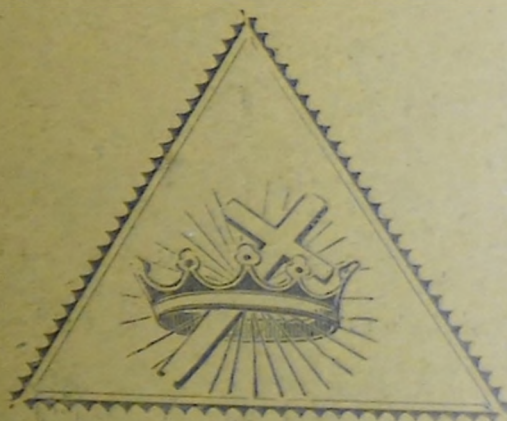


THE NEW THEOLOGY MAGAZINE



JUNE 1908

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER FOUR

Entered as second class matter March 9, 1908, at the post office at Boston, Mass.
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879



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The New Theology Magazine

Vol. 1

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE, 1908

No. 4

REVELATION AND AUTHORITY

WHAT IS REVELATION, and what is the authority for revelation when you get it? When you catch a bird and put it in a cage how do you know it is a bird and not a tom-cat? Because some other fellow says it is a bird? No, you can see for yourself. Your *Experience* gives you the key to Life, and no other man's experience has any value for you unless it becomes your experience.

If somebody tells you it is a bird or a tom-cat they only give you a name for it, they only hand you a word, an external token of exchange which for convenience men have adopted and stamped as current coin for intellectual trafficking. The idea of the bird or the tom-cat,—the fact, the correlative,—you must yourself individually know by comparison. If you had never experienced a bird or a tom-cat by means of your senses, or something directly analogous to them, all the words in the dictionary, and all the home-made words you could create and re-create yourself, would not give you the idea, unless you were able to relate those words with something which you had seen,—something which had become a part of your individual life, your consciousness, your memory, your it-ness, your selfhood, or of your experience.

This is just as true of the more abstruse philosophical ideas and all the problems of good and evil, as it is of the ideas relating to the most external and ponderable objects. Words are the current coin of the realm, officially stamped by the lexicographer and approved by the public through common acceptance and use. Otherwise words have no meaning. We have agreed among ourselves to connect the word *bird* with something that flies and has feathers, and *tom-cat* with something that scratches and has fur.

But definitions are not the things, only our ideas of things focalized and vocalized into words. Bird means to each person

something quite different than it does to another person. Same with tom-cat. Same with revelation. Same with God. Same with everything. Everything,—God as well as ginger-snaps,—comes to man only through his personal touch with the cosmos, and from the personal profit and loss which accrues to him and to him alone as the micro-cosmos.

All knowledge is by observation. One pair of eyes cannot see for another pair of eyes, but one man can say some words as a result of what he sees which will enable another man to create in his mind a picture, a group of mental objects, which will bear some relation to the other man's words, but be more or less different, according to the man's different previous experience, and the richness of his experience as a result of deep penetration and broad generalization.

If the man who heard the words had no corresponding experience the words would be senseless, because his senses had never responded and memory had never preserved. Both bird and tom-cat would be intangible abstractions to one who had never seen them or anything like. But because he had not the experience it would not prove that they did not exist for someone else, although it is quite common for people to claim that what does not exist in their little minds has no existence. This is a fallacy, which greater minds have put away, along with other childish things.

The bible is a collection of words. The words mean differently to different people. When the words they see in the scriptures represent ideas which they have gained as a result of their experience then they are glad and say it is a good book, especially if those experiences have to do with the deeper, more real, and more æsthetic things of life. But these words only awaken into activity the external consciousness; they do not create, although in a sense they re-create by bringing from the inner into the outer. If the inner thought or idea was not there as a result of previous experience which had become sublimated into spiritual consciousness and potentiality these words would not avail. The consciousness may be functioning inward and need the word to bring it out into external manifestation, but it must exist, as a result of experience, or the word will have no significance.

There is no authority in the words or concepts of the bible. There is no real authority anywhere or any genuine revelation, except as a result of experience,—personal, individual, especial, for each man, although there is a general consensus of experience, and therefore of revelation and authority, which comes to collective man, or human society. Our Blessed Master called it the law of Cæsar. Any authority or revelation which does not come to a man as a result of experience is not genuine, but outwardly induced. Much of the religious authority of the past has been mere hypnosis,—auto-suggestion.

But, "the world do move." We are beginning to enter a New Age, of which this little magazine is but one of the more humble exponents and instruments for awakening man's consciousness to the burst of light and glory in the spiritual heavens which is making ready to come down here and transform this earth as individual men can be gathered and raised up to the point of illumination where they can throw off the theological hypnosis which some churches have called authority and revelation. These are handed out to men as something coming only from God, and which certain others are especially qualified to interpret, and when they had the power, to administer by anathema and the rack.

Not all men, perhaps, are qualified to hear the Voice within, or see the Vision, not just now, at once; but every disciple who hears the Master's voice recognizes it and obeys. "Many are called, but few are chosen." The Dawn is breaking. Those on God's heights can see.

Does revelation come from God? Does it come from God's Book, the Christian Scriptures? Yes, because that Book is the Life Record of man's reachings out toward God and of God's reachings out toward man. Revelation comes from God's Book; it also comes from God's landscape, and God's flowers, and God's pages in Nature's Book of Life, human nature within as well as physical nature without.

Then what is the basis of authority? All authority, as well as all revelation, is within a man. Bad men? Yes, in the 'way-down man as well as the 'way-up man, in the foolish man as well as the wise man. Does revelation thus differ? Yes, God speaks to every man, and each man's interpretation is rev-

elation; God's voice to him. Then is God different, with a different revelation to each? Not exactly so, although in a sense God differs. But he does not really differ. Man differs. No, God gives but one revelation, which is universal and cosmeical; each man differentiates it according to his needs. The pick-pocket interprets it to mean that he shall take any property that he can conveniently get his hands on. The philanthropist interprets it to say that he must give of his possessions to the man who has not the wherewith.

It is the same voice of God and the same command, but interpreted differently. This means man's highest ideality,—man's highest wish-for. That highest, when consummated, leads to higher and higher yet. Every desire has its concomitant of bane or blessing which teaches man to outlive it. That is progress. That is God. That is the pick-pocket's method as well as the philanthropist's, and both exercise free-will in ranging between their better and their worse, and the better is God with joy as a lesson, and the worse is devil with sorrow as a lesson. Law is universal. God is universal. One aspect of God is Law, with bitter or sweet, as we ask. Another is Best Friend, who guides, protects, and bestows.

But this voice is within a man. There never can be an external revelation, and no real external authority, although there may be an external force, administered temporarily, but which loses its significance immediately the pressure is removed. There are two kinds of authority, as there are two kinds of obedience. Both are proper in their separate domains. That which we render to Cæsar is temporary, but necessary to the external segregated life of man. That which we render to God is part of the everlasting covenant. It pertains to the inward and real man. Revelation is thus always internal, and never comes from Cæsar. Command may come from Cæsar, but those commands are part of the artificial conditions of the physical life, and to be obeyed if not conflicting with revelation.

No man can ever afford to go contrary to revelation. Revelation is above conscience, but crystallizes or condenses into conscience when man fixes it in his outer mind. When not connected with the moral law of upward growth it is intuition. They are very near alike, the difference being a moral one. The

path to God is a moral one. Intuition, unless its content is the moral ought-to-be, does not lead upward. Revelation always has this moral content and portent, the call to come-up-higher and have better, and the thou-shalt-not or have worse.

But this is always individual. Revelation is not absolute, but relative; not general, but special; not universal, but personal; not macrocosmical, but microcosmical.

Revelation is God's Voice; Conscience is its Interpretation and Authority; Human Activity is its Demonstration and Proving Ground. Human Activity makes Human Experience; and that makes the man Question the Authority of Things; and that arouses Conscience; and that makes place for Revelation; and that leads to God! That makes the Circle from God to Man, and Man to God. There is only a One.

All that follows is synthesized from an article in *The Bible World* (Chicago) for April, written by Professor Henry S. Nash of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge. It would not be fair to hold him responsible for my statements above made. I have printed his words here because they seem so apropos and confirmatory:

"Is there any common quality in all the forms of authority? Yes, it is the assertion of the right of way for superior experience. Even when authority seems to rest wholly on mere force, the weight of the heaviest fist, the force of the strongest battalion, no solid and enduring base of authority is found until force associates itself with experience of common and enduring good, of common gains of law and order secured at great cost and therefore rightly defended by force against him who, for private and temporary gain, would cast them away. Enduring authority rests upon superior experience. All forms of authority, in the last analysis, rest on this foundation. . . . Authority must ever rest on a superior experience of truth. But truth has a wide and diversified range of meaning. There is the truth about the locomotive, the truth about the law of gravitation, the truth about citizenship, and the truth about God. . . .

"With every one of our great terms and conceptions we fence in some portion of reality, inclosing it in order to cultivate it. Perhaps by and by the fence, taking itself too seriously, becomes a nuisance. The reality it encloses, absent minded re-

garding the outlying infinite, tries to enclose the mind that tills it. Then the fence must come down,—established opinions and inherited convictions give way. When our conceptions are forced to waver, when our definitions break down, it is to the end that we may be led into conceptions more inclusive of reality, into definitions which are freed from the impertinencies of finality through a deepening intimacy with the infinite and the eternal.

. . . Using the word revelation in the widest sense, we say that authority rests in every case on revelation. It is the feel of reality that makes truth compelling and gives it the right to take itself with all seriousness. The higher the level of truth the more evidently is its essential quality due to a reality that invades consciousness. Within all truth is the feel of reality. Authority being the insistence by superior experience on its right of way, the experience in question, when challenged, must fall back upon the reality that invades consciousness and flushes it with the feeling of power and competence. . . .

“Truth, reality, revelation—we have learned that these terms cannot be separated without serious injury to life. All forms of beauty rest on revelation. Beauty, to be noble, must be convincing. And the convincing quality of beauty is due to the conviction, given to us in the presence of the beautiful, that reality is at one with our purpose. There is no bottom or top to the beautiful. There is no inside or outside. Reality and appearance are one. The world of fractional meanings and halting purposes, where we spend so much of our time, is left behind. In the deep and uplifting satisfaction the heart of man finds temporary rest.

“All forms of truth rest on revelation. The mind of man cannot take to itself the credit for truth, else the soul of truth dies, its holy and consecrating quality perishes. It is the invasive quality of an infinite reality that gives truthfulness to truth. . . . How does the consciousness of man approach God? Where are the final and piercing questions touching the innermost meanings of reality to be put, so that a convincing answer becomes possible? . . .

“The range of reality is illimitable. The reality of a physical fact is one thing. The reality of an ennobling memory is a different and more intimate thing. How and where do we get

the deepest reality? Where and how does that reality give itself to us with convincing power? And when the revelation is given, how is it administered to meet the deepest needs of mankind? . . . The reality of things must answer the deepest needs of experience. Moreover, the reality of things must not be thought of as holding itself aloof, passively waiting for the human mind to investigate and explore it. No, the inmost reality of things must set into and invade human consciousness. . . .

"We no longer dream of confining the great word 'revelation' to the Scriptures. It is a term which the mature stages of religious experience all over the world lay claim to, and to which they have a divine right. We can safely give up the forms in which our forefathers expressed their belief in revelation. In fact we must give up the forms if we are to retain the substance. God reveals Himself in the depths of all glorifying human wants."

ANYTHING CAN BE TAUGHT in a divinity school by heroic scholars, and anything can be studied and understood in part, by persistent students; but ideas there are that cannot be preached with any degree of interest where men are ethically sound and mentally sane. . . . This ancient theology had in it from the first, and preserved untouched to the end, a fatal contradiction. According to this scheme the world was made by God, and yet the world in its misfortune and misery was condemned by God as if it had made itself.—GEORGE A. GORDON, D.D., in *Harvard Theological Review* for April.

EVERY TRUTH DEPENDS upon another truth, and that upon another truth, and that another ad infinitum. Each truth co-relates every other truth, and that is why no one or more truths can be Truth until the whole sum is added. Thus man, and men, and the GREAT MAN.

GENIUS CONSISTS IN RECOGNITION more than in accomplishment; in seeing truly more than in doing truly, for knowledge is greater than action. When one exercises genius it shows that he has been there before.

Knowledge without love is breath without life.

THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH

Sweet prophet of Nazareth, constant and tender,
Whose truth like a rainbow encircles the world;
The time is approaching when wrong shall surrender,
And war's crimson banners be furled;
When the throat of the lion no longer shall utter
Its roar of defiance in desert and glen,
When the lands will join hands, and the black cannon mutter
Their discords no more to the children of men.

As breaks the gold sunlight, when heroes and sages
Were rising and falling like meteors in space,
A new glory broke on the gloom of the ages,
And love warmed to life in the glow of thy face:
The wars of the Old Time are waning and failing,
The peace of the New Time o'erarches our tears;
The orbs of the Old Time are fading and paling,
The sun of the New Time is gilding the years.

The mist of the ocean, the spray of the fountain,
The vine on the hillside, the moss on the shrine,
The rose in the valley, the pine on the mountain,
All turn to a glory that symbolesh thine:
So I yearn for thy love as the purest and dearest
That ever uplifted a spirit from woe,
And I turn to thy life as the truest and nearest
To infinite Goodness that mortals may know.

O Soul of the Orient, peerless and holy,
Enthroned in a splendor of angels above.
I would join with the singers that raise up the lowly,
And praise Thee in deeds that are Christlike in love.
Let my words be as showers that fall on the highland,
Begotten in shadows, expiring in light,
While Thine are the billows that sing to life's islands,
In numbers unbroken, by noonday and night.

JAMES G. CLARK.

THE POWER OF APPRECIATION

THERE IS A HELP which is rarely considered, and rarely given the place which belongs to it, and that is Appreciation, which is one of the corner stones to human success, and is very often the stone which the builder rejected.

Wherever we go in the world we find people who need to be drawn out. They are living in shells, and their sweetness and charm will never find expression unless evoked by sincere encouragement and warm affection. The world is full of half starved lives, lives which have choked down within themselves, which contain marvelous grace and beauty that can find no outlet for the mysterious something they feel in their hearts, the cry of the soul for expression, and for the love it needs to feed upon.

People need the warm atmosphere of love and appreciation in order to thrive, need it just as much as the plants need the sunshine. This world of ours is full of lives that are stunted and starved for lack of the sunshine of love. It is warm love, honest appreciation that we need, not cold justice, if we would lead either ourselves or others up to heights Divine.

Many a life that is throwing out constantly an atmosphere of chill is unaware of the harm that is done thereby. We hesitate to praise where praise is due. We chill by frosts when we should help. Thousands of hearts are starving in the midst of plenty, are hungry for the love which in reality is theirs because its expression is so much withheld that they come to doubt its existence. Many and many are the homes that are without sunshine because their inmates are hiding away the love they hesitate to express, and are presenting to their loved ones only the bleak cold side of life. There are also thousands of men in offices, factories, workshops of all kinds who are grinding out a dull life of routine without hope and without inspiration because they have never formed the habit of recognition, and the co-operative appreciation which not only gives out help and encourage-

ment to others but also attracts the best for itself. And hand in hand with this lack of appreciation goes the shadow of crankiness, of complaint, of sullen sourness which is more than half caused by the lack of warm glowing sunshine in the life.

All people have felt at some time in their lives the longing for the recognition of their struggles, the hunger for the touch of a loving hand, the sound of a loving voice. We need appreciation more than we care to admit. We say outwardly that we do not care, but we do care away down underneath. We know we have a right to happiness, to love, and we need its warmth in order to grow into the best, the strongest of which we are capable. We cannot wait until we have grown up into strength and have earned great rewards; we want it now, today, in order to help us to grow, and we have a right to it.

Let us first of all give ourselves appreciation. The power of recognition of our own abilities means much. Do not forget that latent within you is everything you need or ever will need, that your problem is not to develop in yourself anything new that is not already yours but only the bringing into consciousness of the powers that are latent within you. Realize that the moment you put yourself in harmony with the law, the moment you turn your face toward God, the good, you are beginning to build for perpetual growth and unfoldment. Hunt out your good points and give them your own appreciation. People have grown into the habit of deploring their mistakes too much. Instead we should think of what we do that are not mistakes. Life is not so bad after all. Like the daily papers, you have grown into the habit of recording only the unusual things, the exceptional actions, bad. Normal actions are too numerous to excite any interest. You do as your higher self dictates every hour of the day and pay no attention, but the moment a mistake is made, however small, attention is aroused at once and you magnify it into a mountain of evil. If your normal and right acts were not more numerous than your errors, your life would be all chaos. The good so far outweighs the bad in your life that the bad is in reality an insignificant matter anyhow, and if you will disregard it and think only of the best, you will soon drop it all out of sight and live only with your best all the time.

When another life needs encouragement, give it. With

what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again. Give praise where praise is due and give it generously, ungrudgingly. Do not see the limitations in your neighbor's life even though they overshadow its power. Give the sunshine of your love and approval to the thing you want to foster and not to the weed you had better leave to die of neglect. Believe that the motives of people are good and that they are trying to do the best they can. They may have very good reasons for thinking or doing as they do if you would only take the trouble to find them out before you condemn. Almost everyone judges from appearances, and as it is only possible to see a small arc of the circle at one glance, so it is impossible to judge the whole man from one or two events of his life. Look beyond the surface and see the real man. Back of the surface you will find that all is good, beautiful. Recognize only the divine and let the imperfect appearances pass by. See your brother man pass in the image and likeness of God. Rich or poor, exalted or humble all men are equal in the sight of the Divine, and when you condemn your brother you condemn yourself. If you are unable to see the good in your brother, you are only proving the limited range of your own vision.

When we give love and appreciation to others simply in return for favors given us, we do nothing. When we give advice or kindness to direct a person in the path in which we wish him to go, we are meddling with what does not concern us and limiting another's freedom. We have no right to protect people from this or that we wish them to avoid; this sort of kindness is usually based on evil thoughts of our neighbors. We cannot protect people from the pitfalls of life by giving exact information regarding all the shady places we have heard about and then warn them by arousing fear. Fear is always weakening and protects from one thing by placing our friend in the hands of something else. Preaching against evil may have caused a few timid souls to fear and shun certain leading sins, but it never has and never will reform the race. This sort of help only develops darkness and materialism. If we wish to help our friends let us help them to become strong so that they can save themselves whatever may be the conditions in which they are placed. Let us help them to become strong by pointing out to them their latent strength and how they may develop it. Let us help them

to live in the sunshine of life by taking them into our own mental sunshine. When the superior life within is given its free and full expression, every act of life is charged with a hidden power so strong that it can never fail.

If you simply expect the best, everyone you meet will give you of his best. If you expect the best you will have more faith in everybody, more love for everybody, more kindness, more friendship, more agreeable associations by far than those who do not expect the best. Mental states are contagious, when you believe in people you help them to believe in themselves. When you give people generous, hearty appreciation, you help them to appreciate themselves, and also to give *you* the appreciation you need for your own inspiration. In this way wholesome conditions are created which present the best possible soil for the growth of the soul. The self confidence that brings out the best that is within us, is always founded upon a living faith in the inherent greatness of Man, therefore no one can have any real faith in himself without having the same faith in the greater possibilities of others, and no one can produce the best in himself, can give soul to his expectations from himself, unless he also gives freely and generously of his help to those about him.

Why should we not live shedding like the flowers beauty and fragrance and harmony everywhere? What avail our bickering and jealousies, anyhow. Of what use to us have been the petty envyings and strife with which we have busied ourselves while immortal issues were at stake.

Here is the whole secret of the perfect life. Be all that you can be today and be satisfied to grow slowly and silently into ever greater beauty. No growth comes from over reaching, from struggle or strife. Attainment comes by being the best possible today just where we are, by filling the present moment with all the life of which we are conscious, by radiating love and appreciation as the flower sheds its perfume to help everybody who comes within its influence.

We are all living for something and that something is in all cases the same. Some of us spell it success, some of us call it growth, some love, some riches, but in the last analysis everyone is working for that which means happiness to him. The giving and receiving of the appreciation due is a large power in build-

ing this happiness and success into our lives. In order to get real appreciation, we must get real love in our hearts. Let us love people for what they are and not find fault for what they do not express. Let us be willing to let them live their own lives in their own way and believe their own way may be the best way for them. We will not help them by trying to tear them to pieces to build them over but we will help them by living ourselves the best lives we can. The man who devotes his life to trying to change the views of others to fit his own produces discord and confusion and from these come mistakes, unhappiness, disease. The man who devotes his life to living what he knows today as best he can becomes a light to everybody. In the light he sheds around him others can see the way to higher and better lives.

Do not criticize or condemn anything or anybody but try to find the real truth that is back of every belief. Look through the incompleteness of man's conception of truth and live for the truth itself. Live appreciation, radiate it, let it shine through you, and always declare the truth your heart has known. Encourage people, tell them of all the good you can see in them. You will thus enable them to see themselves as they are and will awaken hope and the power to do. Be sure you always appreciate all others do for you. There is no power more strong, more effective for good, more certain in its lasting benefit to mankind than this one great attribute, recognition and appreciation.

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.
Let me not hurt by any selfish deed
Of thoughtless word the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need
Or sin by silence when I should defend.
However meagre be my worldly wealth
Let me give something that shall aid my kind
A word of courage or a thought of health
Dropped as I pass, for troubled hearts to find.
Let me tonight look back across the span
Twixt dawn and dark and to my conscience say—

Because of some good act to beast or man,
The world is better that I lived today.

ANNA B. DAVIS, M.D.

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THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Sometimes when the day is ended,
And its round of duties done,
I watch at the western windows
The gleam of the setting sun.

When my heart has been unquiet,
And its longings unbeguiled
By the day's vexatious trials,
And cannot be reconciled,

I look on the slope of the mountains,
And over the restless sea,
And I think of the beautiful city
That lieth not far from me.

And my spirit is hushed in a moment,
As the twilight falls tender and sweet,
And I cross, in my fancy, the river,
And kneel at my Master's feet,

And I rest in the shade that falleth
From the trees that with healing are rife—
That shadow the banks of the River—
The River of Water of Life.

And sometime, when the day is ended
And the duties He gave me are done,
I shall watch at life's western windows
The gleam of its setting sun.

I shall fall asleep in the twilight
As I never have slept before,
To dream of the beautiful city,
Till I waken to sleep no more.

There will fall on my restless spirit
A hush, oh, so wondrously sweet,
And I shall cross over the river
To rest at the Master's feet.

HIDDEN MYSTERIES

When the mystic key is fitted,
And the lock shall opened be,
Wide the gateway will swing backward,
Glimpses give to you and me
Of such grand, undreamed of treasures,
Eye hath seen, or ear hath heard,
That we gaze with startled wonder,
And our pulses shall be stirred.

Glimpses of the lore of ancients,
Long since crumbled into dust,
Buried deep, where nothing enters,
Save the damp of mold and rust,
Till the magic key is fitted,
Wide is swung the gate ajar,
And we catch a glimpse of mysteries,
Winging, downward from afar.

Back to where the sluggish river
Nile, drifts on its winding way,
And the grand old temples tarry
Even yet, in ruins gray.
Hark! we surely hear the echo
Of their long since silent feet,
And we wait in breathless wonder,
Some majestic prince to greet.

Lo, a voice came from the shadows,
And with firm and kingly tread;
We beheld a Prince of Egypt,
Lifting up his stately head.
And we gazed with awe upon him,
As he turned to us and said:

"Children of the onward centuries
Seek ye here the open door?
Would ye learn of one departed
Secrets of forgotten lore?
Know ye not, that all unheeded,
Charged as with electric shock,
Doors of wisdom would swing backward,

"If ye only stand and knock?
Tune thine ears to catch the secret,
Floating earthward all untold,
List ye, what the inner conscience
Of the being could unfold.

"Seek ye then some recess distant,
From the brilliant rays of light;
Know ye not thine inner conscience,
Full expands in dusky night?
List ye for the faintest echo,
Of the soul, for it shall tell,
Wondrous things not yet conceived of,
Chiming like a silver bell.

"Children of the onward centuries,
Hasting fast with noisy feet,
There is nought can be withholden.
Be ye still, and ye shall meet
Things transcendent, things supernal,
Treasures of the Ages past,
And the key shall then be fitted,
And the door swing back at last."

There was silence; and upon us
Benedictions seemed to fall.
Then a voice, grand, sweet, commanding,
Echoed through the ruined hall.
Be ye still. 'Twas all it uttered,
And we bowed our heads to say
A low amen, as slow and quiet,
Turned we from the ruins gray.

Ne'er shall we forget the tidings
Brought by one of kingly race,
Ne'er shall we forget the beauty
Of that dark and princely face.
And emotions, higher, holy,
Hover o'er us from afar,
And we *know* the key is fitted,
And the door *does* stand ajar.

BERTHA A. WEEKS

WHEN THE LAST WORD is spoken and the last deed is
done, we shall know it to be Love, from Sun unto Sun.

ZEST OF LIFE



WHAT MAKES LIFE INTERESTING and possible?

The uncertainty and doubt. Life is a game of blind-man's-buff, and hide-and-go-seek, and puss-in-the-corner, all conglomerated into one passing show.

Our eyes are covered. We but faintly discern. We try to tear off the bandage, but we cannot. When a man gets a peep we call him a seer or a lunatic, according to the state of our mental digestion. If it is poor we call the man demented; if good we call him a prophet, and offer him foolish adulation which, if he is a true prophet, is unwelcome and an impediment.

And in this game of life we are constantly seeking what is hidden, and hiding what is found, and finding it again, and then running off with it, losing it again, and repeating the performance. Always hiding and seeking, always running from place to place and not being able to get back again because someone else has taken the former position, always pulling the bandage down tight over our own eyes and feeling about, making wild guesses and getting into strange places.

We play puss-in-the-corner with ourselves, with our friends, and with God Almighty. First we are in this snug corner and then we are attracted to another, and run quickly for it for fear it will be taken. If taken before we get there we are out in the cold licking our thumbs for the while until we see some other corner vacant, when we bend our energies and rush in before it is taken. Then some other person is out in the cold, and we are quite complacent, and may even try and show him that it is quite proper and even right that he should be where he is. (The chances are, however, that he doesn't agree with us, but thinks we are robbing him. Perhaps we are.)

Follow-my-leader is another common play we grown-up children indulge in. Some daring and foolish fellow who wants to be "it" for the egotistical pleasure of leadership calls others on to follow him. Over fences he goes, up trees and down again, across

brooks by leaping or wading, along this strange and foolish place and along that. And the leader is a bully-boy for the nonce, until he comes to grief and goes home to him mammy for repairs, while another bold aspirant for glory starts the game again. With us grown-ups the game is health, wealth and live-forever-life. The panacea may be mental or physical gim-cracks of any kind, from apples and sweet-oil to vinegar and molasses. It is all the same, and when the game is up we go home to Mother and She puts us in our little bed for a rest. On the morrow, likely as not, we go it again, while some, who are above and can see the Game from start to finish, look on and laugh. Yes they do! Don't you suppose there's a lot of good-natured fun in heaven as well as malicious mischief in hell? I do. And I think some of them peer over the fence at us and say "bully boy," "brave fellow," or "shame! that wasn't fair!" "that was less brave than you can do; try again!"

And those spectators get so interested in the game that they jump over the fence from time to time and come down and influence the contestants and become participants in the game by proxy. But they never come singly. For every one who comes from the hells there is one who follows them from the heavens. There is always a balance. Temporary inequilibrium takes place sometimes, but only to conserve a use. For there is a Supreme Controller. Yes there is. And He will protect us (from ourselves—there's nought else that injures) and give us a chance to exercise our free-will, though this continuous moral, psychic and spiritual warfare cause a temporary inequilibrium of normal forces which externalizes in the physical world in Slocum disasters, San Francisco earthquakes and Collinwood holocausts.

Child's play is like the business and occupations of men. You have noticed some children when they play. They play fair. They keep cool. They go ahead in an orderly and straightforward manner. They play the game considerably and temperately, at the same time that they enter into it with zest and spirit. They will not cheat. They will not lie. They will not take advantage.

And then there are other kinds of children who do quite different, and bring into activity different qualities of human

character. The one kind is more selfless than the other, and their activities radiate outward instead of centering inward.

Thus with the grown-up children who work at the bench, at the lathe, behind the counter, in the office, at the financier's desk. Some play fair. They will not take advantage. They keep cool, and at the same time warm with loving kindness which expresses itself in a spirit of helpfulness to those about them. They are not crafty, nor deceitful, nor overreaching, nor avaricious, nor proud. They are "playing the game for all it is worth" much more than those conscience atrophied mortals who blind themselves to the deeper realities of life in their seeking for the evanescent things which turn to dust and ashes when reached, and do not give the real, inward, permanent pleasure which is sought.

Truly, we are all playing the game of life, but some are so blinded by the garish light of the lower life that they allow themselves to chase after the vain phantoms of external sense which do not give them that which they seek. Why are some men kept more blind than others to the fact of the evanescence of life? For one reason, probably, that if they could see so much and did not have that kind of spiritual sight which brings with it moral purpose, they would refuse to play the game,—to work. Now it is necessary that we all play the game of life, "for all it is worth." All must have an incentive or they will not play the game. They will "loaf." God hates a loafer. "Nature abhors a vacuum," yes, and the cosmos condemns a loafer, be he one of the "idle rich," or the purposeless pauper in the poorhouse. And to give man incentive man is blinded.

If some men knew the cosmical facts of life which surround them we could not live with them. They would gain power without gaining principle. They are leashed in blindness. God rules this universe, not evil. God saves us from sin, from the sin of ignorance, and he stops and abates the consequences of ignorance of the moral forces by keeping us ignorant of the powers the self can use if it was not blind. It will not be blind always, but in order to progress orderly it must grow into the moral knowledge before it grows into the knowledge of power. Therefore the uncertainty and doubt regarding the future life. Perhaps some need to grow a while in other directions first,

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Perhaps doubt comes so we will keep our nose to the grindstone and urge the devil to turn. If we knew, *if we knew!* Well, what would we do? Perhaps we'd fly off the handle! Having no handle by which the devil could grasp us we might get lost.

The devil is God's Other Side. He is God's Whip. He is God's Stimulator, God's Holder Down, God's Balance, God's Servant, God's Egyptian. It's he that stirs about the Pot, and tastes the Broth, and urges them on, with a hip, hurrah, a hullabaloo; hooray, hylah, come here, come there; hip, hip, hurrah, and hullabaloo; zip, zip, lie down, get up, hoo, hoo, zim bang, zim bang, and hullabaloo!

And the play goes on, from morn till night and night till morn, up stairs, down stairs, here and there and everywhere. And the devil is man's D'Evil, and God is man's Good, and he who would dance must pay the fiddler!

Ha, ha; hoo, hoo; gee up, gee up; goo roo, goo roo!

And therefore and thereby the game of life.

Men are grown-up children. All human endeavor is linked together by chords of current harmony.

THE GAME OF LIFE

Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources

The cards are shuffled, and the hands are dealt.

Blind are our efforts to control the forces

That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled;

But still I like the game and want to play,

Thus through the long, long night will I unruffled,

Play what I get, until the break of day.

EUGENE WARE.

THE WORLD A MIRROR

The world is a looking glass,

Wherein ourselves are shown,

Kindness for kindness, cheer for cheer,

Coldness for gloom, repulse for fear—

To every soul its own.

We cannot change the world a whit,

Only ourselves which look in it.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

THE REAL INDIA

THE MAN OF INDIA IS TODAY what he was in the far away yesterday. The trousers and coat of a modified English cut which is donned for the business hours is ever surmounted by the *pugree*, a kind of turban. But as soon as his working day is over he doffs these clothes and drapes his body in a native *dhoti* which consists of several yards of linen, nainsook or silk cloth wrapped round the waist to flow below the knees, then caught up to form a sort of bloomer effect at the back and a folded sash or apron at the front. His feet are bared, and his head too, is without covering, and thus garbed, all that went with the aforesaid business dress is drowned in the imperturbed, deep-seated consciousness of Eastern individuality.

“Why,” said one cultured gentleman in reply to a question as to how our modern civilization is viewed by the average Hindoo, “what have you western people to give us of the East but a flimsy momentary grasp at a material aggrandizement which would leave us empty at heart and hollow of mind? Our youths are staggered a bit at your swagger. For a little it lasts as it did with their elders who were also a little bit over-enthusiastic over Western ideas in their youth. But they, like their elders, go back again—no, go forward again from whence they started and rest securely in the civilization of their ancestors that is based on the culture of their soul through the development of their soul’s forces which are entirely at one with Nature’s great laws. Your religion is not new to us. Investigate ours only a little and you will see that it is embraced there. Your science our ancients knew—our books record it and our scientists practice it. You have a material civilization; we a spiritual one; you are progressive, we are *progressing*.”

This is the sentiment voiced by the scholar and the thinker, the professional and the layman, the literate and the illiterate; in fact the average men in all walks of life echo it, and looking at the calm, steady, gentle gaze of the speaker whose serene face

was but the expression of a peaceful inner self and into the faces of the white men about me here and thinking of them in the West where hurry and flurry and worry is written in lines of pain, one wonders vaguely if, after all, we are not only progressive and these people whom we are trying to lift out of their internal calm are not really progressing. These are philosophers—every man and woman can give you some logical explanation pertaining to their problem of existence. The youngsters on the street will leave play to listen to a discussion by their elders on these topics and it is not rare to come upon a group of urchins, ranging in years from ten to fifteen, singing the sacred songs of their gods or reveling with hot enthusiasm in the beauty of its wisdom. This is of more moment to them than play. Such is India! Truly a unique land, to say the least, an interesting people steeped in the mystery of the unknowable and drawing therefrom flashes of light that startle and blind the onlooker.

It is worth while to get a glimpse of these old-world people, a glance at their delicate hands and feet that bespeak ages and ages of splendid heredity and aristocratic ancestry. It is worth while to get a glance at the firm throats and deep chests, the backs straight as a pillar and strong with elastic muscle, the faces delicate in outline, clean-out and full of thought, the lips and eyes that brood on mysteries of inner joys rather than smile at the sensuous beauty of the outer world. It is worth while to listen to their voices, gentle, earnest and persuasive; to watch the gesticulating of hand and head that speaks louder and more impressively than most people's words and voice; to behold the grace of the women, the carriage of head; the firmness of step, the buoyant swing of the body as it disappears from view; and to see the marvel of the *sari*, that one and only covering, old as the long long-ago yesterday, that serves these women as skirt, waist, headgear, veil and cloak. It is only a few yards of cloth, perhaps six yards long and one and one half yards wide. It may be of wool or silk and sometimes of nainsook or linen or even of coarse cotton, but it flashes in yellow and red, in purple and blue, violet and white, rose or green—in all the colors known to man—yet never clashes, never hurts, never is inharmonious in color or unfitting in texture to the artistic sense or eye of man.

To see the coolie or menial with his one bit of cloth tied about his loins, leaving the rest of his body entirely bare and the huge turban of yards and yards of soft cloth twisted in wonderful folds about his head, while the women of the same stride forth with brass urns of water or baskets of fuel balanced on the top of the head and, perhaps, a child astride her hip, and at her side, unashamed, trots the youngster of two or four clothed in the garb that Nature gave it at birth—for the Hindoo children wear no clothes until after four years of age—a jewelled chain about the waist and neck, an anklet or bracelet, or, perhaps a string is the only wearing apparel that adorns them.

Barefooted these women are, all of them, an empress and the lowest maidservant alike; but according to their means, bangels of silver encircle their ankels. Bare-armed they are, too, but bedecked with gold, silver or ivory bracelets are their wrists, fore and upper arms. Earrings that range from poor metal to the most precious stones decorate the ears, while the necks and waists are surrounded by twisted silver and gold made into chains and bands of rarest workmanship. Sometimes the jewels of the women run into fortunes, and a pearl or diamond worth Rs. 25,000 is not an uncommon thing among the wealthy families. It is customary on anniversaries, such as a child's birthday or the feast day of some deity to present the women of the household with a trinket of gold or silver or precious stone. These are in time transmitted to the daughter and thus each young girl, be she ever so poor, can show quite a collection of ornaments which have come from numerous great-grandmothers down to her. The men, too, are not averse to wearing ornaments; in fact, a rich bridegroom will show forth an assortment of rare jewels that could put the vainest Western jewel-loving society woman to shame. But these are only worn by him on great and rare occasions, while the wife or mother or daughter of the house wears some of hers always and all of them sometimes.

Religion is the aim and goal of their existence, the real object of their living, while politics is a side issue, a *motif* in the scheme of life, and their subjugation but a mosquito bite on the great body of existence. Talk religion to the average Hindoo, be it the Christian, Hebrew or Mohammedan, or the many

phases of his own Hindooism, and he will listen, argue and wax enthusiastic with you. He will give up the theatre, a dinner or a drive for it; but meet him with a political question and before you know it he will have submerged it into a question of philosophy or religion. Yes, religion is the real business of his life, the one and only thing that matters in this day.

Enter the home of the average wealthy native of India and what does one find. Look at his book shelves. There you will find books of far away yesterday hugging those of today. He has studied the old and is eagerly scanning the new. Yet he finds little in the latter that he wants and there is, perhaps, nothing in the former that he does not want. The pictures on the walls are not the pictures we revel in, nor are they the faces of ancestors long gone; nor are they the of founders of families, makers of names, builders of the country or heroes in history. No! On their walls one finds the pictures of some half nude saint or holy man who has gained renown in his spiritual life by his great renunciation and God-consciousness. One will find the picture of a God-man Incarnation who has flooded a land with love and wisdom, or of some popular god or goddess or a scene or some incident in the life of these beloved deities. The pictures may not have a trace of real beauty to our way of thinking, the figure may be out of all proportion; the lines out of plumb and entirely off color: but the history of that picture, of that scene, is in the heart of every man, woman or child in that household, and to them it is a work of love in which art needs no place.

All that Indian history records is spiritual history. Heroes count only when they were God-living and gave to the world some of God's wisdom. These they will remember, point with pride and keep alive in their hearts and try to emulate in their daily living. The histories of these lives are put into the hands of the young children or are recited to them by their elders until it becomes part of their lives. It is the intellectual food upon which the women feed and it is the model from which their spirituality is drawn. The children are named after these deities and there is hardly a name in all India that is not that of a deity or spiritual hero. And the reason of this is that the Hindoo

believes he is is thus reminded constantly of these holy ones by seeing his child and uttering his name.

In the Hindoo home every act is the outcome of some religious thought. The bathing, the eating, the drinking, the going forth and the coming back, the act of lying down and rising at dawn are all accompanied by prayer and all are set to the tune of religion. The Hindoo sees in ether, air, fire, water and earth the province over which some god or goddess presides. The sun is a god, so is the moon; the stars are abodes of the immortals to them, and the water is a gift of the Most High which is also guarded and guided by a deity. The earth is a goddess, the Mother of the World, who blesses all that tread upon her body as well as to sustain, nourish and preserve them.

This is his attitude toward life; this is the thing that constantly fills his mind and heart. This is his substance and all the rest is but shadow. For this one reality a Hindoo will give up home, family, name, fame, fortune, a worldly future, to walk as a hermit-beggar, a man of the dust for the rest of his life. Realization is the outcome of his religion and renunciation is the outcome of realization. Thousands of these men are today in India without purse or scrip, with no shelter but the sky and tree or rock and no bed but the earth.—ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON in *The Light of India* for February (abridged).

THE BEST TYPE OF MAN will wish his religion to grow out of and not be alien to, the nobler forms of the religion of his race or nation. He will not wish to break with this nobler tradition. . . . Brought up a Jew, he will not wish to renounce his Judaism. Brought up a Buddhist, he will not wish to renounce his Buddhism. Brought up a Confucian, he will not wish to renounce his Confucianism. He will not wish to turn his back upon the teachings of the saints of his national faith whatever it be. And the true missionary does not ask him to do this, but seeks to enlarge and illuminate his mind, not only without any attack on the native religion, but with a candid and glad recognition of its value.

LIFE IS FLUX. Death is crystallization. Death locks up Life, and liberates Death. They are indissoluble.

GOD IS LOVE

WHEN WE HAVE FOUND GOD in the Heart, and know Him as a Living Reality, we shall never feel ourselves alone, but will realize that we are one with the Heart of the Universe—God.

We are invariably attracted to people having a loving disposition. Being pure minded and spiritual they express more of God's love, which we feel but do not understand, and those who are susceptible in their love nature are irresistibly drawn toward them.

But we need to realize that all this love comes from God—that people are but the instruments for its manifestation, the channel that may fail us at any time. And the love expressed is but an infinitesimal part of God's love, for He is all love, and His love is all ours, and *He changeth not!*

Therefore love not the instrument blindly, but the love manifested through it, and thereby come to understand God's wondrous love more fully and praise Him more and more. Let us not mistake the reflection for the blessed Reality. Thus we become free and unattached. We know that God's love is omnipresent; it is manifested throughout the universe, and reaches us everywhere we go.

In the way of illustration I will mention an incident that impressed this fact upon my mind. I had left a dear friend on the coast to come up to the mountains to live for a time and I found it very hard to leave this dear friend and her little children that were constantly running in with their hands full of beautiful flowers for me. But the day I came here to this lovely region in the majestic Sierras 5000 feet above sea level and far from a railroad, a new friend was sent to me, loving and kind, and with her came her beautiful little child, who, with a smile, offered me a bunch of bright pansies. A Presence seemed to say: "Lo! I am with you always!"

So let us look to the Source of Love for our supply, and our hearts will be filled with love and peace forever more.

MRS. ELLA L. LAYSON

Graniteville, Calif.

TRUTH AND DOGMA

DOGMA IS NOT TRUTH. Statement is not truth. Authority is not truth. Truth is truth because it trues things. Evidence is truth, and truth is evidence. But this is not an evidence from books, or councils, or men. It is self-evidence, and that which is self-evident is such because it is true.

And evidence is fruitage. Thus, truth is proved to be truth because of its fruitage. If it results in a larger and better life and outlook then it is truth. If it cramps the mind, and narrows the life, then it is error.

This is the supreme test, and that test is summed up in the word UTILITY. Truth is truth because it is useful. If it is not useful it is not truth, and to be useful it must have constant power to expand, and beautify, and ennoble the life of a man.

The living of truth develops truth and outwears truth.

New truths do not utterly destroy old truths,—they co-relate them.

All conceptions of truth contain some alloy of error. Larger truths eliminate some of the error but make the real inherent truth brighter.

Every truth has a yet deeper truth hidden within. New truths come by developing this latent potentiality in truth, and it makes its appearance as a contrary while it is but another side all the while hidden.

Whenever truth ceases to broaden the mental and spiritual horizon it ceases to be truth, even though of itself it has not changed. Whenever the time comes in the life of a man that old truths have lost their vitalizing power he may know that he has grown to the capacity of a new truth which is ready at hand even though at the time it may not be discerned.

And out of the many clamoring voices the man must select, and to select he must try and prove, and the only real proof is the test of usefulness in broadening and enriching the life.

The new truth must commence its duties at once. It must not put off till tomorrow its work of increase. Unless it has power at recognition to endow the life with greater riches it is

not the very truth for the time, though it may or may not be the highest truth at some other time. Thus the test of truth is its immediate value.

When the old truth has ceased to hold its value, and amidst the clang and change the new is not recognized, be not dismayed, but continue to seek, and light will come which will show the new truth in all its beauty of usefulness.

The very turning point from the old to the new is often a painful moment, but need not always be so. When that time comes, if come it does in your life, dig down deep into the heart of life and bring faith into the upper air. Hold fast, and soon the new truth will come and bless you, and you will begin the new and happy journey of the upward climb along a higher spiral which will bring you round again, but higher, and better, and more truly true.

A few centuries ago (but a short while in cosmical time) a Man went about Palestine preaching the truth—"testifying to the truth" he told Pilate. He likened that truth to a two-edged sword—which would cut both ways.

Today the cycle has returned, and the truth is being testified to, and to many it is a crucial period of uncertainty and doubt. But as there were many during that past time who recognized the truth even though sometimes it made them blind at first, in order to give them clearer sight, there are very many now—an increasing number—who recognize the truth, and bless the truth, and find the truth an ever expanding joy in fruitfulness, and fruitfulness in joy.

History constantly repeats itself, but in higher and grander octaves. What was, and is, will be and ever was.

The golden age had its culmination, and then its decline and fall of man. But the golden age shall come again, and man shall rise to become even as the angels and the archangels.

And all the while truth shall be greater truth, and good shall be greater good, and man shall know the truth because it is good, and then he shall know the good because it is truth.

And in constantly increasing gyrations of love and power in the everlasting heavens the truth shall make him free, as his consciousness increases through knowing the truth.

He who loveth largely liveth largely. Love is Life.

WORDS ARE THOUGHT GARMENTS

PEOPLE USE WORDS in almost any way they please. And they think it is all right to do this. And thereby they become deluded. Yes, delusion follows the wrong use of words, whether that use is a wilful perversion or unintentional. Almost all the philosophical and theological sword-play is because each man puts a different meaning to his words. And great-gods and little-fishes look on and chuckle. Yes they do. For this sword-play is only by-play. It is not "real business." It is mental and moral tom-foolery.

People abuse words. They drag them in the mud and get them smooched and dirty. Then they have to be discarded. Or made over to suit different times and conditions. Take the word infidel. It means unfaithful, not having faith. The old theologians have rolled and rolled that word about till they have made it mean a person who does not believe exactly as they do, though that person might have much more faith than themselves. The word was abused, shamelessly so, and now it is not fit to use among gentlemen but is abused by those who have not learned to use their words nicely and kindly.

The word catholic meant that broad and charitable inclusiveness which all Christian gentlemen (and dames of high degree) should seek to exemplify. But the word has been abused until it will not do to hand out among intelligent men, and we must use the word universal instead. This is true of the word liberal, which has been purloined from those who had it in safe keeping, and made to cover the dry bones and reeking flesh of any old strump of greed, hypocrisy and vain-glory. Clean men avoid it. They have handed it over to the butler, the footman and the chimney-sweep. The word theosophy is liable to go the way of all flesh. Spiritualism has been seduced, dragged in the mud, carried off to the lock-up, "reformed," sent to the laundry, and soiled again, then re-bound and re-cuffed as psychical science, or research. New thought shows the effect of over wear by some and they want to change it to advanced thought. Same old garment; merely "altered to suit the taste." And it is an external

and changeable taste, and not a fundamental difference in the man's character or an accelerated growth. All words are but the garments of thoughts, as thoughts are the garments of ideas. Those who have gone farther than we have (nearer the Father) come back and tell us that the real man, whom we call the ego, has a covering of seven of these garments, one over the other, the outermost of which we call the physical, and the innermost of which we call **God**. This is also the **Holy of Holies**. It is Glorification.

This physical garment limits the man. That is why we get mixed on words and see-saw back and forth without progressing. We don't know each other in our transmogrified outer garments of flesh, and we buff and beat about chasing phantasms and enthroning illusions. One of these illusions is the possibility of all men seeing God alike, and therefore being able to corral men into one religious fold. It is impossible, and the first one to jump the fence would be that bright mind whose leaven had worked to the extent insufferable.

Nothing would be more unfortunate than a uniformity of religious belief or doctrine, and our Catholic friends are quite mistaken in looking forward to such a consummation. At least not here on this earth and with the various kinds and qualities of mental and moral fabric which constitutes the men and women which make up this seething cauldron of hopes and fears called human life. One Sunday morning early I went to Mass, and was filled with inspiration by coming in contact with the beautiful spirit of devotion and aspiration I met there. Can I afford to cut out the Mass and my friends of the Mass from my sympathies? Never!

In the afternoon I went to a Christian Science Service, and the earth I stood on swayed back and forth and almost disappeared out of sight as I reached back to the Greek Mysteries of the past. In the evening I went to an "upper chamber" and sat with a few special friends and held a communion service with what some call "the dead" and others call "spooks". Which was wrong? Can the three hold together? Is that catholicity? I think so. But do the Catholics (Roman and otherwise) use the word correctly?

Words are shamefully abused.

EDEN AND THE FALL

VARIOUS INTERPRETATIONS of the Eden story have been given from time to time, some of them differing greatly, but all of them probably more or less true, many of them more or less interesting, and some quite practical as working hypotheses of the eternal genesis of life. Any story in order to be of value to a man must help him in his spiritual growth. If it does not do this it has no value,—to him, though it may have to others. May it not be possible that the story of Adam and the Garden of Eden was meant to fit into the necessities of the different times and demands put upon it? Is this not true of all great fundamental cosmical truths when an attempt is made to fit that truth into the comprehension of people of different spiritual stature? The literal interpretations given to children have their uses, even though those same children soon outgrow the childish forms and require newer and more adapted ones.

We live in a logical age. The human reason is enthroned and receives homage from all. Logical sequence, and order, and change which operates through universal law, have taken the place of unreasoning belief in a God and a universe conceived on lines of whim, and caprice, and chance, and disorder. In Mr. Henry Wood's book, *Life More Abundant*, he advances the interesting theory that the story of the Fall of Man really tells of the rise of man in the scale of being, from the animal contentment and simplicity into a larger life which brought to the soul turmoil, and danger, and discontent as the initiation and the price of that larger life of the ego.

The old order of life had reached its culmination, the fruitage of peace had come after a state of turmoil and struggle on a lower plane of spiritual consciousness,—the animal,—and the time came when the ego must leave that happy state and commence to climb another round,—the human. In a sense, then, it was a fall, from content to discontent, fullness to hunger,

from the highest good of the lower life to the lowest good of the higher life. Perhaps today mankind is about midway in its journey from that lowest good which meant a state of barbarism hardly above the brute, to a state of spiritualization near unto the angels.

And, surely, man will reach his golden age again which he left aforesaid. But it will be a golden age of contentment filled with a different quality,—the human,—while that other was the quality of the animal. But as happiness is always a question of relatives, and even heaven is because of its opposite, and when a vessel is filled it can hold no more whether it be a thimble full or an ocean floor, therefore, when the animal had reached his entire felicity in Eden was it not a state of Paradise for him, even though turned out of it later to go round on a higher spiral of cosmical unfoldment?

The law of satiety is universal. Nothing stops. Everything goes. Everything wants more, gets enough, gets hungry, and then wants more again. There is no break in nature. There is no break in God's law. It is one universal swing of ceaseless come and go, get ready and depart, come again and go again. No man has seen the stop. No man has seen the start. The unnumbered yesterdays proclaim the unnumbered todays, and the todays speak of the tomorrows. And the tomorrows forecast into the yesterdays, and the todays are the reachings out of infinitudes of past, present and future.

Analogy is the key that unlocks the mysteries of the universe and reads for us the arcane law of God. Because of yesterday we forecast the morrow. Because of man's growth in the past we predicate man's growth in the future. And no man dare say where it shall cease, for no man has yet found the beginning or the end of things. If man grew up from the brute animal why may he not grow up to angelhood? It lies with the man himself.

What follows is synthesized from Mr. Wood's chapter on Eden and the Fall, in his book *Life More Abundant*:

The story of human nature in Eden is independent of time, space, or locality. It is a passing vision of the universal order of development. Perfected animalhood can go no further in the Garden, and must emerge with a new faculty into the thorny field

of wisdom by experience. The graduate of the lower order steps into the primary department of the higher. Seemingly a fall, really an infinite rise.

The translation is simple. Pre-Adamic man was a splendid creature and stood at the apex of his kingdom. With keen senses and fine physique, the color, odor, taste, and feeling of the Edenic paradise ministered to him completely. The Garden represents the utmost luxury and fullness of sensory enjoyment. Its occupant was innocent, irresponsible, and unmoral, being incapable of morality or immorality. His instinct was exact but every rational and spiritual faculty yet was latent. He was the full ripeness of one great evolutionary subdivision and was now ready to cross the line to the next. Behold the Garden with its wealth of delight for every sense! Nothing was wanting and no improvement possible. But at length satiety became ominous. Such was, or is, the Edenic paradise within man. But on an eventful day, the God-voice in the expanding soul became audible. From gestative slumber rationality emerged into the consciousness.

Infantile and stumbling reason now took the helm and mistakes became the rule. What a contrast with former unerring instinct! Trouble and friction everywhere! Was it not a great fall, and what an apparent basis for the creative tradition! But in reality, a limited and low-vaulted kingdom was exchanged for one of infinite possibilities. A quick transition, by the telling, but time is but a feeble factor in soul development. Millenniums may be required, merely for crossing a line. Eden was gone forever, but a great residuum of animalism was carried over. Unrest, discontent, the moral law, penalty, a sense of guilt, toil, and sweat, must be faced. How slow the progress and how slight the perception that all the obstacles were—and are to this day—educational advantages! Spiritual muscle is developed in the exercise of their removal.

Note again the rare and significant symbolism. Adam and Eve represent the intellectual and the spiritual, the rational and the intuitive, the masculine and the feminine elements in the human soul. These are in all souls, and sex is but superficial, but in general it marks a qualitative predominance of one of them, as indexed by outward expression. Adam came first in order, as the rational faculty being lower in rank comes earlier into manifes-

tation. How true to evolution in the order of unfoldment. Some have rated the intuition as perfected instinct, or as its survival.

The tree of the knowledge of good and evil was in the midst of the Garden of the inner self, and the voice, now audible, told man that the penalty for partaking of its fruit—moral discernment—would be death, that is, to his type. Not physical dissolution which already prevailed, but an end to native innocence, animal contentment, and sensuous fullness. The animal, pure and simple, went down. That grade of soul was lost with the discovery: "as one of us, to know good and evil," and of a new and higher life. Spiritual perception was a fresh development and involved moral choice by contrast. Man was now to choose between the higher and lower, the lawful and the unlawful, and the seeming and the real.

During the slow unfoldment of the spiritual soul, struggle, pain, thorns, and thistles of every kind, are rank in the consciousness, and triumph and defeat alternate in the candidate for spiritual and ideal manhood. Life is a series of charges and retreats, but on the whole of increasing advances, at a price which makes spiritual values apparent. The lower is but the soil in which the higher takes root.

The persistence of the substratum of animalism in man is shown by the outcroppings of selfishness, envy, strife, and war, which crowd human history. The animal nature, which was good in its own time, becomes an adversary if it emerges into rule during the human period. After it loses its rightful crown, its new position is only to serve.

Man's choice of the higher must be free, for if he were forced to take the higher road he would become an automaton. To wrestle with that lower selfhood which is typified or personified by the devil, is not only a duty but a privilege.

The whole Edenic delineation, including the expulsion and the "flaming sword," is neither meaningless fiction, nor objective history, but a study in evolution, scientific as well as religious. It is a psychological and spiritual drama, put upon the stage and acted before us. The dominant animal makes his final adieu and rationality leaps to the front. The former has served well but now is deposed, while his successor is but an inexperienced child. How weak and helpless the babe of today appears when

compared with the trained Arabian horse, and yet how far superior in rank, potentiality, and spiritual consciousness! When humanity burst its shell in the animal soul, the nucleus for divine capacity and unbounded ideals was in evidence. The very wealth of possibilities in store produced immediate discouragement. There was kindled an intense longing utterly incapable of near-by satisfaction. It was a great hunger with but a morsel of bread in sight.

The Eden of sensuous delight was no longer possible, and Adamic man—now human—was forced out, and this by no arbitrary divine ruling, but by the necessity of his own nature. But Eden was still a sweet recollection, and, for the present, what a contrast! While the children of Isreal were on their way to the Promised Land, their longing turned back toward "the flesh pots of Egypt." Many today are trying to find the road back to Eden, believing that paradise still lies in that direction. Even awakened souls have some corresponding experience. They are so far behind their own ideals that there is deep discouragement over present attainment. Sometimes we look back to the ignorant innocence of childhood as a kind of Eden, which it well typifies. What a weight of responsibility comes with added years, greater knowledge and awareness of our spiritual potential!

The human mind is filled with new longings and glimpses of lofty ideals. But still man turns his face back toward the Garden-gate, and there flashes before him the "flame of a sword" which turns every way. He may indulge himself in animalism, but he cannot again be an animal.

It is impossible to go back, and to go forward means sweat and sorrow.

So the human cannot again go back to the animal, nor the animal to the vegetal, nor the vegetal to the mineral, nor the mineral to the elemental. A flaming sword is everywhere to the rearward and cuts off any retreat over the boundary of each kingdom.

MEN ARE DISTURBED not by things, but by the views which they take of things.—EPICTETUS.

GOD AND MAN

God and I in space alone,
 And nobody else in view.
 And, "Where are the people,
 The earth below and the sky,
 And the dead whom I once knew?"
 "That was a dream," God smiled;
 "A dream that seemed to be;
 There were no people living or dead,
 There were only you and me."
 "Why do I feel no fear?" I asked,
 "Meeting you here this day!
 For I have sinned, I know full well,
 And is there heaven and is there hell,
 And is this the judgment day?"
 "Nay, those were but dreams,"
 The Great God said,
 "Dreams that have ceased to be.
 There is no such thing as fear or sin,
 There is no you—you never have been,
 There is nothing but me."

ELLA WHELER WILCOX

GOD THE ARCHITECT

What Thou Art I know not,
 But these things I know :
 Thou hast set the Pleiades
 In a silver row :
 Thou hast sent the trackless winds
 Loose upon their way ;
 Thou hast raised a colored wall
 'Twixt the night and day :
 Thou hast made the flowers to blow
 And the stars to shine,
 Hid rare gems and richest ore
 In the tunneled mine ;
 But, chief of all Thy wondrous works,
 Supreme of all Thy plan,
 Thou hast put an upward reach
 In the heart of man.

HARRY H. KEMP

THE TRINITY

SENSATION IS THE BASIS OF ALL KNOWLEDGE, I would say, but I agree with those who make a contrary statement and say that sensation is not the basis of knowledge. The apparent inconsistency here is from a difference of definition, and not a difference of meaning. This is often the case, and unfortunate mortals have been known to argue for a life time about words that had the same meaning. By sensation I mean the operation of the ego in contacting matter. So do others. But I do not confine matter to that physical world of things which the human being senses and largely, but not entirely, operates in. The old idea of the physical scientists that only "ponderable" things are matter is right when properly understood by bringing the law into the higher realms of life, but untrue when limited to the external physical world of ordinary physical sight and feeling.

There are many and many finer degrees of matter than those cognizable by man, and for each finer plane of matter there are finer senses which man possesses, either in latency or potency. In order to gain knowledge he must contact matter of some degree of fineness, and as a result of this contact acquire the facts from which he gains knowledge.

But knowledge is more than facts, and more than sensation, even though it cannot be acquired except by contact with facts through sensation. Knowledge is sensation, or objectivity, plus perception, or subjectivity. In other words there can be no perception without sensation, and there can really be no sensation without perception. In other words the man,—the ego—cannot know unless he can sense, and he cannot sense unless he can know, and yet the two are distinct. Or to put it a little clearer, perhaps, the power of sensation is the operation in one direction of something which in another direction is perception, but neither can operate alone or independently of the other.

Some writers call the ego that which operates along the lines of Will, Wisdom and Activity; or as the Knower, the Known and the Knowing; the three making a one which cannot be separated or subdivided, and which cannot really fully operate in anything short of the whole, although certain aspects predominate in certain phases or operations of the ego.

Now I think it will be seen that in my use of the word sensation, and my definition of the word matter, that the trinity is never separated on any plane of matter upon which the ego functions, and that there must be sensation, or something clearly analogous to it, upon each higher plane. Ditto with perception. If this is true I think that it is likewise true that all knowledge is the result of contact with matter by means of sensation, that from this contact the man perceives, and this perception is knowledge,—as long as that perception remains a part of the man. Sensation, perception, and knowledge make the trinity. This trinity is indissoluble.

In the *Bible Review* (Applegate, Calif.) Rev. Geo. T. Weaver gives the three primal elements, Fire, Water, and Earth, as the trinity found in nature. These correspond consecutively to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. God is the all-consuming fire, the immaterial, formless, universal element. "As luminous ether, diffused throughout space, it is the illimitable essence and substance, the source of all organic existence before it was objectified by the awakening of the Divine Will. Water corresponds to soul, the Oversoul, or God in highest manifestation. It is a semi-material substance with its inherent life, from which all organisms are composed."

"Earth or matter, the third fundamental element, in its primal condition is an invisible spiritual substance permeating all space. Condensed by the organizing power of the soul it clothes all psychic forms with bodies realizable by the senses. . . . In man the body is the temple of the living God. It is a dynamo for the outworking of the Spirit. It is the agency through which the Spirit sanctifies, illuminates, potentializes, and performs all its functions. It is the field of the Spirit for all effectual operations. . . . Again, the Trinity is illustrated by the the three so-called primary colors, red yellow and blue." Red is general-given as force, substance, actuality, etc., on the earth plane of

life; yellow is sometimes given as the intellect, and blue as devotion, or love, etc., but Mr. Weaver has transposed these two last colors. The difference is occasioned by a difference of emphasis on love and wisdom, or on the will and understanding, probably. Those who place the intelligence as the highest quality consider yellow to be its color; those who place love as the highest quality find its highest manifestation in a resplendent and transcendent, and transparent color which corresponds to our pale yellowish-blue of the sun-rise. It is yellow to one person and blue to another, according to the character of their subjective shell. White is the highest and fundamental color, and white is a trinity of blue, yellow, red. Each one of the trinity subdivides into a septenary, but few of which the present human senses can cognize.

I will mention a few other phases of this trinity,—not fundamental differences, but different aspects: In the cosmical, or macrocosmical, it is Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence.

Also Universal, All-pervading Love; the All-seeing Eye, or Intelligence; and Interacting Cosmical Life or Being or Action, or Operation.

Other names are: Tama, Sattwa, Raja; Atma, Buddhi, Manas; Substance, Quality, Action; Will, Understanding, Use; Spirit, Soul, Body; Noumena, Phenomena, Life; Spirit, Matter, Exertion; Quality, Form, Sound; Bliss, Wisdom, Being; Love, Truth, Life; Thought, Word, Deed; Devotion, Knowledge, Works; Faith, Intellect, Action; Truth, Judgment, Righteousness; Farther, Son, Holy Ghost.

These are but a few of the correspondences, and probably some of them are imperfectly grouped, but I have tabulated them in order to give food for thought, for, after all, growth is but mental assimilation, and mental assimilation is from digestion, and digestion is a tearing apart, a choosing and a reforming. It is not a process of addition, or a patching process.

MANY A MAN HAS BEEN SAVED by compassion and brought by grace into the Kingdom of God, who would have been cursed into the exile of sin by justice. But is condemnation justice? No, love is justice. God is love. God is infinite Compassion. But compassion does not mean remission. It means another chance, a fair show, with God's Angels ever by.

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THE SONG OF BRAHM

I RANGE with the Rudras, with the Vasus, with the Adytus, and the Wiswa-devas! I uphold both the Sun and the Ocean, the Firmament and Fire, and both the Aswins. I support the Moon—destroyer of foes, and the Sun, entitled Twashtri Pushawur Bhaga. I grant wealth to the honest votary who performs sacrifices, offers oblations, and satisfies the deities. Me, who am Queen, the conferrer of wealth, the possessor of knowledge, and first of such as merit worship the Gods render, universally present everywhere and pervader of all beings. He who eats food through me, as he who sees, who breathes, or who hears through me, yet knows me not, is lost. Hear, then, the faith which I pronounce. Even I declare this Self which is worshipped by Gods and men! I make strong whom I choose; I make him Brahma,—holy and wise. For Rudra I bend the bow to slay the demon, foe of Brahma; for the People I make war on their foes; and I pervade heaven and earth. I bore the Father on the head of the Universal Mind; and my origin is in the midst of the Ocean; and therefore do I pervade all things, and touch the Heavens with my form. Originating all being I pass like the breeze; I AM above the heaven, beyond the earth, and what is the GREAT ONE that AM I.

YAJUR VEDA.

A UNIVERSAL RELIGION

ARE WE APPROACHING UNIVERSAL RELIGION?
A Will the walls of exclusiveness which have been about the different religions be broken down and all mankind meet in a common worship? Perhaps, but each man must take a somewhat different view than the other man,—he must place a different emphasis upon one or another of the different aspects of life.

Therefore, while there may be common and universal religion binding together by common bonds of love and aspiration, and leading toward a common good, there must be different interpretations of that religion to suit the different minds of those led to oneness of God by it.

This mental view, or this articulation, we call theology. We can conceive, then, that there may sometime, somewhere, be a common universal religion wherein all men of all diverse conditions of mental and spiritual development will work in harmony and feel a common fellowship.

But theology may never be thus universalized or "standardized." There may or may not be some great general central point of universal belief. I am inclined to believe that this is not necessary. But each man will see God and His World more or less differently. This is because the one which is created cannot measure up to the size of that which created him. Or, to put it another way, the lesser cannot contain the greater. Therefore each vessel will hold its portion, all of which is the whole.

I know that there are some who say that man is all there is of God, and that the seed can sprout and grow to as great or greater size than the plant which gave it birth; that the Ultimate I Am is man himself, and not some power outside of man. But I do not quite take this position and therefore do not need to argue from their standpoint, at the same time admitting that they have a half truth at any rate. And I would use these people tenderly, and in my ideal of Kingdom Come they shall have a

place which is not the least honorable or important. But I do not thus see God, and those who take that especial view should bear with me in my partial view of God, as I will bear with them in their partial view. No doubt the whole truth is greater than both of us.

But while we may not agree in definitions of God and of life we will more and more meet on common religious grounds of worship, of aspiration, and of life. We do that now more than we often realize, even while we are marking out the differences of belief and setting our collection of bric-a-brac up as the only true, and as the standard for others to copy.

Men are now bound and kept together by common bonds of sympathy and love, and human quality, which are but the effects of this common religion which all human kin really follow and believe in. Some call it humanity. That is the social expression of it. But it comes from God. It is religion. The humanity which moves man to suffer man is but the effects of his religion, and as that human sufferance is common and universal to a greater or lesser extent among all peoples, and amidst all climes, then we can see here the outcroppings, as it were, of that great universal underlying basic rock of solidarity which knits all men into one common oneness, one great family, one universal communion with God, one basic spirit of religious unity. This is nothing more nor less than Human Life, the interweaving in many colors and patterns, here below, of the ONE LIFE.

Buddhist and Brahmin will sometime recognize their common family ties, and the Shinto will follow, the Taoist will hurry to add his knot, the Mohammedan will lumber along and add his name to the pot, the Parsee will come also, and the Christian will follow, and all will find a human brotherhood far transcending the local and exclusive ideas of the past.

Many of us are not prepared to see this now. Others are. But this is a common religion, not a common theology. Our theology differs and always will differ. Even in churches which spend a great deal of their energy in attempting to produce uniformity, entire conformity is impossible. No two members of any religious denomination fully agree when they try to state their theology. No two men ever will. It is only along general lines

that they agree at best, and as they think and think, these lines will gradually fade away and become obliterated.

The Christian church has built up high walls of exclusion against what they term paganism and heathenism. This has been a very necessary course in the past. *THERE WAS SOMETHING GREAT TO BE GROWN!* We need conservatories in which to cultivate rare and beautiful things. We need to cut off the winds and even some of the sunlight and nurture in specially prepared earth. But after a while the windows are opened and the walls taken down, and the rare and beautiful growth placed in the common earth, fanned by the common breeze, and kissed by the common sun, drenched by the common rain, drawing its sustenance and joy from the common life about it, and throwing off into that life its aromas and its pollen to bless and to fructify the universal whole.

Without the conservatory it would have died in infancy and the rarer growth never come to flower. Thus, perhaps, with the Christian religion. It may have needed these centuries of hot-house exclusion. But what saved its life in the past is stifling it now and killing it, for it has grown to the stature that it needs the common outdoor life and can withstand the storms and not wilt in the sunshine. *IF IT DOES NOT HAVE THIS NEWER AND LARGER LIFE IT WILL DIE.* The New Age is dawning. The lion and the lamb *will* lie down together, but both will have changed their predominating qualities, and one will be the noble masculine strength, and the other will be the sweet feminine loveliness; and a little child *shall* lead them. In fact the child does lead man now. How often we see the little child drawing together the fierce father and the suffering mother, the strong lion and the weak lamb; because of the love it calls out in both it keeps them united amidst the disorganizing tendencies of selfish individualism.

But there is a lower order of growth and a higher order of growth. Men are pushed along, and dragged along, and pulled along, and coaxed along, by their hates and their loves, their fears and their anticipations. No doubt John Calvin's devil may sometime have been a useful auxiliary, but the same soul that had to be frightened by a Bogie must later learn the law of obedience through love.

Some denominations and more individuals may need a little longer period of coddling and nursing. But others have caught a sniff of the outer air, a glow of the clear sunshine, the aroma of the common earth, and not again for them will the nursery be necessary.

But we need not hurry things. Let the seers see their see, and say their see, and hold their see, until asked to say again. All progress is by orderly succession. It is enough to see the truth, and tell the truth. Those not ready for the truth must not be forcibly made to bear the truth. They would suffer, and wither, and might die.

LET IT PASS

Be not swift to take offence,
Let it pass !
Anger is a foe to sense ;
Let it pass !
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long,
Rather sing this cheery song :
Let it pass !

Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass !
Think how often you have erred ;
Let it pass !
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprove,
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great ;
Let it pass !

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass !
Lay these homely words to heart ;
Let it pass !
Follow not the common throng,
Better to be wronged than wrong ;
Therefore sing the cheery song :
Let it pass, let it pass !

IMMANENCE AND TRANSCENDENCE

GOD IS WITHOUT AND ABOVE A MAN and God is within and about a man, and finally the two will be reunited and become a one. For many centuries the church lost sight of the God within and made much of the God without and above. They carried this idea so far that they carried God quite away from man until the two in many cases became estranged in a quagmire of doubt or a maze of philosophical intricacies. They had half a truth and went to extremes with it.

The tendency today is to go to the opposite extreme, in many cases. With many there is no God but the God within. They believe themselves God potentially if not actually, and in too many cases this truth is misapplied, and therefore becomes an error. For when the fullness of the truth is lost in the clouds of aggrandisement of the lower self of desire and lust of power, men lose sight of the God above and desecrate the God within by dragging him in the mire of carnal propensity.

On the other hand those who place God upon a pedestal far off in the heavens, infinitely above man, so distort a truth that it easily becomes a stumbling block in the way of man's advancement. The revulsion of feeling against the church today, and the church forms, is because people have found God within and have not been able to expand their consciousness to include a God above. They had to hate one or the other. The idea of the God above became worn out and obnoxious. They discovered another opposite truth which showed the God within. Not having room for both in their mental and spiritual itinerary they dropped with more or less violence the former belief. But after a while they will become tired of the present belief, and swing to an opposite. And both will be the truth in an absolute sense, but only the truth in a relative sense will appertain to the dominant belief of the time, no matter which it is.

Many readers of this magazine have no doubt been displeased

at the view of God which has been presented wherein he has been shown to be the great above and outside of man, and many of our friends have been displeased at the view held by many that there is no God but themselves, and that all of God was within. This is a partial truth, and useful as far as it goes. Can we hope to find enough readers who are tolerant and comprehensive enough to admit both positions and to realize that those who hold the one or the other to an undue extent are but accentuating a truth, the other half of which is either implied or in abeyance ready to appear in their lives when the present truth has outlived its use? We grow by extremes, it is true, and yet finally when the pendulum has swung back and forth time and again there comes a neutral point of growth which is a point of comprehension. Then a higher flight is taken in higher realms of truth and the process is repeated.

As we all belong to a common humanity, and have all of us come along by a common method of growth, and will so progress in the future, we can have a sympathizing tolerance for those who take an opposite position, remembering that was how we ourself grew and will grow again and again.

For Truth is contained in opposites, not in similars, and the opposite statement our opponent makes may be but the other side of our statement, without which ours would fall to the ground. Thus it is with the doctrine of divine immanence and transcendence. Both are true, and one is necessary to support and actualize the other.

Rev. George S. Rollins, D. D., of Springfield, Mass., says in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* that immanence "is a theory of the mode of divine existence. Immanence means indwelling. It is the essential indwelling of God in his universe. Yet he is distinct from the universe which he has made, and is superior to it. Bowne defines the doctrine thus: 'God is the omnipresent ground of all finite existence. The world continually depends upon, and is upheld by, the ever-living, ever-present, ever-working God.'

"Illingworth, basing his view upon the analogy of the indwelling spirit of man in his body says: 'The divine presence which we recognize in nature will be the presence of a spirit which infinitely transcends the material order, yet indwells it.'

John Caird affirms: 'God is not simply the Creator of the world, but the inward principle and ground of its being.'

"Clark describes immanence as 'omnipresent energy' and adds 'immanence means that God is everywhere and always present in the universe, while transcendence means that he is not limited by it. He is a free spirit inhabiting His universe, but surpassing it.'

"Someone has illustrated the immanence of God in the world by a sponge filled with water. The water is in every part of the sponge. The illustration fails in that it contains no suggestion of the transcendence of God. It seems to invest God in the world in such a way as to deprive Him of freedom and transcendence. Illingworth's suggestion is wiser. God is in His world as I am in my body. Yet I am greater than my body. I transcend it. I am in every part of my body potentially. . . .

"The Christian view of immanence is close to pantheism. The check is in the transcendent idea. God is transcendent as well as immanent. He is in His world but greater than the world. The universe is an organism of which He is the life and power. Its laws and processes are God's operations manifesting himself and unfolding His purpose. In the same way He indwells and sustains man. . . .

"Behind all natural phenomena there is an unseen, immeasurable power that causes evolutions and multiplications. What is this power? The Scientist may answer, 'I do not know,' but the *fact* he acknowledges. The Christian theist says, 'This is the immanent, transcendent God.' This force exhibits tokens of personality as we understand personality. It works in an orderly way. It works toward definite ends. These ends are moral. Here we come to the sight of a personal, moral Being as the ground of all things."

LIKE AN EARTHEN POT, A BAD MAN is easily broken, and cannot readily be restored to his former situation; but a virtuous man, like a vase of Gold, is broken with difficulty and easily repaired.—HITOPADESA.

LOVE IS THE MYSTIC KEY of the Cosmos. All things swing in love, live by love, are held in place by love.

WEALTH AND WANT

IF I WAS ONLY as rich as he is!" muttered a boy that had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly-dressed boy leaving a baker shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" said the boy with the fresh loaves as he saw another boy on a bicycle, munching candy.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" sighed the boy on the bicycle, as another boy rolled past in a ponycart.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" grumbled the boy in the ponycart as he caught sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" this lucky fellow wished, as his father's yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he spied one day a young prince attended by a retinue of liveried servants.

"If I were as free as that boy is!" impatiently growled the young prince, thinking of the boy in the yacht.

"If I could drive out alone with a pony and nobody to take care of me but myself" thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

"If I only could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!" longed the driver of the pony.

"How happy that boy with the basket looks!" said the boy on the bike.

"If I could relish my dinner as that boy does his crust" said the baker's boy. "I'm sick and tired of bread."

Which one was rich?

THE GREATEST INSPIRATION in life is to LIVE LIFE,—and that means to live life nobly, and beautifully, and sweetly. And that means we should live life in a becoming manner, a manner which consists of Purity, Poise, and Patience. That attitude is finite becoming. It may end there if it is external and not from the heart. When that attitude of sweetness and loveliness is in the heart, when it springs from the Center of Life, then is it Infinite Becoming.

NEW THANATOPSIS

Beneath the glory of a brighter sun
Than that which keeps this moving globe of dust
True to its orbit, and with vision fed
By spiritual light and wisdom sent from God,
I sought for Death throughout the universe—
If haply I might note the dreaded being
Who casts such awful shadow on our hearts,
And seems to break, with his discordant step,
The harmonies of nature. But in vain
I scanned the range of substance infinite
From God to angels, and through them to earth,
To beast, bird, serpent and the ocean tribes,
To worms and flowers, and the atomic forms
Of crystalline creations. Change had been,
Perpetual evolution and fresh life,
And metamorphoses to higher states—
An orderly progress, like the building up
Of pyramids from earth's material base
Into the fields of sunlight—but no Death.
With deep solemnity akin to fear,
I pondered o'er the elemental world,
That seeming chaos, but its bosom held
No embryonic forms but those of life:
Nor did the spiritual origin of things
Elude my recognition in the maze
Of chemic transformations. Then I read
The geologic leaves of stone sublime,
Immortal book in an immortal tongue,
Full of mysterious life. And then I looked
Into the dark mausoleums of the past,
And up the swift and shadowy stream of Time,
Upon whose banks nations and men are said
To have perished. And I turned the teeming soil
Of all the battle-fields of every age,
Peered into charnels, tracked the desolate paths
Of plague and famine, and surveyed with awe
The secrets of the sea—but found no Death.
To spirits, the veil of whose material temple
Is rent in twain, and who are capable
Of purer thought and more interior life,
His name and nature are alike unknown.

Throughout the choral harmony of things,
 And all the vast economy of God,
 He has no place or power. *There is no Death!*
 God,—God alone,—is Life; and all our life,
 And all the varying substance of the world,
 From Him derived, and vitalized by Him;
 And every change which we ascribe to Death
 Is but a change in form or place or state
 Of something which can never cease to live.

Insensate matter is the base of all,
 The pedestal of life, the supple mould
 Through which the vital currents come and go.
 The Universe, with its infinity,
 Is but the visible garment of our God;
 The sun is but the garment of our heavens;
 The body is the garment of our soul,
 The coarse, material outbirth of its life,
 Its medium for a time, a shell which keeps
 Within its curves the music of the sea—
 Awondrous thing! which seems to live, but does not,
 For nothing lives but God, and all in Him.

The spirit is a substance, a pure form
 Of immaterial tissue, finely wrought
 Into the human shape, unseen in this
 Our physical existence, but the cause
 Of all its motions and its very life.
 When ripened for a more exalted sphere,
 The soul exuves its earthly envelope,
 And leaves the atoms of its chemic dross—
 Oh never, never more to be resumed!—
 For worms, or weeds or flowers to animate,
 While it withdraws to more august abodes,
 Happier beyond comparison than those
 Who pass in joy from hovels all forlorn
 To palaces imperial.

None have died
 From earth's first revolution to the present,
 But all are living who have ever lived.
 Earth has indeed no monuments of Death,
 But only vestages of those who passed
 Through this inevitable vale of shadows,
 And left behind the prints of busy hands,
 That are still busier now, and songful echoes
 Of friendly voices that are singing still.

In gloom and darkness was the poet lost
 Who calls this earth the mighty tomb of man:
 'Tis but his temporary habitation,
 His cradle and his school of discipline—
 The dark cold ground in which the seed is sown,
 That, struggling upward, slowly germinates
 Until it bursts into the shining air.

Not Christ alone has risen, but all have risen:
 The stone is rolled from every sepulchre;
 The grave has nothing it can render back.
 When we ascend to our eternal homes
 We leave no living fragment of ourselves.
 We do not pass from nature to the grave;
 But nature *is* our grave, from which we rise
 At seeming death, our real resurrection
 Into the world of spirits. And the tomb,
 With all its grief and tenderness and shadow,
 Is the creation of our sluggish minds,
 By kindly memories and sweet suggestions,
 To cherish and prolong the love of friends,
 Gone, but not lost; unseen, but nearer still,
 In beauty and in glory, to our life,
 Which lives in God, immortal as Himself.

By DR. WM. L. HOLCOMBE in *Southern Voices*
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FAITHFULNESS

How wrought I yesterday? Small moment now
 To question with vain tears or bitter moan,
 Since every word you wrote upon the sands
 Of yesterday hath hardened into stone.

How work tomorrow? 'Tis a day unborn,
 To scan whose formless features is not granted.
 Ere the new morning dawns, soul, thou mayest wing
 Thy flight beyond tomorrow—disenchanted.

How shall I work today? O soul of mine!
 Today stands on her threshold, girt to lead
 Thy feet to life immortal. Strive with fear:
 Deep pitfalls, strew the way—take heed: take heed!

JAMES N. KNIPE

THE LAW OF DESIRE

WHEN YOU DESIRE GOOD THINGS you set up vibrations which connect you with those good things. This is just as true of evil things as of good things, for what we desire we fasten to ourselves. That connection is mental, but none the less real, and if persisted in will crystalize the physical objects that correspond to the mental image and bring them to us in concrete form. Beware what you desire.

Some things which we desire come sooner than others. That is because the physical conditions which we have brought about us by previous thinking are in harmony with these desires. When we desire something different from what we have now we must give the desire time to operate. That time will need be in proportion to the difference. But if we persist in the desire it will eventually triumph in the outward life.

Some people get discouraged when they fail to get what they desire at once, and think they have gained nothing by trying. But they have. If they really desire a thing they bend all their energies in that direction, and as far as they do that they will draw that thing to them.

The trouble is with many that their desires are met with an opposite desire in their mind which neutralizes the other. One must have a single and definite purpose, or they have no purpose at all, and opposite desires or weak desires will accomplish little or nothing.

IS RELIGION TO BE IDENTIFIED with ecclesiastical organization, creed, ritual, and emotionalism, so that when these are dismissed nothing remains? . . . To Christ religion meant an ideal of life. Religion meant righteousness, the doing of God's will, the possession of the qualities of character described in the beatitudes, the doing of the good and helpful deeds described in the Sermon on the Mount and the parables, the love to God and love to men in which the law and the prophets were summarized, the practice of justice, mercy and faith, the weighty matters of human obligation which men were leaving undone. —From an editorial in *The Bible World*, Chicago.

MAGAZINE AND BOOK NOTICES

Grounds on Which Jews will Accept Christianity is a 66 pp. booklet by Elijah Moses, issued by the New Thought Publishing Co., Gilchrist, Michigan, at 50 cents. This book is very entertaining, being written in a conversational manner. Also it is a plausible argument. But why should Jews accept Christianity? Isn't Judaism proper for the Jews, Hinduism for the Hindus, Zoroaster for the Parsees? Is not real religion above all these forms, though contained in them? I think so. I do not want to make you a Christian because I am a Christian, or even a New Theologian because I am a New Theologian. This is not a proselyting magazine. It is to *gather-in* those who belong under our banner, no matter where they are. It is a balancing of forces. We do not have all the truth. In the nature of things we cannot. Neither can any man or any movement. All religions are necessary in their own integrity. Not to pull and haul each other, but to lift each other up, is true spiritual religion, and this true religion is *all-religion*, that we may each and all reach the UNUTTERABLE! But by different paths.

Emmanuel Swedenborg was doubtless the most profound writer God ever sent to earth. And yet he made mistakes, because he was human. Pastor Landenberger, 3741 Windsor Place, St. Louis, is advertising some special books in our magazine. The Nunc Licet Press, 42 Coulter Street, Philadelphia, sell and loan Swedenborg's works. The Massachusetts New Church Union, Boston, has a large stock of books and will gladly send catalogues on request. I consider Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell* the most important work for the "beginner," but some place a higher value on *True Christian Religion*, which was his ripest work. About twenty-five years ago I purchased a pocket edition of *Heaven and Hell*. I carried it with me wherever I went and studied it at odd moments until I completely wore it out. Then I bought another copy. I have a few of the old leaves in the bottom of my desk, and sometimes when I come across them the memory of those old days comes back, and I think of those struggling times, and of the three which God called away. No man who studies Swedenborg's writings will dare to live a sordid and carnal life, even if he did not through God's grace itself learn love the Lord.

The Theosophical Movement is growing apace. Now don't think I am a Theosophist, because I am not. Neither am I a Swedenborgian. I've tried both at divers times, and failed. I've tried lots of others besides,—and failed. That's not saying that John-Franklin feels justified. He couldn't help it. He would get more or less attached for awhile and congratulate himself that he had at last become "fixed," but some powerful March wind would come along and shake him off his perch and he would have to march. 'Twas awful! But 'twas *Grand* to be out in the Freedom of God's World! But I am glad to see them all progress, for I

have seen God's Law of Balancing. *The Theosophic Messenger* has a new "dress" and has otherwise greatly improved. *The Theosophical Quarterly* is without doubt on a par with the best reviews published in this country. I often scan its pages and go to bed hoping that sometime I shall do as well. *The Word* is a handsome and scholarly magazine which any movement should be proud of. The handsome weekly published at Point Loma is also a credit to the movement, but their mailing machine does not work up this way and I have not seen a copy since the one I bought four years ago.

The Initiates is a new Rosicrucian magazine, published at Allentown, Pa., \$1.00 per year, 10 cents per copy. It is well edited and nicely printed. We wish it success.

Across Lots to Success is another one of those practical metaphysical booklets which there is such a great demand for in these new and changing days. This one is especially good, and is written in a charming and interesting manner. Published by Winifred Fales, 871 E. 170th Street, New York City, at 25 cents.

The Unity Tract Society, 913-915 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo., has recently issued three handsome booklets. *Love, the Supreme Gift*, by Henry Drummond, antique deckle-edge paper, red border, 42 pp. 35 cents, an elegant piece of printing, which does credit to this classic idyl. *The Philosophy of Self Denial*, by Charles Fillmore, approaches the ever-renewing problems of life in an especially practical manner. Price 15 cts. *A Talk to Men*, by a Student of Truth (10 cents) is another timely booklet, well worthy of study.

Constructive Thought is the rejuvenated name of *The New Thought News*, which is published weekly by Mrs. C. J. L. Pierce, 553 Boylston Street, Boston. Mrs. Pierce has brought this paper along ever since it was a weny baby left an orphan by Harry Gaze. Now it's quite a husky lad. Bye and bye it will be quite a man. Samples for stamps.

The New Thought Bureau, 5 Oxford Terrace, must be doing quite a stroke of business judging by the thunder (stage thunder) we hear reverberating over the hills. We always knew they were likely lads. If there is anything about New Thought you are in doubt about go to them. If they do not have it on hand they'll go out and buy it.

The Eternal News is a canny Scotch booklet by J. J. Brown, of 300 Cathcart Road, Govanhill, Glasgow, at 25 cents made into British money. A wise man avoids an argument with a Scotchman, and I will say that John hits the nail ker-thump on the head every time,—when he does not pound his fingers. His thesis is that Spirit is Substance and Will-Action Creates. We agree.

The Searchlight, 114½ North Fifth Street, Waco, Texas, is another one of those "liberal" publications, which are doing a good work, no doubt, in their particular way,—which happens to be very far from our way. If people think, however, and think honestly and bravely, they will reach, in their way, the goal we are all pointed for.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

A NUMBER OF LETTERS failed to reach me. How many I cannot know. A trusted but weak employee was the cause. Money was the object. It is well to remember the limitations of human character. It was a great loss, as every subscription, and every kind word, is greatly valued and very necessary at this time when I am starting a work single-handed, the magnitude of which often staggers.

JOHN O. has written an article which he wants me to print in our magazine, and which he thinks will thoroughly convince each and every one of us. But his story is the same old orthodox argument that has been preached to us for these many years, and which has become tiresome. That is the best we can say for it. But John O. is all right, even though his theology is quite wrong. I doubt if we all want to hear this song sung again. I don't. If you do step into any old-fashioned Methodist prayer meeting or Negro revival. You'll get your big 'nuf. I did, when I was a boy, and it has surfeited me ever since. They largely work on the emotions and fears, and expect everyone to interpret the scriptures exactly as they do. The old religion was and is a good religion. It has done, and is doing, a great amount of good. But to those who have entered into the spirit of the New Dispensation the old arguments have no basis in reality. "We *know* that our Redeemer liveth." Therefore the claim made by those who say we are lost we brush aside in a spirit of Christ-like tolerance.

And I want to be truly kind to John O., for he represents very many friends of mine both near and dear who I value very highly and who I expect to meet in Kingdom Come and see them occupy the cushioned seats, and plush sofas, and prominent places in that Great Re-union. Therefore I would like to publish that article. But it's too long to bear or forbear. I must make an interesting magazine or I shall fail to "catch on." This old theology see-saw is out of date, innocuous, insufficient. If John O. would be willing to have me synthesize his paper (same as Mr. Wood did in the article "Eden and the Fall," and Prof. Nash in "Revelation and Authority") I might get in, say, two pages.

SHOW THIS MAGAZINE to your friends. Ask them to send ten cents for a trial subscription. They will probably like it after they become acquainted with it. Send the editor any nice poetry, or clippings, or good thoughts. Help us all.

DORA W. LIKES A BATTLE ROYAL. That is why she likes to read Mr. Singleton W. Davis' "Humanitarian Review," for Mr. Davis is "at it" nearly all the time, handing out and receiving "thorny bouquets" till the cows come home in the morning. Same with John O.

who is nothing if not aggressive, a doughty, militant Christian on war-horse, pointing his spear at any man who has the audacity to differ from him. As both these heavy-weight champions give as good blows as they receive Dora is tickled. But I don't care a picayune for such stuff. If one had the time and liked that sort of thing (and kept their temper) it would be well enough, but this magazine is for far more worthy work than that. Now this is not saying that Mr. Davis is not doing exactly what is right. Same with John O. We need all kinds to keep the pot boiling. Dora was on John O.'s side from the start. Coz why? He's such a holy scrapper.

QUESTIONS are always in order. Don't hesitate. Speak right up in meeting. We don't know everything. Neither do you. We will exchange information. But, try things. Don't believe all you read in this magazine. That does not mean that I am not earnest, and honest as far as I am able to be, but it means that I would rather have intelligent, discriminating, even doubting, readers than a great herd of sheep led here and there by some self-imposed shepherd.

I WOULD LIKE TO SEND this magazine to a number of public libraries and reading rooms, each month. I prefer small libraries in small towns, as this magazine is issued in the interests of common people who think, and not for those people who "know it all." As a rule city people are too much distracted with the noise and bustle of life. The country man gets nearer to nature, God's handiwork, and gets nearer to God, and more responsive to God's voice. Write us the name of the public library in your vicinity. If they have a place for our magazine we will send it to them.

THERE IS ONE FRIEND (I heard it vicariously) who got so mad at the dreadful propositions which John Franklin put forth in the April number of our magazine that he scribbled the margins full of proof-texts as a sort of antidote to the poison, and to exorcise the spirit of evil therein contained. That tickled me very much. I nearly lost faith shortly after getting out the first number of the magazine last Christmas time because nobody either praised or blamed. I thought I had "put my foot in it" sure 'nough. But soon somebody came along and criticised it, and John Franklin realized he had a mission, or in other words the Boss of The Shop had given him some Work To Do, and he'd better "get on to his job" forthwith. And he did. And then some bouquets came walking up the pike, and they were not thorny ones, either, such as our brother Singleton W. Davis tells about.

DORA W.'S DEPARTMENT has been crowded out this month. The big fellers make the little fellers stand aside, don't they? But we will try and plan things better next month.