heaven, and its prodigious sweep is pushing us forward, in the words of Tennyson, toward—

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

phere that veils sharp outlines and inspires and draws us forward.

Turning more specifically to the interrelation of evolution and idealism, we find them fully complementary and both ever operative in the nature of things. To many minds the term *evolution* still suggests the Darwinian materialistic philosophy of 40 years ago, with its "survival of the fittest," and the doctrine that "all potency is contained in matter," with other unmoral and atheistic inferences. While cold and pessimistic, it was useful as a stepping-stone. Its long procession of seen forms of increasing complexity was based upon the belief that matter contained some inherent power to evolve itself. No general and unitary Creative Will was thought necessary, and although the higher orders had an attribute called "mind" or "soul," it was counted simply as a property of matter. It should now be clear to every one that all properties of things are dependents, and that all dependents must perish with the disintegration of their bases. Such was the cold, depressing theoretical evolution of the earlier variety. But through the later researches of Spencer, Wallace, and more notably Henry Drummond, Prof. Le Conte, the Duke of Argyll, and John Fiske, with other recent thinkers, it has been largely winnowed of its cruder and more unwelcome aspects, and socialized, moralized, and spiritualized. Yet more, in the transforming light of the present idealistic movement it will shine with inherent beneficence and optimism. But let us clearly understand that what we term "materialism" is not merely some technical belief about the constitution of matter, but rather a mental inversion—a mistaking of that which is only phenomenal for that which is intrinsic and abiding.

Physical science has counted the combination of material

spiritual involution which is the normal basis for a true expressive evolution. In this discussion it is necessary to bear in mind that in order to translate to the consciousness the positive and negative aspects of a true spiritual monism we must to some extent employ a dualistic terminology. There really is but One, but the unlike aspects of the finer and coarser vibrations give it the appearance of two, and thus we have what we call spirit and matter.

We may now concisely redefine *evolution* as illumined by the New Thought. It is the flow and expressive energy of life and soul into a succession of forms, but it is not merely the forms. These are but its outward qualitative translations. They are the cruder vibrations that make up its negative manifestation. They are therefore secondary and resultant, but though lower in grade are good in their place. Materialism is the erroneous conception of them as primal. Life and mind form the positive, causative, and significant part of the Reality, or rather they *are* the Reality. The noumenal entity, eternally involved, is ever bursting forth into phenomenal evolution. It is unrolling and erecting in seen configuration what has been specifically inwrapped in unseen but vital essence. In postulating life and soul as the attenuated property of material organization, conventional biology has put the cart before the horse and reversed the terms of cause and effect. There is a Biblical aphorism that in exact terms proclaims the sequential order: "The Word was made flesh." Every truth, ideal, and even thought is ever pressing for fitting embodiment. The Christly or divine quality sought suitable material evolution,—which is still its quest,—and the personal Jesus was the orderly result.

the highest evolution known to us in the domain of the human.

The flesh-making word or idea is not limited to the realm of humanity or even to the animal plane. Its application is unbounded. The veritable tree is the tree life or soul, and not the passive material that it has grasped and erected into graceful shape to index its peculiar class and variety. We may admire the beauty, and take delight in the color, fragrance, and symmetry of the phenomenal tree, but do not let us mistake it for the intrinsic reality. The soul of the tree is giving positive impress to the refined material that it is artistically molding. No mistakes are made; the beech soul never evolves a maple body.

To any but the superficial observer, it should be plain that the progressive advance is not in the inert stuff that is taken up and repeatedly used by varying orders of dominant life, but always in that which commands and fashions it. Not that the stuff is dead stuff, but that its composite life, being of a lower order, is comparatively passive and negative. Its seeming deadness is simply relative. Every order of soul, from the ameba to the seer, by unvarying law, is ever manifesting on the plane of the external, and therefore evolves or unrolls a body from the unseen center outward in perfect correspondence. However carefully and correctly science may have mapped out the material steps in physical evolution, they are yet but the manifests that tell of the forward movement of the dynamic reality within. Life and soul, not matter and death, are the primal cosmic verities. Mind and spirit dominate and provide for all unrolling and unfolding. Every grade of "word" is weaving its well-fitted shell, which, like a crustacean, it carries

orderly procession of things must be defined with ever-widening scope. Its inclusiveness, in the words of Wordsworth, must embrace all that is—

“In the round ocean, and in the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.”

Evolutionary ripeness is the impelling force that has ushered in the New Thought era. We have come to the timely advent of practical idealism, and its ground-swell awakens drowsy institutions and liquefies human rigidity. A sharpened spiritual perception penetrates to the beneficence as well as the universality of law, and evolutionary analogy fortifies it in all directions. What was formerly called the law of death is now found to be but a negative aspect of the veritable law of life. The eddy of degeneration in the forward-moving stream is now interpreted as a reactionary educational experience—an awakened friction that will be active only until its purpose of turning men back and bringing them to themselves is accomplished. The seeming opposites of divine realities are but floating cloud-shadows in the sunlight that is above and around them. Nature with all her voices is no longer heartless, for she only has faithfully reflected the human subjective quality of consciousness that was foisted upon her. Viewed from an upright standpoint, it is plain that her numberless processes are making for a higher morality and ever-growing perfectability.

Evolution and the New Thought, when unified and purified, shed a radiance that interprets life and reveals its meaning and purpose. With the former freed from its materialism and pessimism, and the latter made fully operative rather than impractically abstract, the coherence and interaction of the noumenal and the phenomenal (the spiritual and its physical counterpart)

will ever include new and finer shades and harmonies of divine attainment, for progress is perpetual.

Turning from that view of the law of evolution which relates to and insures suitable outward embodiment and expression, we may note in conclusion another phase of progress, which is distinctly spiritual. The New Thought not only recognizes the normality of the spiritual consciousness but adds its coöperative forces in aid of voluntary individual development. Evolution, by itself, pushes the human soul from behind, and under its exclusive working obstacles and friction are encountered. Hindrances in unaided unfoldment are ubiquitous, and ordinarily misinterpreted. The New Thought with its delightful ideals, erected in advance of present attainment, through their gentle but powerful drawing power removes the friction and smoothes the pathway. To the rough evolutionary push, strong but negative, it adds the winning power of the higher law and selfhood. The motive energy in spiritual development is the trained and disciplined thinking faculty. This is like a living vehicle by means of which we may move forward and mount upward. It paves its own pathway as it goes, utilizing material of every variety. Its creative power is nothing less than divine, for thereby it creates new worlds, subjective but real. It is the usher that conducts one into a divine or cosmic consciousness, where he may breathe his own native air. The law of the conservation of spiritual energy is as exact and scientific as in the case of its correspondence on the lower plane. Vibrations of love, spirituality, peace, health, sanity, and harmony will be radiated in ever-widening circles, striking other responsive centers that are only waiting for a well-

THE "HEATHEN" HINDU.

BY BĀBĀ PREMĀNAND BHĀRATI.

A short time ago, in an editorial in a leading London evening paper, I read under the heading of "Rival Religions in India" the statement, based upon the last Indian census statistics, that "in spite of the enormous outlay on mission work in India, supplemented, as is undoubtedly the case, by the personal zeal and devotion of those engaged in it, Christianity makes little progress in the peninsula." Later on the writer remarked: "Brahmanic Hinduism has lost ground to a fractional extent, but remains immeasurably ahead of all other religious cults in numbers, its percentage to population being 70." This being undoubtedly true, the question may naturally be asked, Why are the good people of this country still bent upon patronizing a Christian missionary enterprise that has proved such a failure in the land of the Hindus?

To this question one always expects to get two opposite sets of answers. The apologists of mission work say that these statistics are never a safe or correct index of the real effectiveness of Christian preaching, nor at all suggestive of the actual good done and being done by Christian missionaries in India—which means, I believe, that the progress of Christianity is not at all likely to be perceived through any study of statistics of the Christian population in India, but by watching the degree and extent of the moral and spiritual influence that the inculcation of Christian doctrines has always wielded upon the minds of the Indian people. In a word, it means that Christian principles, through the labors of Christian mis-

converts to Christianity at no distant date, when, these sanguine people believe, there will be only one religion in India, *viz.*, the Religion of the Cross.

The other answer is—and it is the answer of by far the majority of intelligent Englishmen in India—that Christian missionary work, in that land and cradle of religion, is a farce, kept up and adhered to through mistaken zeal, and that the sooner it is stopped the better it will be for all concerned. Bishop Welldon's suggestion to preach the gospel through the medium of the class-room in schools and colleges, by making the reading of the Bible compulsory in them, indirectly supported the truth of this latter dictum. The proposal, which created widespread sensation and indignation at the time among the subject population—not a little shared by the ruling race—conclusively proved that the missionary cause was "upon its last legs" in India and that nothing short of open State support could help the missionaries in their hopeless situation. "A schoolmaster who should be a pessimist," says an Anglo-Indian writer, "would probably be a man who had missed his vocation, and Dr. Welldon was one of the most successful of schoolmasters. When, however, Dr. Welldon, still in an optimistic mood, prophesied the speedy evangelization of India, men rubbed their eyes and wondered whether our late Metropolitan knew the history of India as thoroughly as he knows the annals of Greece and Rome. The rapid spread of Christianity over the Roman Empire in the second century can be traced to what in ordinary language are called historical causes, and tolerably well-informed observers wondered where, in King Edward's Indian Empire in the twentieth century, Dr. Welldon has observed social and moral changes such as brought

Nothing is further from my mind than to enjoy a good joke over the failure of Christian missionary work in India. Belonging, as I do, to the Vaishnava religion,—many of the ethical and spiritual teachings of which are akin to those of Jesus Christ,—my mental attitude toward the Christian missionaries is one more of sympathy than of antagonism. I more than share the opinion of most of my cultured countrymen that Christianity is one of the noblest religions of the world, and is not only a powerful lever for elevating degraded humanity but a chastening force that, if rightly grasped and used, is capable of bringing out and perfecting what is best and most divine in man.

No less noble and laudable are the zeal and self-denial that mark the labors of some of its preachers, who go to India with the view of carrying the light of their faith to the “idolatrous” Hindu “heathen.” The only regret is that these poor Hindus are no more “idolatrous” or “heathenish” in the sense that these well-meaning missionaries understand them to be than are the missionaries themselves. The Hindus are not “rude, barbarous, irreligious persons, without the knowledge or fear of God,” which the word *heathen* signifies; neither do their symbolic representations of the Supreme Deity at all partake of the idea implied in the word “idol.” Not even the most illiterate Hindu of the lowest caste believes that the god or goddess he worships is the image, or only what is confined within the image before which he prostrates himself. Ask the ragged but rugged man behind the plow where doth his god or goddess dwell, and his prompt though crude answer will be, in effect, that both his God and His Energy pervade the whole universe; that He is the most loving, most merciful, and most beautiful Being, and that this wonderful universe is His creation. That this is true of the rude Hindu *ryot* in India

osophy of the Vedas and the Upanishads have filtered down from the Rishis to the lowest mental strata of Hindu society through the teachings of unnumbered ages; and, though their expression through the minds of the illiterate masses is crude, they nevertheless are, in their import, but the genuine uncut diamonds of the first water of ancient Hindu spiritual thought.

Mr. Risley, the census commissioner of India, states in his report of the latest statistics that, during the last decade, the Christian population of India has increased by 638,008, "by more, that is, than the population of Manchester." This astounding figure has been a matter for congratulation among Christian missionaries. But the *Englishman*, of Calcutta, the leading Anglo-Indian journal of Bengal and perhaps the oldest newspaper in India, bids them not to lay this flattering unction to their breast. I quote the passage from the article in which its writer disposes of Mr. Risley's figures and proves how groundless are the genial hopes that they have raised :

"But if we imagine the whole of this increase to be subtracted from the 207-odd millions of Hindus, and to be composed entirely of Hindu converts, the efforts of the missionaries would in ten years have subtracted only three per cent. from the enormous mass of Hindus in India. And it is well known that missionary efforts have lately been directed chiefly to the non-Aryan and animistic tribes that, but for British influences, would by slow degrees have been adopted into the Hindu fold by some such legal fiction as has converted the Kuchis and Manipuris of Assam, men of non-Aryan blood, into Hindus. We must come, then, to the reluctant conclusion that the missionaries cannot claim to have annexed anything approaching three per cent. of Hindu converts. Even if the whole increase of Christians could be deducted from the Hindu roll-call, we must not forget that the number of Hindus, too, has grown. . . . Even if we accept Gibbon's figures we find that the Emperor of India's Hindu subjects far outnumber the subjects of Augustus. They are nearly three times as numerous as the population of the United States of America, and almost exactly ten times as many as the sub-

In China Buddhism is one of the most popular cults. Far away in Japan are over 20,000,000 Buddhists. In all there must be 250,000,000 souls who follow a creed whose sacred language is Indian, and whose doctrines are derived from Hindu sources."

Over a quarter of a century ago a sympathetic Christian missionary, in the course of a public lecture, caring more for truth than for the interests of his profession, said that if Christianity was suited to any nation under the sun it was suited to the Hindus, who, he added, were "born Christians." And this latter admission is the real truth—a truth that cannot but strike one whose grasp of the spirit of the teachings, doctrines, and religion of Jesus Christ, in their simple signification, is founded upon healthy intuition and fostered by a genuine hankering after spirituality. Entirely divested of the idea of the Hindu being a "heathen," if such a Christian approach the study of the religious Hindu character he is sure to find his subject—both in the spirit and principles of his creed as well as in his general conduct—more like an Old World devout disciple of the *avatar* of Nazareth than a pagan whom he is sent to reform and evangelize. He may even come across "heathen" Hindus who have understood the spirit of the Bible more clearly (I speak with all respect) and able to throw, perhaps, a more luminous light on its best passages than many missionaries can hope to do. Does he know that the lower and lower he explores the social strata of that most ancient race, even as they exist at present, the more solid he will find the religious faith and beliefs embedded therein? The new civilization and the godless education—the gift of the British rulers—now in vogue in India have as yet disturbed only the mere surface of Hindu society; and beneath these warring

this ever-unmoved and immovable rock-bed of Hinduism; but their wonder at it is only surpassed by the wonder of the Christian missionary's persistence in still regarding the Hindus as heathens. This comes of a growing modern habit of caring more for the dogmas than the essence and products of a religious system. An educated Hindu once asked a Christian missionary why he called the Hindu a "heathen." The missionary answered that the Hindu is a "heathen" on the very face of it: is he not an "idolator"? The Hindu replied by saying that even idolatry is welcome and worthy of every sane man's respect if it can produce such practical "Christian" men and women as those he had come to convert to the hollow Christianity of to-day—the Christianity of conceit and formulas that now prevails throughout Christendom. "But, pack up, Mr. Padre," he concluded; "you cannot make Hinduism budge an inch from its anchor, which is embedded in a rock, even if you were minded to try it for the next thousand centuries."

"If civilization in India is *very ancient*," writes Count M. Björnstjerna, the Swedish philosopher, in his "Theogony of the Hindus," "it has been so much the more stationary. There, also, Time hastens forward on his pinions, but is unable to put in motion the *stiff form*; and the Hindu stands still at the altars of his gods, as he did 6,000 years ago, at the time of the Pundits and the Kurnids, of Krishna and Rama. In Europe everything is changeable, is transient; in India all is stationary, is immovable, like the temples of Ellora, hewn out of the rocks." These words were written about sixty years ago. Thirty years after, Col. Meadows Taylor wrote: "The historical events of the ancient classic nations of Greece and Rome still possess a charm that time has not diminished, but

the Great on the banks of the Indus, submitting themselves to a Christian nation." To-day the leading journalist of India, in one of the most remarkable articles that I have read in recent years, supports Col. Taylor by observing:

"And all this huge mass of humanity remains much what it was in the days when Christianity conquered the Roman Empire. But, in truth, the wonder grows. The earliest Europeans who came to India might settle the puzzle by complacently assuming that the 'Gentoos' of those days were inferior to them in education, in information, and in intelligence. But nowadays we have gentlemen who have received all the mental and moral training that Oxford and Cambridge can afford—and are still Hindus. Many of them, indeed, belong to the Tantric forms of Hinduism, which Europeans are wont to regard as the most degraded and barbarous form of a creed that, on the admission of Hindus themselves, has perhaps been more affected by aboriginal corruptions than any other. Even the Brahma Samaj, in which some observers have seen proof of the indirect influence of Christianity, is in fact a proof of the marvelous vitality of Hinduism. What is it but an attempt to show that Hindus can adopt Christian ethics and social customs without becoming Christian? It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Hinduism that resisted Greeks, Scythians, and the long rule of the Mussulmans is still alive, and very much alive to-day."

The above truly depicts the situation—the hopeless endeavors of Christian missions in India; and, if a house-to-house vote were taken, ninety-nine per cent. of lay Europeans in India will support the opinion so clearly set forth by the leading journal of Bengal as to the chances of Christianizing Hindus. It may seem hyperbolic, but it is nevertheless a fact that the fathomless heredity of religiousness in the Hindu mind is the most wonderful phenomenon in this new age of religious revolutions. To kill off this religious instinct, firm as the Himalayas, is an undertaking not possible for a latter-day saint, to whichever sect or creed he may belong. It is not possible, even, if I may venture to say so, for the most power-

times; but, on the other hand, it is her surest guaranty for the maintenance of the fundamental beliefs of her hoary religious faith, which are inalienably interwoven with her social and ethical systems. It is not in "the times" that she lives, but ever in the deep, never-disturbed ocean of Time itself. Her unflinching faith in and adherence to the Permanent in Nature, and her innate apathy and indifference, if you will, to everything that is ephemeral, are with her very blood and flesh and marrow and soul indivisibly commingled; and all the inducements and blandishments with which the high-pressure civilization of the day may tempt her must fail to win her over as its votary or victim.

To the deeply religious and philosophic Hindu, whom the European visitor to India or even the long-resident Anglo-Indian almost never meets, the declaration of the Christian missionary that the Religion of the Cross is the only "revealed" religion, and Jesus Christ the only "Savior" of mankind, sounds much as the exultant prattle of the baby over its newest glittering toy; while, in the rant of the average Westerner characterizing the stationariness of Hindu social and religious principles as "unprogressive," he sees, clear as noonday, the unfixed, ever-shifting, new-fangled principles of its "superior" critics. And he smiles, inspired by the reflection it suggests: that he and his religion existed before ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome came into being, have survived them and their civilizations, and are *sure* to survive the modern nations and systems—born yesterday, and destined to die to-morrow.

The failure of both civilization and Christianity permanently to affect the Hindu mind will be evident from the ways and actions of even the most Westernized Hindus, who, by the way, form only the foam and froth of their society. Products of a most defective system of education, they are in

to forget their past if they wish to be raised "in the scale of nations"—a phrase of which they have grown wonderfully fond. But as soon as the evening of life approaches, and their blood cools, they feel no delicacy, but rather think it a pride, to regret the outrages committed by them in their youth upon their own at last "incomparable" ancient faith and institutions. Do not believe that even the young Hindu student whom one now meets in every street and alley of London will carry his beefsteak into his ashes or his new-born convictions of neo-philosophy or material science to the wrong side of fifty. Once on that side, he will find all his ancient preceptors right and his modern materialistic teachers pitiable blunderers. At fifty-five, maybe, he will seek out the best Guru available for the secret "mantra," and receive it in a thoroughly orthodox spirit for the salvation of his erring soul, and tell his "Tulsi" beads, while excitedly discussing the bootless labor expended by Christian missionaries in carrying coals to Newcastle and squandering millions of dollars upon the evangelization of Hindus, which could more profitably be spent in securing the material, moral, and spiritual salvation of the countless London poor and the "hooligans" whose heartrending condition he had witnessed with keen sympathy while living as a student in the British metropolis. Many who went to England and have gone back are already doing this, more or less openly, in many a street or alley in India.

Briefly stated, the reason why the Hindus may be regarded as "born Christians" and why the labors of the Christian missionaries among them are so unprofitable is simple enough. It has now been all but proved by many eminent theologians that there is a striking resemblance between the

clearly evident to Hindus of ordinary religious training,—it is clear that the Hindu religious mind must naturally be saturated with the essence of the Christian religion. The higher Hindu thinkers of the day, the learned Pundits, find Christianity to be nothing more or less than Buddhism, in a modified form, cast in the Vaishnava mold, its culture being transferred from the domain of the intellect to the province of the heart. Thus we see the far more striking similarities of Christian and Vaishnava fundamental beliefs—similarities that present themselves in their ethics as well. A Vaishnava—especially of the Vishishtadwaita school—is the nearest approach to the Christian; and Vaishnavas far outnumber the devotees of all other sects of Hinduism, all of whom believe more or less in the cardinal truths of their religion and in the incarnations of the Deity of the Vaishnavas. That Christianity is a mixture of both intellectual and devotional elements in its construction will, I believe, admit of no question; the intellectual conception of its Godhead is to be realized by the heart. This is exactly the conception of the Godhead of the Ramawat Vaishnavas, who strive to approach It and be “saved” *into* It through the medium of the heart.

The Vaishnava form of devotion received its greatest impetus on the appearance of Sri Chaitanya, who was born in Bengal four hundred years ago and flourished for nearly half a century. He might be called the Indian Christ, and his devotion and spirituality will ever remain unparalleled. He preached the religion of the Purest Divine Love, and, while singing sacred songs, danced, now in ecstasy of joy, now weeping for his Lord’s love; and his tears, like water flowing from a hundred fountains, literally bathed those who, catching his spirit, caught also his ecstatic motion. He led the purest and most blameless life devoting every minute of his

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF LETTERS.

I. THE VOWEL "A."

BY BERTRAM SPARHAWK, F. S. S.

Nothing "happens." Everywhere in the universe, from the highest to the lowest, from the mightiest to the tiniest, law, order, and method prevail. The tiny mustard-seed in earth brings forth after its kind, and mighty planets swing in space in appointed orbits so exact that the finest cambric needle may be set upon a certain point in the immensity of the heavens and mark with the certainty of mathematics their place at any period of time. Infinity, not mutability, governs; and from the greatest to the least is certainty, even in the affairs and minds of men. For creation to be otherwise, in any of its parts, would destroy harmony and preclude the possibility of knowledge, for scientific knowledge must rest upon certainty.

What "happens" occurs outside the realm of our limited knowledge, and as knowledge increases the domain of "happening" grows ever less and less, till some day it will disappear. As the mind of man does not "happen" into existence, neither do its expressions or the symbols of those expressions. It is for us to discover in this as in other realms of Nature the significance and order or method involved, that we may profit thereby. As mind itself lies at the root of all knowledge, being itself the power to appreciate, understand, and bend all things to its will and desires, such knowledge assumes an importance of the first class.

illustrated by many plain instances in evidence. Only the English language is considered; for the mind of mankind differs in temperament and method of expression, being influenced by race and climate. The Latin race, for instance, differs greatly in its temperament and mode of thought from the Teutonic or Saxon. It is plain also that what is here represented is only the beginning of what may be evolved when a variety of minds focus their attention upon this subject and give the results of a many-sided point of view.

Words are tangible expressions of thought. When written or printed they become visible symbols of the same, while the letters that compose them are symbols of sounds that express the mind. Vowels are naturally the most important of all letters, as consonants alone would be useless for the expression of language. Vowels, therefore, should first be considered; and the first is *A*.

Investigation tends to establish the quality or potency of this letter as that of life, energy, power, the positive as distinguished from the negative elements—consequently indicating antagonism, the warlike struggle, and what results from opposition to it, the breaking up of things. The quality of leadership *inheres*, and its correspondential color is red, the color of the life-blood, varying in shade and consequent intensity with the combination of other letters in various words. Fire, violence, accident, anger, and turbulence are some of its accessories. It is general and comprehensive in nature rather than particular. Its corresponding numeral is 1, and its point of the compass East. It is masculine, and represents motion and activity.

nature. This conclusion, as well as some others, is drawn from the science of correspondence.

As to its positive nature, in logic *A* represents universal affirmation, as "All men are equal." *I* indicates the particular affirmative, as "Some men are equal." *E* stands for the universal negative, as "No men are equal," and *O* for the particular negative, as "Some men are not equal." These are derived in the first place from the Latin *affirmo* (I affirm) and *nego* (I deny). The masculine and positive are well illustrated in the word *Adam*, the first man, and the word *man* for the race in general. Contrast with Adam the word *Eve*, the first woman, remembering that *E* stands for the universal negative or feminine.

Now, consider the words *martial* and *war*, and as a type of the violent and disruptive the word *anarchy*; while *mandate* expresses authority, and this as well as leadership is well represented in the word *Cardinal*, which word also is used for a vivid shade of red, which is the distinguishing color of the rank of Cardinals. In demonstrations in algebra the first letters of the alphabet represent positive known quantities, the last letters indicating unknown quantities, *X* being the type of the unknown. *A* as it occurs in a fixed-toned instrument like the oboe, organ, or tuning fork becomes the key-note to which all the instruments of an orchestra are tuned. In maritime insurance, *AI* indicates a first-class risk. In commerce *A* is a common symbol. *A* tents are used in the army.

The word *and* joins words and sentences. The letter is also used in a universal sense, as *a* man, *a* woman, *Almighty*, *All-powerful*. *A* stands before all single nouns. It indicates "motion" in such words as *asleep*, *awake*, *ahead*, *aside*, *abide*, *afire*, *adrift*, etc. Other uses are: once a day, twice a week; also, in verbs of motion, as to go a-fishing, a-hunting, a-riding,

also used as a prefix to a Scottish chieftain's name in war—as "A Sott. A Gordon, was the cry."

The word *at* signifies direction as the result of motion. In the words *away* and *avalanche* we have motion and power. *Abide, above, arise, around, arouse, advance, mark, and mass* are worth study; also *A* in "bang a door." Consider also *accent, ambush, affect, assert, assent, assault, aspire, approve,* and *affirm*, which indicate a positive element. Mark the difference between *E* and *A* in the words *effect* and *affect, accept* and *except*. New scientific terms of a generic nature begin with *A*, as *achromatic* and *astigmatic*. The letter *A* rarely occurs at the end of a word. When it does it denotes a word of a feminine element generally taken from the Greek, such as *coma, basilica, formula, opera*. As a rule, feminine nouns and adjectives in the Latin languages end in *A*. This letter also ends many personal feminine names, such as *Julia, Martha, Anna, Cordelia*, etc.

Having reached names of persons, is it possible names do not "happen" to be given to mortals; and do they contain a potency affecting the individuals bearing them? This is certainly true, as well as of the names of countries, States, towns, and cities. As to the latter, the nature of the climate, country, and location must be considered; whether on a river, lake, or ocean; mountainous or level land, and the nature of the soil—whether granite, lime, clay, etc.

As to the names of persons, until other vowels are considered and possibly some consonants little of interest can be presented. *Theodore Roosevelt*, for instance, contains no *A*. As a sample of *A*, consider *Abraham Lincoln*. There never was a man subject to a harder or more persistent and continu-

as his biographers consider that from her he inherited his nature. It was *Nancy Hanks*, and with all the power of *A* inherited from his mother and included in his own name he struggled, contested, conquered, and attained power and fame.

Studying the significance of letters and naming a child according to the best knowledge of favoring influences ought to be of use; but even the result would not have "happened," for the Infinite operates with harmony and wisdom throughout the universe, even from Alpha unto Omega.

In a later article we shall consider the significance of some of the other vowels.



THE commission of experts in mental diseases appointed by the Ministry of Education to investigate the healing value of hypnotism reports that it is essentially worthless. The commission, which is composed of Professor Mendel and Drs. Gock, Munter, and Aschenborn, was appointed during the faith-healing excitement here a year ago. The report declares hypnotism cannot produce organic changes nor cure epilepsy or hysteria, but it can be used helpfully, in some instances, by removing symptoms through suggestion. No good physician would leave out of account the influence of suggestion upon patients, but hypnotic suggestion may intensify disease, when laymen apply it who do not know when to use it and when not to do so. The influence of hypnotic suggestion diminishes in proportion to popular knowledge of it. It is most powerful when regarded by a subject as marvelous and supernatural. The commission also notes that hypnotism is less used than formerly.—*New York Herald (Berlin cable.)*



THE REDEEMING.

Though ev'ry wrong gives pain, or sighs, or tears,

These sins of ours are but of small account

CAUSES AND CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS.

BY HARRY COWELL.

To the question, "What is the supreme good?" the history of the human heart answers "Happiness." Happiness is the ultimate wages for which we work. It is the end of ends, to which all other ends are means. When a man declares that he does not desire to be happy, we tend to doubt either his sincerity or his sanity. A common desire for happiness connects the most unlike of human beings. Nevertheless, many of the best and wisest of men will not hear of "Happiness" as the answer to the great question of the ancients. Kant forbids us to deduce moral laws from considerations of happiness, because such laws would not be absolute but contingent, and without binding force upon those, if any there be, who disclaim desire for happiness. Carlyle would have us blessed, but not necessarily happy. Cousin likewise can find it in his philosophy to contemn happiness. Huxley speaks of Bentham converting a "noble into an ignoble principle" by substituting "happiness" for "good"—"greatest happiness" for "greatest good." According to Victor Hugo, the possession of happiness, "the false object of life," causes us to forget "duty, the true one." Dicta to the same effect may be found in most of the disquisitions on this subject.

For such a consensus of opinion there must be sufficient reasons. What are they? The chief is that the direct purpose of happiness is never in the highest sense successful.

has been said by the best of thinkers adverse to this answer, "Happiness," he may find that the consideration of happiness that is overtly rejected is covertly retained—that happiness as the *summum bonum* is repudiated in behalf of happiness itself. Philosophic controversies on the subject of happiness are at bottom concerned with the means rather than the end. Men differ in their choice of the factors of happiness, but few doubt the desirability of happiness itself, or believe for a moment that the paths of virtue lead indifferently to happiness or misery. Do any of these happiness-rejecting philosophers anywhere prescribe and approve a course of conduct that the more one pursues the more miserable for all time he becomes? Is the relation between the conduct approved and the subsequent happiness coincidental or causal? Is any course of conduct called virtuous that is universally considered to stand in causal relation to general and permanent misery? Is any course of conduct called vicious that is universally considered to stand in causal relation to general and permanent happiness? If conduct that makes for unmitigated and endless misery cannot without misnaming be called moral; if conduct that makes for high and habitual happiness cannot without misnaming be called immoral—then morality seems to be inseparably connected with happiness.

But happiness, though undoubtedly the highest good, philosophically considered, must not be made the end of direct pursuit; for it is by nature shy and ever avoids and escapes the conscious pursuer. Now, if happiness inevitably issues as the end of sane endeavor, but nevertheless cannot be successfully pursued, is there anything on which happiness is consequent that can be successfully pursued? And if so, what is it?

Before attempting to answer this all-important question, let me state what kind of happiness it is that, as it seems to me,

ness. The happiness that tends to headache and heartache, that is beautiful in prospect but ugly in retrospect, is not the happiness the causes and conditions of which I desire here to set forth. To define a state of consciousness is always difficult, and the kind of happiness I consider the supreme good will probably become evident as we proceed.

It is here taken for granted that the conscious process, as completely as the cosmic process, proceeds according to law, and that happiness does not come uncaused, or caused in any supernatural or miraculous way. It is strange that even those who unqualifiedly believe in the uniformity of the law of causation, who would not dream of expecting a certain result in mechanics without putting into operation the proper forces under proper conditions, seem nevertheless to expect happiness to come uncaused and unconditioned.

But on what proper object of pursuit is happiness consequent? On character—character of a more or less clearly definable kind. “Character,” says Novalis, “is a perfectly educated will.” Character, according to Huxley, is “the sum of tendencies to act in a certain way”—the “moral and intellectual essence of a man.” Now, Napoleon had a well-educated will, but it was not a good will; and because goodness might not be predicted of it he failed to find that serenity the factors of which we are now in search of. Had Napoleon willed to serve the world instead of willing the world to serve him, his name might have been one of the highest and happiest in history. If we examine the lives of those men whose names are synonyms of serenity, we find that they willed the well-being of their fellows—had good-will toward men; the sum of their tendencies, their predominant bias, their very essence, was a burning desire to better humanity.

sible only in the absence of love. In order that happiness may be large, love must be large: our life is as large as our love.

But the desire to benefit, which is the very essence of love, tends to action; and, in order that we may not hurt where we mean to help, it is necessary to know how men are hurt or helped. So that love needs knowledge to make it efficient, even as knowledge needs love to make it moral. A man cannot love too much, but he can know too little. A man cannot know too much, but he can love too little. The power of knowledge is perfected only when it issues in helpful action. Whoever would know the all of love must love the all of knowledge: our life is as large as our truth. Life is good to love in and to learn in. The scientific spirit, or the spirit of truth, is the second constituent of happiness-bearing character. It adds to the joy of loving, the joy of knowing, and the consciousness of power to obey the behests of love. Happiness ever appears as a divine bi-product or accompaniment of the doing of what love proposes and reason approves.

Yet, though one may love much and know much, he may miss the highest happiness through weakness of will, being sidetracked from pure purposes by passion. Passion is the prince of sophists, and is always prepared to prove the worse the better reason. The strong spirit, or the spirit of unwavering will, is the third constituent of character. Hence, we arrive at the conclusion that a good, well-educated, unwavering will is the indispensable condition of high and habitual happiness; or, in short, character is the *sine qua non* of serenity.

But there is yet lacking one element that if not essential to serenity adds bountifully to the delights of life, and that is the esthetic spirit, or the spirit of beauty. It is this spirit that re-

This kind of character is the internal condition of happiness and probably its chief cause. But, given this character, there are many external aids to happiness, which, however, are not indispensable. These are the things that men in general pursue, and in this pursuit even the successful often make the fatal mistake of gaining what are merely external aids to happiness at the expense of character, the internal condition; for character conditions these factors of happiness. They aid happiness through character, and in its absence may tend to misery. What are they? The best known are riches, health, physical beauty, social success, fame of any kind.

Now, riches are not essential to serenity, for we find serenity where they are not; nor is health essential, for we find serenity where it is not; nor are the other factors mentioned essential, for we find serenity where they are all absent. A man may be poor, ill, homely, in lowly position, and without the worship of the world, and nevertheless be serene—if he loves his fellows largely, puts into operation forces that he knows to be effective for good, is sovereign of self, and feels incessantly and intensely the spell of beauty. On the other hand, a man may possess wealth, health, physical beauty, and the rest, and be wretched—if he has little love for mankind or zeal for truth, is at the mercy of tyrannous passions, and is insensible to beauty. I have never seen a supremely loving soul miserable, nor a supremely selfish soul serene. Appearance may tyrannize over truth for a time, but, O sereneless Sophists, it is far from being lord of happiness. Being and beatitude are related by law; so also are seeming and sorrow.

“Not what men think I am, but what I am,
Makes me a joy or sorrow to myself.”

What pleasure of impure passion can compare with the con-

wealth or of health, or any other power, used contrary to character, tends rather to curtail happiness than to increase it; used in directions determined by character, any power may add immeasurably to the joy of living. The happiness that depends on wealth may break with a bank. The happiness that depends on the possession of physical beauty smallpox may destroy, and the years must. To spiritual beauty the days may indefinitely add. Time is the friend of Truth and the friend of Truth's friends. Character never fails to find the jewel in the head of the toad, Adversity. Nothing comes amiss if character comes withal. There is no calamity but loss of character—nothing sorrow-worth but sin. Who steals from me may inconvenience me, but himself he injures. Who murders me deprives me of my body, but himself of his character. But no one can deprive me of life—not even myself; and no one can deprive me of character except myself. The cosmic process culminates in consciousness, and consciousness in character. Consciousness I am persuaded I must keep; character I may keep. My happiness is in my own hands. Character fears nothing, hates no one; it strives without straining, is intense without tears; it is cup-proof and cross-proof.

It is sometimes asserted that all men,—the good as well as the bad,—being necessarily happiness-seeking animals, are selfish. In a sense, though not that of the assertors, this is true. But the man who seeks self-realization in helpful ways differs from the man who seeks self-realization in hurtful ways by the whole heaven of morality. The most desirable members of society are those who find their happiness in ways that tend to further the happiness of their fellows. In such ways only can the highest individual happiness be attained. An examination of the constituent parts of character as here set forth discloses the fact that on the heights the happiness interests of the in-

man has the more all men may have. Man is the measure of progress; morality is the measure of man.

The crucial questions to put to modern commercialism are: What is the quality of your human product? Do you perfect men *pari passu* with your machines? Your conveyances by land and by sea are admirable: what of the conveyed? Character, with its sign-manual of serenity, is the criterion. How long will a foolish humanity, in its blind groping for happiness, continue to pay as a price for money that character which alone makes money a means to the desired end? From the days of the author of the book of Job to the days of the author of the lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," the disproportion between material wealth and moral worth has disturbed the peace of mind of the philosopher. But moral worth tends to be accompanied rather with serene states of consciousness than with material wealth, its pay being in coin of its own kind. Such successes as are synonyms of failure when reduced to terms of states of consciousness are not worth a wise man's while.

Does not a critical survey of our Western civilization disclose the fact that in pursuing the ordinary vocations of life the average man constantly does violence to love and truth and will and beauty? The necessary social complement of the will to live, the will to love, which controls the destinies of human happiness, is not generally well developed. It does indeed in rare instances overshadow the older and stronger instinct to such an extent that we have cases of what is called "immoral self-sacrifice."* But such noble souls, unwisely working themselves out of a world that so sorely needs them, are so uncommon as to be conspicuous. Now, nobility should be too normal to be noticed.

*This phrase, "immoral self-sacrifice," is not felicitous; irrational self-sacrifice would probably be more appropriate. For morality, though, be HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In order to be better understood, it may be well to state that this tendency of men of character to be serene may be counteracted by the force of adverse circumstances. The power of the tendency is in proportion to the largeness of the love, the extent of the knowledge, the strength of the will, the fulness of the appreciation of beauty—in short, to the completeness of character. It may become almost irresistible, so that nothing that is known to “happen” to man can prevent the consequent serenity. But in all cases the moment that impediments are removed the force of the tendency of character toward serenity may be seen in operation. So long as the man of character is not habitually happy, it is not readily seen that he tends to serenity. The tendency of water to run down hill is evident in the mountain torrent but not so evident in the still pool. On the other hand, favorable circumstances may save the man of no character from the misery toward which he gravitates. In his case, also, so long as he is not habitually unhappy his tendency toward misery is not obvious. So complex is life that it is no easy task to disentangle the threads connecting a man with happiness or with misery.

We find the constituent parts of character combined in ever-varied proportions and in connection with the most diverse external conditions. The problem is never simple, but is not necessarily insoluble. A has character, wealth, and health, and is happy; B has character, poverty, and sickness, and is happy. Neither wealth nor health can be indispensable to human happiness, for B is happy without them. In this way, by multiplying examples, we may eliminate from the list of indispensables many things most sought after by men. The one thing that may not be eliminated is character. Now, if we find character common to all serene souls, no matter what their dif-

counteracting forces—we are philosophically justified in concluding that there exists a close and probably causal relation between character and happiness. The cultivation of character, therefore, is the most worthy work of man. But, though character should be pursued as the *summum bonum*, self-cultivation may become too conscious and so fail of the best results. Conscious, however, it must be, in order to convert new truth into new right. But soon a divine spontaneity supersedes this “examined life”—divine because of the reasonableness and helpfulness of its direction.

The ideal state of society is one in which all the material aids to happiness possible could be procured by labor without doing violence to any of the internal conditions. Nature, though of herself non-moral, may be made moral by man her modifier. Animal morality—if one may so speak—consists merely in exquisite adjustment to an already existing environment. Man must often modify his environment to meet his moral needs. What is natural is neither necessarily moral nor necessarily immoral—though sometimes indeed the seemingly unconscious cosmic process does seem to move in a humanly desirable direction, and the contemplation of certain sets of facts tends to a fine faith that there is nothing eminently desirable that is eternally unattainable. The scientist is too often satisfied with stating what has been and what is. The moralist states also what ought to be, and, in spite of what has been and what is, works to make what ought to be what is, and sometimes with such success that the scientist of the present is constrained to state as a fact what the scientist of the past pooh-poohed as a fancy. Thus is the moralist vindicated.

Happiness comes as a concomitant or consequent of the exercise of well-developed faculties, the highest and most con-

while neglecting those that have time and death for their friends? The limitation of time compels us to make in practise a choice between faculties and faculties. What are the faculties with the premium of permanency upon them—indestructible, if any are, by death? Are they not those of love, truth, will, and beauty, which we have been considering? To enlarge our love and to purify it from every suspicion of selfishness; to extend our knowledge and to purify it from every suspicion of error; to strengthen our will and to purify it from every suspicion of passion; to deepen our appreciation of beauty and to purify it from every suspicion of crudeness, coarseness, or mere conventionality—is not this work worth the while of the wisest? And is not eternity, as we can conceive it, all too short for such a purpose? A man develops business faculty at the expense of these better ones—finds a hoggish happiness in pocketing the profits of pork-packing—and dies. Will a spiritual world afford him opportunities for the exercise of that faculty on which his piggish pleasure depends? Will he not be in the position of the captive giraffe—all day long licking the bars of his cage in lieu of branches? Or of the imprisoned beaver—building to no purpose his absurd dams? The faculties for the exercise of which that world is said to afford infinite opportunities he has not. Alas, poor pork-packer! Do not dream that any power will thrust upon thee that happiness which in the nature of things must be achieved. Difficult as it is to obtain happiness by direct pursuit, it seems even more difficult to confer happiness directly, or by means of external aids, upon others where character is wanting. As happiness must be gained through character, so must it be given through character. The best way to confer happiness is to increase character. This fact may explain the failure of so many

There remain for me to mention the possibilities of what may be called secondary happiness—the happiness that comes of contemplating the happiness of others. This differs from the delight of delighting, and is enjoyed when sympathizing with happiness in the production of which one was in no wise concerned. This sympathetic faculty rejoices in all real successes, is glad to hear of good anywhere, is made happy by whatever makes for happiness in general. This source of happiness, now so sadly neglected, seems destined to be largely drawn upon at no very distant day. Sympathy makes Siamese twins of you and me: whoever treads on your toe hurts my heart, and a smile in your soul makes a light in my eye. In a highly complex society, in which there is much division of labor, much specialization, and much mutual dependence, “self-regarding” acts become fewer and fewer and “other-regarding” acts more and more numerous—in fact, no purely self-regarding act is now possible among us. He who is nobody’s enemy but his own is everybody’s enemy. In such a social state it is difficult for any member to rise to the full height of the moral stature of a man with the millstone of mob-immorality about his neck. To-day it is, not only immoral but vain to seek for mere private salvation. In saving the social soul is the individual soul best saved. No doubt to a certain extent each spirit makes its own medium. But in society the sins of others are scissors that ever to our great discomfort keep clipping and clipping our wings. Character contemplating these sins is subject to a sorrow that gives the tearful undertone to its serenity. A divine discontent, which is the price of progress, spurs it to ever-increasing activity; a divine ideal draws it upward; it lives in holy helpfulness and dies in hope.

We conclude that the happiness of the individual is not the end of the world.

indifferent heart hinders happiness more than the pains of disease and the privations of poverty; that the highest interests of the individual harmonize with the highest interests of society; that, though at present the power of money seems to prevail and at times to be almost omnipotent, the moral force is fatal and final; and that to be on the side of good is to be on the winning side.

How correct soever these conclusions may be, howsoever much consent they may command, I fear that even among the consenters there may be found those whose conduct will continue to proclaim a practical belief that in their case, so far as happiness is concerned, chance will come to aid them to cheat causation and the constitution of things. But there may also be found those who with greater zeal than ever before will work in moral ways for ideal ends and receive therefor the high wages of happiness—wages that, in their disinterested devotion to good work, men of character forget.



Is it fanciful to suppose that the growth of violent crime has some relation to the thirst for violence in dealing with other nations? Is there any relation between public and private “killing and burning?” Is robbery only “conquest” at retail of other men’s goods and lives? Does the burglar “benevolently assimilate” alien jewelry? Certainly an international crime wave is a phenomenon of our “strenuous” times that should engage the best thought of social philosophers.—*New York World*.



S O U L.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL VIEW.

BY PROFESSOR W. A. MCKEEVER.

Study people for a view of their nervousness. Go to the busiest street-corner in a great city, where bells and gongs and whistles are sounding; where there go hurrying by street-cars above and below, and great truck-wagons, and all other kinds of vehicles, besides thousands of people all seemingly intoxicated with a mad desire to get somewhere. And then watch the drawn faces of the latter and see written thereon various serious expressions, ranging from simple anxiety to dire despair. Watch them as they crowd out of street-cars and railway trains and rush into stores and workshops.

Again, take notice of a group of men at a hotel dining-table as they "bolt" their food from right and left with both hands, working and perspiring almost like madmen. Follow them in their conversation, noting their great respect for superlatives as they speak of the "shortest route," and the "fastest train," and the "earliest edition," and the like.

As a companion study to this, go into some well-furnished home where a group of women are attending a reception, and notice that a majority of them are under a nervous strain as they sit on the forward edge of the chair rocking vigorously, and fanning hurriedly, and talking strenuously, and showing other indications of intense enjoyment. Then wait till the guests go home and witness the probable nervous collapse of the woman who gave the reception. Add to this group also

· And then, too, consider the imaginary foes the people are fighting—the bugbear of failure, the premonitions of death and destruction, the continuous warfare with the traditional “devil.” Surely the people are living a strenuous life!

But this is not all. In addition to this outward nervous activity so noticeable to all, there is a physical effect within the body that is even more significant. This effect comes to the surface slightly in the red glow on the face of one blushing and the pallor of one who is frightened. It is now known that every emotion has its physical concomitant in some such form as disturbed heart action, change in blood distribution, variation in nervous and muscular tension, affection of vital organs, and the like. All parts of the body are under the control of the nervous system, of which the brain is the center. Every intense idea or emotion sends a wave of impulse over this system and registers an effect in some part of the body, as in the case of blushing cited above.

Why is it literally true that “worry kills?” Worry is a nervous affection attended by deep and constant emotion, which restricts the action of the blood vessels and other organs, especially in the region of the stomach and viscera, cutting off much of the warm flow of blood to these organs and thereby weakening the performance of their functions. A chilly sensation is experienced in these parts and there is also quivering in the region of the solar plexus. Indigestion, with its attendant derangements, is a natural consequence. It is thus easy to see why a chronic case of the “blues” is accompanied by dyspepsia. I trace this effect simply to show the result of one of the many forms of the “strenuous life,” *viz.*, worry. Others are just as marked in their effect. The nervous strain attending all forms

victims. Is there not somewhere a nervous strain of which you have likely been unaware heretofore? But is there a remedy? Let us see.

He that would most successfully meet the exciting conditions of this busy world must learn the law of self-adjustment. The one who has found his soul's center by habitual practise of equipoise is not disturbed mentally by the storms of excitement that rage without, nor is he subject to fits of melancholy. He calmly views the field of proposed action; and, seeing the adjustments necessary to the given situation, he may hurry, if need be, but he does not become excited. The law of his life is: "Nothing to excess." He is successful in any undertaking, because he has learned that one of the first principles of success is a wholesome, positive, optimistic state of mind accompanied by calm, deliberate judgment. One possessed of such a quality of mind naturally draws around himself the forces that contribute to his progress and uplifting.

There is no doubt that, while many thoughts tend to excite the mind, there are others that have the opposite tendency. If one is seriously desirous of acquiring an even temperament, let him attend carefully to the character of his thoughts. A little attention to this matter will soon start one on the road to attainment. He should by sheer force of will keep out of mind all ideas that give rise to the emotions of anger, fear, hatred, anxiety, and the like, and purposely entertain such as produce emotions of joy, peace, and spiritual love. Any suggestion that has a tendency to excite the mind is met by a counter suggestion. A great-minded man of olden times was thrown into prison, and stoned, and buffeted about, and suffered nearly every other manner of persecution; yet, in the midst of all this, he was able to say, "None of these things move me." It is a

my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

The practise of self-poise is one of the fine arts, and he who masters it is in possession of a thing of beauty that is a source of joy forever unto his soul; and it is he alone who can secure an insight into the truly spiritual life.



G O D.

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

Infinite Mind! Thou without name or place—
 Supreme inhabitant of time and space!
 Eternal and undying,—first and last,—
 Immortal Soul of Future, Present, Past!
 Divine epitome of great and small!—
 From all apart, and yet a part of all!
 Unbounded Source!—vast and unfathomed Mind!
 Thyself unknown, nor by Thyself defined!

How shall my spirit to thy presence go?
 Thou art beside me, through all things below;
 Thou art above me, with me, ev'rywhere—
 Within, without, and in the ambient air.
 That which I am, with whom I do exist,
 That on whose strength my soul and flesh subsist—
 My slave and master,—me, myself, and mine,—
 Heart of my breast, life of my heart, and Thine!
 Immeasurable, unending, unbegun,
 Incessant, indestructible, undone!
 Deep as the space of which Thou art the soul,
 Vast as the Pow'rs of which Thou art the Whole!

All-monstrous Mind—thou Universal Womb!—
 Creating, and consigning to the tomb.
 Quintescent Spirit of all Life and Pow'r,
 Eternal Guardian of our transient hour!

WHAT IS RELIGION?

BY FRANK D. MITCHELL.

Religion, like everything else, is a growth, an evolution. It began with the first man—crude and low, as he was crude and low; and, always anthropomorphic, it has evolved as he has evolved, growing better with every step in his ascent. Just as there are many different races and classes of men, on different planes of development, yet all moving upward along the same path to the same ultimate destiny, so there are many religions, all of them forms of the one Universal Religion, and all tending, slowly but surely, toward it as an ultimate and perfect ideal. The problem of true religion, then, is the problem of the perfect man—the goal of evolution; and only when approached from this standpoint can it be rightly understood.

The earliest forms of religion were almost wholly physical in nature and conception. Our primitive ancestors, engrossed in a bitter fight for life, crouched in fear before evil influences that they could not understand, peopled their spiritual universe (if we may so call it) with hosts of malevolent entities, and invented elaborate rites for the propitiation of their unseen yet mighty foes. Gradually, however, as the "struggle for existence" became less intense, leisure and knowledge increased, and some of the crudities of the older religions were dropped, while the spiritual meaning of life began to be dimly divined. Mythologies became more elaborate and logical, and religious rites less barbaric, until gradually the limits of this, the *physi-*

forms have of course been modified and disguised by the infusion of higher elements.

The next stage in religious growth may be termed the *intellectual*. In its earliest manifestations, this form of religion is merely a revolt against the preceding, and is due to an increasing intellectual growth, resulting in a perception of the imperfections of physical religion. It is often accompanied at first by an almost total relaxation of the bonds of morality, and by such excesses as disgraced the times of the French Revolution and of Nero. Inward skepticism, despite outward adherence to creeds, and a merely intellectual appreciation of moral ideals, without any corresponding improvement in life, are among its common manifestations at the present time; and its fight with the Christian churches of to-day is fast becoming a war of extinction, in which one side or the other must soon be crushed out of existence. Its highest and purest form is perhaps to be found in the more materialistic phases of the "religion of science," where matter and energy take the place of God, morality is reduced to a purely physical basis, and all is supposed to end with death. Yet out of this pessimistic materialism is evolved *spiritual* religion, just as out of the physical is developed intellectual religion.

It is only during a comparatively short and recent period that evolution has been working upon the spiritual plane; spiritual religion, therefore, is still in its infancy, and has not attained to any great definiteness or perfection of form. In terms of Herbert Spencer's famous definition, it is still indefinite, incoherent, and heterogeneous. To attempt a description of its present imperfect forms would therefore be of little use: instead we shall merely examine

particularly within the family. A freer intercourse between man and man must lead us, first to a more intimate knowledge of one another, and then to a truer realization of the vital and practical meaning of human brotherhood and of the literal oneness of the human race. This, with the strengthening of family ties already referred to, will tend to make the force of *love* paramount in social relations, instead of subordinate, as it is to-day. A constantly broadening religion of Man will lead to a knowledge of God's oneness with man, and man's oneness with God—in other words, of the immanence of God. Well indeed does David, in "The Reign of Law," say to his beloved: "Ah, Gabriella, 'tis *Love* makes a man believe in a God of love."

A second influence in the same direction is the slow yielding of the barriers of sectarianism, not only between the different branches of the Christian Church but between orthodox Christianity and various Eastern religions. Already the study of comparative religion has broadened our views not a little; and some day we shall realize that the "benighted heathen" have much to teach us, and can supplement our religious and even our scientific views in not a few important particulars. God's Truth is too large to be confined within the creeds of any one Church; we must search through them *all* if we would know aright. Just what form this influence will take or how great it will be is obviously impossible of prediction; yet it cannot be doubted that there will be such an influence, and that it will be far from inconsiderable.

Again, the spread of science is contributing constantly to a more correct and adequate view of the Cosmos, and indirectly of its relation to God. If metaphysics, the synthetic side of the problem of life, is to be regarded as a part of religion, then science, the analytic side of the same problem, must ulti-

“conflict” between science and religion, or rather between scientists and theologians, is, to all those who have at heart the welfare of humanity, one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

As particularly important illustrations of the aid that science is rendering to religion may be mentioned the problems of immortality and of psychical research. Slowly yet surely science is working its way toward a demonstration that shall establish immortality beyond the doubt of even the most skeptical. Similarly, the study of the higher powers of the soul is shedding new light on that part of man's nature which is of greatest importance from the religious point of view. The problem of the relation of soul to body, of which we are gradually nearing the solution, sheds great light on the kindred problems of the relation of spirit to matter in general, and of God to man. However long the time may be, measured in years, before we shall attain to a complete solution of these problems,—however remote the day when spiritual religion shall have attained perfect form and universal sway, and “man's inhumanity to man” shall have ceased to “make countless thousands mourn,”—the good time is surely on its way; and already clear-sighted souls here and there have caught a glimpse of the “vision splendid,” the millennial “city of God,” where heaven and earth shall be one, death (the “last enemy”) overcome, and infinite, immanent law, having banished the last vestige of evil from the universe, shall realize at last the harmonious *oneness* of God and man: the attainment of universal perfection, the goal of all the countless eons of cosmic evolution.



THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Present controversy, which is agitating the religious world and finding its way into secular periodicals, is calling renewed attention to the old query: Have we any valid reason for supposing that there was ever on earth what theologians designate a miraculous birth? Modern scholarship is little disposed to favor what is known as a miraculous theory when applied to any event within the range of human experience; and, though such refutation of long-accepted dogma comes as a shock to hypersensitive nerves in ecclesiastical societies, there is really no cause for apprehension that true religion will suffer even though every theological idol be hurled from its time-honored pedestal.

Christianity has two sides: one practical and ethical, the other controversial and dogmatic. With the first of these aspects the modern world at its best and highest is in cordial sympathy, but with the second it is growing to exercise but little patience. "Immaculate conception" is not only a beautiful dream: it is a glorious possibility; but the ideal and the idea embodied in that phrase need never savor of belief in the essentially miraculous. The Church of Rome confirmed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of Christ in 1854, and appointed December 8th as the date of its solemn annual celebration; but this dogma states that Mary had Joachim for father and Anne for mother. By a special act of divine grace, theologians tell us, Mary was conceived without original sin.

a perfect child, and, in order to produce that perfect mother, divine grace led her parents to conform to divine order and abstain from all impurity. The miraculous conception of the child born to Mary involves a dogma that may be accepted on authority by all who choose to bow to the church that enunciates it; but there is no helpful lesson for humanity to be learned from its acceptance.

Isaiah says that a virgin, or pure young woman, shall conceive and bear a son, who shall be called *Emanu-El*, which signifies "God with us"—or the Divine made manifest to human understanding. Jewish scholars never place a miraculous construction on the famous passage in the book of Isaiah upon which Christian theologians of the dogmatic school base their assumption of an immaculate conception. The metaphorical "young woman" may be the entire house of Israel—often alluded to in the same figure of speech by several of the greatest Hebrew prophets; or some more directly personal application may be given to the figurative prophecy if the interpreter wishes to enforce the idea of the approaching advent of a personal Messiah. But in neither case does *virginity* refer to a state of unwedded innocence on the part of a maiden who is to be spiritually overshadowed and caused to conceive and bear a son in a manner altogether different from the ordinary course of motherhood.

Two great lessons of the highest ethical import are deducible from the simple original, unclouded by glossaries and commentaries. The first is that a nation must be spotless in its integrity if it is to enjoy unlimited prosperity; the second is that only through lives of immaculate purity in thought, word, and action can women qualify themselves to become mothers of children who shall be not only personally free from impurity but capable of blessing and enlightening all with whom they

simplicity. Natural states, for us, are any conditions into which we are born; supernatural states, for us, are all conditions higher than those into which we are introduced at birth. Ursula N. Gestefeld uses the phrase, "the natural and the possible," quite frequently in her writings, and that form of expression serves to convey at once an unmistakable meaning. The possibility is immaculate conception, gestation, birth, and subsequent development till maturity is reached. This is "supernatural" from the common standpoint of humanity as at present situated, but it cannot be unnatural. The fulfilling of law is possible, but its non-fulfilment is at present ordinary; and between the ordinary and the possible a long road often stretches.

It is not difficult to believe that the greatest teachers the world has ever seen were conceived immaculately, but the story of their conception is surrounded with so much myth, legend, tradition, and allegory that the scholarly intellect is ever prone to discard it as a poetic fable—having a moral no doubt, but a fable nevertheless. Orthodox Christian dogmatists fall foul of impartial students of comparative religion at every turn because they deny all similar narratives in the sacred books of the East and in the classics, while they insist upon the world's accepting the one story that they choose to credit, the evidence for which is scarcely stronger when submitted to close analysis than that which can be brought forward for similar tales relating to other heroes.

There is certainly a scientific view of virgin birth that does not contradict any facts that Nature reveals, but it is difficult

miraculous and loses sight of the moral features of its teaching. To believe that the Savior of the world was conceived miraculously only plunges us into an ocean of profitless speculation, and it moreover lends support to the demoralizing theory that all human children outside the exceptional one are born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and that their congenital depravity is such that sinfulness inheres within them to such an extent that without "supernatural" regeneration they are destined to perdition. A significant fact confronts the believer in baptismal regeneration—the self-evidence that baptized children as a whole are no better in their way of life than unbaptized children. The average Christian child is not more moral than the average Jewish child. What becomes, then, of the theory of baptismal regeneration when put to the test of practise?

The ideal of immaculate (not miraculous) conception is ennobling and inspiring beyond compare, because any mother and any father may entertain reasonable hope of becoming so well acquainted with divine law and order as to succeed in ushering into the world an infant around whom the dark mantle of inherited depravity has not been thrown. The very giving up of the *miraculous* theory will serve as an incentive to put in practise the beautiful lessons inculcated by the simply *immaculate* theory, and thus may it come to pass that the death of a dogma may herald the birth of a life creed far higher and more elevating than any practise founded upon its predecessor. "Supernatural" is only *superphysical*, or above the earthy conditions in which we have long been groveling. The world has lain prostrate for ages before the shrine of sensuality, and the Church has never taught the masses how to ennoble common life successfully. The monastic idea is founded on the belief that all natural affections and relations are either sinful or less

tion to those very men and women who have attained to extraordinary sanctity and by their very saintliness must be best fitted to become parents of noble children.

Hebrew and Greek ideals are much more practical, seeing that they are based on the thought that no one can possibly be too pure or high to be a parent. The multiplication of the "unfit" may be undesirable, but the multiplication of the "most fit" must be a boon to all humanity. If the air is once cleared on this subject, and the question of human generation and regeneration is discussed fearlessly, we may expect that many important improvements will appear in all directions. Once let the dignity, purity, and sacredness of fatherhood as well as motherhood take possession of the consciences of the rank and file of an average population, and it will not be long before we witness an amazing and delightful improvement in public health and morals. The theory of miraculous conception has ostracized fatherhood, placing it so completely under the ban that children are taught that Jesus had no father, though he had a blessed mother. The double standard of morality tolerated if not advocated throughout Christendom receives great encouragement from this belief. The absurdest inconsistencies of ecclesiastical polity find justification by taking refuge under the wing of this presumption.

Women are holier than men, and at the same time utterly inferior to them. *Man*, not woman, is created in the Divine image; yet men are so vile that they can play no part in ushering into the world humanity's Redeemer, while woman, the inferior vessel, is privileged to enjoy the high distinction of becoming "*theotokos*"—the bringer forth of divinity! It is high time that popular theology were completely reconstructed on a rational and *spiritual* foundation. The sinful theory of human sinfulness must be relegated to oblivion, and the righteous

Regeneration must follow generation in the order of logical sequence; and, while we are justified in calling the former natural and the latter supernatural in a strictly etymological sense, each must be acknowledged very good in its own season.

Born into the world of sense, the immaculate child can grow up to live harmoniously in the natural degree; but, as that degree is not the only one that human beings can acknowledge, there will come a day when a higher consciousness will open out, and beyond the natural will appear the spiritual. The possibilities of every soul lie dormant till awakened, but the lowest estate in which a soul may find expression can be just as free from sin or aught that savors of aberration as the highest. That children can be brought forth in perfect harmony with the law of the universe is a beautiful and reasonable tenet, and whoever seeks to promulgate so benign and useful a doctrine deserves to be ranked with the world's benefactors. Only that type of religion which can afford to welcome the completest investigation of its claims and its foundation can reasonably stand undismayed in this inquiring century, while every claim is being sifted and the words are being conscientiously carried into practise that a famous writer penned in the very dawn of the Christian era: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." The test of goodness in any creed or theory must ever be intensely practical. Let us judge the trees of theology by the fruits they are bringing forth, and if we are obliged to show scant courtesy to some old cumberers of the theological orchard it will only be because we seek to give more room for growth and encouragement to fruitage to those varieties which yield the most wholesome products.



HELEN KELLER AND EDUCATION.

BY AGNES CHESTER SEE.

In a brief exposition of education as exemplified in the case of Helen Keller, I state rather than elucidate its particulars. I make three divisions:

- (1) The law of individualization.
- (2) Helen Keller as exemplifying this law.
- (3) The understanding and conformity to this law in our individual lives.

1. The individual is a unit. When the self functions it is as a whole, not by parts. In sense cognition and spiritual realization it is one and the same self functioning to different purposes. There is no dividing wall that cuts off the secret of sense from spirit. The secret of spirit is cut off from sense merely by the nature of its being deeper in the realization of selfhood. A spiritual realization commands the knowledge of sense, since it lies on the causeward side in which all individual possibilities inhere. The self, the reality of individualization, creates its own instrument of expression; that is, it makes its own body. What are called the senses are the self's grosser functionings in the crudest method of self-expression. In the commonest experience, consciousness of life is through the senses. Senses are common: just *common* sense. They are mental, and are all possessed by the individual, whatever his physical deformation may be. If the sense of sight, for instance, cannot function through the eyes, it finds its way through the fingers.

The *real* of individuality is eternally perfect. The problem of individual life is to transform this hidden perfectness into

deeper realization and reveals in consciousness the unity of the life of man with the life of God.

This is the law of individualization and of consciousness of selfhood. Association is under equally subtle laws. When consciousness is in the strata of the physical—the sense realm—there is separation; when in the strata of the mental there is connection; when in the spiritual there is identity.

2. In the case of Helen Keller there are two elements: (1) The success of ordinary methods of education under adverse circumstances, and (2) the phenomenal, unexplained by any known educational law. I deal here with the phenomenal element. Helen Keller, cut off from ordinary communication with the outer world, was saved from mental dissipation over the general and naturally and necessarily concentrated to the particular. This would stimulate acquirement and foster memory. But this is only one of the ordinary educational methods. The phenomenal is to be explained by a deeper insight into her nature. When through her first teaching her mind was opened to intelligent consciousness, she became (because of the nature of her organization) introspective and meditative. This revealed to her the inner kingdom of mind, and she saw that there is mental connection in what to the lower strata or sense consciousness is physical separation. This deeper seeing is refinement in capability; thus there is opened to her a subtler method of communication with environment than is possible in the grosser consciousness. When consciousness is in the mental realm intelligence is conveyed mentally, independent of physical means.

Miss Keller had met Mr. D. at a reception at Stratford hotel. Afterward, when she was in Dr. Bell's room, Mr. D. came in quietly and unannounced. Immediately Miss Keller said, "Is not Mr. D. in the room?" This was purely direct

added, "Do you think that the lovely moon was glad I could speak to her?" Again, at Concord, she said: "The bending trees were there, the folding forms among the grass, and the fairies and wood-elves whispering among the violets." And again: "Jack-in-the-Pulpit preaches to all the other flowers." And to the girls at Andover: "I think our kind Heavenly Father has given us a beautiful world, and his goodness is written all over the walls of Nature."

But Helen Keller has found a deeper life than the mental in the unity of her being—the spiritual: the unity of all life with the Life of God. She says: "God wants us to be happy. He did not want his child to be dumb, and when I go to Him He will let His angels teach me to sing. I am so glad that we shall live always." In her spiritual realization she perceives universal identity. "I think the flowers," says she, "are God's smiles. When the flower wilts, the perfume is its soul going up to God." Then in consummate realization she said, while standing on the brink of Niagara, "No, it is not strange that I should like to be here, for God has planted in our hearts the power to feel the mystery enfolding us."

It was through coming to know herself as a *unity* that Helen Keller is able to enter into that spiritual realization that discloses to her the absolute unity and reality in God of all. Her phenomenal sense development, her classic language, her words of such superior wisdom—these are the shedding forth of the perfectness of God through individual consciousness: the phenomena of the unity in consciousness of the individual with the Universal.

We can come into this phenomenal sense development

THE LAW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.

BY GRACE LEE ORR.

Few people realize the deep meaning underlying the words *cause* and *effect*, using them in general to apply to the material plane alone, and little thinking that they represent, not only the law that controls the planets, but the law that takes into account each act and thought of our daily lives. The average mortal is too prone to separate the material from the spiritual, the visible from the invisible world, and it is as a reminder that the universe is a perfect Whole, and that a law upon one plane is a law upon all planes, that this article is written.

No one needs to be told of the operation of cause and effect in the material world, for the law is visible all about us. We see it working in all Nature, from the destruction or growth of a continent down to the destruction or growth of a molecule. We see it in the rise and fall of nations, and, coming down to individuals, we see it exemplified in the working of our physical bodies. We know that if we abuse our bodies Nature will make us suffer, for she is a strict disciplinarian and accounts with her must always be settled. Now, let us consider that *Nature* is but another term for *law*, and that this law holds good upon all planes of the Universe, acting no less powerfully upon the invisible than upon the visible planes: for the entire Universe is one great Whole, of which we see but one part—the material; but behind all manifestation, and throbbing and pulsating in all, is the great Spirit of things, the One Reality, the Absolute.

Realizing ourselves to be a part of this great Spirit,—a

puny strength against it, strive to recognize and work in harmony with it, so that we may in time become at one with it and thus attain to perfect peace. The Lord of this mortal frame is something more than a mass of matter, tainted with the animal instincts and desires of hundreds of generations. It is the conscious ego, the immortal spirit, which directs, controls, and molds the physical body, the instrument through which it gains experience in matter. And, this being the case, every act we perform and every *thought* we send out are bound to react at some time upon us. A cause once set up, the effect is bound to be reached—just as a pendulum swung to one side will swing equally far in the opposite direction. Nature works for a balance—an equilibrium.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days;” this passage takes on added force when considered in the light of cause and effect. For, whatever our bread may be,—whether it be good and white and pure, or foul and black,—once it is cast out upon the waters of eternity it cannot be recalled, but we will surely find it after many days and be compelled to eat thereof. And when we say “we,” we do not mean these physical personalities with their various names and appurtenances, which fade away like the shadows they are; we mean rather the self-conscious individuality, the ego, the Lord of this mortal frame. “But,” you say, “many people *do* pass through an entire life and never even see the bread they daily cast out upon the stormy seas.” Yes; and do you think that this Lord of our bodies is limited to the experiences of one personality and one phase of existence? Impossible. Christ said, “Before Abraham was, I am,” and so are we all. We, the real sons of God, have always lived, gaining experience in many lives and putting off and taking on

carried out on all planes, and rebirth, or reincarnation, is simply its process. Our present is but the definite result of our own past actions, and our future is in our own hands. Once a cause is set in motion on *any* plane, the effect is bound to follow, as does the night the day; and it may be to-morrow and it may be a thousand years hence, but some day we will reap what we have sown. Let us be careful, therefore, how we sow the wind, lest we reap the whirlwind.

The two principal opponents of the law of cause and effect are modern Christianity and materialism. We say *modern* Christianity, for real, true Christianity is far away from most of the doctrines of the modern Church. This institution holds that we come here without any apparent cause at all, at least of our own making, and that we can set all sorts of causes in motion during this life, and then, by a mere act of *belief* and repentance, set aside all law and at once be transported into the realms of eternal bliss. True, they talk about an abode of eternal "punishment;" but nobody believes he is destined to go there, no matter how he lives. The utter iniquity of such a plan for governing the Universe is so plain that we need discuss it no further. The proof that people are beginning to wake up and use their brains is to be found in the fact that, according to statistics, Christianity (as found in the churches) is on the decline.

The other opposing force, materialism, is equally inconsistent. The materialist claims to believe in evolution, and will spend hours telling of the development of the race through the lower kingdoms up to the present stage, and then, pointing proudly to the puny, imperfect specimens of manhood about him (and generally including himself), will say, "Behold! Evolution goes no farther." Is such a position either reasonable or consistent? If evolution is to be cut short with the cycle

plain in any reasonable way the differences between people in character and environment. "Heredity," you say? If *it* were the law controlling these things, then the children of the same parents ought to be alike, especially in the case of twins. Heredity deals only with the personal, physical man, with his tastes and tendencies. The *real* man, the *ego*, is something apart from all this—using his surroundings simply as a means to an end and accountable to himself alone. The law of cause and effect, together with the process of reincarnation, explains, as nothing else can, the differences in character and environment, not only of individuals but of races and nations, and their rise and fall. It places the evolution of man upon a logical basis, not only in the past but in the future; and, by demonstrating that man is alone responsible for what he is, it places his destiny in his own hands and sheds a new light upon the Teacher's words: "The kingdom of heaven is within you."



LAST year in Venezuela alone 2,000,000 birds were killed for fashion's sake. One London dealer admitted twelve years ago, long before fashion was so pitiless as now, that he sold 2,000,000 small birds every twelve months. Three recent consignments to London included 10,000 birds of paradise, nearly 800 packages of osprey feathers, 6,700 crested pigeons, 5,500 Impeyan pheasants, 500 bird skins, 270 cases of peacocks' feathers, 1,500 argus pheasants, and 500 various other small birds.—*Chicago Daily News*.



"ALL goodness is from God, just as all power is remotely or directly referable to him. This divine influence is not incompatible with human freedom. Every act of goodness is still an act of the will. Omnipotence itself will not enforce obedience."

SPIRITUALISM: OLD AND NEW.

III. THE VALUE OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

Occurrences supposed by Spiritists and Spiritualists alike to be caused by some unseen intelligence according to laws unknown to physical science (but nevertheless *natural*), and manifesting to our normal senses through matter, are all included under the general name of *physical phenomena*, as distinguished from those manifesting through the mind of a "sensitive." There are so many varieties and forms of physical phenomena that only a few can be touched upon, as our object is not so much to describe these as to show their value and significance. The moving of material objects, rapping, playing of musical instruments, drawing of pictures without contact with human hands, slate-writing, and materialization are common instances of this class of phenomena.

The scientific value of physical phenomena, as establishing the truth of spirit communication, far exceeds that of mental phenomena. Looked at from a purely scientific standpoint, our hope of ultimately furnishing absolute *proof* of such communication rests wholly upon physical evidence. It is remarkable that this should have been so long unrecognized by scientists engaged in investigating this subject. With a few notable exceptions, it would seem that these men consider the claims of phenomena belonging entirely to the domain of *mind* as alone worthy of their consideration. Too much credit cannot be

umship, which have so long claimed most of their attention, are from their very nature less convincing than any other sort. Indeed, we may be certain that no amount of evidence of this kind will ever convince the world at large of the truth of spirit communion, however convincing it might be to the investigators themselves. For all scientists, and most other intelligent persons outside the ranks of Spiritualism, have well-defined and *to them* satisfactory theories in regard to the subconscious mind that are in their estimation sufficient to account for all such manifestations. It matters not that these theories often call for a greater amount of credulity than the belief of the Spiritualist; they are preferred because they obviate the necessity for overturning previous deep-rooted opinions.

We can conceive of no reason for the indifference of science toward physical phenomena, unless it is because of the prevalent opinion that *all* such are in reality attributable to fraud. If any protest is put forth against such an assumption, we are gravely referred to the proceedings of the Seybert Commission. Now, every fair-minded person that knows anything of the work of that august body knows that, so far from being an impartial and thorough investigation of the subject, it was as great a farce as anything ever perpetrated in the name of Spiritualism. We are unwilling to attribute to our leading scientists a prejudice unworthy the true investigator; yet to pronounce *all* physical phenomena fraudulent without careful investigation is scarcely less unscientific.

Every sincere Spiritualist desires above all things thorough scientific inquiry, but there is nothing that he so indignantly repudiates as a half-way, pseudo-scientific investigation. Thousands of trustworthy and intelligent persons have investi-

If information of any sort can be communicated solely through the movement of inanimate matter, the evidence of an unseen intelligent cause is greater than it could possibly be if such information were communicated through the *mind* of a medium. When a piece of blank paper is placed at such a distance from any person as to render contact impossible, and without being again touched is found after a short time covered with writing or pictures, there is evidence of the presence of some *intelligent* producing cause. When by raps, or by the moving of any object according to a code of signals, questions are answered or messages spelled out, there is also evidence of *intelligence*. When a guitar or other musical instrument is played without the aid of any visible performer, or a heavy body is lifted to the ceiling without being touched by mortal hands, there is likewise a manifestation of *intelligence*. Whence that intelligence proceeds, let our scientists decide, if they can; but it is no answer to say that these things "do not occur," for the veriest child in every Spiritualist home knows that they *do* occur. Even so prominent a scientist as Thomson J. Hudson admits the genuineness of physical phenomena, but he attributes them in some mysterious way to the action of the subconscious mind—an explanation that is far from satisfactory even to those readers who gladly accept it as explaining the phenomena of *trance* mediumship. In fact, it could only be considered as explanatory on the ground that it is possible for the subconscious mind to gather knowledge from those other subconscious minds which belong to persons long since departed from this state of existence; and, if *this* be possible, we have the communication of the dead with the living established, and it makes small difference by what name it is known.

In all cases of so-called spirit-communication the manifesting intelligences unite in asserting that they belong to the spirit-world. It is inconceivable that this should be in any case

Because it has been shown that in some matters of *belief* these intelligences disagree, have we any right to suppose that in a matter that must be perfectly clear to them they are systematically bound together for purposes of deception? While what is legally known as *negative* evidence has absolutely no value, a sufficient amount of cumulative affirmative evidence may carry so much weight as to be tantamount to absolute proof. The value of physical phenomena *to science* lies wholly in the incontrovertible *nature* of its evidence, and not at all in the intrinsic importance of the communications themselves. It matters not, so far as evidence goes, whether these be sensible or foolish, or whether they evince a high or low degree of moral or intellectual worth and progress.

Two distinct classes of communications are received; *viz.*, those of a merely personal nature and those relating to spiritual philosophy. The former of these alone possess value to the scientist, as being susceptible to identification. All the tests given through a trance medium could be given also through purely physical phenomena; and, although the methods would be slower and more laborious, they would, if properly conducted, wholly eliminate the element of fraud, either conscious or unconscious, on the part of the medium, and do away to a great extent with the possibility of hypnotic influence on the part of some mortal—trance work being admittedly hypnotic in its nature, the only difference of opinion being as to the plane of existence occupied by the operator. If the element of fraud or self-deception can thus be eliminated, personal messages and tests must, if capable of corroboration, furnish the most desirable and satisfactory evidence.

Perhaps the most convincing and interesting of all varieties of physical work in this mysterious realm is that of well-conducted *trumpet* manifestations, carried on in well-lighted

fessional. It is not difficult, however, for an alert investigator to take such precautions as shall render deception impossible.

This is also true in regard to *materialization*, despite popular confidence in the ancient trap-door performances; and it is manifestly an insult to any intelligent audience to suppose that so very old and palpable a trick could be practised upon the wide-awake investigators of to-day. Still more is the imputation of fraud an insult to the integrity of those "sensitives" whose gifts are held sacred from publicity, and devoted exclusively to the highest interests of the family circle. The writer has never investigated these phenomena outside the precincts of her own home, but has had rare opportunities for studying different phases of mediumship, both physical and psychical, under the best conditions possible—without the presence of any strangers, the "sensitive" and members of the circle belonging entirely to her own household, and all profoundly interested and impressed with the sacred nature of the manifestations.

It has become the custom among a certain class of Spiritualists, who desire to be thought "advanced," to disparage all physical phenomena indiscriminately, assuming them to be merely the efforts of mischievous or undeveloped spirits. The true seeker after truth, however, does not view them in this light. To him, *all* phenomena are, if genuine, fraught with significance; and, while he knows that the *higher* truths are usually received through inspirational or trance writing and speaking, he also knows that it is not unusual for them to be given through the trumpet or by other physical means.

While the *intrinsic* value of a communication is of no moment to the scientific mind, it is, on the other hand, the only matter for consideration with the Spiritualist. When valuable contributions to our knowledge of spiritual truth come to us, shall we quarrel with the manner of their coming? We have

be able to understand that, where no other means are at hand, even so "utterly foolish and awkward a performance as table-tipping" may serve the same purpose. To the earnest and devout Spiritualist, not the *manner* but the *matter* is significant.

Without doubt the time is approaching when our scientific investigators will be obliged to recognize the claims of physical phenomena as matter for serious consideration. Either Spiritualism is true or there is some other cause for these phenomena. If there is such a thing as levitation, as contradistinguished from gravitation, let them give us the laws of *rising* bodies and reduce them to mathematical formulas. If materialization takes place, let them analyze the material, and tell us what it is composed of and the conditions of its growth. If they find that "spirit pictures" are a reality, let them tell us how it is possible for colors to be precipitated upon paper when no colors have been prepared beforehand, and how beautiful results are obtained without the aid either of mortal hands or spirit forces.

Should they succeed in explaining these things, and many others just as strange, then indeed they may justly claim to have put an end to the Spiritualists' faith in physical phenomena. But until then this faith will continue, for, in spite of all the frauds perpetrated in her name, we know that these things do occur, not at Spiritualist camps alone, not at the rooms of "fake mediums" and at prearranged sittings, but in our own home circles, with no outsiders present, where our children gather with us and where with deepest reverence and in the purest devotion we verily "wait on the Lord" for the "moving of the spirit," knowing that whatever we receive will be that which we most need. No greater mistake could be made in regard to these gatherings, however, than to suppose that some visible or tangible result is always expected; for in

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

COMMENTS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THIS concluding issue of MIND's Eleventh Volume, as was the Summer School Number with which it opened, is minus the usual frontispiece portrait and biographic sketch. Their omission this month has been caused by Mr. Patterson's departure on the lecture tour announced in February MIND; but this very popular feature of the magazine will be continued throughout the next volume. Thus far it has been confined to leaders of the New Thought movement—and the eligible list is by no means yet exhausted; but it has been decided to widen its scope so as to include advanced thinkers of other schools and spheres of activity.

In its advocacy of a higher standard of living, of a broader humanitarianism, and of loftier conceptions of justice and of idealistic effort, MIND is very glad to welcome the coöperation of many writers and teachers not yet identified with the distinctively metaphysical school of thought. And its contemplated public recognition of the most prominent ones among them, in the way suggested, will doubtless be accepted as evidence of their real fellowship with those striving along New Thought lines to promote the spiritual progress of the race. Brotherhood is a fact, not a cult: it is a principle, not a utilitarian device; and the discovery of points of contact between leaders of the different movements having human betterment as their common aim is undoubtedly a part

temporary suspension of Mr. Patterson's lecture trip. After appearing before interested audiences in Washington, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Syracuse, the speaker was obliged to cancel other engagements owing to the pressure of private business matters in New York that will require his personal attention for a few months. In the early autumn, however, the tour will be resumed, and it is probable that the itinerary will be extended to cover many points in the Far West and elsewhere not included in the original program.

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SERIAL ARTICLES.—Beginning with our next issue, and continuing throughout the Twelfth Volume of MIND, a series of essays, bearing the general title of "The Sun Book: An Astro-metaphysical Study," will be contributed by Mr. John Hazelrigg, the well-known astrologer, editor, and author. They will be illustrated with diagrams and charts made from original drawings, and will contain some rational interpretations of Bible stories that will fully explain the correspondence of the astronomico-physical with the astro-spiritual. These valuable papers will not only suggest, but clearly prove to open minds, that the teachings that for centuries have been misshapen to the purposes of dogma, and utilized chiefly as sources of inspiration for theological homiletics, are in reality a scientific treatise on the laws of Nature, and that the Scriptural incidents are but parabolic means of elucidating the various forces in a system of fundamental physics. A prejudice is rapidly growing, even outside the ranks of the New Thought movement, against the insufficiency of orthodox interpretations—a prejudice that has slowly crept adown the aisles of worship until here and there it has touched the pulpit. "It is somewhat humiliating," said the Rev. Samuel Bar-

on literal and materialistic interpretation." Mr. Hazelrigg, in the series here announced, shows the reason for this in the fact that astrology and alchemy—the only sciences that can afford a key to the problem's solution—have perforce continued as objects of intellectual ostracism. These articles will provoke discussion, and the serious attention of our readers is invited to their unique propositions and arguments.

* * *

THE SUMMER SCHOOL LIBRARY.—On the evening of Lincoln's birthday, the first of a series of four concerts given by Mr. Clarence de Vaux-Royer, the eminent violinist, assisted by other distinguished artists, was held in the Myrtle room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in aid of the library fund of the New Thought Summer School at Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y. It was one of the most enjoyable entertainments it has ever been our privilege to attend. Mr. de Vaux-Royer's exquisite violin playing was of course the star feature of the program; but the bass-baritone solos of Mr. John C. Dempsey and the piano selections given by Mr. Howard Brockway were respectively most finished exhibitions of vocal and instrumental art. Mr. de Vaux-Royer opened the concert with Tartini's beautiful sonata in G minor, and Mr. Brockway played a number of his own compositions, including the accompaniment of a "cavatina" and a "romanze" for violin. He also appeared in a pretentious G minor sonata, for violin and piano, composed by himself, in which Mr. de Vaux-Royer was heard at his best.

The remaining concerts will be given respectively on *March* 12th and April 9th and 30th, at 8:15 P.M., at the same place. *In*

contralto; Miss Virginia Bailie and Miss Marguerite Stillwell, pianists.

We regret that we have not space to publish in full the programs yet to be rendered; but lovers of classical music will find that they represent an exceedingly high-class selection. They should be heard by large audiences, not only on account of their artistic quality but for the reason that their purpose is a most worthy one. Local readers of MIND are urged to patronize these entertainments and to invite their friends to do likewise, as an adequate library building is among the greatest needs of the New Thought Summer School and will prove an important adjunct to the movement at large. The price of tickets is \$1.50, or course ticket for the three remaining concerts may be had for \$3.75 upon application at this office.

J. E. M.



EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

To the theologian, scientist, or logician who is concerned exclusively with his own line of thought, the essays of Emerson present very little that is enthusiastically received. Especially to the first class do his writings appear as a fearful and meaningless series of productions. Said an orthodox clergyman, speaking of Emerson's writings: "Indeed, sir, why speak to me of Emerson? He never had and never will have any following. His work is utterly lacking in system—grossly incoherent!" The reverend gentleman's first statement may go unchallenged. Emerson never wrote for a "following"—to found a new sect or an improved organization. He simply obeyed the poet's injunction to "look into your own heart and write." If there were few at that time to whom he appealed, he was satisfied to wait.

He deliberately fails to satisfy us at many points. He abounds in the subtlest suggestions. If we would learn his meaning, we must think for ourselves. He gives us the direction of the path, and the inspiration to start, but the way itself we must follow out alone. And in treading the path marked out we have a kindly and often humorous leader. Of this rare wit and occasional irony of Emerson's style, many readers have spoken. It has been termed "delicious," "gentle," "dignified," but we have yet to find the competent critic who has characterized Emerson's satire as bitter. Throughout his writings he seems incapable of bitterness; and this, we believe, is one secret of their great strength.

This vital, inspiring quality of the essays is everywhere expressed in the most lucid, brilliant, epigrammatic form. The profoundest, most far-reaching philosophy is set before us in one short paragraph or often in a single ringing sentence. Emerson does not explain. He never argues: he affirms. And when all is done we feel that the oracle has spoken—that the word has come from "one having authority."

In all points of style, Emerson has expressed himself. There is, throughout all his essays, no trace of artificiality—not the least striving for effect. His diction is strong because his thought is strong. But, considering the essays as a series, is the clergyman's criticism a true one? Are they "utterly lacking in system—grossly incoherent?" In the literal sense of the word, they are not constructive. In them we can discover no trace of a philosophic or religious system. His ideas frequently seem to be thrown at us helter-skelter, without logical relation to one another. But every paragraph, every sentence, every phrase is in the closest, most consistent relation to the ruling passion—the guiding principle—of his work. The charge of incoherence is not justified. He has not, it is true, analyzed and classified his thoughts; but, as Julian Hawthorne forcefully remarks, "his writings have coherence by virtue of their single-hearted motive."

sonal moral standard. Tendencies toward the ultimate good, which few could discern, he realized with swift spiritual insight. Problems of evil that baffled his powers of penetration he set aside with unruffled calm, and with steadfast faith that they would be eventually worked out for the highest good of all. And he was enabled to take this thoroughly optimistic view of life because, in all his relations and throughout all his writings, he was a consistent idealist. His was not the shallow optimism of the superficial thinker, but was firmly and deeply anchored in the conviction of an ultimate goal toward which Nature and mankind are together traveling. "The soul looketh steadily forward, creating a world always before her, leaving worlds always behind her."

The atmosphere of mysticism that pervades much of Emerson's writing is noticeable even to the most casual reader. If we cannot understand it, if it strikes no responsive chord in our nature, we must be wary of how we question its sanity. "It is often a wordless music . . . it can mean absolutely nothing except to those who have learned its cipher, and whose heart instinctively dances to its tune." As James Russell Lowell says of this quality in Emerson's work, "his mysticism gives us a counterpoise to our super-practicality."

But undoubtedly the most distinguishing characteristic of all his thought is its fearless independence. This we can all alike admire and appreciate. We require no previous initiation. Setting at naught many of the most cherished religious and social traditions of his time, Emerson kept to his own way, and kept to it openly—bidding a cheerful defiance to his clerical associates and orthodox critics. He was ahead of his own time. We are but now beginning to throw off the dragging weights that Emerson, fifty years ago, cast aside as useless impedimenta. The people of his own time were few of them ready to receive the message he brought down from the mountain-top. But every year,

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

RIGHT KNOWLEDGE CREATES RIGHT STANDARDS.

One of the most frequent excuses of a mother whose child is refractory or whose character is unlovely is that she does not know what to do to reform him—she does not know what kind of correction to give. This is undoubtedly true, and is the result of the lack of education for parenthood that this generation is seeking to remedy. Perhaps there never has been a time when so many benevolent and earnest souls were seeking to bring light upon this subject as now. There has never been a time when so much attention was given to child culture and so many valuable articles published in almost every paper and magazine; but still the need exists for a deeper and closer self-examination on the part of the mother (and the father too) as to the necessary qualifications for parental government.

Aside from the necessity, so often emphasized, of being firm and consistent in the edicts issued to the children, as well as

from assimilating that which is harmful. Certainly every mother ought to be well informed on every question pertaining to her son's morals, directly or indirectly, and should make a special study of the effects of ideas, as manifested in the fashions and customs of the day.

One subject constantly discussed in the papers and elsewhere is by many not even known to be under discussion; for example, the feminine fashion of wearing aigrettes, wings, and even whole birds upon hats. Although one can scarcely take up a paper or magazine that does not, in some way, allude to the terrible slaughter of birds and the cruel methods of obtaining them for ornaments, yet many mothers, simply from lack of knowledge or thought, will say nothing against such a fashion nor make any protest when their attention is called to it—for the reason, undoubtedly, that they do not perceive the connection of such a custom with the moral sensibilities of their children. They do not realize that the paramount idea exhibited in this fashion is that of personal adornment alone, with no thought or consideration for the countless bird lives sacrificed for this purpose. If every mother would consider the far-reaching consequences of even one such fashion, she would begin to see the importance of becoming acquainted with the fundamental principle that should be established in the character of every child—if he is to grow up into the thoughtful, humane, considerate, life-loving individual that she certainly wishes him to become.

Vivisection, which is much discussed in humane circles, is a kindred subject. In some cities it is the custom to teach physiology and anatomy by operating in the schoolroom on live animals. The mother who had been aroused to the influence of such a custom would loudly protest and use every influence to have it

the growing child. They will just as surely bear fruit as any other seeds that are taken in and absorbed by the child mind. Every person, and especially every mother and father, should have a vital interest and much determination to participate in the molding of public opinion. Such momentous questions thoroughly discussed and understood in the home would make possible a clearly defined standard that would enable the mother to fortify her child against the encroachment of any influences that would rob him of his finer qualities and humane attributes.

This, then, is the key-note of the home atmosphere—*the forming and expression of right opinions concerning prevailing methods and conditions that are questionable*. If a child is brought up in a home where no decided opinions are expressed, where the “don’t know” consciousness predominates, he will naturally be open to any suggestions that may come to him from the habits and customs of those about him. *It is this negative, ignorant, undecided state that makes a child susceptible to what he sees or hears, and utterly defenseless against it*. If he is taught the clear-cut difference between one line of conduct and another, and understands the consequences of each,—if he *knows in his own being what is right*,—there is no danger of his being influenced or led away by the opposite.

It is, however, not only the letter but the *spirit* of the law that must be cultivated. He must in every way be won to love the good and the beautiful, to understand the relation of things, and to have a tender consideration for life and all creatures. In other words, his love nature must be well developed in order to supplement and fulfil his moral perceptions. You who read this article may be young mothers, or mothers of mature experience, or mothers who have not now the privilege of the tender guidance of childish minds; but, whoever you are, I am sure you will agree that the mother who knows what is best and right is better able to guide her child than the one who does not

time became a mother. She was so eager for all the knowledge that she could gather upon the subject of the child's care-taking and welfare that she knew every detail, it seemed, of preparation and provision for the child's physical, mental, and moral well being, even before it came into the world. Her great eagerness to study all these subjects was a matter of smiling comment among many of her friends of larger experience, and yet they all confessed that so happy and healthy a baby, so perfectly managed and apparently so well disciplined even from the first, they had scarcely ever seen.

As the months have passed, the demonstration of this young mother's knowledge has proved its quality. She knows what to do in every emergency; consequently, she has had really no emergencies to meet. The regular habits, the wholesome and methodical routine of the daily life of the child, have been so even and steady in all their phases that the little thing is growing like a beautiful flower in a well-kept garden, and is indeed an unceasing joy and a well-spring of pleasure in a very happy and beautiful home—and all this because the mother was intelligent and ready to give her *mind, time, and love* to the care and development of the child, not only as to its present needs but as to all contingencies of the future.

What she did any mother can do, and every mother should do. If there is a feeling of helplessness and an inclination to say you "do not know" what to do to correct your child's habits, diligently seek to discover where the lack is. If it is in yourself, remedy it by finding out what you ought to do to correct it, *and do it*. But this matter of preparing him for all emergencies in life is best and most completely accomplished by *studying the subtle effects of influences* upon his individual mind and character. To know what he is likely to meet in his school, social, or business life (if he is old enough to go into business), *acquaint yourself with all subjects of public moment*, so that when any question comes up

FOR THE CHILDREN.

“The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.

“Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His hope with all.”

—*J. G. Whittier.*

•••••
BRIGHT LUNA'S GAME.

Oh, where are you going, dear moon so bright?
You seem to be traveling fast to-night.
Do you journey beyond that cloud so fair?
And aren't you afraid of the great star Bear?

Is your home in the sky as nice as ours?
And do you have music and lovely flowers?
Are the little stars that twinkle so bright
Your little children to help light the night?

You pass behind clouds of gray, purple, and brown,
This way and that way, now up and then down.
Now you stand in a circle of shaded yellow—
A rainbow aura so soft and mellow.

Now into the blue of the sky you float,
Like a silver balloon or a fairy boat.
Now you look at me as if you would say:
“Come up, little friend; come up here and play!”

You seem to be playing at something quite deep;

THE GARDEN OF INNOCENCE.

(*An Allegory.*)

The garden was a delightful place, and the child that played under the trees and gathered the flowers, only to toss them away and gather others, and as he thought more beautiful ones, was fair and lovely to look upon. His joyous laugh and merry songs added yet another touch to the beauty of the surroundings.

The child occasionally looked beyond the garden, and saw in the distance a high mountain, its summit lost amid the clouds. The mountain only slightly interested the child. It was far away, while the garden with its fountains and running streams, its fruits and flowers, was all around.

There was a straight path leading from the gate of the garden to the mountain, and it appeared to run on up the mountain to its summit. This path seemed to have many stones and other obstructions in it, and the child rarely glanced that way. As he grew older, he often looked over the wall that inclosed the garden and wondered what might be found at the end of the many flower-bordered, gently descending paths he could see leading away toward a wood, which seemed to be quite near the garden wall. He could see beautiful fruits on the trees, and birds of brilliant plumage flitting through the branches. He did not know where any of these paths ended, but they were very inviting; and the fact that he had been told that one of them ended in a fearful precipice, and another in a deadly morass, and that some hidden peril was at the end of every one, only added to his curiosity and desire to explore for himself.

He had never been out of the garden except to go a very little way up the path leading to the mountain. Though he found the path much pleasanter than it looked from a distance, still it did not allure him as the forbidden paths that he could not reach except by climbing over the wall.

At length, one day, when he had been sitting on the wall for quite a long time, dangling his feet over on the other side, he

been told him of the dangers of the forbidden paths, he slipped from the wall and started off down the path that he supposed led to the part of the wood from which came the sounds of music and mirth. He could see forms flitting about among the trees; but, instead of coming nearer as he advanced, the sounds of merriment seemed fainter and farther off. Still, there were many interesting things to invite his attention.

After a while he grew hungry, and, seeing a tree covered with large and tempting apples, he stopped to gather one. On taking a bite he found it filled with dust and ashes. He threw the apple away and tried another, with the same result. At last he found a vine covered with large bunches of luscious-looking grapes. He gathered some, and found that the juice burnt his throat and tongue; but soon the taste of the grapes became pleasant and he felt that he could scarcely leave off eating them. Just then a beautiful being flitted by him, and turning her head looked at him over her shoulder, beckoning to him. He sprang up and ran after her, but she kept just ahead, though always luring him on. Just as he put out his hand to grasp hers, a little dog ran across his path. He checked himself in his headlong course, for he loved animals and could not bear to crush the dog. He stumbled and fell. On coming to himself he found he was lying with his feet hanging over a fearful chasm. He looked around for the lovely creature, but she was nowhere to be seen, though he heard mocking laughter that echoed and reëchoed from the chasm. When the little dog came creeping to him and licked his face, the poor bruised and broken youth burst into tears and caressed the little animal that had really saved his life; for, had he not stumbled, he would have been dashed to pieces at the foot of the precipice.

Slowly and painfully he drew himself up, and at last was able to stand. He now resolved to return to the garden. But the way back was long and weary. It did not look like the flowery path down which he had gone so merrily but thorns tore his

dry-looking berries. He stopped and gathered them and found them sweet and juicy. With renewed strength he struggled on, and at last a short distance away saw with joy the garden wall.

He hurried forward, thinking his troubles were nearly over; but, to his dismay and sorrow, he found that a deep stream of dark and muddy water was rushing along where there had been only a bank of soft green moss when he had slid over the wall. Thorns and brambles grew on the bank near him.

Bitterly disappointed, he threw himself down and cried aloud. After a time he took fresh courage and determined to find a way back to the garden. He followed a path that for some distance led by the muddy stream, and from which he could see the garden wall; but, after a time, both garden and stream disappeared and he found himself in a straight path that always led upward. Though often weary, he now had a feeling of safety and happiness he had not known since leaving the garden.

In the distance he could see the mountain, and there were inns along this path where he could get refreshment. Gradually a great feeling of peace came over him. Not all the people he found in these inns were good and pleasant, for they were not all bound for the mountain, as he was, but were wayfarers with no aim except their own selfish pleasure.

But he pressed steadily forward and upward. His character was unfolding, and love for all creatures filled his heart. He never wearied in helping and strengthening the weak or suffering, and when, at last, his pilgrimage ended, he lay down on the mountain-top to rest, a great light shone around and above him; and though the old man's body lay dead on the mountain, his soul was before the throne of God.

DORA V. ANDERSON.



A HASTY WORD.

LITTLE MRS. SILVERSHEEN.

I was by an open window, and the warm sunshine glanced upon my book; for one blind was open. Suddenly I spied a spider that had wisely decided to build there a home. How do you suppose that she knew that flies, her favorite food, would be plentiful there?

Her work proved more entertaining than my book, so I watched the process of web-making, and will tell you something about it.

The spider began on the center of the blind, darting diagonally down to the window-sill. After crossing her very fine threads until they resembled the spokes of a wheel, she then started at the top, or about six inches from the center, where all the strands crossed, resting less than a second on each tiny strand. I dare say she was fastening them so they would not slip; for she left a thread at each spoke, about one inch apart, until she reached the very center.

This did not take nearly so long as it has to write of her interesting work. Now she rested a few moments, and spun some more thread. Ah, my little friends, we've never seen on spools such fine, yet strong, thread; for no *human* being can make it, I'm sure!

Her return journey was destined to be much longer, for she kept near each thread. They were less than a quarter of an inch apart. Her web, or home, was completed when she reached the starting-place.

It was the very finest, filmiest web I ever had seen; and it was so pretty, as the sun shone through its silvery strands! Why, yards and yards of sheerest lace, made from those delicate threads, could be drawn through your small finger-ring!

This pretty home was well suited for little Mrs. Silversheen

for little Mrs. Silversheen. How wonderful indeed are the ways of the tiniest insects!

That very night a hard rainstorm spoiled the home of the pretty little spider; but *perhaps* I'll see her make another!

FANNY L. FANCHER.



A LITTLE ESKIMO.

O little brave boy-sailor in the little furry coat!
 Did you say, my little deary, you would like to take a boat
 And sail o'er shining oceans to the great big Polar Sea?—
 How stiff your little fingers and how cold your toes would be!

But here you're warm and rosy in your little furry coat,
 And outside your sleigh is waiting. Come; *that* shall be your
 boat,
 And Mother'll steer her deary o'er the white and shining snow,
 And play that on the Polar Sea sails a little Eskimo.

Then when within your arctic home you think you'd like to go,
 We'll both of us together make a nice big house of snow;
 We'll build it like an Eskimo's—no windows and one door,
 Through which you'll have to crawl upon your hands and feet—
 all four.

Then for your dinner you can have, instead of meat and bread,
 A little piece of frozen fish, dug from its icy bed,
 While I will prowl around outside and play I was a bear
 And give my little Eskimo inside a little scare.

But when the sun begins to sink, off in the wintry West,

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

MAN VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE. By C. W. Leadbeater. 144 pp. Cloth, \$2.50. John Lane, publisher, New York.

It is probable that C. W. Leadbeater has more practical knowledge of the occult sciences than any other living Theosophist. The finer forces of Nature have been to him a life study, and his conclusions are based upon the facts of personal experience. Coupled with his equipment as a scholar and a linguist, this consideration is chiefly instrumental in commending the writings of this author to educated inquirers. To all such the present volume will come as a revelation. There is no scarcity of theoretical expositions of clairvoyance, but here is a compendium of facts and principles that establish this faculty among the structural features of human life. Through its exercise the individual man's *aura* has been successfully analyzed, described, interpreted, and photographed, and the frontispiece of this book gives twenty-five of the tints and their signification; *i.e.*, the vibratory emotions they represent. It contains, in addition, three diagrams and twenty-two illustrations in colors, which are confirmatory in a high degree of the New Thought teaching concerning the pernicious effects on the thinker of anger, hatred, fear, envy, jealousy, egotism, etc. This work is a most vital and valuable contribution to the literature of occultism, and is commended to all who seek authoritative instruction in the psychic phases of our common life.

A GRAIN OF MADNESS. By Lida A. Churchill. 228 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. The Abbey Press, publishers, New York.

"He who is not born with a grain of madness in his composition is disinherited by heaven. He will be neither poetic nor artistic, nor victorious, nor amorous, nor young." Quoting this ex-

lines. It is distinctly metaphysical in purport, though put forth in an original form and with the peculiarities of expression and directness of statement that are characteristic of this writer. Miss Churchill will be found not less helpful as a teacher in fiction than in the serious work for which she is more widely known, for underlying every scene and incident in "A Grain of Madness" is the earnest but not obtrusive impartation of vital truth. Yet it has no element of dryness—it embraces a background reaching from New England to sunny Italy—and the interest increases as the narrative unfolds. This book is not an addition to the "summer reading" of which an unusually large crop is already threatened by the manufacturers, but is rather a novel with sufficient strength of purpose to prove of perennial charm. J. E. M.



OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE BOOKLETS: "Character-Building Thought Power," "Every Living Creature," and "The Greatest Thing Ever Known." By Ralph Waldo Trine. Per volume, cloth, 35 cents, or the three (in a box) for \$1.00. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers, New York.

ROMANCE OF THE RED STAR. A Biography of the Earth. Anonymous. Cloth, 572 pp. Denver (Col.) Fraternity of Emethachavah, publishers.

SCIENCE OF REGENERATION. By Prof. E. J. Petritsch. 125 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Published by the author at Durango, Col.

SCIENTIFIC BIBLE. Science and Scripture Reconciled. In verse. By Mary A. Hunt. Cloth, 76 pp. F. E. Ormsby & Co., publishers, Chicago.

THE VITAL TOUCH. Poems. By Victor E. Southworth.

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