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# NEW THOUGHT

*Contents include*

“THE  
PLACE OF UNDERSTANDING”  
By R.D.S.

“THE VOICE”  
By Narna Scutt.

“THE WOMAN AT THE ALTAR”  
By E. H. Gilmour.

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MAY, 1930.

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1—NEW THOUGHT.

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## THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH.

“ The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.”—1 Cor. xii. 7.

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## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### “ THE PLACE OF UNDERSTANDING.”

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Knowledge is not the least of man's necessities. But there is a greater. It is the need of *Understanding*. The facts of life have to be confronted. Their *meaning*, however, and the resources which lie at our disposal for the interpretation of such facts, are of paramount importance.

Knowledge can be, and must be, acquired. Understanding cannot. It is innate. And it depends upon our experience and growth. Knowledge is from without. Understanding comes from within.

True Life means Understanding: the realisation which is inherent in Conscious unfoldment. Conscious unfoldment is reached as we discern the *significance* of Life to be *inward* and as the outcome of states of our own inner Being. And this, intellectually considered, is gradual—a question of development.

The last thing that man realises is, that he himself is the creator of conditions, the arbiter of his destiny. Time was when the individual, no less than the race during the period of its infancy, was inclined to regard circumstances and events as attributable to the enactments of a super-human will. All was assumed to be regulated and administered by an over-ruling power, which, though it might be supplicated to act on man's behalf, was supposed to demonstrate its might mainly by frustrating human desire and endeavour.

Later, as man developed a rudimentary sense of responsibility, he came to seek the meaning of life, and especially the meaning of untoward circumstances, in the penalty which he felt that he

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## NEW THOUGHT—2.

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“ Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free.”

### DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

#### WE AFFIRM

1. THE FREEDOM of each soul : mental, moral and spiritual. Truth is the essence of New Thought ; and every soul must be at liberty to claim the right to fresh Inspiration, which is the source of progressive revelation.
2. THE GOOD : Universal, Supreme and Eternal, in whose image man is created ; evil and pain being that which appear when his thought does not manifest (and in the overcoming of which he demonstrates), the underlying Unity.
3. HEALTH, which is man's birthright. Man's body is his Holy Temple. Each function, organ, member and cell is controlled by Divine Intelligence.
4. THE DIVINE SUPPLY. Within us are inexhaustible Resources of energy and power.
5. THE TEACHING OF CHRIST, that the Kingdom of God is within us, here and now ; that we are one with the Father ; that we should not judge ; that we should love one another, heal the sick, return good for evil, minister to others and be perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect.
6. GOD as Infinite Spirit, manifesting in Universal Life, Love, Truth and Joy, in whom we live, move and have our being : that Divine Mind is the only Mind, and that realising our oneness therewith means Love, Truth, Peace, Health, Completeness and Service.

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### 3—NEW THOUGHT.

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must have incurred through the violation, either wilful or unwitting, of Laws that had been divinely ordained for him. In this way he reached the conclusion that life must needs be interpreted in the light of the expiation of guilt.

Subsequently, and only after he has realised that sin, suffering, error and evil, are the results of the vain imaginings of his own error-begotten mentality, does man seek *within him* for the Truth-explanation.

And what is this explanation? Well may man ask! To have exposed himself to the delusions of a logic which has accustomed him to believe that he was created by a power greater than himself, which, in order to demonstrate its all-mighty ness, permitted man to enter an existence in which he became the victim of innumerable ills for which there was no effectual remedy—has naturally come to be regarded as incompatible with the demands of his Spiritual Nature.

What is the reason of man's disillusionment? Is it not that he feels that he has never understood? And that it is just because he has failed to shoulder his own burdens that he has landed himself in a philosophy which has reduced him to less than the dimensions of an impotent worm?

Man craves Understanding. But his Understanding, if it is to profit him, must involve something more than the rejection of fallacious belief. It must imply the full acceptance of a constructive faith. And this faith must consist in the thoroughgoing application of a Principle which is at once intelligible and convincing.

Theoretically, of course, all thinking men and women are aware that to picture the Divine in the traditional manner is nothing less than a blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. Yet how many have realised that, until they have adjusted themselves, spiritually, to Life, so as to be enabled to manifest Wisdom, Love and Grace, they are still practically in bondage to a false conception?

What does Truth say? That if we would understand, we must *live*; and, in order that we may live, the Divine Life Itself must enter and possess us. But that can be only on condition that we realise that, according to our faith is it done unto us. Man has lived—or rather tried to live—in fear. He has caught sight of his own shadow; and having projected it upon the void, and seen it lengthen, he has mistaken it for the image of God. He has looked back—upon himself: upon his feeble and ineffectual beginnings. Age by age, he has cast a retrospective glance upon "history." Knowledge, he has said, has grown. Has not man grown also? Has he not increased in stature? Has he not become a giant?

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## NEW THOUGHT—4.

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But until man ceases to look at his own shadow, what shall it profit him? Where, to whom, shall he turn? To God. To the Living God! And where may the Living God be found? Shall it not be in the Truth which man discovers within himself—which is the Light, the True Light, that alone may guide him? And is not this Light the very essence of man's Being?

Man is seeking a new Consciousness. Say rather, a new Consciousness is finding man. Man is entering the state in which, having outlived the illusion that God is, or can be anything less than the Whole, he is beginning to realise his Oneness with the All-good. And thus, in relinquishing his idols, the phantasies which, in his ignorance, he projected in his own image and likeness upon the past, he is emancipating his Thought from those conceptions which limited and bound him.

And thus, in the living Present, he is reaching Understanding. What is Understanding? Is it not the complete and utter identification of self with That which wholly transcends self? Is it not the full realisation that our self is It's-self only when it has ceased from all that has conspired to frustrate the true Spiritual Autonomy in which all multiplicity and diversity are resolved into their Infinite Element, and when the One-and-Only Eternal is worshipped and glorified in Spirit and in Truth? Once this is so, and all sense of separation or distinction between the Divine and the Human vanishes: nay, the necessity for the Human itself ceases; for it is merged in That of which it is but the reflection, the symbol. Until then, and only until then, we seek Another. When once that Other has come, the necessity for self departs: the Meaning is revealed: Understanding is ours.

R.D.S.

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**THE WOMAN AT THE ALTAR.**

By E. H. GILMOUR.

The woman fell upon her knees and prayed :

“Oh, Thou, who must be, else would there be nothing, help me now to know Thee. I desire only to understand Thee and possess Thee for ever, and to Thee, oh fount of eternal life, I surrender myself to the uttermost. Surely Thou wilt satisfy my soul’s hunger for the Truth, Oh God.”

A great stillness enveloped her as she waited for some answer. Slowly she sank face downwards and lay stretched at full length, her head buried in her arms, and so remained three days bereft of all power save compelling desire, and the youth kept watch over her.

At the third midnight she became aware of a sound as of the presence of a multitude, and rose to her feet. But she beheld only the youth with the drawn sword. The radiance from the altar glowed with an increased brilliance. Taking a step forward she came close to the point of the sword. Instinctively she raised her hand and touched it and a great shock of recollection caused her to stagger and cry aloud as if in pain. Recovering herself, she looked into the eyes of the youth and presently spoke :

“I remember you. You stood thus once before even as now, deaf to my entreaties and preventing my return to a much desired place. I was not ever as I am now; that which I have so long sought is something lost. It comes back ! Soon I shall remember all.”

Moving closer to the youth, and in spite of almost intolerable pain keeping her hand ever on the sword, she stood awhile in deep thought. He watched her eagerly.

At length she spoke again : “It comes slowly back to me. I was a goddess, immortal, free from corruption, the helpmeeet of the glorious Son of God. This earth was our province. We were many, an Immortal Race. We loved men ; we taught and helped them to achieve what we had won, godhood from manhood. Then came that black day and all was over and I was shut out from heaven, condemned to earth life ; in it, but not of it.” Then aloud, almost fiercely, “What happened ? What was the cause ? Where are the others ? How shall we return ? I must understand.”

Looking at the youth fiercely, she said :

“You are the Angel of the Lord. Fallen though I may be, I am of the Immortal Race. In the beginning was the Word and the Word was and is and ever shall be God. Let me pass.”

At these words the youth vanished with a joyous laugh, and the Temple seemed to rock as if a multitude had arisen and shouted.

Exultantly the woman walked through the arch and entered the Holy Place. She knelt awhile before the Altar, marvelling at the light which apparently had no source. As she gazed she became aware that it emanated from a Woman standing on the steps, of so marvellous a beauty that her heart failed her, and she would have fled from the Chapel had the Woman not smiled in sweet friendliness, and held out her hands in welcome.

“Come,” she said. “I have waited long for you to place yourself beside Me at this Shrine.”

Amazed at such a consummation to her pilgrimage, the woman rose, mounted the three steps, and gazed long into the Other’s eyes.

“Who are you?” she whispered at last.

“I am your true Self, the Eternal Feminine with whom abideth Divine Wisdom and Understanding. The Creator formed us in the Golden Age of long ago to be the helpmeet of His son Adam. I the ideal, the innermost one, you the living woman who must ever inspire him. But you lost me when you ate of the tree bearing mixed fruit.”

“‘The Forbidden Tree!’ I begin to recollect. I thought to gain freedom and power, to be above the Law.” She paused, still searching her memory.

Said she of the Altar softly:

“Inordinate pride and selfish desire were your undoing, Oh immortal race, the sons of God. Having risen to the heights of being, instead of fulfilling your true function as helpers and guides to those below you, still struggling upward to the goal of life, you were tempted to despise them, and to seek power for yourselves alone. You succumbed to the Illusion of Duality, symbolically called the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and brought upon yourselves and all below you a dire catastrophe. Whereas God saw all that He had made, and behold it was very good, and you saw all that He had made and behold it appeared a mixture of good and evil. The absorption of this false idea that God could create that which was evil, poisoned, the very source of your spiritual life. Thus was lost your divinity and your Kingdom and from thenceforth the sons of God have lived without understanding, a confusion neither beast, man nor god, a menace and a hindrance among the mortals whom they betrayed. Inasmuch as Woman was the Divinely appointed guardian and Priestess of the Truth underlying Immortal Being, her infidelity has brought upon her much suffering down the ages. But at last she begins to stir, and her Creator, loving without measure, made a way of return, and you have found it by finding me, your ideal self. The host of heaven exult this day in your awakening.”

The woman, transfigured by this revelation, remained silent for a time, her mind crowded with recollections and images of her long-forgotten immortal life. The struggle of her life, of her many lives, was ended. She had found her true Self.

The Woman of the Altar watched her the while, holding her by the hand, as if to be the channel through which knowledge of her divinity reached her.

“What must I do? I desire to remain for ever here with you, and yet what of the world, of my lover, of the others who are lost? I must return to help them.”

“Yes,” said the Woman, “labours as of Hercules are before you. But before you enter the strife drink with me from the Cup of Love which holds the immortal elixir.”

So saying, She turned to the Altar and took therefrom the Golden Cup wherein was that which sparkled and glowed as a ruby. Holding it in both hands, She put it to Her lips, then gave it to the woman, who took it and with a questioning look, drank. It seemed to her that with that draught, something was re-born within her, she became again an holy one, immortal, ever young and ever wise.

In the midst of her ecstasy, she remembered the words of the Hermit, “if you can pay the price.” The woman at the Altar, answering her thought, said :

“You have already paid. You have given your mortal self, spirit, soul and body, a living sacrifice to be the chariot of the Highest. This is the mystic death, by which you are freed from the curse of carnality, and prepared for the divine espousal of which God’s Son is the fruit. Without you the Son of God cannot become incarnate; without woman instructed, man cannot achieve godhood. You have solved the Riddle of the Ages; the mystery of the Cross, the two natures reconciled, is revealed to you because you have sacrificed your mortal self.”

Again She watched the woman as she pondered this wonder. Then with a loving embrace, She whispered, “You must now return to the world. Seek for your first love whom you have not seen these many years. Seek him at the old trysting place. He will meet you there. He has great need of you. Through deep suffering he has expiated his sin of infidelity to the Highest. Know that in the love of man and woman is hidden the key that opens the door of the immortal kingdom. But the Woman must be She clothed with sun, having the moon beneath her feet, and so able to overcome the dragon of fleshly desire. For the fallen sons of God generation is the gateway of death, though for mortals it is the way of ascent. God is with thee; be true to Me and depart in peace.”

Her hands rested for a moment on the head of the woman, who sank unconscious upon the altar steps.

When she came to herself, she was at the foot of the mountain. She was aware of a perfect atonement and harmony of Spirit, Soul and Body; her mien was that of the girl she had been. Without delay she sought the ancient bridge above the river and the great city. It was high noon. Leaning against the parapet she beheld a man. As she approached nearer she marked his stooping shoulders and dejected air. Coming close, she touched him and he turned to her. His eyes were tragic and defiant, but the gleam that is life still lurked in their depths. She knew him, her first love in this earth life, her bridegroom in the long lost Golden Age.

In bewilderment, almost fear, he gazed at her.

“This must be madness,” he murmured, “I must be near death and visions from the dead past come up to torture me.”

A flood of love and pity for him surged through the woman.

“It is no dream, my beloved. I have come back to you to help you to understand. Whereas, before I knew nothing, now I know wherefore we were created. Will you take me with you as your helpmeet?”

“You have returned to me after all these years. It is impossible to believe; you are as beautiful as ever, unchanged except that in your eyes I see a new light.”

“I am indeed your love, and at last I know myself. Through much tribulation I have recovered the secret of eternal life. There is a bread whereof if we eat we shall live for ever. It is formed from our love, if we will but forego generation and let God become incarnate in us. I must share this wonder with you; indeed without you I cannot prove it. Do not fear, God is with me.”

“But earth ties hold me. It is too late. After you left me I plunged into the river beneath, seeking death, but I was not lost, and I have lived as a man must. I am not free.”

His eyes looked over the great city wistfully.

“But God is calling you, beloved; you are His son, he needs you; surely this is stronger than the calls of earth. Those are fulfilled by your suffering. You must die to the flesh and live to the spirit, you are called to the mystic marriage feast.

Her voice was caressing, alluring, and she held his hands in both hers.

Suddenly his old passion flamed up, and he clasped her in his arms, covering her face with kisses.

“I know nothing of God. I only know I worship you, and nothing in the world holds me as strongly. I know that without you I cannot truly live, and with you I cannot die.”

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## 9—NEW THOUGHT.

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Our love is the divine elixir that shall make us immortal, for I have turned my desire from earth to Heaven. The Almighty God has joined us; we are His instrument. Come, let us go into the wilderness and prepare to serve Love's High purpose, thus shall we most truly serve the world." So saying, she waited long by his side, until at last God gave him light and he went with her, even as a little child with his mother.

And anon they entered in at the straight and narrow way which is called Regeneration, and when the woman of much travail became completely at one with the Woman of the Altar, she compassed the man, so that he received full Illumination and knew her not as of old, but as Divine Wisdom incarnate.

For the second time since the Golden Age, a son of God walked the earth and spoke to his brethren of the Way which leadeth to Life Eternal, and of the power of the Woman when spiritually discerned. And through his labours many sons of God were awakened and rescued from the vortex of illusion, but many also scoffed at his teaching and he was persecuted.

But when their work was finished, the man and the woman passed by the angel with the flaming sword, the guardian of the way to the Tree of Life, and were again in Paradise.

" Who knows the gifts which you shall give,  
Daughter of the Newer Eve?  
You, if my soul be augur, you  
Shall—O what shall you not, Sweet, do?  
The celestial traitress play,  
And all mankind to bliss, betray;  
With sacrosanct cajoleries  
And starry treachery of your eyes,  
Tempt us back to Paradise !"

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

---

" Love is the shield—the soul's most sure defence;  
Love is the sword, resistless in its power;  
Love takes the fortress with its violence;  
Love is the prize that crowns the triumph hour."

THE VOICE.

BY NARNA SCUTT.

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The shadows of doubt and fear came sweeping over my soul. It was the dark hour of the night. I could not see my path, and I stood still; all comfort seemed to be gone from me. All earthly things had failed and only the terrors of the shadow, called death, awaited me. And then what? The same struggle over and over again? I cried aloud in my doubt and fear: the bondage of the shadow; and there came the sweetest voice, "My child, my child, why do you not trust me?" In the peace of the sound of that well-loved voice, I heard. "Have I ever failed you, child of my heart? Have you not always had everything you needed, even before you knew me? If you look upon the path you have trodden, you will see you always had everything, and as you seemed to use all you had, always more came. Would I do less for you now, when you have given yourself wholly to me, trusted yourself fully to my care and keeping. Have you not openly confessed me, admitted before all that I am looking after you? How could I fail you, fail myself, for you are me? How could I let you as myself lack any good thing? As you use that which you have, always you will find more: never will the supply fail. Trust me, beloved child, just simply trust. Believe THAT I AM, that you are me, and all doubt and fear will flee away. Their shadowy fingers that would draw you into the depths of the hell of despair will change into the loving hands of angels ministering unto you. Even now and for ever, my angels have charge over you, preparing everything for you, as you go your way, in perfect obedience to my will. They will bear you up, they will see to it that no harm shall come nigh to you, that all your way shall be filled with joy, love, wisdom and abundance. Nothing is denied you, child of my heart—no, nothing, for you have entered into my rest, with me, as me. Heed not the shadows, for they are but the doubts and fears of other mortal minds and have naught to do with you. You have stretched out a helping hand to many, and by my Power you are lifting many out of doubt and despair into the joy of being at one with me. The shadows that they are throwing off would fain bind you, and them, but they have no power, and fade away in the glorious light of my Presence. Be still, dear child, my messenger, my chosen one, yet not more chosen than any other, but you have answered to the call, responded to my love and are opening out in full beauty and glory. Be still, and rest; it is done unto you

according to your desires ; everything that you ask for is given to you, for you ask in my name, the Christ that you are. Heed not the death agonies of the doubts and fears of others, they cannot come nigh to you, and they must die, for that is their nature, death.

“Are you not comforted, my child? I know that you are, in the sweetness and the peace of my presence you abide now and for ever. Your eyes are open and you see, my blessed one, and because of you shall all the world be lifted up and redeemed. Not of yourself, but because you have willingly forsaken all for me, giving your life fully and freely to me, so shall I express as you, so that all men may see my glory, even as they did when they gazed on Jesus, my son.

“Peace, peace, peace, dear child, peace and rest, in the fullness of my understanding, my joy, my life, my love, my abundance. Rest, rest, rest.”

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**NOTHING BUT BEAUTY.**

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I have been given Eyes ; and there shall be nothing but Beauty in the things I see. The plain face shall be good to look upon,—because I shall make it smile, e'er I pass on ; the desert shall be lovely on the earth—because I'll make it echo with my mirth ; the clouded sky shall be most blue and fair—because my laughter makes the sun shine there !

I have been given Ears ; and in all Sound nothing but Beauty shall by me be found. I shall hear music in all spoken word—for, where I pass, Love, only, shall be stirred.

I never more shall hear the voice of grief—because my voice brings comfort and relief, and I shall never hear the voice of pain—because my presence shall make whole again.

So that my little corner of the earth may richer be—not poorer—for my birth : I will seek Beauty everywhere I go, and where it is not—strive to make it so.

MARJORIE G. HELLIER.

[Sent by the Authoress to Dr. Jack with this note : “It was prompted by the splendid ideal embodied in all your teaching.”]

“THAT IMMORTAL SEA WHICH BROUGHT US HITHER.”

---

If, as I wandered on the shores of sleep,  
There came no call across th’immortal sea,  
Nor any little wave washed up to me  
A pearl from out the deep . . .

If the out-going tide should fail to leave,  
In little dream-pools on the sandy shore  
Beneath the rocks, its lovely treasure store  
For me to seek and weave

Into the plain material of the day—  
As broiderers decorate with threads of gold,  
Or potters, tracing patterns manifold,  
Make lovely common clay . . .

If, like a pebble simply, I were cast  
Stark to the noonday heat, and brought with me  
No inward sense of deep tranquility  
Drawn from the ocean vast,

Pebble-wise I should wait the returning tide,  
Emerge to be submerged—even a sense  
Of the dwindling of my own circumference  
Would be to me denied.

But no unwitting pebble life is mine,  
For, through the mists which nightly compass me,  
There gleams the sign of immortality  
Flashed from a light Divine.

PHYLLIS CLARK.

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“Who is there to take up my duties?” asked the setting sun.  
The world remained darkly silent.  
With joyant beams said the earthen lamp,  
“I shall do what I can, my master.”

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

OUR BOOK SHELF.

“*Comments on the Psalms*,” by Thomas Troward. With a Foreword by Mrs. Troward. Robert McBride, New York. \$2.50 (10/6).

There is a unique quality in this latest posthumous work of Mr. Troward's, which will endear it to his personal students and will reveal his more intimate self to those only acquainted with him through his writings. It is not a work prepared for the press with that meticulous care which characterises all his other books. For it is a transcript, as Mrs. Troward tells us, of notes made for his private use alone—in the old, ragged, green cloth-covered Bible which had belonged to his mother and was one of his most valued possessions. And “he was particularly attracted by the Psalms. In his opinion, these one hundred and fifty pieces of beautiful prose poetry give reflection to every mood of mankind, from the depths of sadness to the spirit of the triumphal conclusion, ‘Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.’”

“He made a practice of studying one Psalm carefully every day, whatever other portions of the Bible he might also choose to read, and this accounts for the number of notes that fill this particular part of the Bible.”

It is characteristic that his notes deal far more with the “Rejoicing” and “Praise” element than with sadness or lamentation. He is always at one with David when he is “realising the *true* nature of God, as the Ever-joyous Life-Spirit of the Universe”; and is not slow to recognise the unequal quality of “the sweet singer of Israel”—as when he comments on the 89th Psalm for instance: “A magnificent Psalm of *almost* perfect knowledge. But . . . the writer seems to have realized the whole thing in the abstract, but to have missed its personal application.”

Many of the notes throw additional light on Mr. Troward's frequent references to the Kabbala—and the Tarot—in some of his books. Of the 45th Psalm this is specially noticeable, for it “concludes,” he says, “with a veiled statement of the Final, Grand, Central Secret of Life. ‘The King’ has himself become a father able to make his children princes. This is the Supreme Secret of God, which is nowhere openly stated, but which underlies all Scripture. Thanks be to God for telling it here so clearly, to our own lasting support and encouragement!”

It was a true inspiration to publish these “Comments,” which will be welcomed very warmly by all serious students of the Philosophy of Life, as revealed by this sane and sound Teacher.

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