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THE NEW AND THE OLD

TRUTHS CONSTANTLY CHANGE, but Truth itself never changes, although it takes many forms. Man only approximates truth. Man lives in the World of Form. He discovers truths every day, and as he discovers them he holds them precious to his heart. But the truths of today are not the truths of yesterday nor of tomorrow. Like the child's toy eagerly sought today, used up and cast away on the morrow, so truths have their days of usefulness and their oblivion of disuse. And yet truth itself fits all times and seasons, and never changes a hair's breadth or varies a jot or tittle. It is the same today, yesterday and forever. If this were not so man would have no certainty of permanence or reality.

Man has not reached his final state. His conception of truth is constantly growing, and he is approaching nearer day by day the Real Truth. The conception of truth which the cave dwellers had is not the same as the nomad dwellers of the desert who wandered from Ur of the Chaldees to the fertile valleys of Palestine, and their descendents had a different conception from their ancestors. And so on, throughout the infinite years this old ball of earth has revolved on its axis and been toted around and around the sidereal skies as a subordinate satellite of the King of Light, from which it came when wound, and to which it will return when run down and spent.

Thus truth grows with the growing years, and the literal interpretations of our fathers, though useful in their day, would not be tolerated now, for now different tests are applied to life. Truth is truth because it trues things, and not because of its dogmatic authority. The practical value in the uses of daily life proves the truth of truth. Truth squares things, and makes them real, and trues them into perfection. It must truly answer the problems of thought and life. If it does not then it is not truth to us, though it may possibly be truth to others, or even to us in the future.

Man's conception of God has constantly changed and grown each time a greater God. And yet God, the centre and substance of all truth and all life, never changes, though man build himself a different God each day. A learned Hindu once told me that his

people were greatly richer in spiritual life because they were infinitely richer in their stock of gods, having over three millions of gods for people to choose, so that all who came to market could find their more fitting God and through him reach the Unknown God, the Parabrahm. A fanciful idea, perhaps, but pregnant with the deepest thought.

The intellect has always demanded a sensuous manifestation of God, and failing to obtain it has denied the existence of that which it could not cognize. GOD IS NOT UNDERSTANDABLE, BUT GOD IS KNOWABLE. The heart knows God; the head finds him not. God is a spirit, infinitely above concrete analysis. The soul in its interior flights gains a vision of him but the human mind fails to register it. When the man relies upon the intellect to prove God he passes into agnosticism. A man's interiors must be opened in order to discern God. The external mind can never know God, though it may have belief and faith. The blind man must take on trust what is beyond doubt to the seeing man.

GOD IS TO EVERY MAN WHAT EVERY MAN IS TO GOD,—and something better. God is split up into as many as there are human minds, and the whole makes God, to which some time man will attain, but not while he is man, for in that Great Eternal Day he will be MAN,—man writ large, or super-man.

And Truth is God, and God is Life. All is life. There is no death. What men call death is change. Forms disintegrate. The ensouling life remains. The physical is but the external theatre of the inward and unseen world. Man is the same man after death as before. Death is a chemical, not a moral or mental change. Man's loves and hates do not die, and they remain with him to bless and to curse him,—just as they do here. Memory of the past remains with the man after death as it does before death. He remembers what becomes fixed in his mind as long as the will fixes it, and not longer. But the result of memory is indissolubly fixed upon the character as inherent outworking tendency. This is also true of all his thought, in so far as it is strong and filled by the will. Man is judged by his thoughts and not by his deeds. No outside force or power judges him. He judges himself and the cosmos looks on and agrees, for the man cannot be more than his thought, and that is judgment, and the cosmos, in its absolute, impartial, mathematical processes, weighs and measures the man, and stamps the man, and all the arrogance, or assurance, or subjective imagination in the world will not change it a bit. Man soon learns that fact, and that makes the worst man finally honest with himself, even though at times he may try to fool others. And that honesty is his punishment and hope of final



redemption. Truth cuts like a two-edged sword, but it cuts to cure and not to kill. Only by it can life be saved.

Jesus Christ brought to man a deeper interpretation of truth. Men scoffed at the new and unusual then as now. The illustration on page three shows the new theology of the time in the shape of the boy Jesus reasoning with the old theology of the time, and mystifying them because they could not adapt themselves to the new. History repeats itself. The "regular" schools, the old theology of that day, the established, the powerful, rejected the new, but the common people heard it gladly, and flocked in thousands to the standard of a larger, a richer, and a freer life. The doctors of the law and the learned men could not understand. The senseless babbling of the rabble to them was foolishness. But the common people could see what the wiseacres could not. And the irony of history is that it repeats itself at intervals with slight variation according to the changed degree of cosmical illumination.

We are on the upward arc now. Things are better because cosmical conditions are becoming brighter. Earth swings in a yearly orbit, but that orbit is being swung in a larger one which takes thousands of years to circle, and that orbit in yet another which takes millions of years. And each orbit brings its change of seasons. We are now entering the vernal equinox of the larger cycle.

The illustration on page five shows Columbus before the learned men of his time. The great conservatories of learning at that time were fostered and conducted by the Church. During dark and troublous times the Church kept the lamp of learning filled with oil and burning, and we today are enjoying the priceless heritage left by those holy men, and yet, when Columbus brought to them the newer truth they could not understand. They wisely shake their heads. To these good men who are in the old thought of that day Columbus is crazy, for he controverts the teaching of the old theology that the earth is flat and supported by an elephant who stood on the back of a turtle, which floated in space.

But truth survives though men and systems pass away. The learned men of today, ecclesiastical and scientific, at first scoffed at the modern miracles and new truths of our day. These new facts and discoveries did not come into the systems of the learned men of the schools, for new truth always comes in new and unexpected form. But truth is inherently self conquering, and we have reached a turning point when very many of the greatest scientists and ecclesiastics hesitatingly concede the reality of that which has been a daily fact to millions of the common people, for a generation or more. The reality of the soul life, the continuity of consciousness and personality, the power



of mind over matter, the ultimate tangibility of thought, the unity of mankind and all created things, the presence of life and mind in all matter, the universality and the immanence of God,—these are some phases of the new theology.

It sprung from the common people. It grew from the common earth. As of old, when it cannot be ignored and destroyed it will be endorsed and accepted,—and appropriated.

TOLERANCE is growing apace among all peoples. The western nations have never been as sympathetically tolerant, so truly catholic and universal, or so kindly comprehensive, in their religions as the peoples of India, China and Japan. The character of Jehovah as a "jealous god" was stamped upon the Christian God. Even today, with all our progress in the spirit of tolerance, it is far too common to find people who oppose with more or less violence, all views but the particular school they follow. Evangelical Christians are often too strenuous in championing their views and in denouncing the more liberal position which they do not understand. Christian Scientists are very careful to both publicly and privately separate themselves from other similar or almost identical methods of healing. Theosophists, Spiritualists, New Thinkers, &c., as a rule are quite particular to accentuate differences rather than similarities. And yet great progress has been made, and better and more tolerant times are ahead of us. It is sincerely hoped that our readers will bring with them, when perusing these pages, a large degree of sympathetic tolerance. What we do not endorse or understand we do not need to condemn. Pass it by. Drop it out of the mind. But do not oppose or condemn.

IF A MAN has inherited tendencies to wrong thinking which result in sickness all he needs to do is to start the healing forces into operation by right thinking. It may take a little time to alter the constitution of the mind, and to alter thereby the body, but if he keeps in the right mental attitude the life forces will operate in the body to create health. *Think health:* keep the mind sweet, fill it with thoughts of love and good will; attune the harp of the mind to charity and faith in God and man; live the benign life; let Christ come into the heart and shine out of the eyes; keep poised in sweetness and truth. Then will inherited tendencies be thwarted, and the life of the body be as the life of the soul. Is this hard? No, it is easy. Try it and thou shalt see.

WHAT PEOPLE NEED to make their lives sweet and prosperous is clear, concise and noble thinking. This magazine, dear reader, will help you in that direction.



WALT WHITMAN

WHITMAN was about fifty-five years of age when the above portrait was made. At that time he was at the national capital. Opinions differ very widely regarding Whitman's genius, some, like Dr. Richard M. Bucke, of Philadelphia, believing him be almost a god, while others believe him destitute of genius or talent. We easily go to extremes. That is how we grow. Judge for yourself, and perhaps whatever conclusion you arrive at will be the truth,—to you.

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for knowledge and objects curious ;
And for love, sweet love—But praise ! O praise and praise,
For the sure-enwinding arms of cold-enfolding Death.

* * * * *

Approach, encompassing Death—strong Deliveress !
 When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
 Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

* * * * *

The night, in silence, under many a star ;
 The ocean shore, the husky, whispering wave, whose voice I know ;
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled Death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song !
 Over the rising and sinking waves—over the myriad fields and the
 prairies wide,
 Over the dense-packed cities all, and the teeming wharves and ways,
 I float this carol with joy to thee, O Death !

I celebrate myself, and I sing myself,
 And what I assume you shall assume,
 For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
 I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
 Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their
 parents the same,
 I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
 Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
 Retiring back awhile sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
 I harbor for good or bad, permit to speak at every hazard,
 Nature without check and original energy.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-
 contain'd,
 I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
 They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
 They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
 Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning
 things,
 Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of
 years ago,
 Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

So they show their relations to me and I accept them,
 They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their
 possession.

I wonder where they get those tokens,
 Did I pass that way huge times ago and negligently drop them?



THIS PORTRAIT OF MRS. ANNIE BESANT represents her as she appeared before Boston audiences in September 1907. Mrs. Besant has written a number of important works on the nature and destiny of man, among which are, "Ancient Wisdom," which is a popularized synopsis of much of the ancient knowledge; "Esoteric Christianity," showing the Gnostic view of Christ and the Universe, worth considering even though one does not wish to follow; "Four Great Religions," "The Pedigree of Man," etc. We shall have occasion, at various times, to quote liberally from Mrs. Besant's writings, without endorsing or taking issue. Judge for yourself; take the good; leave what seems to you to be evil.

THE CONSECRATED LIFE



WHEN MAN GOES IT ALONE HE GOES IT BLIND!

When he finds God and goes with him he has the light. Arrogance, self-conceit and self-inflation closes the door in man's soul which opens God-ward and opens it man-ward. When he shuts out the supernal light from on high he becomes blinded by the garish light which shines below. Then sickness and suffering come to the individual, and by hereditary tendency to the race.

We are living in the ascending arc of life. It is within the power of all to overcome this hereditary race tendency. Right thinking will do it. To get right thinking we must get God. We do not find him in books, in psalteries, in churches, in schools, in philosophical or theological systems, or in any thing under the sun. We find him in the human heart, and we hear his voice in the silence of meditation and soul communion, wherever we may be, when that point of contact comes, whether in the busy marts of trade, the secluded forest, the family circle, the house of worship. Wherever we are, God is, and he is always ready. The preparation must come on our side. A pure and humble mind, obedient to him, true to our highest calling, full of faith in God and man, and filled with the spirit of sympathy and compassion for every living creature, great and small.

Perhaps we may not reach the heights at once. Never mind. Climb as high as you can in faith, and the path will open out. Meanwhile as we climb higher we shall breathe the finer air of the soul life, and our vision will have ever broadening vistas of the heavenly kingdom. Is this mere exaltation, transcendentalism, supersensible? It is spiritual and idealistic, but it is none the less reasonable and practical. In the higher flights of the soul it catches a view of real values and real relationships which the grovelling soul does not see. It is eminently practical. The spiritualized life is the only practical life. And it is possible to all.

BEGIN NOW! Try it, and you will see the desert of life blossom as the rose, and the flowers at your feet, and the birds in the air above you, will cry out with joyful recognition, and sing alleluias of praise to the arisen Christ within your heart.

Little Children, come up Higher; come where the roses bloom and the nightingale sings her song. Come into the beautiful sunlight and reach up into the beautiful blue sky. Leave the dismal and murky valleys and consecrate yourself to the Life Beautiful by living in the Inner Heights of Pure and Blessed Thought.

A MAN CAN FOOL HIMSELF easier than he can fool the world. "A man passes for what he is worth." The very stones in the street know your value, and the chimney pots wink to themselves.



ANIMALS HAVE SOULS, but not like men. Vegetable lives and mineral lives have souls, but not the same kind for each kingdom of nature. Everything that loves has soul, and everything that lives has love, and everything that exists has life, and all things exist. The measure of love measures the quality of soul, and the kind denotes the kind or order of souls. The animals love. They would love man more and be more friendly to him if he would be more kind to them. And they would help and protect man.

Squirrels, doves, sparrows, and all the wild animals become tame and love man, when he gives them a chance. On Boston Common there are hundreds of squirrels who scamper about people in

the most friendly squirrel way, and take nuts from the hand. They are not afraid. "There is a Law," and the guardians of the peace are watchful. In the adjoining Public Garden it is quite common to see flocks of doves eating from people's hands and perching upon their shoulders, and when the food is not forthcoming they will look into the face and chirp and twitter appealingly for more. The animals read our faces.

In the Higher Life the animals and man are friends, and the daisies they talk to him, and say "Good Morning," or "It's a fine day," or "It's going to rain." Did n't you ever hear them talk so, dear reader? Ah, what a world you've missed. Come with us, and learn their charming little language.


It is the language of the Heart, and the Soul, and the Inner Spiritual Life. Come with us and thou shalt gain this Inner Consciousness in Great Abundance and Exceeding Joy.

PEOPLE BREATHE TOO LITTLE. Deep, regular breathing raises the vitality and restores the mind. Short, irregular breathing dissipates the physical and mental forces. Deep breathing will drive away feelings of depression. Try it when you feel that way, and note the immediate change in mood. Take deep, full, steady breaths, slowly raising the breast toward the chin, hold the breath for a moment, then exhale as slowly as you inhaled. To breathe is to inspire. Life and vitality come into the man's system as he distends his lungs. Infinite life is in the air. From the lungs it passes through the entire system and into the brain, and a man is constantly renewed and exalted thereby. Try this, and you will see that deep, diaphragmatic breathing gives health and vitality to the whole man. More on this subject later.

COME WITH US, dear reader, for a twelve month. We will take you into beautiful new paths of thought and spiritual feeling. We will broaden your horizon. We will lead you to the effulgent splendor of the rising sun. We will take you to the mountain heights of spiritual experience, and show you cities and plains, and the Spirit of Love o'er brooding all. Come with us.

MAN'S FEELINGS AND THOUGHTS need never control him. He can always control them if he will, and turn the energy which would otherwise destroy into creative and ennobling spiritual forces. The real man is far above the mind of man and his body. The body never should affect the man. The body is the kingdom of the soul. Shall the sovereign abdicate and delegate his powers and duties to his slaves? Then will passion rule, and lust and ignorance be set in high places.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

HOUGHT IS FORCE. It moves things. Without thought as a mover things would stop and inertia would ensue. But no *thing* can be moved unless some other thing moves it. Something substantial and real must impinge upon an object to make it move. Thoughts are things. Thoughts are substances. Thoughts are forces.

What moves thought? The will. What moves the will to move the thought? Other thought,—a prior thought. And what moved that prior thought? The will. And so on ad infinitum. No man has ever found the final cause of things. Life is a circle.

Physical objects operate upon the will (imagination); the will starts thought into being; the thought reacts upon the will and moves it; and then the will acts upon the physical body to move the physical body. And the process is infinitely repeated. Life is a circle revolving in spiral within a larger circle.

Life is the result of Thought. Life is Crystallized and Projected Thought. Physical objects of themselves do not make joy or sorrow, but the train of thought does which they engender in the mind. The same physical object makes a different train of thought in each mind which cognizes it. To one mind it makes pleasure and another pain, and in yet another mind it produces indifference. It is not so much in the physical thing as in the mind wherein good and evil reside and the consequent pleasure and pain.

Now as a matter of fact man may have little control over the physical object. It may be in the possession of another who will not alter it to suit us; it may be in our possession but beyond our power to alter; or it may be in the sky where no man may alter it but God. But our mind is within us, and always in our power to alter as we will. And it is the mind that suffers or enjoys; it is the mind wherein sensation is; it is the mind wherein man lives and has his being. Phenomena has no reality, no permanence, no substance to man, for his objective intervenes, and the objective is in the nature of illusion. The mind is man's external selfhood, and things which he senses are moulded by it. We call the mind itself as a reasoner the subjective mind, the sensing of external objects the objective mind, and phenomena that ultimate real thing which man contacts only through his objective-subjective covering which we call the person, the contacting of which is in the nature of imagination and illusion, though there is a basis of reality to the objective which we call phenomena, or the ultimate real material object, the contact with which by man we call the objective, which makes the personal human thinking, or mind, or life.

The mind, then, is the man, (the human man) and the object should be to control the mind and not try and control the external objects which are to man what he thinks them to be. A drenching shower will cause sorrow to the farmer's wife who plans to go for berries and cannot go because she would become wet to the skin and bedrabbled with mud, but it gladdens the farmer who sees the wilting corn and beans revive as they drink the water in mouthfuls, and the parched ground sing a song of joy as the rain closes the gaping wounds caused by torturing sun. It depends upon circumstances and the state of the mind at the time. The shower is neither good nor bad. A thunder storm will terrify one person and fill another with feelings of lofty emotion. The difference is in the mind and not in the object or the phenomena.

We can control the mind and make it what we want to make it. The real man himself is not the mind but far above it. His will can mould his mind by holding it in shape by a thought, and after a while the mind will automatically take those shapes itself into which it has been moulded. The tendencies of the mind now,—what we call a man's character, his proclivities, his bent, his disposition, his temperament—these are with the man because of previous thinking. If he finds he has a stock on hand of injurious mental tendencies he can educate them, and alter them, into any shape he desires.

THE MIND IS THE MOST PLASTIC THING IN THE WORLD, and the easiest moulded, though at the same time, like a moulded piece of india rubber, it will return to its original shape when the pressure is removed. But not so much. Every impression of the will upon it moulds it some to that impression. Continued holding it and moulding it in a desired form will permanently alter it in the desired direction. Thus has every characteristic of the man been made in the past.

Heredity? Yes, but heredity can be changed. It is the collective or social hereditary belief in the power of heredity which had made people believe they could not improve themselves. Heredity is external more than internal, and a man can even change the shape and size of his skull by thinking, and it is conceded by all physiologists and psychologists that he increases the convolutions and quality of the brain matter by deep and continued thinking.

NO MAN KNOWS WHAT HE CAN DO UNTIL HE TRIES, AND NO MAN TRULY TRIES TILL HE DOES THE BEST THAT'S IN HIM. No heredity can stop a man from climbing and growing if he will to do so. The will operates in a man's mind, and by constant and intelligent ap-

plication of the will in fashioning thoughts of power, growth and success he can accomplish anything.

MEN HAVE BEEN CHAINED IN THE DUNGEON OF DESPAIR TO THE ROCK OF INDIFFERENCE BY THEIR BELIEFS IN HEREDITARY INCAPACITY.

ARE YOU IN HARMONY WITH GOD, or are you in opposition to him? What do we mean by that? Are you pulling yourself up and along to catch on to the train of the infinite potentialities about you, or are you allowing the procession to pass by and not joining in? The race is entering upon an era of great mental and moral unfoldment. It is also entering a period of great moral degradation and mental perversion. There are two tendencies,—two armies marching in opposite directions. Every man has the freedom to join one movement or the other,—according to his inclination. This is a meeting of the years, a summing up, a balancing and a beginning. To those who take the one path there shall be unfolded powers of the soul for blessedness and beneficence which we today can but faintly conceive. Those who follow the other path may easily reach a state of degradation involving suffering and self destruction. These are wondrous times. A man is privileged to live in these days. We are entering a new era. The old has passed away. Its accounts have been settled. It is now a matter of record. A new book has been opened. This is a new dispensation. Fortunate we are that we were born for this day. It is our privilege to work in the early days for the coming kingdom. Paul and Barnabas, and Peter, James and John were not more fortunate. Within the masks of outer personal illusion are great souls today whom we do not so readily recognize because of close proximity. The world had to revolve for hundreds of years before it could get far enough away to see the great men of old. And now we wonder why men did not fall down and worship them at the time. It would not have been best, their work would have been impeded. We often entertain angels unawares.

This magazine has nought to do with the evil. Its mission is to build up the good. Come with us. It is beautiful; it is serene; it is altogether lovely. We will show you the way to the life supreme, the life supernal, the life celestial. Come with us.

LIFE'S HISTORY shows what a long and dubious road man has travelled in his search for health and happiness when he follows his carnal instincts. God-knowledge makes the journey short and easy. God means good and truth. God means health and abundance. God means mental poise and power through training the soul powers of the man which are within.

THE HOME OF THE SOUL

I HAVE BEEN to the home of the soul in the Land Beyond. I have been in some of the Many Mansions in that Place Prepared, and I am going to tell you of them. The Soul is the master there. It is at home there. It has possession, and things are pleasant for it. But the home is in the Soul, as well as the Soul being in the home. It has no walls to shut out light, but it has Eyes that can see, not only the near but also the far, not only the earth and the sea but also the stars and the far, central suns; not only the large but also the minute, not only material things, but also thoughts. It has Ears that can hear the softest sigh in the farthest sphere, and the tiniest throb of a pulsing love. It has an organ of Smell so subtle that it can sense the presence of a thought before it comes, or the perfume or stench of a sentiment unuttered. It has a discriminating Taste that enables the Soul to take at once the good and find it joy and reject the evil because it is unpleasant. It has organs of Feeling that relates the Soul to all life and power and give it capacities of enjoyment infinitely great and sweet.

These organs are in the Home, and in the Soul. In earth life we had developed five organs of sensation in the house of the Soul, and had begun to teach the "third eye," the lost pineal gland, to sense new things. We had already begun to give our wooden and clay houses organs that connected them with the world; for we had the Ear called the telephone, the two Eyes of light, and books, the insipidity of Taste, and the Feeling that was beginning to prove things, and naturally to find most of them unpleasant.

But in that far Home of the Soul they have these things fully developed. Moreover, there are none homeless there, for the Soul has come to its own, neither are there any poor. There are no masters, for all are great. There is no literature, for the Soul has learned to know and feel all things, and so requires none. There is no art, for the Soul has learned to express itself, and that expression is natural. There are no cumbersome machines, for the Soul can almost touch power for itself, and the Soul is sufficient.

And is there parting in that Home of the Soul? Oh, yes. When Souls are in accord they are together; when they do not touch they are apart. They grow together, and they grow apart, and they also grow together again.

But the Soul is hospitable. It spreads a continual feast for its beloved, and it calls them from all the worlds; and that feast, dear friends, is Love.

LOVE AND TRUTH

GOD IS LOVE. Over and above everything else, God is love. Man reaches God only through love. Truth leads man to love; if it does not then it is very impartial truth,—almost no truth at all, but error. All forms of human love are but inadequate expressions of the divine love, and the more those human loves are cultivated the more do we become filled with the higher love.

This does not mean that truth is nought, for truth is the expression of love. Real truth is born from love; falsity comes from the absence of love. And this is because love is unifying and hatred is separative. One is spirit and the other is matter. And the two are a one, but in the final analysis love is supreme and truth is swallowed up in love as matter is in spirit.

If you would reach God, and know more of God, then learn to love. When you love God's creatures and God's universe you are loving God himself. Love something, and love it to the uttermost; then grow your love into something larger and love that. The instinctive sexual love of the animals is but the beginning of that larger measure of love that shall some day encompass the universe, and become at one with the universal oversoul of love, with God himself.

The sociability of the birds is the genesis of the sociability of man. We are all brethren. Sociability ripens into friendship, and then into conjugal and parental loves, and then step by step upward to God.



Unselfishness is the basis of love,—the doing something for others. By this we draw them to us. The mother bird who leaves the nest in early morning and hunts for food for her brood is reaching out toward the infinite source of life,—toward God, the Infinite Spirit of Love who is drawing all things toward him. And if the birds can manifest so beautifully the spirit of affection, devotion and unselfish love, how much more ought the higher orders of life to manifest it. With the birds it is instinctive, maybe; with man it is intuitive. With neither is it in the understanding, for we cannot by thinking learn to love, although by loving we may learn to think. Besides, we may fill our thoughts with love and send them out as vehicles to bring love to others. But thinking of itself, without that finer quality of love, will never bring us to God or to love. And yet man must think. But loving is more than thinking.

IS RELIGION REVEALED? Yes, revealed within a man. Was it revealed to prophets of old who told others the message of God's word? Yes, but unless the word of God through the prophets awakened a responsive word within the hearer, then there was no revelation. Revelation is always within, but the outward word often awakens into life the inward word. But only the inward word is revelation. Has revelation stopped? No, revelation is the great continuous performance of cosmical life.

THE CHRISTIAN BIBLE? Yes. I would say that nothing can go ahead of the Christian scriptures for inspiration and a source of inspiration. The Vedas? Yes, probably the same statement would apply to them, but I am not so well acquainted with them as with the dear old Bible, which has been such a source of consolation in grief and of exaltation in joy. Is the Bible inspired? Yes. Exclusively so? No. Especially so? Yes. Is it the Word of God? Not all of it. Does it contain the Word of God? Yes. Are there other bibles? Likely. Sacred scriptures of all ages and peoples? Yes, God is not a little fellow. He is not exclusively a Christian God. Far from it. He is the God of all creation, and his love is too broad and too deep to be confined to any ism or any book. Glory be to God on High! Allah illa Allah! Om mani padme Aum! Sounds different? Yes, but the difference is in the sound, not in the inner spirit of devotion and aspiration. That is identical. Let us reach the inner spirit of things and not be satisfied with the husks of things. Let us leave the swine-feed and return to our Father's house, where the fatted calf and the feast of good things are prepared. He is calling for his Prodigal Son,—for you and for me,—will you come? How come? By entering the Inner Chamber of the Heart. Come with us!

OPPORTUNITY AND SUCCESS

TRUE GENIUS consists in recognizing and profiting by opportunity as it comes to us. Man does not need to go after opportunity. It goes after him. The unsuccessful man turns his back to it when it comes; the successful man embraces it. There is a constant influx and efflux in the life of man. Things are all the whiles coming and going with him. Swirling, and swishing, and surging into and out of his being is a sea of life which contains myriads of things, both good and bad. Many of these things which come to him are opportunities. The wise man grasps them and holds them for the whiles till better ones come,—for the wise man is always climbing to better things. The foolish man allows them to pass him by, and wonders why others are successful and he a failure.

Opportunities do not always come pleasantly. They are more liable to come unpleasantly, even as severe experiences. The brave man turns failure into success, disappointment into victory. To such a man failure and deprivation was but the school, the needed discipline, the preparation for success. He was succeeding all the time. Every honest effort is pregnant with success. The weak man gives up and loses, while the brave man overrides difficulties and reaches his object despite the ups and downs of life, like the staunch ship that reaches port though tempest tossed. True to its purpose it forges ahead, and cuts the waves in two even as it is forced up and down on the heaving bosom of the waters of the mighty deep.

The man who fails to keep his purpose true despite all difficulties of time and tide, flounders about and his bark of life is tossed about aimlessly, without rudder or compass, and eventually destroyed by the very forces of wind and water which have brought the purposeful man forward. Then do not talk about fate, or luck, or chance overcoming a man. There is no luck or chance outside a man's own will, and he can will his will as he will.

The same opportunities of wind and sun, tides and seasons, come to all alike. God is no respecter of persons. Salvation and success lie with the man, and not with God. He helps man on and brings him into port if man brings to God the right qualities of noble endeavor and determination. The man himself must make a man. Then God will crown the man with glory. Thus the man must recognize the good things of life that are all about him and truly utilize them. Then he will reach the goal.

The key which unlocks the storehouse of life's riches, the magic wand which strikes the rock and makes the waters flow, is optimism.

Optimism is faith and purpose. Hopefulness, buoyancy, trustfulness, added to concentration, purpose and determination, will carry man to the farthest star and bring him into the largest life of the soul, and into riches transcending Solomon's Temple. Doubt, vacillation, discouragement, these doom man to failure and nothingness. No thing that comes to the strong man can thwart him or pull him down. All things which come to the weak man tend to injure him. It is not in the thing but in the man, not in the circumstances and conditions of life, but the use made of them, which brings a man up and not down.

LIFE IS NEVER DOWN. It is always going forward, for it is God's universe, and God spells infinite progress and unfolding. It is the man himself who is down or up, and that depends upon the man and not the world. If the man leaves the stream and darts into a shelving eddy or stagnant pool he cannot complain if others go swimming by. The stream is always running to the sea. "The brook goes on forever." It is not the fault of the stream of life if man dams up his energies in a sluggish pool of vacillation and inertia, backing and filling, halting and starting, pointing everywhere and going nowhere. He must get out into the stream of cosmic life and opportunity. Many leave this stream because of the adverse currents and seek a sheltered nook away from the roughness and the jolting. Bah! it is such roughness and jolting that makes a man of a man. Join the crowd, enter the fight,—there's as good stuff in you as anybody. Bring it out to the surface. If you are knocked down get up again, shake hands with the other fellow, belt on to your physiognomy the smile that won't come off, and—do it again. And again and again if necessary. Never acknowledge you're beat. You never are beat till you think so, and then you are a pitiful object indeed. If you keep it up you'll conquer. You *are* conquering all the time. And the man who looks forward and fights fair ahead will win out, golden opportunities will crowd upon him, and success will place him on the front seat of the band wagon, at the head of the procession, receiving the plaudits of an admiring crowd.

Opportunities are everywhere. Each twenty-four hours has countless opportunities for improvement. People fail to recognize them when they come. They are looking away, off somewhere to some distant object, and neglecting the little things of life which bring the big things, like the tiny acorn which brings the great oak into being. And as in the case of the oak tree one must work and work with their purpose in view even when the seed is out of sight germinating in the dark.

Nothing stops. Everything grows. It grows toward beautiful flowers and grain or toward weeds and thorns. The kind word, the encouraging smile, the hopeful look, these attitudes with which we greet our shop mates, our business and social acquaintances, our family,—these are seeds. They grow. The mind of man is a garden. Each thought is a seed. Happy thoughts bring forth fruit after their own kind. Unhappy thoughts reproduce their kind. We start vibrations by every thought and word. These thought and word seeds are opportunities, and they will lead us on and on, through the small things of life, which make up the daily toil or recreation, into the larger capacities of the soul.

Attitudes of benignancy train the will in sweetness and quality of tone. But the will must be trained in strength of purpose as well, and the understanding must be cultivated into intelligent discrimination. These are all necessary in order to enable the man to improve his opportunities, and this cultivation takes place when man grasps every opportunity that offers to keep optimistic and express sweetness and joy of life. And this sweetness, with intelligent direction, leads to success. It *is* success, and it is opportunity for greater success.

The man who puts conscience, integrity, thoroughness, into the task in hand is truly improving his opportunities, whether that opportunity is placing a stone in the pavement or managing a modern industrial enterprise. **THE BEST IN A MAN IS OPPORTUNITY.** And this leads to better and better yet. If a man's goal seems far away (and every man ought to have a goal far above his present possibilities) he reaches that goal by doing the daily task in a noble and thorough manner, and keeping his eyes open to improve when the opportunity offers.

And that opportunity is Providence. Providence is not an empty generality as some treat it. It is an Overruling Providing, as we shall hope to show in subsequent issues of this magazine. Opportunity consists in recognizing providence when it comes our way, and in not trying to override or thwart it. You cannot permanently override providence, although you may seem to thwart it for the time. There is an overruling providence that arranges, "rough hew them as we may." When man learns to get in harmony with those things he is poised and carried on the crest of the wave to success.

This does not mean that we should lie down and wait for providence to do the work. No Car of Juggernaut will ride rougher over a man than providence will in this case, for man cannot lie still,—he must work or be crushed. Success comes through learning to properly work with all things provided for us. These are our opportunities

which, when grasped, make our lives richer. To truly do this we must have equanimity and faith. This is poise, and poise is the swing of the soul in the orbit of opportunity.

DON'T TALK to men over their heads, or under their feet, or into their stomachs. Talk into their eyes and understanding. Too much preachment nowadays overshoots or falls short of the mark.

THEOLOGY is not a dry, and stale, and hard substance. It is not about something afar off or in the future. It is essentially the present, the now. It is not so much about God as it is about man, for you cannot really separate the two, and for us humans the man is by far the most immediate proposition and pressing problem. No wonder people balk at the word theology. It smells of dry and musty books and long disquisitions on abstruse and uninteresting topics. But this is all wrong. The nearest thing to man in all the world is God. The most pressing obligation in life is to learn of God. And this knowledge of God does not come so much from books as from life, from the heart of man. And yet THE WORD is necessary also so we may understand life fully. Theology is Life. It is life in the present, it is life in the past, it is LIFE EVERLASTING.

MECKNESS is not weakness. Meekness is POWER. The most powerful are truly meek. Arrogance is always pretension. Meekness is realization and sweetness. By the way, realization always is sweetness and true sweetness a sign of realization.

SELF CURE is the only real and permanent cure. If you employ a metaphysician, or a mental healer, or a drug doctor to cure you they but show you the way. The physical body is seeking health all the time, even while the man is trying to destroy it. And the body cures itself when given a chance. The cure is within.

THE FIRST THING a man must do in his journey toward God is to get rid of his ugly pack of self-righteousness.

THE MAN who is the farthest removed from the kingdom of heaven is often the man who believes he is especially elected as a life incumbent of the throne of grace. And yet the true doctrine of election and predestination is very beautiful and very practical when seen from the view point of the new theology, as we hope to have the privilege of showing in an interesting and popular manner in the pages of this magazine later on. Ours is not an emasculated or perverted doctrine either, but the original teaching presented in modern and different phraseology. Whether you belong to the new or the old you will find the exposition interesting, and we hope profitable at the same time.

HARMONY AND HEALTH



WHEN unpleasant and inharmonious thoughts come into our mind we have power to reject them. We may shut them out of our mind and they cease to exist as far as we are concerned. We shut the door upon them as we shut the door upon the wintry wind, the swirling snow and the tearing tempest. Man has the same power to keep undesirable thoughts out of his mind as he has to keep undesirable weather out of his house. He has the more power over the mind.

Those persons who have not learned to control the mental processes leave the windows and doors of the mind wide open and they entertain every passing visitor who comes along, be he a tramp who carries with him an atmosphere of brutality and inanity, or the cultivated man with his different atmosphere. We absorb our friends. We draw food from our thoughts.

Man's mind is a magnet. It draws thoughts from the thought world about him of the same quality of vibration as the magnet. To change the inharmonious and painful thoughts which come into his mind to harmonious and pleasant ones all he need do is to alter the character of the vibrations of his magnet. To do this he must start the dynamic energy of his will to a higher tension, from the low, the sordid and the mean, to the high, the pure and the noble. These higher thoughts will attract still higher thoughts, and these higher thoughts will so alter the voltage of his electro-magnet that the discord will not come to him, but instead the regular, synchronous, peaceful currents will come into the magnet and be thrown out from it into the surrounding atmosphere. The atmosphere is full of objects, great and small, seen and unseen. They are each dynamic centres of torsion and tension, tightening and loosening, attracting and repelling, and man's dynamo affects them and they it, and it is only because of the positive impelling force of the personal inherent will at the centre of being in each separate form of life that each is not pulled apart and destroyed. In fact this does happen when the life force is spent and the clock has run down. This we call death. It is life renewal and re-formation.

All things feel, and they vibrate metrically with things about them. The vital organs of the human body, such as the lungs, the heart and the stomach, are directly affected by thoughts and feelings. We all know that a man's digestion is retarded or accelerated by the state of his mind. Feelings of depression, of anger, of envy, run like the electric current along every nerve and check the normal action of every cell in the body, turning sweetness into acid and

structural growth into decay. The health fluid from the sun, which flows through man and keeps the vital functions in proper order, is checked in its normal course, and the system suffers from deprivation of its accustomed nourishment. Sickness is but the demand of some function which has been retarded, demanding more of this health fluid, asking for its normal supply. The mind controls the flow of this health giving substance. Every thought affects it for good or ill. All illness is because of its inharmonious flowing through certain organs. It can be made harmonious and healthy by the right kind of thoughts.

Pain is but the struggle of the body for equilibrium of forces. Sickness is inequilibrium. Wrong thinking throws the vital processes out of equilibrium. Then the pain comes to call our attention to it. If the pain did not come we might not know we were sick, and we would die without warning or chance to recover. Blessed pain! Pain signifies that there is something wrong with the body, and with the mind as the seat and centre of the body. The cure is not in medicine, but in thought,—true, sweet and noble thinking.

People today are unbalanced. They go to extremes, in business and social life. They concentrate their energies too much in a few especial directions. This produces an uneven flow of the health fluids of the body. Too much is centred in some parts and not enough in others. This unevenness makes it as bad for the surfeited as for the impoverished vital functions, and inharmony and pain results. Where a man has been drawing too much to one point through excessive thinking in one direction he must draw off his thoughts for awhile and let his mind attain equilibrium, by entering into the sanctuary of the Silence.

Sickness, however, is not so much caused by excessive thinking as by inefficient thinking. Those who hardly think at all are often sick. But what little they do think makes them sick, and they need an antidote thought to neutralize the poison.

MAN has a passive and receptive side and an active and expressive side. The first is silence, the other is sound. By going into the silence and listening to the voice of God the door of the passive side is opened wider, and man's being is filled with the divine, and he is God-controlled. But if he neglects to turn to this passive side for inspiration, and tries to manage his life alone without God's help he pampers the carnal self and is led into blindness and sin, with its consequent sorrow and suffering. Then it may be said that he is man-controlled. Man alone can never find the way. He must unite with God.

THE IDEAL WORLD

ALL IDEAS ARE IN THE SUBJECTIVE MIND, but the seed which causes that idea to grow there is planted by the objective. Some external impression upon the subjective, coming from without, starts the will into operation. That operates to stir into action the mental objects in the mind. From this exercise of the mind an idea is produced from the more interior subjective mind (generated by friction, which causes vortex, which is in-filled from above). Ideas come from the above, or the more interior subjective mind. They are sublimated thought, or more correctly, perhaps, a more spiritualized degree or form of thought.

It must be borne in mind that the ideas themselves come from within and not from without, and that no matter how much a man opens his mind to the impressions and thoughts of the external world ideas will not follow unless he reaches upward to the plane of ideas. In fact he will lose the ability to generate ideas if he turns his attention to the without to an undue degree.

Ideas will not make themselves tangible in the mind unless we seek them and cherish them. They are more difficult to detain than thoughts because they are less definite and tangible to man here, who necessarily functions on a more dense plane of matter, that of the physical and external. That is why ideas are so sublimated: because the plane of ideas is of finer matter than the thought plane. On its plane, however, the idea is far more tangible, and definite, and real, and substantial, than any thought is, as every thought, upon its own plane, when the physical has been sloughed off the man, is far more real and substantial than physical objects are to us now.

To bring ideas down from their plane to the thought plane, where the normal man functions, the mind must be brought as far as possible en rapport with that higher plane. It is necessary to have an open and receptive mind to that plane. Quietness, receptivity, retirement from external, mechanical thinking into the inner intuitive thinking of the subjective mind, shutting out the physical noises and vibrations of the external, physical, mechanical mind, is the attitude which must be taken.

Physical exercise, and contact with external surroundings alone, puts into use only the most external, or what is called the objective, mind. This is mechanical and consists of mere automatic repetitions, and is not constructive in its nature or penetrating in its quality. It is on the surface of things. Its exercise does not stir the deep waters of the soul. When the man thinks deeply upon abstract matters he must cease this physical exercise of the mind, which calls into activity only the trivial thoughts necessary to conduct the mechanical affairs of

life. He then retires into the subjective mind and leaves the automatic mind to attend to the subordinate duty of keeping the human machine running, but keeping in magnetic touch with that higher mind in order to bring it back to take charge if anything extraordinary occurs to the outer consciousness.

While functioning with the subjective mind man is on the thought plane, but prevented by the covering of the physical body from seeing and feeling it fully. While he is in this condition his consciousness is focused in the thought world, and while he is in this thought world he is in the borderland of the ideal world, even as he is in the borderland of the thought world even when his mind is exercised upon external and trivial matters.

All planes of being thus intermesh. They all exist in one place, but it is our attitude which reaches them. Our physical body enmeshes us with the physical world and intermeshes us with the thought world. By turning farther inward and outmeshing to an extent with the physical world, we intermesh slightly with the ideal world, but our gross, physical covering prevents us from sensing it but very dimly, and its forms are not clearly sensed through the thick covering of our senses. That is why the idea is so dim, so intangible, so little understood. And that is why ideas create errors in the mind, even though the real idea, which was felt, was true. For with idea forms, as with thought forms, and also with physical forms, what the mind senses is not the form itself, but a representation of that form made by the man himself in his subjective mind. Our subjective covering prevents us from knowing truly what phenomena is, no matter upon what plane that phenomena is contacted, either physical, mental or ideal. Thus is man as the microcosm immersed in various densities of matter.

But it is the attitude the man takes toward these three planes, or the concentration he energizes upon one or the other, which enables him to sense greater upon any plane. If he concentrates upon physical labor only those outer faculties of the mind will be brought into activity which are necessary to carry on that labor. If that labor is constructive and requires constructive mental work then the mind is more deeply stirred, until the ideal is reached, and man dimly senses from that plain.

The man who designs a house, or a ship, or a locomotive, passes into the higher mental plane devoted to that particular mental development, and reaches the ideal which corresponds and intermeshes with that particular phase of mental exercise. The man who paints an ideal picture, or creates an ideal statue, enmeshes at once his thought world with the ideal world. Even though a man mechanically attempts to reproduce a painting he will reach the ideal plane in as much as he

passes above mere mechanical copying. The man who paints a landscape, or human form, or physical object, must necessarily enmesh his thought world with the ideal world, for it is not the grass and trees, the drapery and features, or the wood and iron, which he transfers to the canvass, but the ideal of those physical objects. In so far as he has done this we touch somehow the ideal world and call him an artist, and when he has made a mere copy we say he is a mechanic or a copyist.

When a man digs a trench, or plows a furrow, he does not, in those physical exercises, reach the ideal, or even deeply enter the mental, but to the man who can do so, and wills to do so, the greater heights of the soul consciousness may be reached as well while the external man is engaged in mere mechanical routine, and the soul is sipping the nectar of the gods on Mount Parnassus, while the animal mind which functions in the lower brain and backbone is carrying on the bodily activities. Men call it "absent mindedness," being in a "brown study." If the digging and plowing receive all the mind of the man then the ideal and even the mental world is closed for the time.

The occupation of the plowman or the laborer would not be so liable to impress the mind in such a way as to stimulate it to reach toward the ideal. No more would any other purely mechanical pursuit. But the deeply penetrating mind would see worlds upon worlds of thought unfold at every spadeful of earth upturned, and the ideal back of each thought would be as clear to him as though he sat serene in armchair on velvet carpet, with a retinue of servants at his call. And the man whose occupation was painting pictures, or moulding a statue, would be as far removed from that finer world as the most sensual clod, if his interior nature was not opened to respond to the higher world about him.

The mind is dual in its executive capacity, and can do two things at once, but it can only put its full energy into but one thing at a time. One of the activities must be more or less mechanical, and at some former time it must have taken all the energy of the man in order to become proficient. After that, when the mind is trained, the subordinate or subconscious mind can attend to the work alone. It is surprising to learn how many of our human activities are mechanical, even though they now appear to take all our energy to perform them.

Ideas come by original thinking. This stirs the depths of the mind, while mere apish following of others, or blind mental mimicry of accepted beliefs, will keep the man exercised only on the outer surface of things, even though his apish mimicry is so slick as to exactly copy the real. In the external world, and to the external senses, the real and the copy seem the same, so we may not detect the difference

unless we examine closely. The few think. The others think they think.

In this popular shouting and shibboleth the subjective mind is not stirred to its depths so that the ideal world is uncovered, but the supposed ideas, or ideals, which a man has, are but persuasions. Beware of persuasions. When this phantasmagoria of physical illusion which we call life is over it will be found that only real things endure, and those who have satisfied themselves with persuasions will find themselves destitute.

It may often prove that those who followed others were following the truth more than others who tried to think for themselves. But no man can really learn by blindly following another. Real knowledge is acquired by deep interior assimilation and growth. Memorizing is not thinking deeply. The external memory has its day and passes. Truth is quality, not things. The collections of things which we gather in our earthly sojourn pass away. Quality remains. If we have a consciousness only of the externals of things their essence is not reached and their qualities are not absorbed by the soul. External thinking is but a handling of external objects, a collection of bric-a-brac, furniture, horses, etc. Handsome, agreeable, externally useful. But the interior essence of things, the inner causes and laws, the inner whys and wherefores, THE INTERIOR VISION,—this is real thinking.

Persuasions are beliefs, and other people's beliefs at that. The man who borrows does so because he is too indolent to dig down and obtain ideas of his own, but prefers to accept offhand what is offered by another, or have them foisted upon him by some person of a stronger mind, or some system of thought which he has been trained to accept but not understand.

Therefore a man can only get ideas from his own mind, and that only by original thinking. Any system of thought or belief which is so rigid that he cannot do genuine, original investigation, will prevent him from developing true greatness through reaching the only source of greatness: individual, subjective growth. Every form of greatness comes from original thinking, as every form of imbecility and weakness comes from blindly following some authority.

Take nothing for granted. Find out for yourself. If you cannot find out wait. It will come to you in a burst of light, and you will be overjoyed to learn that the independent man is so richly rewarded.

(This article is twice as long as that which is printed.)
(Help publish a 64-pp. monthly by getting subscribers.)

NO MAN CAN BE HELPED more than he helps himself; the helper helps no one more than himself. And yet no one should help for the sake of helping himself or he will harm himself.

BIBLE REVIEW, Applegate, Calif., monthly 15 cents: I am a part of all that is. The cause of my limitation is wholly in my belief. Jesus said, "Whosoever shall say unto the mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith." (Mark xi.23.) We are here in the body, limited and bound to a certain sphere of action because the thought of the Creative Mind believed without a doubt that we should appear and act in a certain sphere; but when the mind within us grows to be like the mind that projected us, and we believe without a doubt that these limitations of our belief of former times are not absolute, and we break the limitations by believing in the All, then we become capable of grasping the All. So far as we are able to break the limitations and to believe without a doubt that we are not limited, but are able to know, to do, to accomplish, and to receive, to that extent we do receive and we do accomplish.

THE GOOD HEALTH CLINIC, one of our exchanges that is "different." It is the official organ of the International Health League and publishes each month certain "health secrets", facts not known to any outside the League. It has been established ten years and is now going to every English speaking country. It is published at 468 South Salina St. Syracuse, N. Y. and while copies are not given free, we have made arrangements so that by mentioning our magazine you will be sent one free copy. Whether you are ill. or in superb health it will pay you well to read a copy.

From poison thou mayest take the food of
life,
The purest gold from lumps of impure
earth,
Examples of good conduct from a foe,
Sweet speech and gentleness from e'en a
child,
Something from all; from men of low de-
gree,
Ye sons of wisdom, thou humble be.
[Code of Manu.]

NOTES AND QUERIES is published by S. C. Gould, at Manchester, N. H. The Hermetic Philosophers, Hermes Trismegistus, Sketch of Zoroaster, The Smaragdine Tablet, Rosicrucian Commenst by Thomas Lake Harris, etc. One dollar per year, ten cents per copy.

LOVE, Los Angeles, Calif. "A loving human fellowship is the real divine communion. The spiritual life is not a mystical contemplation of divine attributes, but the associative development of all that is good in human character."

THE DIVINE LIFE, "Clear as the moon, bright as the sun, and strong as an Army with Banners," by Celestia Root Lang, is published monthly at one dollar a year and ten cents for a copy, at 4104 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. "My Lord and my God! I worship Thee in Spirit and in truth! I had first to become spirit before I could worship Thee in Spirit; my mind-soul joined to the Higher Self to know Thee, whom to know aright is Life ever lasting; and my mind-soul united to the Silent Speaker before I could give utterance to words that are Spirit and they are Life."

AN ARAB SAYING

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not;
In other hearts 't is living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weep, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will never more return.
[Constantina E. Brooks.]

An easy thing, O Power Divine,
To thank thee for these gifts of thine!
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow.
But when shall I attain to this—
To thank thee for the things we miss!

ABIDE YOUR TIME

Abide your time!
 Make God's time yours,
 For his divine unfailing plan
 The best secures.
 He has control,
 Knows no defeat,
 His immanence and mastery
 Are sure, complete.

Your time abide!
 Though imps annoy.
 By weight of sin they will go down
 Where woes destroy,
 Or will repent
 To virtue turn,
 Where clearer light and heaven-born hope
 The base will spurn.

Abide your time!
 The base is rot,
 And like the chaff before the blast
 At last is not!
 In faith abide:
 Hold fast the right;
 Suppress your impulse to avenge,
 Restrain your might.

In the world's most crowded streets,
 Often, in the din of strife,
 There rises an unspeakable desire
 After the knowledge of our buried life.
 A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
 In tracking out our true original course,
 A longing to inquire
 Into the misery of this heart which beats
 So wild so deep in us—to know
 When our lives come and where they go.
 [Matthew Arnold.]

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
 The rose saith in the dewy morn
 I am most fair,
 Yet all my loveliness is born
 Upon a thorn.

The merest grass
 Along the roadside where we pass,
 Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,
 Tell of His love who sends the dew
 The rain and the sunshine too,
 To nourish one small seed.

[D. G. Rossetti.]

ENTERING IN

The church was dim and silent
 With the hush before the prayer,
 Only the solemn trembling
 Of the organ stirred the air;
 Without, the sweet still sunshine;
 Within, the holy calm,
 Where priest and people waited
 For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
 And a trembling baby girl,
 Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
 In many a wavy curl,
 With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
 Shy glances downward thrown,
 And small hands clasped before her,
 Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
 Unknowing where to go
 While like a wind-rocked flower,
 Her form swayed to and fro,
 And the changing color fluttered
 In the little troubled face.
 As from side to side she wavered
 With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
 What wonder that we smiled,
 By such a strange, sweet picture,
 From holy thoughts beguiled?
 Then up rose someone softly:
 And many an eye grew dim,
 As through the tender silence
 He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
 The sermon and the prayer)
 If when sometime I enter
 The "many mansions" fair,
 And stand, abashed and drooping,
 In the portals' golden glow,
 Our God will send an angel
 To show me where to go!

[Julia C. R. Dorr]

To love, to know and to do! so we grow
 perfect apace,
 The human made more divine, as the old
 to the new give place.

[Bliss Carman.]

A BUTTERFLY'S WING

The following is written by the editor of "The Purity Journal," 81 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. Send ten cents for a copy.

Who teaches the fish to swim?

Who paints the wing of the butterfly?

Who inspires the nightingale's hymn,

Or limns the tint of the sunset sky?

Who builds of tiny cells the mote?

Who guides the star dust in its flight?

Who tunes the robin's thrilling note?

Who paints the sky with living light?

Who hides in gloomy cave the gem?

Who glints the dewdrop with its sheen?

Gives the rose its sweet perfume,

And covers field with mantle green?

Who tints the bloom upon the peach?

Who paints the rainbow in the sky?

Who floats the tides upon the beach?

Who hears the birdling's faintest cry?

Who rules the destiny of stars?

Who brings the seasons of the years?

Who lights the distances of space?

Who rules the cycles of the spheres?

Who made the sun to shine,

The stars to deck night's sky?

Who fills the soul with peace divine,

Who hears the orphan's cry?

Who made the hunger of the heart

And put the sweet in sorrow's tear?

Who gives us peace in troubled mart?

And kindly takes our fear?

Who grants us peace without alloy?

Who leads us up to heights above?

Who turns our grief to purest joy,

And fills our hearts with truest love?

Tis God alone, with hand of love,

Who made the world and all above,

Who leads us to the light and truth,

And guides us all in age and youth.

[J. B. Caldwell.

And let us own, the sharpest smart

Which human patience may endure

Pays light for that which leaves the heart

More generous, dignified and pure.

[Coventry Patmore.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire mist and a planet,

A crystal and a cell,

A jelly fish and a saurian,

And a cave where the cave men dwell;

Then a sense of law and beauty,

A face turned from the clod—

Some called it evolution

And others called it God.

A haze on the fair horizon,

The infinite, tender sky,

The ripe, rich tint of the corn fields,

And the wild geese sailing high—

And all over upland and lowland

The sign of the golden rod—

Some of us call it Autumn

And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea beach,

When the moon is new and thin,

Into our hearts high yearnings,

Come welling and surging in—

Come from the mystic ocean,

Whose rim no foot has trod—

Some of us call it longing

And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,

A mother starved for her brood,

Socrates drinking the hemlock,

And Jesus on the rood:

And millions who, humble and nameless,

The straight, hard pathway trod—

Some call it Consecration

And others call it God.

[William Hubert Carruth.

Think purely, O thou heart of mine,

Turn from Ahriman away!

They only Ormazd shall behold

Who walk in perfect day.

Speak purely, O ye mortal lips,

From ill and falsehood turn away;

They only Ormazd shall behold

Who nothing hurtful say.

[From the Persian.

In spite of the stare of the wise and the
world's derision,

Dare follow the star-blazed road, dare fol-
low the vision.

[Edward Markham

CAN we better understand a man's talk by seeing his face? I think so. Soon we hope to print the editor's face.

DEAR FRIEND, we want ten thousand subscribers at once. This is not asking too much, for this is a good magazine to read, to study, and to live by. Tell all your friends about it. Ask them to send twenty-five cents for a trial subscription or one dollar for twelve consecutive numbers. Write us the names and addresses of your friends who think, and think for themselves, in order that a sample copy may be sent them. Spread the new gospel of the divine life within which shall shine in the daily life of a man and bring the heavenly life from the within to the without.

IT IS PLANNED to make this magazine a monthly as soon as one thousand subscribers are secured, and print twice as many pages when ten thousand are obtained. Please help to issue a monthly, and then a larger magazine.

QUESTION BOX. It is difficult to make one's thought entirely clear to another. Therefore, questions are in order, and will be answered to the extent of the editor's ability. Generally a difficult question is an advantage to one who is trying to explain a truth. It shows him where he failed and stimulates him to greater and more successful effort.

BOOKS WANTED. It is planned to have a small department under this head for the benefit of the reader. The charge will be five cents per line. The editor wants certain books that are out of print, and intends to make has wants and wishes known,—sometime.

DEFINITIONS. It is planned to have rather a unique department under this head. It is a long cherished pet plan of the editor's and he intends to take good care of it and not bring it out into view until the weather is fine.

PROSPECTUS. This issue of our magazine is in the nature of a prospectus, as you may see. There are many good things in mind which it is hoped to present later, but it was deemed wiser to move

slowly and feel the way. Besides, the many good things to be published have crowded right along as soon as the dear souls learned that the long thought of magazine was soon to be published. So some had to wait, others be merely hinted at and others synthesized.

DO YOU THINK that illustrations help or hinder? Give us suggestions and advice. This is your magazine.

IS OURS THE ONLY BRAND OF NEW THEOLOGY? Why, bless you, dear child, NO! There are more. There are just as many as there are people who think for themselves along new and original lines, and just as many old theologies as there are people who like the old ways of thinking.

THE WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT which we have received from those who caught some glimpse of the purpose from the prospectus, has been very encouraging. We are not trying to copy or emulate anybody. This is the free, spontaneous outburst of our own soul. We are not looking to see whether our expression is like another's or not. We haven't time. We have given you just a little of that which wells up as living water.

THE ARTICLE about Rameses II, with illustrations, was crowded out, also illustrated article on Saturn and Mars inhabitants.

THIS IS GOING TO BE A GREAT MAGAZINE. Watch us grow. Come into our family when we are young, and grow with us.

THE BEST THINGS in life come without price. They are priceless. That does not mean that they are worthless, although it is the tendency of external thinking to believe that things which do not cost money are worthless. This magazine is a labor of love on the part of the promoters from start to finish. Love labor is always enjoyable labor. It has been great enjoyment, taken between times in the midst of busy lives, to write and print these pages. It is the kind wish of editor and publisher that the reader may get the good we have