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Life.

New Series Jan., 1907. Vol. 11 No. 1

I Am
The Resurrection and
The Life

A Monthly Magazine of
CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICS
EDITED & PUBLISHED BY—
H. P. Barton. C. J. Barton.
KANSAS CITY, MO., U.S.A.

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THE LIFE

JANUARY, 1907

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LOGBOOK

SHIPS at sea have what is called a log which measures the ship's rate of speed or her daily progress over the face of the deep. The Logbook is a record of what the log indicates from day to day, with notes of the weather and incidents of the voyage.

At the beginning of the new year we deem it well to take a brief retrospect of the work done and being done along the line of progressive thought in metaphysics, ethics and religion.

The signs of the time are most auspicious and encouraging, viewed from every point, politically, ethically, socially and commercially. The free man and free woman are coming to the front and asserting their own sovereignty in every line. The voter, no longer shackled by his party bonds, votes for the man he deems best fitted to serve him. Office holders are beginning to wake up to the fact that they are not bosses but servants of the people and accountable to them for their official acts. Combined capital is finding out that all the people cannot be fooled all the time.

Society snobs and sycophants are taking lower seats, while true worth comes to the front and goes up higher.

While it is true that the talk we hear about the great prosperity of our country is only a political trumpet sound—the rich are prosperous while the poor man

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never before had to pay so much for his living altho never before has the country been so overflowing with abundance—yet, the eyes of the public are being opened to the true causes of the people's hardships and a mighty power, an irresistible power, to-wit, public sentiment, is aroused as never before and is intelligently throttling the monster greed.

Among the churches of the old religions arise many heresies and trials for heresy, and expressed or unexpressed longings fill the souls of preachers who long to preach what they think. Some of them have dared to express a rational opinion of the Bible and were deprived of their ecclesiastical robes and privileges as a result—not by the people, mind you. but by the high officials and dignitaries of the church, who continue to measure heretics by the old standards established hundreds of years ago in the days of ignorance and superstition. The Rev. Dr. A. S. Crapsey of the Protestant Episcopal Church was brave enough to say to his congregation what he thought. He said that there is absolutely no historical foundation for the story of the miraculous conception of Jesus, that he does not believe that Jesus was God, that he doubts the story of the resurrection and refused to repeat the church jingles about "the blessed trinity."

The ecclesiastical court found him guilty on every count and the court of review affirmed the decision of the lower court. So he was suspended from the ministry, said suspension to be final unless he should recant in thirty days. His conscience did not permit him to recant, so he is now a free thinker, a man of ability, honest in his course and drawing much larger audiences than before.

The church said he "denied the divinity of Christ." He did not do that. He denied the deity of Jesus, which is a very different thing. Christ and all men are

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divine, but Jesus was not a god. He said he did not believe that Jesus ascended with a body of flesh, blood and bones, and that God is not away off somewhere on a throne, but is in us and we in God. The machine ecclesiastics could not stand for this. They cried out "Heresy! excommunicate him!"

This is only an example of what is taking place everywhere. Many preachers are longing to speak out and say what the new light of this new age has revealed to them. Some do it, while others are afraid of losing their job and so go on mechanically repeating the old empty jangle of bygone, outworn times and rituals.

Bishop Chas. D. Williams of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan, recently declared in a speech before the Y. M. C. A. of Detroit that the Bible is not the word of God. The Bible itself nowhere claims to be. He said the effort to manipulate the Genesis story of creation so as to make it fit the known truths of science only disgusted the young man just out of school and entering the ministry, and he refuses to stultify his reason and so rejects the Bible rather than do it.

The Newbury Street Episcopal Church, Boston, under the leadership of Drs. Worcester and McComb, has a class in mental healing which meets once a week. Hundreds attend and listen to addresses from specialists in psycho-therapay and mental therapeutics. They also have silence and treatments for those who apply.

Dr. DuBois of Berne, Switzerland, the celebrated mental physician, calls in other persons to assist in his healing work, and goes to the churches for them. The pastor of one of our largest Methodist Churches in Kansas City preaches mental healing as preferable to all other methods, and his people like it.

Under the influence of Henry Wood, the distinguished writer of metaphysical books, a "Silence

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Room" has been opened by the Metaphysical Club in Huntington Chambers, Boston, for ideal suggestion and thought. The room is furnished and decorated in harmony with the purpose and ideal suggestions are placed about the walls in large letters. But four persons are admitted at a time. A few may come into accord more readily than would a room full of persons.

Everywhere centers and metaphysical reading rooms are being opened. Not a week passes but we are asked for books and magazines by one or more of these centers.

Thus the work grows and spreads, silently percolating into and through churches, societies, legislatures and chambers of commerce. We see the results cropping out here and there continually. The theater people are almost all new thought people. As a consequence the plays are more elevating and instructive and the cause of righteousness and truth has a strong advocate in the stage. The churches have about stopped fighting the theater. Some of the pastors are even advising their people to attend the theaters whenever there are good plays on and high talent to present them. Such performances are highly and wholesomely educative and uplifting.

So does the world advance along lines of progressive thought in various ways and by different methods. Even those who think themselves opponents of New Thought are nevertheless deeply imbued with it and show the infection in ways they do not realize. I talk with people every day who agree with me in my views, and yet, if asked whether or not they endorse the teaching of Christian Mental Science, they would very positively declare their opposition to it. There is such a thing as being one thing and professing to be another, technically, even among honest people. They have two sides or phases. One is the reality from within;

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the other is form and ceremony from without. For example, one will in conversation talk all sorts of heretical things, and yet in form and outward fact be a Baptist and ready to fight for the vague ideal so named without knowing just what it stands for. I gave a lecture once before an audience of church members on The Atonement. My address was extremely heretical, but logical and convincing. All were highly pleased and fully endorsed my views except one old maid, a blue stocking Presbyterian. She was disgusted. She said to me, "Well, I did think those were intelligent people who listened to you last night. But there they were perfectly carried away with your views when they ought to have known that they were all directly contrary to what the church teaches."

Once I stepped into a Congregational church Sunday School whose Superintendent was a friend of mine. The teacher of the male Bible Class being absent, he asked me to take the class. I gave them Christian Mental Science straight from the shoulder without naming it. They were delighted and wanted me to consent to take the class regularly. But if I had commenced by announcing, "Now I am a Christian Mental Scientist and we may not agree in everything," we would have fallen out very soon.

So will men talk all kinds of heretical things politically, contrary to their party tenets, and then on elec tion day walk up and vote the ticket of the party unscratched, and resent any suggestion that they should do otherwise. Conduct is held within our prescribed bounds while thought leaps over and goes free.

But public sentiment is rapidly being educated into higher planes of thought and conduct, and no organized force political, ecclesiastical or commercial, can stand against this great power. No law can be enforced against it. It is the *vox populi*, the *suprema lex*.

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Our work is wonderfully transforming the world, altho it does seem that it is impossible for us all to unite and organize. Every effort in this direction has so far proven a failure. We did hope to succeed with the W. N. T. F. But, as was the case in former efforts, obtrusive personality came to the front for self and then earnest, honest, unselfish workers quietly withdrew and let the fabric fall.

The basic doctrine was called New Thought, but the discovery was soon made that members exercised and expressed Free Thought, and could not be defined or bound by creed or constitution. The purpose stated in our former constitution was broad and comprehensive. The amended constitution adopted last Oct. in Chicago attempts to outline a creed. This no free-thought person will subscribe to for a moment.

Then the Federation was given a hard blow by making its conventions biennial. It will probably not survive the long sleep. True, we have on paper a plan to divide up the territory and have a federation in each division with annual subservient conventions—a sort of big wheel with three wheels revolving in it on the same axis. But this will probably never go any further than paper and a little talk. The division made of the territory is ridiculously absurd. Think of putting all of the U. S. west of the Mississippi river in one section with the portion east of that river forming two sections, divided by the Appalachian mountains. It is like dividing an elephant into three parts, one part consisting of the elephant and the other two parts of his tail cut in two in the middle. This idea must have originated in the brain of some one who thinks about the white people west of the big river as skin-clothed pioneers chasing buffalo and throwing up fortifications against savage aborigines.

But this revolt does not hurt the cause of truth. It

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is really the majesty of pure truth asserting itself. It cannot be bound or dominated nor used for selfish ends by selfish persons.

This federation never reached a *bona fide* membership of 1000 persons and but for the untiring, faithful efforts of a few persons, it would have gone to pieces after the St. Louis convention in 1904. Now most of these workers are no longer directly identified with the movement, the place of the next convention is far removed in both time and place and the new constitution is not at all popular. We may easily guess the result.

And people very pertinently kept asking, "If I join and pay money to the Federation, what do I get in return? What is being done?" The only answer that came back was the echo, "What?" Some of the money paid in has been misapplied and much of it went to pay exorbitant rental charges for halls in which conventions were held.

But we have our centers of work independent of Federative co-operation and not unfriendly toward one another. THE LIFE has its work and its friends for co-operation. We are a Life League for health and success. We stand for no creed. We make no professions of beliefs nor commit our beliefs to paper for future guidance. What we believe to-day we may reject to-morrow. We continually seek the full light of Truth and bless all efforts toward the same worthy end. We seek to preach the gospel to every creature, to bless all and condemn none.

In the opening light of this new year we look forward toward the field before us with joyful, buoyant, ecstatic anticipation. We love the work and rejoice always.

You, dear readers, will join us and induce many others to unite with us in the glad procession for victory over sin, sickness and death. Without your aid,

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support and encouragement we can do but little. With your help we can move mountains.

The prospect is excellent, and the harvest is white with ripeness. But the true laborers are few. Let us help you prepare for the great work. Read THE LIFE, spread it among your friends and acquaintances, keep the silent hours with us, take our course of lessons, arrange for classes and lectures in your own vicinity. We will come when you get ready.

So let us all begin the year with renewed vigor and determination to accomplish more than we have in the year just closed.

THE LIFE Editors and all the Barton family unite in wafting to you a most hearty greeting and sincere decrees for a happy New Year.

An Idle Wish.

OH, GIVE me back the good old days;
I want the simple life.
The care free times before we knew
Bacteria were rife.

We never boiled the crystal stream
The oaken bucket drew.
And if our mud pies reeked with germs,
At least we never knew.

But now we boil, and bake, and steam,
And disinfect and burn;
We wash and spray and shake and stir
And fume and scrape and churn.

We think it will prolong our days,
No nook or cranny shirk,
And just as every microbe flees,
We die of overwork.—*Puck.*

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Meditations

By Maxton

THE day of commercialism has not yet passed. It may be safely said that the full force of the commercial spirit has not yet expressed itself in the affairs of men. It has vastly grown in recent years, and has shown forth that unfeeling pride which sages say precedes a downfall. But the coolness and cunning which commercial struggles develop will not readily yield up the stupendous advantages of aggregation. We are sometimes pointed to the ill-gotten and misused wealth of ancient Rome which brought speedy ruin to its possessors, and the lessons of that historic downfall are full of significance for modern civilization.

***

But modern greed is more refined in its methods than that of the ancients. The greed of ancient Rome sought satiety in open rapine and coarse and undisguised oppression. It is now scarcely possible for a commissioned body of experts to discover any thing in the tensest centers of commercialism except what is considered as legitimate business. This is the most dangerous feature of modern commercialism. Untold wrongs are glossed over by a veneering of legal enactment and the long continued sanction and toleration of the public mind. Custom gives the fibers of strength to brazen and red-handed wrong. The high-way robber and the assassin are out done by the licensed methods of modern commercialism.

***

I write this arraignment not for rhetorical effect. The facts justify fully the strongest statement I have made. The high-way man is a weakling not to be

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compared with the many-headed, money-eyed giants that conspire to fleece the men who are struggling single-handed. The misled fool, who in a fit of anger, or in the grip of avarice takes the life of his fellowman, is an innocent weakling in comparison with the man who under the cloak of governmental license lures his brother to ruin by selling him strong drink. The demon of intemperance would die a natural death were it not nurtured and stimulated by commercialism. The heartless cunning of commercialism keeps alive every vice from which profit may be derived.

***

But commercialism in itself is not a vice. In its normal exercise it is lawful and helpful. Modern civilization could not exist without the exercise of the commercial instincts. The benefits of commercialism are without limit wherever prosperity abounds. But with the increasing intensity of the desire for gain the commercial spirit has gone astray and courted vice and joined hands with dishonor. It is the more dangerous in that it is rooted deeply in the most sacred interests of human life. Disturb its free exercise, and the comforts of home are threatened. Attempt to cut from it its unnatural scions and untold suffering threatens the innocent. Try to tear it away from its unholy and unlawful connections, and society trembles with alarm. It is at once the life and the menace of modern civilization.

***

Society abides by reason of its fruits, and suffers by reason of its parasitic poisons. It's leaves are for the healing of the nations, but the harpies which lodge in its branches croak forth the threatened doom of man's dearest interests. Its strength is as yet unmeasured. The limit of its good and evil has not yet been reached. Its wise guidance and safe restraint are

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the salvation of the social order. Its wild and adulterous alliance with vice and dishonor is society's doom. What philosophy is equal to these things? Does the oft repeated "*Bonum in homine*" sound the true key to the solution of this problem of problems? Truly, if we in are to win this struggle, it must be through the "*Good in man.*" Let us cherish it.

For The Children.

Miss Lotta P. Cheney.

WHAT SAVED JIMMY?

(A true story with names of characters changed.)

ON A hillside facing the south, in an old fashioned farm house with upright and L, lived little Jimmy Houston with his parents. Jimmy was eight years old and of slender build. A few rods south of the house was a wagon road running east and west, and as much farther south of that was a double line of railroad also running east and west. Then south of the railroad was a large meadow extending southward about one third of a mile. This meadow was bounded on the east by a creek which flowed southward into a small river. It formed the division between the Houston farm and the neighbor on the east. Sometimes during the middle of the summer this creek was only a dry gravel bed with here and there a pool of water fed from an under current or spring and in which were little minnows, trout and horned dace. Then again in the spring and autumn it often was a raging torrent as it was at the time of our story. Some eight rods west of the house was a large forest of pine and hemlock and hardwood trees. Between the woods on the west and the meadow was a pasture which joined the meadow on the south extending to the creek. Then farther south was swamp land overgrown with large

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trees which had been a resort for horse thieves.

One autumn evening after a prolonged rain for several days, Mr. Houston's neighbor sent word that his young cattle were in the meadow opposite. Mr. Houston told the hired man to take a lantern and the shepherd dog and go and bring them home. In order to do this he would need to drive them to the southern end of the neighbor's meadow, then turn them into the pasture on the south where the creek was shallow and drive them around from the south through the pasture home. Jimmy and his brother two years older asked if they could go too, and were given permission.

As the road was very muddy, the hired man went directly to the railroad to cross the creek over the railroad bridge. Little Jimmy was fearful lest his feet should go between the ties and said he would follow the creek on the west side and meet the hired man and his brother at the southern end when they should drive the young cattle around. He knew every foot of ground of the meadow as well as of the entire three hundred acres of the farm and was very fearless. The night was intensely dark but Jimmy found his way readily and occasionally would call to the brother who would give an answering call.

When he had come within a few rods of the fence on the south, suddenly the light from a dark lantern was thrown on him from the direction of the swamp.

Thinking it might be horse thieves, he turned quickly to retrace his steps until the hired man should get around there, when he met face to face an animal which at first glance he thought to be the shepherd dog. A second glance told him better and he thought it must be a wild cat, as occasionally a wild cat was caught in these woods. He gave a piercing scream and sprang at the creature which turned about and trotted

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away from him. Jimmy followed it as fast as he could run, the creature just keeping out of his reach. Through a patch of red raspberry bushes it went, Jimmy tearing after it, carefully avoiding a woodchuck hole which he knew to be there. Suddenly the animal stopped, and, thinking now was his opportunity, Jimmy gave another scream, not of fear, but of intensity, and sprang again to get hold of it. His hand almost touched the animal's back when he noticed that it was much larger than a wild cat and that it had a long clumpy tail. He knew wild cats have short tails. Instantly the creature gave a leap and ran, clearing a rod at every bound, toward the pasture on the west. Over the high rail fence it went with a single bound. For a moment Jimmy's feet were almost glued to the ground with astonishment. Collecting himself, however, he turned and started for the house as fast as his feet would carry him. He stopped once or twice and listened to ascertain if he was being followed.

On reaching the house he remained on the porch for some time as he knew his heavy breathing would cause his parents to question him as to the cause of it.

When the brother and hired man arrived they asked him why he had not joined them and why he screamed so. The hired man said he thought he ought to go to him and see what was the matter, but the brother assured him that Jimmy never screamed like that when he was afraid. Jimmy answered that he had tried to catch something and could not, so he came to the house. The hired man remarked that as he was driving the young cattle through the pasture west of the meadow they acted strangely and the dog growled and kept close to him, and then he felt apprehensive concerning Jimmy, for he suspected a panther was near.

Jimmy did not tell his parents that he had chased

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a panther from the meadow, as he knew that he would not be allowed to roam the woods so freely again. If Jimmy had been afraid, would he have escaped being devoured by the wild peast? I think not. It was his fearless conduct that put the ferocious animal to flight.

Some New Books.

ONE of the most readable, helpful books of the present time is *Every Man A King*, by Orison Sweet Marden, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Every line of it is aglow with good cheer, courage and resolution. It tells the reader what he can do for himself and how to do it.

Some of the chapters are, Affirmation Creates Power; Thoughts Radiate As Influence; How Thinking Brings Success; Strengthening Deficient Faculties; Don't Let the Years Count. It is one of the books we read through and begin it again, besides re-reading some of the chapters many times in hours of need. I wish all of you had a copy.

In the copy sent me the price is not given, but I suppose it is not more than $1.25. If you wish one, let me know and I will procure it for you and let you know the price.

Metamorphose, by Orlando K. Fitzsimmons, published by Chicago and Buffalo Progress Pub. Co., and by C. D. Cazenove, London, Eng., is a book involving Regeneration of Individual and Race, also the Solution of the great Problem of Poverty. It is a strong presentation of conditions as they are, politically and socially, going mercilessly and fearlessly to the bottom of causes and making clear the remedy.

It is what may be termed socialistic in its political attitude, but, unlike most of the literature sent out on this line of thought, it is buoyantly optimistic in its

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consideration of the outlook. Nor does the author favor the extreme view of paternalism which is so obtrusive in much of the utterances of socialists.

The book is clearly and fairly written, antagonizing no person, party or official body. It condemns only the bad in whatever guise found. It uncovers and exposes many illusions and hidden impostures in ethics, religion, business and politics. Then it shows the remedy. The author believes the much desired metamorphosis is now rapidly taking place and that deliverance is nigh at hand. The price of the book is $2.00, 254 pages, fine soft tinted paper, bound in maroon buckram.

And our dear, sweet-souled Ralph Waldo Trine, the author of that inimitable book, In Tune with the Infinite, has had published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, a new book entitled, *In The Fire of The Heart.* It is one of the series called "The Life Books."

We need not tell you that this book of 336 pages bound in green buckram, is worthy to be read by you all. It is full of beautiful, hopeful, encouraging words about The Conditions that Hold Among us, As to Government, As time Deals with Nations, A Great People's Movement, Labor and its Uniting Power, etc. The book deals with subjects along the line of those treated in *Metamorphose*, but in a different style. Yet, the end aimed at in both is the same and the same spirit of hope and confidence in the prevalence of the good illumines both. The price of this book is $1. plus postage, 11 cents.

Helen Van Anderson has out a lovely child's book entitled *The Story of Teddy.* It is not the story of our good President; as some may suppose, but of a boy who is not a rough rider nor a rough and tumble chap, but a good boy, in most respects, with a big dog named Jack and two little sisters. My little girl has read it through and says it is fine. It is beautifully bound and would make an elegant holiday present, or gift for a child.

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A Man's True Measure.

IT IS not his loud professions from the pulpit or the pew,
And not his seeming kindly acts when in the public view;
'Tis by his evening fireside he stands before the screen,
And there the imp or angel, the churl or king is seen.
The world may smile and call him great and greet him with a cheer,
But if when day has ended and eventide draws near,
His wife grows heavy hearted, and his children pale with fright,
His soul is ugly, black and mean—an inch or so in height.

He may be known to very few, but those who know him best
Await his coming footsteps as the sun sinks down to rest.
There are faces at the window, looking up the lonely street.
Then a scramble for the doorway and a rush of eager feet.
The eldest takes his dinner-box, the next one takes his hand,
And the youngest, on his shoulder, rides along in triump grand.
The good wife leaves the kitchen to see the merry throng,
With a smile upon her features and within her heart a song.
In the world of men and letters he may be of pigmy height,
But he towers to the heavens when we measuse him aright.

JOHN L. SHROY.

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Bible Lessons

1st QUARTER.

1907.

Lesson I.—Jan. 6.

GOD THE CREATOR.—Gen. 1:1-25.

LESSON KEY-NOTE:—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

This story is an allegory. It cannot be history, from the very nature of the case. Who has ever lived with the knowledge of just how the material universe began to be? Of course no one has ever been able to tell a story of beginnings.

But as an allegory there are some valuable suggestions in it which we may search out.

"In the beginning." as here used, does not mean at a time before which there was nothing. The Vulgate rendering, *In principio*, means at the basis or foundation, or in the essence of creation. And the Vulgate, *Deus creavit*, "God has created," conveys a sense of completed expression extending up to the present.

The Hebrew word *Olohim* here translated "God," is a plural noun and means *the invisible powers*, and not a deity at all.

Thus we have the doctrine of evolution expressed in the opening words of Genesis: At the foundation, in the essence of things, the invisible Powers or forces have always been creating or unfolding the heavens and the Earth.

Our Bible chronology which locates the event of creation in time about 6000 years ago, is, of course, utterly without authority or evidence. We now know, having read it in the great book of nature written on

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the stones and in the Earth's framework, that the formation of the visible world was a process of evolution extending over a period of countless ages.

You will notice in this allegory that every process of unfoldment is stated to be effected by the word. "God said," and it was so. God said, Let light be and light was.

It is true, as verse 2 has it, "The spirit of Invisible Powers moved upon the face of the waters." This was and is now the spirit of evolution or expression and every movement has been a movement of expression of essence that has always been. The essence of being has always been. At the foundation it was, as our allegory has it, and the spirit of Power moved upon the face of plastic substance and individual entities sprang into being.

In this lesson we have an epitome of the six eras of expression. First, light drove back the darkness and their succession became orderly with the turning of Earth on its axis. This came about some eons after the molten mass of which our Earth was formed had been thrown off from the sun.

The next step in evolution was, naturally, the formation of continents and islands and the gathering of the waters into oceans and seas. The "waters above the firmament" were the rain clouds. The writer, not knowing the source of rain, thought there was a sea above the space called firmament or the heavens. The third era was the era of vegetation.

The fourth era, as given here, is, as we now know, only a fancy of one entirely ignorant of astronomy. It reads as if God made sun, moon and stars all in one day and exclusively for the use and benefit of the Earth.

Then came animal life, in the sea first and then on land. The waters produced animal life before the sun

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and air did. The period of man we have in our next lesson.

Lesson II.—Jan. 13.

MAN MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.—Gen. 1:26-2:3.

LESSON KEY-NOTE:—"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."

Verse 26 says,

"And God said, Let us make man (Hebrew, Adam) in our own image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion," etc.

The generic term *adam* means mankind. It is not the proper name of a person.

It is stated in verse 27 that "male and female created he them." This is a statement of spiritual expression only, the product of Universal energy, the word's work in the first stage of activity.

Verse 28 tells about the blessing of mankind and the bestowing of power and dominion.

Verses 29 and 30 declare that all, both man and beast, shall subsist upon vegetable diet. There is no provision set forth here for animals eating the flesh of one another. This practice came later. Even Jesus ate fish and roast lamb. But I believe the world is now rapidly growing out of the appetite for animal corpses.

Verse 31 says that all creation was very good. There was no evil or bad anywhere. All that was ever made was good. Then, truly, all is good.

Verses 1, 2 and 3 of chapter 2 are a tip on the origin of the Jewish Sabbath or rest day. This was put in for the purpose of enforcement of the observance of that day.

We do not know who wrote this allegory which be-

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gins with Gen. 1:1 and ends with Gen. 2:3. That which follows verse 3 in the second chapter is of a very different character and style and language, and was, doubtless, written by another person at a much later period than was the allegory we have been studying.

Notice the statement here, beginning with verse 4:—

"These are the generations of the heavens and of the Earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made Earth and heaven. And no plant of the field was yet in the Earth and no herb of the field had yet sprung up: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the Earth, and there was not a man to till the soil."

In other words, spiritual expression was complete, but form had not yet come. Expression was the work of Elohim, while formation or embodiment was the work of Yaveh-Elohim, here translated "the Lord God." It was the Spirit or Christ man which John says was in the beginning with God and made or formed all things.

Altho man had been expressed from Universal, spirit, there was not yet a soil tilling man, an animal, man.

Verse 7 says, "And the Lord God (Yaveh-Elohim) formed man (made a form for him) of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: and man became a living soul: The Hebrew word translated "a living soul" is *nephesh*. It means an animal. That is, the man Elohim had expressed in the image and after the likeness of God became embodied physically.

Man is first expressed in spiritual individuality in his mother's womb by conception. Then he makes himself a bodily form and the breath of life is breathed

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into him at birth. He is naked and innocent and not ashamed. He lives in the garden of pleasantness (Eden) until intellectual reasoning begins, when he hides his nakedness and goes out from the garden of pleasantness to earn his living by the sweat of his face.

Lesson III.—Jan. 20.

MAN'S SIN AND GOD'S PROMISE.—Gen. 3:1-6 and 13-15.

LESSON KEY-NOTE:—"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

There probably never was such a place as the garden of Eden is described to be.

While the incidents of the story are probably only fanciful, we may find in the story a picture of human life.

Eden means pleasantness. Man is in early youth innocent, ignorant and unreasoning. He has no care and is not ashamed of his nakedness.

He may continue in this state while he eats of all the fruits of the garden except the one which will render him out of tune with a life of idle ease. He must grow. Intellect, more subtile than the mere animal sense of pleasure, says that he must get out and battle with the exigencies of personal life and win his own independence. It points out differences—this is good, that is bad; this is helpful, that is hindering; this is agreeable, that is disagreeable. So man begins to worry about himself, hide his nakedness and plan for the future. The garden of idle pleasure is no longer the place for him. He goes out and tills the soil and studies nature and strives against adverse conditions.

But this is not evil—it is good. He developes his power by action and becomes as a god, self-conscious and self-reliant.

It is a process that is going on always among men.

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It is not a fall. It was a step in progression toward man's full stature as a man in the Christ.

In reality there never was a man called Adam, the first on Earth, in a fruit orchard where one tempting tree bore dangerous and forbidden fruit. Nor was a woman ever made from one of his spare ribs to be his wife and who afterward ruined his happiness by tempting him to eat a fruit which God had put within tempting reach and clothed with alluring color and aroma. It would be wrong for God to so tempt his infant, inexperienced children and then damn them for yielding —not only the transgressors, but all of their descendants for all time. It was a very severe charge which the church people have made against their God. They used to sing

"In Adam's fall
We sin-ned all."

You will notice that Jesus is not reported to have ever mentioned the fall of man or the washing away of sins with blood.

When Paul said, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," he meant that the flesh man dies, while the the Christ man lives forever and can make the body live on, too. There is no reference in this to perdition or eternal death.

The statement of what God is supposed to have said to the woman and the serpent in verses 13, 14 and 15 is, in the very nature of the case, purely fanciful. It was an attempt of the writer to account for what he saw to be a fact. The 16th verse goes on in the same strain recounting what were commonly observed facts of child-birth, travail and women being bossed by their husbands. The writer was only guessing as to how it all came to be so.

The fact is, nature has all along been patiently evolving the very best out of the foundation and ma-

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terial in hand, and, those hard experiences and hard struggles bringing forth the true angel of the man.

Lesson IV.—Jan. 27.

THE STORY OF CAIN AND ABEL.—Gen. 4:3-15.

LESSON KEY-NOTE:—"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

The story does not give us any clue as to when Cain was born. But it must have been soon after the expulsion from Eden. Then Abel was born soon afterward. After Abel was slain by his brother, Seth was born, Adam then being 130 years old. From Seth sprang the human race, according to the story.

Cain was a farmer and horticulturist, while Abel was a breeder of stock, of cattle, sheep, goats, etc. Cain brought corn and rye and pumpkins and turnips, etc., and offered them to the Lord. But the Lord did not like vegetables. So he rejected the offering. Abel brought roast lamb and jerked venison and broiled tender loin. The savor of these pleased the Lord and he accepted Abel's offering. (See Gen. 8:20, 21.)

Then Cain became envious of his brother and slew him. For this the Lord pronounced a curse against him and he became an exile to the land of Nod where he married and builded a great city and had children. It was ordained of the Lord that whoever killed Cain should have a curse sent upon him seven times as bad as the one pronounced against Cain.

So goes the story of the first murder and the first sacrificial offering to the Lord.

But the Bible says that only after the birth of Adam's grandson Enosh, did men begin to call upon the name of the Lord. What was the purpose of Cain's and Abel's offerings we cannot guess, unless it was

(*Continued on page 34.*)

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THE LIFE

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF APPLIED METAPHYSICS.

$1.00 Per Year in North America; 5s in Foreign Countries; in Advance.

A. P. BARTON—C. JOSEPHINE BARTON,
Editors and Publishers.

RALPH BARTON, Staff Artist.

Office 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Missouri.

Make checks and money orders payable to A. P. Barton. Terms of advertising made known upon application. Liberal commissions paid agents.

We club with other papers. Address all communications pertaining to The Life to A. P. BARTON.

Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter

NOTICE.

Our silent Hours are 6 to 7 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., central Standard time. All are requested to observe at least a part of one or both of those hours in the silence with us.

Key-Notes.

1-15.

IN MY NATURE AS A CHILD OF INFINITE LOVE I AM ALWAYS RISING TO NEWNESS OF LIFE AND REDEEMING MY BODY.

16-31.

HEALTH AND ABUNDANCE OF MONEY ARE MINE AND I NOW HAVE POWER TO MANIFEST THEM IN ACTUAL EXISTENCE.

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New Year Thoughts.

THE Theme for present consideration, at this evolution of the New Year January, MCMVII, is *Newness.*

That the new year must usher in the inauguration of new resolves, the turning of new leaves and the reconstruction of life's daily practices, has been taught to us ever since we were capable of comprehending our father's speech.

Nature and its forces are self-existent and universally perfect; yet the work of making new discoveries therein, and new manifestations therefrom, devolves on man alone. Let all the boot-blacks and garbage-gatherers who for centuries have been praying the kings and emperors to come down and assist them, waste no more time in idle prayers. Let them rather seek *newness*, aspire to grow; for the only way to rise out of menial labor is to grow out of it, improve above it. The acorn never sues the towering oak to give it sap. It is loyal to Nature and appropriates its forces, grows and gathers strength to rise in its own might. Only as much of nature's forces as it can command belong to it.

Infinite Energy is our *Skill;* yet material progress depends on man alone. Universal Intelligence could not paint Albrecht Durer's pictures without Albrecht nor could it make known to the people the Emperor's opinion—"Know that this painter is already more than a noble by his talent. I can make a peasant a nobleman; but with all my power I should never be able to make such an artist as Albrecht Durer." It took the *speech* and the *will* and the *existence* of Emperor Maximilian I. Like the acorn, Durer used his gifts, appropriated nature, grew in knowledge and strength. The one who does not do this buries his talent, lives

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materially, without the glad impulses and realizations of new life and new impulses.

The two or three habits of the race, hitherto considered unavoidable, are only waiting for right treatment. (1) The habit of inheriting flesh-conditions from flesh itself, and so perpetuating the results of other people's errors; (2) The habit of believing in disaster and bad dealings and allowing them to wrankle in the thought; (3) The fear of people and things, of hypnotisms, undue influences, and of non-appreciation.

People grow and flourish so long as their trend is upward, onward, their eyes on the present and future. The moment they look behind them, even to dwell upon childhood with regret, that moment they begin to grow old. Childhood is sweet and dear, yet one may so live as to increase that sweetness and dearness of life as he advances. Many wise minds are through with this Third Planet investigation and use, early, and are ready to be promoted, to take up a new world. There are other worlds to be explored by man. How do I know this? Why, reason tells me, and I can see the other worlds, and I'd like to know what they are for, if not for man! He may not even know, here, whether he is in "C 1st" grade, or "B 7th" of his school; but he may know, if he has learned his lessons well and used his energies in the true and natural way, has done everything in his power to advance the cause of right, of justice, of human happiness and human improvement, he will get his diploma to present when he arrives on Jupiter, as surely as the one who has battled all his life, a warrier, fighter, will get his degree to present at the Gate of Mars, where he can finish his military education and take up something useful.

But by all that is reasonable and fair, all that is good and right, all that is just and imperative,—they are all sure of some *new* kind of school. And when they

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graduate from one, they will then be ready for the Preparatory of the next higher to that one, always. The great lesson of building a wall at our backs—a wall deep in the earth and high in the sky—to cut us away from the past, and link our energies with the present and future, will when learned, lift us away from the habit of inheriting other people's conditions. You have noticed how good old people look behind them as they advance in years. "Sweet childhood and youth, and the blessed old times!" is their song. To much of this is one cause of failure. Looking behind, blunts the memory of present events and things. The beauty of today's skies and fields; the varying tints of sun-rise and deep red at its going down; changing hues on spring leaves, the deep green of summer, the russet, amber and crimson of autumn we love so well, are no more viewed with rapture by them. It is the keen interest, the live and vital looking, that keeps active the powers of seeing. The aged who gaze at the present with vacant eyes, or with only criticism, while ruminating on the past with their *mental energies*, exercise the retina, aqueous and vitrious humors, optic nerve, cornea, pupil, crystaline lense, choroid, sclerotica and iris —all the organs of the eye—while withholding from it its vital force, the renewing. sustaining, lubricating power of *accompanying interest.*

Non-appreciation of music dulls the tympanum. The song of birds, the soothing, gladdening voice of carless insects, the melody of the zephyrs breathing through trees and swaying the fields, harmony of harp or chorus or stringed instrument, loved and listened to is true medicine to the auditory nerves and organs. Let the eye trace with rapture the whirling clouds on which the Grecian gods and goddesses paraded with power. Let the eye see beauty, before the palate consults things good to eat; for the intellect is addressed even more

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than the bodily senses, and it is by this means they are refined, strengthened, unfolded into superior sensibility. As in youth, and in Eden, let every plant be pleasing, and the aged senses will find themselves renewed. The habit of taking food periodically should never be allowed to dominate the other senses so that the stomach must be replenished even after the palate is dulled and condiments have to be restored to that the taste may be aroused. Rest from this exercise will enchance this and all the other organs. It will renew the power of sight, hearing, taste, smelling, feeling and quicken consciousness.

At this moment the following letter is handed me from the mail-box: "Dear Mrs. Barton:—Please give us a treatment in Healing Thoughts, for seeming lack of judgment and discernment in business matters. Such an one as you would give a husband or son or brother." Also the following is received:—"Dear Mrs. Barton:—Your letter was received yesterday and Mrs. R. is up and about. She has improved wonderfully. Just think, she was almost gone—she never spoke for a week. I do wish they could keep well. The doctor's bill, up to the time I wrote to you, was $80. He did her more harm than good.—Mrs. W."

In the first instance, take to looking at your brother or husband or son in a new *light*. Think of him as successful, and as being wise to understand how to manage business. Make it a practice to see every good point in the case, while leaving the bad one as belonging henceforward to the dead past. As soon as you see improvement, begin to cultivate it by saying to all your friends at every opportunity, and to the one you are treating, "he is much improved in the desired respect;" or, "how much better he understands business matters!" And by and by you will be saying to yourself, "*I never saw such an improvement!*" All such expressions

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are as water to famished trees.

In regard to the second letter, the woman who has left the drugs behind, and has lain hold of the way of life, knowingly, will keep well. I do not mean by this she will be impervious to bullets, or be saved from the law in any particular. But she is lifted away from the power of false beliefs and fears about herself.

The disappearance of sickness does not however always signify the extraction of the root of the trouble. One may be helped by opium or hypnotism to still the consciousness wherein the cause rests, to check the results of the cause. But this is not healing, since healing is based in the destruction of the cause; it is only a suspension of the difficulty. This is all any drug is capable of doing for any body. It for awhile may cover the condition and still the pendulum-swing of consciousness that impressed it on the body, but to appear again when the drug is removed from affecting the medium through which consciousness acts. Mrs. R. will keep well of these things if her healing is based on the awakened knowledge of the truth of her being that is naturally well, and not amenable to sickness or trouble at any time.

There is an animal or bodily state called health which is more the mask of unhealth. It is temporarily all that could be desired. This condition may be sustained for some time through the even use of food, tonics and drugs, with a belief in their efficacy. But like hypnotic relief, it clouds the comprehension and prevents that wholesome change in the personal idea which is alone necessary to real healing.

The Russian philosopher is right in holding that sickness should not be cured by drugs or hypnotism, since these things cannot change the soul's notion of itself or its conditions, which must continue to reveal in degrees according to the belief about self. When

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the old misconception of the self as a creature subject to bad conditions is left behind, and the new idea of self is exercised in the most faithful impressions of health, strength and happy conditions, then healing will be permanent.

Now that which molds all things from atoms up to worlds, is the formulating habit of mind; and it can be trained up to cultivating only desirable conditions. Mr. Heckel wrote a learned book on the Riddle of the Universe, and left it a riddle. He could not understand how individuals could exist prior to the moment when the sex cells of both parents coalesce into one cell, that like all other complex animals they must inherit only from their parents! And this brought him to the conclusion that the new personality can therefore lay no claim to immortality. He did *not see* how the individual must have existed always—had always worn the general uniform of all the Schools through which it passed, as the same identical student, and could be ready at the right time to set forth in the new garments, the new barque thus made ready for his launching on the seas of this objective life.

You are not Atlas. Do not make any new resolves until you have overthrown the old pack of beliefs. Fire them first. Never deny matter. You miss the mark when you do. Deny only the error discovered in matter. If you deny your body you may destroy it while leaving the error still rampant in your soul! It is plainly the soul that needs culture. Bring the soul into newness of life and the body will follow. Do not note resemblances. Do not tell Blanche she looks like her aunt who died of comsumption. Do not tell your child he gets his talent from his father or grandmother, for he doesn't. It may be conveyed in that way, but it comes from Infinite Wisdom. Tell him he is a

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separate individual, co-responsible with every other individual.

Deny the possibility of getting your teeth set on edge by your great-grandfather's youthful waywardness. He may have repented, and thus made atonement. As that greatest of novelists George Elliot says, while you are measuring him by his past self he may be looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow. So you need not keep up looking in the wrong direction. Send along the current of your generation only *newness* of life, unfoldment into new and superior conditions and qualities. Let your children and children's children have nothing to stand in awe of on your account, either in your example or teaching. C. J. B.

A YOUNG woman in Chicago, the stenographer of our late convention, writes:

My Dear Mr. Barton:—

"Your address met a need of mine as no other address delivered at the convention did. It answered a question as to the method of realizing the guidance of Infinite Wisdom which had long puzzled and perplexed me. As a descendant of Quaker ancestors a part of my heritage was a firm belief in such possibility, but no one could tell me how it was to be realized in fullest measure. It is clearer to me now than ever before and I am grateful for it. I transcribed it into typewritten form for my own use."

Dear Mrs. Barton:—I am proud of my little book—An Interlude. It is the finest work I have in my library. Accept my thanks for your promptness in sending. It came in time. Yours with love,

(MRS.) HANNAH M. S.

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Bible Lessons.

(*Continued from page 25.*)

but the fruit of the system that had already been inaugurated in the time of the writer of the story. He must needs have the very earliest men sacrificing things to the Lord, even before they began to pray.

To them God was a personal being who appeared among them and conversed as one of them and disappeared at will. The early Hebrews were not monotheists; they believed there were many gods. They believed every nation of people had its own god. They called their god I H V H, which they said was unpronounceable, a name too sacred to be uttered by human tongue. We have translated it to the form Jehovah, although the Hebrew form is more like Yaveh. They believed their God was stronger than any of the others. They called him a god of battles, a jealous god, angry and full of indignation toward all the rest of mankind besides the Jews.

Now we grow toward the height of intelligence where we shall know that we have no personal deity over usand need none.

We recognize all nature as filled with God spirit and God subatance. We no longer pray as mendicants before an imaginary god. We no longer offer sacrifices to appease the wrath of a jealous deity. Instead, we give to the widow and orphan and unfortunate what they need and can use. The Lord never needed the gifts brought to him by humble devotees, nor could he use them. In fact there was no Lord back of the theistic dogmas. It was only a ruse of the priests to get people's property away from them. They practice it yet. A Chinaman had been called upon three successive Sundays in a Presbyterian Church to give money for Jesus. Finally he called out to the collector, "What's a mallah zis man Jesus? He allee time bloke."

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Correspondence

I SAW lately in a New Thought paper recommendation that we should eat seeds as they contain stored energy and are more wholesome than other food. Is that true, and would you advise the eating of the seeds of plants from which we eat the fruits and vegetables, such as apple seeds, lettuce seeds, etc?

F. S.

Answer:—There are many kinds of seeds that are good for food for human beings and some that are not. The edible nuts are seeds; so are wheat, corn, rye, oats, etc. These are all good for food. But there are other seeds that are not good for human food, such as weed seeds, flower seeds, the seeds of many trees, such as the maple, dogwood, oak and elm.

It is a fallacy to suppose that because a seed is the embryonic plant in essence, it is therefore better for food than the developed growth. Celery, lettuce, cabbage, carrots, etc. are good for food, while their seeds are not. The seeds of plants do not contain a stronger nourishing power as food than do the developed plant, except in plants whose only edible product is the seed, as the hazel brush, the wheat stalk and the rice plant.

There are many seeds whose covering or coat is the only edible part of the plant or tree, such as the apple, peach, plum, grape and cherry. It would be folly to claim that the kernel of the seeds of these fruits is more nourishing than the fruit itself.

The decision already made by mankind, founded on ages of experience, is very nearly correct as to what is best for food, for both man and the lower animals. Theories of cranks who shut their eyes to experience and science and argue that seeds are best for food be-

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cause they contain the germ of the plant, are worthless. Nature has taught us many valuable lessons which may not be ignored by theorists with impunity. It is always best to be true to mother nature and our own common sense.

There are many money grabbing schemers who strenuously advertise their products as great discoveries for food values, only for the money they get out of it. One is the postum cereal graft. The advertisers of that sickening stuff have published more falsehoods and slanders about coffee than they will ever get forgiveness for. It is really exceedingly unwholesome and not at all pleasant to take. A better drink can be made from parched bread crusts. If you want any sort of coffee, use the genuine article, which, if properly prepared, is wholesome and appetizing for most people, and don't dope yourself with an unpalatable make-believe.

Paul tells us, (1 Cor. 3:16,) that the spirit of God dwells in us, which seems to imply that we have this spirit at all times. But at Rom. 8:9 he seems to teach that we have not this spirit at all times, in which case we are none of his. Is there a difference between the spirit of Christ and the spirit of God? Now if we are natural sons of God, why does Paul say that only those led by the spirit of God are sons of God and that we then receive the spirit of adoption, thus making us only adopted children and God not a true natural Father? Jesus did not teach thus, did he? L. A. B.

Answer:—In the first place, we must bear in mind when reading what Paul wrote the fact that he lived and taught at a very early period of the Christian era. He was one of the first ones who attempted to expound to the people what the life and teaching of the great Master meant. He had among his converts and audiences Jews, Greeks and Romans, all having had very

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different religious views from earliest training and practice. He had to use discretion in leading the different classes along in the new way.

So his ideas were sometimes crude or erroneous, or his injunctions were intended only for local and temporary application. For example, when he said women should not take off their hats in church nor speak publicly, and that wives must not learn anything except from their husbands, he was not giving us rules for all times and all countries. It might have been best for the parties to whom he wrote these injunctions for the time being, but it will not do for our times and people. We now know that women have a right to all the privileges that men exercise and often know more than their husbands. And the men all wish they would take off their hats in church. In this regard the theater is in advance of the Church, and I believe Paul is to blame for it.

But let us examine the verses cited a little.

1 Cor. 39:1 reads, correctly translated, "Do you not kmow that you are a temple of God, and the spirit of God dwells among you?"

Paul was writing to his church in Corinth and means that the Church—not the building, but the body of people, the membership—was the temple with the spirit of God abiding among the people, in their hearts and brain.

Rom. 8:9 reads, "But you are not sensual, but spiritual, because the Spirit of God dwells in you. But if any one possess not the spirit of Christ, he is not of him."

In essence the spirit of God, the spirit of Christ and the spirit of man are one and the same. In active manifestation there is a distinction. The spirit that dwells in you is the spirit of God the Father. This spirit made active individually is the Christ spirit. If

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this active individualized spirit is not manifest in you, you are not yet of the Christ, or, in other words, Jesus Christ, the spirit embodied, personified. This is what Paul calls the spirit of sonship—"adoption" is not the correct translation of the Greek *uiothesia*, found at Rom. 8:15, 23 and 6:4, and Gal. 4:5. Sonship is what the word means.

So there is no conflict between the teaching of Jesus and that of Paul about the Fatherhood of God. We are all sons and daughters of the Universal Spirit of Good.

BEGIN every day anew with good resolutions. It is good even to swear off on New Year's day, altho you should forswear yourself before the first month has gone by. The fact of your making the resolve to reform proves good intention, and even a month's freedom from that objectionable habit, whatever it may be, makes you stronger for renewed effort later.

If you fail to live up to your good intentions, it is because you condemn yourself as a starter when you form the resolution to quit, and, further, because you have not sufficient confidence in your own powers. The attitude you assume in the matter is like this: "I have been weak and foolish and must now brace up and quit my meanness. I am going to try to not do it any more during the incoming year."

You should say, "I am strong and wise and all that folly into which the sensual nature has led me is not of me. It is not I who do such things. I no longer disguise my true self behind such fool's masks. From now on forever I am to be myself alone." Then rejoice that it is so and go right on in the true way, never looking backward nor counting your steps.

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A Lyric of Action.

ROBETUS LOVE.

IN THE struggle lies the glory,
In the bearing of the burden
Up the pathless promontory
Lie the glory and the guerdon;
In the rigor and the riot,
With exultant action teeming;
Not in sitting snug and quiet,
Wasting days in wanton dreaming.
For the glory's in the striving, and the guerdon's in the fight,
And the victory to the valiant who is gloved and shod with might!

'Tis in battling toward the summit
Life achieves its best endeavor.
Is there hardship? Overcome it!
Drop the plummet, lift the lever;
Chain the sea and sun and planet;
Conquer nature, sullen, sodden;
Mine the gold and carve the granite;
Pierce with paths the wilds untrodden.
For the glory's in the gaining, and the guerdon's in the strife,
And the joy of doing something is the robe and crown of life!

Then with *dolce far niente*
Lets have done—but let's be doing!
There is waiting work a plenty;
There are spheres for our subduing;
There are virgin vales for tilling;
There are fields of fertile promise;
If our hands and hearts be willing,
Naught can hold the triumph from us,

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For the glory's in the doing, and the guerdon's in the deed.
And the triumph's to the pioneer whose pleasure is to lead! —*Leslie's Weekly.*

EDITOR THE LIFE.

Lyle Frances is a goldy-haired, brown eyed midget of a little more than three years: the brightest and smartest and altogether sweetest child that ever lived. I am sure of the above fact, for her grandmother has told me so more than a hundred times, I think.

She has been staying with grandma a good part of the summer past, and, incidentally, her "gwampa" comes in for a large share of her rather monopolistic attentions. She claims to hold first mortgage on him whenever he is in the house, both night and day, and forecloses the same with the greatest freedom as well as frequency. One of his stock expressions when her attentions are almost unbearably smothering, is, "Keep still, or I'll chloroform you."

She has a little bed close by "gwamma's," but invariably toward morning, when one is especially desirous of having the last nap undisturbed, say between four and five o'clock, she wakes and pipes out, "I want my gwampa!" and the want is as imperative as a command. She is placed over next the wall beside grandpa and sometimes will cuddle down with him, lying on his arm, and go to sleep; but is quite as likely to insist on a frolic of perhaps an hour. On one occasion lately when no amount of 'sh'ing and "lie still," and "keep still" was availing, grandpa bethought him of his frequent threat of chloroform, and at once began to say *silently* to her, "I'm chloroform; keep still. I'm *chloroform*; keep *still.*" In a minute or two she slacked her pranks, and in a little bit sat up in bed and dolor-

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ously droned out: "Gwampa, I sick." The chloroform thought was instantly discontinued, but in a minute or two more she was as busy frolicking as before, and Grandpa again began the chloroform; and as before, in just a few times repeating silently the thought, she groaned a bit and said: "I don't feel well, gwanpa." That settled the cloroform business, and a "peace, peace, rest, rest, sleep, sleep," line of thought was substituted and she dropped to sleep in a very few seconds.

I am pleased to add that no "after effects" followed the use of the anesthetic.

DR. J. GILBERT MURRAY.

E. BENJAMIM Andrews, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, in an open letter to the Salvation Army, in answer to its usual Christmas appeal for money with which to furnish a turkey dinner to the poor, says in part:

"The army here in Lincoln makes no statements accessible to the public either of its income or what it does with its money. The army's methods of so-called relief work are vicious and pauperizing, calculated to make your so-called relief work a plague.

"If you furnish charity dinners for so many you will pauperize and increase want and poverty instead of relieving them. I am against fake charity and in favor of the real thing."

It is true that promiscuous giving to the poor is a curse to them, especially the practice of feeding them occasionally on turkey and cranberry sauce. It does them no good. In a few hours after dinner is over they are as hungry as ever, more discontented and less capable or inclined to get out and hustle for a living. Here in Kansas City there is a growing demand for laborers that cannot be filled. It is almost impossible for us to get men to do jobs of work about our premises, although we pay double wages. A few mornings ago the police band rounded up in police court 43 able-

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bodied tramps and bums. They were given their choice by the judge to either go to work or leave the city. Three of them chose to remain and go to work, while forty elected to leave the city! This is the class we worse than waste our charity upon.

The worst disease now affecting the human race is the mania to get something for nothing. And promiscuous charity aggravates the disease. The best application of charity is put forth in teaching unfortunate people to be self-supporting and self-respecting. The doling out of dinners and dollars tends to kill the germs of both self-respect and self-dependence among beggars. The practice renders more and more chronic the leprosy of beggary.

A man in Michigan whose wife recently passed into the fathomles beyond, writes:—"We have what we consider reliable information that she is in a very good condition in the spirit realm, and is a portion of the time in the home with us. Our daughter has heard from her and heard her talk. The minister felt her presence very positively while writing some verses just before the funeral services. She was also seen inspecting the flowers and wreathes at the church. She was seen by the side of our twelve year old and youngest child. And she was seen dining with us after coming home from the funeral. In the evening my daughter went to all of us and shook hands in her behalf."

I now have for sale two elegant ten-acre rubber lots in Tehuantepec plantation, Mexico, trees four years old. Now $2500 will buy them both. Present owner, a friend of mine, has the best of reasons for selling. You may pay half cash and balance later to suit your convenience, on note or notes well secured. Write to me for particulars. A. P. BARTON.

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Little Lessons In Elohim.

WHAT do you think about individually in the child; is the child dependent on its parents for its character; can a mother make the traits she wishes to appear in her child? I do know children inherit traits belonging to parents, and even to grandparents."—E. S.

For a few minutes let us sweep aside everything we ever heard of on this subject, Bible notions and all, and erect a reasonable theory of our own. (If we can do this; if we are free enough.)

First let us take the universe as *self-existent*:

The Universe IS. This statement is true *because* there *could not* be *nothing*. If the universe is, it is in *existence*, which means, it is LIFE; and this brings us to the knowledge that Life is universal and independent of any plan or pondered elucidation of design.

The next thing is the consideration of the *Individual*. Since universal life necessarily and unavoidable means universal *motion* it would have to follow that something must be produced by that motion; and that which is thus produced, will be unavoidable *limited*, for the very reason that there can be but one universe or *unlimited* thing. This is the correct reason why things in the universe come to be all limited.

Before calling attention to the fact that MAN is the only thing in the universe that is of the pattern of the universe unlimited, let us see how easy it would be, and how impossible otherwise, for the things in the universe to get into position themselves, during their jostling against each other *if* they ever were out of order. Worlds whirling through space would knock all inferior worlds out of their path, and would in turn be pushed

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aside out of the way of all superior worlds, until each would hold its place, in the universal continual motion of the entire mass of worlds and suns and things. Things would have to get in order, just as schools have to get in order, when moving, performing, working in the same building; or as molecules would have to arrange themselves in order to climb up the stem of the tree, and fit themselves to the elements that go to produce leaves and limbs. Even the currents in the ocean adjust their currents to certain courses and wind about to get out of the way to keep from working a hardship on either hand. MOTION makes a way. For the reason given, that since the universe IS (and this statement is true for the reason that there could not be nothing) that if the universe IS, it is in existence, and existence means Life, and life means motion. Even magnetism would work on the one hand while electricity would be influencing things, not against it, but necessarily in co-operation with it, so that the bodies that should be will be drawn down and those that should be lifted will be lifted. I am speaking about natural laws, before taking up the Individual to show his natural influence.

Now there is one thing in the universe that, though likewise limited to time and space according to appearances, is not so limited, but it has been taught that it is limited, and so long as it remains under this false belief it will conduct itself just as if it were really limited.

We come now to the soul. The soul is not the individual, but a *sample* of it. It is eternal like the individual, but unlike the individual does not know this.

The great lesson the soul descends into matter to learn is, that it is just like the individual in every respect save being in the body with this limited belief to overcome.

The soul is thus taking an object lesson, and at the

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same time the individual is impressing it with the importance of overcoming all false beliefs, and of proving to the world its sovereignty and that of all mankind.

You see then, that the office of the soul and the individual are different, though the two are one and the same in subetance and power, though the soul has yet this truth to learn regarding itself, before it can exercise that power.

Individuals have always existed, as the logical Result of the Life or Motion of the universe. The individual is the already perfect Standard of the soul.

Now, the father and mother only prepare the Temple for the *soul* of the individual while it sojourns here on earth, learning the lesson of Objectivity, and proving its likeness to the individual even in visibility. The nuclei formed by the coalescing of the ovum and spermatozoon cells, form, when fused into one, the Temple for the soul. This temple is furnished with field-glasses, outlookers, out-hearers, and out-feelers together with all the apparatus necessary for perfect investigation experimentation and discovery. The soul lights up the temple, or animates it; corresponding with every organ there is a soul-*faculty* to enliven the organ and make it manifest rightly before the student-world.

In watching the beautiful outer world, the soul may become so interested as temporarily to be influenced by its glitter, and so be induced to neglect the important work it came to perform. So exact and fine and in accord with the movement of Life and Order is the mission of the soul, that to vary from right action in any instance, results in trouble, jarring, discord to the soul, which reflect the condition in the body, or may be on other bodies.

And it is this condition of the souls of expectant parents that mar the temple of one who is not yet in evidence enough to be able to resist and rise above ob-

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jective evils. It is thus the soul may set forth in this world clothed in error habilaments, or adorned with the outpicturings that do not belong to the individual of the soul at all.

The parents may, on the other hand, through the study of only those things that are true and right, greatly enhance the soul by giving it a temple rightly erected, in which to get its start. We hear of people ahead of their time. This is the way they got there. That is what is done for geniuses. It is why great men are superior; they get an earlier start than men whose mothers only deplored and wept and refused to deal with the great responsibilities they found on their hands.

When the mother desires to prepare for the reception of a poet, for instance, she succeeds by awakening within her own soul the love of poetry and its practice. She makes no change in the individual, though she molds a brain that is grooved for poetry, in the tender, pliant foetus. The man who finds his temple thus prepared is going to set his thoughts running in its grooves; they will continue until they fill and overflow, and at the flood-tide put on the qualities of his real self. It takes the soul a longer time, when the temple is not thus prepared, to rise in its own independent power, and be wholly original. The genius, "the born poet," is the soul who finds his temple prepared. The molding of the brain prepares the way for the man, makes his paths straight, proper, true to his Ego.

Character in the individual or Ego, is always perfect; but it cannot *show* perfect through an imperfect medium. There is something the matter with the lunatic's *brain*, but never with his *mind*. A disordered medium is always painful. The poet Milton's Real perception was unimpared, while through trying night and day to tell the world what *he perceived*, he marred his

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medium of vision, his out-look on the objective world.

The mother makes the poet or the philosopher only by preparing the way for poet or philosopher. She accomplishes this by getting into the right way herself. She is taking that attitude which will portray *in her own atoms.* Her attitude is of more importance than that of the progenitor of the spermatozoon for the reason that, although the two cells united carry with them the life-qualities of their originals, or rather make preparation for these qualities, yet the period in which the nuclei (united cells) are under the mother's influence is much longer and she has the greatest opportunity.

(Next month I will answer Mrs. S. M. T's question about how to "manage" children.) C. J. B.

Smile!

From the Albany Argus.

HAVE you tried smiling? It is the latest remedy for all the ills of the flesh and the spirit, and it is cheap. All that is necessary to do to try the new "smile cure" which, we are informed, the London doctors are recommending, is to lift the corners of the mouth slightly by means of the facial muscles, expanding the lips and showing the teeth. Practice this before the looking-glass night and morning until the smile has worn in, and the beneficial results will be forthcoming, it is seriously asserted. There is no state of affairs so discouraging that it can't be bettered by smiling over it, and there is no joy in life so joyous that it will not spread a little wider over the surface of the globe with the coaxing of a smile.

Cosmic Light is an 8-page, 4-column folio size monthly paper, published at Pittsburg, Kas. by the Cosmic Light Pub. Co., Nim Baird, Editor. It is printed in excellent type on good paper and is devoted to Occult Science, New Thought and Evolution. $1.00 a year, 10c a copy. Send for one; you will like it.

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Who Bides His Time.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

WHO bides his time and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be—
He will not fail in any qualm
Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause;
And, like a never ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool wreaths in laurel wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who bides his time.

Clarence Darrow on Reforms.

THE popular crusade against crime in Chicago is in danger of causing much more evil than good. These crusades are periodical and generally prevail in the winter time, when the cold weather and scant employment tend to robbery, burglary and resulting criminal acts. If policemen were placed on every block it would have no effect upon acts of violence,

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which are as much due to conditions as any other of the various acts of men. It is idle to believe that the police department can ever prevent this manifestation of social conditions; they may terrorize the community and be guilty of much repression and injustice against the unfortunate and the helpless. Still less is it just to charge these conditions to the state's attorney and the judges administering the law in the criminal courts. No one was ever yet wise enough to say that either vengeance or punishment had any effect on diminishing crime. Most of the students and philosophers who have investigated and written upon the subject agree that crime is affected little if any by punishment and that the conditions which bring it about are outside of and beyond the criminal courts.

THE modern revival, where such men as Sunday, Torrey, Alexander and Chapman are paid a thousand dollars a week for their services, is a last stand to save Orthodoxy from extinction. The churches are business institutions, holders of property, and the preachers thrive as the church thrives. Rather than that the spirit of light should live and prosperity follow, spielers for Churchianity are employed to do what the local clergy dare not, i. e., preach a doctrine that civilization has abandoned. By an appeal to the fears of children, and the ignorant and undeveloped, a wave of maudlin sentiment is evolved that often sweeps people of sense off their feet and stampedes them into mental abandonment, When the mob spirit rules—when fear is rampant, we are all caught, in degree, in the swirl, and reason is dethroned. To unseat reason and enthrone superstition, is the business of Sunday, Torrey, Chapman & Co.—*The Philistine.*

THE mail matter of drugless healers is now safe from vandal hands, save in cases of downright, palpable fraud. The only obstacles that now confront them are prohibitive state laws. Some states

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now have rigorous enactments, requiring all healers to carry the saving grace of a sheepskin diploma, embalmed with esoteric Latin, with the signatures of learned medical professors of the "regular" brand attached. Still more rapacious enactments are being incubated; but the tide of tolerance cannot be stayed. The twentieth century will not be marred with retrogression. From actual experience in courts, legislature and before Postmaster General's Sanhedrim, the writer readily accords to the "regulars" an intrepid spirit to do battle.

L. W. BILLINGSLEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lincoln, Nebr.

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New Series Feb., 1907. Vol. 11 No. 2

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A Monthly Magazine of
CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICS
EDITED & PUBLISHED BY—
A.P.Barton. C.J.Barton.
KANSAS CITY, MO., U.S.A.

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THE LIFE

FEBRUARY, 1907

Character Building

(An address delivered by A. P. Barton before the Greenwood Club, Kansas City, Mo., on Feby. 1, 1907.)

WHEN we speak of one's character we ordinarily refer to the reputation he bears for integrity, honest dealing and general behavior among those who know him or have business relations with him. We say we give an employe a good character when we recommend him or her as diligent, industrious, competent and honest. We call it a bad character when we say that he or she is wanting in these qualities of conduct.

But character, as I understand the term, is far more than is implied in a mere estimate of conduct and reputation. The origin and import of character lie deeper in the essence of one's being than this implication reaches. It is that quality of soul or mind which not only directs conduct along true lines, but gives stability, capacity for serene endurance and faith in one's self and in the indomitable spirit of Truth in the world. It is self-mastery over moods, conditions and environment. The basis of good character in this sense is deeper than the fathoms of conventionality or obedience to commandments or a desire to please and gain the esteem of people. It is grounded in heredity, nature, early training and experience.

A good character so established is much more than an incentive to correct demeanor. It secures peace of mind, renewal of brave, well-balanced effort in ad-

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versity, happiness and buoyant fearlessness in all circumstances. The person who is honest in outward form only from fear of the penalties of the law or society, or because it pays to act uprightly, is not intrinsically an honest person at all. If a man is deterred from stealing your horse only thru fear, he is a thief at heart nevertheless.

It is a mistake to impress upon the minds of children as a guide for conduct the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy." This means that honesty pays better than dishonesty, which is true. But the sincerely honest man will speak and deal uprightly and justly without regard to results. There is no policy about true honesty. The one who is honest in conduct because it pays better to be so, would be dishonest for the same reason.

When Jesus, the great master exemplar of character, walked about the streets of Jerusalem and the hills of Judea, he was led in his words and deeds by the deep inspiration of Truth sentient within him, and not by a desire to be popular and temporarily successful. He said and did things which he knew would bring upon him persecution and the cross, only because he felt they were in accord with essential Truth. He was simply true to himself, regardless of popular favor. It is the only way to be strong and make a lasting impression in the world.

If you passively drift with the tide of events and conform with the ways of society, you become a human flotsam to be lost on the waves of the great sea of destiny. If you refrain from wrong-doing only in obedience to commandments, your righteousness, to use the forcible tho inelegant language of an ancient Hebrew seer, is but filthy rags. Commandments and penal codes are for the weakling only, for those who are either deficient in character or yet undeveloped.

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The two incentives for right-doing which we have had held out to us by our moral preceptors, hope of reward and fear of punishment, are utterly unworthy the man or woman of character. While they may be needful in law to deter evil-doers acting upon the lower stages of progress, they are founded upon two unworthy traits of mankind, to-wit: Cupidity, or mercenariness, and fear. These do not in any way appeal to the higher, nobler nature of manhood. To refrain from doing wrong because you are afraid of the penalty, is not true righteousness; to do what is said to be pleasing to God for the sake of securing God's rewards, is working for wages. You therein become a hireling without interest in the inherent value of your work.

To do the right thing is not to be right when character enters not into the doing. It is just as mercenary to obey commandments for the promised emoluments of a harp and crown as it would be to do so for dollars. Neither fear of penalty nor hope of reward ever made one better at heart.

A man is what he habitually thinks—not always what he appears to be by his deeds.

It has been said that we are one-fourth born, one-fourth education, one-fourth habit and one-fourth ourselves, original. But trained, intelligently directed thought and aspiration may unify, assimilate and refine all the parts into one worthy whole, the man or woman of self-centered character with force enough to make a place in the world that will not close up when the individuality is removed.

A good thought or lofty aspiration indulged now and then is not enough. Mozoomdar, the Hindoo philosopher, has truly said, "The universal self-delusion is this: when a man has a good thought he fancies he has become what he thinks for the moment. Good thoughts are very good; but, unaccompanied by the difficult pro-

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cess of character, they are often no better than soap bubbles."

We are too busy about making a living to take time to live. We seldom duly appreciate the present hour, altho it is the only time we have. It is to-morrow or the next year that we live in thru fancy of what is to be. We do not give enough time to the most important matter of building character, a possession vastly more valuable than much gold.

Every child has a right to be well born. While it is true that he may not choose the manner and quality of his introduction to this plane of sentient being, yet there is a responsibility attaching to parenthood which is too often ignorantly neglected or criminally disregarded. Parental influence and conditions lay the first stones of the foundation of a good or bad character in the child. This begins before birth. Unwelcome children, begotten in lust and formed in the womb of strife, hatred, sorrow and disease, have not a fair start in life and it will require assiduous training and pruning to develop the embryonic spirit of the great origin of all being in them so as to make true men and women of them.

Then follows the home influence. The strongest and most tenacious impressions are made in the home.

Orison Swett Marden has said, in his admirable book, "Every Man a King," recently published, "The ideal home is a perpetual training school where children are always practicing courage plays, helpfulness plays, plays of honesty and truthfulness; and what is at first simulated becomes natural, producing sweetness, beauty and strength of character. Qualities apparently deficient can be awakened and developed in a marvelous degree in the young."

Emerson said in his great sermon delivered before the graduating class of Divinity College, Cambridge,

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in 1838,

"O my friends, there are resources within us on which we have not drawn. There are men who rise refreshed on hearing a threat: men to whom a crisis which would intimidate and paralyze the majority,—demanding not the faculties of prudence and thrift, but comprehension, immovableness, the readiness of sacrifice,—comes graceful and beloved as a bride." Napoleon said of Massena (the great unconquered Marshall of France,) "that he was not himself until the battle began to go against him; then, when the dead began to fall in ranks around him, awoke his powers of combination and he put on terror and victory as a robe. So it is in rugged crises, in unweariable endurance and in aims which put sympathy out of question, that the angel is shown."

Robert Collyer's good Scotch mother used to say to her boys, "See that you do that which you are afraid to do." This counsel in the line of the right is good; doing what you are afraid to do develops strength and self-confidence and overcomes fear, which is Earth's prince of devils.

Did you ever notice how good and strong and fearless you feel after you have done something you were at first afraid to undertake? This is an evidence of growth and elevation to a higher plane of existence.

A boy of this city said to me recently, "The principal of our school never interferes when she sees two boys punching one another until one of them gives in and wants to quit; then she calls off the fight." All sorts of silly things have been said about the "strenuous life" idea favored by President Roosevelt. It is courage, unweariable endurance, the readiness of sacrifice, the power to meet losses and reverses with a smiling face and an unconquered spirit which he seeks to foster and develop among men. This is character. Paul

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tersely expresses the same idea when he says, "Rejoice always, and in everything give thanks." Who among us do this?

Crises are encountered in the course of every life, times and conditions that try men's souls, places in the path of life where victory or defeat means much, where victory means a higher plane of consciousness and easier triumphs ever after, and defeat means a shackled will, a crushed spirit and failure. Here is where the value of a sterling character is demonstrated.

It is not desirable that difficulties should be obviated, but that we should be strong enough to meet, master and use them. Every difficulty is really an opportunity, and not a misfortune to pine and whine about and dodge if possibe. For there is no growth possible without exercise of faculties, and exercise is impossible where there is nothing to overcome. If I take up a book and find that I have already learned its lessons, that they belong to a grade of my experience beyond which I have advanced, there is no profit in my studying them. But if I find therein problems and propositions of a philosophy or science which I have not yet mastered, then there is presented an opportunity for me to develop the powers of my mind by studying the lessons therein.

We remember the story of Jacob's all-night wrestle with something that obstructed his way. He did not call it bad and try to avoid it. He called it God, or good, and refused to let it go until he got the blessing he believed it had for him. During the night he held on—it is always dark when we meet our antagonists—and when the day began to dawn he won the new name, Israel, prince with God. After that victory he was a better, stronger man than ever before. He was no longer inclined to cheat or fight his brother, nor to steal his father-in-law's cattle and sheep.

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So may we always profit by valiantly meeting our difficulties and overcoming them, may become princes and princesses with God. Thus do we prove the value of a fortified character, having faith in our own worth and purpose in the world.

Emerson says, "If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps school, preaches, edits a paper, goes to congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days and feels no shame in not studying a profession, for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances."

I believe there is no exigency of this life that cannot be met and profited by. In truth, we invite our own happenings and hard results following weakness, sin, or ignorance come not as punishment, but in retributive justice to afford us an opportunity to strengthen the weak places, atone for the sin and dispel the ignorance with knowledge. All results, even the results of error, are, under the law of being, beneficient. They are natural resultants, reacting upon us for correction and the unfoldment of our dormant, germinal powers.

And it is peculiar to the results following error ways and deeds and thoughts of weakness or ignorance that each one affords us a remedy for the particular

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shortcoming which produced it. Hard experiences are useful for reformation and advancement and never come upon us by chance or bad luck, nor as a vistiation of vengeance or the wrath of God. There is no angry God or frowning Providence in all the universe. God is love and Love is God. Our experiences are always drawn to us by our needs and fill them if we wisely use them.

The whiner whines because he is weak in character; the complainer complains for sympathy and to excuse his failures. Those who say, "I can't," usually don't; they who say, "I will," usually do; for the will makes the way.

Intelligent use of all the faculties strengthens brain power. Lessons in this direction should begin in early youth.

Quoting again from "Every Man A King," "It has been found that manual training, learning to use the hands ingeniously, has its influence upon the brain and develops deficient faculties to a remarkable degree. A boy who is naturally lazy and indolent, whose faculties for doing things seem to be wholly deficient, can be so trained in a short time that he will love to work. As soon as he gets a sufficiently strong motive and begins to exercise the undeveloped brain cells controlling the faculties, they immediately respond. Merely arousing a boy's ambition develops in him a great many deficient qualities by putting them into healthy exercise."

This is true character building. Thus have the young the foundation laid in them that will enable them to meet the battles of life with serene confidence of power to win and to be naturally affable and just, forceful in conduct and self-assertive, fearing nothing. "Plays are now introduced into kindergarten schools,"

(*Continued on page 99.*)

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Meditations

By Kaxton

THE world has a surfeit of reformers. Not such as Martin Luther and his compeers, who dug deep into the hearts of men and laid the foundation for a manhood too strong to be trampled under the feet of religious despotism, too sagacious to be lured into bondage by the cunning of scholasticism, too full of life to be content with the dry husks of hide-bound orthodoxy. But there is a sickening surfeit of that sort of reformer who being short of genuine brain power, tries to make up for the deficiency by the use of an inordinate and unwarranted assurance; and who, instead of being warmed and inspired by a wholesome love for man, is fired by the consuming flame of self-love.

***

They are full of zeal, but a careful analysis of their lives will generally reveal the fact that they are selfish bigots. Their delight is to picture for the public certain secret vices. They have lived impure lives themselves, and they seek to fill the ears of young men and young women with the loathsome recital of foul deeds which they say are practiced everywhere and among all classes.

***

Of course they are liars and defamers of manhood and womanhood. Men and women are naturally pure and it takes a strong oblique pull to cause them to swerve from the path of rectitude. One of the worst influences that could be brought to bear upon innocent young people would be to allow them to hear and give credence to the foul words of one of these hypocrites.

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There is no call for any one to arise and reform the mutual relations of the sexes. This does not mean that they are without error or vice. People are continually making mistakes in the management of their sexual powers, and these mistakes are very serious,—often wrecking a whole life's happiness. It is very important that people should control these things safely. But safe control does not come from listening to obscene lectures from some bigoted ignoramus whose life has been eaten out and spoiled by vice, before he took it into his head to rescue the world from sexual vices, and incidentally save himself from starvation.

* * *

None of this obscene teaching is needed to safeguard virtue. Wherever virtue lives, there grows its own safeguard; just as the rose opens only amid its own thorns. We do not have to be taught to close the eye when a mote is driven toward it. Every member of the body instinctively guards the eye as a most precious gift. Is it to be supposed that virtue, the most precious gem of the finest characters, is not safeguarded by every moral instinct? The body learned to guard and protect the eye through ages of evolution.

* * *

In like manner virtue has grown up among men and women from slight beginnings in the early ages. It did not spring from teaching of any kind. It was born in woman first, from the ever present spirit that has always guided living beings in the way of self-preservation, and woman has ever led in the development and elevation of the highest ideals of virtue, and she will always do so. The best and highest examples of spotless and invincible virtue you will ever find exist to-day in homes where health thoughts reign and nothing is said about the cesspools of sexual vice and how to avoid them. Wholesome thinking leads to

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wholesome living, and the recital of vicious details has nothing to do with the making of a pure life.

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These pretended reformers assail the relations of the sexes all along the line. The divorce laws must all be done over and tightened up or the country will be ruined. Now all this fuss comes from superficial people who have narrow views of life and a very limited knowledge of its true history. There was a time when men and women mated without law, and separated when they chose to do so, also without law. They mated because it was their nature to do so, and when they mismated, as must have happened sometimes, it was just as natural for them to separate.

***

Now, our present civilization with all its complexities, and taboos, and exclusions, grew out of that primitive state in which men and women were free to follow their instincts and inclinations. Is there so much danger that we are facing ruin by reason of a little too much freedom of choice in mating or unmating? Human life is no more given to growing backward than anything else that grows. We are not afraid of our wheat degenerating into wild grass so long as we give it wholesome environments for growth. We know that it tends to get better when we bring to it the most wholesome conditions for growth. Neither is it in men to degenerate into baboons so long as they have a chance to exercise and thus develop that which is naturally in them.

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Foolish reformers are everywhere trying to restrain people and prophesying dire calamities unless they are checked and tied up. Now, the fact is, the greatest hindrance to genuine progress for centuries

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has been too much tying up and hampering of the individual. It has been proved plainly enough that freedom is essentially conducive to progress, but the average self-appointed reformer is too narrow and ignorant to appreciate the true logic of history.

* * *

A tree with its heart rotted out, may yet stand erect, spread its branches and make a noise in the passing breeze. It may bud and bloom, but its fruit will never reach maturity. There is a blight upon the tree that renders all its fair pretensions mere cheap deception. These blatant reformers are like such a tree. The tenacity and evident relish with which they cling to the bestial pictures that may be drawn from the lower stratum of society, proclaim them as void of true virtue, which naturally recoils from such obscenity. My personal knowledge of the lives of some of these completely justifies such a conclusion.

* * *

True virtue in man or woman turns with loathing from the obscene references and vile assertions which constitute the stock in trade of these professional peddlers of filth. There is a wide difference between true virtue, and that sickly, blighted, negative compliance with the common rules of decency, which sometimes bears the name of virtue. True virtue is a positive force, and has all the elements of resistance to dissipating forces, which is the only basis of self-preservation in the individual. It gives to the individual genuine self-control. Self-restraint through fear of a penalty is not true self-control. True virtue wears its own shield and buckler and can withstand the hard blows of primitive conditions without retreating into the castle of fear. A virtue that can stand alone and resist the flings of untoward conditions is a noble thing—a positive, elevating force in character building. A vir-

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tue that is only a negative spotlessness is not ignoble, but it is not, and can not be, a positive factor in character.

***

This whole question of social purity, and marriage and divorce is in its finality a question of manhood and womanhood. The home that must be saved by more stringent divorce laws is not worth saving. The virtue that must be protected by the horrible nightmare produced by the hideous portrayal of the bitter fruits of licentious living, is only a nominal, worthless, negative deception. Men and women are going to control their own actions in these matters. No intermeddling, legal or otherwise, can avail anything.

A young woman in Wisconsin who had been the most of her lifetime seemingly a hopeless wreck physically and incapacitated for all kinds of work thru nervous collapse and fear, has been gloriously brought out and healed under treatment and counsel. She writes me a long letter filled with gratitude and appreciation. I quote here only a small part of her letter:

"How grateful I am to you, Mr. Barton, for the new lease of life given me! I have blessed you a hundred times of late for opening the way for health, peace and strength to flow to me. Of course I do not forget the source of this supply; however, you are the willing agent." She says she can work and not even get tired and overcomes every reverse with rejoicing. She is jubilant and her heart sings the song of victory always.

Such results greatly please me and render me happy. Many such letters come to us. We refer to one occasionally to encourage others. If all who apply would as fully co-operate with us and as faithfully obey instructions as this young woman did, all would be healed as she has been.

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Phenomena.

A SUBSCRIBER in London, Eng., an intelligent, educated man, sends us the following. We give it knowing that our readers will each put his own estimate upon it. I have good evidence that the writer of the letter, a part of which is here reproduced, is thoroly honest and sincere:—

"Much that is attributed to the action of disembodied spirits can, without doubt, be referred to the action of the human brain, mind, or organism, the three so entangled that the most acute psychologist is unable to correctly analyze them. Again, much that is seen in the seance-room, and even out of it, is impossible to be other than accomplished by the disembodied. Take an instance that occurred to me personally:—My young medium and myself had been to a concert, after which, as was often his custom, he spent the night at my flat. His room adjoined mine with a door between. He was wearing an amethyst tie-pin which, he had remarked during the day, was dull and required cleaning. He was leisurely undressing in my room, talking to me the while. I saw him take hold of the pin to withdraw it from the tie. I heard a snapping sound followed by his exclamation, "There! they have taken my pin." "Never mind," said I, "you'll get it back again." Within seven seconds that pin was lying at our feet on the hearthstone, cleaned and burnished as if it had just come from the jeweler's. It was not possible for him to have done it himself, the time was too short, he had not the materials, and he was under my own observation the whole time: there was no confederate, for there was no one but ourselves in the flat at the time; my servant slept out. One other phenomenon for the present:—During dinner he went under control and directed me to have ready a little water which should be converted into an eye-lotion for one of my lady-patients

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during the 'sitting' which was to follow. No one was to know of this but myself. With some trouble I managed to conceal a half-tumbler of water inside the grand piano at which I seated myself in order to improvise as usual during the seance, and no one but myself knew of its existence. The water was perfectly clear. Scarcely had the light been put out when I softly lifted the tumbler out and placed it on a small table between me and the cabinet. Almost immediately there was seen a lambent blue flame over the tumbler which played about for a few seconds and emitted slight coruscations. All saw the light and wondered at it. This ceased, and we were told to light up. I did so, having a special electric lamp at my side. There was the water with some curious looking black globules floating in it. I explained what had happened, the globules presently became absorbed in the water which became of—I think—an amber color and the lotion proved of great service, and would have proved of a greater but the patient not only rather laughed at it but was afraid of it. One night a magnificent crowned figure stood at his bedside and asked him a question to which the answer was of importance, but, unfortunately, he was too terrified to speak. I dare say I should have been, too."

Is your idea of happiness merely ease, feeling good, freedom from pain and unrest? Then you are selfish. Is your idea of usefulness to help the poor by giving money or provisions to them? Then your aim is wrongly directed. Do you pose as one whose mission is to lift mankind to a higher plane? Then you are egotistic. Do you seek to elevate your own consciousness to a higher plane? Then you are engaged in a noble work, beginning at home, the right place to begin. When this is done you become an essential factor in the world's work, active regardless of pains and a natural, unselfish agency for good, without egotism, posing or trumpets.

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The Weakness of Anger.

Walter Williams says in his "East Window" that the man who declines to "get mad" has the advantage. The opinion held by certain folk that a man gains in strength by getting mad is a mistaken opinion. The man who gets mad lets go of himself, and men need to hold themselves always well in hand in order to accomplish the best work. It is well to be able to smile at the angry man and not get angry one's self. Getting mad doesn't pay. It is almost as bad as getting drunk. In either case the guilty individual has lost control of his highest faculties. He weakens himself and uncovers that weakness to others.

The following is clipped from a Chicago paper:

"Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post, who a few years ago was a mental healer as famous as Mrs. Eddy or Dowie, and who founded the town of Seabreeze, Fla., confessed in court at Jacksonville, Fla., Saturday, that she was a fraud, and paid a fine of $500 for fraudulent use of the mails. In an affidavit filed in court she said she is suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, and cannot cure herself. Her plea to be relieved of the thirty days' imprisonment was granted."

It is also stated that she was compelled to promise to not further try to use the U. S. mails for her healing and publishing business. This means, of course, that she formally plead guilty to the charge under which she was convicted a few months ago, paid the fine imposed and secured a remission of the one months jail sentence under a showing of illness, and further promised to be good hereafter, according to the Post office Department's standard of goodness.

My Only Need.

Give me the Good, the Beautiful and True;
'Tis these that feed my soul!
Give me my Creator, God;
Then will I have the Eternal Whole.

—ANNA M. CONGER.

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Bible Lessons

Lesson V.—Feb. 3.

NOAH SAVED IN THE ARK.—Gen. 8:1-16.

LESSON KEY-NOTE:—"The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord."

Time,—According to Ussher's chronology, B. C. 2348. But it was probably earlier than this date.

Place,—Supposed to have been in the region of the upper Euphrates, south of Armenia.

We do not know the origin of this story. The Chinese have a similar story. They call the hero *Nub*. Babylonian tablets recently deciphered tell a story of a great deluge. Traces of it are also found in Egypt and many other places. It is almost certain that in some far back time such a disaster occurred in those regions.

Our Bible story was probably gathered from traditions extant at the time it was written. The writer seems to have taken two stories and combined them into one, attempting to harmonize some contradictions. If you will read Gen. 6:1-8; Gen. 7:1-5, 7-10,12, last part of verses 16 and 17, verses 22, 23 and Gen. 8: last part of 2 and first part of 3, 6-12, last part of verse 13, verses 20-22; Gen 9:18-27, you will have one story; then read the omitted verses and parts of verses, and you have the other story. One differs from the other in numbers of the animals, one makes pairs of two, the other groups of seven; one makes the flood last 365 days, the other 101 days.

Probably the details are drawn entirely from the writer's imagination, altho there was a foundation of fact in it.

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A boat built after the pattern given in this story would not float with its cargo, so ship-builders tell us.

And the miraculous intervention of God was an invention. Altho some one wiser than his neighbors may have built a boat and saved his family and some of his domestic animals, some one who saw signs of an inundation or guessed its coming from geological or astrological signs. Verses 1 and 2 of chapter 6 point to a Chinese origin. The sons of God (Celestials) married the daughters of men (other tribes) and their god was displeased.

The Chinese to-day have boats modeled after the ark and point to a mountain upon which Nuh's ark rested after the deluge. They also claim to have preserved some of the fragments of that vessel.

The inundation was at most confined to a small portion of the Earth's surface. But it seemed to those living there that it was universal. They had no means of hearing from other parts of the world.

Bible students have seen in this event God's anger toward sinners and his merciful providence toward those who fear and worship him. But Noah's conduct after the disaster was past shows him to have been a not very pious man. And the purpose they ascribe for the curse proved to be a failure. The sons of God continued to marry the fair daughters of men and an effort was soon after made to build a tower by which men might ascend to God's abode. Men continued their meanness just the same as before.

There is little or no value in the story in a moral sense and it is evidently faulty as history. Yet, it is valuable for its antiquity and as a hint of some very early natural phenomenon which did take place.

Lesson VI.—Feb. 10.

ABRAM CALLED TO BE A BLESSING.—Gen.

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12:1-8.

LESSON KEY-NOTE:—"I will bless thee and make my name great; and thou shalt be a blessing."

Time,—About B. C. 2000. According to Ussher's chronology, B. C. 1996, or about 3900 years ago.

Place,—Ur of Chaldea, near the Euphrates, 120 miles from the Persian Gulf, was Abram's birth place. The ruins of Ur, now called Mugheir, are now being excavated. Hammurabi, or Aruraphel, was at that time King of Babylon. The Sesostris family of the 12th dynasty ruled Egypt.

Our Bible says that the builders of the tower of Babel were given many different languages so that no one could understand what any other one said. This was an attempt to account for the many languages in the world. Then people dispersed to all parts of the world and formed the basis of all the nationalities. Shem, we are told, founded the Jewish and other Semitic races, Ham, the colored race and Japheth, the European nations.

There are now in the world more than one thousand languages and two thousand dialects, to say nothing of the languages of birds, beasts, flowers, etc.

Abram was of the line of Shem and the first of the distinctively Jewish race. He was the discoverer of Jehovah, the first one to whom he spoke as a tribal god, the god of a distinct people as contradistinguished from the gods of other tribes.

"Abram" means *exalted father*.

"Abraham" means the *father of a multitude*. We do not know the origin of the name. We find in an early Babylonian contract tablet the name *Abu-ramu*, "the exalted father."

Before he left Ur he married his half-sister Sarah, "princess," said to have been so beautiful and fascinating in person that her husband had much trouble to

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keep her.

Abram obeyed the voice which he heard and, taking his nephew Lot with all their servants and possessions, went forth in the way wherein he was led by that voice. The promise was that he should found a great people and be blessed in their achievements. "And in thee shall all the families of the Earth be blessed," was a promise that has been fulfilled in Jesus the Christ.

Abram's caravan went to what was then called the land of Canaan ("lowlands") on the Mediterranian coast, not including the region afterwards called Palestine. Their route lay thru Carchemish in the land of the Hittites, thru Hamath and Damascus, the oldest city now on Earth, crossing the Jordan either north or south of the Sea of Galilee, stopping at Shechem near the oak grove called Moreh. The land was called Canaan because it was inhabited by the descendants of Canaan, the son of Ham, whom Noah, his grandfather, pronounced a curse upon because Ham laughed at his drunken exposure of his person. The Lord told Abram that he would give this land to his seed, which they, always holding fast to this promise, brought to pass later.

Abram moved on about eighteen miles to Luz, afterwards Bethel, where he built an altar and worshiped God.

This was a pilgrimage which resulted in the founding and development of a great people from whom we get the Bible, Jesus, our religion and moral code.

Lesson VII.—Feb. 17.

LOT'S CHOICE.—Gen. 13:1-13.

LESSON KEY-NOTE:—"Take heed and beware of all covetousness."

Time,—About B. C. 1918, or, as Prof. W. J. Beech-

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er says, "within a century or two of 1963."

Place,—Abram was at his camp near Luz, or Bethel, 12 miles north of Jerusalem. After Lot went away he moved to Hebron, 32 miles farther south. Lot went to Sodom, one of the Cities of the Plain, or "Circle," near the Dead Sea.

Later Abram, to escape a famine, went to Egypt where Pharaoh fell in love with his wife and Abram, in order to escape being killed so that the Egyptian king could marry her, told him she was only his sister, which was a half-truth. Then Pharaoh took her, but trouble ensued and he, having ascertained the truth, sent them away with a rebuke to Abram for having told him a falsehood.

The separation between Abram and Lot was occasioned by contentions about pasture lands among their herdsmen. They were both very wealthy for that day. Abram gave Lot his choice. He took the very rich plains of the Jordan eastward and has been blamed for this sign of thriftiness because he knew the people of the cities about the Dead Sea were exceedingly wicked and profligate. Abram has been commended for his kind liberality toward his nephew and contentment with more moderate conditions.

We read in the Lord's prayer, "lead us not into temptation and deliver us not up to evil." Lot went voluntarily into temptation and the result was disastrous.

It is unwise to deliberately lay ourselves open to temptation to do wrong. We may be strong enough to resist, but again we may not. Yet, we may not avoid places and associations where there are leadings into wrong ways when our work calls us there. We may bring to such places and surroundings a spirit of uplifting and purifying. Some people refrain from taking part in elections and political conventions because there is

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corrupting influence extant there. This is not wise. Let good, honest men and women take control of the hurtings and dishonorable methods will cease.

The church used to avoid theaters because people who were not religious attended them and because sometimes the plays were not conducive to good morals. The theaters, like the newspapers, supply what their patrons want. When we change public sentiment so that people will demand only the best, the best will be given. Now the preachers are attending theaters and advising their congregations to do so. This is right. The effect upon both church and the stage will be good. Both will be elevated by it. I refer, of course, to the higher class plays.

If Lot had gone among those people as a preacher of righteousness as Jesus did in Judea, instead of a mere seeker for wealth, he might have saved those cities from destruction. When you go into a crowd there is a struggle between the spirit you carry with you and the general concensus of the spirit of the crowd. The tendency is to unify the moral atmosphere into a general whole. By holding firmly to a high spiritual attitude you can raise that atmosphere to your own level; or you can passively yield and drop to the common level. This is also true when you meet one person. There is a contest at first as to which unit shall prevail.

Lesson VIII.—Feb. 24.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.—Gen. 15:1, 5-16.

LESSON KEY-NOTE:—"He believed in the Lord and he counted it to him for righteousness."

Time,—Ussher says "about B. C. 1913." It was probably within six years after the separation of Abraham and Lot.

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Place,—Among the oaks of Mamre, a part of Hebron, 20 miles south of Jerusalem. Abram lived there for many years.

Abram was a lover of peace. He preferred the quiet groves to the noisy cities. But Lot got into trouble. He and his men were captured by the Elamites and carried away. Abram was notified. He at once armed 318 of his men and secured recruits from two of his neighbors and went to his nephew's rescue. He succeeded not only in rescuing Lot, but brought away the Sodomites which the hosts of Chedorlaomar had captured.

When a man of peace fights it is for a just cause. This renders his contest doubly strong for victory.

1, 5, 6. Abram—not yet Abraham—returned to his tent after the battle somewhat disturbed in mind and fearful of results. The Elamites might now come down upon him and exterminate his embryonic tribe. A voice came to him at night saying, "Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, thy exceeding great reward." Then he went out of his tent among the great oaks and looked up at the blue vault of heaven studded with its myriad stars and wondered as he gazed. The voice within him said, "Count them if you can, and name them. So shall thy seed be." Abram believed and took courage, altho as yet he had no child. And yet the promise was fulfilled.

7-16. A mystic sign was given Abram on the following day and his faith was established so that he afterward gained the distinction of being the most faithful man.

In his sleep a deep horror of darkness came upon him. In this he had a forecast of the troubles and turmoils which would come upon his descendants in Egypt and the wilderness. But the assurance of final deliverance was given him and he went serenely on in his

(*Continued on page 86.*)

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THE LIFE

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF APPLIED METAPHYSICS.

$1.00 Per Year in North America; 5s in Foreign Countries; in Advance.

A. P. BARTON—C. JOSEPHINE BARTON,
Editors and Publishers.

RALPH BARTON, Staff Artist.

Office 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Missouri.

Make checks and money orders payable to A. P. Barton. Terms of advertising made known upon application. Liberal commissions paid agents.

We club with other papers. Address all communications pertaining to The Life to A. P. BARTON.

Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter

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Key-Notes.

(FOR FEBRUARY.)

1-15

THO I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL; FOR THOU, INFINITE TRUTH, ART WITH ME, THY POWER AND GUIDANCE COMFORT ME.

16-28.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE IS NOW ALL POWERFUL IN MY LIFE AND IN THE LINES OF ALL MEN. SO TRUTH AND JUSTICE MUST PREVAIL EVERYWHERE.

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Experince Thoughts.

IN TELLING experiences about healing, or in pointing to any miraculous features connected with Mind Practice, it is always well for the narrator to move along as close by the side of *facts* as possible.

Thought is always superior to words. And though new and mighty truths may be recognized in the soul without words, and independent of phenomenal display, it is nevertheless important while telling people an experience, to select the words that will depict actual occurrences in the truest light possible to facts. For it is facts on which the listener depends for his deductions; and Zeal should not allow itself to be born away too far on the wings of Phantasy.

One reason why some practitioners get overheated in describing a case, they are filled with gladness and realize the indaequacy of words to express the actuality of it. But the narrator, in her joy and enthusiasm, should not declare the healing was instantaneous, unless facts stand to prove it so. It might have been the patient in question *was* healed, did come into the mental realization of health within the time of the treatment; yet it would be wisest to wait and consider—that first the arsenic and quinine were discontinued and the patient given time to rally from the effects of it; second that the words spoken must take time to be received by the soul before the condition of health can outpicture itself in the body. So that the healing, if we stick to actual facts was not instantaneous.

Healing in half an hour is good enough and will help people to have faith. There is no question about the word having power, since all agree that all things were and are made by it. There is no use losing faith in the Science because Mrs. Eddy's father is discovered by McClure's to be an ordinary man, not immaculate;

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nor because Jesus had a step-father, and was born in a stable; nor because Buddha and George Elliot, Confucius and Ingersol failed at last. It remains just as true that words are live things, and rightly shaped and spoken will rouse the torpid capabilities of other people into wholesome thinking. Words correctly carve their way in matter when thus sent out. It takes a very studied, spiritual word to eliminate inherited conditions, yet that is for us to do, and thus relieve all the innocent teeth from continuing set on edge. (It is proof sufficient that there is no personal God with all power, else he would not let innocent children suffer for the sins of forefathers.) Expressed thoughts are the timbers out of which people are built. And according to Amiel, the test of every religious, political, or educational system, is the man which it forms.

"If a system injures the intelligence it is bad. If it injures the character it is vicious. If it injures the conscience it is criminal," therefore while words do have their effect, and people do get well every day under Mind Science treatment, it is wiser always to select such terms as will in the truest manner make known just that which has taken place and no more.

Any truth is beyond spoken words. The word can only point to truth by calling its name or by telling some of its qualities. Hence all words fall short of the whole truth, and leave the interims to be bridged over by facts. For this reason we can only get upon the Hem of the Abstract and stay there, while we silently investigate its nature as nearly as possible for the time. To "tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth," then is an impossible thing.

But we can state a proposition as nearly in accord with absolute truth as is in our present power; and this means the choice of such words as will convey to the listener the meaning of the speaker free from any de-

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ception.

A friend who is a new thinker and up to all that is reasonable, some time ago attended one of the meetings of the primitive Christian Scientists, where he listened to a marvelous story, which ran as follows:—a woman said that one day her little boy, while playing in the back yard, got his ear cut off, and came into the house with the ear hanging by a mere ribbon of skin; she at once replaced it, and treated it, and sent him back to play. In a few hours he came in when she examined the ear and it was well,—only a pink circle showing where the ear had grown on. This story was beyond the man's credulity and he went away indignant at himself for listening.

If this woman could have found proper language to express her feelings of joy at having been instrumental in so wonderful a demonstration, and had kept to *facts* separate from her zeal--had mentioned the actual circumstances, leaving out the coloring, or effort to express it according to the elation she felt—the story might have been well-received, and would have proven useful to others. I have no doubt that flesh thus quickly replaced and held under the welding fervor of healing thoughts, would get well far more quickly, than if the mother had called a surgeon. I speak from a large experience. It is always best to hold one's self down to naked facts, because in their nudity facts most nearly represent the truths for which they stand.

Truth is the one thing that will not wear dresses, and that ignores all ornamentation. It goes naked always.

But I promised Mrs. M. C. of Joliet, to give some *experiences*. While doing this I wish to stick reasonably close to facts as well as truths. I would not have you believe anything that is not in accord with Reason and

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Uncommon sense.

The first experience is that of a student. Her patient, Mr. C. had a stubborn case of neuralgia, when she was sent for. (This young woman finished my primary course of lessons only a few weeks ago.) She quietly listened to what he had to say, while using such words mentally as would help to quiet his fears. His mother had suffered from neuralgia, he said. The practitioner then took up the denials against flesh inheritance, following with the affirmations in scientific order, and before she had concluded, her patient was much relieved, and when she left him he was sitting up in bed and had called for something to eat. He did not recover instantly, but he was so soon relieved, she said she told the first person she met that he was "instantly healed," though she thoughtfully modified her words by explaining that the healing came very quickly. He said he felt as if he had been lifted out of a maze of pain, or had been brought out of a hail-storm into a comfortable room.

In the regular lessons there are six formulas, after the *manner of which* the student is to speak words, until he is established and no longer has to refer to them. No one can be wholly healed without the divinity of mind so ripening in him as to show to him the truth that stands forever in contradistinction to every erroneous and struggling fact. Then a man is changed inwardly, and outwardly *adopts* a corresponding course.

The *second experience* is the case of a neighbor who came to see me a few weeks ago. I used some extravagant terms, it doubtless seemed to her, for she knew little of the science method. She talked of many things, had a pleasant gift of language, and it suited me to let her do the talking. She was one of those open souls who have no secret bundles tied up and stored in the atical nooks of her mentality. All was accessible, all

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in the atmosphere of freedom and openness.

She finally talked about her physical difficulty, claiming it as one of her belongings, while she wheezed and smiled and struggled for breath.

"Mrs. Barton, you must excuse me—I have bronchitis—and my (cough, cough,) bronchitis causes the whistling you hear—in my chest."

("*No*") I said promptly, in thought, ("No"). But I waited until there was a pause when I spoke out:

"Don't claim such a thing! I don't like the *name*!"

"What!—the *doctor* called it 'bronchitis' " she replied.

"That doesn't matter. It isn't *your* bronchitis—don't claim it if you don't want it. And do not name it anything *bad*! The names of diseases are the scarecrows to keep people off of Thinking Grounds. Think for yourself. Don't read the names of diseases. Say 'Get hence' to them. Say it to all such news-papers and advertisements. *You don't have to have bronchitis*!" I concluded very firmly, feeling every word and knowing its truthfulness.

A look of astonishment followed. By and by the look changed into one of *comprehension*, when with a little enthusiasm I added:

"You need not be subject to such things. You, who are a miniature of That which is perfect; the Immaculate Conception of the Most High. You, who inherit God-power! Why don't you use that power?"

A faint blush overspread her face, and I knew the thought was soaking in. I waited, still looking at her. Presently a smile broke over her pleasant features, and I saw that in her heart the good seed had found soil. Yet she only said—while seeming deeply interested—"I wish it might be true."

"*You know* it is true! Come—refuse to have this thing the doctor names bronchitis! Disown it. Put

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the bundle of meaningless components behind you, and leave them there in the past. Say, rather:

"I am the product of Infinite Wisdom and Health, and my destiny is as my origin. I am capable, healthful, whole; I am enthusiastic in the cause of that which is absolutely true. I believe in my power. The very atmosphere is full of words of health and peace and comfort. I am on Truth's side. Here will I plant my standard and by it I will stay."

Within about a couple of weeks thereafter, she sent a messenger over requesting me to write down the things I had said—for they had made her well and she must have them. I have met her a few times since, and there are no signs of bronchitis about her. She kept my words, that evening, after going home, and though she was not healed instantly, it came *duly*, which is always better, and the results more permanent.

Understanding is important. Thought can be a teacher, but the average man will receive sooner with words added. Thought is transmissible. Surely as Marconi's wireless telegraphy works, Thought goes forth with power, when rightly sent. Both have stood the test of *proof* by facts.

I gave you the words, as nearly as possible. At such times the practitioner gets his words out of the infinite, and is inspired for the occasion, and may not be able to repeat them verbatim. The same words might not so well apply in another case, though they might lead to as useful suggestion.

A student just through with the primary lessons, writes:—

"Your lessons have taught me one saving thing—*to think for myself.* This is something I never did *use-to-do.* I fully agree with the one who said, 'There is nothing greater than Good, nothing higher than Truth.

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He who cannot reason is a fool; he who will not is a bigot, and he who dares not is a slave!' "

"Dear Mrs. Barton:—your treatment has accomplished wonders for me," writes a southern woman, who had been greatly troubled a long while: "My husband says you certainly are an adept in this system of healing. And what do you think—he says you are too reasonable in your charges! Well, the doctor's bill last year was over five hundred dollars, and this year with your help, it has been much less. I guess he does not feel it at all. I feel as well today as I ever felt in my life, and I believe any one can, if they will do like I did and write to you."—Mrs. E. W.

I am an artist, as well as author. I used to have an art studio and made lots of money. I took up the science because I believed it to be the correct way of life. I had no thought of becoming a practitioner outside of my own affairs, nor had I any notion of giving up my studio. When I discovered what I could accomplish—when wonderful results followed my word—I gradually began to grow out of that profession into this, though I loved my pictures and would not have given up my art-work for any other. I had many beautiful friends; the best people in the city frequented my studio and expressed regret when I finally closed its doors. My powers have broadened, and in vacation time I yet make sketches, and am capable of better pictures than ever. At odd intervals I am writing two new books and revising others; one of which Ralph, our Staff Artist, and I are illustrating.

I erected a standard of my own, I belong to no school, and am penned in from none of them. *We have our own school.* Yet I am ready to clasp hands with any other system under the sun, that stands for the perpetual evolution into the newest and best, the most Reasonable and Just Ways in Life. I am inclined to

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believe that unprogressive Catholicism and Protestentism have unintentionally held the race back from beautiful advancement, and from *understanding*, that would have followed in the track of generally awakened knowledge.

The human soul does not leap into full spiritual perception after having been thus fettered for ages, nor into the full development of its higher powers. It evolves with the wheel of possibility. The infant's eye cannot shine with the penetration of the one who has brought into action all the powers with which the adult is endowed, but it beams with the gentler radiance that should be betoken always the dawn of a higher intelligence.

C. J. B.

Bible Lessons.

(*Continued from page 77.*)

way. He was also assured of long life, which was fulfilled in a peaceful career and end at the good old age of 175 years.

We may find courage and hope in this story. This man had seemingly every discouraging circumstance and condition to render him hopeless and doubtful of the truth of the promises he believed the Infinite had given him. Yet he held on to the word he had received and worked to the end of the accomplishment of the purpose for which he lived. He did not appear to waver thru all the ups and downs of life after that night and day of the covenant.

His aims were high and founded in righteousness, his life was serene, pure and upright. So his purposes were never mocked by failure or permanent reverses. His trust in the highest was unshaken thru it all.

So may we win in life. If our lives are sincere and good, we need not fear calamity or defeat. The same power of the universe which held the reins for Abraham's course, is yet over and in us. If we trust it and work without faltering, sustained by a faith like that of the old patriarch, we must come out victorious. Our ways are in the hands of a wise destiny and the angels have been given charge over us. So we should rise above fear and complaining.

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Correspondence

A BEREAVED mother who had lost a beloved daughter, writes,

"I always thought God would let me keep all these four." (She had lost six.) "Oh we are so lonesome without her! What does the promise mean, 'ask whatever ye will in my name, and it shall be done unto you?' Oh how I asked God to heal my child! And how she asked! And I had all faith that God would heal her; but where is she now?"

Answer:—Our hearts go out to this sorrowing mother and how gladly would the meanest one of us have restored her child to health! Then why did not God do it? Because there is no sentient God who hears and answers begging prayers. There is no God with "bowels of compassion," jealous heart, listening ears and working hands.

It seems very hard for people even who have studied this Science for years to give up the old delusions about God. Does not the fact that this good woman and her afflicted girl earnestly and faithfully prayed God to heal the girl and their request was not heeded, prove that there is no such a God? And these unanswered prayers were only so many among countless millions which have met the same voiceless refusal. Shall we then go on agonizingly appealing to a deaf phantom which never responds? It certainly would not be wise to do so.

But what about the promise cited? I will remark in the first place that another hindering, clogging delusion people have a struggle to dispel is veneration for the Bible. They largely hold on to the old thought—"The Bible says so; that settles it. How can you ex-

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plain this event by that standard of all wisdom and infallible prophecy?"

What Jesus was supposed to have said was not written down at all until one hundred years after his crucifixion. Then what was written out must have been taken from tradition, or hearsay at second or third hand. So it was inaccurate and many things are unquestionably set down about him which are not true. In our apocryphal New Testament which has as high an antiquity and as good a claim to credence as our sanctioned New Testament, so far as we know, tells all sorts of silly stories about the pranks played by the boy Jesus on his mother and his playmates.

While I do not place any greater value upon the promise referred to than I would upon a discovered principle from any other book, yet I believe there is truth in it. I do not believe this because somebody said that Jesus said it, but because it is in a degree demonstrable. And if a proposition is not demonstrable, it is not worthy our consideration at all, it matters not whether it is found in the Bible or the Arabian Nights stories.

But in order to receive, how must we ask? Not beg. This method has been proven a dismal failure. If you in faith affirm what you find to be true in the silent unseen, you surely manifest it. But remember that you must first find it and know it to be true before you can embody it. An artist had just as well try to put a picture upon canvas which he has never perceived in mind as for you to affirm the manifestation of that which you have not found to be true in the unmanifest. Even mountains could be plucked and cast into the sea by a word of affirmation if any one could ever find such an occurrence to be an unmanifest reality waiting in the realm of possibility.

This is what we call faith. It must be remembered, however, that God the Father of Principle and Sub-

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stance does not do things outwardly for us. We are the sole agents of manifestation. The Universal expresses in spirit or mind form what is to be, and we must find the expression and show it forth in the external. Do not ask the universal to heal, clothe or feed you. It will not be done in that way. Find in faith in the realm of the unmanifest that health, clothing and food are already yours, always have been waiting for you to get ready to take them. God has done already as much as can be done under the present state of our development. We must manifest or embody what already is in expression. God can't do our work for us; so it is unwise to beg him to do it.

Miss Lois Brisbin of Juda, Wis. asks for an explanation of Matt. 16: 18, 19.

Peter is from the Greek *petros*, a rock. Jesus said, "You are Peter, a rock, and on this rock will I fouud my church and the doors of the sepulcher shall not hold it."

It shall not be confined among the dead no more than I could be confined in Joseph's tomb. This is what he meant, and only this. Peter was used as a sort of figure for foundation simply because his name happened to be Rock.

The authority and power seemingly conferred by verse 19 are inherent only in foundational principles. Whatever is done by those who act from principle is forever done, because the deed is founded in principle. We should know that if Jesus really did say the things reported in this verse, he did not intend to confer upon Peter any greater privileges than any one else could have, acting from the same inherent impulsion. And even if Jesus did so intend, it did not come true; for Peter did not have nearly so much to do in founding the church as Paul did. The fact is the so-called Christian church to-day is more Pauline than Christian.

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The same young woman asks, "Where in Jesus's teaching does he say that the Christ *is* in all of us, naturally, as it was in himself?"

I do not believe it is reported that he ever said this in direct terms. But he did say things which implied this in many ways. He was insistent upon the teaching that his Father is also our Father and that he was by flesh origin in body a son of man as we are, that his relationship to us was simply that of a brother, that all men had power to do even greater works than he did, that the Christ spirit would dwell in the hearts of men forever, etc.

But it is true that this latent power must be awakened in all before the living Christ appears in conduct and thoughts. This is what Jesus referred to in his conversation with Nicodemus when he said that if any one were not "born from above," he could neither see nor enter into the Kingdom—ruling sway—of the good. But to be born does not mean to begin to be. Before birth are conception, organization, embodiment, endowment with faculties, etc. Thus the Christ is already within you ready to be born or brought forth into your active, conscious being as your real self. If this Christ spirit were not already in you, conception would be necessary before the birth from above could be possible.

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Some New Books.

THE *Divinity of Desire* is a new book by Eugene Del Mar, published by the Progressive Literature Co., New York.

The essentials of desire, its cultivation and direction into right lines are discussed and set forth in Mr. Del Mar's well known clear, forcible style. Needs develop desires; so does the love of ease and pleasure. All people desire things and sometimes the gratification of desire is hurtful. But it is true that every desire should be satisfied—that is, the emptiness at the bottom of it should and must be filled. If it be a false taste or feeling, gratification will not satisfy; it only aggravates it. The thing which the person really needs will satisfy and remove the false longing. Desires should not, therefore, be starved to death, but truly satisfied.

The manner of using desire and fulfilling the needs indicated by them is set forth in this book. It begins with principle. This proven, probability of satisfaction comes to the front, then certainty and realization. What we really want is in store for us. This book aims to tell its readers how to attain.

Bound in olive green buckram; price $1.00.

The Planetary Daily Guide for 1907 is full of interest to those who believe in astrology. As most of our readers know, Llewellyn George, astrologer, is the author. It is issued annually by the Portland, (Oregon) School of Astrology. The preface says,

"No symbols. All the Favorable and Unfavorable dates Throughout the year are carefully and completely calculated according to the science of Astrology, ready for the immediate use of busy people as a help towards success in business, social and personal affairs." Price 50 cents.

Horatio W. Dresser has issued thru the Progres-

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sive Literature Co., New York, Chapter II of his "Voices of Freedom," subject, *The New Thought.* The subject is treated in Mr. Dresser's elegant, philosophical style and the booklet is replete with interest for new thought students. One topic treated will be a welcome revelation to many who are asking "How may I enter the silence and what must I do when I get there?" It seems to me that Mr. Dresser makes this clear. Price, 10 cents; $1.00 per dozen.

Law Absolute is a pretty booklet bound in white figured flexible board, by Margaretta Gray Bothwell, published by the Progressive Literature Co., New York.

Potential in the soul of every one are divine powers and possibilities yet unmanifest, in so far as they remain unknown and disbelieved. The author seeks to lead her readers into the way of bringing into activity these inherent powers.

Price, 25 cents.

Living Counterparts, A Study of Vibration, by Minnie S. Davis, is now published by the Progressive Literature Co., New York. It treats lucidly and tersely The Method of Nature, Unity of Vibration and of all things and the methods of bringing personal vibration into accord with universal vibration. When this is accomplished, all things in accord with the Law of Being are possible to you. I believe this is true, and I am satisfied that mighty works are not possible without this unity of vibration.

Bound in olive buckram; price, 75 cents.

The Origin and Destiny of Man is a booklet by H. S. Markwell, published by J. H. Jordan, Dana, Ind. It treats briefly of climatic influences and the resultants of Earth's Conditions and changes upon races and peoples, illustrated with diagrams. Price, 10 cents.

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By one of our compositors.

(Read initial letters down.)

SUPPOSE that Spring doth represent
Us in our childhood's happy hours;
By using Summer, we give vent
Soon then in youth's display of powers.
Can manhood's wise and noble self
Rise up and take the name of Fall?
If man does naught but seek for pelf,
Bleak winter then will for him call,
Eternity, too, more drear than all.
Fill childhood's days with pleasures grand,
Or do the best you may;
Rare is the one who will not stand
The noise of a child at play.
His life upon this Earth is short,
Each year flies as a minute;
Let each one live—death do not court

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Is life's one secret—now begin it;
For life upon this Earth is short,
Each year flies as a minute.

FRANK L. BROOKS.

I now have for sale two elegant ten-acre rubber lots in Tehuantepec plantation, Mexico, trees four years old. Now $2500 will buy them both. Present owner, a friend of mine, has the best of reasons for selling. You may pay half cash and balance later to suit your convenience, on note or notes well secured. Write to me for particulars. A. P. BARTON.

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Little Lessons In Elohim.

MY TWO children, Marrian and Herbert, disagree in most every thing. I wish you would write something about the management of children. They are in opposite signs of the Zodiac. Do you think that has anything to do with it? She is in Leo and he is in Aquarius. Sometimes they almost run me distracted. When they play they usually break up in a row. My husband smokes his pipe and smiles at my failure to control them, but they disagree just as much under his management. I have talked to them separately, and together. They can be as sweet and good as any children, and often are so. Do tell me what to do."

The above is a sample letter. In answering it, I will try to answer another, the letter of a woman who is asking about how to train her baby so it will grow up with good habits.

Let us begin with very young children, as this is the best stage, if we would be successful in our training.

"Who can tell what a Baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossimer links
By which the Manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of The Great Unknown,
Blinded, wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?"

I am always pleased when I see mothers interested in an ideal life for their children, when that ideal is founded *in the natural.* I like to believe that mothers are becoming interested in doing more than the feeding and clothing, and are no longer willing to grant the church and the school the exclusive right to do more.

It is a sacred time in the child life when not only

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the muscles and bones are developed each day, but the heart and brain also are recognized as undergoing like transformations.

At this interesting period, while the child is under the parent's special guidance, let the mother watch also herself, so that she may be able wisely to co-operate with them in all their interests.

Babies should be neither neglected nor spoiled.

The first thing the Aquarius child will desire is his bath.

After his toilet, when he is as fresh and sweet as a rose-bud, place him convenient to his breakfast—he will do the rest. (If his mother's health happens to be wanting, let him get nourishment elsewhere). Let not her mother-love keep her from considering her child's good. Let the outside selection of food be made with wise thoughtfulness.

Avoid tight bandages, too much clothing, too much trotting, too much handling. Never nurse him when you are out of temper, or distresssed, or angry, or when you have been any of these in the last half hour. Wait a good while; and then after thinking good, pure, wholesome thoughts for some time, quietly take him up.

Do not apprehend things. Do not go to his bed to see if he is still breathing. Let him sleep undisturbed most of the forenoon, and then nap again late in the afternoon. He will sleep better at night when he sleeps well in the day. Do not fear the little adventist will oversleep himself, and silently launch his barque and glide away. Don't watch him to think how frail he is, but think of what wonderful possibilities are wrapped up in that precious bundle.

Take it for granted he is all right. The mother is supposed to have found the Cosmic Consciousness, which helps her in all the words she will speak in be-

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half of her child. She has the consciousness that her child came to her out of God—Love—and nothing can shake her away from that knowledge. Do not therefore speak of flesh-inheritances. Have it clearly understood from the first, that the child is not an imitation, but a new individual from the Infinite. If some friend sees a likeness to his Uncle Joseph or William, say it is only a coincidence, they are *not alike.*

Never expect such things as "thrash", "hives," "whatnot;" they are out of fashion. My children didn't have any of these. Do not give him anything to cut teeth on. The teeth will come, naturally. Keep him close to nature. Don't let any one kiss him, until he is old enough to say whether it will be agreeable to him or not. To the good woman who thinks she is paying you a campliment, and offers to kiss him without asking, object, ward her off. Tell her to kiss the wall—if she must kiss something, since kissing the baby might not be mutually desirable, nor prove beneficial to the baby. She can kiss the wall, as a young woman at a social advised, in an emergency, when her partner was told he must kiss her. Lifting a dainty hand to prevent him, she said in her hurried, lisping way, to Mr. Waters:

"Kith th' vall—Mr. Vaters—kith th' vall."

The mother should be wise enough to balance the mutual influence on herself and child prior to its birth. For children influence their mothers. If the mother is morally weaker than her unborn child, it will be strength to her. She will appear to the world a stronger character than ever before. If the child is stronger in its passions it will influence her in another way. Any mother may look at her grown up children, and note the different influences, and she will find this is true.

From the date of a child's birth, the fortunes of the parents usually take a turn, which continue in one

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direction, until the birth of another child. When Napoleon Bonaparte's son was born, it marked the time when all his fortunes changed. Mr. Lilly says: "It is remarkable that his father's troubles began immediately after the birth of his son; and it will always be found in the nativity of a child, that the fortune of its parents may be ascertained thereby until the birth of another child. . . So very beautifully do the nativities of parents and their children sympathize together."

The horoscope does mean something, until that time when—through the attainment of the spiritual consciousness, the mother erects a standard of excellence in herself and overcomes conditions with her word.

The question of "management" is answered in the mother learning how to manage self. Management begins in the parent's knowledge of self-government. No parent need hope for success until he is able to rule his own spirit.

Make opposite signs of the Zodiac the very factor that is to secure harmony. Let one complement the other in the qualities that are lacking. The Science of Mind is over all other sciences and things, and will make even the stars marshall themselves to do your children service, if you rightly deal with the subject.

The management of children must be either through sympathy or through conquest, and no wise parent ever seeks control through the subduing of her child's spirit.

Give some time each day to stillness and meditation. A wise one has said, "The child whose confidences are buried in his own bosom has known no childhood. Companionship is education to the child."

Serious attention in thoughtful silence, with the child's interests at heart, will prove of invaluable benefit. I never desired to impress my boys with the idea

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that any warrior was "so tall his hands could touch the sky!" I would rather point them to men and women who had helped forward the cause of Right and Virtue in the world, helped to unfold its higher possibilities.

There should be wise and loving co-operation in every household. Constant, patient and loving devotion, will do more toward developing and bringing out the child's best qualities—his kindliness, helpfulness, assistance in the promotion of every good work—than any other one instrument. If the mother fails to take the lead wisely, she need not complain on account of the lack of appreciation.

The mother who keeps true and right principles in view, cannot fail to see it reflected in her children. And they will not only rise up and call her blessed, but will prove to the world that they are of Divine Lineage and naturally endowed for noble comradeship. C. J. B.

Character Building.

(*Continued from page 62.*)

says the author before quoted, "which tend to develop and awaken the desired qualities which are perhaps lacking in the children. Justice plays for example, or courage plays, exercise certain functions and character qualities and are known to influence the pupils wonderfully. The constant repetition of good manners plays arouses, for instance, a spirit of gallantry and a sense of etiquet in a boy until he unconsciously takes off his hat in the presence of a lady," or rises to offer his seat in a street car to an old person, or a tired laborer, or a woman with a baby in her arms. Thus character becomes natural and free from rules and conventionalities.

And I hold that older persons, who have not been born or bred aright, are not hopeless of reform. Our good criminal court judge says that one who is bad at

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the age of thirty years will never reform. While this may be true as an observed fact of experience, yet there are many exceptions to the rule, and the exceptions prove an unlimited possibility in all cases. I contend that the capacity of reform is inherent in every one of us, altho it is much more difficult to uproot fixed habits and fill up stagnant pools of weakness and profligacy and then plant anew, than it is to sow the seeds in the fresh, clean soil of the youthful soul. Nevertheless it can be done and has been done in many instances.

The work must begin by forming habits of right thinking.. Formulate ideals of rectitude, courage and strength into words and repeat them silently within yourself many times every day. To affirm constantly, whenever opportunity permits it, your identity with the essence of these ideals is to become one with it in a stable consciousness. To habtitually say in your heart, "I am strength, born of omnipotence, one with and an expression of Infinite Being," will develop power and endurance within you. To hold the thought often, "I am Truth in my origin, one with the essence of being, which is Truth, and do now manifest openly what I am,"will bring into personal activity your inner nature of trueness until your conduct will become automatically upright and just. To cultivate and stimulate a consciousness of indomitable heroism and freedom from fear by holding persistently thoughts like these, "I am in league with the Spirit of Love; I dwell in the secret place of the Most High and no harm can come nigh me or my habitation; the angels have been given charge over me and there is nothing to fear," will result in a zest for positive, forceful effort along right lines and in safe directions and achievement in your work. To form a habit of saying, "I am now guided by Infinite Wisdom and will make no mistake," before you under-

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take to do anything or decide a dilemma, will lead you to the right things of your quest and enable you to procure them. I hold that each one of us has an infallible guide within that will truly direct our course if we appeal to it aright.

But this process must be persistent and unrelenting under a dauntless will—not a will or resolution to artificially control conduct—but to establish a consciousness of being what we affirm, a mental integrity that will render our course in right directions natural. To resolve, for example, "I will do this," or, "I will not do that," contrary to your inclinations; is sporadic and finally fails. It is like forcing a machine to do a work to which it is not adapted. But right thought habits once securely established will lead out to right doing without extraneous rules of action.

The procedure I have outlined makes character. This once accomplished, your incentives are within you, an instinctive love and inclination for correct and effective activity.

Spasmodic effort will not suffice for character building. Tireless persistence must lay the foundation. But, since you have control of the will, you can do this for yourself, no matter how old in sin or set in your ways you may be. Good resolutions to do or not do things fail because those who make them do not use this method of embodying ideals. They are short on character and therefore have no reliable incentive to right action. The ordinary swearing off practice is backed up by thoughts of self-condemnation. The man says within himself, "I have been bad and weak and foolish in some of my ways and must now turn over a new leaf." Then he tries to reform without giving any attention to his habits of thought. He attempts to control the effect without removing the cause. He imagines he may extinguish the flames and smother

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out the smoke without reaching their source. It is like undertaking to drive out the darkness without turning on the light. The reformed drunkard who still craves strong drink is only a reformed drunkard, a drunkard who denies his thirst gratification. He is not saved from the curse of inebriety. He must eradicate the craving and feeling of need for intoxicants by the use of high ideals of sobriety, self-sufficiency and cleanliness before he is safe from the danger of collapse. His character must be fortified by auto-suggestion of right principles before his outer life can be normally free from degrading habits.

If the man who has murder in his heart would say within himself of his intended victim, "I love him," or, "I do not want that which is not my own," instead of, "I hate him," or, "I want his money," he would never commit the deed.

So may a good character be built up within and by every one. It is the awakening of an inborn consciousness and natural impulse of righteousness and truth by the cultivation of habits of right thinking.

"We build our future, thought by thought,
Or good or bad, and know it not;
Yet so the universe is wrought.
Thought is another name for fate;
Choose then, thy destiny and wait,—
For love brings love, and hate brings hate."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

"Dear Mrs. Barton:—you awaken something in me no other person ever does. Although I think many others are fine writers, they are not so in the same sense as you are. I think H. W. was a fine writer, but she does not awaken me to a high sense of Life as you do. When I want to find the divine consciousness, I am benefitted greatly by reading articles by C. J. B."
—S. E.

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— THE MAGAZINES —

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I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE!

THE LIFE



ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

MARCH - APRIL, 1907

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICS.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY A.P. BARTON AND C.J. BARTON.

1894 ~ 1907 ~

KANSAS CITY, MO. A.B.

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THE LIFE

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF APPLIED METAPHYSICS

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A. P. Barton—C. Josephine Barton, Editors and Publishers. Ralph Barton Staff Artist. Office 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter

1894 Thirteen 1907

IN FEBRUARY, A. D. 1894, on one very cold morning, a patriarchal looking old man, with venerable mien and long white beard, came into my law office and sat down by the radiator. I had had several visits from him before and knew him to be a sort of free thinker, an Englishman and an itinerant Universalist preacher.

I was busy at my desk and gave him little more attention than to greet him kindly and show him a chair. I supposed this was only one of his lodging calls to get warm, chat and rest.

After he got thawed out with many "ahs" and "oh dears," he turned toward me with this startling remark,

"Mr. Barton, the spirit came to me in a vision last night and said, 'Go to A. P. Barton's office and tell him he *must* start a paper.' Now, mind you, it did not say 'should', or 'ought to,' but *must.*"

I replied that I did not have the capital to launch such an enterprise. He said I needed none, and having had considerable experience in such matters, outlined the plan I should adopt and follow.

I listened and took the matter under consideration. The result was that within a few days I sent a no-

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tice to *Unity* of Kansas City, *Freedom* of Boston, *Harmony* of San Francisco, and *Universal Truth*, of Chicago, stating that on April 4, 1894, I would begin the publication of a weekly paper, describing it, and asking all who wished to become subscribers to send their names, subscription payable on receipt of first issue. I was well known to the readers of all of these papers as I had written considerably for them.

I also procured names of New Thought people and sent circulars to them. Brother Fillmore kindly allowed me to copy his subscription list for this purpose. Helen Wilmans gave me a personal boost and advised all of her readers to subscribe for THE LIFE, the name I chose for my new paper. Mrs. Harley, then editor of "Universal Truth," wrote me to *not do it.* She said the people were not ready for such a venture and it would only cost me a lot of money and fail. She said she withheld the notice until she could hear further from me. I wrote simply, "Put it in."

A lawyer friend said to me one day, "Look here, Barton, haven't you got a good deal of nerve to start a paper of that kind in these hard times?" "Yes," I replied, "it requires nerve to do anything worth while in this world."

Well, the names began to come in and some of the writers sent the dollar along with their subscription. The result was that by the time we mailed the first issue on April 4, 1894, we had 500 names on the subscription list and 100 of them had paid up on application before seeing the paper. So THE LIFE paid for its own inception and has always paid its expenses since.

For almost eight years we continued to publish THE LIFE as a weekly. Then, Jan. 1902, we changed it to its present form.

The line of teaching we have followed up has been

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our own. We have sought the guidance of Infinite Wisdom always and have made THE LIFE the organ of no school except our own. We have called our teaching Christian Metaphysics, or Christian Mental Science.

In all these thirteen years we have worked earnestly for the Cause of Truth and the freedom of the individual, to think and speak his own thoughts and do his own works, untrammeled by dogmas or creeds. We have given little heed to lo heres and lo theres and isms of different kinds, and feared neither God nor man. We have condemned only the wrong and held up the lamp of Truth and Love as best we knew and could. But we have not called wrong right nor folly wisdom. Almost all the responses we have had from people have been kind, loving and appreciative. These have made us happy and encouraged us to go forward. Some have been unkind and narrow, and some have told us how we ought to run a paper. To these all we have returned our kindest wishes and words and duly appreciated each one's view point of things.

During these thirteen years many papers and magazines of new thought, real or so-called, have come and gone. The competition for patronage has been great and the pretensions set forth tremendous. So many free sample copies have been sent out that some people get all the new thought literature they can read free of charge by simply sending their names in to a few places for sample copies. While this may not be dishonorable, it is hardly fair to the publishers who pay for making and issuing these magazines. It is getting for nothing what cost others money to produce. It is decidedly not just or fair to entirely depend upon free samples for new thought reading matter.

Now we enter upon our fourteenth year with renewed vigor and determination to excel. Our friends will help us. And you will not forget that the two

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very best, most indispensable ways of helping a publication are to procure new subscribers for it and pay subscriptions promptly.

And we wish you to all freely write to us what your heart prompts you to suggest or tell us about. We are one family to which THE LIFE Editors may proudly claim to hold a sort of parental relation. Then come to us with your troubles, your needs and your ambitions, as a child would come to its parents. We are always glad to counsel with you about all matters that concern your welfare.

Let us unite as a league of Life to help make this world a good place to live in, and to prolong the lives of mankind here. It is a far better work than that of getting ready to go to some other world. To beautify and extend the life that now is, is our purpose, and you will all unite with us in it. It is a great work.

A physician in Illinois writes:

"Dear Brother Barton:

"You still remember my sending you my check for $5.00 last September when my wife and I took a week's outing at the historic Chattanooga and Chickamauga, for safety treatments. You knocked all the fear out of us. We could ride fearlessly on the platform of the incline car as it ascended the steep side of Lookout Mountain. Somehow we were not afraid as we were three years ago when we were down there, and somehow I am not like I used to be about fearing to go up high on anything."

We make it the business of our lives to grow and help our readers and pupils to grow. And we "keep in the middle of the road," turning not to the left nor the right for lo heres or lo theres. We daily, hourly seek the guidance of the Spirit of Truth and Infinite Wisdom and shall continue to do so to the end.

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Salome, the Much Maligned.

BY VIVIEN ETHEL KLEIN.



"But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask. And she said, "Give me John the Baptist's head in a charger."

WHEN Richard Strauss set the music to Oscar Wilde's Salome, the play became a living thing, and people whose thoughts were clean and big

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recognized an artist as great if not greater than Richard Wagner. Music awakens in man's consciousness that which lies dormant in the latent consciousness. Those who are actuated by inferior morals are shocked because only the apparently shocking in the opera *appeals to them.*

Salome (pronounced Sa-lo-may) was taken from the Bible story with little change in general outline except in Salome's ungovernable love for John the Baptist. In Renan's "Life of Christ," Sudermann's "Johannes," and Flaubert's "Herodias," Salome's passionate and unrequited love was suggested.

In the Opera, the objectionable points are the *Dance of the Seven Veils,* Salome's long monologue addressed to John Baptist when he was brought up from the pit where he had been imprisoned; and the closing scene, where she kisses the lips of the severed head.

The *music* at these places is thrilling and beautiful, and it is a pity the general public cannot criticise it from the view-point taken on hearing a great actor in one of the hundreds of situations that fully match this.

Salome, sung by an unintelligent woman, would of course be repulsive to the musical and unmusical alike. But Madame Fremstad, who was Manager Conried's choice for the role of Salome in the well rehearsed production intended for New York, said, in an interview:

"Everybody forgets the *times!* People were different then. Salome was a degenerate, but the whole court was degenerate. . . . In my mind *Herod* was the degenerate figure of the play. Salome was piqued by him into many of her extravagances. It wasn't normal of him to make love to his wife's daughter in the presence of the court—at least not from our point of view. She really shows a more normal taste in preferring Jokanaan (John) to the men surrounding her."

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In Madame Fremstad's comparison of Salome to Carmen she said:

"Carmine didn't know." She was a Gypsy and she did things naturally. She hadn't the airs of a Parisian coquette. She didn't know.

If people could only hear the Opera with this broad understanding! If an intelligent and musical audience could be selected, it would understand what Salome's creators felt, and take it in the way the author and artist meant it should be taken. As for the others the ignorant—whose morbid curiosity prompts an attendance, for their own good I really wish Salome could not be presented to them.

After all, as soon as the plot is new to the public no longer and people have forgotten their horror at an unusual situation, they will go to hear the beautiful *musical* setting, just as they now go to hear Wagner's "Walkure," in which Siegmund's love-making to his sister Sieglinde was at first excitedly denounced by the critics.

Richard Strauss is an *artist*, and his music is bound to have a great future.

"I have read 'An Interlude.' It is wonderful and so are you.

"I am charmed by the exquisite, tender poetic instinct of La France, and stirred by the strength and fearlessness of 'Marriage and Divorce.' You say it all in this: 'Liberty is right for the human when the human is right for liberty.' * * * *

"Every one of the articles in the Brochure is suggestive and thrilling. Let me thank you again and again for sending it to me."

REV. JOHN E. ROBERTS,
Minister of The Church of This World,
Kansas City, Mo.

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Knowledge.

Written for "THE LIFE."

1

I PUT out my hand to seize Happiness as she softly approached me, and startled, she swerved, and he who shadowed her, slipped into her place.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Unhappiness," was the reply.

Thus for a long way Unhappiness and I walked hand in hand.

2.

Then in my free hand, I felt a softer clasp.

"Your name?"

"Sorrow."

And I looked at Sorrow with a smile.

"Once," said I, "I feared you."

(And Sorrow was robed in quiet grey, whereas Unhappiness wore rustling garments of black.)

3

Then abruptly: "Farewell!" said Unhappiness, and loosed my hand, bruised and deadened with his grasp.

And looking, I saw someone softly approaching, veiled, and clothed in white.

Whispered Sorrow: "Touch not Happiness."

And Happiness walked near Sorrow and me, until one day, Sorrow, too, left me, saying:

"We are friends."

Then Happiness lifted her veil and we walked—side by side. but never hand in hand—looking in each-other's eyes.

ELIZABETH H. BOWLE.

A little four-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping car. In the middle of the night his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Tourse I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."—Fellowship.

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Claire de Lune

A Story Founded in Fact.

BY UNE FILLD D' EVE.



THERE once lived a little child whose mind puzzled over many things. He had fancies like those his mother experienced before he was born. Visions of a beautiful gentleman sometimes came to him—smoothed his golden hair lovingly and called him by endearing names. The child and his delicate mother lived alone in a small cottage with a window looking out on Great Salt Lake.

A burly man one day walked into their cottage—spoke harshly—and left his mother weeping. The burly man had said:

"You're doing little toward savin' your soul! Why don't yo' set about Building up the Kingdom?" Then pointing his fat finger toward the child, added sneeringly; "Only *one* six or seven-year-old! Beware lest you draw down prophetic wrath on your head!"

"Oh! Brother Young—I beg you not to rebuke me thus! I am in wretched health, and—I—live in hopes of seeing *him* again, and—"

"Tut, tut, tut, woman!" he interrupted, "didn't I tell yo' Deacon Pratt brought the news that the Indians destroyed your husband! Well—you'll never lay eyes on *him again!* An' more than that—obstinate woman—you'll go to the dance to-night—you'll dance with

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me—*me*—the Prophet of the Lord, and president of The Latter Day Saints! *Yes*, you'll meet me at the Bowery—it's the Lord's will that we two make merry together—you and I—under the arching tree-boughs, my love!"

"But, I'm *ill!* Another time—Oh, pity me—"

"I have half a dozen wives," he broke in, hotly, "that are on the road to perdition, an'll go there, unless the Avenging Angel lets out their blood!"

He took his departure, well knowing this covert threat was enough! All this took place when polygamy—under the cloak of religion—was practiced among ignorant, sensual men of the desert, whence they had gone that they might defy the Government and break United States laws according to their pleasure. At that time, to attend such a dance with but one wife was so humiliating that the husband at once looked round for another among the dancers, while the faithful wife sat off, watching the father of her children flirt with weak, misguided women, and beholding the progress of that bitter thing that was to sever forever all pleasant relations between her husband and family!

When the burly man had gone, and the mother was making an effort to dress for the dance, a child's voice trembling with suppressed emotion, called to her.

"Oh! Mother dear—come—look out over the Lake! There are no trees, no flowers, not even hills; but one sweep of gray salt, and the salaratus beds! A desolate plain levelling into the water! Now let me put my arms around your neck, sweet mother, before you have to go to the wicked man!" the child whispered.

His mother knelt beside him and the little ragged sleeves closed round her neck, the hands clasped, and the child's eyes widened with arrested tears. "Why did God give all the beautiful things you read to me about, yet kept them all from us? I would love to see flowers and trees growing out there—but there is only

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salt—and the salaratus beds! Are we God-forsaken, mother?"

"No, no, dear heart," his mother answered, returning his loving embrace, "these people have forsaken God! They drifted out here to indulge their feelings, the physically stronger holding the weaker in chains! Woman's freedom is taken from her; she dare not tell her woes to the outside world! Oh! when will the United States come to her deliverance!" She was speaking as if to one far away, as she rose, gently drew the child's arms away, kissed his pale cheek, tore herself from him and went out into the shadows.

Civilization should never turn *backward* in its course! The barbarous nations of earth have practiced polygamy and proved it an ominous failure! It is easy to fall—difficult to rise. Let us hold fast to the progress we have made, as this alone will enable us to see aloft into broader and better possibilities. At least let us not turn back to the unprogessive ways, but press forward until our footing in truth's foundation is more sure.

After the dance, the mother's health declined. Her husband had been destroyed that the prophet might take his wife! And when she proved unwilling, her persecutions began.

On a placid moonlit night, the child at the window clapped his hands and cried—"The Moon, the Moon! It swings over the Lake—it is fallen into the Lake—Oh, mother, come, quick—the Moon is in the bottom of the Lake!"

This time the mother was to feeble to walk to the window. The child stood looking out alone. Softly a pre-natal fancy repictured itself in his mind as he stood there gazing at the passing pictures reflected in the Moon.

A manly form appeared, stood a moment, then a

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ray reached out—out, like a sunbeam, until it rested on the golden hair, and through the open sash softy caressed his forehead and cheek.

"Mother, I see the beautiful man!" the child exclaimed in gladsome tones. And the mother replied:

"God-speed the vision my child, and all things that bring understanding and true happiness. Come, my child." There was a long and loving embrace.

Again the little arms were folded on the window sill. He was watching the pale, quivering wavelets as they disbursed the Moon's silver, gently scintillating on the sea. Delicate eyelids fringed with deep amber lashes swept white cheeks with scarcely a rose-blush in them, while the slight figure drooped upon the old wooden chair.

The Moon was high in the west, showing a brighter face, reflecting another world so that much in that world could be viewed in pantomime on the Moon's reflected surface.

"There's the beautiful man! Look—he is beside another beautiful being—Ah! Mother—it is so *like you*—come—do come and look! So *like you*—mother—talking to the beautiful man! How happy you look—and how shining—and how *well!* Come—mother dear—and see."

There was silence. Perhaps she was asleep. And the young voice rippled on like sad music that might soon burst forth into glad exultation.

"There they come—mother—this way! To the front of the curtain—hand in hand! Oh what a beautiful place—there in the Moon. It doesn't matter now about the salt and the salaratus and the level shore. But—dearest mother—I see—down on this dark earth—Oh! I see *another* picture in the Lake's inky tide! See! Dark figures move this way! How like beasts they are! Here they come—this way—Hark!

"Give the chloroform here!" a gruff voice com-

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manded, as the men moved across the floor.

"*No!* There'd be no spilling of blood in *that!* Look at her!"

"The Boss, who loved this woman, sent me!" the first responded, with a threatening look.

"President Young?"

"Yes!"

"Don't yo' see! Look, man!" the last speaker continued, as he jerked off his hat and motioned it toward the bed, "you can't draw no 'tonement blood *that*! You'r too late!"

"bGol—ef—I ain't!" the other muttered, drawing back, as his knife fell ringing to the floor. He moved back toward the door, the other intruders following, when his bloody eyes fell on the sleeping child—its fair hair floating back from its temples.

"Sh-h! Don't wake 'im—an' bGol—we'll hev a drop yet!" the murderer said, springing slily forward—in time—to—meet—

Another surprise! For at the door stood Col. Steptoe and his troops. They surrounded the house.

"Handcuff the miscreants!" the Col. commanded, and it was done. They were law-abiding ever after!

One sunshiny day—the child in his strong arms—the Uncle arrived at his beautiful home in California, where his one wife presided like a queen, and little Florence—the child's pretty cousin—was to him a loving sister.

He still lives in that land of flowers. And sometimes he wonders if it was to Venus or some other brilliant Sphere—the father and mother were promoted after their tragical passage in that benighted Sodom by the sea of salt.

"Say, mamma, ain't we made of dust?" "Yes, dear." "Well, why don't we get muddy when we drink?"—Motherhood.

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Teddy's Trials

BY SWEET WILLIAM.



"TEDDY Roosy, tell me what made you kill the cat this morning?"

"I hardly know—Master Leo—I'm all mixed up! I thought it just the right thing," replied the fox terrier, turning his face away. "The instinct in me, to protect the house and *you*, is very strong—it quite overwhelms me. I am cut to the quick when you rebuke me!"

"Well Teddy," his friend began, inwardly amused at his dogly earnestness, and ready enough to forgive all his short-comings, "you know that was a *neighbor's* cat—and we should be kind to our neighbors."

"How could I be supposed to know that?" the little dog responded, again turning away his face; "puss was sneaking along the street unattended, no collar on—no chain—nor even a knot of ribbon!"

"But Ted, you know cats don't *lead* like fox ter-

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riers and pug—"

"Please spare me this!" the dog interrupted, looking even worse whipped, "*don't* mention me along with those snub-nosed ignoramuses!"

"Well, well, anyway—we Christianites are supposed to be charitable to heathen cats."

Ted shook his head, thought a moment and replied: —"I can't seem to see it that way. Moreover, it is the RELIGION of fox terriers to crucify cats! And who dares gainsay any Freak Claim under the Cloak of the So-called,—even to the letting of an enemy's blood to save his soul! It was for this cat's *atonement!* For without the spilling of blood there is no remission of sins—no getting rid of *Kittie's Carma* that had accumulated while torturing mice, and breaking out in uncontrolled fightings and wailings just at the most unwelcome time—under innocent people's windows!"

"Well, hereafter, you better wait till we tell you what to chase," Leo made answer, smiling down at his dog and patting his smooth back approvingly.

"You see, I was trained from puphood to chase cats. My old boss that sold me to you, used to tell us no cats or skunks could live where we were! When I caught that rabbit last week, my new boss patted my head and called me good doggie, and I was happy. But how on earth am I to *know*—poor dumb beastie that I am!"

Ted had been sent off and left at a farm-house near Swope. The children were sorry, because at home he was a fine animal, graceful as a gazelle, full of antics. Down the white strip on his forehead ran two little stalagmites of smooth brown hair, and he was white all over excepting his head and his two-inch tail; the line of white narrowed near the top of his forehead, to the least possible strip. These peculiarities made it possible for the family to recognize Teddy

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when, two hours after his departure, a dog about his size came up to the back door and looked in. He was wet and muddy almost up to his ears—panting and tired, and glad to get back. Leo's mother had him taken in, washed and fed; but how he got over Brush Creek and the tangled bottoms, none were able to guess. He wasbut two years old and had never before been out of the city. Faithful little doggie—with but the one thought of getting back to loved ones impelling him.

Leo talks of building a fence across the back yard so Teddy Roosy will be no more tempted.

Sowing.

IN THE morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good. Eccl. 11:6.

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.
Isa. 32:20.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
Ps. 126:5.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.
Eccl. 11:4.

Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy.
Hosea 10:12.

MANY friends have responded to our call for new subscribers and renewal of subscription. Thus they have swelled our list and made us all happy. Bless them!

But there are some who have not answered at all. They, no doubt, intended to do so, but either neglected it or thought the money was not at hand for the purpose.

Let us beg of you to do it yet. We must have your co-operation in order to succeed. If you do not pay, we find it hard to meet bills.

You will not neglect this matter longer, will you? If you have to make a special effort to pay up, it will do you good. You will be more prosperous afterward.

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The Thirteenth Anniversary

BY HENRY WOOD.



ALL friends of Christian Metaphysics, and of human advancement in general, will join in hearty congratulations to THE LIFE upon the occurrence of its thirteenth birthday. This number is not a popular one with people of a pessimistic or superstitious turn, but if I believed in luck in numbers at all, it would be my favorite. Other things being equal, I always select Friday for starting on a journey or inaugurating any new enterprise. By a spiritual sanity and rational antithesis, the popular disfavor of special numbers and days ought to be overcome. As we emerge from the ruts of conventionalism perhaps we take a little special pleasure in the violation of old traditions.

Good luck to THE LIFE! Not luck in the ordinary sense, but blessing and honor for the field it has so well filled and the work it has accomplished. At the time of its inception the avowed adherents of the New Thought were but a "feeble folk", but now, thanks to

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this and other similar instrumentalities, their numbers are greatly increased and their philosophy respected. But far greater than their growth numerically, has been the wider acceptance of their principles and ideals. Intellectual facts may be grasped by single statements, but truth on the higher plane, needs iteration and reiteration. The constructive spirit must be cultivated by systematic and persistent effort. This work can be well carried on through the constant fresh inspiration which the numbers of a good periodical afford. Rational divine and mental science is subtly permeating churches and institutions and in its promulgation "The Bartons" have always been among the vanguard.

A marked characteristic of "THE LIFE has been its fearlessness in devotion to principle. While doubtless giving due heed to the law of non-resistance, it has never been time-serving or lacking in independence. Thirteen years ago it was no child's play to lay the foundation of a new magazine consecrated to the promulgation of unpopular truth, but it was done, and its history shows that it was well done.

The new Thought, as taught by THE LIFE, is not merely the new dogmatism of a modern cult, but in its scope it touches every side of practical living. It is a fresh recognition of unchanging Truth. Man is discovering what he is, and making a just interpretation of his normal powers and privileges. Through thought and consciousness, the indwelling God is found, and a recognized unity follows. To teach such uplifting verity is a great privilege. The clear current of a practical idealism is sweeping away the murky accumulations of the past and the dawn of "the new heavens and new earth" for humanity is at hand. Inharmony is passing, and the hearts of the people are to be cheered and gladdened by an abundant and well founded optimism. There is a peculiar joy in the work of human emancipation and spiritual development, and of this, the editors of this magazine must have a liberal share. "THE LIFE" is worth living.

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Body Soul Spirit

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

I HAVE been watching *The Life* in anticipation of some clear views on body, soul and spirit. Mrs. Eddy uses the terms soul and spirit as synonymous. Do you? I would be gratified to have a plain, simple Anglo-Saxon definition of the three."—E. L. W.

(So would I.) Scientists are glad to be able to formulate a definition of these wonderful propositions in any kind of language that will prove comprehensive, whether simple or compound. It is difficult to find language that will express metaphysics in easy terms.

It is not difficult to say the *body* is the animated *chrysalide* of the soul; a chemical precipitate of the soul's conceived idea of Self. We know the body is supposed to be composed of vitalized protoplasm, which is nothing more than animated matter, together with other material substance such as magnetism and electricity. But before we proceed to *soul* and from thence to *spirit*, with the easy Anglo Saxon definition, let us mention the one notable fact that all material phenomena may be known by the one characteristic—they are discernable by the *senses:* matter can be seen, heard, smelled, tasted, felt.

Now to gain a true notion of a solid, we have only to abstract all matter from it. Surface has no thickness; curves and lines have length only, while points have no magnitude. It takes three steps to come from solids to points with no magnitude. Space is the same. Space, of which a solid is only a part, has likewise three dimensions. But they differ in that the dimensions of space are *without limit.*

If the universe could be limited or bounded, it

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would at once become visible to *some* range of vision. Body is limited, has a surface, can be seen. It is at the point then where *knowledge closes*—where we cannot know—cannot conceive—that *surfaces* appear; just as the rain-bow becomes apparent at the juncture of the prism formed by the broken rays of the sun. Colors there arrange themselves, forms appear. Body is the measure of your idea of Self outpictured or shown in symbol.

The incorrigible Self-idea has also been the measure of man's idea of God. He loses sight of his old God at the juncture of the idea of the Unlimited—that which is beyond his conception.

Then man turns and claims the next best thing—that though he cannot conceive Universal Principle and Substance, he is just *like whatever it is*. And he is right—not because he would aspire to be like it—because his conclusion is *logical*. If the *only universe* expresses at all, it cannot otherwise than express its highest in the likeness or image of itself, since there is no other. And that which is in accord with Reason cannot be gainsaid by any religion or philosophy on earth. A complete product of universal action would have to be a reproduction of the one universe—in *so far* as the limited could represent the unlimited. This would mean, a *likeness* and *image* of it. The ideal Expression is the Likeness; body and soul the image or sign of the likeness.

The reason why matter has not been showing its true self is, it has been misunderstood; it is not self-active. It cannot set itself in motion, nor can it stop when set in motion, owing to the law of inertia. Matter belongs fundamentally in universal substance. The Soul—not knowing what was the matter with itself—accused matter of soul-weaknesses instead of beautifying and strengthening body through Soul-power and

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understanding. "When I would do good, lo evil is present in my members," a coward once said to hide his soul-fault from himself. The "evil" was psychic—in the soul—else it could *not* have shown in his members.

The innocent body has been whipped, racked, slain, for the mistakes of the soul. Is this soul immortal? Certainly. It is the same life exactly as the universal life. One difference is, it has not found this out. The soul must learn. It has the *universe* of knowledge before it, and *eternity* to learn it in. How delightful, how precious to know it. Ah, here is place for exultation! Let the hills clap their hands and all the trees rejoice!

What is it decides a course of action, good or bad, if not your soul—the life in you that has *believed* itself limited, weak, wounded, sick, sore! It is the unperfected image of the Likeness, the representative life. Let the soul be up and doing—learn its lesson. It is the natural outcome of Universal Action, of which its *embodiment* is the objective ultimate and opportunity.

Through bodily avenues it becomes aquainted with figures; by means of figures it becomes able to accomplish that which is to bring it into its true power and inheritance. It is *here* to become self-made, and thus prove not only the truth of Being to the world, but the meaning of creation, and man's natural birthright of entering into his inheritance, which is, *becoming entirely like Infinite Principle*, true in representation.

All the rushings, emotions and clamberings in the world are the imperfect reachings after the universal perfection. All movement, life and action are for betterment. It is that which has through limitation been pulled down, that forever pushes upward, forever aspires toward the lofty and sublime.

We must not forget then, while dealing with inno-

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cent and should-be beautiful matter—whether in the rain-bow or human form—that the only *cloud* upon it comes from traditional ignorance of its real constitution, clothed in the notion of error and the result of subsequent abuses.

The three dimensions of matter represent the three dimensions of Space and are loyal to it as far as nature has its way. Though matter is legitimate, it is not spirit absolute. The acorn is not the oak, though it is the lawful outcome of it. Let us regard matter as the lawful outcome of Life and Motion, and bodies will assume their natural health; the earth will be fruitful of wholesome things; the forests will sweeten the breath of summer and all nature will rejoice in restoration to its own. Then will man's faith in the true, the beautiful, the right, span earth and sky with full comprehension. Knowledge will cover the earth. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Conceive a house in the air;—a swinging castle invisible. House as *body*, air inside, *soul*, with power to go in or out. The air everywhere the Universal Life, or Being, of which the soul's Spirit is the individualization. This individualized spirit is your Real Self, your Ego, Christ, Divine Likeness, or the Lord *your* God. (Not the universal Lord, but the Lord "that said to your Lord, sit you here," etc.)

Conceive the house and it will appear. Whatever is conceived of the soul appears. Unless counteracted by superior words, or conceptions, *duly* it must come. You may ask here why you cannot make a rain-bow appear at will. Because others may be *willing* sunshine. Here comes in the will-contest; it is not by power nor might of will, but by the "*My Spirit*" in the will, that

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moves mountains or paints rainbows.

The broad practitioner never says, "Do this for me at any cost," for he knows better. He must first bring conditions under Divine Law and then spring his prayer. My father's idea is better than the forced *will* prayer. When Fa prays, he says "For the Redeemer's sake. Amen." Even when we want a thing, bad, we should take into our *will*-ingness the greatest good for good's sake, or try to.

The soul though likened to the air in a house, should not be as air with windows closed. Nor should it be like the gas in a balloon—stript of naturalness—but be like that which it represents, and which is its only Standard. The body, soul and spirit can glorify BEING only by filling their several offices. Soul is impersonated spirit. It is personified that it may apprentice itself to the objective to become acquainted with its ways, through which knowledge it may begin at the bottom and *make itself*. This self-knowledge and practice together with the re-making, is the meaning and purpose of the soul's incarnation.

The race has considered the subject of its vital self, to enigmatical to admit of definite statement or proof. But that every man—according to long accepted teaching—was created in "very good" condition, though not yet ready for *comparison*, leaves a loophole for New Thought teaching and the development up to perfect condition—physical and psychic,—in which some elements in him have yet to be developed up to the perfect representation of his Principle. He has yet to reach the other two degrees above the positive (good), which are the comparative "better" and superlative "best", before he can *prove* he is the Representative of Infinite Intelligence, Substance and Power.

If *in the* sublime soul-consciousness of the truth

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about Being and yourself, you will not need the sunshine of flattery nor the showers of praise to make you feel that your prayer is acceptable. How quickly the bodily hands will obey you then, to stretch out into the spaceless Spaces with *Recognition* filling your heart, and the springs of bounty duly opening to fill your arms.

Correspondence

A FRIEND taking lessons of Mrs. Hopkins says that Mrs. H. told her that God is not Love, Spirit or Life, but the Cause of these. You say God is Love, Spirit, etc. Mrs. Towne tells us, to awaken the solar plexus. Another writer says to not do a thing to the solar plexus. The Eddy people say matter is mortal error, evil, etc. The Mental Scientists say the opposite. They all contradict one another and yet claim to get good results in treatments. How can you work a science in opposite directions and get the same results? MISS F. S.

Answer:—One may say that God is not Love, but the Cause of love, and yet be entirely consistent with the one who holds that God is love. If God is first Cause, or principle and essence, then, if love is manifest anywhere, God is the Cause. At the same time, one may see in love, not God, but God Causation. That which is made manifest as love, life, spirit, etc., is God differentiated in realms of being. So some may prefer to say God is not love, simply because love is not all of God. If you say a tree is the leaf you state only a partial truth. While the leaf is a manifest part of the tree, Caused by the tree, it is really not the tree. Love, or life, or power may each show forth an aspect of God, but neither shows forth God in toto.

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I, personally, do not believe in the solar plexus fad. But there may be some people who have torpid solar plexi. If so, let them do something to arouse that secondary ganglionic center. And there may be people who are generally and indefinitely sick or worn out and have not been able to fix on a point of action. It may not be the solar plexus; it may not be the liver. But let a solar plexus crank fix it somewhere in or back of the viscera, and get the patient's mind concentrated on health to be evolved from somewhere, even if it be a corn on the toe, and good results will follow. It is concentrated mental activity that is needed and an ideal of health toward which to work, wherever located in the body.

And the Christian Scientist who says there is no matter is not, really, so contradictory to the attitude of Mental Scientists who say matter is a vital reality as at a glance would appear. Separate and apart from mind, there is no matter. What we call matter is a manifestation of mind—mind is its essence and foundation.

And to consider matter as a separate, self-created thing is mortal error. The gross materiality of the age is mortal error. But matter as a manifestation of mind or spirit, is not evil. You see some good, sincere people may hold erroneous views about some things and yet have good results in healing. Besides, it is true that the most of our differences are only in terms, in definitions. When I use the word "matter" I may mean something different from that which my Christian Science neighbor means by it.

If we both get good results, we are not pulling in opposite directions as to the same thing. It may seem so, but the outer seeming is not always correct. Our destination is one, let the paths leading to it vary ever so much.

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A good woman who has lost a good husband and knows a man who has lost a good wife, depriving three little children of a mother's love and care, asks,

"Why is it that those who are of some use here and could do so much good are taken away, while those who are of no use to either themselves or anyone else are left?"

She truly says that many have wondered at this seeming mismanagement of the affairs of this world.

If it were true that this universe is governed by a personal deity who orders all events according to his sovereign will, as the churches have held, then we would be driven to one of two conclusions in the presence of such apparent mal-administration: Either that deity is weak, foolish or bad, or we mortals are not capable of judging as to his dealings with us and must bow in ignorant subservience to his hard sentences.

But I am fully satisfied that there is no such a personal deity. This world and all worlds are controlled by law, inexorable, unmerciful, pitiless law. It takes a man or woman away whenever the conditions precedent have rendered it inevitable that he or she should go, utterly regardless of what he or she might have done or what sad bereavements may follow. If, for example, the conditions precedent have fastened incurable tuberculosis upon a man, incurable by every means known to a struggling, half-awake race, he must go out. Yes; and the facts that he was good and kind and useful and wife and children sadly needed him, have nothing whatever to do with the inevitable result of the law and its action.

This is true, my beloved, it matters not how much we may deplore it. We are subject to the law of being and must trust and submit to this law. It is best for the general outcome that we should.

Yet, I do believe this law is beneficent in final re-

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sults. The great end of evolutionary progress is the best that can be, and minor, individual sacrifices are not to be considered in comparison with the ultimate end. If we cannot understand why our loved ones were taken or know where or in what state of being they are now, we must calmly trust the law of our being to do all things well. And I believe we may so trust with full confidence.

"If every new thought creates a new brain cell and brain cells mean more life, why is it that inventors do not live to an advanced age?

OLIVE C. HAWLEY.

Answer:—I do not believe that every new thought creats a new brain cell any more than a fuller breath than usual creates new lung cells. A new thought may render active brain cells that have not before been in action, just as full breathing opens up unused lung cells. But the idea that every new fancy, thought or idea adds new sections to the cerebral gray matter, is utterly untenable and contrary to both fact and science.

Nor do I believe it to be true that an added brain cell means added days or years to one's physical existence. This is a fancy not founded in reason or experience. Many regular bullet heads with only a spoonful or two of brain have lived a century or more, while Burns, Byron, Shakespeare, Poe and Bacon died young. Longevity depends upon physical vitality, pure blood and freedom from accident, rather than upon added brain cells. Moreover, a man like Edison consumes brain cells daily in thought, where one like Jim Corbet allows them to swell the convolutions and send currents of physical vitality to his animal body and thus multiply his days upon the Earth.

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For The Children

NED RICHARD'S COURTSHIP.

LOTTA P. CHENEY.

ROSE Mathews was singing in the choir in the little villiage of N——— and Edward Richard sat in the Richard's family pew looking at her admiringly. He seemed to hear only her voice above all the rest. So proud he was of her, and he would have been surprised at any one's questioning his right to be proud of her; for, as a matter of course, he regarded her as his future wife. To be sure there was no engagement, no promise to that effect; but they had always been neighbors and playmates. Rose's father was the minister of the church and Ned's father was a deacon in the church, and the two families lived on adjoining farms a mile out of the village. Edward's sister Rachel and Rose had always called each other sister. Ned, as he was commonly called, was somewhat "wild." He was quick-tempered and of a jealous disposition. Rose Mathews had been rightly named "Rose," for no rose ever grew that could compare with the beauty of her character. It had never occurred to Ned to look into his own soul to see whether or not he was a suitable candidate for the position of husband to Rose. And as he sat there that beautiful Sabbath morning looking at her rather than listening to the sermon, he concluded that he would mention the matter to her at the first opportunity and have a definite understanding regarding their future.

Rev. Mathews took for his text that morning the 6th verse of the 8th chapter of Romans, and read for a Bible lesson the 12th chapter of the same Epistle; but Ned had ears for Rose's voice only. Somehow her fath-

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er's sermon deeply impressed Rose, and after church when Ned asked her if she would permit him to walk home with her she refused, saying she preferred to ride with her parents. She had never before declined his company and he was puzzled as to the meaning of it.

After dinner he called his sister Rachel out on the side porch and said, "Rachel, has Rose any beau that you know of? She refused to allow me to walk home with her to-day, making me feel unmistakably that my company was not desired, and I was just going to talk with her about our future. You know, Rachel, that it has always been understood that sometime you and Rose were to be sisters in more than just a friendly way." Rachel looked sorry, for she felt keenly for her brother in his disappointment. She turned her eyes away and kept silent, for she also knew too well the reason why Rose had thus refused his company. "Say something, Rachel, to comfort a fellow. Can't you talk to her and let her know how I feel about it? Or tell me what I may do to woo her?" "Ned, my brother," said Rachel, turning her head, her lips trembling, "It is not Rose you need to woo; it is yourself." "Rachel, why torment me with such foolish talk? Woo myself! what do you mean by that nonsense?" "I mean, dear brother, to woo into your personal self your own true God-self, just as Rose's father told us in his sermon this morning." Ned flushed angrily and springing up, hastened from the porch. Going to his own room, closed the door with a bang and locked it, then dropped exhausted into a chair. His sister's words kept ringing in his ears; "It is not Rose you need to woo, but yourself, your own true God-self." For a few moments bitter and angry thoughts towards both Rachel and Rose controlled him. Then sinking on the floor, he laid his head on the chair, a flood of tears coursing down his cheeks. After a few minutes he said to himself, "Rachel is right. I'm not

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fit to be Rose's husband. I'm not fit to be Rachel's brother." Then springing to his feet, "Woo myself, my own God-self! O, can I do it? God helping me, I will. Rose may never love me, but I will be a good brother for Rachel, anyway."

Ned Richard began in earnest his new courtship. He wooed virtue, temperance, courage and every quality of true manhood. It was a long, hard courtship, but Rachel noted the change and did all she could to help him, and his parents noted the change and thankfully rejoiced.

Three years passed, and in place of disappointment, he had found himself comforted and satisfied to live for the sake of doing good. He still loved Rose, but now unselfishly; yet he had no thought of her ever loving him. One day he was plowing in a lot adjoining the Mathews farm and Rose was at work pulling weeds in the garden across the fence. As he looked at her he said to himself, "If there is any good thing in this world, I hope it may always belong to Rose." As he neared the fence, she looked up and, to his surprise, called to him. He stopped the horses and went up to the fence. "Ned, do you remember the Sunday that I refused to allow you to walk home with me from church?" she said, looking at him with bright sparkling eyes and blushing cheeks. Ah, too well he did remember it, and a choking sensation came into his throat as he dropped his head but made no reply. "Ned," continued Rose, her voice quavering but far sweeter, Ned thought, than ever it had been while singing in the choir, "You are *now* the Ned I have loved all my life, and if you now want me to walk with you, I'll not only walk home from church with you, but I'll walk the whole long journey of life by your side." Years before Ned had planned what he should say to Rose when he should ask her to become his wife; but now she had

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said it all for him, and he only bowed his head and replied, "Oh, Rose! you make me very happy." Then for an hour they talked it all over across the fence while Ned's horses rested and dozed and the weeds continued to grow in garden and cornfield.

Years have passed since Ned Richard and Rose Mathews planned their future life by the fence. It is not to be wondered at that in their love for each other they learned to love and to serve the world of humanity. To-day hundreds look to them and call them blessed.

A Dream.

"Alas! that dreams are only dreams! That fancy cannot give
A lasting beauty to those forms, Which scarce a moment lived!"



MY Dear Sister (in-law):" writes a noble-minded St. Louis Editor to his brother's wife, "I am just in receipt of your kind letter of the 22nd inst, and, while a reply thereto is probably neither necessary nor expected, I feel prompted to say that the quotation from my brief Howard County note, referred to by you, expressed as nearly as I know how to put in words the condition of my mind at that time.

"While I was enjoying, after a fashion, the many good things that are usually found about the old home, my thoughts were far away in that Land of Peace and Sunshine, with Mother. Yes, she certainly does live. She was with me then. She is with me now, and always. The influence of her noble, blessed life can never die. She made the world brighter and better

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and left a heritage more enduring than marble. The touch of her kindly hand will be felt on down through the ages, as much so as any good deed or thing that was ever done or planned by a Moses, an Elijah, Washington or Lincoln. To me no mortal man or woman who ever died and went to heaven deserved a brighter 'crown' of happiness.

"I will tell you of a dream that I had the other night. My family is still in Howard, and sometimes I get pretty lonesome. The other night—I think I went to sleep thinking of Mother. I dreamed I was visiting at the old home. Mother was there. It was in the dead of winter. I woke up in the morning and the cold wind was whistling and moaning without. Snow was drifting and blowing everywhere, and I thought to myself, 'This will never do. Mother must not go into that cold kitchen and try to get breakfast. I will go down and sweep out the snow and make up a roaring fire before she gets up.

"I hurried out through the storm. The snow had drifted in terribly and the cold wind was coming in at every crack and crevice. The cook stove was gone and there was no table. I never saw the place look so cheerless and deserted. There was nothing there to remind me of Mother. There was snow all over the floor.

"I seized an old broom and began sweeping it out. How manfully I worked! I began where the stove once sat and cleared away a spot and was sweeping toward the door, when I heard Mother call my name, and I looked 'round. There was the stove in its accustomed place, and there near to it stood Mother, gently stirring something over the fire. I rushed at her and threw my arms about her. She smiled, pressed her dear old face to mine and then softly and slowly faded into nothingness.

"I was alone. The winter howled, the boards rattled and the snow fell. I awoke. It was the most vivid dream I think I ever had, and to my mind no painter's brush ever painted a more beautiful picture than that of Mother, as she came back to me in that brief space. "Yours Truly, LEE."

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Astrology.

By J. B. SULLIVAN, in Book of the Month.

WHAT is this astrology which comes to us from a time remote to all the annals of Man, and yet which is visited by the censure of many who are above the average in intelligence?

To me Astrology demonstrates the law of correspondences, which in its final analysis is the foundation of a belief in ONE GOD.

It is many faceted and each student, approaching it as they do from a different view point, sees a gleam of light intended alone for him or her and that student would be lacking in wisdom who asserted that what he or she sees is the true color of the light. What each one sees is a colored reflection depending on their view point and perception. And this is true of all studies.

If there is but one God, there is but ONE WILL and that Will is LAW, consequently there is but one Law. It rules the movements of the planets and in harmony therewith, all the events, major and minor throughout the Universe. Astrology like horography is merely the attempt of the finite mind to keep tabs on the Infinite. They are interdependent. One deals with the phenomena of events, the other the dividing of eternity into time. The belief in the law of correspondences is merely the acknowledgement of One God and One Law.

If there is but one law, then indeed this astrology must be the nearest to truth of all the so-called sciences for it seeks to show the relationship of events with time as ticked out by the clocks of heaven, whose unerring movements have been the marvel of men since man began to think. If there is a God and if there is a Supreme Will, then every event is co-related

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and must be in accordance with law. It is the tabulation of events with this postulate in mind that gives us the Science of Astrology.

All astrological students are human! Most of them are fallible, I only know one to the contrary, and an innate modesty and delicacy prevents me giving the name in this paragraph. Being human their views are often at variance and they may be said to be divided into two classes, those who believe that the planets indicate and those who believe they influence, or cause events.

All the students of Astrology are built on philosophical lines. Their studies, combining as they do, the sublime spectacle of the celestial mansions and the correlation thereof with the littlenesses of human life gives reach to their minds, but say; if you want a real lovely time get a dozen or so of them together and propose as a subject for discussion: "Do the planets indicate or cause events?" You will have it ready-made.

It would be desirable to have all the furniture screwed fast to the floor and the bric-a-brac removed. I was to such a seance once. Some time afterward I met one of those who opposed our side and greeting me affably he begun his reminesences with, "I came out of the hospital about a week ago."

A little incident that goes to show that while astrology may be generally considered as an abstruse study, its pursuit can be diversified and enlivened by pleasing and interesting features and made thoroughly enjoyable.

Fakes.

THIS morning on coming to my desk I took up a new or advanced thought magazine, so-called, and turned to the advertising pages. I was soon

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nauseated and disgusted with what I read. One applicant for business announced that dollars were actually given for dimes by his method. Another claimed that an E. India magazine brings light that Americans need and clinches the argument with a silly quotation, "Out of darkness cometh light." Of course that settles it. And she announced herself a freak by putting "(herself)" after her name. Another fake wants to enlighten a very ignorant people on the subject of sex, —knows all about it—and another to make all of us beautiful by means of a face mask. Still another offers to furnish an elixir of life which is the very foundation of youth. One offers to impart mystic powers to everybody who applies, and an old, emaciated looking fellow offers to heal us all without drugs, "by psychic methods." Three ugly women in a row (pictures) offer to tell your past and present and future and how to be happy and get money. Another has an appliance which "compels deep breathing" and another tells you all about "voice placing," whatever that may be. Then comes a "startling fact—like miracles," etc. Cures everything, absolutely free—if you pay for it. Others tell you how to get acquainted with yourself, etc., etc.

Of course we know these are all desperate bids for money and are mainly fraudulent in their pretensions. We could always have filled THE LIFE up with such stuff, but would not. If you see an ad. in THE LIFE, you may be sure of at least one thing—we believe the person or thing advertised to be genuine. We have always declined to carry healers' cards simply because there are so many fakes in the business and we could not always ascertain the facts as to the genuineness of the advertisers. We want our readers to feel confident that a thing is good because they saw it recommended in THE LIFE.

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Doctrine Salutaire.

ONLY Truth's sunshine can melt error's shackles. —C. J. B.

† †

Personal *knowledge of* truth must precede the disintegration of personal subterfuge.—C. J. B.

† †

In every man, woman and child there is a Divine Candle whose Flame is the Breath of the Almighty.—C. J. B.

† †

All deep things are Song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, Song; as if all the rest were but wrappings and hulls.—T. Carlyle.

† †

Make the true, beautiful and right, life's habitual delight, and its illumination in your soul will dissipate that which you called your sorrow.—C. J. B.

† †

"Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Most true it is, as a wise man teaches us, that 'doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action.'"

† †

Conversation equalizes. Sacred tenderness, fervent purity and loving brotherness, are contagious when we converse with the Everlasting Comrade, Universal Intelligence, "whose presence is unfailing close," whose Power is Imminent and whose Love is Health.

† †

To find happiness—dwell upon your pure joys until their shining eclipses all shadows. As the eagle's eye seeks the sun defiant of surrounding darkness, so set thine eye on *understanding*, until thou art emancipated from other men's dogmas, and exempt from tradition's bias.—C. J. B.

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"We must educate—we must educate—or we perish by our own prosperity." Why should we educate? "The entire object of education is to make people not only *do* right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but love industry—not merely pure, but love purity—not merely just, but hunger and thirst after justice."—J. Ruskin.

† †

Self discipline is better than false freedom. Sensitiveness may be only selfish conceit or mental poverty. Conquer the lower self we must, some time. Then will the Noble Self come grandly into victory over the little things—like the Phoenix over the ashes of its imperfections. For one is then greater than Gen. Nogi at the siege of Port Arthur, or any other "him that taketh a city."—*An Interlude.*

St. Peter: (to Trust Magnate approaching the big gate,) "Please give some account of your business methods while on Earth."

Trust Magnate: (after a dignified pause, stroking his chin,) "By advice of counsel, I refuse to answer."

St. Peter: (slowly nodding,) "Then you had better consult your lawyer again before we proceed further. He is waiting for you in the engine room below."

Whereupon the venerable Saint pressed a button and the trap door under the T. M's. feet gave way and he disappeared in the sulphurous depths.

"Dear Mrs. Barton:—I feel like I can never thank you enough for the help you gave the baby. He was all right the same evening you got my letter, and I think you ought to tell people how quickly you made him well. I know the word is powerful. I wish you could know how happy you have made us."—Mrs. M. E. T.

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Col. Geo. W. Warder.

OUR genial friend, Col. Geo. W. Warder, poet, lawyer, scientist and lecturer, is gone on to the higher life. We all sadly miss his visible presence. He was a prime favorite at THE LIFE Home and among all who knew him.

The following little poem from his prolific pen truly expresses the manner of his life:—

SMILE AND LOVE.

Smile, and the world will seek you;
Frown, and your friends depart,
For the cheerful grace of a kindly face,
Is a joy to the human heart.

Love, and the world will love you;
Hate and the earth is sad,
And brands with pain and the curse of Cain
The brow that is bold and bad.

Laugh, and the world joins with you;
Mourn, and the world goes by,
For the earth will sing at the joy you bring,
But flee at the breath of a sigh.

Be gay, and the world rejoices;
Be sad, and you sigh in vain,
For men would borrow of joy, not sorrow,
And the earth has enough of pain.

He was the author of several books of Science of a very high order and of a book of poems and a novel or two. He was a profound thinker and his views on all subjects were unique and original. I believe his theories on the origin and forces of worlds and their sustaining energy are destined to uproot and take the place of the old theories of the Schools. We have at several times published reviews of his books in THE LIFE.

THE LIFE never dies nor becomes less.

HENRY WOOD.

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The Welcome.

A BEAUTIFUL LOVE POEM.

Come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever."

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear, if you choose them,
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
O, your step's like the rain to the Summer-vexed farmer,
Or saber and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then wandering I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
O, she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And truest when in secret most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

—Thomas Osborne Davis.

THIS issue of THE LIFE is special. You who have been with us from the first know its great value.

Many of you who have not been with us for so long a time know the same. *All* of you know that we are sincere and true to the principle of being and that THE LIFE very much more than pays for the less than 2 cents a week that it costs subscribers.

All of you want to increase our list. Many of you —God bless you—have done so in the last month. Will not the rest of you do so NOW? *You can if you will.*

THE LIFE never dies. Do not submit to any delusion of that sort. *It lives forever.*—LIVE WITH IT.

Let us have a letter from every one of you NOW.

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Key-Notes.

(Silent hours, 6 to 7 a. m. 7 to 8 p. m. All please join us.)

April 1-15.

MY OWN PERSONAL VIBRATIONS ARE IN PERFECT ACCORD WITH THE VIBRATION OF UNIVERSAL MIND. I THEREFORE AM POWERFUL AND SUCCESSFUL.

April 16-30.

HOLY SPIRIT NOW FILLS ME AND HARMONIZES ALL MY FACULTIES, DESIRES AND ASPIRATIONS. I AM THEREFORE HEALED AND SAFE.

We appreciate the compliment paid us by Mr. Henry Wood of Boston, published in this issue, because we consider him to be one of the most sincere, clean, clear, well-balanced writers we have in the New Thought. His books are all great, and have done much to set the race free from bonds of dogma and medical domination. It is scarcely necessary to name them here, as their names are familiar to most of our readers. Some of them are "*Ideal Suggestions Through Mental Photography*," "*Victor Serenus*," (a story of Paul's time) "*Studies* in *The Thought World*, or *Practical Mind Art*," "*The New Thought Simplified*," "*The Political Economy* of *Humanism*," "*Edward Burton*," (a novel) "*God's Image* in *Man*," "*The Symphony* of *Life*," etc.

We can furnish you any of these excellent books.

"Dear Mrs. Barton:—I would like to know exactly the words you spoke to me that evening I called and told you about my trouble. Your words took hold of me and lifted that chronic difficulty right out of me, so that I cannot claim it any more. But I don't remember the exact wrds; will you please write them down for me just as you spoke them—so calmly, yet so positively, just as if you know how they would affect me."

—MRS. HANNAH M. H.

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Mental Suggestion

BY HICKMAN J. WIGGINTON.



THAT environment has much to do in shaping the characters and destinies of men is a generally accepted truth. And, since mind is the motive power behind all human activities, the pictures upon which the mind's eye is focused should be carefully selected and regarded. The men and women who fill the penitentiaries of our land to-day are there because environment pictured upon their minds (or the minds of their ancestors) scenes of crime and depravity instead of spreading before their mental visions panoramas of the beautiful, the good and the true. That we are a part of all that we have seen, is a truth worthy of all acceptation. Every mental picture leaves upon the mind of the intelligent observer an indelible impress which, in keeping with its nature—for good or for evil—enters into the structure of character, wherever the character is in any point insufficiently established to withstand outside influence.

It has become a pretty well established fact that familiarity with crime breeds crime; likewise we make

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the claim that pictures of the noble and the pure beget characters of the quality of their kind.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, that to be dreaded needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familar with her face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The law makers in several of our states have discovered these truths and in consequence thereof have decreed that hangings be no longer made public. The moral effect of legalized murder is very bad, and the time is not far distant when hangings will be entirely abolished.

A short time ago the writer witnessed within a brief interval two shows in his home town which well illustrated the idea here intended to be shown: The first one was advertised as, "The Twin Hells;" the second one touched the chord of popular curiosity by announcing that its chief performers were midgets or dwarfs—deformed specimens of humanity. Without questioning the good intentions of the managements of these companies and the drawing qualities of their attractions, we believe that public exhibitions of human frailties and deformities are detrimental in their effect. The good hearted old gentleman who presented upon canvas his pictures of "The Twin Hells," claimed that it was a "warning to young boys to keep out of the penitentiary," but admitted in his lecture that boys in the penitentiary became so familiarized with hardened criminals that they seldom reformed after gaining their freedom.

We will admit for the sake of argument that pictures of crime and its effects may sometimes frighten people into obedience to law and thereby afford some protection to society, but such obedience is selfish in its nature and not productive of moral development. The threat of the law may protect our horses against falling into the hands of a horse thief but it cannot ef-

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fect a change in the condition of the horse thief's heart. In like manner the portrayal from the pulpit of a fire-and-brimstone hell may have saved many a chicken roost from disturbance, but it has never effected the salvation of a sinner's soul—it only increased his regret that he could not rob the chicken roost without having to pay the penalty. All fear is based in selfishness; consequently it is devoid of inherent virtue. LOVE is the key-note to the world's salvation both now and hereafter.

In our opinion the suggestions of evil, upon canvas or in the word-picture—from platform, stage or pulpit—often fall far short of their aim when intended for good. All have doubtless heard the story of the fond parents who, upon starting to church one morning lovingly admonished their children to be good and not put beans in their noses, and, upon returning, had to send for the family physician to extract beans from the noses of the entire family of children. Mental suggestion always bears fruit after its own kind.

If the love of God and the countless beauties of the universe could be properly portrayed before man's mental gaze the night-mare of evil thoughts and their resultant deeds would pass away forever and, in the sunlight of unclouded vision, the world's redemption would be wrought.

"My Dear Josephine: I am so glad you thought to send me 'An Interlude.' I have been poring over the contents with deep interest.

"Are the little books for sale? If so, I would like three or four to give to others. Inclosed please find money order for $1.50. I read your masterly interpretation of your association with your La France Rose, and yearned to be near you and share some of the delights of a more intimate friendship.

"MARY E. PRATT, Chicago."

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The Common Things.

THE sunshine and the gentle rain,
The clear bird song that hails the morn,
The meadow land which flowers stain,
The swaying banners of the corn,
The grass that whispers to the breeze—
What common, common things are these!

The broad, blue mirror of the lake
That smiles back at the sleeping sky;
The billows, too, that leap and break
And fling their foamy jewels high;
The silver clouds that one by one
Toss back the lances of the sun.

The stars that blaze as jewels blaze,
And make the world of mystery,
While they on their appointed ways,
Go speeding thru eternity
Across unfathomed seas of space
On paths that we but dimly trace—

All these are common—brook and bird,
And rose of red, and meadow green;
So common that they seem unheard,
So common that they seem unseen,
And yet there is no day or night
But borrows all of their delight.

No common thing is held apart
From us, or pent with lock or key,
But in the goodness of his heart
They are all made for you and me.
It always seems God loves the best
Things He makes the commonest.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Good Letter.

HERE is a good letter from a traveling man who has taken THE LIFE many years:

Dear Bro. Barton:—

Greeting to you and yours pending the thirteenth anniversary of THE LIFE.

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I love THE LIFE and as long as I continue in the flesh and you publish THE LIFE, count me one of its patrons.

For years its unique individuality has been my delight, a characterization that admits of no substitute.

THE LIFE speaks with authority, for its words are born of conviction and knowledge. And herein lies a potent factor of its healing power. Readers of THE LIFE know they can rely on its message at all times. Nevertheless, while definite and focused, it is as surely tolerant and kind. Yours for THE LIFE always,

J. E. P. CLARK.

IT HAS often occurred that we have taken patients, given instructions and set daily times for treatment, times that suited our own very full program for treatments, times that we had to spare, and then have received letters from them asking for the most unreasonable changes in times, and giving no better reason for it than that callers came or they wished to go out to theaters or other entertainments at that hour.

Now, if one has no more concern for health than to let callers or calls interfere with the hours of treatment we set, he has not concern enough to be healed. If one is sick and seeks healing, he or she should submit and subordinate everthing to that end.

Most of our city friends know that they must not call on us between 7 and 8 p. m., as that is our silent hour, sacred to ourselves and to our patients. But, if any one who does not know calls, during that hour, we simply excuse ourselves and leave our books and magazines to do the entertaining while we keep the silent hour holy.

All patients, pupils and readers of THE LIFE should do this, and conform habits and conventionalities to it.

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A Hundred Years From Now.

S. W. GILLILAN.

WHEN a look ahead shows nothing but the thickest sort of gloom,
When you're worried to the center of your soul,
When your plans have all miscarried and proved castles in the air,
And you've nothing in your pocket but a hole,
Then's the time to reason thuswise: "What's the use to make a row?
Who can tell a bit of difference in a hundred years from now?

When the pathway stretching endwise tow'rd life's slowly setting sun
Shows the lions with their chains all hid from view,
When it seems there's "nothing doing" in the providential line,
And when everything (except the sky) looks blue,
Then is not the time to falter or turn backward from the plow;
Will it make a bit of diff'rence in a hundred years from now?"

Yet there's one thing will make diff'rence ten long decades further on;
It's the way you bear your troubles day by day;
If you keep your top lip stiffened and a smile upon your face
As you stride toward the lions in the way,
Then the worried world will carry fewer wrinkles on its brow,
And 'twill really make some diff'rence in a hundred years from now.

—Los Angeles Herald.

What's the Trouble?

Are you ill, wretched, agonizing, despondenr?
RETURN TO NATURE.
Have doctors, preachers and teachers failed?
RETURN TO NATURE.
Is your confidence gone, your courage lost?
RETURN TO NATURE.
Does life seem hard, and struggle useless?
RETURN TO NATURE.

Whatever the trouble is, you can cure it through absolute return to Nature. I've seen it done or helped to do it in thousands of cases, some pronounced totally incurable. Ninety per cent. of the invalids taken to the "Return to Nature" Sanitarium have gone home well, and the founder, Adolph Just, tells just how in his great book "Return to Nature." You can heal yourself. Quickly, permanently and at no cost but the book. Nearly 300 pages in paper, $1.50; cloth, $2.00. Circular for stamp.

SPECIAL—To "The Life" readers I will send, this month, a copy of the work for $1, and besides, 3-months' subscription to my unique magazine "NATUROPATH." Tell me your troubles and I'll tell you how we have cured cases similar at our Naturopathic Health Home. Don't go on being miserable when relief is so near.

Benedict Lust, N. D.
DEP. LIFE—124 EAST 59TH STREET. NEW YORK CITY.

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A LADY of this city called at THE LIFE Home a few days ago and said that her husband had demonstrated over a bad case of rupture and rheumatism and poverty, thru reading THE LIFE. When she had complained of a belief, she said, he remarked to her, "Go to THE LIFE! There you will find the seeds for every harvest of health and success. I found mine there."

A charter subscriber in Mansfield, Mo., renews and sends two new names for THE LIFE. She says in her letter,

"I have read THE LIFE thirteen years and am much younger than when I commenced reading it. But I cannot say that I have grown as fast as it has; but I am trying to keep up as near as I can, and can say with the good Methodist brethren, "The way grows brighter and better all the time. With many good wishes for all THE LIFE readers, I am your friend,"

MRS. L. A. W———.

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Teacher—"Mary, make a sentence with 'dogma' as subject." Mary (after careful thought)—"The dogma has three puppies."

He That Was Announced to Come, Is Already Here!

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox's

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The Life

A Monthly Magazine of Christian Metaphysics; edited and published by

A. P. Barton : C. J. Barton

Kansas City, Mo.

May, 1907 Vol. 11; No. 4

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.—Shak.

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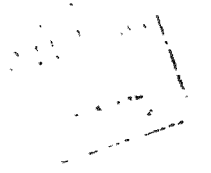


AND if 'twere written in the Script.
That Fate inscribed and chained thee to--
Drink once deep of bitterness,
Then lift the cup and drink anew—
For that were Life.

Thou Soul that soars to spirit plane,
Woulds't have thy vision unobscured?
Lose not thy faith, nor yet turn back,
Lest darkness do thee claim--
For that were death.

As on some rocky height the flower,
Its petals pierced by wintry winds,
Droops not to die, but live again—
So thou shalt Spirit stronger be—
Thy soul set free.

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THE LIFE

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF APPLIED METAPHYSICS

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A. P. Barton—C. Josephine Barton, Editors and Publishers. Ralph Barton Staff Artist. Office 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter

The Will

COERCED action is action in which the will is subdued. Such action is deindividualizing in its effect. It amounts to the use of one's brain and bodily, or personal, faculties by and under the will of another.

While it is true that the human will directed as it is thru erroneous judgment and ignorance in very many persons, needs to be curbed or restrained, it is also true that coercive or forced restraint is not conducive to the best development of human character. If it could be accomplished otherwise than thru fear, the result would be far better.

For example: A burglar wills to rob your house. If he could be taught and convinced that nothing would be gained by it, but that it would only result in loss to both of us, so that he would cease to desire such a thing, that would be a great deal better than to prevent the deed by force or fear of punishment. It would render him a better man thru cleansing him from the propensity to rob and steal. But, if he chooses to refuse the teaching and elevation thru reason, making this will to refuse the lesson dominant, then it would be the next best thing to prevent the

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deed by force or the fear of the law.

The will is not the man, altho it shows forth what the man is, or in how far he has advanced. It is an utterance of the judgment and desire. If these are wrong, then the will is misdirected.

The will denotes active tendency, and is an expression of the love of freedom. To be free is to have your will carried out and executed. Any curtailing of freedom is a blow at the will, a shackle upon the arms of action.

But freedom of will becomes license to do hurtful things when the moral sense is depraved. No one has a right to do wrong, and if one wills to do wrong, then something must be done to check or change the bent of the will. Education is the remedy and the thing that must and will finally result from all experience. But, if the child would go into dangers and erroneous ways for want of this education, it is best that the parent assert a restraining authority for the time being while the educating process is going on.

This should not be done by brute force nor without reason. Such a course excites resentment and a desire for revenge, both unwholesome and degrading to a child's moral nature.

Hence, whipping a child is almost always wrong. I believe it always denotes a lack of wisdom or self-control on the part of the parent or teacher. The child attempts to assert its will, to declare its freedom. That is a perfectly natural thing for it to do, denoting the presence of the greatest and best faculties of humanity: the love of liberty and the tendency to be outwardly what the within consciousness has grasped of Being.

The original impulsion must not be interfered with, nor crushed out. If the want of understanding has misdirected the action of the will, then it is not the will that needs the discipline; it is the understand-

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ing that needs improvement, education.

Then the rod is not the right instrument to use. I know many parents find it the only thing that will serve the immediate purpose. When they do, let them use it, but not while they are angry. It is like checking the progress of a fire by dipping water onto it with a cup because you do not know how to use your Babcock extinguisher, and because you are ignorant of the source of the flames. It may be the best you can do at the time; if so, do it. It is certainly better than no restraint at all, as every sensible person will admit.

But the talk about breaking a child's will is folly. If it could be done, the child would be ruined in so far as his usefulness and manly or womanly dignity of life in this world are concerned. If the little fellow is stubborn, that only means that he is tenacious to that which he believes to be his right, has large continuity. This tenacity should not be broken or crushed out.

Don't apply your corrective there. That is not the right place. If he contends for what your better judgment tells you he ought not to have, refuse compliance, gently, but firmly; and if he is not willing to substitute your judgment for his, reason with him, show him wherein you believe him to be wrong. If he meets you with better reasons to show wherein you are wrong, yield gracefully and let him have his way. If he becomes stubborn and unreasoning and demands compliance, then treat him mentally for wisdom and love of the right and peace. But if all else that you know how to do fails, then it would be better to spank him, or switch him, without irritation or anger on your part, than to allow him to go on in a course that you know will end disastrously.

The difference between will and desire is that one is the asserting, or activizing, of the other. While desire does not create the will, it appeals to the will

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for the carrying out of its behests.

The origin of the will is one with the origin of the individuality. It is essential in the mind and inseparable from free agency and responsibility. Without a will, no one would be responsible for conduct. Without the power of choice, fate, in place of destiny, would determine the ends of the human career.

Infinite Being does not force the will of individual being. "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered together your children as a hen gathers her brood; but you would not." "Behold, I stand at the door" (of man's heart) "and knock! If any man hear me and will open, I will come in"—not otherwise. Thus pleads the Christ.

Truth neither forces nor hires trueness of man. Both fear of punishment and hope of reward are unworthy motives to righteousness. Righteousness must be voluntary and prompted only by love of Truth and virtue.

The will of the patient must be consulted even in healing, as well as his belief. When a woman asks me to treat her husband or son for the drink habit, I ask, "Is he willing to quit? Does he try to overcome the habit?" If he does, then I can act with him, even tho he usually does not know I am giving the treatments. I strengthen his will and discourage the false taste. If I should ascertain that he did not wish to quit, I would consider it a hard case to deal with.

I treated one young man in this city at the request of his father. The father told me that Jim was always "swearing off" at the wind-up of every lapse. He would be very sure he would quit this time. But the habit had become stronger than his will, and he would fall again.

I told him, silently, that he was stronger than any habit or taste; that he did not really desire intoxicat-

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ing liquors; that he was too much a man to yield to a false taste or the allurements of companions, etc. He quit, and staid quit, and he thought he did it all. I was glad he did. It gave him confidence in his will power. And, in fact, it was himself that did it. I only convinced him that he could do it and helped satisfy the real desires so that the false taste was weakened, and finally cleansed away.

Should everyone assert his will? I think so, altho if every one should have his way, the result would be a sad state of affairs indeed. The will is supposed to be backed by the best intentions. If so, then these same intentions will easily change when the person is convinced that they are wrong. If not, then the man is not true to himself; he needs a lesson; there is a dark place in his conscience that sustains the misdirected will. So, it follows, that the only way of correction is thru the check that must be given to his wrong willing, or the argument that will be provoked by it, the reasoning either of another or within himself, or both. If he did not act out what was in him, how could the remedy be applied?

Next month I will treat of the power of the will and how to apply it scientifically.

Modern Cannibalism.

WHAT a huge monster of evil the power given to money, by society, has developed; and how utterly impossible under the present business system and social and intellectual standards it is to arrest its Herculean sway! Its destructive force reaches to the uttermost ends of Earth and with poisonous blight consumes human flesh and human blood, as did the cannibals of old. Under the cannibalistic system, the subject was fattened and his life-blood sucked at

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once, while the present system is more deliberate and lingering in the consumption of its victims, and perhaps, more refined, but equally as cruel and barbarous.

Within itself, money has no power nor value. It gets it all from its worshipers; therefore, the dollar is not the cause of the trouble, but the man with the dollars. All value exists in the mind, as well as all pleasure, all pain and all causation. I challenge the world to disprove this by scientific analysis. In no instance do these attributes exist in material things, but always in the human mind.

Society has not moved on one jot so far as the barbarity of its business principles is concerned, from the old savage notion, that might makes right. To a great extent it has transferred the power that used to operate through the physical muscles and nerves of the cannibal, to council measures and legislative enactments; and there has been a great refinement of cruelty added and material progress made, but the consumption of human life and human hope goes on more relentlessly than ever. While the present system will not allow a man to go to his neighbor's house and by physical force drive him off and take possession, it will permit him, by a system of money-getting and legalized usury, to dispossess him and appropriate the spoils. The incentive of the two modes of robbery is the same, the principle is the same. The only difference is, the modern method is more respectable than was the old, and is legalized by statute, thus becoming a matter of business, law-protected robbery.

The greed that animated the breast of the savage robber leading him to make conquest of his neighbors, is of the same sort that fills the heart of some of our modern robbers. Of course, there has been a great improvement in the mode of procedure, but improved gunboats and instruments of manslaughter do not

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change the intent and purpose: they only increase the capacity to fulfill the savage desire.

This desire is an animal instinct and is the premise upon which all commercial and business enterprises are founded. It has been the actuating impulse for all the speculation of the past, and today you can hear its muttering demand in the striker for higher wages, and in the capitalist seeking greater profits, and in the land owner reaching out for more land and the renter demanding better improvements, and so on. And it will not be long until there will be an explosion of this internal seething mass and its molten lava and flying sparks will electrify the very air, and another such a conflagration as will sweep this country has not been seen in all time.

The premise upon which all governments and society have heretofore been founded is *absolutely false.* Therefore, we may not wonder at their decline and disintegration. That which is founded upon false ideals has no real foundation in this or any other age for continued existence.

All governments and religious organizations are founded on the false dogma that man is depraved and naturally inclined to evil. This inevitably leads to illogical conclusions, and the utter confusion of civilized life. It's an abnormity that falsifies the image of God, and throws around it restrictions and limitations that develop the animal propensities and smother the spirit of truth in man.

Every child born into this world is as pure and free from innate evil and total depravity as the flowers that bloom in the spring time; and whatever trait of evil, or inclination for wrong doing that shows forth in its life is but the ingrafting of social depravity and erroneous influence and teaching. The doctrine of innate purity is as high as the sky and deep as the sea

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and broad as the wide air, and he who attempts to annul it strikes at the fundamental principles of the law of being, and not only besmirches his own soul with the slime of a false ideal, but hinders the budding image of God in its unfoldment toward the full flower,

Through all the ages society has depended upon man-made statutes and council restrictions to control conduct and it has all been a melancholy failure. The rise and fall of nations, colonies and civic organizations prove the falsity of their basis. There is but one Law of being and it operates on every plane of human life and animal and vegetable existence, and would through intuition lead the children of men into conformity with its harmonious self, were it not for the stultifying effects of artificial law and the crippling influences of organized restrictions.

Man is a child of infinite life and will ultimately inherit Omnipotent Being. All legislative enactments and mortal efforts are but artificial measures, and have no power or influence to evolve the intutional attributes of omniscience, which are the inherent endowments of all the children of the universe. S. L. DIAL.

A subscriber in Stockton, Kas., speaking of there being no issue of THE LIFE in March, writes, "I cannot tell how much I have missed it. THE LIFE always greatly helps me. It seems to me like a spring of living water."

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees develop their foliage in the springtime.

"Ah, yes," said the little miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks!"—Will Carletons Magazine.

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Meditations

By Hanton

FEAR is not elemental in human character, but accidental, temporary and evanescent. It is a grim, sombre trail of the beast of primitive conditions. A noble courage is elemental in man, and when it blooms and fructifies in the heart, it is with a vitality that knows no death. The man who fears has not yet come into his true estate. He has not yet planted his feet upon the boundless and resplendent plain of immortality. He is like unto the unripe grain or tender fruit that is subject to biting frosts or devouring parasites. His manhood is in the bud, and he has not outgrown the stamp of fear and dread burned into the soul of the race during ages of a precarious existence, when primitive man contended with force and with cunning against fierce beasts and fiercer fellow man. As individual man out-grows the petty fears of childhood as he rises to the stature of manhood, so the human race is destined in the fullness of time to mount above the crude conditions that have engendered and fostered fear, and stand up in the consciousness of a mastery of all conditions, which only is the true attitude of manhood.

***

Fear is not essentially irrational, but has its true latitude and longitude, and within these limits is as rational as courage. There is a reason for fear. To aver that the whole universe is a boundless symposium of harmony, and the law of brotherhood guides the strong and protects the weak is vapid sentiment, devoid of understanding. Say what we will of the kindness and gentleness of Mother Nature, the fact remains, evi-

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denced by the most patent and indisputable experiences of sentient beings, that there has hitherto abided in nature a destructive purpose, terrible, incisive, merciless. The lion with his great strength and formidable weapons, fired by an insatiable thirst for blood, is as much a child of nature as the gentle lamb. Land and sea and air are inhabited by fierce children of nature whose mission is to destroy and devour. The upward march of life is trailed with blood. Progress is opposed at every step, and this opposition is someting more than a wholesome stimulus to sleeping energy. It is an opposition that is not actuated by any purpose to uplift the opposed. If you are dreaming of a friendly purpose to uplift concealed beneath a surface that bristles with hostility, your disappointment is certain. The battle that you are facing is no sham battle intended only to train your powers. It is a struggle in which you are opposed by forces which, if they have no active purpose to drag you down and destroy you, are, at least, blind to your welfare. In the lower stratum of life one individuality is built up at the expense of others. This has been the law of progress from the dawn of life on the earth. Its application has been merciless. The forces gathered, centralized, and polarized in one individual have been seized and appropriated by another individual. This is the law of selfism. The vegetable world abides by it and the lower animals show little evidence of having outgrown it. The first breaking away from this merciless primitive law of selfism is evidenced in the development of mother-love in the lower animals. The old law still clings to the human race and plunges man into a conflict with his fellows that may well be dreaded. Selfism has a hold upon the world today which no one can escape.

* * *

Just how far the primitive law of selfism dominates

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the lives of the human race of to-day is a matter of philosophic discrimination. The unquestioning obedience of the children to the parents may now be considered as belonging to a closed chapter in the history of human development. This is clearly a result of a weakening of the old law of selfism, which made the son [a little more than a chattel of the father. The cry that the home and the nation are endangered by a lack of parental reverence is an utterance of the old self. We are slowly learning that the law of spiritual progress is a law of love, of freedom, of independence, of self-reliance. The freedom that the spirit requires would become gross license if applied to the flesh. Spiritually, the individual grows by scattering abroad and forgetting[self. But the hour has not arrived for the complete subordination of our lives to this law. The flesh is not subject to it and can not be. We are in a measure subject to the old law of the flesh and are not strong enough in spirit to get from under it. There are emergencies in this transitional stage which demand our utmost caution; there are dangers which it would be irrational to ignore.

Healing.

By A. P. B.

ONE is whole or healed when the without of the person is under full control of the within. Non-health is the result of loss of this control in a greater or less degree.

This loss of control is occasioned by negative, misdirected or erroneous thinking. This is followed by torpidity of the mentality. (By "mentality" I mean the realm of mind active in the physical body, that which causes pulsation, respiration, secretion, digestion, assimilation etc. without the direct action of conscious thought.)

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Conscious thinking affects the sub-conscious realm of mind and thru it the body. Thus is healing done and thus is sickness invited.

Disease or physical inharmony does not originate within you. It comes from without, is an intruder, a thief that breaks in and steals only when the strong man is bound. It comes by inheritance, contagion, infection, weather, bad air or food, or thru fear.

If the strong man within be not bound, the thief cannot break in and steal away your peace, harmony and ease.

There are many people who have become so enthralled by the delusions of race errors and false ideals, medical materiality and empty pretensions and religious dogmas and superstitions that they seem to be unable to rise above the miasm of the plane of failure and misery. These unfortunates need help.

This help must be given by some one who is free and clear in mind and body, a strong, buoyant soul who is fearless and full of the Spirit of Truth and Love.

Such an one is able to see just what is needed by the person who seeks his or her assistance and to supply the need, to remove the obstacle which has prevented the mastery of the without by the within and put the patient in control of himself. He arouses the vital centers and causes the life currents to sweep thru the body with thrilling, tingling delight.

The true treatment consists of three parts:—

1. After the practitioner has thuroly acquainted himself with the needs of his patient and the cause of the appearance of disease in him and what the sufferer thinks about it, he gives him instructions as to his own mental attitude, what auto-suggestions to hold, how to co-operate with the healer, what to do externally and gives oral or written suggestions, so far as possible removing fear, denying what doctors and others have

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told him to scare him and holding out bright hopes of healing.

2. Then at set times he goes into the silence with the patient and telepathically suggests healing, freedom, life, power and uplifting. The patient at such times co-operates, whether present or absent, by becoming passive, receptive and responsive. The healer instructs him as to this. At all times thru the day and night the true practitioner will send vibrations of healing to his patient whenever he comes before him in thought. They often call me for help by day and night, sometimes wakening me from sleep. I never fail to respond strongly.

3. There is another thing the successful healer does, he prays for his patient, prays in a somewhat different way from the ordinary mode of prayer. He appeals devoutly, reverently to the Infinite Power of Health and Life Everywhere for an inflow of healing Spirit in his patient. He also instructs his patient to think of, open to and invite this inflow of the omnipresent Good for healing.

If this course is followed out faithfully by a genuine, strong practitioner and the patient obeys instructions, the result is bound to be good, it matters not whether the patient be present with the healer or absent.

The story of Jonah and the whale was being told. When the climax was reached, and Jonah had been thrown upon the shore, the little maiden was asked, "And what do you think Jonah did then?" To which the ready response came: "I dess he goed home and changed his tings." - Fellowship.

Minister's Wife—"Wake up! There are burglars in the house, John." Minister—"Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves."—Fellowship.

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Occult Phenomena.

(The following letter was received from one of the most intelligent negroes I ever knew, an educated gentleman and able writer, editor of a paper in Philadelphia. I give the experiences related as a matter of interest to our readers, hoping some of them may give us an explanation, or that the Psychic Research Society may take the matter up. I believe these people are entirely sincere in this matter and too intelligent to be easily deceived. Let us hear from some of you. What think you of it?—Ed. THE LIFE.)

MR. A. P. Barton,

My dear sir:—There has been brought to my attention a most peculiar case in occultism on which I desire to ask you to assist me in obtaining some light. The advertising solicitor of The Pilot, Mr. A. L. Boykin, the most remarkable Negro, in some respects, who ever graduted from the Hampton Institute, told me some time ago of the peculiar experience of a friend of his who is also a graduate of two colleges. This man, Rev. Skinner, by name, went to Hampton, Va., about six years ago, I think, to take charge of a church, he being an ordained Baptist preacher. What is to follow will seem incredible, and would be called fogyism and superstition by the rank and file of those who like to think of themselves as intelligent.

Rev. Skinner had a little daughter who at that time was about six years old, if I remember rightly. Soon after moving into the parsonage at Hampton, while they were all seated in the parlor one evening, a rattling noise was heard in the wall as though something was coming through, and a moment latter the little girl began to cry and said: "Oh, Papa, a woman came out of that wall then, and she is beating me with a strap."

The father and mother were unable to see anything, but they could hear the licks fall on the little girl. From that time till they left Hampton, only a short time ago, it was almost a nightly occurrence for

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that noise to appear in the wall, and for the little girl to claim that a woman was chastising her.

By chance Rev. Skinner came to Philadelphia recently, and came into my office yesterday. In the most casual way I chanced to call attention to an article in the last issue of The Pilot, taken from THE LIFE, relating the experience of the man in London, who had an amethyst pin mysteriously taken from his tie and cleaned. This drew Rev. Skinner to tell me the complete story which had previously been related to me by our Mr. Boykin.

The intelligence and earnestness of the man carry absolute conviction, where words might fail. Many times he says he has told his little daughter when she complained of the presence of people, to ask them what they wanted. In each case she would get a reply something like this: "Oh, I just came around," "Just to be coming," or something to that effect. No one can hear these answers but the little girl, so I understand. But every person can HEAR the—whatever they are, and many times have visitors seen hands floating in space—and felt them as well. This little girl can "see things" and talks about them in the most innocent and childish way.

I have not troubled to tell you in this rambling letter one-tenth of what Rev. Skinner related to me last night with reference to this strange affair. In fact, I would not, for fear of exciting your doubt as to the honesty of Rev. Skinner in relating such incidents, and as to my common-sense in taking the slightest stock in it. If I have convinced you that there may be at least some foundation for what this preacher relates, you may possibly take some steps of proving that he at least is honest.

Our Mr. Boykin, than whom I have seldom met a more intelligent, and never a more honorable man,

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knows for a fact that when he was in charge of the Boys' Brigade at Hampton, some people laughed at the preacher for what he told with reference to these occurrences, but several of his educated friends were struck with awe when they made personal investigations and found every thing just as he described them.

Is it not possible for you to put this case in the hands of the society for psychical research? I confess to being deeply interested in it, and believe that it will rival anything ever taken up by this body of investigators.

Of course you know that I am a colored man, as is every one connected with this affair. I know that it is generally supposed that colored people are unduly credulous and superstitious, and this is why I ever go very slow with such matters. I know several colored persons who honestly BELIEVE they can see spirits, whether they can or not. I believe that colored people offer excellent material for the development of highly useful occult subjects.

I shall hope to hear from you very soon as to what if anything can be done towards the further investigation of this case.

Written For Delinquents Only.

(Paid-ups, don't read this.)

YOU have all had notice of the dates of the expiration of your subscription and know just how much you are behind. All of these small sums added together make a big burden for us to carry when not paid up. It is but a small amount for each one of you, and I believe you could all pay if you try. It is, doubtless, a mere matter of neglect with many of you. But remember that our creditors refuse to be neglected. We must pay bills or quit business. Now *please* bestir yourselves and send us what you owe. Thus you make us happy as well as yourselves. *Don't neglect this matter longer, please.*

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Little Lesson

SUR TOUTES CHOSES OLD WOMEN.

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

THE people of the East have learned to be good. They have discovered in the course of time, that it is wisest to be *right* in all conduct.

Well, they are older; they have had the experience; they have perhaps tried doing wrong, and found it did not pay; that neither the world nor themselves were made happier or better or wiser by it.

The children of people who have tried both ways—the way of experience and that of wisdom—ought to be born wiser, and better capable of living right than those who are born out of barbarism that has had only experience with which to wrestle.

It is said of us by all other nations, that the American people are fast taking the lead, in first one thing and then another; and we have only to do all in our power to keep the lead-wheels rolling in the right tracks.

The Yogi folk in some respects, cannot be much improved upon in their system of breathing, and of "I" ing, and of concentrating. Indeed the breathing notions found in most new thought magazines had their spring in the Yogi system. The West didn't know it needed anything in this line, until the East "waked up" its consciousness to the fact. The East first practiced on its feet, then its back, then its head and its side,—breathed in its lungs, its abdomen, and through its very bones. It is a fine thing to go through the body with the spiritual mind, as through a house in spring and autumn, clearing out any inherited passions such as envy (that rotteth the bones) or anger (that produc-

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es a chemical compound of a brownish precipitate) to make war in the atomic soldiery of the body.

Yesterday I was the happy recipient of two charming presents. One, from Mrs. B. Boyles—a student and lover of metaphysics—who called in the Sacred Hour and silently left with the house-maid two volumes of Yogi books for me. Also a beautiful flowering plant—the Persian primrose, very fragrant and full of white glories, in a pretty jardinier—was sent me by the well-known elocutionist, Miss May Glesson, of Lawrence. And today while writing, a beautiful young lady, Miss Florence Willis, of Kansas City, called for me, and on going down to see her, I was presented with some magnificent lilac, sweet violets, and a cluster of scarlet amaryllis blossoms. My heart is glowing with gratitude.

This is helping me along toward what I wished to say to women who call themselves old; although I have been speaking of personal matters without apology, when such men as Victor Hugo (in Les Miserables) apologizes at length, and when there was less occasion for apology, says, "It is now many years that the author of this work, forced, he regrets to say, to allude to himself, has been absent from Paris, and since he left that city it has been transformed." In that modest day, no doubt he really meant this beautiful apology.

Twelve years ago, when there were few metaphysical magazines in the field, and we were urged to publish our likenesses, I had a struggle, and shrank with something amounting to shame in doing it. Afterward, I concluded that if I could help any one by so doing, I would be brave and do it gladly.

The one who said get *understanding* with all thy getting, meant it was right to clean up any field of knowledge on any theme attempted, whether spiritual or material. Exhaust it *understandingly*. The Yogi way

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would be, when one is complaining of a pain, or a weak organ, or wayward faculty, to begin with the root of the trouble, which is generally the abused stomach, and "wake up" its drowsy mentality—make it think, and then it will *act*, for *thought* always goes before action. Then instruct it; inspire it with new energy. An aged woman came for advice and help on account of a torpid liver. She said she felt like a lump of clay! On questioning her, I found she had not lain down for over a year; had not taken a bath (save to wash her face) for years; had not missed eating flesh and coffee a single day for years; had taken seidlitz powders and quinine for over forty years.—!

There are planes of Consciousness inside and outside of self consciousness, but you may remember, *never* outside of the *Latent Consciousness.* This is the reason why we should *keep right* in the Present Consciousness —because the Latent Consciousness never changes from consciousness, but it is forever busy on such material as present consciousness makes ready for it. There are thought-activities innumerable outside of consciousness, and they go hap-hazzard at any subject, cutting their way in bodies as a glacier grinds its course, recklessly, stolidly! For this reason *cultivation* of the present conscious activity of thought is most important.

Some old people sit down to much; some ought periodically to stand on their heads;when I get to be sixty, I am going to play sixteen, in every good word and work. Some ought to have Benedict Lust's book, "*Naturopath,*" which is advertised in this number; some ought to fast a long time. It will get them ready to see in the Right Direction, and set out, to cultivate a *conscience* for consciousness. It is sinful to be unconscious during waking hours, while the two-edged glacial thoughts are carving illegitimate ideals in the Latent Realm. Eliminate the extra clay in your body,

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if you are old and too fat, and be what you really are—somebody of wondrous note:—

"I, I, I myself. I am somebody of note. I am greater than I have given myself credit for being. I am now wide awake consciously. I am thinking of my thoughts. I am the witness of my own psychic states. Now I will arrange my thought-forces in order, and so fill my present consciousness with proper sketches to be engraved in the Camera Obscura of my Latent Consciousness that I will be powerful for good."

Body, soul and mind must be included, when you say, "I". Take a military attitude, and then relax the muscles and let go the nerves. Dismiss all thoughts but the trained ones. Then affirm:—

(1). I am body, soul, mind (or spirit.) In saying you are *body*, think only of it as *perfect*; if any organ or faculty disputes you by an ache or fear, you may for a moment address your mental forces to that organ or faculty, thus:—Stomach, do your duty. I am not crowding the vitality out of you with corsets, nor with lazy limberings. You are awake; you now begin to perform most beautifully; you are instructed, and you are wise; *thank you for obedience.* We all feel the improvement—heart, liver, lungs, all; you will keep awake to duty, and will not fail to digest what you should digest, nor neglect to expel that which a morbid taste imposes on you.

(2). In saying "I am soul" think of your life as perfect. Do not remember your sins against it at this time, since as a man thinketh, he is, largely. But spend the time of thought about the soul clothing it in beautiful words and it will be encouraged to look higher. Storm it with the truth of *its immortality.* Reason pleasantly with your soul—you are its strength. Jolly it until every vestige of dispair and ill will vanish. Then thrill it with your new life. Pour in the oil of

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your Heavenly Inspiration as it streams from the Paradise about you. Thus retone the soul. Thus enthuse it. Fire it with the warmth of your own Divinity, until not only its heart and mind will thrill with rapture, but pleasant *assurance* will vibrate down in its very toes, and flare forth healing energy at its finger-ends.

I must leave (3) for next lesson. But I wish to add one thing for those who call themselves old and do not like physical exercise:—

Parasites *like* young people the best, while they *patronize* old ones almost altogether. They like atoms that hold still. Growing young people get away from them. Youth gives them no peace. On the other hand, they fasten on old people while they wait. Jesus saw this, when he asked, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

The long-lived trees in Calif. have kept the parasites away by continuing to grow. The microbes got their legs woefully stretched in attempting to locate for business. The dear old lady I have mentioned was a strict Sabbath keeper. Now I hold it isn't right to keep the Sunday more sacred than yourself. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Moreover, you cannot keep the Sabbath *holy* unless *you* are *wholly*.

Do not go to hear the preacher who calls himself a worm. Tell him you must go to hear the one who agrees with God, that man is in the Divine Image and Likeness, and that is the consciousness he should cultivate.

Do It Now.

BY FRANK L. BROOKS.

I ONCE asked an old editor to what he attributed his success in life. Pointing to an inscription inside a little frame hung over his desk, he answered, "That."

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As I drew closer I read these words, "Do it Now." Thinking there was a good story in connection with it, I suggested that he tell me its history. Clearing his throat, he began:

"It has been many years ago, but I remember it as though it were but yesterday. I was about 13 years old at the time and going to school. I was very lazy and half the time did not know what the lessons were until five or ten minutes before the class was called to recite. Of course I was punished for this, but it did me more harm than good. I do not know how long this might have continued; but one afternoon just before school was dismissed for the day, an old school teacher, Prof. Norborne I think was his name, talked to the school for about thirty minutes, telling a few funny anecdotes until he had the boys and girls interested; then, pointing to a motto written on the wall he read, 'Improve Your Time, Now.' He then called attention to the fact that 'NOW' was our golden opportunity, and, if we wished to make a success in life we must improve our time and, 'do it *now*,' laying particular stress on the word 'now.' He seemed lost in thought for a minute, but finally said:

" 'The word NOW, would make a good simile for the career of a child's life at school: The first two letters should be the answer to his thoughts as to whether he should quit or not—N and O, No; read backward, spelling, On, making a complete thought, No—On. Following this train of thought, when the child graduates, we have the whole of his school life in these words, Now—Won!'

"To this and this only, do I attribute my success; and if this motto is strictly adhered to, a person can make but one thing in life—success."

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Which Choose Ye?

THE OUTER LIFE.

Written for THE LIFE.

HURRY and bustle and toil
For the glimmer of yellow gold—
Aye, Gold is King, and his scepter he wields
More sternly than monarchs of old.

Hither and thither and yon
Rushing at Fashion's decree,
Holding no price to great to pay,
Her closest disciple to be.

Skimming in Pleasure's boat
Lightly o'er life's calm sea,
Sinking when winds and storms arise,
With no hope to succor thee.

THE INNER LIFE.

ALWAYS a calm at the center
Though earth storms rage and roar,
Learning at last to still the storms,
As the Master did of yore.

Doing your best, *then* trusting,
Holding it gloriously true,
Through storm and shine, in God's good time,
Your own will come to you.

FANNIE HERRON WINGATE.

A teacher asked her class to name five different members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till at last one little girl raised her hand. "Well," said the teacher, encouragingly. "Father cat, mother cat, and three little kittens!"—Fellowship.

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THOSE of you who are talking so much about "sex" on the physical plane, are like the man who keeps his eyes on the mire under his feet, while above there are thousands of beautiful objects—birds, flowers, blue skies, sunshine, trees, mountains, people. When Men and Women realize that they are "mates" on the Mental Planes—yes, on the Spiritual Planes, as well—then shall we seek to find happiness along those lines, leaving the husks of the lower physical manifestations to the swine, and to their temporary companions, the unfortunate Prodigal Sons and Daughters who have strayed away so far from the Mansion of the Father that they seek happiness and content only among the pig-pens of life. Some day, these prodigals will become so disgusted with their husks and companionships that they will arise and "go to my Father's mansion from which I have strayed." And then alone will they find the true meaning of the words "Masculine and Feminine." —Wm. Walker Atkinson,
In April "*New Thought.*"

We have now in stock a few copies of that wonderful book which has been so long out of print, "Spiritual Law in the Natural World," by Eleve, Its twelve chapters are really Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkin's 12 lessons as we had them at the beginning of our study of the Science. If the printed lessons have the same transforming power they had when given by word of mouth from that inspired teacher to that class of 85 members, they will be worth thousands of dollars to you. Paper cover, price 50 cents.

Amazed at the brevity of little four-year-old Gracie's nap, her mother asked her why she had awakened so soon. "Why" replied Gracie, looking up in childish astonishment, "I slept all the sleep I had."—Fellowship.

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Perfect Conditions

By C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

WE IMPROVE and keep young by following our self-evolved Standards of Excellence. Only out of the cultivated soil of ourselves can our souls re-blossom in more perfect condition.

Only in unbroken looking upward do we find perpetual growth and youth. Improved conditions are promoted through righteous, purposeful effort. Our *best* in every attempt lays the foundation for another step higher in progress.

To paint a picture and make it true to life is excellent; to model a human soul and make it a Perfect Standard is more excellent; to keep true to the Standard erected by higher ideals held in the mind, is *excellence* in life and progress.

The grass that strives to flower, will sooner or later bless the world with blossom; the rock aspiring to shine a gem, will one day glitter in some coronet to gladden worshipful eyes; the ancients who modelled in their minds a Perfect Man, proved powerful adepts with their ideas, when the Christ came.

There is perfect trust in the vision of the Seer, because he is aware that all things needed are already provided, and in all his endeavors there is *rest of faith.* From the position where now he plants his feet to the most distant vanishing-point of perspective, all the steps of attainment before him are illuminated, and his thoughts are free from doubt.

He is radiantly aware that MAN—the crowning SUM of all created things—is the one CREATURE here who must prove his Divinity through keeping ever

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fresh the knowledge that the Perfect Condition to be reached by him, is not only his True Standard of attainment, but *his Destiny* as well. It has never paid man to shirk responsibility. He has been led off the true track whenever he has been induced to worship a mediator instead of applying his devotions to PRINCIPLES direct.

There is something other in this world than Bible stories to give the people of this age. Centuries have been spent in telling them who Moses was and what Paul taught, together with the varying doctrines arising out of both, and that have been fired over the heads of listless listeners spasmodically round the globe. It is time the misunderstandings were understood for all they are worth. It is time the people might be trusted to take care of Bible-teachings without help; it is time the pure maiden might number the *Ave Maries* on her beads without a priest holding the string; it is time the mother's well-bred twelve-year old might be permitted to choose, free of comdemnation, between the water baptism of the world, and the spiritual baptism of her Natural Heaven; it is time the world might be trusted in the Infinite Hands, to digest Bible truths or explode Bible errors, without proxy-aids or threats of hell.

While the Bibles of earth contain some of the divinest truths, some of the most vital principles ever written down, it is important to avoid much that is found between its covers. Set up your own pure reason against any antiquated ideas, such as those of Bachelor Paul (for instance) who was generous enough to acknowledge *his* advice was not all inspired and divine, and that savored sometimes of prejudice or preference. After he had admonished women to keep their lips sealed in church, and ask their husbands at home, should any questions of importance perchance arise in

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their minds, he further provided:—"*And if the husband be ignorant, let him be ignorant*"—(1 Cor. 38). If this man of eloquence when in the spirit; this scholar whose tongue was skilled in the silver of Latin and gold of Greek; this soul so ready to acknowledge its human weaknesses, and so sublimely equipped with the Gospel of Peace when "absent in the flesh and present in the spirit;" this follower of the most Perfect Christ, who, for the sake of his brethren and kinsmen's salvation could wish himself accursed,—if this same Paul had spoken in the spirit on the occasion here mentioned, he would have been far from regarding the question of sex, but would have clung to the Christ's teaching which is no respector of persons, and reckons with men and women alike as to the use made of their *talents*. He would then have been guided by that unmixed love of the race so eloquently alluded to by Baba Bharati the Hindoo, in that excellent magazine, "The Light of India:"

"The love that is free from all inharmonious attitudes of mind; the love that expands us, uplifts us; the love, once we feel for a little while, when we once concentrate upon and merge in for a moment, we feel as if we were big like the universe; the love that goes to your own kith and kin,—to your own, born of your blood,—and to others that are not so related to you—to all creatures,—to man and the beast and flower and plant and tree and sky and earth; the love that you feel to be the one medium which will make your little mind merge into the universal mind"—Paul would thus have said, "Let all speak *that* are given the spirit of utterance" and would not have prescribed to any that hath language.

The reap-hook and scythe, the cumbrous well-sweep, the wooden plow and the kitchen loom, gave way to better implements and methods gladly, when it was

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discovered that much more could be accomplished, better conditions be secured by the use of the new. Refusing water to fevered patients, the application of crawling leeches, the dangerous drugging methods of the doctors were largely overcome by daring free-thought in the patient, which forced the drug man to see that water was better than calomel, when the latter had been rejected and the former stolen and taken abundantly. Through the thoughtless inertia of good feeling for the old ways, the patient miller with his horses and hoppers slowly ground out a vapor of meal while his neighbor waited and gossiped the time away, until one day the newspaper announced engine-mills which could turn out more in a minute than he could in a week.

Owing to a superstitious fear, the churches continued longest to present to Progress its toughest snag. Long after their symbolic service should have merged into something more spiritual; long after the abc of the various sects ought to have fused into a general better understanding of just what they were aiming at; long after the forms and ceremonies and "commandments of men" Jesus condemned, and the periodic partaking of flesh and drinking of blood should have had their day and melted into the search after saving principles; long after the teaching that man is an entozoon, a weakling whose best righteousness is uncleanliness, whose nature is depraved, who is incapable of even willing to do good, a creature of circumstance, a slave to inherited sins,—long after all this should have evolved into the higher teaching that man is in the image and patterned after the likeness of the COSMOS; that he makes his own environment and every visible thing, is not subject to fate, because his Destiny is consequent upon his Cause; he does not worship the Hebrew Jehovah on a throne, because he knows PRINCIPLE

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whom to know is life and peace; he knows that INFINITE INTELLIGENCE and Power are filling the universe—and man is the Miniature and Portrayer of it all. We are here to travel upward by the light we ourselves daily turn on. Electricity is everywhere. Our more diligent brethren have placed in our keeping the key that enables us by the slightest movement of the hand, to flood our homes with light. Those who have unwound their hands from the driven stakes they were born holding on to, and are diligent in the discovery of better, truer methods, now hold in their hands the Key of Knowledge which enables earnest seekers after new truths to throw open the Incandescent Chambers of Understanding and see and know for themselves.

Teach the young to think for themselves. "We do many things in the home we make and maintain for the training of children," says Robert Collyer, "and what we call their education, and even their religion, by which we mean our own; yet this may be only as when we cut and train a vine, but do not fructify the roots or clear away the shadows that keep away the sun. The cutting and training may help the life; but the water and the sunshine,—these *are* the life." The way to teach a child is to arouse its own vital action, set its own soul to searching along the path of Life, giving it liberty to cut *all* the tethers that bind it to forms and dogmas or in any way prevent it from keeping its eye single upon Destiny. Pills and dogmas belong to the dead past. Only wholesome suggestion may be administered along with self-evident truths.

As the children of Eternal Truth we must reflect it universally; as Miniatures of the Infinite Cosmos we have in our line of accomplishment this truth to prove; as the lovers and seekers and prayers and yearners after Perfect Condition, we press faithfully forward, leaving no stone unturned in matter or spirit that will

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augment our march or promote our approach thereto.

Faith.

BY GEORGIA DE BORGES.

SEVERAL articles have appeared this year on "What is the Power that saves—or that will save?" This is something that has caused me much thought since investigating along metaphysical lines. The unalterable conclusion to my mind is that this Power is FAITH. But hands are going up in every direction and vigorous shakes of heads and vociferous exclamations of, How can you say such a thing? It is God that saves! or Are we not told it is Christ that saves? One man quite high up in the class (the metaphysical class) declares telepathy will prove the saving Power. Indeed they come in so thick and fast I cannot catch them.

To each and all I say, you are mistaken! Man has been manufacturing gods and creeds ever since his beginning, and he has been getting, not saved but lost, ever since the beginning. Lost in ill-health, lost in poverty, lost in unsuccess of whatever form it may be. *And the reason of his losing is because of lack of Faith* in the Power which he himself is expressing and of which he is the manifestation.

There has been no glorious achievement without as glorious a Faith! We would "follow" Christ or Confucius, Mahommet or Dowie,—yes, Mrs. Eddie or Helen Wilmans—and be undone again. And why? Did *they* "follow" anyone? No, they thought out their own version of the Truth and then had the faith to live and achieve through it.

Do I deny Infinity, Omnipotence, Law, Truth, Love? But Faith *implies* Something on which to believe. Jesus said "*Believe* if you would be saved." "Belief is the clothing power" said Mrs. Wilmans. So go away and sit down with yourself, find from your

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own heart the name of the Power you believe in—then build your Faith in that Power higher than anything which may oppose it, or appear to disarm it, and victory, achievement, success are yours. Look every morning and evening, not for signs of failure, not for discouragements and doubts, but to see that your Faith is high and bright and to *know* the battle is yours. "As a man believeth in his heart so he is."

Key-Notes.

FOR MAY.

I NOW erase from my memory all shadows of past errors and live in and for the present, ever pushing on toward higher achievement, bravely facing events and conditions, mending that which has been broken and rebuilding that which was torn down, as far as may be—always unfolding and building anew for the future.

FOR JUNE.

THE law of righteousness prevails in me and my affairs and has dominion over all my ways. To this law do I adhere always and abide in perfect confidence of victory thru it.

(Note:—At the request of some of our foreign subscribers we give the Key-Notes a month ahead so they can join us in the silence.)

WISDOM'S GATE!

The Master Magazine, edited by "*The Man from the Sun.*" It contains World-building and Miracle-working Vibration and lessons. $5,000 worth of lessons on Christ-Magic in its columns free. $1.00 a year. 10c the single copy. Absolutely none free.

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A. P. BARTON,
C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

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Gleams from a recent examination in the San Francisco schools:

"Define fathom, and form a sentence with it." "A fathom is six feet. A fly has fathom."

"Define species." "Species is kind. A boy must be species to his mother."

"Define odorless." "Odorless is without scent. A man who is odorless cannot travel in Europe."—Fellowship.

We want an agent in every community to sell our books, and secure subscribers to THE LIFE and pupils for our school. We pay liberal cash commissions. Write us about it.

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Some Talks With Our Readers

SOME time ago you had an article in THE LIFE on "The Influence of Music." It seems to me something more might be said on the subject.

The screaming of the eagle has a different influence from the cooing of a dove. The noise made by a load of bridge girders going over a rocky road has a different effect from that made by the playing of a piano. Then there is the music that stirs to war. Different kinds of music arouse different passions.

W. C. NELSON.

Answer:—It should be remembered that noises which are without harmony or accord do not constitute music. Discord grates upon the sensibilities and jars the nerves because the law of nature and of our being is established in peace and harmony. The spheres revolving and gamboling among one another, the flowers that bloom, the trees that grow—all make music that might be heard were our senses fine enough. The songs of the morning stars are heard by angels.

So all discords, all harsh grating and jarring, disturb the peaceful flow of nature's melodies thru us and affect us unpleasantly.

The music of instruments arouses what is in us according to the voice it utters. If stirring marshal notes are uttered, our courage is awakened. If sweet, peaceful strains enter our souls, we love more and feel secure in Infinite Peace. If light, fantastic measures appeal to us, we dance and keep time rythmically. Music gives you nothing. It is only an incentive or excitant, stirring up what is already in you, according to the nature of the appeal made by its spirit.

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Some time ago you made mention of a woman who claimed to have split a cyclone by the spoken word and gave it as your opinion that such a thing would be impossible. A few months later you told us about yourself and Mrs. Barton treating successfully for rain while on a visit with her people. Now I, and perhaps other readers of THE LIFE, would like to know why this is possible while the other is not.

C. A. POND.

Answer:—I hold it true that any action in and by the forces of nature that is contrary to or subversive of the laws of nature, is impossible of accomplishment thru the will or word of any one, be he man or God. Nature's law is supreme thruout all her realms. To split a tornado or a tree or a boulder with a word would be contrary to the laws of nature. So would it be to call thunder and lightning down out of a clear sky or cause the sun and moon to stand still in their course—that is, for Earth to stop revolving on its axis.

To split a tornado in two, you understand, is not to arrest its destructive course, but to send it along two paths instead of one, destroying property and lives that would otherwise have escaped, in order to save one woman. If she had been able to calm the storm, that would have been in accord with nature's law. Jesus did not divide the storm at sea and send the two halves dancing around in other quarters, destroying other boats, in order to save the little boat of the fishermen. He calmed it, set nature's harmonies into action, saved them all.

For rain to fall where it is needed is in perfect accord with nature's laws. If any discord or inharmonious state has caused a drouth at any point, the word of truth should be able to remove the discord and allow nature to do its normal work, to fill the need, which is a strong natural tendency. Thus we co-operate with

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nature.

What do you think of the germ theory? Do you believe any disease is contagious? If so, why? A woman who is in the last stages of consumption put her mouth close to a six months old child who was just getting over a cold. Should the mother have rebuked her for it? OLIVE C. HAWLEY.

Answer:—Wherever there is disease there are germs, or minute animalculae. But they do not cause the diseased condition. They are there as scavengers to clean up dead or infected matter and work in the interests of health. This has been conceded by some of the most learned scientists of our time.

Some diseases are contagious, but I believe it to be the negative fear condition of the one who contracts the disease from another that renders him or her vulnerable. Love and joy and laughter, terror and cruelty and yawning, are contagious also. If you are positive in mind and body and fearless, you may attend smallpox patients with perfect immunity. This has been demonstrated many times.

Yes; the mother should have prevented her visitor from doing so unwise a thing, if possible, and gently rebuked her for it, in order to make her wiser for the future. The baby was in a negative, defenseless state at the time and therefore in danger from such an act. It was not afraid, of course, but the mother probably was, which is the next thing to it.

Never allow yourself to become cast down or discouraged. The shadows will surely pass and the sunshine of Love and positive Life beam in upon your soul by and bye; for this is the everlasting reality that never fails, while shadows are evanescent and unreal and quickly pass.

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Expression.

CONSIDERABLE is being said on the subject of personal and Impersonal expression. Some leaders in advanced lines of thought take the stand that personality is a hindrance to the expression of the Impersonal; that it in a degree veils the Impersonal God. Another class of thinkers go to the opposite extreme and consider the expression of their personal selves of first value. Jesus said: "It is expedient that I go away that the comforter may come." His statement has often been interpreted as meaning that the effacement of personality was necessary for the expression of the Impersonal. A better interpretation would be "Perceive in me the divine only and not the human and understand that the same divinity lives in you upon which you can depend."

From the extreme view of personal leadership some have swung to the other extreme and declared it wrong to receive aid from others. True individual independence includes true interdependence. There must be a balance between the giving and the receiving. So also in the matter of expression there must be a balance between the Impersonal and the personal. Personal expression is essential for the expression of the Impersonal. God is expressed through people. "No man hath seen God at any time; the Son hath declared Him." God has need of all for the personal expression of impersonal Being.

To gain the divine balance of expression one must not withdraw his or her personality, but consecrate it to the expression of the Impersonal Good, not in a negative manner, but by the intelligent use of one's intuitions. "What can I do to accomplish the most good for the world of humanity?" is a question that, if asked silently and earnestly, will receive a correct answer in the soul of the asker. "All the powers of

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my being I dedicate to Good," is a declaration that brings to the individual divine power.

Have we talents that we desire to parade before the world and thereby in some way make ourselves famous? Then we may sometime experience a disappointment. All our talents are needed. All our talents are wanted, and, when the correct balance is gained, will be called into use.

"He who is faithful over a few things will be made ruler over many." The one who has followed unhesitatingly the demands of rightness will be called into a larger field of action. God has need of such an one and will add to his talents.

Does anyone desire parenthood for selfish motives? Then it is no wonder that the world is so largely peopled with inverted likenesses of God. Were the desire uppermost in the minds of prospective parents to give expression to a consciousness that shall be a happiness to itself and a blessing to the world, more upright God images would beautify our planet, and parenthood would be entered into only in response to the call of a divine voice.

Trustfully, faithfully, intelligently the divine monitions must be heeded for the fullness of expression of the Impersonal through the personal.

LOTTA P. CHENEY.

"Life Itself is Good."

ELIZABETH BOWLE.

Written for "THE LIFE."

THOSE who have Happiness (an intangible quality which to touch is to lose) have been heard to say that Happiness is given equally to all, differing only in form.

But this is not true.

There are many who do not know positive Happi-

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ness, and negative Happiness is not a fulfilling of life. Positive Happiness gives the excitation and interest necessary to a lived life. Life must be interesting to be alive.

Happiness is dependent largely on conditions, and conditions can be sometimes controlled, sometimes can not. But at the last, each one is very much the victim, or the toy, or the child of circumstance.

And it is better far, and finer, to own this.

Never shirk a truth. Never pretend.

You can be an optimist and yet never receive of the gods, Happiness. Or a pessimist and receive the gift, with joy. Happiness is health. Happiness is creative.

There are some strong souls who have missed Happiness—the Great Fulfillment—but who are strong and even keep sweet, because they have the strength to own: "Happiness is not mine," and to affirm: "Life is good. Great is Allah."

Such, Alas! are heavenly when their desire is to be earthly.

(Do not belittle Earth.

Earth is great, magnetic, seductive. Can it move, one of trillions and trillions of starry shapes, in space, and *not* be great, magnetic, seductive?)

Remember this, too, that nothing compensates for a loss.

Loss is loss.

You desire and need a rose and are given a book. The book is beautiful and fills a certain place—its own—but never the place the rose would have filled. That place goes unfilled. Thank the gods for the book—especially if it contain the Gospel of Work—but do not for a single moment pretend to them or to yourself that it is the rose.

(Or how could you be worthy, if later, they gave you a fragrant, golden-hearted Gloire?)

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But, know this, that to no one is life all loss. Therefore be glad.

Life itself is very good. And great is Allah.

The Anonymous Prayer.

I WISH to say in regard to the ten thousand prayer-letters that have been raining in from fearing people (like the coward who started the prayer) that this prayer you wish *forwarded* to "nine others"—making in all over ninety thousand for *me* to send—"without breaking the *chain*," is a travesty on your God, and a prayer Jesus would blush at with shame, were he now on earth!

My dear friends: If you wish to abide in perfect Protection have nothing to do with forwarding anonymous letters! Do not sell all you have to buy stamps to cater to such a superstition! If it is some "bishop," as stated in your anonymous communication, who has set this thing on foot, then let him come out like a man and tell who he is! If he is a convict, and wishes to redeem his life by good acts, we will forgive him and pity him. But let not the "bishop" be scared of his job on account of the action of France in turning down the Catholics, for the Irish are loyal, and love to confess to the visible human—which is so much more tangible than the Absolute, Universal Intelligence.

I have a prayer of my own I like better. I must have no priest or preacher or any other creature between me and The Infinite Powers to dictate anonymous prayers! This "chain" movement looks like that forbidden fear which can no longer have its little inquisition openly, yet yearns anonymously to scare weak people into it; into the old "chain-gang" net which bound men, and made them "swap prayers" as did Charlemagne of France and Pope Adrien, for each other's mutual benefit, but which resulted in a bloody

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war for the people's benefit.

The best and noblest thing you can do, is to break this chain. Break every shackle you can get your hands on! If you have a pretty desk like I have, with dragons' head incarved, you will enjoy seeing their snarl heighten visibly when such false mail-stuff is covering it Sphinx-like, until it is invading up to their very noses! C. J. B.

"Your 'An Interlude' is received. Now what I am going to do is to subscribe for THE LIFE, for one year. I have never seen a copy, and do not know whether I shall like it or not; but I like YOU so well that I feel sure. My soul knows there is some message from you to me; for, let me tell you, I have received from you something far more wonderful than the perfume of the Rose—it is a very vivid sense of upliftment, peace and security; and this occurs every time your life in any way crosses mine.

"Yours sincerely,

"MRS. G. DE BORGES, St. Louis, Mo."

It does seem a great pity that a long-suffering public must again have inflicted upon it the details of another Thaw trial. It would be a great blessing if the newspapers could be prevented from making any further mention of the matter. Already much harm has resulted from the publication of the disgusting stuff. How long, O Lord!

A little boy was taught the Lord's prayer and found it much to his taste. For a few days he kept it going with great faithfulness but then he announced to his mother in disgust: "I heard another fellow say that prayer to-day, mother. It's going to get all around town."—Fellowship.

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For The Children

FLOSSIE'S BIRTHDAY PICNIC.

H. V—A

FLOSSIE White was a dear little girl that I used to know, and I am going to tell you what happened the day she was nine years old. It was a lovely summer day, the tenth of June, if I remember rightly, and Flossie wanted to go down to the shore of the lake, —beautiful Lake Michigan—near which they lived, and have a picnic with her little brother Charlie and her playmate Hattie Burns. It is always a great treat to watch the white-winged ships sail over the blue waves, or look at the foaming breakers slowly creeping up and lashing the shore; and sometimes—and that was really the most fun of all—the shoes and stockings were taken off and the children waded in the clean white sand and quiet water near the shore. But Flossie and Charlie were never allowed to wade unless mama or papa was with them, and this bright sunny birthday, as they started off with their gay little basket of luncheon, Flossie never thought of wading. She only thought of how grand it was to be nine years old, and the privilege of having a picnic alone (without the older ones) seemed to her a sure sign that she was almost a young lady.

Charlie ran ahead, switching a little stick he called a cane, or stopping to play hide and seek by the trees they passed, while Flossie and Hattie chatted away like two magpies. Oh, they were *so* happy.

It really seemed as though the sun never had shone so brightly, and the clouds had never looked so lovely. They were like great white castles, or angels, or boats, or tiny doves with snow white wings. And the wind,

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too, seemed to remember that it was Flossie's birthday. It kissed their cheeks as softly as if it were a baby's breath. It frolicked with the leaves, and played with the flowers, and gambolled over the grass like a live thing.

Then the lake! Surely they had never seen such wonderful colors on its bosom. Away off to the east stretched a path of shining gold straight to the sun, with a thousand shining pathlets on either side, and as far over to the north, a delicate, whitish green line touched the deep blue of the sky with a faint quivering ripple. Nearer, with the white ships sailing in between, they could see patches of blue, dark green, and flecks of snowy white as though a baby cloud had fallen upon the bosom of its lake mother, for the lake has many cloud children floating about in the blue depts above her.

The happy hours flitted by all to quickly. Charlie made islands in the white sand, and played he was Robinson Crusoe. Flossie and Hattie built sand houses with wonderful lawns in front and splendid orchards at the back, and then visited each other and made calls upon Robinson Crusoe, until dinner time came and went, and they were thinking it time to go home. Just then something began to happen.

Hattie said she was warm, and the water looked so cool. "I'll tell you, Flossie, let's go in wading," she said suddenly. "It'll just be the thing to do on your birthday," and she commenced unbuttoning her shoes.

"Why, Hattie, we musn't. It would be wrong!" exclaimed Flossie. "Mama wouldn't like it."

"Oh she wouldn't care; 'specially now you're nine years old. She told us to have all the fun we could and be happy every minute, didn't she Charlie?" said Hattie, turning to him as she took off her last stocking.

"Course she did," blurted Robinson Crusoe.

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Hattie began to run about in the sand and plow it up with her toes. Flossie looked at the shining water and then down at the cool damp sand. It would be so nice to bathe their feet in these tiny ripples near the shore. Surely mama would not care for that.

While she was thinking all this, Hattie had unbuttoned the little brother's shoes. "Do hurry, Floss," she cried impatiently, noticing Flossie's 'lazy spell' as she called it.

"No, Hattie, I guess I musn't," replied Flossie rather faintly, looking again at the tempting water.

All at once Hattie heard a very decided voice saying, "Hattie, button that shoe right up again this minute. Charlie and I will *not* do it. I know it is not right. *No, we will not,*" and Flossie stamped her foot in the sand so hard, she nearly fell over.

Then the happy feelings all came back again, and the sunshine seemed as bright as it was before.

When Flossie told her mother about it that night she said it was the happiest birthday that had ever come to her.

A TRUE STORY.

AIMIE M. WOOD.

ONCE upon a time, in a far away country named Austria, there lived on the edge of a great forest, a little boy who, although only nine years old, earned every day a little sum of money by which he was able to take care of five younger brothers and sisters.

These six little children lived alone in a cottage beneath the shelter of a great spreading forest tree, for their parents had gone away, the little ones did not understand where! But Felix, the oldest little boy, often told the other children that although they could no longer see the forms of the father and mother, they

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were still beside them. So when Felix was in the great city, called Vienna, where he went every day to earn money, the children were never afraid, even when sometimes great storms came up, nor were they ever lonely. The oldest little girl who was seven, learned to keep the cottage in order and the children's play ground was the great forest and the grassy hillside where their cottage stood. So they lived happily and fearlessly and every morning Felix with a little old violin beneath his arm trudged away to the city returning at night with bread and sometimes an armful of many good things for the little family, according to the money he had earned.

One day however he had made only a few pennies by his playing. It was almost night and he was leaning faint and discouraged against a great stone pillar in the city. He was nearly ready to give up trying for that day when the thought came to him that his mother was near him and seemed saying words which had been the last he had heard her speak: "God will always provide for you Felix, *if you trust Him* and do right."

The words seemed spoken aloud and the boy looked around him. But there was only the hurrying crowd that had passed by him all day without noticing him or his playing. He knew then that it must have been the mother's voice speaking to his soul and he joyfully heard and recognized the message. He had lost sight of God and had depended upon his own effort of late, and so the pennies every day had been growing fewer and fewer. With a great wave of glad trust and faith filling his heart he prayed that the Father would not let him go home empty handed to the waiting children, and at that moment a stranger came near him and stood looking down upon him kindly.

"Let us hear you play, my lad," he said.

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Felix played a piece that his father had taught him—a beautiful piece it was, and Felix remembered that his father used to play it well.

"Who taught you to play, my lad?" asked the stranger.

"My father, sir. This violin was his."

The stranger took it from his hand, and there was heard such music as had never been heard on the streets of Vienna. A great throng quickly gathered and when at last he had struck the last chords, he gave the violin back to the astonished boy and taking off his own hat passed about through the crowd collecting more money than Felix had earned for six months past.

This he poured into the boy's hat while all the people clapped their hands. They waited hoping he would play more but he led Felix through the crowd away toward a quiet street and showed him the house where he lived.

"Come to me tomorrow my boy," he said "and I will give you a lesson. If I find you learn it well I will help you to become a great player." Felix rushed home with his treasure, only waiting to buy a great load of provisions which the little family so sorely needed. For since the boy had forgotten his mother's words they had been little by little coming to want. The long miles were soon passed by the boy who felt tired no longer and a great jubilee was held that night in the little home at the edge of the forest.

"We must never again forget that God will provide for us, *if we trust Him*," said Felix to his five brothers and sisters, and through all their lives afterward they remembered that night. For from that time they had plenty, never again forgetting to trust their heavenly Father and thank Him for his bounty.

The great violinist who had played for Felix on the streets of Vienna had recognized the boy's talent

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and you may be sure Felix learned his first lesson well. After that the stranger taught him and he became in course of time a great player. The name of this stranger, children, you must always remember, for he lived without a rival the first violinist in the world. That name is *Nicolo Paganini.* This story of him is a true one and well-known to all musicians.

The Fourth Lesson.

BY SARAH ELLIOT.

DEAR Mrs. Barton:—Your Lesson on Faith came a few days ago. I want to tell you, I never before understood what *faith* is! It has dawned on me bright and clear in this lesson. I have had many experiences in the way of taking possession of the substance of a problem mentally, but I did not know what I had, nor did I know how to account for the accompanying illumination at the time of the mental conception.

I must tell you the little experience I had after I read the first page of the lesson. I laid down the manuscript and closed my eyes. I saw in a mental image an Anchor set in red, yellow and green stones—the green predominating. As I looked there was a vibrating light and the word "*hope*" came suddenly into sight. I then continued to read the lesson with hope filling my heart, and the consciousness that hope must come before faith is possible. All my life I have thus taken hold of the substance of things, I am now sure, but like Samuel of old, I did not recognize the fact as I only met repulse from the people who warned me not to talk nonsense. I was infatuated with the study of mathematics. I would read over my problems and then reason them out after I went to bed; and when the solution came it was accompanied by a flash of white light. I did not like to figure, but lay direct

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hold of the solution. Is not that what you call grasping the substance?

It is the same in the science of Being. I can realize so clearly this Substance you write of so beautifully, in the abstract, but the words I find are weak, language fails, and I have no means to set forth my ideas. I am sometimes greatly lifted up, when I feel for hours as if I had taken a tonic,—I remember I had this experience when I was at your house. I could not account for it. I sometimes felt as if I were going to be drowned in my own emotions. I would rather be a materialist than a psychic. But I would rather be a true seer than a materialist. I am most happy in the perception of spiritual substance.

Ans:—Mrs. Elliot will be answered in the June number of THE LIFE. C. J. B.

The Old Thought and The New.

BY ELSIE D. DAVIS.

THE OLD.

WE HAVE passed through the brambles and the mire,
Whither away, without looking within,
Been purified like gold in the fire,
Committed what people call sin.

We've stumbled, persevered and endured,
Pressed on to be still beaten back,
When darkness life's pathway obscured
And no ray of light crossed its track.

When hope has been crushed and down-trod,
And love crushed like the rose for its attar
Realization of one-ness with God,
Will change the tide of destiny.

We grope, we toil and we pray

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Ever intent on earthly desire
We forget that by receptivity
We gain the life that is higher.

THE NEW.

When we rend Doubt's veil asunder,
When we eliminnte fear and ill,
Enter harmony, lightness of heart
And hope returns with a will.

With Faith as a guiding star;
Hope bids us ever onward to press,
Blessings are near us that seemed afar
'Tis the Soul's revolution—rest, Zeara.

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A Monthly Magazine of Christian Metaphysics

Edited and Published by A. P. Barton : C. J. Barton
Kansas City, Missouri



June, 1907 Vol. II; No. 5

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."—Shak

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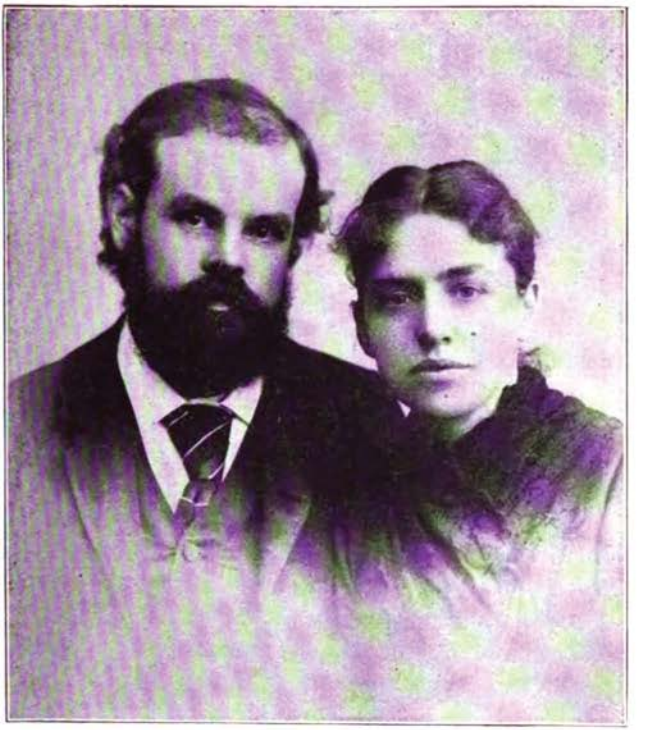
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$1.00 Per Year in N. America; 5s in Foreign Countries; in Advance

A. P. Barton—C. Josephine Barton, Editors and Publishers. Ralph Barton Staff Artist. Office 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter

The Will

II

I HAVE not quoted from other writers on the will for the reason that not many of them have said anything of value to my present purpose on the subject.

But I will take the liberty to examine what one distinguished author has said about the will, because he gives us a hint upon which we can proceed to build a thought germane to our aim.

Haven, in his Mental Philosophy, p. 420, says, "I understand, by the will, that power which the mind has of determining or deciding what it will do, and of putting forth volitions accordingly. The will is the *power* of doing this; willing is the exercise of the power; volition is the deed, the thing done. The will is but another name for the executive power of the mind.

"It must be borne in mind, of course as we proceed, that the will is nothing but the mind itself willing, or having power to will, and not something distinct from the mind, or even a part of the mind, as the handle and the blade are distinct parts of the knife."

In short, Bishop Haven recognized the will as the power of the mind to will; in other words, the will is the will!

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It is true that the will is a power of mind, and that the act of willing is the exercise of this power; but it is not true that the volition is the deed, the thing done. Volition and the act of willing are identical.

While it may be admitted that the will is the executive power of the mind, yet we can clearly see that it is more than that; it is the integral, inhering and inalienable prerogative of choice among actions, things and courses, belonging to the individual consciousness, and the power to enforce it.

It is not infallible, as it is directed by the understanding, or the desire, or an impulse of the individual, all of which may be at fault.

But I see something of value in Haven's analysis of an act of the will. He finds in it four elements, or stages:—

1. Something to be done.
2. A motive, or reason, impelling the act.
3. Choice, or the prerogative of doing or not doing the act, or of doing some other act in its place.
4. The act itself, or the consummation of the other three stages.

Let us illustrate: My lawn needs mowing and I have a mower in good condition to mow it with. This may exist without my taking cognizance of it at all, or even knowing it. This is already to be used in forming my motive, but has not yet become part of it.

Then I take notice of this fact; it is called up for my attention by observation or the word of some member of my family. I acquiesce, or agree that there is something needed to be done. There is beside the need, a motive. I desire exercise; I like to do such things. Here is a reason why I should do it.

Next, I am in an attitude now where I can ignore need, motive and reason and refuse to do it, let it go unmown or hire a man to do it for me. Here is where

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the act of willing, or volition, is exercised. At this point I appeal to my understanding. I have the prerogative to act even against reason and need and the desire of my wife. Here is where the sovereignty of will is asserted, and here is where responsibility attaches. If I am lazy and refuse to do it myself, or stingy and begrudge the price of hiring it done, or stubborn so as to disregard my wife's wishes about it, I exercise my power of volition, but am not wise in my choice. A penalty follows.

If I choose to hire it done, I may not choose wisely, for it may be better for me that I do it myself. Or, if I choose to do it myself, I may choose wrongly; for there may be appealing to me a poor man who is out of work and whose family is in need of the price of the job, and I would do better to give him the work and take a walk for my needed exercise.

You see, I must appeal to both my desire and reason, or the sense of right, for a motive. And in this I may be misguided.

Lastly, comes the act itself. I do it, hire it done, or leave it undone, according to my choice, or will. If my wife were to compel me to do it, it would be a case of "not my will, but thine, be done."

By this homely illustration or parable, you can readily see the nature of a simple act of the will.

Now let us go a step further. Suppose there is a difficulty in the way of my performance of the deed. Suppose I am told that I must not do it, or my lawn mower is out of repair, or I have none and cannot borrow one, or the grass is full of stumps or stones. Then I must draw my simple act of volition out into determination, force of purpose and courage.

This is the attitude of will that makes a way. It reaches down and brings up by the hair of the head the hidden resources of human nature. These are in-

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exhaustible. Hence it is almost literally true that where there is a will, there is a way—if not ready made, then *to be made*.

The "I can'ts" of humanity have set the limits to our achievements. They are slaps in the face of will; they deny power and yield, almost always, to what is not invincible.

When the will is backed by sound judgment and righteous motives, it should be invincible, and I believe may be so.

In the study and application of the principles of Mental Science we have developed something new about the will. It is this: At the crucial points in life where most men become discouraged, we find the stronger reason and motive for greater courage and stronger force of action. When these crises come, instead of saying with the majority, "Things have grown so bad that I am utterly cast down and discouraged," we, like Massena when the battle began to go against him, arouse ourselves, stir up new courage and power and "put on victory as a robe."

It is really the right time to do it. When the enemy is the nearest is the time to strike the most effective blows.

So I say to those who are being healed, when others would say, "I am worse; I will give up," you must say, "This is my opportunity. I will now arise in the power of my spiritual might and overcome. I now use the seeming stumbling-block as a stepping stone and upon it rise to a plane of higher attainment and greater immunity from trouble."

"There are men," says Emerson, "who rise refreshed upon hearing a threat; men to whom a crises which intimidates and paralyzes the majority, comes graceful and beloved as a bride."

What constitutes the difference between such men

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and women—for women have greater fortitude, if not courage, than men—and the majority? It is what has been called courage of conviction joined with an indomitable will.

Are such heroes born? or can they be made? Can you take a coward and make a brave man out of him?

It is all very pleasant to talk about the will, and what it may do, and how lovely it is to be brave and immovable in advocacy of what we believe to be the right. "But," you say, "suppose I am a born coward and have naturally developed no force of will at all, and, in fact, very little power of choice. What can you do for me? It is not very profitable for me to sit down and admire and extol those who were born brave and forceful, when I know I was not, and cannot help myself."

That is a very sensible thing for you to say. I must give you credit, at least, for having good common sense; so I believe you can and will profit by my next lesson, which will be on, How to Develop the Power of Will, and, with it, courage, or the courage of your convictions. I believe it can be done. Else, how will you account for the fact that the veriest craven in seeming will become a ferocious combatant *when you hem him so that he cannot run?* Why is it that a weakling naturally will be brave and daring and forcible in will for a short time upon hearing a stirring piece of music, listening to a great speech or reading the history of a daring, forcible genius? If daring and force can be aroused impulsively in one who is habitually the contrary, why may they not be *educated and developed permanently* in the person? Does not the fact of the capacity of temporary bravery and force of will prove that there is a seed, a germ, there which may be made to sprout and grow until it is the dominant characteristic of the person? Let us learn how.

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I shall, in my next article on The Will, endeavor to give a lesson on this subject that will be practical and of vast value to our readers.

In order to understand and make a practical application of my next lesson, you should thoroughly understand this one and the one preceding it—especially this one.

It will do you all good to study abstract subjects, such as this lesson deals with. It is an excellent mental discipline for the mind to study itself. It enables one to control his thinking and gives him power and skill in both analysis and synthesis, the foundation stones of logic. I shall, however, endeavor to make the next lesson so simple that a little child can understand it.

The Trail of Gruesome Sex.

C. J. B.

IN THE "Sins of Sex," Will Winn says some tender things about the sins and sorrows of the woman Magdalene, and offsets the gruesome picture by contrasting the charity and kindly compassion shown her by the sinless though sorrowing man Christ.

Now I would like to see some beneficent soul step to the front and show charity to the fallen man, who, in his sorrow for his sin, is forgiven and commiserated and redeemed.

"Silent with weeping, scourged with thronged scorn,
Blinded, dazed, *he* dared not hope the morn
Of charity would ever be.
But list! While yet upon *his* lips the plea
Still quivers, God the Lover whispers low:—
'Jesus waits for thee. Arise and go.'

"The Master and the Sinner face to face
Exchange one look. They saw him stoop and place
His hand upon *his* head. The Nazarine
Had seen the soul of *Henry* Magdalene."

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The strongest contrast reveals the opposite thing most clearly. All down the ages women have occasionally been numbered with the heroic souls of earth, and revered. But that woman is yet to appear who will unmolested come a Christ. There is a foreboding objection at present looming up against Mrs. Eddy's claim. How dare *any* but men claim *anything* but the Magdalene title of weakness and sin!

Mr. Quimby may not have seen the importance of placing spiritual truths before the world, as Mary Baker did see, Mary the Magdalene, the sinner, and Mr. Quimby the Christ, the sinless! Is it any wonder Mary caught at the higher truth he *felt*, but did not *see!*

Jesus was a Seer; he knew that what was in the soul of Mary *recognized*, was also in the souls of most of the John Henrys present, *unrecognized*. And that is why he stooped and wrote upon the ground.

In this universe, there is nothing so sweet or dear, so desirable or imperative as the naked truth. The devotee to matchless adorable Verity asks for nothing more—knowing it is the Fount of all inspiration, the Source of all real knowledge, the Luminary from whence springs every *original idea*. Truth makes those who know it free, free from any cumbrous notions about the theme in question.

In the Truth of Being, we are calm and steadfast, while the inquiring world is taking up names, and identifying the numbers of men and of beasts. Let the facts be known. Let every trailing subterfuge be tested,—weighed in the Balance. It is the timely and just fulfilling of law already set in operation. But when names and numbers have been woven into judgment of the phenomenal, and deductions have been drawn, it is well to know that no judgment can be true of truth itself that is contrary to truth, toward which

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the lover of verity ever looks, through and past the phenomenal. TRUTH Herself is the same eternal, omnipotent, immovable Principle it has ever been and shall forever be. SCIENCE (both natural and spiritual) is founded in TRUTH and is likewise steadfast, eternal, unimpeachable.

Call For Convention.

I, M. F. Knox, as president of the Mental Science College Educational Association, do hereby call a convention of this association to meet in Bryn Mawr, Wash., June 27, 28 and 29, 1907, for a three days' session. All who desire to come and bring their tents can tent upon the college grounds, where the business of the convention will be transacted, and all who desire to remain can camp there during the eighth annual term of college during the months of July and August, 1907. All Mental Scientists and New Thought people everywhere are specially invited to be with us and take part in the convention. There is room for thousands to assemble upon this most beautiful spot on the lake shore front. Let us hear from the thousands. Nettie E. Knowles, Secretary. M. F. Knox, President.

Key-Notes.

(Silent hours, 6 to 7 a. m., 7 to 8 p. m. All please join us.)

FOR JUNE.

THE law of righteousness prevails in me and my affairs and has dominion over all my ways. To this law do I adhere always and abide in perfect confidence of victory thru it.

FOR JULY.

JUSTICE, mercy, decency and love fill my mind and soul and grow forth in all my words and deeds to bless those with whom I associate and all who have dealings with me. I bless and condemn not.

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Meditations

By Maxton

THE last fear from which the world is to be emancipated is the fear of man. We may chase all devils from our thoughts; we may eject the last skeleton from our closets;we may effectually,and finally put aside the terrors of an imaginary and despotic monster called God;we may learn that the highest power in the universe is the most beneficent; we may cajole ourselves with the pleasing philosophy that holds our own powers supreme in all our struggles for truth, honor and right; we may prove to our own satisfaction that we have nothing to fear,—and still there is a lingering dread of the cunning, the treachery, the cruelty of our own race.

***

Nor is this dread that so persistently clings to us altogether irrational. Indeed, it is the most rational and justifiable of all the fears that have ever enthralled the soul of man. Of all the beasts of prey that have contended for the mastery of the earth man has shown himself the most voracious. From the inception of human history the most dangerous and persistent enemy of the human family has been man. Cruelty, murder, rapine, treachery, assassination, torture, and words of kindred meaning have all derived their terrible significance from deeds which man has perpetrated upon his kind. As a child, beaten to exhaustion by Solomon's rod in a parent's hand, finally sleeps a troubled sleep, and convulsively starts when the memory of the parental cruelty returns in its dreams, so the soul of man, in these latter days, has rested from the rack of human cruelty, and sleeps. But the slumber

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is not altogether peaceful. There are dreams that bring back the old master with his terrible instruments of torture. The world is yet held in a death-grip by the fear of man.

***

The ingenuity and resources of nations are taxed to the utmost to build powerful navies and equip and maintain vast armies of soldiery, and this strenuous preparation is for no other purpose than to prey upon the weak or to defend life, liberty, and possessions against the attacks of the strong. The modern theory of civilization is that immunity from the ravages of war and the domination of cruelty can be attained only by inspiring ravenous man with fear through a formidable array of warlike equipment. Man's dread of man still clings to him, and is a potent factor, in determining his attitude in every relation of life. This fear not only leads nations to perfect the most destructive engines of war, but it also leads them to make strong the vaults for the greater security of wealth, and build high the prison walls to incarcerate his dangerous fellows. Bailiffs, courts, and prisons owe their existence to the fact, universally recognized, that there is still in man an element which must be watched and kept in check. The city wall and castle moat with drawbridge are obsolete, not because the predatory nature of man has been eradicated by culture or a higher development; but because a better method of resisting it has been found.

***

It is not only the stranger on the highway that is to be dreaded. Treachery in the home, conspiracy of supposed friends, the deceitful machinations of friendly rivals, must still be counted the chief sources of the bitterness of life. We need not seek far to find this fact verified. As I write these lines, I am reminded

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of two examples noted in the daily papers of to-day. One comes from a neighboring town. A wife shot to death her husband, because, according to her statement, she feared violence at his hands. Another comes from the metropolis of the far West. A carpenter, bearing a good name, actuated by a fear that his companions in the household where he dwelt, might kill and rob him of his hard-earned wages, in a moment of mad frenzy snuffed out six lives.

* * *

Now there is no doubt that fear itself is the active agent in many of the wrongs that weak people have to suffer. While man's fear of man is not without good and sufficient reason, still it tends to aggravate and augment the real danger. The fact that we know there is reason to dread the cunning of our fellows tends to throw us into an attitude that is productive of hostility even where none would otherwise exist. If you flee from the hyena, he will follow you and drag you down and devour you. If you boldly face him, you can chase him to his den with impunity. There is a good deal of the hyena in human nature. Few criminals are able to stand the undaunted front of fearless honor; but the parade of police protection always results in an increase of crime. The lowest percentage of crime is in places where the policeman's shadow never falls.

* * *

Fear is the greatest weight that the world carries to-day, as it was in the day when the good shepherd said to his followers, "Fear not, little flock." This behest should be heard and heeded to-day. There is much reason for it. Fear weakens and disorganizes. O, man, why do you quake with the fear of man? If you knew enough to rise up and breathe the breath of true freedom, your chains would fall off, and the human hyenas would shun your pathway. Try it.

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For The Children

SOME STORIES ABOUT JESUS.

WE HAVE in our New Testament four histories of the life of Jesus. These histories were written by four of his disciples, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. "Disciple" means learner or pupil. You know Jesus had twelve of these pupils who went about with him after he began to teach publicly and learned his beautiful gospel so they could teach it to others when they became apostles or evangelists. Paul was an apostle but not a disciple.

These four histories of Jesus are very much alike. They give in the main the same stories and incidents in the life of the great Master.

Now when the church councils, many years ago, selected the writings that make up our New Testament, they found other stories of Jesus which they did not like; so they left them out.

We have often wondered why we have nothing in our New Testament about the life of Jesus from the time he was twelve years old to the time he began to teach and work miracles when about thirty years of age. And we have very little about him from the time of his infancy to the age of twelve.

I have an old book said to have been written by Nicodemus which gives many stories about him which are not in our Bible. Nicodemus, you know, was the man who came to Jesus one night to ask questions, as told in the third chapter of John's gospel. He came to him at night because he was a Jewish officer and was ashamed to have people see him with the humble teacher.

In this writing we find some quaint and funny

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stories about the boy Jesus. Here are some of them.

While Joseph and Mary, his father and mother, had him down in Egypt—you know they went to Egypt soon after Jesus was born to avoid the persecutions of Herod—the women would come to Mary and get the water in which she bathed her baby and sprinkle it over their own babies when they would be sick and they would be immediately healed.

He used to play down by a brook after they returned to Judea. His mother had told him not to play down there as she was afraid he would fall in. One day he went down there and made some birds out of mud and set them in a row along the bank of the stream. About the time he had them finished, he heard his mother coming and immediately caused the mud birds to come to life and fly away.

He always had the power to do strange things and the other boys in the neighborhood were afraid of him. One day he went out to play with several other boys about his own age and they ran away from him, going to the house of a nearby neighbor. The woman of the house concealed them in a back room. Jesus came up and asked the woman if she had the boys in her house. She said no, they were not there. But the boys could not keep still—boys never can, you know. They were romping and playing so that Jesus heard them. He said to the woman, "What is that noise I hear in your back room?" She replied, "That is only some kids (young goats) which I have there." Then Jesus called out in a loud voice, "Come forth, kids." And the boys were all at once changed into young goats and came scampering out, bleating and running about the yard. The woman then began to beg the boy Jesus to change them back to boys, which he did. Is this why we call boys kids now?

Joseph, his father, was a carpenter, but not a very

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good one. Much of his work was awkwardly done. Jesus learned the trade when he was older and worked with him.

Once Joseph got an order from Herod the King to make him a throne. It was a big job and Joseph was to receive a large sum for it.

It was to be made so as to fit into a niche in the side of the palace and it was very important that it should be a good fit. But when he got it done and tried it in the niche he found he had made it a little too narrow. He was in despair about it, for Herod would not accept the work nor pay for it as it was. He went home and told Mary and Jesus about it. Jesus said he would go and see it the next day. He did, and by a word caused the throne to expand so as to exactly fit in its place.

Many other stories are told in this old writing about the wonderful boy. They may be true and may not.

We have no account in our Bible of Jesus ever having written anything. This old book gives a letter which he wrote to a certain king in answer to one the king had written him. Both letters are given.

I like to think of Jesus as human like other people, and not as a god. He seems nearer to us. He never claimed to be more than human. He said we must be and do like him. This would be impossible if he were a god to be worshipped.

Now here is a pretty story about "wishes," by Alice V. L. Carrick.

"Frank has a watch." This sounds to you like only a sentence from the First Reader, but really it was a whole story, and a very sad one, too, to the small boy who was saying it over and over to himself. For Frank, who lived just across the way from Johnny, was no older than he was, and yet, there, ticking away in

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his jacket pocket, was a fat silver watch, a wonderful thing, to be dragged out and consulted and dangled before his playmates' admiring eyes.

"But I can't have one yet, father said so. Not till I'm twelve, anyhow. Three whole years!" Johnny thought sadly. "And Uncle Charles said, 'If wishes were horses, beggars would ride, my boy.' I'm sick of that old thing!"

And then because, I suppose, there are no fairies now except thought fairies, good and clever ideas that pop into our minds and show us the easiest paths, one of them whispered and kept whispering the rest of the rime in his mind:

If turnips were watches
I'd wear one by my side.

And it talked to him until Johnny thought and thought, and then jumped up with a whoop that sent the cat flying in terror from her door-step doze.

"Why shouldn't turnips be watches?" he cried. "I've my own garden that father gave me last year and I'll plant the seed and raise a whole lot of turnips and sell them at the market."

He ran off to tell his mother, and she, like all mothers, was as pleased as he was, and thought of other seeds for him to sow—radishes, lettuce, cucumbers, summer squash and great golden pumpkins.

There never was a garden more carefully tended than this. All day long the sun seemed to shine there as if to make the crops hurry and grow. Johnny worked early and late, tying up his bunches of radishes for market, weeding and thinning out the turnips so that they would have room to grow large and round and white. And in the autumn, when the last of the heavy yellow pumpkins was sent to the shop and Johnny counted up his gains, there was enough for a round, fat watch like Franks, and still more wonderful, for a

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chain held it in its place and made its owner the envy of the neighborhood.

And now, whenever Johnny takes it lovingly from his pocket to look at the time, and as it lies under his pillow at night, it seems to be always ticking away the same thing:

If wishes were horses
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches
I'd wear one by my side.

And turnips were, so Johnny says.

Dear Mrs. Barton:—"Your dear letter of Apr. 31st, rec'd. My daughter is much better to-day. I am no longer afraid, now, that you have the case in hand. I do not believe in drugs. I have faith in the power of your words. After you took charge of *me*, when I was in a dying condition, I did not take another dose of medicine, and I have never tasted it from that day to this. I am better in health than before. O the dismal days of those who lean on drugs!"—ANNIE S. POWELL.

"How can I thank you for the beautiful book, *An Interlude*. It is a dream. I have put it away for the first beautiful spring day reading. My family have just read it, but I have not let them spoil the reading for me by telling me of it. They are enthusiastic over it."—FRANCES L. DUSENBERRY, of The Purdy Publishing Co., Chicago.

Do It Now.

PLEASE send along those new names, two new ones and your own renewal for one year for $1.50. *Do it now.* Don't wait. It is a good thing to do, good for us, good for the new subscribers, good for you. A goodly number of our friends have already taken advantage of this liberal proposition. It is your privilege to do so now. Please let us hear from you *now*.

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The Little Lesson

BY C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

"In struggling with misfortune lies the proof
Of virtue."—Shak.

IN RESPONSE to the kind inquiry of many of our friends, since the burning of the University Building, Kansas City, I will tell you about the big conflagration. Ethel (our daughter) and her husband, Louis Klein who had their studios there, were staying with us during Mr. Barton's absence in Cuba, and were not present when the building burned, when her grand piano, together with five others, from floors above went down with all the floors swagging to the bottom, as if let down in a fiery net. We wondered how so many of the pianos could gravitate together amid the smoke and flame. But we *thought*, "birds of a feather," perhaps, as the pianos lay flocked together.

There were about thirty-five musicians in the building, all more or less the pets and pride of the city, for the mucleus of its musical talent was lodged there. The Kansas City people are the biggest-hearted people on earth. They insisted upon a benefit fund. Ethel and Louis at first demurred, but the *musician's* time had come to *listen* to the *city*.

A large concourse of people met yesterday evening at the Convention Hall, "to help the fire losers." The Program was fine and the crowd appreciative. A. E. Stilwell (always *still well*) addressed the big audience. A. E. Stilwell is a Christian Scientist, as well as Railroad Magnate.

"This great audience is just another evidence of the great Kansas City spirit. There's nothing like it anywhere and Kansas City is at her best on occaisons

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of this character."

(I quote from the newspaper) "The foregoing words were spoken by A. E. Stilwell as he addressed the large audience that attended the public benefit for the sufferers from the University Building fire, in convention last night. The committee in charge estimated that the fund had already reached $5000."

Ethel and I, for the first time this spring, had gone down town together shopping. When some one told us about the fire, Ethel wished to go to see it, and I said, "*If you will keep calm*, you may go." And her reply was, as she gave me a self-confident look, "Mama, *you know I'll be calm!*" Then I named the fire "*blessing*" and waited. But there were so many puffing fire-engines, so many people, and the fire-men were so rushing about, I went to bring her away, knowing she could not get near the building. I met her coming—and sure enough she was calm and amiable-looking as if she had come out of the theater. The picture presented by the smoke and flame was grand and awful. The sheet of smoke reached up to the zenith, and in the few minutes we waited there, I got but one view of the burning building when the breeze lifted the smoke an instant, showing streams from hose in every direction.

One of the most thrilling rescues made during the fire, was that of Miss Banes, who was taken from her studio on the fifth floor by a fireman. She appeared at the window, while volumes of smoke poured forth out of the windows below. She had been cut off from the stairways and elevators. She did not know that anything was wrong until she smelled the smoke, and by that time most of the occupants had left or been saved from the building. Her own room was almost free from smoke at the time and she closed the door, put on her hat and coat, took up her pocket-book,

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went to the hydrant and turned it on to wet her handkerchief. Then she opened wide her windows and waved her hands to the people who were hurrying up the street. She showed no excitement. Smoke to her left, clouds to her right and ugly little puffs from the windows below; still the young woman moved her hand steadily up and down. A crowd had gathered. Cheers of encouragement continued, as one by one the windows burst forth in clouds of smoke. Once she seemed to say "Shall I jump?" and the men waved her back. Thinking they meant for her to try some other window, she disappeared a moment, then re-appeared and shook her head. Finally the firemen got their apparatus into shape. "My God, if they will only reach her in time," was the common outcry. The *Scientists* present kept saying, "They will, they will." The young woman seemed to be watching the progress below. Often she was obscured by the smoke. When they did catch a glimpse of her she was holding her white handkerchief to her lips and now with her other hand was calmly waving her pocket-book.

Presently through the clouds of smoke the crowd caught sight of a red ladder, which was gradually being hoisted into shape and cheer after cheer went up. Up this ladder there scrambled a red-helmeted fireman. Sometimes he was lost sight of; but from the time *Charles Braun*, the fireman, was on the ladders, until he reached safety with his burden, there was never a pause in the cheering. When they sent up the compier (attachment ladder) she reached after it, and securely adjusted the hooks in the window-sill. It did not touch the main ladder by about three feet. But the young man gallantly reached her, placed her foot on the ladder rung, and when next seen behind the smoke she was on the fireman's back, her arms clinging on his shoulders. Once he was seen giving her something to

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apply to her mouth as they descended. Once she was noticed, girl-like to adjust her skirts. During the entire time she displayed wonderful fortitude and presence of mind.

It was this Mr. Braun who said, when others were going to the Convention Hall:—"No, I won't attend the benefit to-night," (He was on duty at Station No. 1) "I don't want to appear there. There were a dozen other firemen who did as honest work as I did. The men who were at work on the lines of hose are just as praise-worthy, as I am and the others who helped persons from the burning building. A whole lot of people have the wrong idea about us firemen. They seem to think we have ambitions to become heroes. But we're paid for our work and it's a part of our duty to do just what we did at the fire."

Among the heroic, there was none more worthy of praise and admiration than the *Elevator boy*, a slender, good-looking youth of 16. When the fire was filling his elevator with smoke he kept right on running it up and down after passengers until forced by the firemen to leave it. He would take on all the elevator would carry, and then speak encouraging words to those who were frightened, and assure those he could not take on that he would return and get them all; and so he made eight trips, saved nearly fifty lives, and then deliberately ran the elevator to the top of the building (as there were a few there who could conduct the elevator themselves) stationed it there for any that might be left, and then climbed down the fire-escape.

Yesterday evening when Mr. Stilwell presented this youth to the audience, Convention Hall rang with cheers.

"Here's a boy who deserves every word of praise he has received, and more. I am appointed to present to him something in the way of a reward for his fear-

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less services."

Then Mr. Stilwell gave Louis Hickok $50 in gold from popular subscription, a gold watch from W. A. Rule, the owner of the building, a scholarship at the Columbia Business College of Grinnell, Ia., the gifts of other friends.

"Now I'm told that no provision has been made to take care of the current expenses at the Iowa school," continued Mr. Stilwell, "I will see that his expenses are paid."

Louis was popular before, with his customers, and many knew how he had longed for an education. Numbers had become interested enough to lend him useful books. I would like to tell you more of the good results that developed, proving that even apparent disaster may be turned into profitable account by brave effort, and by an understanding use of the Word of Truth.

The Fourth Lesson

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

An answer to S. Elliott—page 204 of THE LIFE for May, '07.

THE closing of last century ushered in a wonderful change in the minds of people. That leaven is at work in almost the whole world, consciously and purposely, or unconsciously.

Not only the Eastern People have pondered the question, "Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?" That query has ever developed in the heart of him who travels far enough up "the ringing grooves of *change*", change in matter and soul, to find the Substance Real in Spirit.

It begins to become active at the awakening of consciousness, the dawn of the knowledge of evil.

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Hence all peoples at that stage of development ask "To whom shall we sacrifice?" feeling the need of atonement, and blindly seeking it through material ransom. But this is natural, since the sweet human first opens its eyes on the things of sense-perception.

First, man looks through a vista of *materialistic* concepts, where he must have a *tangible calf* to direct his worshipful thought—though "Earth's full of Heaven, And every bush afire with God," to the one who understands.

Second, he steps higher. He is more advanced though not more sure. His soul looks through a mental vista and beholds *mental images.* Half asleep, he sees fleeting visions—coy, coquettish, evanescent creatures—children of the Fantasy. Formulations that have shape, color, place. The "clairvoyant" is elated and looks again. He sees again. But let him not waste time. Let him use his imaging-power intelligently. Psychic visions are not more than suggestions of mental possibilities. Set no more store by them than they stand for. The Psychic realm is a gymnasium for the Fantasy.

The body sees as with *flesh* eyes. The soul sees with *mental* eyes, and the spirit, the Individual, sees with its *Mind*, its Spirit, Original Truths. First Truths when discerned by the Individual Mind are naked. They are disassociated from matter. They are seen independent of material phenomena. One has to rise to that plane of spiritual discernment before he can perceive That Substance *and have faith.*

Most of the great leaders in the world have been first materialists, then psychists, then Spiritualists. (I do not mean spiritualists in the ordinary way.) I mean Spiritual Adepts. Graduates of The Home School. Individualized souls, with their New Names.

Imagination has clothed the material plane in pur-

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ple, emerald and rose. It has colored the rainbow and arched it in the heavens. It has charmed the electric-wave and subtle ether-fabric and woven in silk and gold and ermine the flower-calyx and corolla. It has linked the silver strands of sunshine about its ether-prismed and precious-stone eccentricities of hue. What hath not the imagination of man achieved! Wait on *Realization*, and you will have your answer.

The *soul* has higher graces, finer beauties, more exquisite music, aromas, loves, poetry, worship, ambition. The thrill of touch, the gladness of each delight, unimpeded rapture. It is a nice thing to employ both the bodily and the soul-powers for all they are worth. Every conversion from the old to the new is a new centre of equilibrium formed. A new base. An advancement. So do not stop on the psychic plane, no more than on the physical. Elevate both—transform soul and body. Bring them with all their natural graces and adorable charms, along with you *into illumination*.

And so lay hold of The Substance with your hands, your soul, your Understanding. Be wholly glorified by it.

Do You Need Help?

WE GIVE treatments successfully both presently and absently. Full instructions are given those whom we treat for self help and co-operation with us. Regular times are set for treatments each day and regularly observed by us. Our success in all sorts of troubles has been phenomenal. Write us all about it and get relief. You are sure to do so if you follow instructions.

A. P. BARTON,
C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

Don't neglect paying up your subscription. It is important. We cannot do business on good intentions. Our creditors will not accept them in payment of bills. They insist on the cash. Let us hear from all of you who are behind *now*. Do not postpone the matter longer, please.

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Hope.

BY SWEET WILLIAM.

HOPE is a steel-ribbed anchor
That helps men stand and endure
The impending ills that quail
At the healing-*thought* of *cure*.

Joy has he goodly pleasures,
Chairty, reward and praise;
Hope buoys the soul above all
The billows of false ways.

A helpful Ray of Comfort
Like an Agel of the Day
Hope's white wings softly bridge
All the chasms on our way.

The heart thrills, pulses quicken
As from a powerful balm;
Hope lightens poverty's chains
And to anxious thought brings calm.

Hope is a seedling green-tree
Ever springing in the heart;
For healing of the nations
To evanish every smart.

A cup of New Life flowing
From Elohim—The Pow'rs All—
To revive, retone, promote
And rejuvinate the soul.

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In League With Law

BY C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

"It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet."—EMERSON.

MAN is bodily an orderly drift of THOUGHTS wrought into form. Individually, he is Orderly Knowledge wrought into an organization. Life, Truth, Love, brought together into *one*; INDIVIDUALIZED for convenience, that he may do organized work.

Man cannot be God-like except in this way—by soul-training *into* the likeness of the Organized Drift—the *Individual*. You cannot think of that which is *without limit* and escape putting around it a limiting line. In your Mind you conceive God as limitless; while in your soul you put a circumference round Elohim, and *worship your Ideal* instead of God. Are you sorry you cannot see God?

No, because to look upon God you could not live—for the *reason* the real God would then vanish within you, and no longer be—hence *you* could not be. Since God is intangible, invisible, you are safe—safe because your Source *is Boundless*.

A colored man said in court trial, "Mass Jedge—I—I didn' *know* that was agin de law, else I nevah would 'a done it. Ef you'll please skuse me dis time, I'll be mo keerful, Jedge!"

But the judge could not excuse crime on account of ignorance! Neither does Infinite Law excuse any one. Nor will it excuse a breach of the Law because one is *innocent* of Law. Babes are not exempt! Every jot and tittle must be paid in, before one is savingly in league with the Law.

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It is because human creatures are dealing with PERFECT PRINCIPLE. Were Infinite Principle anything short of perfection, then we might bring in our plea of ignorance or innocence or unaccountability.

The invalid who has been saying, "let this cup pass from me" should change his words and say, "now I will pass from this bitter cup. I will overcome. I will rise above the plane of progress where such things are possible." When evil presents itself, you should look to see how it could get to you. Some doorway has been left ajar, and stray thoughts have fallen across your threshold.

The common *ether* which fills the air everywhere, is a finer substance than atmosphere. It is the medium through which the wireless telephone acts. It may be the medium through which error thoughts from other people travel with their personal eminations. Since error is *not organized*, but roams at random, all other mentalities in its passage that it finds unsystematized in their thinking every day, may be open to its invasions. One who has arranged his THOUGHTS, has his lights trimmed and burning, finds himself inwardly saying "No, no," to adverse thought-suggestions that intermittently present themselves for acceptance.

An unpleasant impression comes over you, and you wonder what caused it. You say "No" to it and it may pass by, and you forget it. You are troubled no more by it. Or if in the least encouraged, it may reappear and wait at your closed door. But when you say "No," understandingly, it will depart, perhaps not to return. But the one who has not set his house in order, leaves it disarranged, with doors open, may, before he is aware, be encouraging and indulging the stray thought as if it were his own.

One not in league with Perfect Law, has harder battles to fight. One in league with the Law knows

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how to reject the soul-emanations of erring people, he removes all their lines from his NUMBER. This is important, because all the true ideals we form every day re-act upon us, and form us, drift us logically together, purposely rectify our particles, so that we become proper vehicles for the power of right THOUGHT to do its work.

The soul wants to be like the Stars that shed their rays over abysmal areas as genially as on the reflecting plane, and not refuse to shine without special recompense, for,

An inharmonious ideal once formed, sheds its quality upon all those who may be passive to it. It is thus such thought finds lodgment in the innocent, the babes, the good and pious of earth, as well as the unaccountable,—all who have not yet put themselves in league with the *Law* of the Powers that Be.

"I would like to have this question answered in the next Number of THE LIFE, if you can," writes a good woman whose husband has recently been promoted to the next Higher Grade of LIFE SCHOOL. In the lonliness of her heart she says:—"I am at present keeping house for a man who lost his wife about four months ago, and there were left three little children. The mother was young and in perfect health. (I think the doctor and nurses killed her!) The babe was eight days old. *Why is it* that those who are of so much use here have to be taken away, while others who are of no use to themselves or any body else, can live on and on? She was always helping others—indeed she was too good to other people."—Mrs. W. B. G.

Answer: If we had the Jehovah of the old theology to deal with, then the easy reply would be, because he is either unjust, negligent, in his dotage, absent-minded or, at war with other nations and too preoccupied

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to attend to individual cases.

But we have not only to understand the subtile Law of Cause and effect, and know enough of the complicated reasons involved, but we must come into accord—get in league with the Law—before we can arrive at an intelligent understanding of the reason of such conditions—why the innocent must suffer as the guilty.

The little babies that contract sinner's diseases are as subject to the Law as the oldest culprit, and may suffer as much. Innocence of guilt does not preclude the innocent from such experiences.

And the remedy is not in begging prayers. Pleading to God to get him to change his Laws, or to wink at deficits, or look over or blot out transgressions, and remember them no more, is vain!

Fortunately, there is something that can set people free, even when they have been wrongly influenced and are reflecting error. That thing is, they must be brought into harmony with Divine Law. When a soul finds out the *Truth* of Being—knows it—it makes him free. Then ignorance of the Truth of Being is the worst kind of condition!

We all know now that messages can be sent across the ocean where no wires are stretched. Wireless telegraphy is accomplished by means of electrical vibrations, which radiate out from the transmitter antenna, which is keyed, so that the discharges of the positive and negative charges sends a little spark which is subject to the key. The waves go forth through the ether, and regardless of wind and weather they penetrate all substances *which are not conductors*, and speed onward in ever *widening waves* fast as light, until they arrive at their destination. Number 1000 on the Atlantic shore, will cross the ocean to reach and unite with the 1000 on the shores of Great Britain, to

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complete the *Circuit of Unity*.

All the pain, the wrong, the despair that has appeared in this world, is the lawful result of wrong thinking. The one in trouble may be innocent. Many a child suffers because he submits to unwary thought-currents afloat in the world. When an error is committed, all mentalities unarmed with truth, *not truth's conductors*, are subject more or less to its influence. And while to those innocent of the Law it would be a mystery why such things are allowed to exist, those who have become acquainted with the Law know that everything occurs under the Law, and conditions are always the best they can be *under existing circumstances*.

Circumstances, then must be changed, *new causes set in operation*, causes that harmonize with Perfect Law, before we can make results what we desire them to be. False lines of thought, must be counteracted by true ones. The mind that is under a cloud must be assisted to come into understanding. One who knows, may impart his knowledge to another. But that other must come to see and know for himself.

The late frost bit some of my flower-buds. They were under the law, and would have failed, if I had not set *new causes* in operation. But if I had not known how to treat flowers to prevent their permanent injury, they could not have been saved. They must succumb to the frost. But knowing, I simply turned the hose on them, and the frost fled into the earth, and the flowers were saved.

The right word spoken in season, if received as the flowers received the water, without question, will drive away adverse conditions in like manner, and Perfect Nature will be in control.

Even if the false gods are not deaf, dumb, imbecile, powerless, it is not the business of any god to do the work that is man's. No god could hear such

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prayers, nor heed your broken-hearted cries, nor save the beloved ones!

Sometimes good people are too busy, too preoccupied with making a living to give proper thought to the things of the Law, they think. Then adverse thoughts may enter like a wave of ill. Though an invisible element, it is more forcible in its effect, if entertained, than a blow on the body. For that may produce a local bruise while the whole nerve-system will be subject to a shock.

God is not a "god of battles." God never sends affliction, never wants to hurt man, never ignores the cry of tender hearts. Yet even God is subject to the PERFECT LAW, and cannot set it aside. The more of the Law of God we understand, the nearer we come unto the knowledge of the TRUTH, which is the Saving Principle for us all.

The Triumph of Truth

The substance or essence of Being may well be named Truth. We have not realized the full meaning and purport of this word when we think of it as only verity, not falsehood. We speak of telling the truth and mean by the phrase making statements that are correct or in accord with facts.

But Truth is more than this. When Jesus said "I am the Truth" and "My words are Truth," he referred, not to facts in assertion, but to the essence of his being. He meant that he and his teaching were founded in the great reality, the substance upon which all things are based and in which all things abide by the law of the eternal, indestructible universe.

Truth in this sense is unchangeable and unconquerable. It prevails against error and mistakes,

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against inharmony and discord. It is established in peace and glows as the sun everlastingly above all the clouds and mists of mankind's precarious schemes, ambitions and selfishness. Its law always prevails in the end.

And the life that is in accord with Truth, whose law of action is the law of Being, must triumph in the end, must prevail over all opposition and persecution finally. It has the support of the only Power there is, the Power that abides serene and unshaken thru all the storms and billows that beset Earth's seething sea of humanity. It is in league with God and the angels, with eternal Life and the messengers of Love and Peace, and may with that Power smile in the face of frowns and jeers, threats and seeming disasters.

"Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's, God's and Truth's." These words, put into the mouth of Cardinal Woolsey by Shakespeare, embody a great meaning. They mean, be unselfish, upright and true in purpose, free from vain ambitions for personal glory, seeking the furtherance of the aims of righteousness and the establishing of justice and mercy among men.

Such a life is secure in its domain and ever breathes the pure atmosphere of a peace that surpasseth understanding. It wins the day in all the battles of this stage of our being and easily rises to the next higher stage on the wings of a perfect preparedness when the time is fully ripe.

How may we live in accord with the Law of Truth? "To thyself be true," is the rule of conduct to follow. Thus "it must follow, as the night the day, thou cans't to no man be false." Thus all your activities are in line with the forces of nature and sustained by the arm of nature's God. And, "if God be for us, who can be against us?" "He shall give his angels

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charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

Conduct which is contrary to the Law of Truth has no sustaining energy. It is founded in error and fails inevitably in the end. It falls of its own feebleness.

Seek to know yourself and be outwardly what you are inwardly. Avoid being only an echo or reflector of race or hereditary tendencies. Be forceful in your words and deeds in the interests of that which you perceive to be the right. But do not fight nor contend. Truth does not need to fight. "The eternal years are hers" and she is secure in victory. So are you if you abide in her temple.

Lay aside all ambitions for glory or praise or personal aggrandisement. Seek only to be true to Truth. Let her Law be your law. Thus are you true to yourself.

Avoid deceitfulness and trickery. Regard the welfare and happiness of others as you do those of yourself.

Shun cruelty and sensuality—be merciful and pure in heart and you shall obtain mercy and see God in all things.

Be just and fear not. Only they who are unjust and unclean have cause for fear. They alone have disappointment, failure and woe.

So living and so doing, you obtain happiness and become a power for good in the world. You must surely triumph over the world, the flesh and the adversary. "Fear not. for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom," the ruling, controlling dominion over all the conditions and affairs of your life. "I was young and now I am old," says David, "yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." But mere piety and fear of the Lord is not true righteousness. The term implies all I have herein set forth, carried out and applied fearlessly and in serene confidence of results. All this we may be and do and prove the truthfulness of my words.

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Talks With Our Readers

IS FAITH on my part necessary that I may be healed?—Mrs. B. M. H.

Answer:—While what is ordinarily understood by the word faith is not absolutely essential in the patient, it is important that he or she should either have confidence in the healer and the method used or be neutral and so nonresistant. This confidence gives rise to an expectancy of healing and a buoyancy of spirit results which greatly helps the work along, be the method used what it may. If you do not believe your doctor is competent and expect no good effects from the drugs he prescribes, there is but little prospect for beneficial results. But if you believe in your physician and he gives you only water and bread pills, you are likely to improve under his treatment.

A little child exercises no thought about it and is easily healed. It is nonresistant, innocent and naturally trusting. It believes only in the good and expects only the best.

The person who is being treated without his knowledge or consent is neutral in his mental attitude about it and is therefore non-resistant, while, if he knew about it, he would probably be critical and doubting and thus hinder the action of the treatments given. In such cases the healer has for co-operation in the patient his desire to be healed and may by proper treatment arouse a confidence in the inherent recuperative forces of the patient and an expectancy of recovery. When I have treated men thus for the drink habit I have strengthened their resolution to quit and they think they did it themselves. This is good, for it gives them confidence in their own power over themselves.

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But if a man does not want nor try to quit, the only hope is to give treatments that will cause intoxicants to make him sick so that he is driven to abandon the use of them. I have been entirely successful in a good many cases of this sort.

What are known as "faith doctors" and their methods are justly in disrepute among people generally because of their mode of procedure and theories of healing. They do not ask the patient to have faith in himself or in the healer, but in God and Jesus alone. They tell the patient he is not worthy or deserving of healing at all, but it may be asked of God for Jesus's sake, to be granted in answer to begging prayer as an act of divine grace. While faith in God is good for all, the theories and manner of application of the true mental practitioner are altogether different from those employed by the faith doctor. All physicians seek to inspire their patients with confidence in them and their treatment and with an expectancy of recovery. Otherwise there is little hope of success. The same is true of mental healers.

Do you believe the Bible is the inspired word of God? We are told by orthodox Christians that if we reject any part of the Bible we thereby reject it all. What do you think about this theory? A. B. B.

Answer:—I do not regard the Bible as the inspired word of God, a direct verbal message from him to mankind in the sense the church people claim for it. It is a collection of ancient writings by authors, many of whom are not now known, produced during a period of about 1700 years. These writings were selected and compiled after much controversy and contention by church councils from among many others of like antiquity and authority which were rejected.

There is absolutely no evidence nor reason for supposing that they were dictated to the writers by any

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God or deity. Wherever they have written true, beautiful and helpful words they were inspired of Truth just as Emerson, George Macdonald and Byron were inspired when they wrote true, beautiful and helpful words. The Bible is in no respect more the word of God than are the writings of these men.

There are very many grand precepts and lofty poetical thoughts found in our Bible. Christianity itself is founded on it. Our moral code is therein embodied. There are also valuable historical annals found. It is therefore a great book. Especially so on account of the life and teaching of Jesus set forth in the New Testament. But there is also much in the book that is of no value, or even vicious in its influence.

We have therefore a perfect right of choice when we read the Bible to select that which is helpful to us and reject that which is not.

If I refuse such matter as is found in the 38th chapter of Genesis as unclean and not fit for my children to read and find nothing of value in the tedious recounting of genealogies and the mosaic sacrificial and ceremonial ritual in Leviticus, must I therefore reject the Sermon on the Mount? Such a contention is sheer nonsense.

Read your Bible as you do any other collection of writings, selecting that which is good and true and helpful and leaving out that which is not. It is the only rational way. The word of God is to each one of us the Spirit of Truth uttered within us, the voice of the Infinite spoken, not thru others, but within our own souls directly for our guidance into the ways of righteousness.

Paul says, "The word of God is not bound," and, "The worlds were framed by the word of God." Peter speaks of being born again "by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever," and says, "By the word

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of God the heavens were of old." John says, "The word of God abideth in you," and speaking of the Christ, he says, "His name is called the word of God." So those who call the Bible the word of God do not agree with these writers as to what the word of God is. They should not so pervert the words of the book itself, since they call it infallible and all absolutely true.

J. J. C.—You have evidently allowed your sympathy for your patient to grow too strong. Her suffering seems too real to you and her frequent complaining and bewailing have caused you to admit in your mind that that it is evil and that it is wrong that she should so suffer.

The healer must not sympathize with his patient when she complains. He must not allow himself to look upon her ailments as things or realities of her personality, evils to be put aside as enemies which came out of place and with no good purpose. Ailments come under the law of being just as truly and legitimately as health does. They come for good, for cleansing and strengthening and to make wise. Seek in your treatments and instructions to bring these ends to accomplishment and not to repel the visitation as a wrong or injustice inflicted without reason or purpose.

If one of my patients has a doctor in attendance and is taking medicine and cannot avoid it, being subject to friends who believe in such things, I bless the doctor and his drugs and every effort being made for healing however erroneous it may be. Always bless and condemn never.

You also became anxious when your patient had a relapse after she seemed to be healed.

Here indeed was reason for seeking further for causation, to search out the meaning of the fall. But avoid anxiety both in yourself and your patient.

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I have had people to say to me, "Oh, I am *so anxious* to get well." I say, "You may be very desirous of getting well, but don't be anxious about it. Try to feel sure and imagine only health." Anxiety denotes fear of failure.

That you have always felt, as you say, that to give the treatments was to get results, is good. But in this case you have met an apparent exception. So you naturally feel somewhat disappointed. Avoid this feeling and go to work with confidence to find the cause and with equal confidence remove it. The ailments are not to be condemned, but the causes must be sought out and the patient helped to rise above them. The advocates of *materia medica* battle with effects only. So they sometimes cure but never heal by the use of drugs. To heal is to remove the cause of sickness. To merely cure is to defeat the beneficent purpose of the sickness and invite it to return.

Do not encourage your patient to write complaining letters. Teach her to magnify every appearance of healing and to ignore as much as possible appearances of the contrary. After she has stated her case, then lead her to turn away from the shadow and look and talk and write only along the lines of health and power. Help her to forget "those things which are behind," as Paul says, and "reach forth unto the things which are before."

Our Frontispiece

THE impressive faces in our Frontispiece this month, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, "The Purity Journal" people, Morton Park, Ill., have for years devoted their lives to a great cause.

Do you know what it is to give your life and energies to a great cause, to look away from self with such a love for the race and for its betterment, as to devote the greater part of your precious time and energies to its service?

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Well, the next best thing to doing this, is the will and way to help those who are doing this.

One very busy day a letter came from the Salvation Army reminding me I could *help them* to help the poor. I sent a little remittance, and took time from my other letters to say, "How good it is we have those who make it a business to hunt up the destitute for us and help them for us."

In speaking of the triumph of mankind in the day of his redemption from disease, through race culture up to the point of the extinction of the "social evil," the editor says:

WHAT SCIENCE CAN DO.

BY PROF. GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Modern science has taught us that the ways of nature can be improved. In the animal kingdom and in the vegetable world science points to its triumphs in controlling and improving upon nature. Intelligent study and faithful experiments have produced not only bigger, better, more splendid specimens than nature has been able to produce, but in many instances quite new species of animals have been bred which nature, left to herself, never would have dreamed of.

In the vegetable world the successes of Professor Burbank are already famous—he has quadrupled the size of fruits, he has produced large, luscious specimens from ugly, bitter little fruits which were unfit to eat, and he has brought into existence new and better varieties of many things which nature never contemplated, or, at least, never carried out.

It is, therefore, only as a logical result of all this that the scientific mind should turn *now to the human race.* There can be no doubt that the principles which science has found to apply so satisfactorily to animals and vegetables will also apply to our own kind, for

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physically we are only animals.

But all the successes of science up to now will be of insignificant importance as compared with the *tremendous triumph* when science shall have taught us how to breed physically stronger and more perfect children, and, perhaps, future men of nobler mental and moral qualities, approaching as near to perfection as mortal creatures can.

Along with this improvement of quality and capacity will certainly go a great increase in the length of life; the average may be extended to a hundred years. Professor Metchnikoff has shown that already such a lengthening of life is quite within our reach. Old age will be made more enjoyable, and will be *stripped of most of its disabilities.* Man will still be young at threescore and ten. Then, too, it is clearly evident that new capacities for enjoying life will be developed under the fostering hand of science. The new men and women raised up by the new science of "eugenics" will have, by the mere effect of their improved physique, a richer, fuller, more agreeable life than their predecessors have enjoyed.

We look for the final extinction of the Social Evil (and all its kin) only *through the triumph* of the foregoing principles over habits of selfish sensual indulgence. Shall precious vital force be forever squandered in mere debauchery, or funded and turned to good account in blessing and uplifting this world of man? By-and-by humanity will learn the lesson that "This is the will of God—our consecration—that we abstain from all impurity; that we know, every one of us, how to master our body in purity and honor, not abandoned to passionate lust, for God calls us to live, not in uncleanness, but in holiness."

Then shall the sweet old story again come true—children will be begotten, as to their fathers, of holy spirit, and conceived by mothers whose virginity of soul is sullied by no taint of carnalism. God speed the day!

'Tis coming up the step of time
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not hail its dawn sublime,
Yet high hope makes the heart throb lighter!

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TO READERS: NEW AND OLD.

For nearly twenty years we have been trying to improve humanity through the inculcation and dissemination of the scientific principles of heredity, pre-natal culture and better environment.

In this time we have printed and circulated over a million copies of our publication, and the results have been so gratifying that we are very anxious to greatly increase the work from now on. To do this we are making a special effort in the direction of pre-natal influences, improved environment, etc.

We are working also (as a necessary element of more quickly disseminating this most important truth) for the passage of such improved marriage laws in each state as will require each candidate for matrimony to possess a fair knowledge of pre-natal influences before being entitled to a license to marry.

The success of our plan would speedily change the present disgraceful condition of affairs which makes parentage almost, if not quite, the only important business of life which people usually enter upon without previous preparation or adequate knowledge.

This is an unusually great enterprise and to successfully carry it through we must appeal to the large-hearted, well-born, progressive and philanthropic people for their help and co-operation. We believe that such only need to have the matter presented to them to insure their hearty and liberal support.

To secure the rights of the unborn it is necessary to enlighten the fathers and mothers and wisely direct their attention to the things that affect their offspring for weal or woe. Our work, therefore, is in no sense a narrow one—but is as broad as the needs of the race. Besides this, we are getting directly at the foundation principles of character's production. This is exactly what Francis E. Willard meant when she said that our work was the greatest reform the world will ever see.

We shall be glad to hear from everyone interested, with the amount they are willing to contribute. *Do not put it off, but write at once.*—Address THE PURITY JOURNAL, Morton Park, Ill.

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Religious Bias, Pro and Con

BY H. J. WIGGINTON.



IT IS natural for mankind to embrace some form of religion. There is born in the breast of every well developed human a yearning for closer touch with the Infinite—a desire to rise above the sordid, material plane and gain revelations concerning immortality and the destiny of the soul. And, perhaps, one of the best evidences we have of immortality is man's religious inclination. It seems that the Power which created this universe has not implanted in the human heart any desire that may not, under proper conditions, be gratified or realized; and this universal longing for life beyond the grave should indicate to us that death does not end all. The importance of this subject has given religionists a prominent place in the world's history. And, right here, we wish to mark the distinction, as we see it, between religion and Christianity. There are in this world more than 500 differing religions, each struggling for supremacy, and many of the adherents of each are honestly seeking for truth. All of these more than 500 religions are, doubtless, far from perfection—some of them more faulty than others—but let us hope that each of them, after all, may prove a stepping stone upon which some struggling souls may rise to the higher view-points that bless life's

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pathway. It is true that in the name of religion some of the world's bloodiest and most dastardly deeds have been wrought. Blinded by sectarian prejudice religious leaders have burned men at the stake and inflicted other dire punishments upon those who claimed the right to differ from them even upon insignificant doctrinal points. But that day is forever past. Men are learning that the religionists of the world have in this way, done much to retard the spread of Christianity; and in the light of this public knowledge the religionists of the Inquisition kind are forced to yield to the sway of true Christianity. The light is spreading and the propounders of the dogmatic doctrines of the past can no longer force them upon the people in the name of Christianity. In other words Christianity is just now witnessing a glorious triumph over doubts and dogmas, and the doctrines of the Nazarine are more truthfully *presented in the pulpits of our land and in the public prints to-day than ever before in the world's history.*

This being the case, the modern "smart" young man is learning that it is no longer an evidence of great learning for one to sit around and harshly criticise the preachers and church people. It may be that you do not indorse all the preacher says. Many of us, as we have the right, do not. But there are usually enough good things said in the average sermon of to-day to interest an attentive ear and bring forth good results. When we feel inclined to pick out the flaws and criticise, let up put ourselves in the preacher's shoes and imagine how many people might differ from the views we would present. It is well to have a discerning mind—to know how to choose the good food from the bad—but it is also of vital importance for us to learn to *magnify the good and minimize the evil* with which we come in contact. There is no room in this world for a chronic pessimist, whether he profess to be

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a Christian or an infidel. The day of religious egotism and persecutions is rapidly drawing to an end. And, in the light of the new Twentieth century, the life and character and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth are made to stand out in the open where they can no longer be beclouded by the shrewdest of infidels or the most cunning of unscrupulous religionists. The grandeur of the eternal truths He taught, in conjunction with the life of utter self abnegation which He lived and, finally, His willing sacrifice of life for the sake of truth, are towers of strength against which all the powers of depravity in the universe cannot prevail. And the youth of to-day who fails to recognize the importance of accepting the teachings of the Christ is making a serious mistake. The religionists are partially to blame for the retarded progress of Christianity. We used to hear them sing in church a song entitled, "Ashamed of Jesus," and we wondered what there could be in the life and character of the Nazarine to even suggest such a sentiment. And we concluded that the suggestion of shame resulted not from the character of the great Teacher, but from the *manner in which* he had been presented to the world by false or ignorant churchmen.

But Christianity is rapidly being redeemed from the dross of sectarian prejudice and the time is near at hand when the most commendable thing that can be said of any young man or woman is that he or she is a Christian. The name is no longer associated with grave-yard long-facedness and superstition: It now means joy and love and faith in immortality. Christianity in its true sense, is the most desirable thing that any person can possess, and when it becomes properly unveiled from the clouds in which an early and benighted priesthood enveloped it, it will indeed be recognized as a term expressive of "the greatest thing in the world"—LOVE.

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"THE OPEN BOOK."

I KNOW a youth who is an art student, who knows a good deal about *suggestion* in making picture-lines, or in leaving them partly unmade, suggested. He employs suggestion. But in one of that much criticised but triumphant artist—Albert Moore, of whose fine qualities in technique and skill in coloring the public is enthusiastic, the production called "*The Open Book*"—though appropriate and beautiful, has to be looked at the second time before one can discover the book itself.

So the art student of whom we speak, drew another picture, a landscape, and named it "The Following

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Dog." Do you think it a burlesque on Mr. Moore's picture or not? SWEETWILLIAM.



Justice.

JUSTICE in its full sense is rare in this world. Selfishness is the chief enemy of justice. We repeat the adage, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." It is well that it is so; but, like charity whose proper starting place is at home, it may become selfishness to a most unwholesome degree. It is only one step from the genius of self-preservation to that of selfishness, and only one step from charity at home to its being confined there. We have perverted the beautiful meaning of a beautiful word when we think of charity as applying only to the giving of alms to the poor and needy. Charity is love without the incentive of sex or the ties of consanguinity. It is that love which suffereth long, is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, doth not behave unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but in truth, beareth and believeth and hopeth all things and never faileth.

Strict justice may be cruel. It awards only what

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is deserved and refuses the appeals of fawning beggary and relenting profligacy.

We say it should be tempered with mercy. True; but righteous mercy is not dawdling pity. It relents not of the requirements of justice, but softens its exactions with hope and charity.

Justice not only pays what is due, but refuses that which is not deserved. Fortitude is its handmaid. Its lessons are wholesome and enduring. It is embodied in the golden rule. It places the interest of self not above nor below that of others, but by the side of them on a level platform.

Greed is a poison that destroys the sense of justice. If all men were just, there would be no wrong doing. Be just and fear not, for justice protects all. It is founded in the law of nature and to be in accord with this law is to be protected and strong.

Justice neither gives nor asks quarter. It stands upon the eternal barracks of Wisdom and cries out to all for surrender to its demands. The right without regard to immediate or remote results is its only terms. Let us learn of justice, for we greatly need to learn in that school.

A Birthday Celebration.

REV. W. R. Wigginton celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday, May the seventh, at his home with his daughter, Mrs. Roland Watts, in Rothville,—one of Kansas City's fine little suburbs.

The Baptist church met in Mr. and Mrs. Watts' residence Thursday evening, sang "Amazing Grace," "How tedious and tasteless the hours," and a number of the old songs, in which Father [Rev. W. R. Wigginton] joined with enthusiasm. He then told them, in a brief, soulful manner, his experience. (Father was never a singer; but he often used to join in on

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the words that called for stress, when he was directing from the pulpit. If you would like to hear his quality of voice, it is paralleled almost exactly in the Columbia graphophone chorus called "Pretty Chloe from Tennessee," at the point where the voices all swell together; his is the powerful, vibrating one.)

Father did not get tired or sleepy until about ten o'clock when he retired, slept well, next morning was up at six, and ate a hearty breakfast. Saturday following he walked up town to get shaved. He is in perfect health, though aware of the count of years, and is somewhat feeble. He stands over six feet, and is almost as straight as anyone. He was preaching when I was born, and is yet sometimes, though he retired from the ministry some years ago. I never saw him taste coffee in my life. He has lived pretty close up to Sir Phillip Sidney's idea,—"Th' ingredients of health and long life are

> Great Temperance, open air,
> Proper labor, little care."

His cares have *not* always been little, yet he has taken an optimistic view of them, so that levels it down to little care.

He gets many letters from friends, and from those who have heard their friends speak of him.

C. J. B.

"To know for a fact that we have the power to create is all I ask for the present. It is happiness enough. The development of this power, and its application in the working out of all desires—this is heaven. The idea is too big to try to unfold it. Let it lie like some splendid message from a higher sphere, the language of which we are only beginning to learn, and must wait for further knowledge."

—HELEN WILMANS.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICS

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
A. P. BARTON : C. J. BARTON
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

JULY, 1907 :::: VOL. XI; NO. 6

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
—Shak.

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Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter

The Will

III.

IF TEACHINGS have any value; if spiritual unfoldment be a possibility; if reformation of character is feasible; if a man can become a new or different man from what he was, or seemed to be, by any means, why may we not hope to strengthen a weak will, or help a coward to be brave? If it be true that a man is always what he is when born, then let us close up our schools and churches and public libraries and lecture bureaus and invest the proceeds and effects in prisons and asylums. For there remains then only restraint, and no reformation for the protection of society.

Heretofore some color has been given to the belief that a man is born to be very largely what he must continue through life to be, by the failures of our reform systems, and by adhering to some Bible texts, as fate, such as, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may we also do good, that are accustomed (or taught) to do evil," and, "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." These shackles must be broken.

In the "conversion" claimed by some branches of the church as being essential to salvation, we have a claim of complete change from bad to good in both the intents and purposes of the heart and the outward con-

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duct. And we have all known men who seemed to undergo in that experience so radical a transformation from bad to good that they did not act like the same persons afterward. And in many of these cases the good effect continued unto the end.

Education and moral training in school and home have often transformed the inborn elements of character and bent in a child's life so that he or she has grown up to be a very different man or woman from what would have been otherwise.

Now we have a system of education for all classes, old and young, which appeals, as did the spiritual power in the "conversion," and the moral influence and lessons over the yet unformed mental habits of the child, to the inner self, the divine and good in all. It goes back of and below the outer conduct and the seeming and puts the personality under control of the true individuality, the Ego, the man, the Christ self.

Let us see what we have to build upon. There is an expression of Infinite Wisdom, Infinite Power and Infinite Love, in the foundation principles of the Soul. If man is born of God, or Infinite Being, then he has these essentials of Infinite Being at least elementary in his being, or the Ego of self.

We all believe this to be true. If it is not true, then man is not worth saving by any means. We are at least justifiable in basing our plans of education and salvation upon the hypothesis that man is worth saving from sin, is born of Infinite Being, and may control his own conduct.

But in the Source Principles predicated, Wisdom, Power and Love, there are no weakness, foolishness or fear.

Then, it follows, that, if a man displays weakness of will or courage, folly in purpose, or fear of the world, he is manifesting a condition that is foreign to

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his origin. He is living outwardly short of what has been expressed in him. What is the remedy?

A fuller bringing out of expression, is the answer we all must agree upon. If a man, born of, or originating in, a Source that is essentially Wisdom, Power and Love, shows forth in his life qualities which are contrary to these, he is failing to manifest his true or real self: he falls short in manifestation, is reflecting passively from the outer. There must be a fuller personifying of divine expression, a truer living from within. Is this not possible? Weakness of will is not a trait of the true man. Cowardice, fear of anything is not born of a knowledge of the divine manhood. It is born of ignorance of both self and the thing feared.

Then to get wisdom, understanding, is the remedy for a cowardly or craven heart, to arouse a forceless will.

All things are yours, *if you will.*

There is nothing to fear, *if you only knew it.* You can accomplish wonderful things, *if you only believed you could.*

Here then, is the key to the remedy: Strengthen the will by enlarging the understanding. Believe in yourself and live from and by the impulses of the within.

Now for particulars. *How* may these things be done? That is the important question. I think we have seen that it is at least a latent possibility, and that some such things have been done by a means that has not deen well understood.

A man was a slave to the tobacco habit. He desired very much to be free. He had often and often said very firmly, "I will now quit using tobacco." Every time the habit and the false taste combined to subjugate his will, and he broke over.

Then he met a man who had gained a wisdom he

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had not yet reached. He said to him, "I have not the time or opportunity now to teach you the philosophy of it, but you just begin to say within yourself, 'I do not like tobacco; I have no craving for it,' and keep repeating this persistently."

The man replied, "That would be a big lie." The other said, "No; that would be true of your real self; but you have heard that one can tell a lie until he believe it himself. Now suppose you keep telling yourself this that you call a lie until you believe it. Then you will not experience the craving any longer."

After a little deliberation he made up his mind to try it. After a few days practice on the "lie" he began to believe it to be true; and then he was fully convinced that he had not been telling a lie at all, but a truth of the real self, and the false craving was gone. He was free.

The will to hold these words gained dominion over the false taste and habit and asserted itself in the personal man. And thus it had developed greater control over other things. Repeat true words. Dare to do what you are afraid to do, when the thing is right. Assert your will power. "I will" does much. "I can't" always fails.

Know that you are divine. Cleanse your mentality of all that old nonsense about your being depraved and not worthy of the best things the Father hath. Learn to believe in yourself and be convinced that you deserve the best when you come to manifest your best.

How? By studying yourself in your divine origin and nature and by the use of the word, persistently, faithfully.

It is not an acquisition, so much as it is an unfoldment of what is already inherent and essential in you. Find the power and the wisdom within and then unfold them by the use of the word, the ideal suggestion.

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In Bulwer's novel, "Haunted and the Haunters," he has the man who could not be touched by the hobgoblins, ghosts and demons of the haunted house to stand up erect in their midst while they attempted their worst and say over and over, "I am not afraid! I am not afraid! "The dog, who was awfully frightened, was killed and the brave man's stout attendant fled in terror and dismay, while the hero of the brave word and attitude was not touched. His only sword was the word of Truth.

There is a true suggestion in this. Say it! Say it again and again in the very face and teeth of seeming contradiction until the cowardly feeling oozes out at your finger tips and the faltering will braces up and asserts itself. It can be done. Try it.

Spend an hour each day in the silence just idealizing what you would have and be in the outer. Do not idealize it as a thing to be reached out after and sought, to be wrenched from unwilling hands or begged of a haughty God. Seek it as your own and unfold it from within.

And when the pressure comes, the crucial test, the crisis in your person or affairs; rise up in your dignity; be a man, a woman; assert your supremacy; affirm the victory; deny the power of that which opposes; maintain a serene mental supremacy over and thru it all. You can do it. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Even the trying will help you to do better next time.

So the manifestation which seems to be a weak will departs from you and your true self is asserted, your will prevails and you cease to act the coward.

The value of this teaching is in the fact that it finds the possibilities of all achievement in the essential being of all men, and gives the student a method, a tried rule, by which the power can be developed. Make a study of it and faithfully put into practice what you learn, and *Be yourself.*

Begin by studying yourself. "Know, then, thyself—

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enough for man to know." It is the most valuable knowledge one can acquire and is most rare among men. Few men or women possess a practical knowledge of themselves. Most do not know what they are capable of. They limit themselves to superficials, gauging action by what has been and what is expected of them.

Reason follows self-knowledge. Let a rational mind process bring conviction, conviction of both the right and the power to do the right.

With this basis and reinforcement the will becomes invincible, courage undaunted and action forceful. Thus achievement is of value to both the actor and the race. Thus the real man takes the place of the faltering semblance that before posed as the man. Thus you are born from above.

WHY should one squirm and grunt and complain under suffering and pain? Is the infliction an injustice or a wrong? Is it contrary to the law of being? No; it comes under the law, by the law and in furtherance of the ends of law. It is for purification, to develop patience and fortitude and strength for overcoming. True, its cause is error somewhere—in the sufferer, his ancestors or the race.

If in the sufferer, it is a home product and he is only reaping the harvest of his own sowing, let him lay off his coat and reap it like a man and be done with it, even rejoicing that he has the opportunity to set matters to rights and rise to a higher plane thru overcoming.

If in ancestors or the race, he has allowed himself to be a negative reflector, a sensitive receiver, an echo board for the vibrations of the errors of others. Let him yet rejoice as he wrestles; for in this exercise he develops power and positiveness and acquires wisdom so that he becomes no longer vulnerable to the vibrations of the errors of others.

It has been said that pain is friendly. So receive and use it; for it comes to you under beneficent love for good, and not for torture or destruction. Its heralds are the angels of righteousness, and not demons.

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Mrs. Eddy.

Hearst Telegram.

BOSTON, June 10.—Arthur Brisbane, who has just interviewed Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, as represetative of the Cosmopolitan magazine, throws a most amazing light upon the mental condition of the founder of the Christian Science church.

His observations are interesting in view of the attempt to wrest from her the control of her property. He characterizes the attempt as disgraceful. Says Mr. Brisbane:

"I visited Mrs. Eddy as the representative of the Cosmopolitan magazine. I had a long and extremely interesting talk with her. The conditions at Mrs. Eddy's home at Concord are, briefly, as follows:

"Those about her are devoted to her. She is in absolute control of her own movements and mistress of her own household. That is evident.

"Mrs Eddy is thoroughly competent to take care of herself and of her business. The suggestion that she should be deprived of her personal liberty or of the property that she has earned, is preposterous and shameful.

"For a woman of her age—she is 86 years old—her mental vigor and clearness of thought are most unusual. I had opportunity of convincing myself thoroughly as to her mental and physical condition.

"She talks clearly and logically. She reads beautifully, with a voice very musical and of great power. She understands business matters thoroughly. She speaks with intense feeling and gratitude of her friends and their devotion.

"To accuse those friends of conspiracy against her welfare is in my opinion disgraceful.

"I shall say at length in the Cosmopolitan what I feel most deeply, namely, that if Mrs. Eddy in her old

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age should be deprived by law of her fortune, of the right to dispose of it, or of the right to dispose of herself, the act would be outrageous, and it would cause just apprehension in the minds of all women past three score and ten and possessed of property that might arouse the cupidity or the interest of outsiders.

"Mrs. Eddy lives under ideal conditions of comfort, happiness and contentment. It would be sheer brutality on the part of so-called 'next friends' or any other to interfere with her life as it is today.

"Mrs. Eddy is well able to take care of herself. She understands the complicated details of her lawsuits and of her very large religious following far better than the average woman of 25 could do.

"I questioned her in detail as to the lawsuit which seeks to deprive her of her property and as to the deed of trust which she recently executed. These matters are clear in her mind.

"The charges against Mrs. Eddy are false in my opinion.

"But if all the charges made against her mental condition were true, that very truth would constitute an additional reason for leaving her as she is, in an ideal home, surrounded by good women, devoted to her, to whom her wishes are law, in whom she has absolute confidence, and whose devotion makes her life happy.

"The effort to deprive Mrs. Eddy in her old age of her freedom of action and control of the property which she has accumulated is stupid or vicious, and I say this as one having no interest whatever in Christian Science.

"To interfere with Mrs. Eddy's life, to take away from her complete liberty of action, would be a shameful out-rage, and I am convinced that no court will encourage the effort.

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Meditations

By Kenton

THE song-sparrow sings his sweetest song while guarding his mate during the period of incubation. The lion and lioness are never so terrible as when they are defending the young in their lair. Man has come down to modern civilization and an infinitely complex life, and has brought with him some of the spirit of the bird and of the lion. Did not the cave man defend his humble home with the spirit of the lion? Did not the primitive lake-dweller in his water-bound retreat sing to his mate and to his young with the spirit of the song-sparrow? Was there a good element in the character of the cave-dweller which was not intensified, and strengthened by his attachment to the dark cavern where he grew from babyhood to manhood, and where his own children were depending upon him as he had depended upon his own father? Was there a strain of poetry and music in the untutored soul of the lake-dweller that was not softened and attuned to a higher plane of vibration by his attachment to his water-bound home and the loved ones who hallowed it? It is a very trite commonplace to say that the home is the bulwark of civilization, and remarks of similar import; but it is not altogether a common philosophy that places the home in its true place in the world's development. The home is, at once, the developer and the conservator of the best elements of human character.

***

We leave our homes to enter into the activities of the day, much as the cave-dweller left his habita-

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tion for the pursuit of game. Dangers and a hot chase awaited him,—nothing very different confronts us. The chase is not, with us, one that requires physical endurance and swiftness of foot, but it is quite as strenuous and taxes our powers to the full limit. The dangers we encounter are not of the same kind, but they are equally as real. When the day's work is done, we need a safe retreat, quite as much as the cave-man needed his under-ground abode, or the lake-dweller his house built over the water, or the song-bird its nest hidden away in the tops of the trees. At the desk, at the bench, at the forge, at the plow, in the shop we are mere automata. At the threshold of our homes we can lay aside the mask of commercialism, make a holy shrift of the stains from the conflict with the spirit of mammon, wash away the dust and smoke of labor, and be ourselves for a few sacred hours. These holy hours make men worthy of noble aims and high attainment. They heal the wounds of the day, and lift the curtain upon the realities of a higher life. It is a time for introspection and aspiration, and brings to us the best gifts of peace.

* * *

Everything in the national character is embryonic in the home. The morality of the home is the morality of the nation. On the ethics of the home must be builded the ethics of the nation, and the unsoundness of the former is earnest for the downfall of the latter. If there is slavery in the homes, national liberty can not survive. If the spirit of liberty finds a welcome in the hearts of the home-circle, national liberty can not be strangled. If license takes the place of law and order in the home, anarchy begins to gnaw at the foundation of every pillar of national liberty. If ignorance beclouds the light of the home, the hope of national liberty dwindles and dies. If there is oppression, and cruelty

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in the home, it will creep into the administration of the nation's affairs. If justice rules in the home she will rule in the nation likewise. Our national government is not always pure and just in its administration, but it is always as pure as the homes of the people make it. If corruption is rife in politics, it is because our homes are too often tainted with corrupting influences. If the nation's funds are squandered in waste, it is because economy is neglected in too many American homes.

* * *

Now the American son is no longer a slave to the American father, and it has been said that this lack of blind obedience in the American home was an indication of national weakness and decline. But it should be remembered that rebellion against dogmatic authority is the first step toward the attainment of liberty whether such authority be exercised by a father, a priest, or a king. The attainment of freedom in the home by the son who is approaching manhood instead of being a menace to the nation's authority, is an attainment that adds strength to the nation's defense of liberty. But woman has not as yet attained her full share of freedom in the home, and just so long as her position in the home is hedged in by practices which have survived the age of superstition, just so long the nation itself will be crippled in one of its strongholds. But the home where justice rules, and peace abides is a home that is made of hearts and souls, and is not to be bought with gold; and in this connection we have a regret to express. The cold, proud, mercenary spirit has entered many American homes and snuffed out the light of love, and we are again reminded of the old lines,

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates and men decay."

We chasten our thoughts prior to purifying our actions.

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Little Lesson to Mothers

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

This is a reply to a letter from a fond mother who says:

"I wish you would write a Little Lesson about kindness to other people's children. This morning my little boy came home crying as if his heart would break. He said Johnnie's mother sent him home and told him not to play with her boy any more. She has been real good to him till now, and I can't imagine what made her treat Freddie so. She might at least have spoken kindly,—don't you think so? Please do not give my real name in THE LIFE." —MRS. S. E. BERGER.

ANS. It is never right to speak unkindly to any one. Yet there are times when people seem tempted beyond their power to overcome. The mother should have the greatest supply of fortitude in the world, and be equipped for all occasions.

Since it is easy to see our own side of a question, let us calmly look on the other side for a minute. You should never allow your child to go to any neighbor's without an invitation from the parents. The mother knows when it will suit her to receive children, and Freddie should not go without permission from his own parents even when invited. I am one who does not indorse that Walt Whitman-"bird-freedom" which, analyzed, is shoat-license. We want to keep close to Nature indeed. But that means live by scientific principles (nature is scientific.) I think it is a pity a strong genius should turn backward far enough to become with pride a barbarian again,—the very condition we have through long ages risen above into noble civilization. Too long have we striven with the fates, too long travelled before getting the old fetters off our ankles, to look back now, and fall from the heights we have attained. Let the yet uncivilized pet their passions; but let us worship at the shrine of the Higher Self; with all our heart, mind, strength, and from that

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pure standard love our neighbor. Dangerous *guides* the feelings are, says Tennyson from the Heights, and we know all about it without having to be told; we need not cherish our passions; like little children, we will let sweet Nature, *orderly Nature*, reign in us, and purify our lower sensibilities until they thrill with an exalted rapture.

Children with proper bringing up, naturally and with ease observe the necessary rule, to ask mama. If your boy has been going to see Johnnie whenever the notion struck him, you may have very little idea how much annoyance he has occasioned your good neighbor. If through indulgence or indifference the mother has been lax in her training, when the mother of the other child has *not* been lax and does not believe in laxness, but earnestly desires to help her child develop into a noble citizen, and is giving much time to his cultivation, it is trying beyond estimation to have some little scamp with untoward habits daily calling his attention to just such practices as the mother wishes above all others to keep away from her child.

Suppose Johnnie has been trained to keep his books spotless and his toys in sound condition, while your little darling will spread out his hands over everything he sees, whether his fingers have just been poking blackberries down, or playing with his dog. Can you not see what a trial it would be to his mother, who looks upon a soiled book as *spoiled*, and knows others will have to be purchased?

You know about the speckled apple that would not improve one bit by being placed on a dish with sound ones. But you should also note how the sound ones get specked if left a little while with the specked apple!

Keep your boy at home until he gets an invitation from Johnnie's mother. By all means do not let him

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call in the forenoon, without a *standing invitation* to come *when he pleases*. For rules are good when not overdone. In any community of more than one person, rules are a necessity.

The mother never blames the bad child for its rudeness—*she blames its parents*, particularly its mother. Though it may adopt bad rules for itself, if its mother does not establish good ones. The time for a woman to suffer such wrongs at the hands of ill-bred children, in order that people may think she is a kind lady, is past. She now seeks to be *just* to both herself and her child. Just to justice.

Maybe his mother discovered something you had neglected to correct in your boy. Talk with him. Instruct him. Make it interesting for him at home. Do not punish him in the old heathen fashion, for Solomon's advice is not a guide for to-day. Poor Solomon was too like the old woman that lived in her shoe; he had so many children he had to fight, he thought, and advised fighting. But his doctrine was confined to his day, and wouldn't be winked at in the present civilization. We don't have to train children and childrens and half-children now.

You win your child's confidence by being what you should be yourself. No woman who uses subterfuge, no matter how slily, need ever punish her child for falsehood. *Absorption of mental states in the home, is the everg-day wireless telegraphy no skill can still!*

The child must come into his real inheritance; though as a rule we see "like mother like children," until such time. Even the child of a poor excuse of a father may develop into a really fine character if he have a fine mother. Particularly if she begin when, or before, the conception of the child.

Never accuse. Avoid bringing before your child's mind faults he *had never dreamed of*, and only you are

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guilty of! If you detect a weakness you know he got from you, early correct it in yourself, and see it fade out in your child.

No punishment can be just except that which comes through *Natural Law*. "Vengeance is Mine—I will repay" sayeth the LAW. Since the LAW is neither *malicious* nor *merciful*—BUT JUST—it is enough. Wait. You can do no more than point to the LAW.

The child owes the parent nothing. A natural child will love its parents if they are at all loveable. But the parent is debtor to his child. No one should dare bring children into the world until they have attained manhood and womanhood enough to know how rightly to conduct their own lives. No one should try to *command* until he is able gracefully and wisely to *obey*. No one should profess to teach self-control until he is in control of self.

Self-control, self-respect, self-culture are indispensable home-factors. And when at the Round-Table of the home you make a scientific study of your child, you are yourself receiving the finest soul-culture the world can give.

Study your neighbor's child. Lovingly compare children. Then begin upon a course to secure your child's greatest good, best advancement. You may help him into being all that his God-nature intended him to be. And your neighbor will welcome him as her child's friend. He will receive invitations that will welcome him as worthy.

The child need not be "the little curly-headed good-for-nothing, The mischief-making monkey from his birth," Byron sang to, but he should be trained to be only what he is in truth.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast!"

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Accomplish Something.

BY OLIVER WHITE.

Written for The Life.

ANOTHER day and nothing done—
Another night of unearned rest
A day of shadow and of sun—
A day of flippant wasted jest.

The morning spent in wondering why
The noon-tide wasted wantonly
The evening and the night gone by
This the drone's fatality.

Tomorrow when I wake, my brain
Will bid my eyes take heed the day
And whisper 'tis your chance again,
Do some small thing while yet you may.

Perhaps the "fates" will hear my prayer
And prod me into action then
And make of impotent despair
A something kin to other men.

If not the fates, then unto Him
I lift my voice, "Give me *the power*
To rid myself of dream and whim
And give *a name* to just one hour."

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Talks With Our Readers

I GIVE here an extract from a recent letter received from a valued friend and patron:—

"I find so many good things in your paper that I do not want to do without the comfort it brings, tho the sands of life are running low with me, as I have passed my 85th birthday. I was born in Chester County, Pa. I suppose my ancestry came over with Wm. Penn. Our family are in the Quaker faith; the most of them are of the Hicksite or liberal branch. I have been living in Illinois since 1851.

"I admire so many of your sayings that are in accord with my belief that, if I stay on terra firma, I will most likely be a subscriber still longer. May God bless you in your work, for 'in him was life and The Life was the light of men.' I would like to meet the editors, for I regard you among my friends."

Such words of cheer and confidence coming from one who has lived among men long enough and had experience enough to be wise and discerning, do us great good. They lift the clouds and send a beam of sunshine into our souls making our work lighter and our way brighter.

We send this good brother greeting and sincere decrees for continued life and strength along the devious paths of this plane of being. May the sweetest flowers of Earth bestrew his way and power increase as the days flit by. Added years bring new opportunities and increase of wisdom. There is no decadence of old age to him who knows the truth and continues to be active with interest in the affairs of mankind. Growth, movement onward and upward, is the law of life, and there is no death.

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A woman in Illinois writes: "If, as our good Scientists claim, it is wrong to get something for nothing, why did Jesus not refuse to heal without the cash in hand?

"And, again, if to be poor is a disease and money can be had by recognizing the law of Supply, why are all of our healers getting their livelihood by healing the people for money? It is not right to have a fixed price for doing good and when I get well I am going to learn of God how to heal and do all the good I can without money or price."

Jesus lived and worked amid very different conditions from those which surround us now. His needs were simple and few. He had no family or home to sustain and no social claims to meet. Nevertheless he and his twelve pupils did have a treasurer and commissary among them who collected money and bought their supplies. In this way they procured all they needed, supplemented by gifts bestowed by friends like Mary Magdalene.

Moreover, healing the sick was not Jesus's mission or work. He did this only to present object lessons to establish the truth of his great gospel of life and prove the power of the word among men. Even the raising of Lazarus from the tomb was not so great a work as is the awakening and arousing of a soul to newness of life and power. Lazarus soon after died again, but a soul born from above never dies.

The recognition of the law of supply does bring supply under right conditions; but no one expects dollars to materialize out of empty air or rain down from the sky. They must be earned and obtained from other people. And it is clearly wrong for me to ask for and receive the services of another and refuse to render an equivalent in some way. I believe we have demonstrated the fact that no one can really receive some-

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thing for nothing. It is the law of our being.

Many make the mistake of assuming that healers and teachers offer to sell health and understanding for a price. This cannot be done and no true worker ever attempts to set a price on these. But his time and effort are of money value to him and his family and he may measure his work by dollars and cents. He must if he would live and be just.

Whenever you attempt to give people something for nothing you insult their innate dignity, deserve and get their contempt and fail in your purpose.

Jesus gave lessons free of charge too. Is it therefore wrong for teachers to receive money for their work? If so, our preachers and school teachers should not charge anything for their services.

Jesus wore sandals and went about without a home or social affiliations. Should we do that too because he did? Under different conditions we must have different ways and methods.

Is it wrong to ask payment for services? It would undoubtedly be wrong to refuse it. We must all agree to this. And who is the proper one to set the price? Evidently the one who does the work. Just people prefer it this way. If a man does a day's work for me I had much rather he would say how much he wants for it. If he says, "Oh, whatever you want to give me," I feel embarrassed about it and he at once falls in my estimation as a business man.

The real trouble with most people who find fault with Science workers for charging for their services is that they themselves love the dollar too well and look at it thru magnifying lenses. They hate to give one up so badly that they squirm about it and try to figure out a way to avoid payment. In this they are not just, and we should remember that justice requires compensation as well as bestowing it. Money is not bad. It

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is a most useful and needful symbol of value. Inordinate love of money is an evil. but money itself is not, and teachers and healers used it as much as others. Let us be just and reasonable about these matters and not try to set up an impossible standard for people now on Earth.

Two requests come from pupils:—"Please explain what you mean by unity of substance and of power," and, "Tell me how to treat myself."

By unity of substance and power I mean that there is but one substance or essence of being and but one power, and that these are inseparable, co-eternal and all-pervading. All manifest things are but results of different modes and degrees of vibration in the one basic essence, and all movement and forces in nature are but manifestations of the presence of the one Power abiding in the law of being.

This unity is now admitted by Scientists of all schools. Matter in the forms of earth, water, air, wood, metal etc., is so existent in different forms as a result of differing modes and degrees of vibration in the one substance omnipresent. And all forces of nature, as gravity, magnetism, cohesion, thought, love, muscular strength and heat, are founded in and dependent upon the one Omnipotence.

If this were not so, this would not be a universe but a diverse and the law of life and preservation would be impossible. If things had different origins and there were two or more different antagonistic powers in nature, then the harmony so apparent everywhere would be destroyed and all nature would fall into chaos and confusion. Unity and harmony and identity of origin are absolutely essential to the integrity and preservation of the universe.

How to treat yourself. I do not favor much direct

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attention to your own ailments and bodily needs. If you think about them much you encourage and magnify them.

The best plan is to sharply and forcibly deny adverse claims when they are forced upon your attention and then take your thought off of the body. Lift your consciousness above the plane of disease by aspiring to and affirming the highest and best always. Ideals of health and freedom and life and power continuously held on to will clear the mentality of the admissions of sickness and the body will readily be adjusted to the new mastery of mind.

Affirm your identity with your origin as Life, Health and Power without direct reference to the physical short comings, and you soon so unfold and fortify the real self that there remains no longer any foothold or place in your body for disease.

Another treating you may effectually apply words to the local or specific claims; but it is best for you to ignore and forget them as fully as possible. Thus you erase them from your consciousness and rise above them with the aid of true words used in a general way.

To Know yourself and be severely conscious of your wholeness and oneness with the all pervading Spirit of Truth and Life is to be free from disease. To recognize sickness and feebleness, except to deny them is to give them a place in your body, in appearance, and continue in bondage to fear.

Do It Now.

PLEASE send along those new names, two new ones and your own renewal for one year for $1.50.

Do it now. Don't wait. It is a good thing to do, good for us, good for the new subscribers, good for you. A goodly number of our friends have already taken advantage of this liberal proposition. It is your privilege to do so now. Please let us hear from you *now.*

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Perfect Condition

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON

POWER! 'tis the favorite attribute of gods,
Who look with smiles on men who can aspire
To copy them.—MARTYN.

A LETTER. Dear Mrs. Barton:—I am boarding with a lady who tells me she was helpless when you took up her case. I have a great desire to get well. I am a member of the Baptist church and have tried to live near my Savior. The doctor has given me up; in fact our money has run out, and I will be obliged to ask you to wait till we get able to pay you. Please do not say you can do nothing for me. Please write to me as soon as possible.—NETTIE M. B.

THE ANSWER. You can be healed. But you must, in the first place, turn from looking to somebody else on whose goodness and power you depend, and go at once to ciphering out HOW to get good and powerful yourself. I cannot heal you. No one else can. But I am glad to tell you that *I can* awaken you to the Power that will heal you.

DESIRE. You say you desire health. This is a good sign; though desire is not of the body nor of the Real Self, it is a condition of that *life* in your body which is called *soul*; the breathing, thinking, enjoying, suffering, aspiring, planning, emotional Breath that fills the body and, *longs*—with its modified mind, the mentality— to fill more; to aspire and soar; to be just like its Real Self that is free, wise and consciously in power. Your Real Self has no needs, no desires: The perfection of God's creation is summed up in YOU.

But you must find this out; *you must know* that you have a Perfect Self before you can throw down your

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burdens and be it; you must be made aware of your perfect health, before you can put down transitive appearance and be what YOU ARE. So long as your emotional self has you in hand and you feel needy, desire is good—*splendid*, if you send the desire in the *right direction*; for you are thus boring your way through the dark into the light, just as the young oak does when it is piercing through the earth shadows toward the sunshine. And as surely as it may thus overcome its earth-environment, so surely may your rightly directed desire lead you into understanding and freedom.

Desire shows that the body is on a strike for higher wages. The body complains and the soul questions. The body is oftenest in trouble from over-indulgence. While the soul is the real and only transgressor—using its body as it would a chest of tools when it has a deed to commit—the eatings of the mental acid which engraves the pictures of those deeds, occurs in the body. That body which has an unwise soul over it, is to be pitied!

FLAMES TRUE AND FALSE

Consumption is 'an artificial flame at work on material surplus. The object of fasting, is, it turns off the false flame, quenches it, or alchemizes it by the True Flame application. Do not kill desire. Let the soul transmute it, turn it into good account. When desire for food seizes you, say "It is my soul that is in need. There is Bread for it, it has not known of. It is soul-building food I want." Then with right words in your heart you will lift your whole self nearer toward your Perfect Standard. If the body is out of condition, do not turn to drugs and try to heal *mental* conditions with *material* medicine. The cause is not in the body. The doctor who tells you your trouble is caused by indigestion, has not got at the root of your difficulty at all.

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The Fire of God burns only false appearances, through the process of consuming their *causes* in the *soul*. Health, the natural condition, reveals itself at the scattering of the smoke of false conditions. For men are brought to worse distresses,

> By taking physic, then diseases;
> And therefore commonly recover,
> As soon as doctors give them over.
> —Butler's *Hudibras*.

FIREPLACES. Such things as tumors are the fireplaces in the body. They are subtle, unsuspected, because at first the rest of the body appears in usual health-condition, with perhaps only a little soul-stirring indigestion, or puzzling constipation. The physical body may then even blossom out superior to normal for awhile because the fireplaces are draining it to feed the specific flame. Rheumatism is the result of the extraction of heat in the cells, and the infusing of cold instead, through some indulged desire of the soul. False conditions go on borrowed substance. Too much matter also furnishes fuel for the flame.

The baby with "*the*" colic is sick from one of two causes: either its little temple is set on fire by milk fevered with worldly cares or passions, or by the false beliefs and ways of those who care for it. This, together with inherited ills, which the law does not interfere with, often takes the little ones out of their natural Kingdom of Harmony.

WHY ORPHANS THRIVE. Sometimes orphans thrive because no one is anxious over them. For the same reason very aged people linger beyond any one's expectation, when the good sons and daughters have long ago consigned them to God's will, only to find it is God's will that they should live on and on. This secret accounts for the rejuvination of their senses—"second sight;" and that sweet fulfill-

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ing of the law of harmony by throwing off worry and becoming as a little child. But let some loving son or daughter focus the dark-lantern of anxiety—cease to turn them over to God—and see the aged one begin to totter.

The time to discontinue a fast is when the stored vitality of the body is well used up. Energy should not be stored. It is universal, and should be expected to move through the atoms of the body continuously—inflowing from the Universal Fountain like a River fed by Eternal Springs, and forth-going to every creature, sparkling with freshness and re-juvination.

During a fast from material food, you can have the pleasure of seeing and feeling the fireplaces smoulder and then go out. Fasting alone does not heal. It removes the barriers, so Truth can. It gives the soul a chance to rally. It undecives it as to bodily power. Fasting is setting on fire all surplus; the preparing the way—opening the Road to the Real Self.

PERFECT FORCES.

Body substance is the symbol of real substance. It is the formation and coloring of thoughts, just as the rainbow is the result of the action of light, heat and electricity acting on the prism raindrops. You never see the rainbow deformed or disorderly in colors. It is because only perfect forces operate to form the bow, and it is obedient. If the colors were selfish, and red should war with blue refusing to do its part, the result would be an imperfect purple, which would mar the whole bow. Restoration to true condition would then have to come through the reconstruction of the forces that influence conditions. The perfect must be symbolized. The use of means is justifiable under the direction of Right Judgment. You may then do with your hands what your Might tells you to do. You may open the way of health by baths in water, sun, air, mud, oil,

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or thoughts, if your Might tells you.

CHRISTS. You say you have tried to live near your Savior. You could not get away from your Savior, if you tried. Your Savior is inside of you. Our Jesus, Christ, is not the only Christ. We have been narrow to declare ours the only one sent to earth, when the Eastern and Western nations are equally favored of God. Other nations were loving and worshipping and claiming their own Christs while we were loving and worshipping and claiming ours. *But none of them are our Saviors.* They came to show us how to save ourselves, through appropriating *our* inherent Power *as* the Christs have. It felt good when we hung on Jesus for salvation—it was so easy. We were loth to do aught else. It seemed tremendous when we found out we had to work out our own salvation—not half so easy—if the other had only worked! But when we ran up against facts we had to take a stand. O it was easy for Jesus to pay all our debts while we were busy making more for him to settle! But we never did believe it. No one ever did. It is not in the constitution of man to believe it. So we have come up through the tribulation of unbelief—O glorious unbelief—to find our accounts unpaid, and waiting to be settled with interest. But we have the means. That makes it all right. We pay, with joy. But you may set it down that we are more chary of making new debts, *more earnest to do right*, than any Christian however orthodox. Not because we haven't the means, not because we do not know how, but because we know that for body and soul, for the human race in general here and now, everywhere and forever, it is *best* to make no such uncanny bills to settle.

The name most powerful in all Asia is that of Buddha, (their Christ). The *Zend-Avesta*, the Bible of

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the persians, claims Zoroaster as *their* beloved Christ. Zoroaster lived the century before our Christ. A Zend-Avesta prayer sounds like a Christian's, only they don't *lean* so much, but come up alongside. Here is an extract. If Bishop Nogan had prayed it, it would have been called very orthodox:—

"Of this do Thou Thyself bestow upon us for this world and the spiritual; and now as part thereof do Thou grant that we may *attain fellowship with Thee*, and They righteousness for all duration." The *Koran* is the Bible of the Mohammedans. From the west extremity of China to the pillars of Hercules, a hundred million of people of different races have revered its teachings as we have the teachings of our Bible.

BY THEIR FRUIT YE SHALL KNOW.

In Buddha's steps their is no blood; no burnt sacrifices. No pleasing savor of assassinated beasts, in his nostrils. No killing-houses to defile the city and smell to heaven, unless *Christian* Britain has lately built them!

Buddha, the Christ of Asia, says:—"A man born in this world by proper thought, comes to delight in goodness; he feels religion alone can remedy the ills of life and change the fate of young and old; the evil fate that cramps another cannot effect him, living righteously; relying on external help, he has sorrow; self-reliant, there is a strength and joy."

Then, *not-knowing* in men's minds, is the root of all inharmony on earth. Salvation from sickness, from its causes and results, is in KNOWING. All the bad effects from ignorance can be cleaned up *by becoming acquainted with the truth.* Let us then throw off all the blind-folds men have thrown over truth, and insist upon seeing it naked. Push away everybody's colored spectacles, and look.

Here it is. *You are a Christ.* Put ye

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KNOWLEDGE IS SALVATION.

on the Christ. *All people are intended for Christs.* And *this* is the *saving truth that makes people free* WHEN THEY KNOW AND ACCEPT IT. Christs should not call themselves vile or sinful or depraved. It is false, and only hinders realization.

So, dear heart, instead of saying "I have tried to live near my Savior," say, "I am my Savior, and from hence I will speak words that are true of Myself." Clothe yourself in power by putting on Christ-words. No longer bemean yourself by claiming that which is false. No longer acknowledge YOUR sins, sicknesses and vilenesses. Never more say you are a worm! It doesn't excuse you one bit. You don't get God's pity nor any one else's by reviling yourself.

Claim all power. It is potentially yours. Being a member of the Baptist church will not hurt you if you just melt the dogmas out of sight by your love. The church-phase has been one of the soul's steps as a student. The only danger is in tying yourself down to men-made forms, irrational dogmas. That the doctor has given you up is the most favorable sign of your recovery.

Now that you have the saving Knowledge—know who you are intended for—Health is for you waiting, knowing this, it makes me confident of success in "speaking the word only" to see your true condition reveal itself:—You are sound and well in every part, from this hour. Now I shall get a letter from you telling me of your healing.

Knowing who you are, opens your heart to a love so wide and deep and all-embracing you are for the moment surprised, amazed at yourself. But your old trials are forgotten in the brightness of your shining, the going forth of your Light to help show the world the way. O how your love shines and warms and glows

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and blesses and glorifies and enlightens, and how supremely happy it makes you in your work of just shining forth your Saving Knowledge.

Reviews of Books, Etc.

HENRY Harrison Brown has sent out a new book entitled "*Concentration: The Road to Success.*" He treats the subject in 24 short chapters, covering 126 pages. Bound in olive green cloth, $1.00; paper cover, 50 cents.

I believe Bro. Brown has struck the key note of one of the most difficult problems in metaphysical Science, How to Concentrate Thought.

The subject is presented in clear, forcible, positive style with the points made clinched by example and illustration.

Send price to this office for a copy.

The Pilot is one of our exchanges. It is a new weekly paper edited by James S. Stemons, at 1341 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Stemons is an Afro-American of extraordinary intelligence, a fluent and forceful writer and a man of high principles and good judgment. I always find much that is interesting and valuable in the paper. Send for a copy; you will like it.

Harry Gaze, the young man who never says die nor thinks of death except to deny it a right to be in appearance, has started a magazine called *The Live-Forever Magazine*, issued from 419 Huntington Chamber, Boston. It lives up to its title and is good reading all thru. We wish Harry full success in establishing his cheerful propaganda among heretofore dying men. Even tho none of them ever fully succeed in keeping the body indefinitely, it is an excellent thing to try. It at least lengthens bodily existence and makes life more worth living. Send for a copy, all of you.

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I read the June number of *Humanity* thru from cover to cover and enjoyed it. You would, too. Send for one: 1817 Market St., St. Louis, Mo. The editor, Clifford Greve, is a man of thought and learning.

Brother and Sister Mills are giving the people some excellent and helpful ideas in *Fellowship*. Read Mrs. Mills on "The Gospel of Cheerfulness" in the June number. It will do you good. Monthly, $1.00 a year. 420 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

If you want rational occultism and Eastern idealism, read *The Light of Asia*, edited by Baba Bharati, 730 W. 16th St., Los Angeles. "Is God Visible?" in the June No. is worth reading.

I HAVE read a few pages of one of the best little books I have ever read. Tonight, before I sleep, I will read it through. I wish I might fill the shelves of our library with books written in the same exquisite style as—*An Interlude*—The cover is dainty and attractive.

"You may send me six copies in paper cover"..... MRS. R. P. WILLIAMS,—Mataphysical Library, San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Read This

THE August number of THE LIFE will contain the address of A. P. Barton before the Denver Convention of the Western Dist. W. N. T. F. Subject, "A Lesson on Telepathy."

We have yet a few copies of that great book by "Eleve," "Spiritual Law in the Natural World." Better send for one now, 50 cents.

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Recognition.

BY EDWARD EARLE PURINTON.

Written for The Life.

ALL I have is mine to give
All I am is yours to take
And in return just let me live
Live and love for your dear sake!

All I have is as a stream
That seems a thousand laughing rills
Then sobs beneath a single gleam
Of clearer light beyond the hills.

All I do is but the shade
Of night that marks the setting sun;
With every dawn the mist must fade—
'Tis nothing that I can have done.

All I am is like to dross,
Before it meets its crucial fire;
Whate'er the test be mine the loss
Be yours the gold of pure desire.

All I have and am and do
Seems to mock me when I cry
"Take me—make me such as you
Must love; though all the world deny!"

Dross and sea and shadow sink
Melting to their earthly end
Sun alone illumes the brink
Where mortals fall while souls ascend.

You increase as I grow less
Yet hope within me grows more bright
That, seeing my unworthiness,
You cannot, Love, withhold your Light!

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Have You Read

EDWARD Earle Purinton's new work, "*The Philosophy of Fasting?*" If not then you have missed one of the greatest books of the time. Read the poem on page 293 and then send for his wonderful book. You would not sell it, after you have read it, for several times its price. This is not an advertisement. I speak of it, because I think it should be in the hands of most people. It is a work that should be widely circulated among the salt of the earth, as it is now among the lovers of good literature. Address, E. E. Purinton, 68 W. 142 St., New York, N. Y.

Do You Need Help?

WE GIVE treatments succesfully both presently and absently. Full instructions are given those whom we treat for self help and co-operation with us. Regular times are set for treatments each day and regularly observed by us. Our success in all sorts of troubles has been phenomenal. Write us all about it and get relief. You are sure to do so if you follow instructions.

DEAR Mrs. Barton:

I wish you would send me an extra copy of the June LIFE, as I wish to cut out the little poem, 'Hope' by Sweetwilliam, for my scrap book. I think it is fine. —MINNIE E. F."

Dear Minnie: Please wait till I have the second verse corrected in the July number, and then you can have a perfect copy.

Here it is:—

Joy has her goodly pleasures,
Charity, reward and praise;
Hope buoys the soul above all
The billows of false ways.

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For The Children

A STORY FROM 1 ESDRAS, III, IV.

(ADAPTED BY EFFIE E. BLODGETT.)

DARIUS the king had made a great feast for his subjects and the princes of Media and Persia. All the governors, captains and lieutenants from India unto Ethiopia, from a hundred and twenty-seven provinces under the king's dominion had been invited.

The feast was over. It had been a success and all were satisfied. Darius went into his bed chamber and slept. It may be he was weary aad excited, for he had not slept long before he awoke, probably restless and full of thought.

There were three young men, the king's body guard, who now began talking with one another. Whether it was to arouse the king in his wakefulness or that they supposed him to be asleep and he overheard, is not known. The story shows that in either case he humored their fancy.

Said one of these young men, "Let every one of us speak a sentence: he that shall overcome, and whose sentence shall seem wiser than the others, unto him shall the king Darius give great gifts, and great things in token of victory: as to be clothed in purple, to drink in gold, and wear a head-tire of fine linen, and a chain about his neck: and he shall sit next to Darius, because of his wisdom, and shall be called Darius' cousin."

Then each of the three wrote his sentence, sealed it and laid it under the king's pillow.

The first wrote, "Wine is the strongest."

The second wrote, "The king is the strongest."

The third wrote, "Women are strongest: But above all things, truth beareth away the victory."

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The morning came and the sealed writings were placed in the king's hands. Then he sent for the princes of Persia and Media, the governors, captains and lieutenants and other chief officers, to come in, and then he sat down in his royal judgment seat. The writings were opened and read before them. King Darius then commanded the young men to be called that they might explain their reasons for their statements.

When the young men had appeared the king said, "Declare unto us your minds concerning the writings."

The first young man supported his statement as follows:—"O ye men, how exceeding strong is wine! It causeth all men to err that drink it. It maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child, to be all one: of the bondman and the freeman, of the poor man, and of the rich. It turneth also every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt. And it maketh every heart rich, so that a man remembereth neither king nor governor; and it maketh to speak all things by talents. And when they are in their cups, they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draweth swords. But when they are from the wine they remember not what they have done. O ye men, is not wine the strongest, that enforceth to do thus?"

This young man may have been a devotee to the supposed power of wine, and have known whereof he spoke. However, it is noticeable that his plea for his statement seems weaker than the other two, showing lack both intellectually and in eloquence.

The second young man either innocently betrayed how fine a thing the greatness of kings seemed to him, or else he sought the award of honor by this method of flattering king Darius. He argued as follows:—"O ye men, do not men excel in strength, that bear rule over sea and land, and all things in them? But yet the king is

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more mighty; for he is lord of all these things, and hath dominion over them; and whatsoever he commandeth them they do. If he bid them make war, the one against the other, they do it; if he send them out against the enemies, they go, and break down mountains, walls, and towers. They slay and are slain, and transgress not the king's commandment; if they get the victory they bring all to the king, as well the spoil, and all things else. Likewise for those that are no soldiers and have not to do with wars, but use husbandry, when they have reaped again that which they had sown, they bring it to the king, and compel one another to pay tribute unto the king. And yet he is but one man: if he command to kill, they kill; if he command to spare, they spare; if he command to smite, they smite; if he command to make desolate, they make desolate; if he command to build, they build; if he command to cut down, they cut down; if he command to plant, they plant. So all his people and his enemies obey him: furthermore he lieth down, he eateth and drinketh, and taketh his rest; and these keep watch round about him, neither may any depart, and do his own business, neither disobey him in anything. O ye men, how should not the king be mightiest, when in such sort he is obeyed!"

The statement of the third young man was upheld by the following reasoning:—"O ye men, it is not the great king, nor the multitude of men, neither is it wine that excelleth: who is it, then, that ruleth them or hath the lordship over them? Are they not women? Women have borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea or land. Even of them came they: and they nourished them up that planted the vineyards from whence the wine cometh. These also make garments for men; these bring glory unto men; and without women cannot men be.....

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A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife. .....By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you: do ye not labor and toil, and give and bring all to the women. Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth his way to rob and to steal, to sail upon the sea and upon rivers; and looketh upon a lion and goeth in the darkness; and when he hath stolen, spoiled and robbed, he bringeth it to his love.....O ye men, are not women strong?" Then the king and princes looked one upon another: so he began to speak of the truth:

"Great is the earth, high is the heaven, swift is the sun in his course for he compasseth the heavens round about, and fetcheth his course again to his own place in one day. Is he not great that maketh these things? Therefore great is the truth and stronger than all things. All the earth praiseth the truth, and the heaven blesseth it: all works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing. Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, women are wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and such are all their wicked works; and there is no truth in them; in their unrighteousness else they shall perish.

As for the truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards: but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things, and all men do well like of her works. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth."

When he ended, all the people shouted "*Great is truth, and mighty above all things.*"

Then King Darius gave to the young man, whose name was Zorobabel, all that was agreed upon and called him his cousin. More than this, he told him he

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would do for him any other thing which was not appointed in the writing that he might wish to ask. At this the young man reminded Darius of his former vow to rebuild Jerusalem and the temple when he became ruler, and requested that the king attend to the matter. Darius very cordially became interested and began to send out letters and money that the work might proceed at once. Zorobabel went forth from the king and lifted up his face toward the sky and his beloved Jerusalem and praised the king of heaven, saying, "From thee cometh victory, from thee cometh wisdom, and thine is the glory, and I am thy servant. Blessed art thou, who hast given me wisdom; for to thee I give thanks, O Lord of our fathers." He afterwards became head of the tribe of Judah, and was appointed by Cyrus on the return from the captivity governor of Judea, and entered at once upon his great work of rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem.

Key-Notes.

(Silent hours, 6 to 7 a. m., 7 to 8 p. m. All please join us.)

JULY.

JUSTICE, mercy, decency and love fill my mind and soul and glow forth in all my words and deeds to bless those with whom I associate and all who have dealings with me. I bless and condemn not.

AUGUST 1-10.

The joy of victory always fills my soul, for God's ways are my ways.

AUGUST 11-17.

Success is mine and I am free from fear.

AUGUST 18-24.

Infinite Life is personified in me and I manifest no failure.

AUGUST 25-31.

Truth is the basis of all I am and desire and I overcome every seeming obstacle.

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The 23rd Psalm.

"THE Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want." The divine self is the guide and guardian of the personal self. It is one with the universal power of supply and when given control over the senses and the thoughts of the personal man, will abundantly supply all needs.

"He maketh me to live down in green pastures and leadeth me beside the still waters."

In the Lord is rest and pleasure. The one who looks to the Lord and fully trusts that power, ceases to strive and worry and grasp after things. The divine leading is sufficient for every emergency.

"He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

In the Lord is the essence of complete recuperation and strength. Under that guidance the way is no longer dark and dubious. In that perfect trust is peace and assurance.

"Yea; tho I walk thru the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

There is no fear in the Lord. The Lord is ever present to help. The strength of the Lord and guidance should comfort you in every trial. The Lord is the highest reality of the individual. Rely upon that power and you will never be subject to the miasm of mortal shadows in the world. You will be victorious over every combatant.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."

No one can rob the Lord man. Trust in the Lord and every need will be supplied. He gives peace to the mind and richness to the intellect and more abundance than you can hold. Only trust; only give the

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Lord self entire dominion over body and affairs and you will surely demonstrate the truth of these words.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

This is a great truth, but how few realize it! People have called this an evil world where the bad prevails and must be fought in order to live at all. It is true that goodness and mercy follows you. Will you allow them to overtake you? Or will you fight on and worry and complain and refuse to see salvation at hand?

To dwell in the house of the Lord is to abide in the seceret place of the Most High. No harm can befall you there. They that are for you are more than they that are against you. Know this and be courageous in the Lord.

Instantaneous Healing.

ONE day recently I was called to the telephone by the daughter of a neighbor. She said her brother had just been struck in the stomach by a base ball and severely hurt and her mama wished me to give him treatment immediately. I sat down on a window seat and gave him strong words of truth at once, continuing about twenty minutes.

The mother wrote me afterward,

"I don't believe it was over twenty minutes after Belle called you up until Forrest was up and sitting on the porch. I think I could have demonstrated over it myself had the neighbors let me alone. But they came running in excitedly and insisted on my sending for a doctor. I said, 'No; I will have Mr. Barton give him a treatment.' He was soon all right.

"I write this because I think it is well for people to know of such cases. It is hard for most people to

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understand and believe such things. Not one of those women would admit that you had anything to do with the healing in this case, but I knew better."

Conference of the Western District, W. N. C. F.

A CONFERENCE of the Western District of the World New Thought Federation will be held in Denver beginning the evening of July 4th, at 8 o'clock in the Divine Science Church, Clarkson and E. 17th Ave.

All interested in the New Thought are cordially invited to attend.

The afternoon meetings will be devoted to business. In the evening there will be good speaking and good music. President Perrin and many prominent workers in the New Thought will be present.

Saturday, the 6th, will be left free so that those wishing to take advantage of the low rates that prevail on that day may have the pleasure of a trip into the grand old "Rockies."

There will be two meetings of special interest on Sunday, a business meeting Monday afternoon and a reception Monday evening, given by the Divine Science Church, to the visitors.

The program and further details will be published later.

NONA L. BROOKS, Chairman,
864 Clarkson St., Denver, Colo.
JENNIE CROFT,
ERNEST WELTMER,
CLARENCE TISDALE,
DR. W. R. PRICE,
JOSEPHINE WILSON.

The soul is fed by affirmations, as the body is by bread.—Victor Hugo.

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The Christ of the Present

BY LOTTA P. CHENEY.

Written for THE LIFE.

HOW often in the enumeration of the world's saviors and redeemers we hear the names of Isaiah, of Jesus, of Buddha, of Paul and of John.

These personages were endowed with consciences illuminated; they possessed divine intelligence and characters worthy of emulation, but centuries have passed since their personal expressions on earth.

Had we known them all personally would they have represented to us the ideals that they do now? Had we been personally acquainted with Jesus of Nazareth is it not possible that the acquaintanceship with the personal man would have tended to blind our vision to his mind of Love and Grace? Had we known Paul in daily life would we have attributed to him all that we now do? Did not some of these great ones of the past have their personal peculiarities and perchance even faults? The divinely inspired men of the past in their daily lives performed the ordinary duties of life and were known to only a few by their impersonal natures.

Is it not possible that the acquaintanceship with people to-day is blinding our sight to the Christ Mind that is living now on earth? The Spirit of the Christ is immanent to-day; more than at any epoch in history is the Christ Spirit on earth; not in the form of Jesus, not of Paul nor of John, but expressed through the consciousnesses of many of the men and women who grace the earth at the present time.

It is possible that just as wise and just as good people live to-day as at any time remote, and the same divine intuition that was then requisite to discern the

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Christ is essential now to perceive the Christ of the present. A great truth comes to a mind, a beautiful conception of being; the mystery of life is unraveled and its principles are understood. With this understanding comes the love of humanity and the desire to impart this truth to the world; he or she perceives the infinite possibilities of mankind; they become aware of the divine inheritance and they would apprise all the rightful heirs of their riches. But the person to whom this truth comes may be some one considered quite ordinary; it may be perchance some one with whom we are well acquainted, possibly some of our own relations. And to what extent does the knowledge of the personality hinder these God inspired ones in their work of love? We know them in daily life, and therefore it is difficult to attribute to them the qualities that we have to those of the past. They are common every day folks. Ah! so was Jesus a common every day man in his personality, more plain perhaps than many another. What made him divine? His intelligence, his pure conception of life, his all absorbing love for humanity. All these are the common property of mankind. Divine intelligence will be granted to the one who desires it above all else, no matter if it be our next door neighbor. He performed no miracle that is miraculous to one who understands the philosophy of life from a spiritual standpoint. Were we to point out men and women on earth to-day and designate them as possessing divine intelligence who would believe our report? It would be the part of wisdom not to do this for the same reason that Jesus did not want it told abroad that he was the Christ because of the opposition it would arouse in the minds of the ignorant.

May it not be that there are souls longing to be understood just as Jesus yearned to be understood, not

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for any self gratification, but that they might be of greater service to the world. "And whom do men say that I am?" No vanity ever prompted that question. Love for mankind and desire to bless was the prompter. How sweet it must have been to him to have had even one understand his true nature. And would it be any the less sweet to one living to-day to be thus understood? Dear souls! be patient; no person is ever born before his time; no beautiful life lived in vain; no word of truth is ever lost; it may for a time be hidden from view but it is only sown to yield a more abundant harvest. No vanity ever prompts the divinely inspired to be understood for such know full well that the qualities that render them of a divine nature are the common inheritance of all. It is to share this rich inheritance with every child of earth that they desire to be comprehended just as the God inspired of the long ago desired to be understood. Not their personalities but the principle of their natures.

It may be that the time is now when men and women into whose hearts and souls the impersonal Christ has been born, to whom the book of nature has been opened that the science of life may be understood, do not need to pass away before the principles of which they are the living embodiments, are recognized. Oh! how much more good can then be done.

Let us look not backward, neither into the future for the saviors and redeemers of the world; but let us open our eyes wide and look into our own souls and there search until we find the same mind that was also in Christ Jesus, then we will for a certainty know that Christ has re-appeared on earth, and then we shall be enabled to perceive the Christ without, and we shall behold the Son of God, not in the form of any one person, neither in a few persons, but in every man, woman and child on earth.

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Do Thou Awaken Us!

AS THE Spring calleth the blades of grass to awaken to the smile of the sun or the drenching of the rain each day, do Thou, O ever glad and youthful Love, awaken us to the sweet security of the smile of life and the frown that our clouded eyes may spy lurking behind it. Do Thou who makest the young fruit tree to bend low with the stress and winds of storm so that it breaks not, do Thou make us to bow to Thy will, resisting not its dictates, lest in our ignorance we dash against the current of our good and fail to near the smooth ways and pleasant pastures Thou dost in Thy wisdom prepare for us.

Thou who makest the food to be in the breast of the mother at the coming of the young, make us to realize that each need hath its supply even before its want is uttered, teach us to know that about our ignorance Thy wisdom lies, about our weakness Thy strength is woven, about our helplessness Thy help looms nigh, and that Thy peace overshadows all our tumult.—From *The Light of India.*

ON MY desk before me is a lovely LaFrance Rose, with all the charming fragrance, the sweet loveliness of petal, the fresh perfection of form and delicacy of color possible to this wonderful flower—England's chosen Queen.

It was presented to me—together with the rich and peerless American Beauty Rose—by my dear friend Miss Carry Jackson, one of Kansas City's Human Blossoms.

The sense of smell, like all the senses, is of the *mind.* And hence the odor of this Rose opens the gates of the immortal and I am in conscious touch with God-sweetness. The aroma is God-*idea* manifesting in the flower. It is the same in regard to its hue, its orderly

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shape, its lifesome curl and velvet lining. O beautiful, charming, immaculate, unspeakable LaFrance!

Every perfect thing is the manifestation—not of God direct—but of spiritual man's IDEA of God. The Hindoo who thinks he sees God in the flower, sees only his IDEA of God-in-the-flower. Or sees God *indirectly through and back of* the flower; and this means with his soul-eyes and not his physical eyes. It is thus I see God in the LaFrance.

When we get filled with love and enthusiasm, we must remember to be just as scientific, just as logical as when cool and calm.

For note, that as soon as man's *idea* is improved, the species is improved, whether it be rose or man. Man first saw God-sweetness through the pale, five-petalled wild rose. Since then his idea has enlarged, and the LaFrance with its numberless petals, and the American Beauty with its superb, aromatic, luscious richness, are proofs of IDEAL *advancement*. You may call God Creator; but man is Maker, and the improver of species, and in proportion as his *ideal* power increases.

So this thing of beauty and joy, is the manifestation of God's *idea* (or Expression in creation) IMPROVED UPON BY MAN. It was meant that way. "God is the SKILL," as George Elliot truly says, but God could not make American Beauties without men's hands and ideas. Let us be just, even to God.

God (Universal Intelligence) filled the hills with ore, but left it crude for man to dig out and make machinery of. God causes electricity to flash before men's faces to awaken their *ideas* of its worth; but it is men who must harness it and make it answer to their splendid and intricate plans. God grows the forests, but the hammer and saw are left for men's hands improved dwelling places for his *ideas*; so not without man, is God to be proven in a world like ours.

C. J. B.

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Invisible Helpers.

PUT yourself in training with the Invisible Helpers, who will come to your rescue if you stop talking of your Unbeliefs long enough to give them a chance to make you believe. They are divine, yet they are not omnipotent. They need your help to reach you. Space is full of these Great Invisible Helpers. They have passed through the Earth Plane centuries ago, and have grown wise with experiences in other realms. Instead of proceeding on to enjoy the selfish pleasures of heaven, they have chosen to be "first aids" to suffering humanity for a cycle.

They will give you Strength, light, Wisdom and Power if you turn to them. They will help you to waken the Divine Self.

They will give you a sense of exultation and exaltation in coping with the sorrows of earth, and they will make you ashamed to talk of nerves and physical weaknesses and temporary ills in this brief, beautiful life. They will give you vibrations from the Great Centre, and make you a kind of human radium, which shall give forth healing rays of happiness, strength and love to every living creature, animal or man.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in Chicago Examiner.

EMERSON says we acquire the strength which we overcome. It is a lesson in the art of dealing with difficulties. If the struggle is hard and the problem intricate, there is but the greater opportunity offered to unfold power and wisdom by standing up like a man and fighting it out to the finish.

A German proverb says, "He who maketh himself nothing is nothing." It is equally true that he who maketh himself a winner becomes invincible in life.

I do not believe the burden laid upon you is ever greater than you can bear. "He tempereth the wind

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to the shorn lamb." The results of error come not to punish, but for salvation. So they can never destroy. We fail to realize the blessing in them only because we fail to see it and spend our energies in condemning and bewailing. If we see the power which seems to oppose us as our own awaiting appropriation, we may begin at once to weaken the opponent by turning his power around to face him. It steadily comes over to our side until adversity becomes a helper, a stepping-stone to a higher plane.

A prominent Baptist Preacher of this state was one day telling the following story in my presence. He had a young son who was a good reader. The father was proud of his boy's accomplishment and asked him one day at a Sunday school convention to read a certain chapter in Leviticus which he had selected. The youngster went forward and read the selection beautifully and closed with, "Thus readeth the —— chapter of Levity-cuss."

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
A. P. BARTON : C. J. BARTON
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

AUGUST, 1907 :::: VOL. XII; NO. 1

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
—Shak.

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A. P. Barton—C. Josephine Barton, Editors and Publishers. Ralph Barton, Staff Artist. Office 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter.

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A Lesson on Telepathy

(An address by A. P. Barton, written for the conference of the Western Dist. of the W. N. T. F. in Denver, Colo., held July 4-7, 1907.)

ANALOGIES in nature are common. Every phenomenon and every object is co-related with every other phenomenon and object. The elements and forces are mutally inter-convertible and transmutable. Force generates heat, heat under certain conditions becomes electricity and electricity produces magnetism. Then magnetism appears again as force to operate our machinery. Everywhere in nature do we find this mutuality of relation and interchange.

This is true because there is but one primal substance or essence at the basis of all things. Scientists are now agreed that the seeming difference of material in the things of the objective world is due only to the different modes and degrees of vibration in the one essence of origin. Air, water, wood, rock and iron are differentiated, not in constituent material, but in the quality, velocity and depth of vibration among the particles of the one elemental essence of being constituting them. To vibration alone is due every appearance.

It has long been admitted as an inevitable postulate of science that all space is filled with an im-

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ponderable primordeal substance which has been named Ether. We name it Mind, or Spirit. Sir Isaac Newton called it "Spirit," and "The non-material Substance." Hume says, "Impressions and ideas are the only things known to exist, and mind is the name for the sum of them all."

Bishop George Berkley said, "No object exists apart from mind. Mind is therefore the deepest realty."

Herbert Spencer says, " There is but one ultimate form of matter out of which the successively—more complex forms of matter are built up."

We use "Mind" and "Spirit" as synonymous. The Ether of science is no other.

Vibration is the law of life. The presence of life everywhere causes vibration, evolution, manifestation. The sensation of light is conveyed to us by vibration thru a medium. The same is true of sound. In truth, all sensations come by vibration conducted thru some suitable medium, one that is responsive to and consonant with the causative force.

The word "Telepathy" is made up of two Greek words which, combined, mean *feeling*, or *sensing at a distance*, just as "telegraphy" means writing at a distance and "telephony," producing sound at a distance, and "telescope," seeing afar.

But in producing sound at a distance by telephony the sound waves in air are not conveyed from the speaker to the listener. The delicate diaphragm at one end of the line is made to vibrate by the sound waves produced by the voice of the speaker so as to complete an electric circuit and the electric vibrations conveyed along the wire reproduce the sound vibrations thru the diaphragm at the other end and the listener recognizes the voice of an acquaintance.

The two tympans of the telephone must be exact-

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ly symmetrical, the one responsive to the other, else the tone would be altered in reproduction.

In the telephone the agent of transmission is electricity while the medium is a wire. The electric current changes the normal atomic vibrational state of the wire and transmits this change to the receiving diaphragm.

The time of transmission is almost imperceptible, altho the velocity of an electric current is not so great as that of light, while thought influence is practically instantaneous.

Now there is an exact analogy in all vibratory phenomena in nature and consciousness, since there is but one atomic substance and one law governing all.

The moving principle in all the universe we call life. It is never stagnant nor decadent. The Hebrew name for this mysterious something is *Neshama*; Greek, *Bios*; Latin, *Vita*; German, *Leben*; French, *Vie*; and Spanish, *Vida*. Yet we only give names to that which we know is, but cannot analytically define. The best we can say is that it is an all-pervading principle of being which unfolds and sustains all things and is the motif of all activity. Progression is its law and every change in nature is made by and in the interests of this law of life. That which seems to be retrogression or death is only a preparatory step for a forward movement.

The mode and character of mental vibration are determined by the needs, desires and destiny of man and may be actuated and directed by definite thought. Individual mind, endowed with reason, will and choice has power to modify the current of vibratory movement for Specific ends. Universal Mind expresses, individual mind manifests expression. It is its inalienable prerogative and God the Father may not do its work for it, however fervently men may beg "him" to

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do so. It is our necessary work of salvation, our means of growth.

The theories concerning ether were at first a purely hypothetical abstraction, a *reductio ad absurdum*, a necessary assumption, since an absolute vacuum was found to be impossible, and a medium for light transmission was imperatively demanded. Wireless telegraphy has proven the existence of this omnipresent substance and by this means we shall yet open communication with the people of our neighboring planet Mars.

Is mind or spirit a higher refinement of the universal essence? All existence springs from the one fountain source, whether it appear as rock, earth, wood, water, air, electricity, light or ether. And vibration is the agent of manifestation in it all.

As the medium in telegraphy and telephony is the wire actuated by electricity and in wireless telegraphy the imponderable ether, so in telepathy it is universal Mind.

I presume the fact of telepathy needs no argument. Numerous experiments have placed this beyond the pale of speculation. One mind may feel or sense the vibrations set up by another thru thought action at an indefinite distance. In fact, distance has no place in calculations of intensity and exactness of impressions made by such vibrations. For this purpose two persons thus communicating are together and should not imagine separateness.

Thought action is directed by the will, or may be, and the will should be controlled by intelligence. So the vibratory incentive started from one thought center may be so directed that it will affect mainly the one individual mind which is prepared to receive and toward which it is given a purposeful impulse.

There are three laws governing the practical ap-

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plication of telepathy:—

1. There must be a medium of transmission of the vibratory movement.

2. All persons on the same plane of vibration with the active agent, or in an attitude of responsiveness toward the thought action of the transmitter, may and do, more or less, feel or sense the vibratory movement set up.

3. In order to secure the best results, to effectively send and receive telepathic messages, the two participants must be *en rapport* mentally, but in opposite attitudes in relation to each other, the transmitter being positive and active in thought and the receiver passive, listening and responsive.

First Law. Upon the first law I need say but little. We have seen that mind or spirit, the essence of being, is omnipresent, and since thought is an impulse of individual mind, the medium of transmission is homogeneous and readily responsive to it.

A bullet is sent from a gun by the force of incidence independent of a medium. But it is a destructive agent, never received normally and always causing inharmony. Thoughts do not go in that way. They are not fired from one person to another *nolens volens*, driven all the way by the impulse given them by the thinker. True thoughts appeal to nature and harmonizing law for promulgation, causing a change in the incessant vibratory activity of life in universal mind and tuning personal mentalities to the symphony of Infinite Love. Right thoughts, those which are healing, encouraging, strengthening and rejuvenating in their nature, convey the impulse of the Spirit of Love and Truth and wholeness.

We are only beginning to realize the tremendous power thinking has upon the body and in determining our environment. The best minds of the age are now

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investigating and have already made some wonderful discoveries. President Hall of Clark university has said, "There can be no change of thought without a change of muscle. A course in thinking might develop muscle as well as a course in physical exercise."

Professor J. Mark Baldwin of Princeton university says, "Every state of consciousness tends to realize itself in an appropriate muscular movement."

Prof. C. A. Strong of Columbia university:—"All mental states are followed by bodily changes and all consciousness leads to action. This activity extends to heart, lungs, stomach and other viscera, in the caliber of blood vessels and the secretion of glands."

Prof. William James of Harvard university:—"All mental states are followed by bodily activity of some sort. The fact is, there is no sort of consciousness whatever, be it sensation, feeling or idea, which does not directly and by itself tend to discharge into some motor effect."

Prof. Munsterberg of Harvard: "The slightest thought influences the whole body. There never is a particle of an idea in our mind which is not the starting point for some bodily action. Thinking increases the activity of the minute perspiration glands of the skin."

Angelo Masso of the university of Turin constructed an apparatus by means of which he proved that thought increases the weight of the brain in an instant. Prof. Elmer Gates plunged his arm into a vessel of water so as to cause the water to just fill the vessel. Then by sending thought vibrations into the arm he caused it to expand so as to make the water run over. By experiment he proved that the substance produced by any kind of discordant thinking injected into the veins of a guinea pig or a hen would kill it outright.

A healthy mother gave nurse to her healthy babe

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immediately after indulging a violent fit of anger, and the babe was thereby poisoned and died.

The movement referred to in these statements is by vibration. By no other means could it come about.

Accord of atomic motion between the normal and the incidental is, of course, stimulative of healthful manifestation. Hence truly directed harmonious thinking strengthens individuation and aids the unfoldment of power in all persons who are responsive to it. How important, then, it is that we should always hold thoughts of love, joy, success and wholesomeness!

Second Law. We do not always know the source of our impressions and impulses. You suddenly feel depressed and gloomy without any apparent cause for it. An inharmonious thought-wave has struck you at an unguarded point where you were not protected by the armor of positive God-consciousness. An impulse of joy, love, generosity, courage or health means that a good thought-wave has reached you and you have been receptive to it, and you are benefitted thereby.

So you are actually helping or hindering the well-being of all the race by the thoughts you are sending out every day.

Telepathy is not a sort of mental jugglery practiced only by adepts for show purposes. Its application is universal and we are now learning how to use it for practical humanitarian ends.

Third Law:—A positive vibratory activity backed by a strong will and definite purpose, while it affects all mentalities more or less, will be felt most strongly by those who are in an attitude of expectancy and accord. By this I mean thinking along the same lines with the one originating the thought-wave and inviting its influence. Fear of harmful mental treatment will render one vulnerable to error race thoughts and the effect is as if some one were actually using hurtful

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mental weapons for such a purpose. But if you habitually think positive good thoughts you will not fear any vicious efforts to harm you and will be safe.

Where two persons, no matter how far apart they may be in body, agree understandingly in co-operation, the desired results in telepathy will be realized. A mental vibratory current started by an intelligent demonstrator will be received by the one for whom it is intended if he hold a state of mind responsive to it, is in an attitude of receptivity and accord. The one is action, the other reaction; the one is voice, the other reverberation; the one is prayer, the other amen.

The two should understand each other, co-incide in time and agree in purpose. The one should listen and receive while the other speaks.

Healing at a distance is thus accomplished thru telepathy. The one being treated feels and responds to the harmonizing thought message sent by the practitioner. The result is a change of vibration in the mentality and body of the person receiving the treatment and the awakening of a new consciousness of health and self-mastery.

The fact of sickness or failure is a manifestation of discordant, mixed or jarring vibrations. Thus one gets out of tune with nature and the normal impulses of life. A message of Love's harmony comes as a strong wave of divine peace and reconstruction, tuning away the discords and setting the pitch of the mental organism to the music of the Oversoul.

The recipient, if capable, should believe in and expect good results. If it be a little child or one otherwise incapacitated for active co-operation, he is then a passive, nonresistant recipient. His sub-conscious mind gives the response and the work is done.

Patients sense the vibrations differently according

(*Continued on page 46.*)

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Little Lessons

THE RULES OF GOOD SOCIETY.

BY C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

The rude unpolished guest is always welcomest
When his derby he takes and early exit makes.

THE rules of good society *founded in true principles* are as indispensible to a civilized community as such regulations are to general government. And the well-bred who promote good manners are as superior to those who disregard such rules, as the law-abiding citizen is to the anarchist.

While at work for the mental freedom of the whole race, we know no man can be free until he is ready to leave the outgrown and unprincipled ways of barbarism, and is ambitious to help the race evolve into a truer and still loftier civilization.

USE OF RULES.

Rules are necessary only as trainers for those in society who—though true to principle—on account of not quite knowing how do not fully co-operate with those who do know. The few who, in this day of advanced thought, would convert the Liberty we seek into its opposite—license—are the ones most in need of rules and set forms of discipline.

Civil society means, not only correct manners, but it points to the proper and *well-founded* etiquette to be employed on all occasions. While any well-bred man or woman has and should have an etiquette of his or her own, yet it never contains such rules as would conflict with the true Standard adopted; and they are such in character that even the observance of general rules does not conflict with individual freedom, because the advocates are *in tone with* good society and the adopted

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standard.

Embarrassment often rises in the minds of those too engrossed in business affairs, or who are held too closely at home, to keep up with the slowly-evolving rules of etiquette, and a word is often in season under this head. While one little blunder may in itself be a trifling matter, in the eyes of culture it is magnified because they are unused to it; and in spite of all the charity such may exercise, the offender is marked; disadvantage reflects from every seam in his apparel. The one solicism has distinguished him as one unaccustomed to moving in civil society, and therefore as one not their equal. No member can condone with his mistake, while inwardly and unavoidably resenting his act. No one but himself is to blame. Age, individual tact, natural refinement, while of ameliorating value in themselves, cannot supply the lack nor disregard that which the *unit* demands.

Now Etiquette is an old word, constructed upon all the culture and propriety of ages; it comprises the entire gamut of proper manners, polite behavior, good breeding. And though in past years the word pointed more directly to people of wealth and polish, the circle has been widening with the times, until now many, indeed all who are refined whether rich or poor, belong to its charmed society. This is right, for it shows that etiquette is now accepted from a moral view as well as from the merely conventional.

INTRODUCTIONS.

Never introduce people indiscriminately. Be sure both parties desire an introduction. First find out the wish of the person in highest rank—who occupies the most important position. You would not like to be presented to the tramp you had trouble getting out of your back yard, even if he has reformed or come into means. If you put yourself on a level with him, he *might fail* to

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make further effort to rise to your plane. A thoughtless man introduced his wife to a wealthy neighbor who was intoxicated! The wife blushed as she courtesied and refused the extended hand of the sot. This fended him and chagrinned the husband who needed a lesson in good manners.

It is proper form to introduce the gentleman to the lady; it matters not to what rank they belong. *Place aux dames.* It is kind when there is doubt, to first consult the man as to his wishes, though it is not imperative, save under certain conditions, as at a ball when a partner is to be found.

Introduce an unmarried woman *to* a married one, unless the former is of higher rank than the latter.

Say, only, "Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Roosevelt," thus calling the name of the senator's wife, and then that of the president's wife. You need not discriminate when two senator's wives are introduced, unless age or other distinctions exist.

When two women are introduced they should bow to each other, and a remark from one of them is appropriate. Say what they may who approve of handshaking, it is a remnant of a barbarous age when jesture was largely employed in want of language. And as for kissing salutations, they are abominable! The woman who kisses every other woman she meets cannot know the sacredness of a kiss! She makes herself a ludicrous spectacle while performing. The fashion of it is about in its last throes, and those who indulge are known as old-fashioned or abnormal; for no two women like to kiss each other. Leave this to lover and mother.

If shaking hands is in vogue, and the omission of it would offend and you would rather do it, then the best time is when receiving your friends at home. If you shake, *shake.* Don't claw at the other hand, nor

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fumble, but give a warm, friendly, clasping, characterful pressure.

VISITING

It is *safest* in all communities, to stand upon strict and ceremonious etiquette in making or receiving visits. I make a liberal exception to this, while at the same time my first remark will prove more salutary in the general end than otherwise. If you do not wish to exchange calls with a near neighbor, all you have to do is to postpone your call until indifference sets in. It will thus merge you into a bowing acquaintance only, to be dropped later on. The woman who does not take this bait, but continues to intrude herself in a familiar way anyhow, proves herself one of the ill-bred, and (unless you wish to help her rise) you are under no obligations to entertain her or return her visits.

If you wish to be welcome do not obtrude unceremoniously, unless you are certain of your welcome to enter at any moment. Many near and dear friends and relatives have this privilege. But the woman who even enters another's yard knowing her presence is unwelcome, is *proclaiming* the *fact of her ill-breeding*. She is not fit for polite society. She needs to stay at home and study foundation principles until she knows how to behave like a civilized woman. Let her learn to keep her own place.

It is said when a woman *speaks* she is read like a book by the wise. There are things such a woman may do that seem simple, child-like, yet her actions are so different from those of women brought up by wise parents, the unlikeness is most marked.

CALLING; VISITING.

When a woman goes in her carriage to make a call, she first sends her servant to inquire whether the lady of the house is at home. If walking, she asks the question herself. If the answer is in the negative, she

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leaves her card with her name in the center and her husband's immediately under it. Do not say Mrs. Peter Paul Dobbins, as most second wives do, as this may be misleading to those who don't know changes have occurred. Avoid the "Mrs." if possible. It is not really a politic word. Write your names, Sarah Dobbins—P. P. Dobbins, and leave the card with the servant for the hostess. Any acquaintance will know who is meant. Then she will owe you a call.

If at home, follow the servant into the drawing-room, and after giving him your name, the servant will announce you, while standing a little to one side, almost facing the hostess.

When every one becomes well-bred, the rules of good society will not have to be enforced. *Right action will form the basis* of conduct naturally. The blossom of the cultivated rose is now a product of nature.

Visitors should not talk to the servants. Do not say, "take a seat," authoritatively, but say, "will you have this chair?" at the same time select one for yourself and be seated. Let photograph albums or even books be the *last resort* in entertaining a friend. Exercise a good degree of *savoir vivre*, and do not be a nervous talker. Make yourself able to entertain her yourself, and have tact sufficient to cater somewhat to her tastes, so that your conversation will be mutually pleasing and advantageous. Those who think they must talk whether they say anything or not, make a grave mistake. Speak only when your words embody wholesome thought. Take up some of the elevating topics of the hour, and do not bore your friend with John Henry's eccentricities, nor Adanyrum's genius, and who they inherited such traits from! In a formal call never, never mention your cook, nor tell how you have been pressed for want of help; do not discuss the servant question. There are many beautiful themes that are uplifting and ennobling outside of these narrow and worn grooves.

For improper actions there is no defense,
Lack of proper manners shows the lack of sense.

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LOOK OUT FOR NO. 1.
The American Journal of

EUGENICS

For July.

EUGENICS— The doctrine of progress or evolution, especially in the human race, through improved conditions in the relations of the sexes.—Century Dictionary.

Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, Director of Mt. Lowe (Cal.) Observatory; Theodore Schroeder, Associate editor of the Arena; Dr. Edward B. Foote, and other well-known authors, are among the contributors to the first number.

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THE good heart of the people was recently strikingly manifested in Kansas City. A young man who had been convicted while very young of robbing a post office in Oklahoma was sentenced to serve a term of eight years in the national penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kas. Nine years ago he escaped and came to Kansas City, and, under an assumed name, had lived an exemplary, honorable, upright life all those nine years, had married a good woman and had a sweet little girl now three years old.

Recently an ex-convict, in hope of getting the petty reward of $60 offered for his apprehension, betrayed him and he was re-arrested and returned to the prison.

The good people rose up as one man and clamored for his release. Business men, bankers, merchants and officials circulated petitions to the President to release him. Many thousands eagerly signed these petitions, U. S. court justices and district attorneys wrote personal letters to the President in his behalf, even the warden of the penitentiary did what he could for him. All were very indignant, toward the fellow who informed on him and for a time there was much talk of running him out of the city. One U. S. judge said he was the man who ought to go to prison rather than the other.

The President referred the matter, of course, to the department of justice and asked for immediate investigation and recommendation. The attorney general, with little delay, recommended a reprieve. The President, in the goodness of his great heart, had him change "reprieve" to "pardon" and forthwith issued an order of release with full pardon, thus restoring the man to full citizenship.

The chief purpose of punishment is, or should be, reform. This man had proven that this end had been fully accomplished. So it was right that he should be

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punished no more for the offense of which he had been found guilty. The community felt this keenly and rose up in its might to vindicate the right. It is highly gratifying to see such an evidence of the goodness of the hearts of the people.

A LETTER. "Dear Mrs. Barton:—The Doctor said my sister would likely have a siege of it in getting up again. He said she would likely have convulsions or fall into a dormant state. Please do what you can for her, and tell me what you think, —MRS. E. R."

ITS ANSWER. I think the doctor is mistaken. The difference between him and me is I think she will get well as soon as possible. And you need not look for dormant states nor convulsions. Fear not. Fear not. Fear not.

Tell her I will not let her do any such nonsense. She will get well rapidly and happily, and be stronger than for a long while.

RESULTS. "My sister wishes me to let you know how she is getting along. Her appetite is good; the lameness that rendered her hands and arms so useless, is now gone, and she can use them as well as ever. Her bowels are acting all right. She is well, in normal condition—to tell you the truth. The doctor has not been here for two weeks today, and she has been taking no more medicine. I rejoice to see her well again, for she is a dear loving sister.—E. R."

At a certain boarding house hash came upon the table every morning for breakfast. One of the boarders would say as he sat down to the table and beheld the inevitable dish before him, "Hebrews 13:8." After he had done this several mornings the puzzled landlady went and got her Bible to see what he meant by repeating his reference to Heb. 13:8. Read it and you will find out.

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Talks With Our Readers

ONE asks, "What is music? And do the stars and growing plants make music?"

Ordinarily speaking, music is harmony and melody of sound embodied in rhythm and sometimes assisted by rhyme. The harmony and rhythm constitute the body or frame-work, while melody is the soul.

Music is more than this; it is the voice of aspiration toward a world beyond the phenomenal. It is beauty and truth appealing to the higher self. As in all beauty, the echo deep down in the heart is imbued with sadness.

Of course, you understand, I refer only to true music and not to the discordant and mechanical gymnastics wrongly called music.

Poe says, "With each note of the lyre is heard a ghostly, and not always a distinct, but an august and soul-exalting, echo. In every glimpse of beauty presented, we catch, thru long and wild vistas, dim bewildering visions of a far more etherial beauty beyond."

And of beauty he says,

"All my experience has shown that its tone is one of sadness. Beauty of what ever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears."

This is because it opens up a mystic view of the unattained, of the native bowers of the soul, the home of the divine self.

In defining and analyzing music, the same author says,

"The perception of pleasure in the equality of sounds is the principle of music. Unpracticed ears can appreciate only simple equalities, such as are found in

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ballad airs. While comparing one simple sound with another they are too much occupied to be capable of comparing the equality subsisting between these two simple sounds, taken conjointly, and two other simple sounds taken conjointly. Practiced ears, on the other hand, appreciate both equalities at the same instant, altho it is absurd to suppose that both are heard at the same instant. One is heard and appreciated from itself; the other is heard by the memory; and the instant glides into and is confounded with the secondary appreciation. Highly cultivated musical taste in this manner enjoys not only these double equalities, all appreciated at once, but takes pleasurable cognizance, thru memory, of equalities the members of which occur at intervals so great that the uncultivated taste loses them altogether. That this latter can properly estimate or decide on the merits of what is called scientific music is, of course, impossible. But scientific music has no claims to intrinsic excellence; it is fit for scientific ears alone. In its excess it is the triumph of the *physique* over the *morale* of music. The sentiment is overwhelmed by the sense. On the whole, the advocates of the simpler melody and harmony have infinitely the best of the argument."

The ear which is not mechanically trained but has the inspiration of the sublime behind it, imbibes and appreciates the soul of music, while the highly practiced ear is occupied with the body and thus is rendered deaf to the echo from beyond the sensious realm.

Yes; the stars and planets in their rhythmic cycles and the trees and flowers in their life-impelled unfoldment make music. As sound is air vibration produced by motion in matter, so gentler movement certainly stirs vibratory action in a more refined medium. Our physical ears are attuned only to air waves. So they do not respond to etheric or spirit vibrations. But

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they prevail, nevertheless. And orderly, natural, accordant motion most assuredly produces musical waves. The sensitive soul catches and appreciates this music. While the ordinary man sees only a forest of trees, or a bush of opening roses quantitatively or as signs of the season, and glances up at the twinkling hosts of the skies only to determine whether or not the weather is clear, yet there are those on Earth who hear the trees and flowers and suns and the worlds as they whisper a sweet melody in their hearts, and understand the spoken language of God in the silence and the songs of the angels in chorus with the morning stars. This is music of a higher, holier order than that wafted to material ears on air waves.

Another asks, "What do you think of the agitation for reform that has been sweeping over the world for a few years past? What caused it and what will be the result?"

The history of the world indicates that such revivals are periodic. They are like the religious revivals in the church. Moral progress is pendulum-like in its nature, only we trust the downward swing is not quite so low each time. One extreme is necessarily followed by its opposite, since extremes cannot be maintained indefinitely. It is only the normal that can be perpetuated.

A state of inordinate corruption, greed and thievery existed in state, municipal and business affairs. The consequent suffering of the oppressed appealed to the sense of justice and righteousness in the hearts and brain of the people. These demanded of those whom they had entrusted with official powers that the Augean Stables must be cleansed. The work once begun spread to every department and vicinity and in many instances became fanatical and unjust. A reaction is sure to

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follow.

Men cannot be punished and fined into a state of honor, rectitude and decency. The race must be educated out of the lower up to the higher moral sense and sentiment. Thieves, drunkards and debauchees cannot be scared into honesty and purity of heart. The scaffold, jails and hatchets do not reform.

But we hope the agitation of reform principles, however unwisely directed, will prove to be educational in its results and that the downward swing of the pendulum will not reach quite so low a level as before.

All sorts of silly things have been said about the political motives of such men as President Roosevelt, Gov. Folk of Missouri and State's Attorney Jackson of Kansas. It is said that the party in power is trying to do things that will please the people so well that they will continue them in power and that certain men are thus fishing for higher offices or re-election. In the name of common sense, what of it, even if all this be true? If a man is elected to office is it wrong for him to fulfill his pledges to the people so that they will desire to re-elect or promote him? Suppose it to be true that Gov. Folk is trying to so please his constituents that they will want him to be president. I see no more wrong in that than there is in an employe of a business firm working to please his employers with a view of securing a promotion. The motive may not be the very highest, but it is certainly more commendable than laxity and negligence of duty.

And would it be wrong for Mr. Roosevelt to try to keep the Republican party so in favor with the people as to continue its supremacy in the official positions of the country? No party can do this better than by doing the will of the people. Is this wrong?

But if this result is attempted by false pretenses, delusive make-believes, chicanery or such nonsensical

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clap-trap as the talk about war with Japan, it is not to be tolerated for a moment. Our voters are too wide-awake to be blinded by such chaff and smoke.

One result of the inquiry into the methods of public officials and trust manipulators and unions has been to open our eyes to some things we did not before suspect so that we cannot be fooled again. Another result has been a noticeable laxity and leniency among prosecutors and judges in dealing with minor offenders. In fact, the howl raised by fanatics, who have lost their reason as a result of the reform infection, has demanded the arrest of everybody who does anything that displeases them. So if nobody were let off or parolled by the courts, many new prison houses would have to be built. Recently in this city a woman called a policeman to arrest another woman who was moving out of the house because she refused to leave her cook stove long enough for the complaining woman to cook her dinner on it. Another one asked for the arrest of a neighbor because his rooster crowed of mornings and awoke her before her time to get up. Another wanted a colored servant arrested because she suspected her of an intention to steal her watch.

So wild has become the arrest craze that judges are compelled to be lenient. It is common for men to be locked up "for investigation," or because they are found on the street with apparently nothing to do, or because they look at or speak to some woman who is not an acquaintance. In this way a sweeping reaction is brought about, inevitably. It is even now beginning to appear.

Yet the good sense of the middle classes will prevent the worst extremes either way and retain the profitable lessons learned from exposures. And our Science words will greatly help to eliminate the bad and establish the good in society, business and politics.

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For The Children

A CATECHISM.

THESE questions on the Lord's prayer are taken from the Presbyterian "Shorter Catechism," but *the answers are different.*)

Q. What is prayer?

A. Prayer is looking to God for what we need and knowing and affirming it is ours already, at the same time working in faith for the fulfillment of our desires.

Q. What rule hath God given us for our direction in prayer?

A. God the Father gave us no rule. Jesus said, "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe ye have received them, and ye shall have them,"—openly. He also gave his disciples a form which we call the Lord's Prayer.

Q. What doth the preface to the Lord's prayer teach us?

A. It means that we are all children of God; for Jesus here directs us to call God "Our Father." It also means that God is everywhere, for "in the heavens" means everywhere.

Q. What do we pray for in the first petition?

A. The first statement in this prayer is, "Hallowed be thy name." This means that the thought, or naming, of God is holy, or to be a sacred or blessed thought.

Q. What do we pray for in the second place?

A. The second statement is, "Thy Kingdom Come." This means the good must rule in us and in all things.

Q. What do we pray for in the third petition?

A. The next statement is, "Thy will be done in

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Earth as it is in Heaven." This means that God rules the outer as well as the inner, that good must be the only Power recognized on Eearth as it is in the Spirit realm.

Q. What do we pray for in the fourth petition?

A. This statement is, "Give us day by day our daily bread." It means that we should trust God, or the Infinite Spirit of Love and Wisdom, for all supply and take no anxious thought about to-morrow.

Q. What do we pray for in the fifth petition?

A. This statement is, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." It means that we receive according to what we give—as we do to others, it is done unto us. It is the spirit of the Golden Rule.

Q. What do we pray for in the sixth petition?

A. The sixth statement is, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." This means that the Spirit of Truth will keep us from all harm when we trust it and will lead us in paths of righteousness.

Q. What doth the conclusion of the Lord's Prayer teach us?

A. The statement referred to is found in Matthew only. It is, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen." It means that God, or the Good, always has had and always will have dominion and power and glory everywhere. "Amen" means, *so let it be.*

Mark and John do not mention this prayer at all, and Luke omits this last clause.

AMORITA.

Amorita was a fine little girl with plump, rosy cheeks and large blue eyes.

One day she went out to the meadow with her papa who loved her very much, and this is the reason

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he called her Amorita, which means, "such is love."

He held her chubby hand as they walked along by the flowers and brooks.

By and by they stopped to look at a large bee with a yellow sweater on flying busily about a cluster of flowers.

"O papa, see 'at funny fing!" the little girl said.

"That is a bumble-bee, darling," papa replied.

The bee poked his head into the cups of the flowers and kept murmuring all the while to himself, "Bumble-bum, hum-ble-hum, zip-zip-tum-ble-tum."

The little girl watched every motion of the bee as he busied himself gathering honey and storing wax on his thighs with which to build his honey-comb.

She thought he was talking to the flowers and exclaimed,

"O papa, hear him what he talks."

"Yes, sweetheart, I hear him," her papa said laughing. "He is saying, 'I'm a bum; I make honey; I am funny; It is sunny; I make money; I go home to my honey gum.' "

Amorita laughed and the bee flew away home and told his wife and babies about the little girl who heard what he said.

Then all the little bees with their mama and papa came out and some of the little ones lit on the artificial pansies on the little girl's bonnet. But the mama bee sang in a loud voice:

"Buzz, buzz, baby bee,
Can't you very plainly see
Those blue posies
At your noses
Are not good for you and me?
They are made of paint and paste
They did not grow
Nor ever blow,
Nature never showed such taste!
They're rolls of cotton, colored strings,
Blue satin leaves
Green painted sheaves
Wax and glue and other things."

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Then all the little bees left Amorita's bonnet and lit on some real flowers. Then she asked her papa to tell her some more about the bumble-bee.

He told her that the bee had a sharp sword in his back pocket and that he would draw it out very quickly whenever he got angry and spodge it into any one he happened to meet at that time,

"Isn't he bad, papa?" asked the little one with wide open eyes.

"No, dear; he is not bad. Nature gave him his sword to protect himself with when bad boys try to catch him to pull his wings off or any one meddles with his nest."

"What is 'at on his jacket, papa?"

"That is pollen," answered her papa, "which he gathers from the flowers and drops in other places so that other flowers bloom and bear seeds. He makes his honey cells of wax for which he gets the material from the flowers. He also gets the malerial out of which he makes honey from the flowers and leaves. A bee is a very busy and useful little bug."

Amorita had lots to tell her mama about when she got home that evening.

Make the Best of Things.

YOU'LL find that your luck isn't always so bad,
If you just make the best of things;
You'll find that your lot isn't always so sad,
If you just make the best of things;
You'll find that the mean things of life are but few,
You'll find you have friends that are loyal and true,
You'll find it's a mighty fine world through and through,
If you just make the best of things.

You'll find there is pleasure in toiling along,
If you just make the best of things;
You'll find that your hopes and your courage grows strong,
If you just make the best of things;
Your troubles, you'll find, when they're faced, vanish fast,
And it won't be so long till they're all safely past,
And you find yourself winning the far goal at last,
If you just make the best of things.

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Tension and Relaxation

BY C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

That which to one is toil with little pay,
To some is Relaxation, pleasant play.

ADAM'S SIN ANNULLED.

Adam and Eve are not our first parents. You and I are not descendants of this pair. They have nothing to do with our pedigree and we are not carrying any of their crimes in our veins.

Adam and Eve were not real personages. They were not even figurative of any people in particular. The original writer's intention was to give you an account of how all men and women are born, pass through the Eden of Childhood up to maturity and self-consciousness into the discovery of the shaded side of Good, with unwise disappointment, regret and tears at having lost their Edanic Joys.

PERISH THE BELIEF.

They need not in any degree be a menace to you, unless, through erroneous teachings you have imbibed the *belief* that you must, on their account, be born again before you can—with Jesus' blood—wash away the *desire* of reaching out your hand after wine-saps.

I mention this to you in love and all earnestness because, if you are a misguided lost lamb out on the desert, with your muscles tensioned and your heart afraid at every beat, this truth I am telling you will lift the shadows and let down the sunshine across your darkened path. And the stories inquiring men have concocted and wound bigger with the ages to make other people good, and that have like spring snow-balls gathered badly-mixed bulk in their handling, will like

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them melt away and their *debris* hide itself in the grass beneath your feet. Your muscles will relax, and your burdens spill off your shoulders *because* now you stand erect and fearless.

REAL ORIGIN.

You are the Child of the Most High—if Jesus knew anything about it—and I think he did. "Call no man your father," he said, speaking from Truth's side, "for one is your father, even First Principles." It is a great truth. Know you it.

It is a law in the technical application of Tension that a musical chord kept in a state of tightness will vibrate under the slightest outside influence. If half tensioned its impulse to respond is less by half and the strain is correspondingly reduced. If withdrawn altogether, the string is at *rest*. "And the land had *rest* (quiet, repose, tranquility) forty years."

REST AND RECUPERATE.

Strong excitement of the emotions from any cause will influence the nerves of the body to respond to any kind of impulsion. You wonder why, in your nervous state, you have to be startled at stray sounds in which you have no interest, and which shock you almost as much as if they were the cry of some dear one. You are vexed that you cannot throw off these, at least. But it is the law that any *tensioned body* will respond to any touch from the outside, and only because it *is* tensioned. In order to escape the *result* of such tension there is but one course for you to take,—*you must get out of tension.*

Now the antonym of *Tension* is *Relaxation.* Take a naturally healthful position, and then RELAX. Let down the strained and vexed nerves; drop into the Arms of the Infinite and float motionless as possible on its Bosom. Then sounds cannot saw your nerves with their serrate margins. Then the nerves have scope to

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yield, they are flexible and get out of the way of tiring vibrations. Sweet Relaxation will then wait you on your Lord until every nerve and fibre and atom is re-toned and revivified with flexile propitiating gratifying vital grace.

It is at this stage the musical instrument, on the verge of tensioned collapse, is put away out of sight and left alone to get well; it has all the medicine Nature requires in its complete and perfect re-adjustment. It is at this stage also the human body, threatened with such a breakdown, if it can be left alone with Mother Nature (comfortably situated) and instructed that only a little rest is necessary, would duly rally. The name given to over-tensioned nerves and muscles is "nervous prostration." The antidote is *Relaxation.* But when the trembling patient finds the doctor bending over her and muttering the names of conditions that are maledictions in themselves, and warning her friends that it must take days and weeks before they may hope for signs of recovery, her chances are "slim."

THE QUICK WAY BACK.

It does not take long to recuperate and come back into good tune with Nature when one knows how to do it and the preachers and doctors haven't inflamed their fancies too much in the belief in Adam and Eve and the imprudence of apples, together with drugs as the antidote. After an all-day with students and letters, I walk in my garden, love a blossom or two pretty hard, and then sit in the arbor five minutes—in the Secret Silence of the Most High—and am thrilled with life and power. Then I am as good as new, and I feel like I do in the sweet mornings when the Robin pipes soft in the trees to wake me easy, and I open my eyes, with the wish in my heart that I might shake his tiny foot and thank him.

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THE SAW-EDGES OF SOUND.

Both *music* and *noise* have their serrate margins, as well as have the the leaves and the saws. While the vibrating edges of music are much finer on account of the harmonious setting of each tooth in the emanation, and the disorderly arrangement of the teeth in the edges of noisy notes are harsh and grating on account of the coarseness and irregularity in said teeth, still both music and noise are capable of wearing on the nerves that are tight-strung from whatever cause, or of disturbing the atoms that are dislocated from over-tension.

The gold-mold vulcanized rubber of the phonograph is thus cut by the voice or musical instrument with such precision by their saw-edged vibrations, that perfect tones are established and made capable of reproduction out of the flat surface of the black disk without any other assistance. And it carries in its mellifluous notes all the intonations and vibrations that thrill the listener as if from a living, breathing creature, to inspire and enrapture him.

Like the law of the chord in technical application, when it supports a weight the tension at *every point* of the string is equal to its *weight*, so the tension of the human body strains every particle according to the amount of tension or *trial* under which it struggles. The general strain, if continued, throws the entire organism out of harmony. Tension becomes painful on account of the distension or undue separation of the molecules composing the body.

All tension of the body starts in false beliefs in the brain. In taking up a case for treatment I like to know whether he is still a victim of the belief that in "Adam's fall we sin-ned all," so that I can lift him out of this inherited tension, to begin with. Two things are requisite in such an enterprise: the right

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words must be spoken, and the *right mental attitude must be taken.* The true practitioner knows when he speaks healing words. A woman who believed her veins were full of Adam's guilt, and had never been told any better, imagined an awful case for herself. So awful, she had made up her mind to get her affairs ready to leave. She sent me fifteen dollars and asked me to stand close by her for a month if she lived that long.

I knew at the third treatment that she was well, and I told her so; but she said she felt so good, she could not give me up yet, and I continued with her for another week. Then I wrote her to know about the money she had sent me to pay for my *time.* She did not owe fifteen dollars. Her reply was, "I owe you *more*; and in this I am inclosing ten more, to make it twenty-five. Even this is not enough. It does not more than *begin* to pay you for value received."

POWER IN WORDS.

A student of The Life Metaphysical School, who was anxious to become a successful practitioner, eager to heal people and dissipate disease, wished to sit with me during the treatment of some cases. In one "*easy case*" where the man only had Bright's namesake belief, I gave her the words I would have used and set her to work. She had learned in the lessons how to enter the Silence and was equipped, if she could only get into the right mental attitude—that attitude in which there is such clearness, such inner illumination, one *knows* he is speaking words of power. One who knows the truth about health, can impart it. *Opinions* and *beliefs* are always set aside in the presence of *truth*, and this state sets a man free. While no one's belief can alter truth, his false belief will temporarily outpicture itself in his body. It is this belief, this false opinion of himself that must be removed, by the reign of truth's influence in him.

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It is this kind of treatment that will relieve him of the harmful *tension* and bring that wholesome *Relaxation* which is accompanied by knowledge and fearlessness. The student spoke the words, but she said *something*, embarrassment or some *other* flimsy thing, got between her and her thoughts, and she could only speak words mechanically. I was momentarily sorry, as the patient looked tired, and asked me if that would be all. I told him I would add a brief treatment. I felt like lifting him out of that with a word. But I took up the *same words* and in five minutes the patient drew a full breath and interrupted the silence by *saying he felt better.* I looked at him and his face was shining, lighted by hope. He said he wished I would repeat the same treatment. I did so to please him, though I knew he did not need it.

This man is well and attending to business. If any one were to ask him about Mr. Bright's namesake, he would smile and say there never had been anything to it but a phenomenon. And he would be telling the truth.

The false belief in man is all that needs to be changed. The one who believes he is loaded with Adam, naturally anticipates going off sometime. This attitude of soul causes him to be afraid. Now fear is bad. The Greatest Prophet urged his followers to be fearless, knowing fear opens the door to the thing feared. He knew the thing feared would then attack the point the man had selected as the suitable spot; for at that point his fears were erecting a nucleus or bundle of phenomena to symbolize his belief. Call every unnatural appearance just what it is—*a phenomenon.* Never give false beliefs scientific names! *In truth* it is not in existence at all, but only in error. So do not call it a carbuncle, consumption, catarrh, cold, cansir, colic, cholera, choke, constipation, cough, castiga-

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tion, congestion, cholera, confusion, contagion, contusion, convulsion, croup, corruption, crazy, cripple, crime, cruel, curse, cut or church-yard,—but call it *phenomenon.*

You can handle a phenomenon any time by simply looking behind it and getting a glimpse of the truth it conceals. But if all the names the doctors pin on diseases to give them permanence were to be applied to dogs, you would see the animals *running to you* whenever you might take a notion *to mention their names.*

SHOT THERE BY A THOUGHT.

To illustrate a point, in the case of a woman who having feared something was wrong, applied to a physician who gave the worst name that could be imagined to apply under the symptoms. She said it went to the spot she was in fear of like a cannon ball, and she formed a conception of the very thing he suggested. And then she felt sure she had it. It only takes the concept coupled with the word, to make a thing become visible. This it always does, in due time. Her nerves soon became unstrung; she imagined the described cells at every breath; her pulse quickened from fear, and hurried breathing made her cough, and then an unquenchable apprehension seized her. Many doctors are now thoughtful, using more mental suggestion than drugs; but her doctor's words were poison-tipped and brought on the condition he named consumption. A name so jarring, hitherto, no one afraid of it dared name it, on account of the painful vibrations that followed. Patients applying for help usually avoid the name, calling it a bad cold, bronchitis or stomach trouble—anything but the sawing title. When if they would only for once trot it out and throw rocks at it, they would get the upper hand of it.

Now that it is easily curable, no one minds the

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name. In this instance, I explained a few things to her, and at every word I could perceive the *Tension Relaxing* and her burdens rolling off to nowhere. She sends me a present every time she writes, and claims it is her way of thanking me for setting her free.

OBJECT TO MANUFACTURED CONDITIONS.

Be wise and object to having any one make diseases for you, and do not indulge in their manufacture yourself. Avoid false conceptions; fire fear; refuse false beliefs. *Appearances* are always preceded by *thoughts*. Truth told in the ear melts false beliefs. The cause of the trouble removed, you do not have to bother about the *trouble*, for *Nature* will smother that. Chemical changes are at work in your body even while she is blotting out the cause, to make you new.

Elohim *created* you perfect, and then *Relaxed* forever, while the Lord-God *moulded* you after the perfect, created Model, your spiritual Individuality. This one verity ought to be sufficient to remove all tension from mankind and retune every nerve and fibre into changeless divine and heavenly symphony.

To the reader:—Please get your July LIFE and on page 282, 3rd line, substitute *need* for "used," and on page 283, 23rd line, put *serenely* instead of "severely," and on page 300, "he maketh me to *lie* down," instead of "live" down. We are very sorry such blunders have been allowed to occur and hope to avoid them hereafter.

Notice.

SUBSCRIPTION *to* THE LIFE *is due in advance.* Please look at your last receipt and see if you are behind. If so, kindly renew and thus make us both happy.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Mars.

HAVE you noticed our neighbor, Mars, during the month of July? He has been visible in the south-eastern skies on clear nights. You can distinguish him from other planets by his golden color.

Recently he has been nearer to us than at any other time within the past fourteen years. This is because both Mars and Earth, in the course of their revolutions about the sun, "happened" to be on the same side of the sun. At this point the two worlds are only about 46 millions of miles apart, while they are about 237 millions of miles apart when the sun is between them.

Mars is about one sixth the size of the Earth and about one ninth its weight.

Its year is almost as long as two of our years. The seasons are like ours, only about twice as long. The diurnal period is nearly three fourths of an hour longer than that of the Earth.

Mars is the fourth planet from the sun, the Earth being the third. Mercury is the closest to the sun, unless there be another one not visible, as some astronomers have supposed. The name given to this supposed newest member of old Sol's family is Vulcan.

Mars has five moons. It is believed to be inhabited. Maps of the planet made from photographs, show great canals arranged in mathematical order, showing design. They seem to be irrigating canals, as Mars has no seas or large lakes and the canals lead out from the poles to convey the melted snows to the lands of its inhabitants in summer time.

It is expected that recent telegraphic observations and photographs taken will reveal some new and important secrets about our ruddy neighbor.

The ancients named this planet "Mars" after their god of war. They fancied that when it came near na-

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tions became belligerent toward one another and men developed an inclination to be fussy and pitch into each other. Some people imagine that Mars exerts an influence over babes at time of birth, when certain signs combine, inclining them to be war-like, combative and aggressive. I do not believe this.

If La Place's nebular theory is correct, Mars is older than our globe—perhaps several millions of years older. If so, then we may reasonably conclude that its inhabitans are vastly more advanced in wisdon and power than we are.

It is quite certain that we, with our present facilities, could not construct such canals as we see on Mars in many hundreds of years, even if we made canal digging our chief business. Our little Panama ditch about which so much ado is being made, would be but "a drop in the bucket" as compared with those gigantic Martian channels.

It may be that they have telescopes thru which they can see our cities and towns and rivers and mountains, and wireless telegraphic instruments by which they could easily communicate with us had we instruments to respond to them.

In fact, Professors Tesla and Edison have already received on their Marconi recording slips strange signs from some unknown source and both have ventured the conjecture that they came from the people of Mars.

It is not a very extravagant forecast to predict that not many years hence we will have regularly in our daily papers "Items from Mars," or, "The Latest from our Neighbor in the Skies," or, "A Mail Course in Philosophy by Prof. Philanowsky, Mars."

Some years ago some astronomer saw what seemed to be large Hebrew letters constructed on the planet, seeming to be an attempt to call our attention and convey some word to us. Has the enterprising Jew taken

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possession of Mars? Maybe there is where the "Wandering Jew" located. Maybe that is the Paradise home for the souls of good Israelites, since they have been forbidden admission to the Christian heaven.

By the way, "planet" is a misnomer, as is "artery" and some other names, originating in the ignorance of early Scientists. They observed that certain heavenly bodies seemed to wander about thru space, while others stood still. So they called them "planets," (wanderers.) But they do not wander. They have definite cycles and orderly motion.

"Artery" meant originally *air tube*, so named because the tubes so designated were found in dead bodies to contain only air. The names of our days are founded in heathen mythology; and September, October, November and December indicate these to be the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months, which they are not.

And when we learn the real name of the world which we call Mars, or war god, we may find it a word meaning Peace. So astrologers will have to change their deductions as to its influence over people.

A Beautiful Pin.

SOME years ago a Science center in Chicago designed and had made a unique badge for Truth seekers which I wish could be upon the breast of every one in this line of thought. It is tastily and beautifully constructed with a highly symbolic meaning embodied in its parts.

In a circle of gold is inclosed a square. In the square is a solid gold equilateral triangle. The other two triangles filling out the square are of blue enamel and the parts of the circle not taken up by the square are white.

The symbology is as follows:—

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The Circle: Eternity.

The Square: Justice or honor—in other words, "The square deal."

The Triangle: Base, faith; sides, aspiration or prayer and fulfillment or blessing.

Gold: Worth or value.

Blue: Truth or trueness.

White: Purity.

Here we have a compendium of significance which embraces all we stand for and work to fulfill.

Worn over the heart it announces to the world in mystic language what we are and what we promulgate among men, as the Masonic badge does of that order.

A Delightful Outing.

I AM in receipt of a lovely spray of eglantine from Boulder, Colorado. It was plucked for me by one of Kansas City's beaatiful young ladies—Miss Florence Willis—who, together with her sister, Miss Eliza, upon one of their delightful morning walks, espied and secured this rare specimen. She sent me also a pictorial card showing one of the winding, well-made roads—with side-walks—leading into the entrance of Boulder Canon, C. and N. W. Ry. "And O, how fresh and fragrant the air, and how beautiful the scenery with its myriad flowers," she writes.

"Oh! the flowers look upward in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And, dear as a smile on an old friend's face,
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers."

C. J. B.

Oh, I am *so well* as compared to what I was when I first began taking treatments of you! I am so grateful to you! I shall always remember you and dear Mrs. Barton. I love to read all of THE LIEF, it does me so much good. Mrs. S. E. W———.

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Two Among Many.

DEAR Mr. Barton:—

Your letter and quick response to my appeal were very highly appreciated. Every bit of fear and dread was at once taken from me as if by magic.

Mr. W. is almost as good as new, altho he had lost a great deal of blood. He still looks pale and is a very little shaky. Otherwise he is all right, thanks to your strong thoughts. MRS. W.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Barton:—

I want to tell you about, also thank you for, the great blessing from God thru you that we have just experienced. From the moment you began treating little Ruth (typhoid fever) a change was noted. There was so much fear surrounding this house, myself included; but, thank God, that great burden was, thru your treatments, lifted from my mind and I once more felt I could "read my title clear." Monday evening, July 15, (the day we began treatment,) our dear one showed change for the better, and every day, hour and moment since has been filled with blessings. She is free from fever. The Truth is mightier than all else and I give it the glory. (One week's treatment was given.)

MRS. M.

Human Use.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

GOD is more pleased by some sweet human use
Than by the learned book of the recluse;
Sweeter are comrade kindnesses to Him
Than the high harpings of the Seraphim.
More than the white incense circling to the dome
Is a field well furrowed and a nail sent home;
More than the hallelujahs of the choirs,
Or hushed adorings at the altar fires.

It is often better to run from *fear*, than from the thing feared. C. J. B.

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(Silent hours, 6 to 7 a. m., 7 to 8 p. m. All please join us.)

Key-Notes.

AUG. 1-10.

THE joy of victory always fills my soul, for God's ways are my ways.

AUG. 11-17.

Success is mine and I am free from fear.

AUG. 18-24.

Infinite Life is personified in me and I manifest no failure.

AUG. 25-31.

Truth is the basis of all I am and desire and I overcome every seeming obstacle.

SEPT. 1-7.

I control my own destiny in the power of my nativity from Infinite Love.

SEPT. 8-15.

Purity of heart and soul now pervades the lives of all men and peace reigns.

SEPT. 16-22.

I love all mankind and all the works of nature and condemn not.

SEPT. 23-30.

I think only health, joy, life and success thoughts and refuse all contrary suggestions.

WE STILL have left a few copies of *Spiritual Law in the Natural World*, that exquisite book so long out of print, now re-issued in a limited edition. You would do well to secure one now. The 12 chapters are really the 12 lessons of Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkins that divine teacher who gave us our introduction to

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this Science. Paper, 50 cents.

We have also some copies of Henry Harrison Brown's new book, *Concentration, the Road to Success.* This book is very helpful. Cloth, $1.00; paper 50 cents. The man who has worked out a problem knows how. Mere theorists may mislead you. Bro. Brown has "been there."

The September number of THE LIFE will open with an article of absorbing interest on "Expediency and The Right." Some views will be advanced which we believe to be original with the writer and a clear and pertinent analysis of conscience and duty, so-called, will be given. What is duty? Is conscience a correct moral guide? What must I do to be saved? The relation of doing to being. Who is arbiter of my destiny? Leaders and followers, Gods and Devils, are some of the points to be considered by the writer under the topic named.

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Meditations

By Maxton

SUPERSTITION still clings to the world. This is true not only in the field of religious thought, but also in every field of human activity in which there exists an element of doubt and uncertainty. The only reason why superstition has in all times been more intimately connected with religion than with other fields of speculative thought, is that religion has always been overshadowed with doubt and uncertainty. In every line of human activity where there is, of necessity, a strong element of uncertainty too deep for practical skill to probe and solve, superstition has always been active.

***

It is also a remarkable fact, easily verified by observation, that superstition is not confined to the densely ignorant. You, who read these lines, can, doubtless, call to mind persons of superior culture and intelligence who have surprised you with some crotchet of superstition. Furthermore, it is reasonably certain that you are not free from the influence of superstition yourself. Many superstitious follies have become current, and, to some degree, affect the majority of people. The number thirteen, the death of a cat, the breaking of a mirror, the presentation of a knife to a friend, turning back for something forgotten, beginning an important enterprise on Friday, are only a few among absurd objects of superstition which affect consciously or unconsciously a great many intelligent and progressive people.

***

If superstition so generally prevails in matters of

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slight import, and pertaining to the commonest occurrences, it is not at all surprising that our cogitations concerning the hypothetical world beyond should be rife with superstition. The days of superstition have not passed. The history of its influence on the lives of men does not belong exclusively to the dark ages. Its mode has changed, but it is still here. We have habitually coupled ignorance and superstition as twin sisters who walk arm in arm in the dark places where the light of knowledge has not come. We are always quicker to see superstition in others than we are to detect it in ourselves. Paul, the redoubtable apostle to the Gentiles, was frank to charge the Greeks with being too superstitious in all things, and yet it was merely his own superstition that caused him to regard a sunstroke in the desert as a miraculous conversion. It was also nothing but superstition, acting upon his vivid imagination, that caused him to "see things" at various and sundry times in his life subsequent to his prostration in the desert. He was not conscious of the fact that superstition was a more dominant influence in his own life than in the lives of the people whom he charged with being too superstitious in all things.

* * *

There are people to-day who are acting just as Paul did. They have "seen things" and interpreted them as a revelation from heaven. They claim a place in the front ranks of advanced thought and many of them are really intelligent people. But they have a mental crotchet,—a kind of psychological kink, which warps their intellectual view of things. The best examples of this class are found in the ranks of spiritualism, but this cult does not, by any means, hold all of them. You can find them in the ranks of orthodoxy, heterodoxy, free thought, mental science, christian science, pseudo-science and no science, each declaim-

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ing against superstition, and yet submitting to its lead and allowing it to give color to their lives. Turn the lime-light upon yourself, and see if you are one. This is a well-meant suggestion and no insinuation.

***

After all, is superstition so closely connected with ignorance and crudity as we have been led to suppose? In fact a certain degree of intelligence must be presupposed wherever superstition exists. The lowest gradation of human existence evinces little superstition; the lower animals have none. If the human race has arisen, by evolution, from the lower orders of life, it was necessary that a certain point in the upward movement should be reached, before superstition could enter life in any appreciable degree. It is also evident that having once taken hold upon dawning thought, superstition would grow stronger and increase its hold as thought and intelligence advanced. The gorilla shows no superstition, the Bushman of Australia very little, the more advanced native tribes of Africa, a great deal more. Now as intelligence advances, we have been expecting superstition to decline and pass out. We have generally flattered ourselves that it had passed from our own lives, long before it had begun to wane.

***

The fact is, as one superstition has been demolished in the iconoclastic march of thought, another has been set up. As long as we are dealing with so many things that we do not and can not fully understand there is an almost irresistable tendency for us to hypothecate our imaginings and allow them to become a settled influence in our lives. This is the way superstition grows and changes form, but clings to us with a wonderful tenacity. These figments of the imagination become to all intents and purposes, a part of us,

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and we are up in arms and ready to defend them as we would our own children. Yea, we will forsake our children and follow them, or at their behest, like Abraham, take up the murderous knife to slay our offspring. Of course, Abraham *knew* he was not superstitious, just as Paul *knew* he was not, and just as many of us *know* we are not. But, after all, perhaps by close self-inspection, we may be able to find in ourselves some of the same kinks that put murder into Abraham's thoughts and blinded the eyes of Paul. Let us see.

A Lesson on Telepathy

(*Continued from page 10.*)

to temperament and the nature of the ailment. The intelligent practitioner understands how to meet every condition and temperament with the right word.

A corpulent German woman suffering from muscular rheumatism felt a burning sensation in every muscle while I treated her. My thought was to cleanse away the dross by the fires of Holy Spirit.

Another was manifesting slow paralysis. The vital centers were torpid. The spirit within me moved me to say, "Every atom in your body is a center of intelligence and thrills with life. A joy dance of life is now set up among the molecules. Your own mind furnishes the music," etc. The treatment was vigorous and forceful. The sensation described by her was similar to that produced by an electric battery.

Another was suffering from over tension of nerves, worry, etc. She fell asleep every time I gave her a treatment.

Another, who was being treated for blindness, felt a sort of stirring and some pain back of the eyeballs at the time of treatment. But there are some who do not consciously sense the vibratory action and yet are

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healed. In these cases the conscious and subconscious regions of mind are not sensibly intercommunicative.

Mere physical or magnetic influence cannot be used at a distance. So absent healing is never effected by personal magnetism or hypnotic suggestion. It is accomplished only thru telepathic vibration in mind or spirit.

Can intelligible message communication be conducted between two persons by telepathy? That this is possible has been demonstrated by many experiments and accidental occurrences. But as yet we have not reduced the principles involved to a science, we do not sufficiently understand its laws.

We need to study it and experiment with it with untiring devotion, just as Mr. Edison has done with electricity. The laws of its application to message sending will not come by revelation in a flash nor the practical knowledge of its use by guess or haphazard. Who will be an Edison in telepathy?

Once a man in Chicago sent me a telegram. I was in the silence treating him at the moment he wrote it and got it word for word telepathically as he wrote it out. This was verified by the dispatch which was delivered to me later.

I was treating a woman in this city who came to my office every morning for treatment. At a set time in the evening I treated her absently. If I did not begin the treatment quite on time, she would say the next morning, "You did not begin treating me last night for about five minutes after I sat down."

My patients often call me telepathically, sometimes awakening me at night, and intelligibly inform me as to what is needed. I was so aroused by a typhoid patient, or her mother, in Boston one morning about two o'clock. I at once responded and continued for about two hours before I felt satisfied that the work was done.

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Then I wrote the mother, "You will write me this morning that the fever left Blanche about four o'clock last night." And she did. While in church one day a lawyer friend in Kansas City, Kansas, called me telepathically and told me he had sick headache. I immediately went into the silence and gave him treatment which relieved him, as he told me afterwards. He also said that I appeared to him so that he saw me standing before him at the time of treatment.

Besides the practical uses of telepathy for healing and message communication, the exercise of it is highly beneficial to the participant. The mental and spiritual faculties brought into action by the practice of telepathy are perception, concentration, the power of suggestion and self-control. These are most important and needful to all and practice develops perfection.

And thus may we not only heal the sick and unfold our own most essential personal powers by persistent practice of telepathic exercises, but may also discover such laws of mind and thought as will lead to the construction of an exact science embodying an application of telepathy to message sending that will rival Marconi's wonderful discovery.

About Some Publications.

THE *Woman's Tribune* was founded in Nebraska in 1883, was moved to Washington, D. C., in 1888, then to Portland, Oregon, in 1904.

It is the organ of the Federal Woman's Equality Association, which has for its object the securing of an Act of Congress making women eligible to vote for members of the House of Representatives.

As a special feature, it is giving sketches of earlier women prominent in the womans rights movement.

Send 10 cents for five sample copies. If desired, the four papers giving portrait sketch of Margaret

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Fuller will be sent with current number on receipt of 10 cents.

It is issued bi-weekly. $1.00 a year.

CLARA BEWICK COLBY, Editor,
Portland, Oregon.

Altho not a New Thought Journal, we think much of *The Taylor-Trotwood Magazine*, Nashville, Tenn. It was started by Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor, now U. S. Senator from Tennessee. Afterward John Trotwood Moore, the well known author of many excellent books, was associated with him as co-editor.

It is distinctively southern in character, which renders it unique, since heretofore it has been a tacit admission among men that the big magazines must originate east of the Allegheny mountains.

This magazine tells about people and events and conditions of the beautiful, sunny southland and abounds with fine illustrations. It also gives many eloquent effusions by the inimitable BOB, so well known thru his lectures and his fiddle.

Much New Thought is found in its editorials, for Mr. Moore is a progressive thinker and most interesting writer. In a recent letter to the editor of THE LIFE, answering a request to exchange, he says,

"I will take great pleasure in exchanging with your magazine. I have seen several copies and value it very highly."

Monthly, $1.00 a year. Send 10 cents for a specimen copy. I know you will like it, especially if you have any of the warm, genial blood of the South coursing thru your arteries.

The Naturopath gives many very sensible and practical suggestions about food, exercise and conduct. The July issue has readable and instructive articles on

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"Limits of Human Life," "Healing Herbs from Nature's Laboratory," "Skin Functions," "What is Meant by Work," etc. It carries an Advisory and a Health Kitchen department. It also opposes vaccination in a forcible and convincing manner.

Monthly, $1.00 a year; 10c a copy. Send for it.
124 E. 59th St., New York City.

It seems to us that the *National Printer Journalist* is next to indispensible to any paper or magazine publisher. It is a great, big, beautiful compendium of all that the periodical publisher needs to know. It gives full information about the editorial associations, with illustrations and portraits, tells all about the papers with critical notes, gives able essays by able writers and makes innumerable suggestions generally about how to conduct a paper.

It is only $2.00 a year, monthly. 1319 Ravenswood Park, Chicago, Ill.

Chas. Edgar Prather, formerly with *Unity* of this city, has started a new magazine called "Power," 730 17th Ave., Denver, Colo. We have received the July issue. It is full of good reading and makes an excellent showing for success and usefulness. Monthly, $1 a year. Send for a sample.

Expression is a clean, clearly printed, ably edited monthly New Thought magazine, published at 147 High st., Kensington, W., London, Eng.

The editor keeps his (or her) name in the background, but we suspect it is Alma Gillen. At any rate Alma gives us many good articles in the magazine. In the July issue we find two especially readable papers on "Expectation and Faith" and "Soul's Awakening" from her pen. Monthly, $1.58 a year; 10c a copy.

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UNITY.—A monthly metaphysical paper, $1 a year. Published by Unity Tract Society, 913 Tracy avenue Kansas City, Mo.

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NOW, A New Thought Journal of instruction in questions of Mind. $1 00 a year. Glenwood, Calif.

TO-MORROW, For People who Think. Monthly science, literature, sociology. Politically independent, $1.00. Tomorrow Publishing Co. 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

THE BALANCE, monthly. Devoted to Masonic Philosophy and Advanced Thought. 50 cents. 1700 Welton St., Denver.

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Why Are We Here? or The Meaning and Purpose of this Incarnation; A. P. Barton, - - - .15

About Some Fallacies—a startling tract—A. P. Barton; 5c; 10 copies for - - - - .25

Dorothy's Travels in Nowhere Land and Return to Glory Island; A Juvenile New Thought Story, Effie E. Blodgett, - - - - .15

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THE LIFE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICS

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
A. P. BARTON : C. J. BARTON
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

SEPTEMBER, 1907 :::: VOL. XII; NO. 2

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
—Shak.

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Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter

Expediency and the Right

THAT which is right is so because it harmonizes with the law of being. That which is wrong is so because it is discordant with the law of being.

Good and bad have been called interdependent terms, the one owing its existence to the other. It has been said that if there were no good there could be no evil. This may be true, but the existence of the good does not render evil necessary, as some have claimed. Nor is it true that if there were no evil there could be no good. Law and harmony of action and conduct with the law may be conceived without breach or opposition. But it is clear that if there were no law, no good, no harmony in being, there could be no breach of law and no discord.

Discord is a breach of harmony. So, if there were no basic principle of harmony, there could be no discord. Evil is opposition to the good. So, if there were no good, there could be no evil.

But the good is not opposition to the evil. It is absolute, self-existent, founded in principle. It opposes nothing, fights nothing, is antagonistic to nothing.

And here is where the well meaning moralists have made a mistake. They have imagined a warfare between good and evil, between truth and falsehood. They have supposed that evil must be fought. And

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the righteous have posed as an army of soldiers arrayed against the hosts of darkness and destruction. Christians have loved the appellation of soldiers of the cross. Vastly better results would have been attained if they had stood only for the absolute right and endeavored to lead others to join them, fighting nothing. By their attitude of antagonism they have given so-called evil a greater importance than it deserves. By fighting discord they have created more discord. If the peaceful waters of the sea should rise up in contest against the dashing waves on the surface, it would itself become dashing waves.

The right is always the expedient in the end—that is, it always turns out to be the best course to pursue. But sometimes that which for the time being seems to be expedient is not the right. Lying to gain an end may seem expedient sometimes. Dissimulation or hypocrisy may seem expedient at times; but it is not the best to deceive, in the long run.

It is true that every one has faults and weaknesses which he need not expose to others. It is none of their concern, they are not hurt in any way by such concealment. But for anyone to seek to gain an advantage over others to their loss or detriment thru deception or false pretensions, is not right, altho it may seem to be expedient for the moment. That which will ultimately redound to the best interests of all concerned is both right and expedient.

Yet, there may be occasions when the telling of an untruth is right. If a man seeks to rob your house, you are justified in lying to him about your possessions in order to prevent him from finding them. If one extracts a promise from you by threats, you are at liberty to disregard it entirely, and rightly.

Duty has been a much misapplied and misunderstood term. To do one's duty has been thought the

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highest aim in conduct. But duty means simple, mechanical compliance with what is required of you under commandments and rules, without any appeal to your own conscientious convictions of right. They say it is your duty to obey the decalog simply because it embodies commandments found in our Bible. They say it is your duty to attend church services and prayer meetings, because you are a member and it is expected of you. They say it is your duty to be charitable toward the needy, because the Christian precepts enjoin this as a law of righteousness. They say it is your duty to refrain from doing some things, because the church articles of faith forbid certain things as wrong.

Suppose I find a clause in the decalog to which I cannot conscientiously subscribe, or I do not find it convenient or profitable to attend church meetings, or I see wrong resulting from giving alms to beggars, or suppose I hold that to be right which the preachers have called wrong. Must I, nevertheless, do these things as duties?

Duty does not appeal to the sense of right—it is simple subjection to rules and forms. It is obedience to statutes without consultation with conscience or reason. While it is often expedient to do this, and many who are inclined to err must do it, yet it does not appeal to the highest motives of manhood or womanhood. It never asks, Is it right? Conduct ought to be subject to the deeper sense of righteousness and truth. One should do things and say things because they are right, and not because he is commanded to do and say them. You often hear that you must do so and so because the Bible says so. The Bible may be right, but that the injunction is found there is not the reason why I should obey its precepts. I should always appeal to my own sense of right and act from a love of the right, and not as a slave obeying a master.

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We will cite one of the ten commandments as an example:

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

And, "Ye shall fear every one his mother and his father." (Lev. 19:3.)

Is it every child's duty to do this? Suppose he has parents who do not inspire nor deserve honor. Must he honor them anyhow? He cannot do it, however much he may pretend to. And it would not add to his lifetime a single week if he did. He may fear them, but this is not even duty, but compulsion.

A commandment to love is entirely null, for one cannot truly love that which is not lovable. Love must be drawn out; it cannot be driven.

If you tell your child to do something and he advances a better reason for not doing it than you have for doing it, you should give way to him, gracefully. If he asks why, tell him why, kindly. Don't say, "Because I say so." That is not a good reason.

It is true that conscience is not always a correct moral guide. It is that sense of right within which simply says, "Do the right; be just; be true." But often the judgment which directs conduct is at fault. The hindu mother who threw her babe to the crocodiles did so conscientiously believing it to be right. When Abraham prepared to slay and burn his son on an altar, he believed he was doing God's will. Paul says he persecuted the Christians "in all good conscience." In these cases the conscience approved, but the reason lacked education, the judgment was wrong.

We should appeal the leadings of Conscience to an enlightened reason before we act upon them. The sense of right is good, but does not always know what is the right. Reason may err for lack of education,

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but it is our highest court of appeal.

To do the right is not always to be right. A thief who refrains from stealing on account of his fear of the penalty does right, but is not right at heart. The man who pays a debt for fear of the law, does right, but is not right in his purposes. The one who is righteous in conduct in order to escape hell, does right, but his motives are wrong.

To be right at heart is to do the right naturally. More attention should be given to being right and less to the mere doing of duty. To do, to obey, is not of the heart; it is merely mechanical response to outer force. Be right, and the doing will follow without coercion. Appeal to the inner guide as to what to do, and not to authority, or rules, or precepts. Doing or refraining from doing in obedience to commandments is not true righteousness.

The boy who refrains from taking a plunge in the swimming hole from fear of a licking, but still wants to do it, may be doing right, but he is not right at heart about it—supposing, of course, "de old man" to be right in forbidding it, which is a question.

"What must I do to be saved?" has been the query of a supposedly lost race. In this the object sought is salvation from perdition. The price is asked. The requisite service is offered to buy the favor.

The whole scheme is commercial and appeals only to the mercinary instincts.

You are the arbiter of your own destiny. It is not in the hands of a power who holds it for a ransom. You owe no deity any service. Deity owes you all you need.

Deeds are good or bad in themselves without any reference to pleasing or displeasing a god. Mr. Ingersoll was right when he said, "God or no God, larceny is the enemy of industry. God or no God, murder is a

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crime."

To be saved is to be free from sin. And sin is not an offense against God, but against one's self and against one's neighbor. There is no angry, vengeful God in heaven preparing a place in which to have you tormented for offending him. You prepare your own hell or heaven in your own consciousness.

Much ado has been made about our duty to worship God. And in this very dogmatic claim has been entailed hatred toward men. People have been condemned as vile and wrath-deserving, opposed to God and God opposed to them. Thus to love God has in a measure resulted in hatred toward men.

Worship of a God originated in servile vassalage under tyrannical despots. Worship in this sense and love cannot exist together. To worship a despot is to bow down in crouching subjection to him. Love is equalization with self, embracing in oneness, as in loving your neighbor as yourself. It is not self-debasement.

True worship is not servility, nor abject praise of a deity or a potentate.

"To do justice; to defend the right; to be strength for the weak, a shield for the defenseless; to raise the fallen; to keep the peace between neighbors and nations. This is worship.

"To work is worship. Labor is the best prayer.

"To build a home, to keep a fire on the hearth, to fill with joy the heart of her who rocks the cradle of your child. This is woship.

"The husband, when his wife is prematurely old with grief and care, sits by her bed and holds her thin wan hands, as rapturously and kisses them as passionately as when they were dimpled. This is worship.

"The wife clings to her husband fallen, lifts him from the gutter of degradation, holds him to her heart

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until her love makes him once more a man. This is worship. He who loves worships."

Mr. Ingersoll has in these words given the keynote to true worship, the only ideal of worship that is consonant with love.

Let us not be followers of men nor subscribers to the creeds of others. What others have believed is not a guide for our beliefs. Let even your own beliefs be every day subject to revision and change. New light may render the old beliefs untenable. A creed is only a code of beliefs. It is not knowledge. Knowledge is permanent, but may be enlarged. Beliefs are temporary, tentative and unsettled.

Try not to be consistent with your former self. Be every day what you are, not what you have been. A new and better man should appear each day in place of the man of yesterday.

"A foolish consistency," says Emerson, "is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, tho it contradict everything you said to-day.

"Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."

Men have made their own gods and devils and worshipped and feared the creatures of their own cre-

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ation. Let us be done with the whole tribe of them. Let us be men and women, free, sincere, true to ourselves, responsible only to ourselves in common with all mankind for our deeds and our thoughts. There is no god to make angry nor any devil to tempt or destroy us.

Let us neither be followers nor assume to be leaders. Every man is a law unto himself and has his guide within himself, his heaven, his hell, his god and his devils. It is always expedient to be right.

One of Many.

RECENTLY I was asked by wire to treat a little girl in Mich. far advanced in typhoid fever, under a physician. After one week's treatment I received a letter from the professional nurse in charge in which she said,

"Dear Mr. Barton:

"Our little patient is much better. The temperature went to normal both yesterday and to-day. Yesterday was the fifteenth day. I have nursed typhoid fever cases for twenty-seven years and this is the first case I have had to break in less than 21 to 28 days. This is the first time I have had a chance to employ mental healing in this disease and I want to thank you for the help we have received. I am *so pleased*, as the mother sent to you more to please me than herself. The father and the doctor seem surprised at the outcome. They do not know you gave the treatments."

"When brought face to face with each other, we are constrained to a certain amount of honesty by the sheer trouble it causes us to mould the countenance to a lie. We put on paper with a grave air what we could not for our lives assert personally to a friend without either blushing or laughing outright."

EDGAR A. POE.

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Little Lessons

WOMAN MEN AND WOMEN.

"O woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without thee!"

"But, when to ill thy mind be leaned
All hell contains no fouler fiend!"—Pope.

TWENTIETH Century *Eyes* are not looking through Solomon's spectacles at men and women. Much too long has tired tradition preserved said specks!

SOLOMON'S SPECKS SHATTERED.

The race has slowly improved, slowly evolved out of and above the old. "The tradition of the fathers" has disappeared with the past—rolled up inside the scroll of *in*volution—and we are being redeemed from the rigors of the old mistakes. We start from our own root, our individuality. For the first time since the race began we are putting on our individuality. The eastern sages accomplished much in their devotion to spirit through material denunciation, and though they also recognized unity of substance with the Most High, they failed to exalt the INDIVIDUAL—that which is the likeness and image of the Most High—and so remained only devotees, not accomplishing all they might, but still calling on God to keep up working even in their own field.

Not so long ago as Solomon, yet while the tradition of the fathers was still in vogue, and *before* the tradition of the *Mothers* was more than dreamed of, Mr. Lyttleton, while contemplating how he would dislike becoming a domestic, said to woman in general—not hitting pointedly at his wife, perhaps,—"Seek to be *good*, but aim not to be great; a woman's noblest *station* is RETREAT; her fairest virtues fly from public sight, *domes-*

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tic worth, that shuns too strong a light."

But men have preached to women to be good, all their lives. They have made a business of it. They have been "called" to do this, they declare. If women were not naturally so good they would see and say how absurd it is. Mr. Lyttleton sat in his chair all day while making this up, and in the evening when Mrs. Lyttleton was through with her day's work in the kitchen, and had everything neat as a new nickel, he read it to her. Being a wise woman, knowing that the cloud of tradition was not yet quite past, and being cheered by seeing the streak of clear blue low in the west, she patted his shoulder and told him he was a sage!

Noble man! Noble mission!

But it seems like a paradox to expect her to *keep* her station, and retreat at the same time! He should not have made her shun the *light*, although it was this shunning of *light* that has made woman all down the ages, bury her talent instead of using it. Her fairest virtue, that of cooking for him and flying from every one else's sight is also doubtful. While he is talking about dollars, Berkshires, Herefords and other symbols, he should permit her to send a search-light down the transome, during a bit of vacation from her work, and drop in a few golden *ideas* on top of his materialities.

"MAN" MEANS THE RACE.

Let the PEOPLE *find their work*. Let the one best fitted, mentally and physically, take up a job. It is a crime to bury talent; and it is as bad for women as for men. Ignorant polygamists no longer make laws for woman. She is in league with a higher law. She is a surprise to red clay. She no longer can look to Solomon the wise (?) nor to Brigham the ignorant for counsel. Her wisdom no longer permits tradition to veil her face because she is a woman. She

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has at last found her work: and it is to transmute the red clay by her side into Life quality such as hers. He was not to blame. He did not know any better. Materiality accepts nothing until it looks upon *material* proofs. This it is beginning to see, in woman's countenance and life. She is no longer confined to asking her husband at home; she sees all the preacher's mistakes, and she calls her husband's attention to vital truths to save him from being led to far off from truth's line. She lovingly investigates the theme presented by the preacher and rejects that which is illogical. She does not allow her *emotions* to overcome *reason*. She knows it is through her own soul-culture the race is to be lifted up, and her children evolved into a higher plane. Mr. Lyttleton was seeing through antiquated specks, and talking by way of his hat.

Ernest Weltmer asks for some answers to his article on farmers' wives and flower-beds. I have been to Ernest's house and he has been to our house. He is a rosy-cheeked, thoughtful-eyed, pleasant-countenanced, good-looking young man with a beautiful mother and S. A. Weltmer for his father. In the August issue of the Weltmer Magazine of which he and his father are editors, he says some good things. But he handles wives collectively, when there are two widely separate grades of women; the two are as different as noon and twilight. Of course he knows this; but it is well to recall it when we find some one wondering why all people do not cultivate flowers, train their children to, and make the home happy.

Some people are born without any love of flowers, and to them it would be an added burden to cultivate them. The woman who expects to be a mother, may, by a wisely purposeful study of flowers, fill up this lack in her offspring, or at least improve the love of the beautiful. The flower is the symbol of greatest

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perfection of beauty in all the world. They speak a powerful language to the one who understands. They uplift the soul, improve the taste, elevate the senses and purify environment through their silent, yet wonderful language. It is not work at all to cultivate flowers with *love* of flowers in the heart. Flower-lovers thrive under their cultivation. They glow with happy feeling while watching the budding beauties, and there springs up before them broader fields of possibility.

LOVERS AND NOT LOVERS.

Flower-lovers often wed those who are not lovers of flowers. Mr. Ernest wonders why in the farm home wives do not cultivate flowers and beautify their dismal homes. He wonders why a woman will continue to live with a husband that is unkind to her. No woman loves "the brute of a husband who is unkind to her." But can you not see, that when a woman has married for a *home*, (as, *deplorably* many women do) it is the *home* she is defending when she sides with her cruel husband. She may pity such a husband as she would a lame dog, but you may be sure she has no love for him. Divorce suits, publicity and Mrs. Jones' opinion are too much dreaded by her. These motive may not be true ones, yet she is actuated by them. Though tied by a law they cannot break, no two people are really married when they hate each other. Nature revolts at the idea. Nor is that "love" any better that deserts its family to flee with some other *imagination*. The fact is, real love does nothing, takes no step, that would prove painful to any one.

GENIUS.

If Eve means life and Adam means dust, matter, and if it is *best* to know that *life*-work is superior to *matter*-work, then let us help woman to throw off the yoke imposed by past ignorance, and take up her true work, regardless of sex

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questions. Rosa Bonheur is immortal; while those who laughed and blushed at her convenient costumes are unknown and their names perished. If you have read my little book *The Mother* of *The Living*, you know about the evolution of the race. The word *Adam* means dust, red clay, earth. *Eve* means Life. From this you can without mistake follow the trend of human evolution.

(Company comes from a distance, and I will have to close this article. But before I do, I will answer one more question.) "Young girls give up their freedom," he says, "their youth and health and their natural refinement into the keeping of a brutal tyrant." It is because they are ignorant. Young girls do not know. They should wait until acquainted with the man they would marry. They are under a delusion. They are in love—but it is with a *bundle of attributes*, and not much of the time with the man that attracts them. The thing named love has been called blind, because one under its influence has *in mind* Beauty, Grandeur, Nobility, Trueness, Faithfulness, all in *one* precious *bundle* of *attributes*—a bundle so real, so substantial, the man himself is *out* of *sight* behind it. And it takes somes time for the bundle to melt and the man stand forth a common fellow.

Oh, what a fall is there when this time comes! But tradition has imposed duties on woman which she has found difficult to remove with her white hands while bronzed hands were doing all in their power to rivet her chains. But remember, the *husband* has not understood the situation. He too, has been ignorant of the higher laws of life.

Soul-Education, is the one thing only that will clear the mental skies and *prevent* the gathering of storm-clouds on the earth.

"The clouds may drop down titles and estates,
Wealth may seek us—but wisdom must be sought."

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TRUTH FIRST.

Life is not so much a riddle as it sometimes seems. All the relations of men and women will be harmonized when each is truer *to truth* first. No woman can be womanly who gives up her individuality to another. Husbands are bitter not because Bachelor Paul urged them not to be, but because the wife yields up herself. It is a big load for a man to carry when the wife can do nothing but look to her husband!

About the happiest couple I know of, is where the woman has not neglected the cultivation of her talents, conducts her own bank account, buys her own clothes, makes her own money, pays her own expenses, cultivates her own flowers (whether her husband likes them or not) and then smiles on her well-kept house and pays for her hired servant. Of course the husband has his share of duties also. This woman does not look upon flower-cultivation as *work*; she looks upon it as recreation. But she does not allow the lawn to be dug in holes, but leaves it wide and reposeful, with the flowers peeping up along the outer-borders and in the garden. She is too occupied to ever have the blues, never believes the world is going wrong, and she thinks her husband has the same right to freedom and happiness she has, and she tries to promote it, even if he is slow to be happy. Real Love is a fine fertilizer of flowers and folks.

Dear Josephine:

Your note is at hand. I did not tell my husband I was having your help, but he suspected someone was sending him wholesome thoughts this morning. He said he experienced a marked change physically as well as mentally, but did not at first know what it meant. He is in fine spirits and improving rapidly.—H. A. Paton, 6802 Stewart Ave., Chicago.

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The World Doesn't Look at It So.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

THERE is many a nobleman dwells in a cot,
The palace holds many a clown;
And princes have beds out of tamarind bark,
While beggars have couches of down;
Brave kings are in cotton, base serfs are in silk,
While slaves like an emperor show,
For the only true test is the heart in the breast—
But the world doesn't look at it so.

Here prodigal misers are flinging their gold
To spendthrifts who hoard in their wake;
There mumbles a rake in the garb of a priest
To a priest in the garb of a rake.
Sweet saints there are living in hovels of sin,
And sinners in Paradise row,
For the only true test is the heart in the breast—
But the world doesn't look at it so.

There are generals sleeping in graves unmarked,
And privates with monuments grand;
The ignorant stalk in the chambers of state
While the wise are forgot in the land.
A shadow divergent each object on earth
O'ercasts from one sun in the sky,
And judgments are many as beings have birth,
But the one God ruleth on high.

So I laugh at the title, 'tis only a sham,
And at caste, but a silver-washed plate
Stuck up on the door of a tenement grand
Belonging to Nature's estate;
The tenants are constantly changing and pass
Like the clouds and the rain and the snow,
But the wealth of the earth hath perennial birth,
And the Savior will look at it so.

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Shakespeare's XCVIth Sonnet.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds;
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken,
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, the rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ nor no man ever lov'd.

DEAR Mrs. Barton:—I took your advice and named the thing you have been treating 'phenomenon' and it has disappeared," writes a woman whom the doctors charged with having a parboiled—or some kind of tumor or rumor. Let us rise in our might and declare there is only one substance, and that that substance is Life, Truth, Love only, until every scare-crow name is abolished and the whole world is free. Let us know with our minds, feel with our hearts, and affirm with our tongues that the things which are not in God cannot by any sort of means contrive to be in the people.

If we hold firmly to what is truth, the *phenomenal* will shortly blossom the true *flower* of Truth.

Dear Josephine Barton—

"My baby will be eight months old the 29th. He is standing by the chairs and moves from one to the other. If I ever get his picture, I want to send you one, for you saved his life when the doctors failed, so I want you to see him." MRS. M. J. B. SPRINGFLD.

(Geminii babies are easy to reach.)

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Meditations

By Kaxton

OUR struggle is for completeness, for perfection, for orderly adjustment, for harmony. We know in our hearts that we can never attain these ends, in the highest degree, but we strive on in obedience to a dominating spirit within us, and take our greatest delight from a consciousness of a certain approach toward our ideals. We are continually shutting our eyes upon the most patent verity in the universe of phenomena, viz., that nothing is finished. We strive to make an end of things, while we know well that there is no end. In the midst of a chaos of incompleteness, our hearts are yearning for a finished work. But when the sun goes down upon a day of labor, we know that the tasks of to-morrow will be the unfinished labors of to-day. The completest tale that is told is only a mere sketch detatched from its antecedents and consequents. The shallow mind rummages the fields of fiction with a morbid desire to see how this or that ends, and when the story arrives at the happy union of hero and heroine it assumes in such minds a seeming completeness. But it is only a beginning. It is so always. Where we would write the word "FINIS," there is a beginning. "We spend our lives as a tale that is told," but if with the coming of the sere, red and golden leaf of the life period we are unwittingly led in a moment of exultation to exclaim, "I have finished the fight," we are exclaiming in the face of one of the most patent facts of human life. The fight is not finished, and the warm breath of honest but unthinking exultation does not finish it.

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In our anxiety for even a sham appearance of com-

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pleteness, we have drawn imaginary lines athwart the stream of time, setting arbitrary metes and bounds to terms, periods, epochs, and cycles which are merely swirling eddies in the rushing tide of life. We finish an hour and imagine completeness. We come to a certain point in our journey around the sun, and we say a new year begins. In our imaginations the old year is finished, and we begin every thing anew. Everything puts on a new aspect. We pay up old scores as far as possible, make resolutions to live a new life, and rejoice in our hearts at the completeness we have attained. But the completeness is an imaginary completeness, and the newness is only the newness of our attitude. We are only conjuring with the chaos of crudity and incompleteness, and making believe that we are finishing our work,—that we are doing something once for all. We are mere children building toy houses, and regarding them as finished palaces. But in our more sedate moments these deceptions vanish and we know that we have wrought nothing to completeness. We have plowed, but the land is still fallow. We have sown, but the sowing was for once and not for all. We have reaped, but there is still ripe grain going to waste in the fields. We have winnowed, but there is still chaff in the grain. We have laid up stores only to see them melt and moulder away. We have acquired knowledge, and the mantle of forgetfulness has obscured it from our view and concealed it from our grasp. We have patiently learned the lessons of wisdom, but have never ceased to err. The errors that caused men to stumble and fall when the Caesars ruled the world rankle in the lives of men to-day.

* * *

Our ceaseless aspiration to the attainment of a completeness which is always beyond our reach is the surest earnest for the ultimate attainment of a degree

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of perfection in all things far higher than human experience has yet proved. The spirit now in man sickens with the crudities that hamper the march of progress, because there is a possibility of a higher, a nobler, a more complete life, and this possibility attracts it like a magnet, and will never let it slumber in the midst of hardships born of imperfection. But we are slow to separate ourselves from the labyrinth of imperfection that holds us down. If there is a satisfaction in the conscious attainment of a degree of completeness, there is also a delicious luxury in the indolence that lies supinely amid the sweet-scented flowers of the lower pleasures. The flesh-pots of Egypt were not easily forgotten by the children of Israel. We may pass the hostile waters that divide the low life from the high life, but there is certainly to be encountered a desert in which the weary soul will bethink itself of the fatness of the lost years, and many will quit the strenuous journey. As we try the mountain steeps of life they seem to resist our progress with an increasing acclivity, and the weariness that lays hold of our powers whispers into our aching senses an unholy dream of the rank flowers that grow beside running waters in the valley below. The sweets of the enchanted valley are not offered to us as the price of endeavor; but they lure us to fall and possess. These conditions put spiritual perfection farther and farther from the multitude, and lay the spirit's best gifts at the feet of the few. We are continually trying to hit upon some plan to lift humanity as a whole to a higher plane. Our plans necessarily fail. There is no spiritual elevation aside from independent, individual endeavor. We are like a multitude of birds caught in a net. The united action of the multitude might lift the net and carry it bodily to higher ground, but freedom would not be attained. Every individual must free his own feet from the mesh-

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es of appetite. Then he has the freedom of the spirit, and may soar at will. To lift the multitude into the sunlight of spiritual freedom is the dream of fanatics. The multitude moves only by individual steps.

Key-Notes.

SEPT. 1-7.

I CONTROL my own destiny in the power of my nativity from Infinite Love.

SEPT. 8-15.

Purity of heart and soul now pervades the lives of all men, and peace reigns.

SEPT. 16-22.

I love all mankind and all the works of nature and condemn not.

SEPT. 23-30.

I think only health, joy, life and success thoughts and refuse all contrary suggestions.

OCT. 1-7.

The Lord, the Christ in me and everywhere, is my shepherd; I shall not want.

OCT. 8-15.

With one voice we now declare the victory of Truth and the triumph of Love in the world.

OCT. 16-22.

All of my thoughts are powerful to create peace, health, success and happiness.

OCT. 23-31.

Only the good is true, and only the good can ever seem to be true to me.

(Silent hours, 6 to 7 a. m., 7 to 8 p. m. All please join us.)

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The Triumph of the Feminine Principle.

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.

PROF. Ward, discussing Woman In History in his Pure Sociology, says: "At the beginning of the historical period woman was under complete subjection to man. She had so long been a mere slave and drudge that she had lost all the higher attributes that she originally possessed, and in order to furnish an excuse for degrading and abusing her, men had imputed to her an array of false, evil qualities that tended to make her despise herself. So universal is this attitude that a presentation of the real fundamental relation of the sexes is something new to those who are able to see it, and something preposterous to those who are not. The idea that the female is naturally and really the superior sex, seems incredible, and only the most liberal and emancipated minds, possessed of a large store of biological information, are capable of realizing it."

In spite of the degradation and abuse which succeeded in reducing womankind to a theoretically inferior being, the power of the feminine principle was so strong, and so persistent in its purpose—that of civilizing humanity—that it could not be crushed out. And while it has been retarded at various points, it has succeeded in pushing ahead sufficiently for scientists to prophesy its final triumph in society.

Life in the natural world is, and has always been, on its surface, a thing of supreme peace and beauty. The story is told in The Prince of India of how the Buddha, walking along the countryside, saw in the plowed fields the billows of rich loam; in the forests the green of the trees, with birds singing in them;

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heard the lowing of the kine, and the song of the plowman, as he followed his horses. Over all was the deep blue of the sky, and the light of the summer sun. Peace reigned everywhere.

But only on the surface. Beneath all was eternal struggle—struggle for existence, and death. Insect fed upon insect, fowl upon insect and beast upon fowl, and finally man upon beast. To animal warfare was added famine, hurricans, scorching suns and freezing winters. Everywhere pain, everywhere struggle, and over all the calm, dispassionate, deaf ear of nature, heeding not the cry of the individual in its torment.

The Buddha recognized this struggle, this warfare, this apparently unheeding ear of Nature, and was reduced to a state of extreme sadness. The individual, the creature, had no rights, apparently, that Nature was bound to respect.

But silently, side by side with this fang and claw law of the natural world, existed the mother principle, the feminine principle, the love, the sacrifice, the devotion of the female for its young. In the depths of the wilderness the young lion cub, creeping too far beyond the confines of the lairs of the mother, met the natural law of claw and fang. Weak with agony, he dragged himself home—he knew where to go—and there the mother lioness licked his wounds and purred softly to his disturbed spirit until he grew well and strong again.

In the gray dawn of human history, mankind roamed the forests, hunting, fighting, killing. The most persistent records we have of the early peoples are the flint arrow heads found in rocks and caves; weapons of warfare, instruments of torture, of murder. The primitive mother, child at her breast, sought a place in which she might guard it from the indifferent cruelty of natural law—and the savage

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male. This mother-love, this first budding of the altruistic principle, built the temporary fires about which were gathered the group most nearly related to each other. Gradually came the abode in the caves, and finally the rude hut. The women ground corn, dressed hides, made an effort to provide nourishment and physical comfort for their young, and finally for the group. They ceased their wanderings through the forests with the males. Gradually about them grew up clans, and stationary groups—the men who went off to war always returning to these groups.

Through the primitive women, out of them, and about them, developed the human and humane qualities. These attributes were inherited more and more by the males, who, feeling the growth of them in their own lives, called the feeling "god" or "gods," worshipped it—and enslaved their women through which it came.

The long period of woman's slavery is called the "dark ages." The nations that enslave women to-day are known as the backward nations. Indeed, a country's progress is measured by the status of its women. And this not because of a mere "sentiment" favoring woman's freedom, but from a scientific fact, showing that her freedom is a social expediency. One of the first things Japan proceeded to do when it began to think of progress, was to build schools everywhere for its young women. It realized that the free exercise of the feminine principle was essential to its further civilization.

In the United States where women are most free, we have no great standing army. According to Prof. Munsterberg, we have a much higher moral status than Germany. We have no India, reeking with degradation and filth. We are free from many of the cruel and unfair laws of France, and we have no organized

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league fighting against motherhood, as that country has.

The sentiment against war is much stronger in the countries where women have some sense of freedom, than in the more masculine countries. Democracy is stronger, and class lines are less distinct in the nations where they are freer.

Our civilization is, indeed, more altruistic yet in its feminine branches, than in its male. But it is developing more and more the mother-principle, the power of self sacrifice, until we are able to look forward even in this day of unrest, toward the dawn of a time when wars will cease, when peace will rule on Earth, when a brotherhood of man will be established.

This will be the day when egoism will give place to altruism, when positive love will supplant negative hate, when the individual will regard the welfare of the social group. It will be the triumph of the feminine principle, and will exist in men and women alike.

Notice.

SUBSCRIPTION *to* THE LIFE *is due in advance.* Please look at your last receipt and see if you are behind. If so, kindly renew and thus make us both happy.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Man is intrinsically equal to his tasks, even as the web of the spider is strong enough to hold the fly. If he gives up and falls beneath his load of care, it is because he does not know his native powers.

Find out whence come the perfume and beauty of the rose and you have discovered the secret of the universe. Creation is eloquent of the beneficence of nature. Why will men imagine evil?

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Talks With Our Readers.

DO YOU like our magazine? Do you find good and helpful suggestions in it? Does reading its lessons help you to be braver, happier, stronger and more hopeful in life?

Then introduce it to your neighbors, interest them in it, send it to those who need it, spread its influence, don't be selfish about it, enjoying the good to be found in it only for yourself.

We have a great brotherhood and sisterhood scattered all over the world, in every state and territory of our own country, England, Scotland, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, India, South America, Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, the Philippines and other countries—a Life League that is invincible or good.

Of evenings and mornings we get together in thought with our key-notes of helpfulness and life.

All of you will get others to join the league. Thus you spread the good influence and make the world a better place to live in. DO IT NOW.

One subscriber only has asked why we discontinued publishing the International Bible Lessons. But doubtless many others have asked the question mentally—and maybe answered it correctly for themselves.

Because we believe there are many who are interested in the change, we make the answer public.

1. These Bible selections were made by an orthodox church committee and were mostly either purely historical or void of interest to advanced thinkers.

2. Not having the selecting for ourselves, the texts were often inappropriate and we had to do much twisting and construing and magnifying of shadows of meaning to render the lessons useful to New Thought

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Students.

3. Many of our readers felt that they had had a surfeit of Bible teaching and desired a respite thru lessons drawn from other sources, fresher fountains of truth.

4. While we had no thought of discarding the Bible, we believed we could do better to select our own texts and thus more fully meet the requirements of New Thought people.

5. These lessons were intended primarily for use in Sunday schools, and very few of our readers attend the church Sunday schools where they are used. So we concluded it was an improvement to fill the space they occupied with other, fresher, more appropriate matter. And I am sure you all approve of it.

Have you noticed that bright star almost in the zenith of our latitude about 9 o'clock at night? That is Vega, one of the constellation called Lyra. It is an immense sun, many times the size of our sun. It is distinguished by its peculiar bluish, diamond-like, white brightness. When looked at thru a good opera glass, it appears to be surrounded by a glittering bluish halo.

We cannot see the worlds which revolve around it, not even with the strongest telescope. Yet they must be much larger than our Earth, and the people who inhabit them—who can imagine of what manner of men they are?

Do we believe in the divinity of Christ? We certainly do, and in the divinity of all people and things. All things are alive with the spirit of God, even to the hard granite. All things are of divine origin.

But when people ask this question they do not mean what they say. They mean, Do you believe in the deity of Jesus, as the churches have taught. No;

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we do not. Jesus was not a god. He was a man embodying a high endowment of the Christ Spirit. All men are Jesus Christs in this sense, in lower degree of spiritual endowment. But the highest is attainable to all of us.

"The word 'Jehovah' is not Hebrew. The Hebrews had no such letters as J and V. The word is properly 'Jah Uah,' compounded of Jah (essence) and Uah (existing.) Its full meaning is the self-existing essence of all things."—Poe.

In Suidas is a letter written by Dionysius to Apollophanes in the year of Jesus' crucifixion. It says, "Either the author of nature suffers, or he sympathizes with some who do," referring to the strange phenomena of darkness, earthquake etc. attending the death of Jesus.

Lipsius, in his treatise *De Supplicio Crusis*, says that the upright beam of the cross was a fixture at the place of execution, whither the criminal was made to bear only the transverse arm. Consequently the painters are in error who depict Jesus bearing the entire cross.

Elohim is a plural noun, meaning "the invisible Powers." The singular is *Eloah*. In the Bible account of creation the plural form is used exclusively, but our translators have rendered it "God" and followed it by a singular verb.

A recently bewidowed widow pathetically asks, "Where is my late husband now?"

My dear madam, I really don't know. If he is dead, then he is nowhere alive. The body is where you put it, if you buried it, unless the medical students have stolen it. If you cremated it, the ashes only remain, while the particles set free by combustion have

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scattered for nature's use in building other bodies, of trees, weeds, corn and grass.

The spirit or soul, if yet personal with human faculties, is somewhere. If conscious, it knows its environment and powers. It is happy or not according to the kind of life he led in the body.

M. Tourlelotte says that the discarnate spirit is forced by the evolutionary law of progress to move on to the next planet and cannot communicate with people on Earth. If this be true, your husband is now a babe in the arms of some found mother on the planet Venus, since progression is from the older to the newer worlds toward the sun, which, according to Col. Geo. W. Warder, is heaven. After he dies on Venus he will go on to Mercury, then to Vulcan, then to the sun, where he will live forever and know his friends when he chances to meet them.

But these writers know no more about it than you or I. It seems to me that one place is heaven as much as another, so far as mere locality is concerned, since God and the angels are everywhere.

So your husband may visit you, if he wants to do so. But you may not know of his presence when he comes, as you formerly did when he got home too late at night. But I suppose you do not refer to this habit when you call him your "late" husband.

If you always spoke to him kindly, did not nag at him, and made yourself tidy and agreeable when he came home from his work, he may love to come to you now. Yes, I know he may not have deserved such treatment, he may have been cross and boorish and untidy and all that. Some husbands are. But this was no excuse for your being so too.

It is strange how great and good a man becomes after he dies. One of our school teachers died here the other day, and when we listened to the eulogies of

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his friends, we wondered why we did not know before that we had such a wonderful man living among us.

"O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me,—I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced by many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night."

For The Children

PRIMROSE AND THE DETECTIVES.

BY PHEESY JONE.

"COME right in, Forgetmenot; you are just in time. We are going to have a new play."

"What is it? Do tell me right way," said Forgetmenot, half out of breath from running down the lane. (She had been to visit a sick school-mate whom the doctors had given up to not get well, and had told her that she *could* and *would* get well.)

"The play we will call 'Detective,'" was the reply.

A chorus of voices echoed, "*detective!*"

Forgetmenot's bright eyes looked from one to the other, questioningly, as if saying, "I do not understand; tell me what it is like, will you?"

In the middle of the pretty group there sat the speaker, somebody's grand-ma, with her silvery hair rippling over her temples and with two kindly eyes looking out under dark lashes into the eyes of the living blossoms surrounding her.

We will call this little grand-ma Primrose, for she looked like one as she sat there with a daisy, a violet,

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a geranium, a lily, a pansy, a hollyhock, a sunflower and a rose all about her.

"I will be the Judge," said Primrose, looking wise and dignified. "I will make each one of you a *detective*."

"Do tell us what that is," pouted little Violet as she nestled nearer to the left elbow of Primrose.

"De, for pity's sake, do!" chorused the other blossoms.

"A detective is one who finds out hidden things," demurely answered the Judge. "Now, I have a perfect wonder here in this portfolio," said Primrose, as she held it up, "a *miracle* of a wonder."

"Oh, do let us see it! May we not see it right away?" came the unanimous request.

"Certainly you may. But you must know that it is one of the most wonderful things in the whole world," she replied, still holding the closed portfolio in her hand.

"What is it like?" asked Geranium with a very inquisitive look at Primrose.

"It is oval in shape and has many canals and air-holes and a regular outfit to make it grow larger. Can you detect for me the way this is constructed and the reason why it is made at all?"

"Let us see it and maybe we can tell you more about it," said Pansy, all out of patience.

"Yes, yes; let us see it please," repeated several at once as they all drew nearer the Judge's seat.

"All right; here it is," said Primrose as she threw open the portfolio so all could see.

"Only a *leaf*!" cried Rose in disgust.

"Just an apple-tree leaf!" said Lily. "And is that your wonder, the miracle? We see thousands like that every day."

"We will see," Primrose replied. "Let us see what there is to detect in a common leaf."

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At this all the little apple-cheeked folks drew nearer, and the Judge, with a smile on her calm face, brought out a box from which she took a knife and a magnifying glass. With the knife she cut the leaf in halves.

Then pausing she said,

"The main part of this leaf is called the *blade*. It has two parts, is composed of two sheets, bound together by a net-work of fibres. One sheet turns toward the sky and the other toward the Earth. There are two kinds of material in this leaf, the green *pulp* and the *fibrous framework* which holds the pulp together. Now, Geranium, look through this glass and see what else you can detect."

"Why, yes," the little detective exclaimed as she looked, "it is all covered with a delicate skin as clear as glass."

"Now I will cut the leaf again and will ask you, Daisy, to detect something," said the Judge with a nod toward that little girl.

Daisy had no sooner looked with the aid of the glass than she exclaimed, "Why, the middle stem is hollow like a tube, and so are all those little branches running out from it."

They all looked questioningly at Primrose and she proceeded to explain:—

"These carry the sap, or life blood, to every part of the leaf. The middle stem is called the *mid-rib*. Its branches are called *veins*. The branches of the veins are called *veinlets*. They continue in smaller and smaller veinlets until the leaf is filled with these tiny tubes. Some are too small to be seen with the naked eye."

"It is wonderful," chimed the little detectives.

"But what are the leaves on the trees for, anyway?" asked philosophical Sunflower.

"They are the tree's lungs," said Primrose.

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"Lungs?" all asked at once. "You surely do not mean to tell us that trees breathe?"

"Yes; they breathe by means of their leaves. But while our lungs take in oxygen and throw out carbon, the tree's lungs take in carbon and throw out oxygen. So you see we mutually help one another to live," explained Primrose. "The leaves are spread out so as to give a greater surface for breathing. Some trees have as much as four acres of leaf surface. The sap is the tree's blood which takes up the carbon to build in the tree."

The children were much pleased with what they had detected in a simple leaf, and eager for more lessons from the buds and flowers.

That afternoon Forgetmenot took her sick friend a big bouquet and told her about the wonders of the leaf. She grew better from that day on and got well. She said that Forgetmenot had brought her life, and sunshine, and hope, and nature's breath, and these were better to make people well than all the nasty medicines in the world.

THE LIFE—Is a periodical of Kansas City, U. S. A. consecrated to the New Thought by its editors, the Bartons. It has entered upon the 14th year of its publication and presents editorially the history of its enterprise. It includes many suggestive articles and has formulated a Life League of its subscribers (which is a magnificent idea of solidority,) giving suggestions for each month of which the following is a translation:

(Here is given the key notes of our April issue.)

From *La Verdard* (The Truth) published in Buenos Aires, Argentina. (Translated by A. P. Barton.)

Destroy the ideals and starve the imagination of man and he sinks to the plane of the mere animal.

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What We Are Here For

BY C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

"In your answer to E. S's question in the January issue of THE LIFE, in regard to the traits of children, do you mean to say the so-called soul and body are different in nature and come from a different source, and when the physical body passes from sight into the unseen, that they have different places, or rather occupy different planes?—H. M. S."

ONE SUBSTANCE ONLY.

There is only ONE *Substance.* That Substance is SPIRIT. Mankind is of that Substance. *All* is SPIRIT, and Spirit is INTELLIGENCE. Bodily substance is not separate from soul substance, while soul and body *differ* in *office.* Limiting lines drawn (or conceived) in spirit produce the phenomenon we call *matter.* Matter is not therefore abstract spirit.

Visible things are the life *portraits* of mental conceptions or, the lineal perspective of ideas. Body is limited, localized; it has size and circumference, and for this reason can be seen. Body is the product of a *limited* conception. If you have a limited idea it must show forth in limited *form.*

You cannot form a conception of the *Universe* because it is *limitless,* and is for this very reason unseeable. You cannot see that which has no limits, no circumference; you cannot bring so large a thing within the range of your present vision.

Spiritual Man is *maker* of things invisible; but he can clothe nothing in visible form that does not already exist in Unseen Substance. Though spiritual entity is the most powerful, it is not the first to seek embodiment in visible shape. The physically strongest spermatazoon, like all other reckless personalities, makes ready to precipitate itself at the first signs of readiness on the part of its counterpart, the ovum. It does not

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stand back in deference to the more mental or spiritual possibility, which indeed may at the same time be seeking to *avoid* the physical cataclysm.

That concept on which you exercise only lofty thought, will come nearest to being *like* the soul in substance—it will be *soulful*. One finally arrives at that Stature which is the measure of his own idea of Himself. Like the rainbow which is a portrait of the sun's unseen colors, body is subject to change, while the soul, as *life*, is changeless. It is the soul's uneducated belief in self-limitation that makes it under some circumstances, subject temporarily to material conditions.

The soul is the only grower. We are not in this world for pastime or for failure.

SOUL THE ONLY GROWER OR SUFFERER.

Only the *soul* is capable of enjoyment or suffering. Only the soul can plan and perform, educate and attain. The soul must grow, must educate, must attain to the stature of its Steadfast Self. It must grow in grace until grace is reflected in the body, as the perfect colors are reflected in the rainbow. It must grow in knowledge of itself and being, until complete assimilation with its Unlimited, Eternal, Individual or Christ-self is made. While you as soul and body get your Life, Energy and Power from the Universal Reservoir, your Individuality is your soul's *Standard* of attainment, for *it* is *already* in the likeness and image of Elohim. The soul can never accomplish higher than to put on its *own Spiritual Self* through the use of the Elohim Powers.

This is what we are here in the body for. By means of the soul and body, Infinite Truth is made known to the world, just as by means of figures infinite mathematics is made known. If the soul fail in this it fails in all.

The human soul is then the one responsible, ac-

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countable, impassible, *delegated Breath* of *Life* that must meet all its obligations and bring itself up to the full stature of its Standard,—its steadfast and Changeless God-annointed Self.

THE INDIVIDUAL ALREADY PERFECT.

I do not talk about "building up" an *individuality*; the individual is forever already built up in the Image of God. It is already as perfect as THAT of which it is the Image. It is the already perfect Standard for the soul. It is the Lord of the soul, its true Shepherd. The soul that keeps its eye single upon its Ego, its Lord, shall not want. Continually its cup of happiness runneth over.

RED CLAY AND LIFE.

Body without soul is like Adam without Eve—*only red clay*. *Adam* means dust, red clay, earth: *Eve* means Life. Those two are typical of the method of generation. (I explain all this in my little book, now under revision for a new edition, *The Mother* of *The Living*.) We talk of education. We strive to educate. There is nothing to educate but the soul. Get the soul right and the *body* will then take on right conditions. The body is always a ready reflector of psychic states. It is the mirror which shows what is passing in the soul's mentality; it is the bulletin-board on which appears duly engraved the acts and mental attitudes of the soul; *finally*, it is the Book of Life containing *all* the engravings of the soul's experiences.

Soul-fright will reflect in palor on the surface of the mirror body, because the soul then shrinks within itself—involuntarily calls in its forces. Anger turns the temple of the soul red, because then the soul sends out a fierce army in fight. As the soul learns through Wisdom, the body becomes more and more a fit temple for the indwelling of a cultured soul. If it reject wisdom's path of learning and turns into the circuitous

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and tortuous way of *experience*, it may expect its body to be engraved with scars, warped or discolored in its passage through experience without Wisdom as guide.

CONQUEST THE DESTINY OF THE SOUL.

Nevertheless—since amid the tangled wild-wood way of experience, there are purple pansies and fragrant blue-bells peeping out to call attention to the gentle path linking invisibly with the Everlasting Trail—the soul's destiny will yet bring it up along with the very elect, who, having naught to overcome may be unscarred, yet they *miss* the *blessing* of the promise that stands forever good to him that overcometh.

Body changes, but the life that is in the body and is the body, like that which is in the soul and is the soul, is eternal. Vitality is not just like magnetic or electric force; *they* are perishable while *it* is imperishable. They have no root in themselves, no Ego, while the vital spark is definite, it belongs in the soul. All Life is God. All color is Light. But when light is withdrawn from the cloud, the color is withdrawn. Neither the life nor the light is destroyed.

GRADES OF BEING.

We need not strive to reach different *places*, such as heaven and hell, but only different *conditions* of soul. The law of Being will adjust us, when we have right conditions of soul. This present experience of life is a school. We are in one grade here, and will be promoted to a higher—education is always "higher"—when through with this. The next grade for earth people may be on this earth. Matter would not be the least in the way, as the next grade of life will have different qualities of substance, likely invisible to our flesh eyes. They can carry on their business regardless of us. The soul that has a flesh body on this earth, may build itself a finer body still on this earth, or in

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our atmosphere. The *where* matters not, so the *condition* is all right. We may now be in that grade of School in which we are for the first time self conscious beings. If so, may we not next expect to be ably conscious of more than the transpirations on this particular plane. May not our perceptions reach farther backward and farther forward, so that we may remember the life lived just before this one, wherein we walked (or gambeled) until the time when we should be educated to the point of dropping the chrysalis, to take on the infant form (be born) in a *higher* grade of life? That which has seemed a dream of the past may clarify and make us able to look back along an interesting vista leading up to our present life, with intense enjoyment.

It takes both body and soul (life in the body) to symbolize the Individual Self. It took Jesus and his life and work on earth, to point to the Anointed Christ of power, and set forth its principles.

THE SOUL THE ONLY SPEAKER OF WORDS.

It is the soul that prays. It speaks words *by way of* its Standard or Lord. It assimilates itself with its Standard Self and then is ready to speak to the Invisible Powers direct—powers that are so very near, and so positively omnipresent. Elohim is not a person, much as some would like to have it so. Elohim are Life, Truth, Love and Substance.

IT.

God is neither he nor she. It will not do to call the Infinite by these sexual pronouns. It is not proper to call that *which is unlimited* by such terms. You may call the Sun "*he*," you may call the Moon "*she*"—for they are limited bodies. But when you speak of the UNIVERSE, "she" or "he" would be utterly inadequate and inappropriate! You would speak of the Universe as IT. Some of the most powerful words in any language are brief words. *It* is

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always the mightiest of all pronouns. Life is IT; Love is IT, Wisdom is IT, the universe is IT. Let God be IT.

Then the unenlightened will no longer pray to idols—i. e. things of visible or conceived form. Pray to IT, the Name so unspeakable you are forced to the smallest word, if you speak at all.

Then speak words so true, so in accord with Universal Truth, that your *request must* chime in with the infinite powers to set them successfully vibrating *in the object* of your prayer. Thus, for instance:

TO THE ETERNAL IT.

O thou Who art forever near; Thou who art not confined to form, but art everywhere, in every point of space the same; Thou who art in me and I in Thee; Thou who art *all* Love, Thou who art *all* Life, Thou who art *all* Truth, Thou who art *all* Intelligence, —I know Thou dost always hear me, even before my thought seeks expression. Thou art *my* Love, *my* Life, *my* Wisdom, *my* Truth. Nearer than can be the loving face of a friend Thou art, all about me, everywhere, ready to grant my perfect request. I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me. I rejoice in the knowledge that Thou dost always hear me. Thou art the Universe, and as IT Thou art ALL.

Col. H. M. S. did not ask for a sample prayer in this connection, but it came in so appropriately, and I felt so much like it, I ran into it on paper in symbolization I suppose, of what was passing in my mind.

The truth is I stopped to give a treatment, and then I felt *so* sure of success I went on to writing some of the thoughts employed.

We are here, then, for that definite, that scientific *soul-training* which will be thorough enough to make the *body* perfect also, and thus enable us to present body, soul and spirit as *one*, and faultless, with the Invisible Powers of Elohim.

The only cause of our unhappiness hitherto, has risen in our failure to accomplish this great object.

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The 19th Psalm.

(AMPLIFIED.)

THE heavens declare the glory of God. The blue vault tells it by day and the starry skies teach it by night, without speech, without words, without sound of voice. The handiwork of Infinite Wisdom is seen in it all, ever thruout Earth and to the very confines of the countless worlds.

Even the sun comes forth from a tabernacle of worship, as a strong man, to run his course, rejoicing or as the Prince of Peace like a bridegroom from the Chamber of Love. His course is from horizon to horizon and his circuit without end, and nothing escapes his fervor. Thus is the glory of God shown forth everywhere, the Law of Life.

The law of the Lord is perfect, refreshing the soul.

The teaching of the Lord is sure—not theoretical nor speculative,—making wise the simple minded, the uninstructed, babes.

The guidance of the Lord is right, giving joy and satisfaction to the heart.

The covenant of the Lord is clear and righteous, enlightening the understanding, reviving the heart.

The religion of the Lord is clean, enduring forever, in spite of creeds and false doctrines.

The judgments of the Lord are true, unerring, just and altogether righteous.

The universally comprehensive dispensations of the Lord, the Christ man, are of more value than much pure gold, and sweeter than the honey that drips from the honey comb.

By them am I warned of impending results of error; the abiding in them brings a rich reward.

Who can perceive any error in the Lord's ways?

Who, indeed, can always know his own ways,

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whether right or wrong?

Hold me guiltless for errors committed in ignorance.

Protect me from falling into willful sins; let them not have dominion over me thru the force of habit, association or depraved oppetites. Then shall I be innocent and saved from the depravity of gross sensuality.

May the words of my mouth and the thoughts of my mind, the ways of my feet and the meditations of my heart, be approved by my Christ consciousness, my Lord, my strength, my deliverer.

What I Will To Be.

LUCRETIA RUSSELL.

I WILL be what I will to be
Because the Lord hath made me free—
Free from the law of sin and death
And now I breath the holy breath.

The Holy breath that Jesus gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives;
Not that He lived long, long ago,
But that he lives to-day, I know!

—S. F. Journal.

A MAN in Arkansas had two weeks' treatment for paralysis and muscular rheumatism and kidney trouble. At the end of this time he wrote:

"Dear Friend Barton:

"I have improved all over since you commenced treating me. I am going to keep on growing now until I grow into a new man. You need not treat me longer."

Believe in something, trust somebody, (not everybody,) love those who are lovable. It will keep hope freshened and the heart warm. The pessimist is the dreariest of mortals.

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Riches and Poverty

BY H. J. WIGGINTON.

SO OFTEN is the careful observer confronted with instances in which the rich are very poor and the poor are very rich that the terms applied to the two conditions appear to be misnomers; and the true estimate of wealth or poverty is thrown beyond the pale of measurement by the standard of dollars and cents. There is a wealth of mind and heart and soul that money cannot buy nor the lack of it defeat; there is a poverty of mind and heart that the gold of a Croesus cannot cure. In almost every community there are instances in which some miserly men with thousands and thousands of dollars clutch their bags of gold with a grip that freezes their own souls and the souls of those about them, and causes them in the midst of wealth, to suffer all the stings of abject poverty. The real wealth or poverty of a man exists very largely in his attitudes of mind. A professional calamity-howler will howl calamity in the midst of a veritable paradise, because it is his nature to do so, and, usually, the more he magnifies calamity the more calamity he has.

Individuals and nations that are now making the most rapid strides in the line of progress are there because the rainbow of hope and promise has lingered in their mental visions and inspired them to reach out and attain to something better than they had previously known. Man cannot rise above his faith any more than water can rise above its source. It is impossible for a selfish, miserly soul to be rich, because his mental attitude causes him to go clothed in rags and to feed upon husks in spite of his bags of gold.

The seer of sacred history who said "give me

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neither poverty nor riches" had a pretty level head. Abject poverty is a curse and excessive wealth enslaves. The man in moderate financial circumstances who loves his family and his fellowmen and is unbound by prejudice or inordinate greed for gold, is richer than all the Rockefellers that ever robbed humanity. And, even the dwellers in the little huts and cottages of our land may be rich in happiness and in the appreciation of the beauties and the blessings that surround them. The man with conscience clean and soul erect and health and muscle by which to secure a comfortable living for himself and loved ones is rich. All that is necessary to make him so is his recognition of the fact. Poverty of purse is not half so bad as poverty of soul and conscience.

"I would rather go to the forest, far away, and build me a little cabin—build it myself—and daub it with clay, and live there with my wife and children; and have a winding path leading down to the spring where the water bubbles out, day and night, whispering a poem to the white pebbles from the heart of the earth; a little hutwith some hollyhocks at the corner, with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, and a thrush in the air like a winged joy—I would rather evil there and have some lattice work acrossthe window so that the sunlight would fall checkered upon the babe in the cradle—I would rather live there with my soul erect and free, than in a palace of gold, and feel that I was superstition's cringing slave and dare not speak my honest thought."

The author of the following is the foremost Astrologer in U. S.

"My Dear Mrs. Barton:

Your letter is here. I thank you for it. Your keenness of perception, and the alertness with which you grasp a mighty truth, write you as one of the ROSE and CROSS.

Sincerely, J. B. Sullivan,"—Yonkers, N. Y.

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What a Flower Taught Me.

(An old man called one day recently and offered to sell me one of his poems. I took one, and here it is with the meter slightly corrected, EDITOR.)

IT WAS only a little flower
That I was passing by one day,
But it called to me, "O stranger,
Tarry a moment, I pray,
And I'll tell you something about
My Father and his loving care,
Who feeds me on pure manna
From the radiant atmosphere.

"His angels wait upon me
To bring me everything,
Pure water from the ocean
From river and from spring.
They gave me all my colors
From the palette of the sun
And clothed me all in beauty
For lovers to feast upon.

"I have an uncle Lily
Who lives down by the pool,
And he and I are teachers
In God's kindergarten school.
And there's my cousin Daisy
Who resides just o'er the fence;
She would teach you many a lesson,
If you only had the sense."

I stood there like a statue
Wondering and aghast
To find the flowers so very wise
And man so dull and crass;
Then I vowed at once to join
God's kindergarten class.

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"Tell me your name," I said,
"And will you condescend
To be my silent teacher,
My modest little friend?"
"They call me Pansy, sir," she said,
"And you may clearly see
I'm everybody's teacher
Who will take note of me.

"The first thing I would teach you,
If with me you agree,
Is that the God who lives in you
Is the same that is in me.
In all creation's wondrous plan
Beauty, love and power are shown
In the flowers as well as man."

Don't Think You are Old.

A CERTAIN amount of social life is absolutely essential to the old as well as to the young. A woman never grows so old that she ceases to enjoy the company of others, and generally the older she grows the more she enjoys it. It is always a pity to see a man fall into a state which he explains by saying: "Oh, we're getting old and don't care for so much variety in our lives," says Woman's Life. In the pure selfishness of his soul he always speaks of "us" and "we" as if it naturally follows that because he is getting antiquated his wife must keep pace with him in his decline. Let him keep in touch with the world, and both he and his wife will be the better and the younger for it.

A noted author suggests that loving enemies implies hating of friends. If you love enemies *because* they are enemies, would not this implication follow?

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Dont's.

BY LA PALOMA.

DON'T try to drive and judge; lead and inspire. Don't expect nor try to exact justice while unjust yourself.

Don't expect a chain to be stronger than the weakest of its links.

Don't expect to indulge an ugly trait, and be *unexceptionally* strong in the public eye.

ACIERTA ERRANDO?

Don't think that because a lady is gracious and polite she must be in love with you.

Don't, because a lady loves retirement, misjudge her and say you guess she has false teeth and hair.

Don't assume nonchalance and throw your feet too high in the air—it makes your feet look colossal and your head too small.

Don't watch and be too curious, for all your watching would not make the object of your curiosity good; on the contrary—to tease you she might try to do all she could to appear in your eyes what you think her.

ACIERTA ERRANDO?

Don't look too far ahead for the meaning of life and duty—come to yourself, and do your duty there; through earnest study make yourself worthy of life, and then you may be able to discern the right relationship of things.

Don't take pills if you are nervous, but change your mode of life, establish new and nobler habits. Master yourself. Overcome your weaknesses and prejudices. For there is no habit or condition of your body that is not a reflection of what has been or is now in your mind.

Don't trouble yourself to judge a person crazy and then attempt to prove your words true by averring

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that she speaks to herself! She might be speaking through the phone. Don't, when a woman is alone, show how bold and smart you are—it might only show the coward you are.

ACIERTA ERRANDO?

Don't forget that it is through the transformation of the *lower* self that it is transmuted, alchemized, lifted to the true standard found in the Higher Nature. Everything is first spiritual, then physical. First in *real*, but *in*visible substance, next in *phenomenal*, but *visible* substance.

Don't use your neighbor as a tool—don't be angry if she has a friend in the neighborhood—she is as free-born as you—a lady can be happy with or without friends. She finds a reservoir of delights within her own soul. She lives above the petty things of little minds. Remember the best class of people are able to say "Good Morning" without making themselves familiar; they do not find it in their natures to be one bit interested in your affairs.

Have Faith.

BY GEORGIA DEBORGES.

(A Post-script to article on page 188, May number.)

I BELIEVE that the foundation, the base, the Source of everything and everyone is the Life Principle; that this Principle of Life is Absolute Good, All-Power, Perfect Love, Divine Intelligence; I believe that the natural trend of all humanity is to rise as high as its Source, this real and true Center of its being; I believe that when my faith has fully clothed me with this, its love, its intelligence, its power, I shall then cease to know evil, disease, poverty, or lack of whatever kind, for there will be no lack but only the power, light, beauty, peace and harmony of the spirit of Life which I am. *Have Faith.*

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Sentence Sermons.

LIGHT from above is for the path below.

He cannot find wisdom who will not worship.

The flowers of triumph are watered by tears.

The shepherd's crook does not make the crooked sheep.

No man climbs to the Father by treading on his brother.

Stealing sorrow is as much a sin as acquiring stolen joys.

Clothes do not make the man tho they often mark his mind.

Many fail thru success, while others succeed thru failure.

The godly man is not likely to be good unless he believes in the goodness of his God.

—Record-Herald.

A LITTLE girl was tried in New Haven in 1651, before the magistrate's court. Her offense was "profane swearing." The language with which she was charged was the fiendish expression of "As I am a Christian." The child's mother, by way of extenuation, suggested that her little daughter "learned her ill-carriage at Goodwife Wickhams, where she went to school."

One cannot wonder that the frightened little culprit denied the charge. But even the childish terror did not soften the hearts of the righteous judges. The denial made matters all the worse.

The tiny delinquent was found guilty, lectured with lurid warnings, fined ten shillings for "profanity" and ordered to be "whipped according to her years" for telling lies to the court.

HENRY BLAKE,

In "Chronicles of New Haven Green."

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THE LIFE



OCTOBER-'07.

EDITED & PUBLISHED
BY
A.T. BARTON J.T. BARTON
KANSAS CITY, MO.

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Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter

Moral Relaxation

CONTINUED, unrelieved tension destroys elasticity. If this tension is increased by slow degrees, the result is destructive.

This is a law in all nature. There are, however, a few partial exceptions among inanimate things. While the strings of a violin improve in quality if kept always tuned up to the requisite vibrant pitch, the bow should be loosened when not in use. But a continuous increase of tension will by and by cause the strings to snap.

Among living beings work and play, thought and sleep, action and rest must alternate in order to preserve the life, resilience and equilibrium of the innate forces. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is no more true than the reverse of the axiom.

Does this principle hold good in morals as it does in the intellectual and physical realms? Must spiritual progress be made by alternate ups and downs, by intense uplifts followed by swings back to the beggarly plane of animality?

My attention has been especially directed to this subject thru reading a brief article written by a friend of mine for the magazine *Althuria*. She quotes from Thoreau's "Higher Laws:" "I found in myself, and

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still find, an instinct toward a higher, or (as it is named) a spiritual life—as do most men—and another toward a primitive, rank and savage one—and I reverence them both: I love the wild not less than the good." On another occasion he (Thoreau) asks, "What demon possessed me that I behaved so well?" (Was it a demon?)

My friend closes her article thus,

"We look with the eye of faith and the heart of hope for the ideal community to provide moral relaxation, to give us our scientific Saturnalias and keep alive in us that vital spark of 'the primitive, the rank, the savage.'"

The editor, not quite coinciding with her views, asks, parenthetically, "Now, is it really *desirable* to keep alive the spark of the primitive, the rank, the savage?" and adds, "I don't know."

It is this question which I shall here endeavor to answer.

The churches, the department of our human economy having peculiarly in charge the moral and religious interests of mankind, have always contended with what seems to be a natural tendency among men to waver between seasons of moral elevation, spiritual effervescence, and the opposite extreme. So they have found "revivals" needful in order to preserve the integrity of the body ecclesiastic and save the souls of men, as they believed.

Moral teachers have always deeply deplored this seemingly inherent tendency to fall back into sinful ways, and have attributed it to "natural depravity" and the omniprevalence of a spirit of evil.

Now, the question arises, Is this the best, the only way of moral or spiritual progress? It prevails as a fact. Is it natural? And if natural, is it not right—or at least inevitable?

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Under admitted laws of evolution we have come up to what we are now from lower bestial and savage stages of existence. It is but natural, then, that traits of the beast and savage are yet more or less fundamental in our natures. Must these traits be utterly repressed and smothered out, never more to be uttered or indulged in our words and ways? May we, or should we, steadily and without relaxation hold the tension of angelic thought and conduct to the utter extinction of "the primitive, the rank, the savage?"

When Thoreau says, "I love the wild not less than the good," he seems to imply that the wild is not good. But surely if the wild is part and parcel of our natures, *ab initio*, it is good, at least for us in our present stage of evolution. The fact that it is yet in and of us by right of primogeniture argues the propriety of its presence. Since the rank and the savage are primitive in us, they have a right there, certainly.

But the question is, how must we treat these inherent proclivities? Are they to be indulged in any degree, or is it best or safe to suffocate them summarily with copious inhalations of moral precepts?

Wild animals, when captured and forced to submit to the requirements of civilization, their wild life in the jungles or marshes being entirely reversed, do not flourish or live long. The foundations of their aboriginal being are removed too suddenly and completely before they can become assimilated and adapted to the new regime.

I have known several people who had, up to middle life, been rough, uncultured, wayward and indulgers of the animal instincts and tastes, and who suddenly adopted the rules of a higher life and by force of will left off their habitual sensual indulgences entirely, and then died. They attempted to stand upon a higher platform before it was sufficiently founded. They

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knocked out the old foundation blocks before the new were adequately placed. They tried to put new wine into the old wine skins and the result was disastrous.

Jesus spoke of this once, you remember. He said, "No one puts a piece of unfulled cloth on an old garment, because the patch itself would tear the garment and a worse rent be made. Neither do people put new wine into old wine skins; for if they do, the skins burst and the wine is spilled and the skins are destroyed."

Take a man whose body and brain have been built on the purely animal plan and fill him full of new spiritual thought vibrations, cutting off the old sources of physical force, and he is shattered, "chemicalizes" badly.

I once knew a man who was a drunkard, a profane swearer, a general bully and tough. He took the Science lessons and discontinued his old habits entirely and at once. He became a beautiful, gentle, loving character and a strong practitioner. But his brain gave way by and by and he died suddenly.

I knew another who digged in the dirt and was ignorant, lustful and coarse. He attempted to utterly reverse his life habits at once and become a teacher of Mental Science. He was not ready for it; he found that such a reformation must come by growth, and may not be reached, at a single bound. So he dropped back to the old plane and saved his body. I knew an uneducated, unrefined but honest woman, a janitress and house cleaner, who took the Science lessons and announced herself as a teacher and healer. Very soon the old body began to totter and finally went to pieces. It was the result of putting new wine into the old wine skin.

I knew two men who had been good, respectable citizens in their way, but very material in their thoughts and practices. They undertook to reach the

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plane of high spirituality at a bound, all at once to transform matter into spirit. They both had a stroke of paralysis. One died, the other still lingers, an invalid.

What, then, is the best and safest course to pursue? If I feel like being naughty and turning loose the caged animals of depravity in me once in a while, must I do it? Must I relax morally as I do intellecually from time to time? Must I give expression to pent up feelings by using cuss words? Must I be immoral or indecent at times, or get drunk once a year, in order to keep alive "the spark of the primitive, the rank, the savage?"

I think not. And I well further say that it is not desirable to keep alive the spark of the outgrown, of the obscene or the degrading, that may yet linger in shadow or echo within us. These are not wholesome to be indulged in any measure.

Some have made the mistake of attempting to be that which shocks piety and decency, or is contrary to religion, assuming to pose as "pagans" or as rakes. This is silly. It serves no good end, nor does it keep anything alive in us that ought to be perpetuated.

A prominent "pagan" lecturer, who used to be a Baptist preacher, recently said that the church uttered a meaner slander against Abraham Lincoln when it said he was a Christian than it did against Thomas Paine when it called him an infidel. He also said, "Religion is the substitution of the candle for the sun, the priest for the teacher, the consecrated water for the bread of industry, the guesses of the dead for the discoveries of the living, the follies of the foolish for the wisdom of the wise, the badge and brand of slavery for freedom, fear and trembling for mental poise and intellectual self-hood."

However true these statements may be as to

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church dogmatism and priestcraft, they are not true of Christianity or religion in its true sense. This "pagan" either does not know the meaning of the two terms "Christian" and "religion," or he purposely misinterprets them. The fact that religion and Christianity have been misused, misconceived and abused in application is not in any sense a degradation of the right spirit and meaning of the principles named by the terms. The false practices which have prevailed have not changed the significance of these words, and no one is warranted in degrading them to the level of such misapplications.

"Faith" and "prayer" are other words which these self-styled pagans have sadly abused. One of them, high up in the ranks, has said,

"We may sometime discover that faith and insanity are alike mental disorders. Prayer may be allied to loco-motor ataxia."

He means by "faith" the acceptance of authority without reason or evidence, or allegiance to ideals of the supernatural; and by "prayer," the begging of a supernatural being to do things for us. But these are the abuses of the terms. Faith is both confidence in the integrity of the law of being, the prevalence of the right, and perception of the real not yet externalized. In this sense faith is most important, is integral in the soul of things, inseparable from the spirit of success in life.

Prayer is aspiration to and affirmation of the higher and better in attainment, a consciousness of oneness with God, coupled with effort to bring into manifestation that which is expressed from the Universal.

Indulgence of depraved traits or inclinations is not needful in order to keep alive the spark of the primitive in us. The mistake made by some is in doing wrong and degrading things under a delusive belief

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that this is freedom. License is not always freedom; it is oftener bondage.

The mistake made by others is in smothering and denying the natural in an effort to be angels while yet only men and women. These usually make themselves slaves to rules compiled by others and ignore or repress their own inner leadings and the requisites of health and growth of soul and body.

The former assume that it is wholesome to let down occasionally and indulge the profligate feelings by profanity, indecency, sensuality, coarseness, mockery of the sacred, slang, mendacity, irreverance and blasphemy. But this is not keeping alive any needed, vital spark of the original and is not essential in sustaining the body. On the contrary, it tends to discourage true progress from the lower toward the higher, is retarding rather than stimulative to healthy advancement.

The normal intrinsic primitive and wild in us is good and not opposed to the spiritual and decorus. The mistake made by the persons before mentioned who suffered such disastrous results in the body, was that they starved the natural in an effort to be transcendental artificially. They unabatingly intensified the tension until the cords of the physical personality snapped.

In what, then, does proper, wholesome moral relaxation consist?

It certainly does not mean to be immoral by spells, nor wicked for a change. Goodness needs no rest nor virtue a relapse. If relaxation is needful, it is good and chaste and not opposed to morality.

Both the body you have now and the soul that built it need that you occasionally romp with the children, dance, shout, play ball, run a race, climb trees, read a wholesome novel, peruse the comic

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papers and magazines, tell a funny story, (not smutty,) take a lively interest in politics and the doings of people, perpetrate a harmless joke, eat what the body needs, think nothing for a while, attend the theater, the base ball game or the barbecue, camp out, go in swimming, play whist or chess, talk nonsense, sing a love song, play a jig on hornpipe on the fiddle—or, if you can't play, dance to the music,—box the ears of some one who is likely to box yours in return and do a thousand other things that are neither strictly moral, nor immoral, do them with abandon, at fitting times and in appropriate places. This is wholesome moral relaxation, the exercise of a Saturnalia that may be made to alternate with the seasons of tense thought and spiritual aspiration without the consent of any community or society.

Thus may you keep alive the primitive, the genuine rank and savage of nature—not the low and bestial of outgrown four-footedness—and preserve the body in health. Deny the longings for return to the low and unclean, but indulge at intervals the impulses of the human natural, the wild maternity of the personal self.

A WOMAN living in a New York town says a Chinaman next door neighbor has often borrowed money of her husband in sums as large as $50.00 at a time without note or security, merely on a verbal promise, and has always promptly paid it back when due. But the neighbor next door on the other side, son of a missionary to China, who spent 25 years trying to Christianize Chinamen, borrowed $115.00 of her husband and left for parts unknown, between two days, and never paid.

This reminds me of a statement I read once that missionaries labored ten years in Madagascar before it became necessary to lock doors at night.

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Meditations

By Kaxton

THE human intellect has not yet emerged from the haziness of the dark ages. Of the false ideals of those times none clings to us with greater tenacity than the totally erroneous conception which is generally entertained about law and law-making. In reality there is no such thing as law as conceived by the popular mind. From the stand-point of genuine philosophy, that which is known in text books as municipal law is an entirely artificial affair based rather upon the popular false conception of law than upon any ethical principle. The mere enactment of a formula by a body of persons calling themselves law-makers does not make the formula a law and can not. Such a process as law-making does not exist and has never existed. Law inheres in the essence of being and is coexistent with it. To make a new law would involve the making of a new order of being. The most beneficent enactments have been merely the affirmation and adoption of eternal principles by the popular voice and will. Every bill of rights is but an enunciation to the world that the eternal truth has been found and that the promulgators are determined to live up to it. Did any one ever make those things right which the bill declares to be right? No. They are as eternal as being itself. Indeed, being cannot be intelligently conceived separate and apart from principle,—from law. As being varies in its modes and movements, these variations and motions are in strict and absolute harmony with the laws of being.

***

It is not the popular mind alone that entertains

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false conceptions of law. Materialistic science, which has always held itself skeptically aloof from the great truths of the universe, and devoured with an inordinate voracity the dry husks of phenomena, has defined law as an observed order in nature by which certain results follow certain causes. This is all the materialist can see,—a mere sequence of phenomena. This sequence he calls law. But to the mind that is able to see farther than the mere outward phenomena that flow from unseen forces like leaves that fall from the trees of the forest, there is something in the very essence of being which makes sure and inevitable the sequence of phenomena which the materialist calls law. Now this verity which compels the sequence is the law in the case. Why do the planets of the solar system move around the sun in an orbit of elliptical form, and ever hold the sun in one focus of the ellipse? Why does the variable moving radius of a planet describe equal areas in equal times as the planet flies with varying speed around the sun? Why are the second powers of the periods of planetary revolution proportional to the third powers of the mean planetary distances from the sun? These are observed facts and are recognized among scientists of the materialistic order as great laws, known as Kepler's laws. But there must be something inherent in the very nature of sun and planets or in an unknown power back of them, that compels this order of phenomena. This is the law, majestic, self-existent, eternal, vital, forceful. It is no dead curio, to be observed and wondered at by curious, prying scientists. But it would be asking too much of skeptical materialism to say to them, "Behold the law behind the observed fact." They choose to stop with the dead leaves that are cast from the tree of life, and call them by a vain titular name. They will not recognize the tree that cast the

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leaf, because it would violate the scientific method to recognize a thing so far removed from physical manipulation and investigation.

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In mathematics the word law has been applied to mere rules by which an operation proceeds or a form is described. If a moving point so move as to maintain the sum of its distances from two fixed points a fixed quantity, such moving point will describe an ellipse. If a point move and constantly maintain a uniform distance from a fixed point, such moving point will describe the circumference of a circle. These are examples of "laws" in the most exact of all sciences. But that these are dead formulas of a lifeless compendium of the mere outward relations of form, position and quantity, is evident to any intellect of ordinary penetration. Most accurate mathematicians are sometimes very poor specimens of manhood. There is nothing in the dry husks of mathematics to lift the mind above the level of common-place mediocrity. The "laws" of mathematics are not laws in any vital sense.

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In the field of ethical "law," we encounter a labyrinth of jargon that is truly bewildering, and the rubbish that has been accumulated is appalling. Systems of ritualism have grown and spread to monstrous proportions and very little can be found in the entire mass which is worthy the name of law. But in the vast amount that has been written and said there are some glinting rays of the diamond. At the beginning of the Christian Era we are told that the Gentiles, who had not the law, were "a law unto themselves." Paul deserves much credit for this flash of light, and how much more effective in promulgating even a ritual-laden religion was the Gentile living the law unto himself

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than was the Jew living the law of ritualism, is clearly shown by subsequent history. The fact is, the imperative and supreme law of every human life resides in the nature of the liver of that life. Man is a law unto himself, always has been and always must be. This fact has been overlooked, and human misery and the struggle for liberty followed. Loud-mouthed fools have cried aloud for the making of more laws to hamper the lives of other men with. This gang of idiotic reformers is still rampant in the land, and they are more dangerous enemies to their fellowmen than are thieves and murderers.

Some New Books.

REV. P. J. Green of Portland, Oregon, has sent out a booklet of 32 pages entitled, *Longevity, or Why Methuselah Lived 969 Years, Psychologically Considered.*

The author founds a good many of his conclusions on Bible history as authority, but makes a strong argument for the possibility of adding centuries to our bodily life.

He makes many excellent suggestions for attaining this end. Here is one of them:

"It would be a good thing if children's minds could be kept free from the thought of death and their ears never allowed to hear of death and their eyes never allowed to see its work." He thinks that if this precaution were universally practiced a race of people would soon be developed who would live for centuries. He claims that it was the growing suggestion and fear of death that began in early ages to shorten the span of human existence.

If we were asked why Methuselah did not live longer than 969 years, the answer would be that, according to Bible history, he was drowned in the deluge,

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for this catastrophe occurred just 969 years after his birth. It does seem a shame that Noah did not take his old grandpap into the ark. There is no telling how long he might have lived if Noah had done this. But, then, maybe the old man was one of those who "looked upon the daughters of men," thought them pretty and desired to marry some of them, thus incurring Jehovah's displeasure. Price 10 cents.

The Portland (Oregon) School of Astrology has issued *The Improved Perpetual Planetary Hour Book.* Subtitle, "How to Choose Auspicious Times for Action to Obtain Best Returns for Your Efforts." It gives tables by which the ruling planet at the time of any one's birth for all times may be found. It also contains a treatise on astrology, on planetary hours, Uranus and Neptune, How to assertain Propitious Hours each Day, Rules for Rectifying a Nativity by the Use of Planetary Hours, etc.

The book is bound in stiff sky-blue paper. Price 50 cents.

Our friend and one time pupil, Charles L. Brewer, has written a book named *The Elder Brother, A Dawn-Thought Sketch*, published by To-Morrow Pub. Co., Chicago. It is a love story embodying some New Thought and Socialist ideas.

It is novel in style and purpose; otherwise it would not be Brewer's. Some people call him a crank because he is so different from other people and of course he writes like no one else.

The story is an attractive one and has a basic principle as a thread. A little too much slang is used and in the next edition some one should correct the spelling of such words as "villian," "least" for lest, etc.

In order to be different from others, the author has written "Commencement" where others put "The

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End."

Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Dr. John Emerson Roberts, Kansas City, last May began the publication of a magazine called "Here and Now." It is primarily the organ of the "Church of this World" of which he is the minister, in this city. Secondarily, it is intended to give voice to free thought of the Robt. Ingersoll stamp.

It contains Mr. Roberts's lectures as delivered before his audiences from time to time. It is by no means orthodox, religious or Christian, but is vigorous, fearless and interesting.

$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. Send for one. 212 Century Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Prof. S. A. Weltmer's book on *Telepathy and Thought Transference* is not a new book, having been first published in 1902, but is up to date and is just now meeting a demand created by a renewed investigation of the subject.

Several years ago I wrote and published in THE LIFE a series of articles under the caption, "Practical Telepathy," and afterwards embodied them in one of my lessons. Recently a writer has been contributing to one of our New Thought magazines some papers bearing identically the same title. The subject of my address written for the recent New Thought Conference in Denver was "A Lesson on Telepathy." This was published afterwards in several magazines.

It is a most important matter for investigation and Telepathy is yet to be formulated and developed into a science. Therefore it is well for all to acquire as much information on the subject as possible.

Prof. Weltmer does not theorize about it, but puts down in hard, plain words deductions from experience.

190 pages, maroon buckram, gold edges, $1.00.

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Key-Notes.

OCT. 1-7.

THE Lord, the Christ in me and everywhere, is my shepherd; I shall not want.

OCT. 8-15.

With one voice we now declare the victory of Truth and the triumph of Love in the world.

OCT. 16-22.

All of my thoughts are powerful to create peace, health, success and happiness.

OCT. 23-31.

Only the good is true, and only the good can ever seem to be true to me.

NOV. 1-7.

Infinite Love is with me always and delivers me from trouble.

NOV. 8-15.

The Lord of my being restoreth my soul and I fear no evil.

NOV. 16-23.

We dwell in the secret place of the Most High and breathe the breath of Infinite Life.

NOV. 24-30.

O world, the risen Christ is now among men. Awake and receive him!

Notice.

SUBSCRIPTION *to* THE LIFE *is payable in advance.* Please look at your latest receipt and see if you are delinquent. If so, kindly send renewal promptly. *Do not delay.* We cannot publish a magazine without money.

Healed in one week, two cases of typhoid fever in one family, three treatments given by A. P. Barton after a physician had failed. Write for particulars.

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A New Book.

A NEW Book, "*The Nervous System* of *Jesus*". A book on Buck's County Quakerism and Christian Science, has just been received. This book is written by the well-known author, SALVARONA, *Associate of the American Institute of Scientific Research of New York*, 100 pags, illustrated. *Elfrida covers*, 50c; *boards*, $1.00., by mail. *Henry G. Walters, publisher, Langborn, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.*

There are many things I would like to say about this most wonderful creation, if we were not hurrying the last bit of copy to the printers. He says the need of the hour is Education and Science and moral force and lofty ethics—not mysticism. And, "A cruel and criminal mystical evangelical indifferentism to the public need for *science* and *education* along lines of *religious psychology* may be noted at most of the summer schools of all religious bodies."

He compares Emerson's essays And Science and Health; talks about the nerves and senses of Jesus; claims that orthodox Christianity is not capable of evolution in a *scientific* sense. When systems fail to have enough of the element of scientific truth in them, they may serve as a *step* to something higher, but the step itself must crumble, having served its only possible purpose.

The scientific statements are concerned "with an investigation of the therapeutic action of Nervous Force when one's own nervous Force is acted upon by one's own mind."

Send for a copy and see for yourself. Send to *Prof. Henry G. Walters,—Langborne, Bucks County, Pa.*—C. J. B.

Show this copy of THE LIFE to your neighbors. They will find so much in it that they will want it.

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Reincarnation and Metempsychosis

BY C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

DEAR Josephine:—I wish you would tell us something about *reincarnation*. I have a friend who believes she used to be a cat. She says she likes to have her back smoothed yet, and she can mew exactly like a cat.—E. G. C. B."

The word *incarnation* refers to the embodiment of soul-life in flesh. Man is thus embodied. Jesus was incarnate. The animals also.

Re-incarnation means to be in the flesh for the second, third or many times. *Re* means *again*, and reincarnation means incarnated again.

THEOSOPHY.

Reincarnation is one of the tenets of *Theosophy* which means a knowledge of divine things; wisdom of God.

The doctrine of Theosophy, unlike those of Mysticism or other theological teachings that deduce their conclusions from known phenomena, claims special insight into the mysteries of the divine nature. While the Hindus, Greeks, Persians, Jews and Christians have claimed direct inspiration from God—a doctrine widely known as far back as the twelfth century—it was not until 1877 that Madam Blavatsky started the Theosophical Society in *this* country in New York, where she had thousands of followers. She was also editor of that unique organ "Lucifer". Madam was fat, with full searching eyes, a straight determined mouth and large alimentiveness. Her wonderful performances were said to transcend all the known laws of nature. It is claimed she could

MADAME HELEN P. BLAVATSKY.

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look thirty-five, following the day she looked seventy, so that no one could guess even approximately her age. She was a women of fine education, and found it easy to convince people that she was possessed of supernatural powers. She called her teaching *Theosophy*. (Sophy, from the Greek *sophos* which means Wisdom. Theos means God. Theosophy, God Wisdom, or, wisdom of God.)

KARMA. The crowning doctrine of Theosphy is *Karma*. A man's Karma consists of his *deeds* both good an evil. And it seems to be true that according to one's deeds while in the flesh without favor or discountenance—all things are meted out to him commensurate with what he thinks and what he does. Universal Principal knows no partiality, no preference.

While passing this point, never forget to *remember*, that there is no Intelligence *planning* these conditions, judging this Karma, for mankind's reward or punishment. This state of things is what it is because it is universally natural for it to be so, and there is no power that can alter the law or make it otherwise. (The only thing that can be done is to *set new causes in operation that will move over and submerge the old.*) The Law of Karma is yours of necessity. You might as well implore God to come down and change your field of Spanish-needles into wheat producing stalks as to ask that God to rectify the *results* of causes you have made operative. Men have been calling on God to do impossible things.

YOUR QUALITY OF KARMA. If you have been doing your work faithfully like God did when it was his turn, and your life is already rose-tinted, with streams of glory filling your fibres every day, soul and body; if you wake thrilled with renewedness and you are pressed by a

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mighty power in you to lift the lid of sorrow from the hearts of men, by securing for them that *balance which makes them superior to their misfortunes*; if you have discovered within yourself that you have *potentially* already all power in heaven and on earth and you must be developing its use, then it is proven you have entered into covenant with your divinely Imaged Self, and have made your Karma a thing of heavenly promise for the future.

Theologians have argued that a man's capacity for happiness and misery makes the question of a future state important, on the same principal that a drought predicted, or a cold wave, makes it necessary to lay up food or procure fuel. While one who has come out from under the blind bridle of the *old* teaching of material self-preservation, into the sweet warm light of the *new*, looks straight at the idea of *betterment*, in all kinds of life and time and weather. He is not concerned about the kind of future life—knowing that True Life is always a delight—while he takes care of his *motives* in all his thoughts and deeds.

He who knows that satisfactory results are always born out of right Karma, can wisely trust the future.

That it cannot be a *person* that punishes the wicked and rewards the good, appears from the fact that perfection of moral government consists in accomplishing all in *exact* proportion to personal merits; and if God hears and answers Tom Jones, and does not make it fully up to Sylvester Brown, with damages, whose property Jones has stolen, even, if the latter pleads and prays (this is the way a *man* could be worked into showing partiality), then God is not doing the fair thing! It must take a self-adjusting law, one that *could not* vary from right principles, and not a being who could by any manner of means be influenced to change the results of Karma for one and not for another.

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As for Metempsychosis, the transmigration of human souls into different animal or beast bodies, I do not like to waste precious time discussing anything so absurd! I do not believe a sane and *normal* mind could, under the light of pure reason, entertain a theory so gruesome. Man is constitutionally qualified for new and higher stages in life, world after world, and for which he was, at an earlier epoch, entirely unqualified.

REINCARNATION METEMPSYCHOSIS.

The lower animals have not this capacity. The dog retains only the marks of the beast that were upon him when he licked Adam's heel on his sad yet eventful exit out of the Flaming Gates; the monkey has not altered from his grim caricature of man, nor evolved a hair's breadth from his primitive condition socially, beastlily, immorally; the snake is prone upon his belly as when in Eden he suggested to Eve her arrival at the forks of the Road of Innocence, by the flash of his forked tongue. Verily, it is because man *is overcoming* that the larger animals, and the more poisonous, are disappearing. Man is having dominion more and more —over the beasts *in* himself—for this is the true method of taming or making useful, or exterminating, those *outside*. Thou shalt not *kill*!—thou shalt *transform*.

It would seem at first glance that animals know right and wrong. But if we look at this question fairly we must see it is the result of training only. By the term *law* is meant a mode of existence, or an order of sequence. The law of inertia, that keeps matter *moving* when it has been set in motion, shows a mode of existence. The third law of motion, that in every act of one body on another there is a contrary, equal reaction, shows an order of sequence. If one thing occurs, it is in the nature of

TRAINING IS NOT EDUCATION.

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things that another will occur. Soda saturated with muriatic acid (a mode of existence) will necessitate also the order of sequence in the result, common salt. These rules apply in the simple training of beasts. The animal under training, that is beaten for picking up one paper will through natural instinct—not reason—shun the order of sequence following the first failure, and try another next time. If a *reasonable* creature he would avoid the first failure. He is not influenced by moral law, but by fear of punishment. He picks up the right paper at last, because he has been *trained* to do so, not because he has been *educated* into it. Education means drawing out, unfolding of inherent powers, soul-cultivation.

Let us look at man as he is, and at his relation to the Universe. Man is not merely man as you see him every day. You are not a weak woman unable to cope with your difficulties, you are ELOHIM made woman. You are ELOHIM made man. You are *manufactured Elohim*, "made in the image and likeness," Elohim made visible, given hands and eyes and heart to love and discern and carry on good works.

MAN. I do not here use the word "God" (although for brevity and beauty it cannot be surpassed) for the reason that some people will yet put trousers and beard on Elohim and call it father. Now God is not mocked that folks have done this down the prolific ages, but such people have been green, deplorably fresh and soft, when likening Universal Principle to an earthly parent.

Out of the old soil of doctrine that man is fish-bait, the race has been slow to disentangle itself, and ascend up to the harmonies which declare "Man is not mere man, but Elohim made man,"—the Infinite Powers wonderfully wrought into tangible mechanism; the Divine Idea manufactured into visible shape and life.

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Knowing this let us go to work with this truth in our thoughts to shower down upon all the earth. It is diviner to say "Ye are gods," than to call the children of the Most High, worms!

ORIGIN OF THE NOTION.

The doctrine of depravity, and undue humility following the belief in it, are the result of man's incognizance of who he is and how related to the universe. The doctrine of re-incarnation grew out of man's ignorance of this relationship, and his superstition of the ways and means of arriving at understanding. The facts are as follows:—

The *Universe contains within itself all things.* Man being patterned after the universe, *likewise contains expressed in himself all things.* All that is in God, must be in man, who is the visible reproduction of God. As there is but One Universe and *one* physical miniature—all the rest being fractional parts thereof—it necessitates the conclusion that all things *in* the Universe are also imaged and likenessed *in* mankind! In the Universe they are all "very good." In man they must all become good.

Man has then all the animal natures within his nature, under his surveilance. All the types he has not yet subdued or harnessed into rightful service are running at large, still rampant in his nature. He that ruleth his own managerie, is greater than he that conquereth many other people's. A man may come bravely into dominion over most of his animals, yet leave one or two untamed, to make him deplore his "besetting sin." Never tell an angry man to "hold his *horses,*" but say rather, "Chain your tiger," or "train him;" for the horse is not vicious. Was it St Paul's tiger anger, or serpent lust, or lion dominance, that made him say, "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver *me* from the animals of this body?" He

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had discovered a law in his members *warring* against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity to the law of sin *in* his members."

There are expressed in man many beautiful animals. The Bird of Paradise loftiness of aspiration; the humming bird symbol of diligence without antagonism; the dove peacefulness and loving faithfulness;the lamb gentleness, meekness, harmlessness; the lion strength and fearlessness, dominance. So that the meaner qualities need not be cultivated. The rooster symbol of selfish sophistry, foolish desire, is seen in the heads of poligamy, the harem, and among all barbarous tribes. Of all the birds the rooster quality most needs hard labor discipline. Your friend could find better qualities to cultivate than those of the cat. Let her turn to stroking other people's backs and cultivate the useful horse or cow or dove, until she is able to command her lion to lie down with her lamb, and as a little child she is able to harness and command them all, being *in dominion.*

These things explain or point out the source of the doctrine of re-incarnation. When your friend feels like a cat, it is not because she has been a cat; it is owing to the fact that the cat is one of her factors. Now, the one-thousandth part of a man cannot be the whole, nor could the whole man *ever* have developed from one of his fractional parts. Impossible! Brother Vincent of St. Louis, stood an inch taller while saying, at one of our College Receptions, at the conclusion of a fine paragraph on the subject, "I am neither a monkey nor fungus!"

The Buddhist Samana who said "You must learn to trace the identity of yourself in the souls of other beings," was perhaps on the trail of the truth, which is, "You must learn to trace the souls of other beings in yourself," for then you can know how to deal with

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both. Then you will be no longer puzzled in regard to the "transmigration of soul life." It is only thus we can acquire an all-comprehensive kindness toward all living symbols or fractions.

WISDOM ITS OWN FULFILLMENT.

The most important theme then is —*Man* and his *Prototype*. But be on your guard not to suppose you are the result of *plan*; that God sat on his throne and conceived you and then had you chiseled out. God is Universal ORDER. You are the natural *result* of Universal Order. Since God is Order and Intelligence Wisdom and Life, nothing contrary to that which is intelligent, wise, living, could result from such *universal* condition. The result is as natural as for fruit to follow the flower.

Life can neither be caused nor taken. It is its own Source. Life may be employed, but it can neither be stored, measured or stopped. Life is not a problem, though it may be divided into parts and discussed just as atmosphere can. Life is composed of love and wisdom with TRUTH as their crown. No one can take life. They may take the body. Life being everywhere it cannot be taken. Only that which is local can be seized or removed. You can put your finger on matter, but you cannot do so on life, for the reason it has always been there. You can put your finger on man, but you cannot do so with ELOHIM; on account of the omnipresence of Elohim you have never had your finger off of Elohim.

Religionists tangled on the question of how we came to be in this world of trial, and decided it involved them in dificulties insuperable. But understanding has widened. Light has touched the foreheads of all who have, through earnest diligence, evolved up to its pure zone, where they see for themselves.

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Darwin advanced some fine ideas; but when he argued that because our ears have dibs on their rims it points to the fact that they once stood up like the ears of animals, he might as aptly have mentioned the leaves of the trees, for they also have pointed extremities. Let us not reason without a premise.

Men have begged God to come and do things, until through thousands of years some thoughtful person *noticed* that through all that time Jehovah had not been known to stir, but just let men howl. Why did it take thousands of years? Because it was "the tradition of the *fathers.*" Children believe implicitly in what their parents tell them.

Many wise people believe in reincarnation. Annie Besant is now in this country on a tour in behalf of Theosophy. But it does seem to me that the theory of reincarnation is not only unreasonable, but untenable. You may put a blue ribbon on a Boston terrier, or dress him up to look like an idiot, without the least improvement in his nature. By hard work you can force a tree to bear the fruit of another tree; but by cutting off the graft you destroy the possibility. Men may cross the lion and wild-cat, the horse and burro, but he cannot cross the beast and man! This is because there is no unity of expression between a *fraction* and the *unit*; you might as well talk of the possibility of progeny by wedding your foot, hand or eye to somebody. Know self, and then harmonize all that is in thee, into accord with thine Individuality.

The soul, with changeable embodiments, passing through many worlds, has its *individuality* as its Standard. Soul is in the great school of eternity. It may be Freshman, here, in a different uniform from that which it will wear when it is promoted to Sophomore, Junior or Senior, or Post Graduate. Still the *soul* will be always in all schools, *appropriately* gowned

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according to the degree of advancement it makes.

This may be the first stage of human consciousness. The queer world where identity dawned. It may be the second world, where consciousness remembers its dawn, and looks *forward* to its fuller revelations. But set it down that Nature does not have to do her work over. Nature never keeps students in, because they failed to "do their sums," nor does she forgive them. She promotes them into the algebra Grade, with their old arithmetics *under their arms*! It is wise to complete our missions as we go. Find our work, and fulfill it on each plane. The soul moves on, reclothes itself new for each field. But the INDIVIDUAL is *steadfastly the same*, like the Elohim in whose image it forever is. Thus living souls move through the worlds *once*, and in one of two ways: either with our eyes wandering and our feet *experimenting*, or with our eyes never losing sight of our INDIVIDUALITY, in *wise* unfoldment evermore.

Talks With Our Readers.

A SUBSCRIBER in England writes, "Will you not quit your ugly spelling?" A visiting lady remarked to Mrs. B., "My boys say they wish Mr. Barton would not write 'thru' for through."

I, personally, have, in a measure, adopted the rules of the Simplified Spelling Board because I believe we need a reform in our orthography. English spelling has been always changing from the burdensome and useless weight of meaningless letters to more simple forms. For example, "coming" used to be spelled "cummynge;" "worshiped," "worschipide;" "truly," "trewly;" "which," "whyche;" "English," "Englische;" "histories," "hystoryes;" "than," "thanne;"

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"say," "seie." When spelling reformers began to write such words with only the letters which represented the pronunciation, the conservatives of course objected, as they do now.

Of what use is *ue* added to the word "catalog," or *me* to "program," or *ugh* to "thoro," or *ogh* in "thru," or *te* to "coquet," or *ugh* to "altho?"

Many words have been simplified within the past fifty years without attracting much attention. Favor, fervor, flavor, honor, labor, etc., used to end in *our*. And center, meter, niter, theater, etc., were not so long ago spelled centre, metre, etc. In the United States we have made greater changes than have been made in England. Over the water they still write traveller, labour, Saviour, axe, plough, etc.

Is there any good sense or reason for spelling sithe, "scythe," or simitar, "scimitar?"

If in apprise, assise, comprise, surprise, etc., the s has the sound of z, why not use z instead of s? To use z wherever the z sound is meant would avoid much confusion and misspelling. If "authorize" is spelled with a z, why not "compromise" also?

What good reason is there for using *ph* instead of f in such words as fantasy, fantom and sulfur?

In verbs ending with "ed" with the sound of t, why not use t? For authority for making this change we have, for example, for "possest" instead of possessed, Milton, Addison, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith and Lowell; for "leapt" instead of leaped, Addison, Collins, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning and Swinburne; for "stept" instead of stepped, Milton, Bunyan, Dryden, Burns, Scott and Tennyson; for "wisht" instead of wished, Shakespeare and Milton; for "kist" instead of kissed, Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith and Tennyson; for "fixt" instead of fixed, Shakespeare, Milton, Cowley, Dryden and Thirwall. The list would be too long

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to give here of high authority for this change in the verb ending. The fact is the verb ending *ed* pronounced *t* is an archaism.

The ending of such words as defense, offense and pretense is from the Latin *ens-a*. Is it not then erroneous to spell them defence, offence, etc.?

Many eminent scholars of the present day have adopted the simplified spelling. Among them are, President Roosevelt, David J. Brewer, justice of the U. S. supreme court, Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) Isaac K. Funk, editor and publisher of the Standard Dictionary, Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, Wm. T. Harris, government commissioner of education, Wm. James, professor in Harvard University, Homer H. Seerley, president of the State Normal School, Iowa, Benj. E. Smith, editor of the Century Dictionary, Wm. H. Ward, editor of the Independent, New York and David Starr Jordon, president of the Leland Stanford University. The editors of many magazines and papers have adopted simplified spelling.

We have the National Educational Association as authority for the spelling of the following words: catalog, decalog, demagog, altho, pedagog, thoro, thorofare, thru, thruout and tho.

Yet, it is intended not to make the reform too radical. There is no good reason, for example, that neighbor, alphabet and etiquet should not be spelled nabor, alfabet and etiket, but this change has not yet been made by the board.

Upon the whole, I believe the movement is commendable. Let us spell our words as they are pronounced and get rid of such nonsensical puzzles as hautboy, phthisic, and charivari by spelling them hoboy, tizic and shivaree, as they are pronounced.

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Let us develop a language of our own and not always continue to pose as English. And it is devoutly to be hoped that some authority will give our nation a name. We have none now.

One asks an explanation of the Swastika, 卐 Swastika is a Sanscrit word and signifies "of good fortune." The symbol comes to us now from the Brahmins and Buddhists of India. In the Pali tongue it is "suti," which means "it is well." The Japanese call it "manji," the Chinese, "ouan" or "wan," the French, "le croix pattee," the footed cross. The ancient English named it "fylfot," four-footed.

It is found in nearly all parts of the world. Wherever archaeologists have digged up buried cities, in Asia, Europe and America, they have found the swastika, drawn, painted, cut, woven or scratched on burial urn, sacrificial stone, and utensils of everyday use. It has been found among the relics of the bronze age and even of the stone age of man.

Prof. Schliemann found it at Hissarlik under the ruins of Troy which proves it to be more than 3000 years old. R. P. Greg, an eminent English scholar, says, "It was a much used and favorite religious symbol among the earlier Aryan races, and was intended by them, in the first instance, to represent in a cruciform form an ideograph or symbol suggested by the forked lightning." The lightning was supposed to be the weapon of Jupiter who was their god. How it ever got to aboriginal America is a puzzle.

The swastika is found embroidered in the miter of Thomas a Becket. In the Norseland bells often bore this symbol.

In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is a large painting on silk used as a temple decoration in Japan 600 years ago. It represents the Buddha enthroned

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surrounded by saints and deities. Directly above his head is a splendid silver white swastika. It is one of the signs by which Buddha is to be recognized when he returns to Earth. The attache Chung of China, while at Washington City, wore a robe with the swastika embroidered on it. He said it meant "many years," or "long life" and was an emblem of good fortune.

It has been found among the remains of the early lake villages of the Swiss and among the Finns and Lapps and on early Greek pottery. It is older than history. It has been discovered carved on shells in prehistoric burial mounds in Tennessee, on copper plates in Ohio tumuli. "At the present day the Kansas Indians draw it on their song charts. It is woven in the bead necklace of the Sac women, painted on the ground rattle of the Pueblos, figures in the dry sand painting of the Navajos, ornaments the bead work of the Kickapoos and decorates the bull-hide war shields of the Pimas of Arizona."

And our women and girls are wearing it to-day as brooch, belt buckle, stick pin, collar fastener or hat pin and call it a "good luck" bringer.

And who can say that such a long and universal association of the thought of good fortune with the swastika has not made it so—especially if you believe in it as such? Association of the idea of "bad luck" with Friday and thirteen has, in a measure, made them unpropitious to those who believe in and fear the superstition.

I have been asked if I believe McClure's magazine in its series of articles on Christian Science and Mrs. Eddy is giving a reliable and fair history.

Historically it is unquestionably as correct as any history can be made. But the writer is evidently

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biased by her own prejudice against the teaching, as she clearly shows in many exprest views. She intends to avoid this, but two honest historians, one an Englishman and one an American, would write different histories of the American Revolution. National bias would be shown thruout inevitably.

For example, Miss Milmine blames the "loose laws" of Massachusetts for chartering Mrs. Eddy's "Metaphysical College" and granting its graduates the right to practice healing. She might also blame the laws of Illinois for chartering a like institution presided over by Mrs. Hopkins, or the laws of Missouri for legalizing the practice of osteopathy, if she does not believe in osteopathy. There are thousands of intelligent people who believe that it is wrong to turn loose on the people every year a horde of drug tyros licensed to poison innocent babes and deluded sufferers. It is a matter of opinion, but some opinions are better founded than others.

Read the McClure articles as you would any other history and give the writer's opinions the weight they deserve, coming from one who does not believe in Christian Science.

Recently a lady said to me, "How are we to know what you write in THE LIFE? You never sign your name."

I wonder if others have had the same thought. Well, I will tell you how you may know. If any article or item in THE LIFE has no name or initials to it, or is not inclosed in quotation points, it is by yours truly, A. P. BARTON.

What is Sleep?

SOME recent, most important revelations by means of microscopic research have answered this long

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unanswered question.

As given by Sir Wm. Gowers the answer is substantially as follows:—

The brain, the spinal cord and other nerve centers are composed of millions of minute cells called "neurons." These are tiny storage batteries for the mind or life current. The whole constitute a most perfect and marvelous switchboard.

Each "neuron" is a living thing, separate and distinct from all the other neurons.

From these cells reach out many branches called "deudrons."

From each deudron as a shaft extend out like the barbs of a feather countless branches called "deudrites," each one terminating in a bulb or knob.

These bulbs or knobs may or may not touch those of neighboring cells. When the switchboard is turned on by thought or mind action, they reach out and touch so that the circuit with the brain is completed and you are awake. When the mind action is turned off these bulbs do not touch, the current is broken and you sleep. You understand that the nervous system is not a continuous, connected line, but a system of cells that may or may not be contiguous. When the tiny tentacles reach out and touch their knob-formed ends to those of their neighbors thruout the system, every objective contact, whether on the ear drum, the olfactory surface, the retina or the skin, is instantly reported to the brain.

Sometimes mental or nervous disturbances cause these tentacles to continue their contact one with another. The result is insomnia, for there can be no sleep while the circuit is complete and the mind current active.

Narcotics produce artificial sleep by causing the deudrites to relax or shrink so that the knobs do not

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touch. Thus the circuit is broken and thought action ceases.

Sometimes there is an irregular connection here and there, broken at points so that the seat of reason is not reached by the current. This occurs in sleep and the result is dreams, talking in sleep or somnambulism.

What is called the subconscious mind, or state of mind, resides permanently in these cells. They are always alive in a living body, each one being independent of all the others.

What the life current which vivifies the network of cells is can no more be discovered than what electricity is. But the more we are able to learn of the structure of the brain—and the brain is in every part of the body—the more striking do we find the resemblance between it and the mechanism of the telegraph and telephone.

Two Great Books.

IF YOU have not a copy of "The ABC of Truth, 26 Basic Lessons in the Science of Life," by A. P. Barton, you ought to have one. It is good not only for beginners, but for all others. The lessons are thoro and comprehensive and are accompanied by alphabetical Key Notes and "Application." Only 25 cents, post paid.

And that other book by the same author, "The Bible, An Historical and Critical Study," is an eye-opener, highly instructive and interesting to all who are seeking light on this great old Book. Only 50 cents, post paid. Bound in stiff paper, over-lapping cover.

We are one as THE LIFE League and our thought vibrations go out to bless mankind. Each one of you may add a new member and thus double the League.

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Little Lessons

BY C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

(Extracts from a letter from Joseph Barton, lawyer, (of St. Louis) published without permission, and with interpolated replies.)

THE LETTER.

"I desire to compliment you on the dainty and exceedingly appropriate garb in which you have clothed your book, '*An Interlude.*' The dress is perfectly artistic, and one would be warranted in saying that it should be sought for its appearance sake, if for nothing else.

"I think the allegory, 'Ma Rose La France,' *very pretty*. Companionship with flowers is beautiful always. We find it in that sweetest of all lyrics—'Wee, modest crimson-tipt flower,' and also in the last words of Keats,—'I feel the daisies growing above me.'

"Permit me, however, to pry a little into your rather precipitate flight from the odor of frying bacon. My guess is that flight was mental, not actual. You assign, by indirection at least, a reason for your retreat, and no question of veracity, therefore is intended, when other causes come to mind which *might* (but of course did not) influence *you*. For instance, did not the cook across the way burn the bacon? Or was she not frying a piece which was too antiquated? Or had you but recently thereunto dined, if not on bacon, at least on fish, or fowl, perhaps beef, either of which go far towards rendering the scent of burnt or bad bacon offensive?"

INTERPOLATED REPLY.

When one has evolved above the plane of the inherited taste for swine and its accessories, he is no longer inticed by this remaining habit of barbarism. Swine is no longer a necessity on my table. I do not

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use it. I quit the habit of flesh-eating, first because I do not believe in taking life; second, because the *thought* that goes along with eating it is degrading to the soul.

A fruit, nut and grain diet after you adopt it is far more enjoyable than the animal regimen. The after thought following such a diet is far loftier, freer, more inspirational. The depressing, oily turmoil in both day and night dreams, you observe in cadaverous-flesh-devourers, is never seen in, nor felt by, the vegetarian. All meat eaters do not have stomach trouble. I never have had this common trouble. But I have tried both ways. You have tried but one.

This is the great and notable era in which the *demarcation* limit, dividing between the dark ages and enlightened civilization, is being established. It will land-mark the AGES as *The Line of Flesh-eating Limit.*

THE LETTER. "Seriously, if the idea of preliminary slaughter of the pig precludes the use of his flesh for meat, then by the same token must we cease to eat fish, (upon which our Lord and Master dined and fed thousands,) also fowl, beef and all species of game. We cannot eat these beings alive, and therefore must kill. And blood-letting *is* abhorrent!"

REPLY. A grave charge on Jesus, who could not have eaten flesh! Even your thought recoils at the imagination of his divine lips opening to devour God's creatures! It is not written that he ate fish with the multitude. Of course the *thousands* ate. Your horses would eat what you would not, and you would let them. The mob would eat mud if they saw others eating it. We only have Luke's word for the piece of broiled fish, at Emmaus. If Luke was not present, then *he said*, some one *said*, one of the two men *said*, or some one or more of the eleven at *Jerusalem said*, until it got to Luke's ears (between 58 and 60 years later) that Jesus ate a bit of broiled fish. Broiled things are what people relish after a spell of illness, you see! Looking at the fact that the disciples were anxious to make the world believe Jesus did rise from

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the dead bodily, it would be like a good fisherman such as the disciples were, to think of fish the first thing, when asked if he really took food. But I would sooner take Luke's word for it than Peter's. Since he failed in a most momentous and sacred promise, he would not be trust-worthy in anything, if he has continued the same Peter. But the teller told too much. If he had said he ate handfuls of gleaned wheat, or plucked raspberries as they walked along, it would have been more tenable. As it was, the "fidge he told," like that Mrs. May's little boy told to deceive his mother when he left school too early, "didn't work" as the little boy told his uncle, later, for his knowing mother administered the spanking anyhow. No one can believe one like Jesus could have eaten flesh.

Your Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill!" You show your unbelief in its words by following Peter's heavy dream-notions of killing, slaying and eating. Vegetarians never have dreams of devouring animals. You acknowledge like a man, that blood-letting *is abhorrent*, why not the diet itself! I know the huntsman claims the deer is sweeter after it has had a hot chase! Poor creature! Running for its precious life because it has no language to plead with you!

THE LETTER. "This brings us up against the proposition of vegetarianism, flat. To sustain our bodies we must of necessity eat some things, and to do this in a supposedly civilized manner involves the preliminary, yet willful and premeditated, destruction of the life of things eaten. Is there more moral terpitute involved in the killing and eating of a pigeon, than in tearing a growing potato from the ground and roasting and eating it? Is not the life-principle in each the same? Do you not believe that the life of the one comes from the same Great life which individualized and functioned the other? Are not both destroyers equally red-handed?"

REPLY. I have heard this transparent argument before. No they are not both "red"-handed. Again your Bible tells you among the first

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things, "Behold I have given you every seed-bearing herb on the face of the earth, and every tree—to you *IT* shall be for meat. Also, to every glad beast and beautiful fowl, and things that creep the earth, *wherein there is life*, I have *given them* every *green* herb for *their* meat." This ought to settle any Bible man. But I go by what my Wisdom from within says. I accept that which is true to truth, in any book. The potato gives you no chase; it cares not a snap; it is *complimented* by your use of it. It yearns for no young, remembers no progenitor. The pigeon loves. It flees from your guilty shot. Its little heart beats wild and fast at your approach! It has warm, red blood. The potato is heartless, cold, no warmth, no emotions. A chemically cleansed clod is the potato—a good filler for some, but not inspiring.

The "sensitive" plant closes as quickly at the touch of its mate, as at the touch of the rudest hand. Esau got faint when hunting and perhaps eating venison, and sold his birthright to Jacob for some of his vegetable pottage, which revived him. Flesh-eating Isaac loved Esau because he ate venison cosily with his dad. But beautiful Rebecka loved Jacob, because he was more human than animal eating and hairy Esau. (I wonder how she regarded their father.)

THE LETTER.

"Broadly speaking,—we know that animals feel, have sensations of pleasure and pain; are endowed with the power of voluntary motion; apparently they stand closer to men than the plant-life; they are conscious of his will, they come to understand him, to obey, to fear, to love him; they communicate more or less intelligently with him; and enter into companionship with him. Poets have long sung a common brotherhood, and science has very strongly suggested the same. Lapides crescunt; Vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt. Animalia crescunt, vivunt et sentiunt, was the Linnaean distinction among the three great kingdoms of Nature.

"Plants have a vegetable vitality, animals an

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animal vitality, but of the real charcter of this life-force in each we know nothing. Nature works alone in her inner Laboratory, with 'No admittance' posted on the door. When one of her products is finished, we are at liberty to examine it to our heart's content. It seems to me we must devest ourselves of sentiment and view life as a unit."

REPLY. Yes, I agree with you. Life is a unit, *made up of fractional parts*, of which MAN is the SUM. This is why he was commanded to *have dominion.* We are brethren and sisters, but each has a different office. The animal and plant are of one Life, yet they differ, hold widely different relations to man, their Unit. The "No admittance" is another "fidge." Nature invites, *draws us*, delights in showing us—when we have made of ourselves ready students.

THE LETTER. "When it comes to the destruction of any life,—how much better is your vegetarian than your meat-eater? If you base his condemnation on the fact that he *takes life* before eating, the same reasoning will land your vegetarian in limbo, and the common fate will be starvation."

"Had your rose been edible, and you hunger,—a snip of the scissors, a dish of *a la rose* at 6 P. M., and an allegory unwritten!"

REPLY. My vegetarian has the delight of *making* his own blood, instead of transferring it from the lower animals. Read my Reincarnation and Metempsychosis in this number, and you will see that as long as man is antagonistic to the animals outside, he will not be able to manage those expressed inside. Wars will not cease till this is understood, and vantage ground taken. The rose *is* edible. And there is *other* sustenance—"Bread ye know not of."

THE LETTER. "These crude suggestions occur to me on the spur of the moment, and I forget that I am addressing a metaphysician whose hourly business it is to profoundly cogitate over

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matters which I can only touch the surface of. I am a meat-eater, yet for years I have been unable to hunt, for the reason that I cannot bring myself to the point of taking the life of any happy denizon of the woods. They have life and are happy, and I shall never deprive them of gifts which came from no hand of mine."

REPLY. Thus come you beautifully near to that which you antagonize. Thus, also, may the vegetarian partake of *some* animal foods when abroad and no other is "set before him". The vegetarian is not bound.

(*Boutez en avant. Bonnes nouvelles adoucessent le sang.*)

We are more powerful adepts with our ideas than we fully comprehend. We are earnestly reaching after a clearer consciousness that will give us a plainer view of present causes we set in operation, and the *fulfillment that must be the outcome.*

The only way we may know hypnotic power from divine presence is when we have no feeling that the divine presence has given to anybody any advantage over us or any wisdom we ourselves have not caught straight from the Original Source,—E. C. H.

"Dear Madame:—If you are too busy to read this, put it in the waste-basket. I have examined copies of other magazines, but no one of them pleases me like THE LIFE does. I have read Mrs. Eddy's writings since 1855, and class instructions, with very small benefit. Would you advise me to go through one of your classes? I am, as mortals reckon, 86 years old. But I attend to business, tramp nearly all over town twice a week. I must not weary your patience.

Good night,— J. M. B."

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I presume it would be superfluous for me to tell you about the Arena, that great liberal advanced thought review, now in its 18th year. You know of it already.

Read This.

THE LIFE, subscription price,.....$1.00
To-Morrow, subscription price,.....$1.00

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But we will send both to new subscribers one year for $1.25. This offer stands until revoked; but it may not last long. Best to act on it now.

In July Mr. C. C. Post past into the unseen realm. On Sept. 5 his wife, Helen Wilmans, followed him. Thus has ended the active career on this plane of two great souls. But their good works live on and increase forever.

Send us the names of those who are interested in New Thought and we will send them copies of THE LIFE.

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For The Children

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

BY A. P. B.

ONCE upon a time, away out on the broad prairies of Missouri, a little girl was born. Her parents lived on a big farm. She came out from the silent everywhere to be one of a family of thirteen, father, mother, eight boys and three girls.

Altho there were thirteen of them—you know some superstitious people think thirteen is an unlucky number—and many and many a time these thirteen happy, robust folks gathered around the long dining table loaded with good things to eat, they were the "luckiest" family I ever knew. Never did one of them have a bone broken, a eye blinded or a deformity of any sort. And for more than fifty years there was not a death among them all. The boys climbed trees for nuts, went swimming in the deep holes of water in the nearby creek, rode wild horses, ate green apples and did everything country boys usually do. They had no family physician and were always healthy.

The mother was a very sensible woman and was not always saying to her children, "Now, be careful. You will get killed. You will be sick. I am afraid you will be hurt" etc. as some mothers do. She trusted in the goodness of God and believed Infinite Love would keep them all safe. And it did, as it always does when we fully trust it.

They named this little girl Mary. Altho Mary means "bitter," it is one of the sweetest, holiest names in our language. Don't you think so?

Little Mary had a sweet, quiet disposition and loved peace so well that she had rather submit to be

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imposed upon than to contend and make a fuss about it. She went about the house and farm as if she saw and heard things in nature which others did not. She seemed to have best company when alone.

But she was strong mentally and forceful in her personality. She often said wise things which would make people stop and think and wonder.

As Mary grew up she helped her mother about the work, with the chickens, geese, turkeys, ducks and about the housework. She was fond of reading and spent much of her leisure time with books.

She attended the country school and learned rapidly. The school was kept in a log school house one and a half miles away. It had rough homemade benches in it with no backs or desks. The road leading to the schoolhouse lay straight across the prairie as there were no fences in the way. The father made the road with a big plow pulled by a yoke of oxen.

And there were lots of snakes along the way, rattlesnakes, vipers, adders and blue racers. Altho the racers would sometimes chase her, she was never bitten by one of the reptiles.

She "graduated" from the country school and then attended a high school of which her older brother was the principal. So she had a good education and with her reading she knew much more than many girls who graduate from colleges.

Then of her own accord she learned to play beautifully on the violin and guitar.

After she grew up to womanhood she married and went away out in the Ozark country of south Missouri to live on a farm all her own. She has a lovely bright girl now, named Josephine. She and Josephine are regular chums and constant companions like two girls together.

Josephine is a wise, sweet girl and writes letters

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that would be a credit to any grown up woman. She has many pets among the birds and domestic animals. She and her mama have beautiful houses on poles in the big yard for the martins and the wrens where they hatch and feed their broods of little birdies and are not at all afraid. The orioles and thrushes sing their glad songs in the trees and flocks of wild canaries come to the mulberry trees to get berries. And Mary and Josephine love to listen to their sweet chirping and warbling and the birds seem to know it and give special concerts for their delight.

They have on the farm many fruit trees, apples, peaches, cherries, plums, mulberries and pears. A huge hickorynut tree in the meadow furnishes nuts. A beautiful river runs nearby and they have a boat in which they often go rowing on its clear waters.

All the neighbors love Mary and Josephine. And, what wonder? They love everybody and everything. They find in the voices of nature songs and speech which the dull ears of the matter of fact world does not hear.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral value and of good,
Than all the sages can."

They have many flowers in the yard and garden, roses, lilies, hollyhocks, lilacs, petunias, orchids, violets and daisies.

These two "children in the woods" are happy and free without the aid of what the world calls society. They have learned the truth of Byron's verse:—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more."

I am going to get them to write something for THE

LIFE, for they are both Christian Mental Scientists of the most practical type. I know you will love to know them and read what they write. Look out for them in our next issue.

The 98th Psalm.

BY HENRY MINTUN.

I WILL sing unto God a new song,
For the marvelous things He hath done;
His right hand hath led me along,
The victory for me hath He won.

The Lord hath made known His salvation,
His righteousness openly shown;
My soul He hath saved from starvation—
He found me when I was alone.

I'll make a loud noise when I praise
The Lord for His goodness and love;
For the Truth, which shall guide me always,
All evil to keep me above.

The sea and its fullness may roar
As against the rock coast it is hurl'd;
And the floods as they laugh 'gainst the shore—
All rejoice who dwell in the world.

His goodness I'll never forget,
Of His mercy I loudly will sing;
With the trumpet and sounding cornet,
I will praise Him, for He is my King.

"God gave us our brains to *use*, to think with; think happiness, think health and prosperity. Things will be just as you *think* them. You can't make a thing succeed when you think it's going to fail. You can't be well if you think you are sick."

BUSTER BROWN.

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Astral Appearance.

JULIA Murray, aged 18 years, died at No. 154 Ashburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., March 23, 1901. About 4 o'clock, the next morning, her astral body was seen in a room adjoining that in which the dead physical body lay. Ten people saw the form: William Murray, her brother, Mrs. James Corbalis, Miss Rosie McGowan, Miss Tessie McGowan, all of 154 Ashburton Ave., Miss Rosie Kearns of Park Ave., Miss Nora Smith of 99 Palisade Ave., Miss Alice Hayes of Vineyard Ave., John Sullivan and Martin Monahan, all the above residents of Yonkers and Miss Kate Kane of 80 Orange Street, Brooklyn. These ten witnesses say the vision lasted four to five minutes, they all agree about the details. Being Catholics they had candles about the casket and were watching the remains. The appearance was in an adjoining room to which all the above persons came to witness it after it was discovered by Kate Kane. An account of it is published in the New York Journal of March 28, 1901. —*Exchange.*

Canadian Subscribers, Please Take Notice.

UNDER the new postal rules we must now put a 2-cent stamp on every copy of THE LIFE we send you. Thus the postage on a year's subscription costs us 24 cents, whereas it formerly cost only 2½ cents a year. So we must ask you to send $1.22 for a year's subscription, the same as we have from foreign subscribers. Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull have made the rule and we must obey. But it does not amount to much to each one of you, and we are "throwing in" our extra labor of licking and attaching the postage stamps.

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An Assassin.

THE avenger with an ax in his hands was chasing a man who ran by Socrates as he stood deeply absorbed in some abstruse problem. "Stop him! Stop him!" cried the pursuer. The philosopher did not move.

Avenger: "What! Couldst thou not have barred his way? He is an assassin."

Socrates: "An assassin? What meanest thou?"

Avenger: "Play not the idiot!
An assassin is a man who kills!"

Socrates: "A butcher, then!"

Avenger: "Old fool! It is a man who kills another man."

Socrates: "To be sure! a soldier!"

Avenger: "Dolt! A man who kills another man in time of peace."

Socrates: "I see—the executioner.,,

Avenger: "Nay, thou ass! An assassin is a man who kills another in his home."

Socrates: "Exactly—a physician."

And the man with the ax fled, and history does not record that he has ever stopped running. But the assassin is still at large pursuing his deadly trade.

How Blessed Is The Work.

THE poet Bryant once received a grateful letter from a woman who had been rendered happier by reading one of his poems and it made him glad to know he had been instrumental in helping at least one soul to rise to a higher plane.

We receive so many of such letters that we feel we have reason to be doubly blest.

Here is an extract from one just received from a woman to whom I had written a cheering letter in answer to one telling of her sorrows and misfortunes:

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"*Dear Mr. Barton:*

"How can I thank you for your dear, blessed letter just received? Words utterly fail to express the good it did me. It is so like what I judge you to be from what I know of you thru your articles in THE LIFE. I always read your's first of all, they are so strong and helpful. Mrs. Barton's are too, but your's always seem to have C. S. (common sense) written all over them. I love your magazine.

"How very, very grateful I am for your sympathy and strong thoughts. They surely reached me, for this morning I awoke feeling light-hearted and hopeful.

"I wish I had the language to express my deep gratitude for all your kindness, and especially for your letter, which is loveliness itself.

"The Great One who is Love blesses you and yours now and forevermore."

The Ideal Child.

BY SALVARONA.

(Written for THE LIFE.)

UPON reading the first seven lines on page 253 of THE LIFE for May, '06,—Mrs. C. Josephine Barton's article:—"There are as powerful adepts now as ever of old who loved so well to love, and who were so powerful with their ideas, and used their imaginations so forcibly they were born in the world all love and power; just to show the world the real character hidden in people, and how all people could and should be born in power.'"

"Invisible Cause evolves the New Child
Nature forms within her Soul so fair!
Victorious it comes by faith and prayer!

"Ideal in morals, holy and mild;
Savior of earth comes the later Christ Child!
Begotton of joy, no longer of care

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Divinely living; by vice undefiled.

"Evoking Good Angels out of the air;
Copying ideals too lovely for praise;
Awakening God's Beauty, artists declare
Such glory divine fills all with amaze.
Savior of earth, its divine soul of worth
Evolved at last the Ideal of the earth!"

DEAR Mrs. Barton:—We have been travelling about so constantly that I've had no time to write you, probably would have found the time, only I've been feeling so remarkably well," writes a Presbyterian daughter, "that really I did not seem to need any more help than your treatments were giving me. I've had to do some fighting, especially with the fear-habit.

"All my life since I can remember, I've gone with my arms raised (mentally) to ward off the blows of that awfully wrathful God that my father used to talk to us about.

"I never heard that He was a God of Love, when I was a child, just that he was an avenging deity that we should fear.

"And we did.

"I used to be afraid to go to sleep nights at times, for fear of his wrath, though wherein I'd offended I could not even conjecture; only one thing I did—I would laugh on the Sabbath Day, and Pa always gave me to understand that was enough to send me to perdition if I never did anything else!

"I am not afraid to laugh now, any day; I am free from that fear, any way. Well, you have helped me so much I am all right, and I am going to be still 'righter' with the help of THE LIFE, and a kind thought from you once in a while. In the meantime send me your bill and I will remit.—Your grateful friend, B. M."

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The sum of all scientific knowledge forms a Network of Facts and Principles, which, properly understood, will guide you to the TRUTH in every field of inquiry.

Parker H. Sercombe, Sociologist

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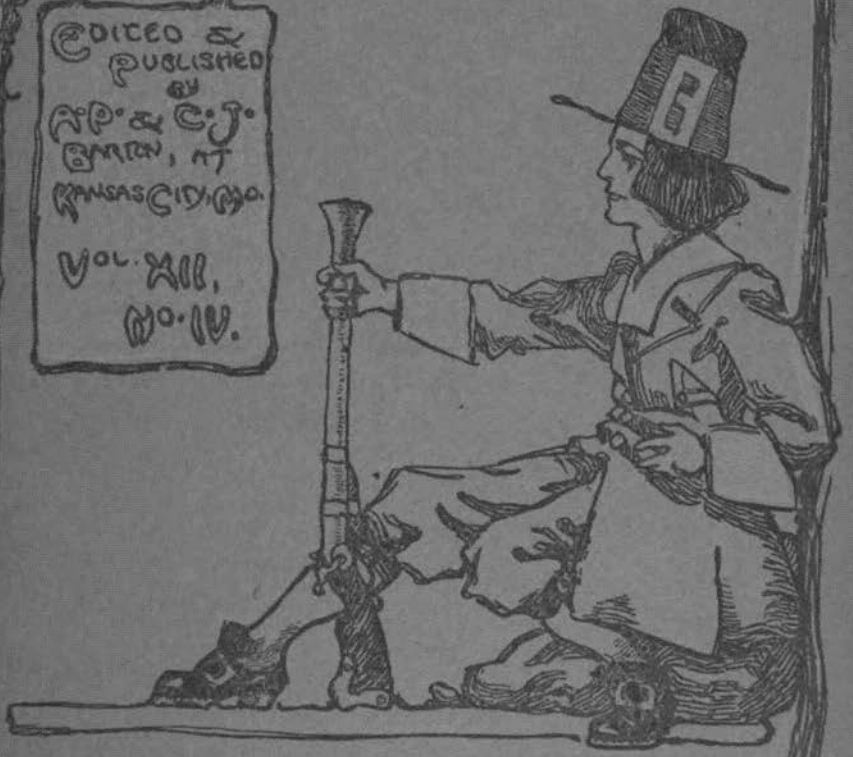
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THE LIFE.

EDITED & PUBLISHED BY A.P. & C.J. BARTON, AT KANSAS CITY, MO.

VOL. XII, NO. IV.



NOVEMBER, 1907.

RALPH · BARTON · '07.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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A. P. Barton—C. Josephine Barton, Editors and Publishers. Ralph Barton Staff Artist. Office 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second classmail matter

The World a Stage

(SOME OF THE ACTORS.)

"All the world's a stage;
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his turn plays many parts."

—*Shak.*

IN MY family record, instead of the usual captions, "Births," "Marriages," "Deaths," I have put "Entrances," "Plays—melodramas mainly; Tragedies and Comedies in part," "Exits."

Tom Moore says,

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven."

He writes as if he were one of the combatants in the mimic fray, his head bared to the shining and the flowing of the deceptive moods of mankind.

Cowper writes as if he were safely housed away from the strife and the turmoil, only peeping out at it thru a window of his retreat. He says,

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends thru all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear."

Often in the midst of the serious scenes of life we

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are inclined to echo the soliloquy of the Prince of Denmark:—

"To be or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.

* * * * * * * *

Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?"

Yes; there are many foot-sore, toil-worn actors on the stage of life to-day who are often sorely tempted with such a solution of the problem. And to many who grope in the darkness comes the somber sentiment of the Bard of Avon:

"Life's but a shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Then there are many others who fondly dream of a wider, grander stage in the beyond upon which the real performance is presented in true characters, each one playing the part he is—not an assumed part—and calls this present career but rehearsal preparatory to that which is to be. This hope and its vision help them to bear with patience the buffets and privations incident to this arena of action.

There is another large and growing company of actors who believe that these Earth scenes are the real thing, the true stage of being having the object point within itself. They claim that if there be another stage to follow this one, it will be properly taken care of by correct acting here without any special prepara-

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tion for the after-world, that the most important time is the now, the present day, and we should not try to live or take thought of the morrow while it is still to-morrow.

And there is a vast company of chorus girls and boys and "supes" on this stage, who have no object in view but to make a noise, be hard and seen for a spell and then pass out of view behind the wings. They are like summer butterflies that come and go with the gala seasons and care nothing for the serious parts of the show.

And we have men and women who stolidly declare that this is all there is to it, that we are born, live awhile and then die and are no more. They accept the thought expressed by Shakespeare:—

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded out with a sleep."

And there are many who are acting only for the wages, the ephemeral stuff that fades away at a touch and panders only to the sensuous while it goes.

And we see as we go about every day pantomime posers by the thousand who are acting out an assumed part for the sake of appearance merely. They pose in their places of business, on the street cars, as they walk about where others see them, in society circles and in every place but at home by their own (or rented) firesides and tables where none but home-folks see and hear them. There they throw off the mask and stage costume and the old Adam steps forth, sometimes exposing a cloven foot and spear-pointed tail.

Sometimes a man will play three distinct parts in life's drama, one in business, one in society or when "company" comes, and one in the family circle or when out with "the boys." In one act he is a bull, or a bear, or a hog, in another, an angel without wings,

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but still wearing the halo, and in the last himself, according to his birth, training and habits.

With some variations, the same is true of many women. I believe women pose more than men when conscious of being looked at. Some of them are not much more than dummies on which costly lingerie and gowns are hung for show.

Children do not pose. They are not hypocritical. They would not try to show off if their fond mamas did not put them up to it. They are naturally sincere and act out their own inborn parts. They do not toady to the rich or titled monkeys as their elders do. Tom likes Bill because he is a jolly good fellow to play with and cares not a snap about his clothes or his daddy's dollars. And he would value just as highly a splinter from a log of Bill's cabin as he would a piece cut from the tail of Kaiser William's coat.

> "Happy the schoolboy! did he know his bliss,
> 'Twere ill exchanged for all the dazzlinggems
> That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye:
> His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
> The cherub smile of innocence and health,
> Sorrow unknown, or, if a tear be shed,
> He wipes it soon."

Ah! there's the secret of the little actor's buoyancy of spirits, guilelessness and open effrontery toward the false and flimsy shows of life—innocence, health, freedom from care and sorrow.

And, without a doubt, "Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter" the company that plays the great joy drama on Earth's stage.

I wish it could be firmly and deeply stamped and rooted in every heart and brain that the simple, natural, frank, open, honest life is the only real, happy life, and that pretense, vain show, shallow acting for surface effect and toadying for gain or preferment,

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wither, waste and evaporate the very roots and springs of existence.

I once took my good old father to see a performance at one of our playhouses while he was visiting us. It was the first time he had ever entered a theater. After the play was over I asked him how he liked it. He said, "Oh! it was rather funny, but there was too much pretense." To see persons acting out parts that were not there own, pretending to be what they were not, did not draw a response from his earnest, simple, honest heart.

So, also, on the stage of human life there is much pretense, a sickening prevalence of deceptive tinsel, a wide predominance of dissimulation and hypocrisy.

But in spite of it all and in spite of the howl of morbid misanthropes, the world of mankind is growing better. The life-dramas are becoming more realistic; the actors are more and more learning to play their own native parts; the shams of mask and gauze and daub are being torn away so that more clearly than ever before men and women are appearing in their own true characters.

Dramshops and gambling dens are rapidly passing off the scene of action, the incorporated oppressors of the poor are being severely hauled before the footlights and exposed for what they are, and honesty, integrity, justice, mercy and cleanliness are becoming exceedingly popular among the performers on the stage of life.

And this is not the result of new statutory enactments. We have long had the laws in our codes; but now public sentiment in favor of decency, order, fairness and truth begins to prevail in the land as never before. This same sentiment has long struggled against great odds. Now don't you see how it is rising in its might and causing thieves and robbers

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and unclean beasts to take to the woods?

It is true that some of the malcontent of the pit and brothel are yet making a great show of fight. But it's no use. They had better throw up their hands and surrender so as to be saved from the rubbish-consuming holocaust now sweeping over the world.

And have you noticed how "we the people" are coming to the front of the stage and asserting our royal sovereignty. We no longer have any rulers or bosses. If our agents whom we have entrusted with public official duties do not obey our behests, we are not slow in calling them to account about it.

When Wall street has an attack of ague, the country does not shake any more. "We the people" just go on calmly about our business and let her do the shaking and then have the fever all alone by herself.

And we are abolishing capital punishment everywhere—in fact, all kinds of punishment *as* punishment. Reformatory methods of restraint are being substituted rapidly.

We are using better, wiser, more humane methods for the correction and reform of juvenile offenders. The paroling during good behavior of persons convicted for a first offense or in whom the good appears to prevail over the bad, is become greatly prevalent in our courts and is resulting in vast good. Haven't you noticed all this? Let us go on our way rejoicing and lending the aid of our voices, our pens, our hands and our dollars to the good work.

The preachers say that divorces are growing more frequent, the people less orthodox and the prayer meetings are attended only by the preacher and the janitor. And the janitor would not be there but for the fact that he is paid to see that the other member of the meeting has light and heat and the floor and seats dusted for his comfort and his broadcloth.

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But maybe many divorces are needed until people grow wise enough to marry more judiciously and less hastily. And the people are becoming too free and self-assertive to be orthodox any more. Orthodoxy is inimicable to personal freedom. And men have about stopped that old pagan practice of howling advice and supplications to a myth. So the prayer-meetings have virtually ceased to pulsate.

As to the forum awaiting the exits from this stage, if there be one, it will be properly taken care of thru adequate action on the present arena. Every one who plays his own part well, not mimicing or echoing that which is seen or heard from the without, will grow strong enough to step into a high and forceful position after this stage is relinquished. We must abide in patient trust and confidence of the Law of our being to do all things well. Further than this we may not go; for no traveler has yet returned to tell us aught of that silent, mysterious bourne lying just beyond the vale of this Earth life. Yet we continue to reason from analogy with the poet Beattie:

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, tho doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointments, penury and pain?
No: heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright thru the eternal years of Love's triumphant reign."

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Reformation and Evolution

BY C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

DEAR Mrs. Barton:—Three years ago my husband reformed from the habit of periodical drunkenness, and continued all right nearly two years. Please take up his case and see if you can't get him to reform and stay reformed. I heard of you through Mrs. R. whose husband you set free through your science. I must say I never saw such a change in any human.—L."

There are two ways of accomplishing a thing. One is through the employment of such measures as will secure results for a *time*, the other, for *eternity*.

The first is through *reform*, where a man may be lifted off his feet by others and influenced along for days and even years.

THE KEY

Or he may find the Key of Knowledge that will enable him to open the Gates to a loftier, more desirable and wholesome field into which his glad feet may volunteer, and at whose entrance the *desire* for aquose fire fades out of his blood forever.

Faithful reformers have done good work in holding a man out of degradation and dampness until Light could penetrate him and get aflame in him. The preacher, whose claim is the saving of other men's souls, may gain such influence over a weak man as to lead him in better paths for a long time.

"AQUA VITAE."

One under the dominion of "aqua vitae" (rather, the water of destruction) is easily influenced. He

Continued on page 199.

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Little Lessons

CHILDREN COMPLETE INDIVIDUALS; THEIR TRAINING AS SUCH.

BY C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

NEVER tell your child he is a reproduction of his Uncle Charles or Aunt Rebecca. Never hold the thought that he is any other than just himself.

A UNIT DIVINE.

Deal with him as with an independent individual from the time he is born here, until he goes to sleep to be born in the next degree-world of the Infinite Series of Worlds. Think of him as you would if he were the only child, or one that is to stand before the world in a new relation entirely different from any other.

Point out to him how "A sharp" in the key-board is doing its highest possible when it sounds its *own note* perfectly, and that in *only* this way can it avoid discord in the neighboring keys, or assist in associate concord. Do not hide the fact from him that he is the One Divine thing in the universe, the Grand Sum of all created fractions, that he is *in* domion *over* his constituents and must take the lead in good works.

That *his* work is indispensible, not only to the whole world but to his own unfoldment, happiness, promotion. And while it is for each man—as a citizen of humanity—to evolve the nature, right tendencies and powers of the race, he should as a child, start out *from the first*, as an independent individual, unencumbered by any tradition of the foolish fathers as an unavoidable factor in his life.

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INHERENT DIVINITY.

Owing to man's origin, his nature is intrinsically good. Look at your child as complete within himself—inheriting no fads nor foolish fancies from his forefathers. Inform him that he is the Son of ELOHIM, organized through the use of the Elohim Powers in you.

It is a slur on his individuality to be always speaking of traits he got from so and so, or to pin habits on him that were acquired by his ancestors—in a *less perfect age* and environment.

ANIMAL OR GOD.

Though at first the child does nothing much but eat and sleep, take baths and clothes, do not condemn him as a little animal only—on your own suspicion of the real mission of the race,—for it may be—just *think*—he would be far different were it *not* for these and such other erroneous considerations you indulged before and after his birth, and which he might have escaped altogether, had Elohim handed him straight down out of the Pearly Gates without your intermeddling, as was at first the orderly method of Nature, until interrupted by powerful yet curious mankind. I say he might have escaped that long period of helplessness if it hadn't been for the Eve you belived was in you.

He may not seem a very divine thing when he protests against his bath and dressing—UNLESS indeed you know something about the wonderful mechanism, *the human body*, the marvelous and beautiful construction of each part, its nice adjustment with the whole, making a fit temple for a god to live in. Then think what you have the honor of bathing and dressing, and wonder not at a little rebellion from a god forced into a fishe's custom, and tethered about like a silk-worm's bundled up cocoon. An infinite Gulliver held in cob-web!

ONE COURSE.

To the parent who has unwittingly impressed her child with her own weaknesses, there is but one course for her.

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I say *impressed*, for often the child smoothes out such impression a little later, showing they were nothing more than outward impressions, coming, like all other imperfections, from the outside, proving they are not original and therefore do not belong to him. Whatever *characteristic* he is born with can never be taken from him. As soon as he gathers strength enough to prove his individually, such pictures ought soon to melt away. *But if not, then* the parent has a work to do. He must be disciplined.

HOW.

The very best preparation you can make is to first *discipline yourself*. If *you* could not help being born with an inclination to employ subterfuge, and are therefore most ready to see it in your child, do not say to him,

"Eddie I'm afraid you are deceiving me!" Say rather, "I know you are true and beautiful in your *real self*, and I am sure you will get entirely free from any imperfection you have received from your mother. "*She* used to try to deceive her parents to keep them from detecting her mischief, but, Eddie, I am sorry now, for it lowered me in my own estimation. It was not the noble aud upright way for me to do." Then in your mind set him free from your *notion* that he got it from you.

Thus his latent consciousness will be enlivened and he will see the truth about it. Too many words are always worse than too few. After you have said a good thing, be silent and let it soak in. He will comprehend you. Then look inside yourself. Study the matter over in the silence.

NO LITTLE CHILD IS BAD.

Don't spank your child. Study him and try to be as good as he is. If you succeed, the trouble between you will subside. No little child is as bad as its father and mother. Look at its face—it is a mirror

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of goodness and beauty. Look at your own. Are there no marks penciled by the artist anger? None by the sculptor lust or selfishess? Does it reflect only love, innocence, wisdom?

Tell the truth yourself, and the little child will not learn falsehood. If he is born a dissembler, nothing *you* may *now* do can more than reform him. You will have to wait till he outgrows his *impressed* inheritance. Never hold up to him that if he were as good as you or his father he would do, for he is already better than either of you. If you are good and clever your child will appreciate you for all you are worth; but tell him frankly and lovingly that it is the desire of your fond heart that he surpass you in excellence.

I like to say to my beautiful child, "I want you to be your mother's superior in every way," and when I meet his noble smile in return which speaks plainer than words, "No one could do that!" I set it down on his side as beautiful, in keeping with his noble nature, and not because it is any too well deserved by me. And my two sons, and daughter, cannot be surpassed on earth. If you doubt it, pardon this little personal and come and see.

INSTRUCTION.

If your child is rightly born with no maternal bonds to untangle from, you need concern yourself about his proper guidance only till after the infant age is past. He will educate. You will not have to insist. He will be showing *you* new points wherein your old rhetoric is at fault, or your mental philosophy behind the times. If you are wise, you will get vast lessons from him. Stop chasing bubbles and other round symbols in silver or gold, and behold the Universe more clearly reflected in this New Mirror. There is no greater joy than that coming from the promotion of your children, seeing them educate. Yesterday Ralph was telling me some fine things

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about his high-school studies at Central, and I said, "Well, Ralph, you make me wish I were in school there."

MENTAL FOOD.

The normal child's mind is hungry for mental food. Many a child gets into mischief because it has an inquiring mind, one that must be exploring new subjects, just as it should, and it takes up the mischief because nothing else is available. This is one of the main causes of the formation of strong habits.

A well-meaning mother once wrote me about the naughtiness of her little girl when the child had broken an egg to see where the chickens came from. She was punished, when instead, she should have been told all about it, as far as the mother knew; it was a misused opportunity. The child went hungry, and added to that, was impressed that she was bad.

A truth, like food the appetite calls for, is better received and digested if catered while the mind is reaching out after it.

An intelligent explanation would have furnished this child mental food for days. It is said bad children turn out the cleverest men and women. They are not "bad" children. They are those children that insist on knowing things, and question, or "get into things," *mischief*, they call it. That's what they are here for to get into things. If all the children had *got into* as many *things* as Edison has, the world would be running much more smoothly than it does at present.

This old world is waiting for mischievous children to rise up and surprise the old sleepy heads by getting into things to such a degree as to keep the eyes of the slothful constantly propped open with new surprises.

TWO METHODS.

There are two ways of administering mental food. The mother may give the best and most wholesome mental

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food, or she may cater foolish rhymes only, that will leave a mixed or vague impression, one that will cause mental indigestion. Mother Goose Rhymes should not constitute the only food. They are neither scientific nor educational. They tend to throw the child off his own responsibility through sensing so many objective things.

I met, one day, at a friend's house, a little three-year-old girl, a slender, delicate, nervous, smiling creature—a fine model for Rose Cecil O'Neill. And as she hopped about the chairs she sang.

"Muvver, muvver, pin a woze on me,
Two young mens is-a scourtin' me,
One is bline nan ze uvver can't see—
Muvver, muvver, pin a woze on me."

A gentle child-voice is always sweet and captivating; yet I thought of what Elizabeth Harrison, of the Chicago Kindergarten, had quoted in her excellent work—"Two Children of The Foot-hills"—from Elizabeth Le Burgois' exquisite song, as follows:—

"Sun and moon, and twinkling stars,
And rainbow in the skies,
Mother's smile and Father's love,
We catch them with our *eyes*.
We cannot hold them in our hands,
Yet from them need not part;
For when we've caught them with our eyes,
We *hold* them in our heart."

Children may learn useful lessons from the *unseen* or abstract side of things, such as the fragrance of flowers, the music we hear, the gurgling of the brook or the words and smiles of our friends, as well as from the tangible or objective, such as the flowers themselves, the running stream, the sun and stars and wonders of the visible world.

You may look for something good also from "*La Paloma*" in THE LIFE. Her "Donts" have met a warm reception.

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Whisperings.

NELL CLOUGH JOHNSON.

Written for THE LIFE.

IN THE eventide when zephyrs lull
The day into a sweet repose,
Methinks I hear soft whisperings
Of loved ones and my bosom glows
All warm with love.

'Tis then I love to listen and
To hear again their gentle tread;
'Tis then I hear communion sweet,
And know there surely are no dead
Below, above.

The loved ones come with messages,
They come rich clothed in radiant light,
To bring me peace and rest and joy
And whisper low, "There is no night
In all God's realm."

No darkness in that realm of love
In which the unseen dear ones dwell,
For all is glorious daytime there
And then I know that all is well,
No clouds o'erwhelm.

There presence hope and courage bring
Life's triumphs grandly to achieve.
At eventide I watch and wait
Their welcome visits to receive,
In silence wait.
Their whisperings lull me into sleep
While I this holy vigil keep.

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An Echo From the Past.

RECENTLY at a Presbytery meeting in Philadelphia, the Rev. Robt. M. Patterson gave utterance to this Giant Despair sentiment:

"If I had my way about it, I would have an executioner called in to deal with all heretics and blasphemers. Burning at the stake would be too good for those who revile religion and take the Lord's name in ain. The growth of heresy is such to-day that nothing except measures such as this can stop it."

This savors of the "good old days" of John Calvin. And we read of another orthodox preacher who got up a petition to the governor of one of the states not to interfere with the execution of a poor unfortunate who was condemned to be legally murdered. Verily the ministers of the church of the gentle Jesus are slow to wake up to the light of the 20th century.

Coming.

OUR December issue will have some novel features appropriate to the Christmas season. Our artis is at work devising something in the way of pic tures and the leading article will be on *The Two Births.* Many things that have never before been discovered or written on this subject will be said.

Now is the time to send in new names for 1908. New subscribers for the year will receive the Christmas No. free. Remember: $2.00 pay your renewal one year and for two new ones.

In the article "What is Sleep?" Oct. issue, the proof reader allowed the printer to make me say, "deudrons" and "deudrites" for dendrons and dendrites, and on page 111, 7th line from bottom, "water" for wafer.

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For The Children

WHAT CAME OF A MOTHER'S BLESSING.

BY MARY BARTON MITCHELL.

LITTLE Jack toiled wearily one day with ax and spade at his task of cutting blue grass sod, in the garden of his Kentucky home. This hard task had been assigned him by his stepfather who insisted that there was nothing so effective as labor for keeping a boy out of mischief; not that Jack was any more addicted to mischievous habits than any other healthy country boy—Oh, no, his fond mother could have told any one that, but his stepfather, apparently forgetful of his own childhood days, considered a boy's play, so much idle mischief. Stepfathers are not all bad, no indeed, a great many of them are too noble hearted to stoop to such a thing as cruelty to a little child who has been deprived of the care of its natural parent. In truth, I think we may say they are really all good, if they only knew it. Those who seem cruel, and whom the world calls bad, have not yet come to a full recognition of their true selves.

As Jack toiled away in the hot sun, he stopped from time to time to look at his small, soft hands and press them together to ease the smart of the big blisters in them. In the house, his mother lay watching him from her sick-bed. There were lines of trouble in her delicate face, and tears of sorrow in the beautiful brown eyes. Jack dropped his tools quickly as he heard her voice calling him and was soon at her side.

"Do you want anything mother?"

"Only you, my son; come closer, I wish to talk to you. This life is too hard for you, my boy, you must

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go away—go to your grandfather. Tell him what your life has been here and tell him I sent you—tell him, for my sake, to keep you."

"Go 'way and leave you, mother? never, *never!* I'll stay with you if he *kills* me!" cried Jack in a great burst of sorrow.

"That is just what I can't bear, my dear—to see you cruelly treated," said his mother sadly. "It would hurt me more than doing without you. Now go, my child, and the Lord will be with you. Mother may never see you again, my love, but remember always, that God is with you and protects you." Jack threw his arms around his mother's neck and stroked her pale cheeks with his sore, little, grimy hand and kissed her over and over, saying through his sobs—"I will, mother, and I will always be good for your sake. Don't cry, mother, I will stay with grandfather till I am big, then I will come back and take you away." Then his mother talked long and earnestly to him, advising him and directing him as to his route. His grandfather lived 30 miles away—a long journey for a barefoot boy of ten, and he must walk, too. After kissing his mother again and giving his two baby sisters a last caress, lonely, sore-hearted little Jack trudged away on his long journey. At the Crossroads a mile away, he must stop and tell his old friend Harkliss good-bye. Old Harkliss was a good old darkey, who for his honesty and fidelity had been set free by his master, and given a snug shop at the Crossroads where, being a fine cook, he made his own living by selling ginger cakes, pies and molasses candy. Here Jack stopped and related his troubles. "Yo' aint runnin' away, is ye honey?" said Harkliss, raising to view the white palms of both brown hands. "Well fo' de lan' sake! I's done heerd lots 'bout runaway niggahs, but runaway *white* boys jist plum *gits* me; but co'se I don' blame ye fo' tryin' to

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git away fum dat ol' satan. Marse John would sho'ly feel mighty bad if he could know how his li'l' boy done been treated by dat 'onry trash. Marse John was *quality bissef*, but dat ol' Lucifah ovah dar don' know what quality is. He done cut ma'ble so much, (the stepfather was a marble cutter) his haht done git jest lak de stuff he cut—jest as hahd an' jest as col.' I's sholy sorry fo' yo' mothah—po' Miss Ma'y—an' I's sorry fo' you, but 'co'se hit's bes' fo' yo' to go an' git 'way fum dat ol' sarpient, 'fo'e he done kill yo'—jest eat dem cakes up, honey, an' I'll give ye some mo'."

Thus Harkliss, kind old darkey, always loyal to his "quality," with much quaint and kindly advice and many assurances to Jack that he would soon be a "big man" and come back and "dus' dat ol' sarpient's coat fo' him," bade him good bye, then called him back and tucked a big bar of ginger bread under his arm, saying he'd "sho'ly be hungry fo'e night," and bade him good bye again, with repeated admonitions to "be good" and promises to look after "Miss Ma'y," and little Jack walked away on his long journey. Looking back after he had gained some distance, he saw the old darkey still standing in front of the little shop, shading his eyes with his hand. When the old man saw the little figure turn, he waved his white linen apron and called in a quavering voice—"De Lawd bress ye, honey!" No one was near to see the working of the brown, wrinkled face as he turned back into the little shop, no one was present to note the big tears of pity that plashed down so dangerously near to the crisp pies arranged on his neat counter. He was only a homely, ignorant old darkey, but his heart was kind. Jack walked on till the sun was sinking in the west. He felt very tired. He had eaten the ginger bread old Harkliss had given him, and had grown hungry again. He was approaching a farm-house and wondered if he

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would be allowed to stay over night. A young girl met him at the door and asked him in. An old woman sitting in her arm-chair at her knitting eyed him curiously as he entered the room and took off his dusty little cap. She questioned him suspiciously and did not seem inclined to keep him. Jack answered her many questions, telling her everything. Finally she said, "let me see your hands." He held them out to her. She adjusted her glasses, took one look at the sore little palms and turning to the girl, cried out "feed him! feed him!" So Jack was kept all night and kindly treated and sent on his journey the next morning. Brave little Jack kept walking and walking—in all his life, he had never been so tired of walking. The sun beamed down mercilessly upon his tired little back, his feet were sore and he was beginning to limp. People looked curiously at him as they passed him. Once he stepped aside out of the way of a stage coach that rattled noisily up behind him. The driver looked pityingly at the dusty, limping little boy, and reining in his horses, called out in a cheery voice, "Hello, little man, want to ride?" The tired little traveller was helped up beside the driver, who kindly took him almost to the end of his journey.

Jack had a happy home with his grandparents and it was not long till a bluff but kindly old merchant of that place, noting his straight-forward character, employed him in his store. The old merchant bought and shipped large cargoes of produce down the river to New Orleans. Jack longed to go on one of these voyages, and finally he was allowed to go, the merchant placing him in the care of the captain and supercargo. The crew was a rough lot, but all liked the pleasant, intelligent little fellow, and he thought he had never in all his life been quite so happy before. The fine ride on the big river, the beautiful and everchanging scenery

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along the shores filled him with delight. When they got away down, almost to their journey's end, where the big Mississippi river is very wide, it became necessary to put to shore for repairs. Here the men declared themselves tired of river water and demanded something stronger. Accordingly, the captain took Jack to the upper deck and pointing out some buildings two or three miles inland from the opposite shore, told him he wanted him to go there and get some whiskey for the men. So, he was given some money and a small keg and helped into a canoe. He soon paddled across and set out on his errand carrying the keg. He took a straight course toward the buildings that had been pointed out to him, but this course lay through a palmetto swamp and poor Jack soon found himself in sore straits, but being a brave boy, he never once thought of giving up or turning back, but picked his laborious and painful way through the swamp, reached his destination, procured what he had been sent for and returned to his canoe. By this time, it was late in the afternoon. Jack was glad to jump into his canoe and start out for the big boat at the other shore. Twice the great waves from passing steamers threatened to swallow him up and he had to paddle with all his small might back toward the shore to get away from them. When he was at last helped on board his boat the men greeted him uproariously, shouting, "'Rah for you, Jack! Now we'll have something stronger than river water." And sure enough they had, for the little keg he had taken was a pepper keg and had not been thoroughly emptied or washed, and the whiskey was so strong they could not drink it.

Not many years later, Jack was promoted by the kind old merchant and made supercargo himself. He never forgot his mother's words—"remender always, that God is with you and protects you." He never saw

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her any more, for she went on to the bright home of the soul soon after he went from her. He often repeated her last words to himself and believed in them fully and his long, useful life proved them true. I could give you several incidents in his life that prove their truth clearly. I will give you one perhaps more striking than the others. On one of his business trips to New Orleans, he had sold his cargo and sent the crew back and engaged passage for himself on another vessel that was to start at a certain hour. He walked about the city enjoying the sights and attending to some business till almost time for him to go aboard his boat. Upon going down to the wharf, he found the boat just pulling out. He was about three or four minutes too late. A few hours later, this same vessel was tugged back to the city with her boiler burst and nearly every one on board killed. He often told me how he thought of his mother's words then and what a strong faith this circumstance gave him in that protection that is unfailing and everpresent, if we but recognize it. He was left an orphan and thrown upon his own resources while quite young, but he lived a clean pure life and was true, honorable and upright in all things. Now, children, I hope you have enjoyed reading this story as much as I have enjoyed writing it for you, for it is a true story. Jack has often told it to me as I sat on his knee and made his long, gray beard into braids and tied them with pretty ribbons; but I never called him Jack, I called him *father*.

(This story is by the "Mary" of the Ozarks I told you about last month. "Josephine" was to busy with her school work to write this time, but she will sometime.

I told you about the little wren houses on poles in their yard. One day last spring while I was visiting out there I went to one of the wren houses and was

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peeping in at the door to see the baby birdies while their mama was away hunting bugs and things for them to eat. Just then she came back and caught me at it. She lit on a mulberry tree limb near by and you never heard such a scolding as I got. I tell you, I got away from there pretty quick. A. P. B.)

Reaping the Whirlwind.

IN OUR August, 1906, issue we published the following:

"One Alzamon Ira Lucas, a negro with some stray admixture of Caucasin blood, has been operating for some months in Kansas City, Kas. Recently he left there for some point near Santa Barbara, Calif. where he proposes to start a colony for the promulgation of 'The Limitless Life.' He is followed by a surprisingly large number of silly women and girls—the men were not taken in. These dupes pay $100 each in advance and $5.00 a month afterward while they work for their living. The money paid is a tribute to the leader.

"If the laws of the land do not sooner interfere, these dupes will be the sickest set of foolish women in the land before three months roll by. The idea of segregation is a mistake under any conditions, as the dismal failure of all the 'Colonies' so far formed has proven. But the colonization of a lot of addle-headed white females under the control of a negro for the purpose of demonstrating a 'Limitless Life,' is surely the limit of folly."

A letter from a friend in Los Angeles informs me that the harem broke up last January and the poor deluded women scattered here and there, penniless, but we trust wiser for the sad experience. The letter says that Lucas left for other fields.

In the July issue of the Path Finder Bro. Conable

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has an able editorial on the subject. He exposes it as a miserable experiment in "sex vibration." We did not know it was so bad as that, but it is a warning to all others who are inclined to catch at fads and the foolish theories of empty-headed howlers for revenue. They are wolves in sheeps clothing and always prefer female victims.

Unselfish Love.

UNSELFISH love is divine......As gravitation inheres in universal matter, so love permeates universal spirit. It is a vast atmosphere in which we live, even though unconsciously. It inspires life and infuses vigor. It 'casts out fear.' 'Fear hath torment,' and kills. Love heals. Thought-messages of love sent in any direction come back in sweet echoes. They are like light reflected and refracted in a series of mirrors. As love comes in, its opposites vanish from the consciousness. It sees only the good..... Thoughts are things, and love is thought-ministration. ..... Directed towards our trials and pains it transforms them and renders them educational. 'Love never faileth.' Under its divine inspiration, duty becomes privilege, and weakness, strength. It thrills both mind and body, and is good news to every nerve and muscle.

" 'It glows in the cheek, shines in the eye, promotes the digestion, quickens the assimilation, sharpens the senses, toughens the sinews, and sends the divine electricity through every vein and tissue. It cools the fevered temperature, rouses the vitality, dissipates restlessness, and brings order out of chaos. Divine love cures.' "—*Washington News Letter.*—of Apr. '07.

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Talks With Our Readers.

THE late occurrences in connection with the artist Ferdinand Finney Earle and his "affinity," Miss Julia Kuttner, remind me of a like experience connected with Dr. Geo. D. Herron, who left his wife some years ago to live with a Miss Carrie Rand in whom he thought he had discovered a "soul mate." I wonder what has become of this once noted and brilliant lecturer and writer? Did he die? We have heard nothing from him for a long time. A. H. J.

When Mr. Herron left his wife and children to mate with Miss Rand, it was said that Miss Rand's mother gave Mrs. Herron $60,000 for maintenance of herself and children. She and her children went to a North Carolina mountain village where I think they yet reside. She always declared she continued to love Mr. Herron.

Dr. Herron and Miss Rand went to New York where they publicly declared their acceptance of one another as "comrades," but immediately after this declaration was made a regular marriage ceremony was conducted and they were pronounced married by the Rev. Wm. Thurston Brown of Rochester, N. Y. And since Mrs. Herron had before obtained a divorce, they were thus legally married.

Then they went to live on a farm near Metuchen, N. J. given to them by Mrs. Rand.

Dr. Herron continued for awhile to lecture, but was so bitterly denounced by the preachers and others that he soon ceased to appear in public. He then wrote for magazines until about a year and a half ago when his health failed and he and his "affinity" bought a beautiful villa in the suburbs of Florence, Italy, with part of the $200,000 left her by her mother at her death, and went their to live. They talk of coming

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back to their farm next summer.

Visitors who have been to see them report that they live very happily and congenially together and have three children. They were married in the year 1900.

It seems that public condemnation, while it has not hurt Miss Rand, has almost wrecked Dr. Herron physically. He has allowed it to worry him greatly.

In justification of his course Dr. Herron gave out the following statement:—

"Ethics of the legally and ecclesiastically enforced family make it possible for a man to live a life of monstrous wrong, of ghastly falsehood, even of unbridled lust, and yet be highly moral according to the standards by which we are judged. The same standards condemn and disgrace the purest expressions of comradeship if they cross the conventions or forget the decrees of custom.

"Lives that are essentially one, co-operative in the love and truth that makes oneness, need no law of State or church to bind them together. Upon such the imposition of force is a destruction and a blasphemy. On the other hand, no law in the universe has a right to keep together those who are not vitally and essentially one. It is only in freedom that love can find its own, or truth blossom in the soul, or other than a slave-individuality unfold."

While this is all true, yet I do not believe there is any ground in it to support the rotten "affinity" practices so singularly common among Socialist leaders. You know Herron and Earle were both prominent advocates of the contentions of modern Socialism.

Nor do I by any means justify the intollerant condemnation dealt out against these people by puritanic moralists. It would be just as severe against any other infringement of the standards of church and so-

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ciety. Yet, if a Jesus could say to those who howl the loudest, "Let him that is clean of like sins cast the first stone," I believe they would slink away as those Pharisees did who were clamoring for the death of the sinning woman. We may condemn sin, (always in ourselves first,) but never the sinner. He or she should be helped to rise above the plane of sinful purposes and deeds—but never crushed by the weight of intollerant denunciation. And since Prof. Earle and his wife were perfectly agreed as to the course pursued, the frenzy of the people about it was exceedingly unwise and malignant, however weak and imprudent his conduct may have been.

Some time ago one "H. M. S." sent a question in regard to some point in one of Mrs. Barton's articles. She answered him in our Sept. issue. Now he comes back with a long list of questions which I will endeavor to answer. He asks,—

1. Could you not call spirit substance mud as well as spirit?

2. Spirit is intelligence, but what is intelligence?

3. Do you mean to say that without the soul the material body could not objectify, but the soul is able to progress without the body?

4. If we be the world, why do we come in body form and then disappear again?

5. If the rainbow is the sun's unseen colors, they are of the seen and not the unseen; hence are the seen and the unseen one and the same?

6. Do all things that objectify and then disappear have souls?

7. I suppose you mean the body when you use the term individual. If so, do you mean to say that the body is the leader, the shepherd of the soul?

8. You say all life is God. Do you mean to say

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that there is death to contend with?

9. What is light?

10. Is not reincarnation more a theory than a foundationed possibility?

11. Why is it inadequate or inappropriate to speak of God as he or she.

12. If the body, soul and spirit be one, why not class them as one and not confuse us younger students?

H. M. S.

1. It would not be appropriate to call a thing by any inappropriate name. Mud is a single mode of manifesting the one substance, but spirit or mind is the name given to the substance itself. We attach titles to things to distinguish them from other things and select such names as designate in at least some degree the nature and character of the things alluded to.

2. Spirit and mind are names given to the one substance or essence of being. Intelligence is the power of knowing, inherent in essence. No one can analytically define either term. We only give names to what we cognize in being and can go no further.

3. Clearly there can be no embodiment without something to embody. The physical form is effect; then there must be a cause. You may call it soul, or mind, or spirit. Soul is the most appropriate because of its common significance growing out of long usage. Why not progress without the physical body? If the soul was able to embody itself suitably for this plane of existence, may it not embody itself suitably for the next plane? If you use and outgrow one coat, may you not put on another one to fit you?

4. We are not the world, nor are we of the world. This sphere is our kindergarten school where we learn and grow and strengthen our individuality thru the use of object lessons. The physical body is one of the object lessons.

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5. Yes; the seen is but the unseen made manifest. All the colors of the rainbow are in the white sunlight, but we do not see them as colors until the prismatic action of the drops of water or other medium separates the color vibrations. White is a combination of all colors; black is the absence of all color.

6. Yes; all objects have souls. Every cell has a soul, a life of its own. Otherwise there could be no existence or outstanding appearance. The rose that we see is an embodiment of the rose that pushed it out into visibility. This is the soul of the rose. All objectification must be the result of a primal cause, and the palpable is the embodiment of this cause, in its image and after its likeness.

7. No; by the term "individual" I do not mean the body. I mean the organized, facultied, conscious, distinct being. "Individual" means that cannot be divided or separated into parts, each part being a whole. The arm or the head it not an individual man. The limb or root of a tree is not a tree. But one piece of a stone is as much a stone as the whole. The body of the man only shows forth on the external plane the individuality of the man. The Lord, the Christ spirit, the ego self is my personal self's shepherd, or custodian and provider.

8. All life is God or infinite good. In this statement there is no reference to non-life. Life is everywhere and there is in reality no death. What has been called death is only change or transmutation. No particle of anything has ever been or can ever be annihilated. What we call matter is eternal. It changes its modes of appearance, but continues in being always. A cubic foot of ice is oxygen and hydrogen in a fixed ratio and weighs so many ounces. Melt it and it is still oxygen and hydrogen in the same ratio and of the same weight. Boil it to steam and it is all yet in being

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with the same elements and weight as before. The changes from solid to liquid and from liquid to vapor have entailed no loss or alteration in the original elements. So the man may change in his modes of manifestation but never dies, in the sense of annihilation.

9. We do not know what light is. When we have said it is a mode of vibration in the universal etheric substance, we have gone as far as we can toward telling what it is. We might say that life is that which causes the vibrations. But what is life? What is the universal essence of being? Where and when and how did it originate? We cannot conceive of a beginning at all. And here we stop; for the concept of eternity and infinity is impossible. We can only say that it must be so because it could not be otherwise.

10. The doctrine of reincarnation is founded entirely on theory. It is all a pure speculation. There is utterly no proof of it. We may hypothecate our guesses upon analogy, or dreams, or certain idiosyncrasies of unbalanced brains. But it all still remains an undemonstrable conjecture.

11. "He" and "she" designate distinction of sex. In infinite Life, Love, Truth, Wisdom, Power and Essence there is no distinction of sex, no male or female.

While all personality and all being are God, no one part of any being is all of God. A drop of water is the ocean in microcosm, but is not all of the ocean. Sex difference is a generative provision and belongs to this plane. In the regeneration no sex difference is necessary.

To use the pronouns He and Him and His in referring to God is to personify the Infinite and bears within it a masculine significance. It is true that the masculine pronoun is often used without reference to sex, applied to things distinguished by power and grandeur, as the Sun, or Jupiter, and "she" to things

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having feminine traits or natures, as Earth, the moon or a ship. But we call a steam engine "she" and it is hard to guess why we do it. "It" is objectionable because of usage. By this pronoun we disignate inanimate things and infants. But it is probably preferable to he or she in alluding to Infinite Being, since there is no sex meaning conveyed in it.

12. The man is one, individual—not part mind or spirit and part matter. If he were part matter, matter being a separate and different element from mind, when he drops the body what remains would be only a fragment of himself—he would not be individual. The fact is, man is all spirit or mind, body and all. The physical body is only a mode of manifestation, as ice is one mode of manifesting Hydrogen and Oxygen, two invisible gases. Water is another, steam another. But thru all the changes the essence continues the same.

What is the body, anyhow? If we consider it apart from the soul or original essence, it appears to be practically nothing. Newton declared that if the big round Earth could be so compressed that the atoms composing it were all contiguous, it would be no larger than a cubic inch. Suppose your body were so solidified. It could not then be seen with the best microscope. In truth, the atom is pure mind, not visible, tangible, ponderable or divisible. So, in essence you are all mind or spirit, body and all, one and indivisible, manifesting yourself as befits the plane upon which you act, live,—move and have your being. You may as reasonably say, If the unit body is composed of arms, legs, head, etc., why confuse us by calling them by different names? The unit man is manifested by different modes and we give names to these modes to distinguish them.

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The Life League.

ALL subscribers to THE LIFE are members and there is no membership fee to pay. As the editor of *La Verdad*, (The Truth,) of Argentina, South America, said of us, it is a "magnificent idea of solidarity." In such a union there is great power for good. When we all get together in our silent hours morning and evening we fairly cause the fabric of error to quake and totter as did that old jail at Philippi when Paul and Silas sang hymns of joy. Get your neighbors and friends to join. The greater the number the stronger the vibrations.

A correspondent in California referring to the statements made by two writers about the comet now visible in the eastern heavens early in the morning, one claiming that it may run into Earth and knock it into smithereens and the other that it is a harbinger of the approaching millennium, asks me to state what I think about it.

Comets are electrical emanations evolved from and by the movements of the rolling worlds and cycling suns. They are fully subservient to the law at whose behest they came into being. They rush here and there to preserve the exact equilibrium of the physical universe. They go only where they are needed and it is the need that draws and impels them. They are swift messengers of harmony and order absolutely under the control of the orbs to whom they owe their existence. One of them could no more rush against the Earth than could the reflection of an electric light rush into the light, or your image in the lake collide with you, or an echo destroy the sound that made it.

All such speculations as those of the two writers you refer to are but space fillers for newspapers and are sheer nonsense.

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Meditations

By Kaxton

THE fool hath said in his heart There is no God." Of course, it was a foolish thing to say, if taken in an absolute sense, but if interpreted within reasonable metes and bounds, it is an expression of consummate wisdom. The wise and successful man said, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge." This is the language of complacency and contentment. The fool who said in his heart, "There is no God," was unfortunate. He was not pleased with the course of events. He had seen his hopes dashed down and he had felt the sting of injustice. He had waited to see justice mount up on shining wings and be glorified; but he had not seen it. In his heart of hearts he had felt the pang of disappointment, and being conscious of the justice and uprightness of his purpose, when he had waited in vain for an unseen power to take a hand in his affairs, and establish him securely upon an eminence of success and power, his heart was filled with bitterness and he conceived the thought, there is no God, at once the essence and fruit of mental desolation. He was not so far from the naked fact that there was and is no God of the kind he had conceived. Herein consisted his foolishness. A precious figment of his imagination had been revealed to him in its true character of unreality.

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Whether there is a God, or whether there is no God is, so far as human interest extends, a merely subjective proposition. The same soul that in exulta-

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tion exclaimed, "The Heavens declare the glory of God; the firmament showeth his handiwork," under other circumstances and in a changed mood, cried out, "O my God, I cry in the day time, but thou hearest not; and in the night season am not silent." And in the same mood, as showing the desolation that results from the obscuration of the God-image as conceived, he cried out, "I am a worm and no man; a reproach of men and despised of the people. All they that see me laugh me to scorn." "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax." "My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws." How vastly different is this strain of woe from the famous exultation, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters!" The green pastures and the still waters were not in evidence when the wail went up, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The period of desolation had come. The dependence upon a power outside for soul-sustenance had led to this bleak desolation. It must always do so.

* * *

When the hour of desolation wrings a cry of anguish from the trusting soul as it looks into the brazen sky for help that comes not, then it is that the cold, cruel logic of the case says, "You have been self-deceived. The God you have praised for the good you have enjoyed does not exist. Get up from your cringing, begging attitude, and fight your way like a man." But there is a tender sentiment in the human breast that whispers, "Be faithful, only be faithful to the God that led your father and mother aright, and He will still remember you and exalt you." Now this is pure sentiment and acts upon the weary, storm-tossed soul like swaddling cloths upon the new-born babe. Who is

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able to repudiate such a sweet sentiment for the cold, unfeeling alternative of self-reliance? Yet here is the real point of demarcation between the manhood and babyhood of the soul. We love our babyhood, and may well shed a tear when we feel our barque slipping its moorings from the shores of babyland.

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But there is a manhood that calls us away to sterner realities, and if we do not push our craft onward to answer the call, our powers will decay and we shall be tossed ere long at the mercy of the storms that try men's souls. Why not gather up all the sweet blossoms that we can from the enchanted isles of infancy and carry them with us on our voyage? We shall need them amid the storms of wild emotion, when fate makes hard the heart with fighting. But we must not linger. The world has lingered too long already. The cause of manhood languishes, by reason of the lack of that sterling quality self-reliance in the battle for the goodness of a higher state as well as for the goods of the state we are now in.

Thanksgiving.

NEAR the close of this month the president will issue a proclamation and the governors of the states will reiterate the request that meetings be held in the churches and business suspended on a fixed day while all the people give thanks to Almighty God for peace, good crops, prosperity, health—and we might add, trusts, strikes and the protective tariff, since we have these too, and whatever is comes from the same "Almighty God."

The good people have worked hard for what they have in the way of material comforts and the prevailing and growing spirit of brotherly love and tolerance has preserved the peace. Is there a God who demands

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that we render him thanks for all this? Improved sanitary conditions, the pure food laws and the healing thoughts of the people have secured universal good health. Whom should we thank for this?

It was in the bygone days when we were taught that we were all wrath-deserving wretches and the good things we enjoyed were given to us undeserving creatures as a matter of grace or favor by a jealous old he god that this idea of thanksgiving originated. We were told that if we should neglect to duly return thanks, this god would get mad and withdraw his favors from us.

To whom is gratitude due for the abundant corn and wheat crops of Missouri and Kansas, or for the frosts that killed all our apples and peaches in the spring? The farmers did the one—who sent the other?

If we thank God for the good things he has given us, why not just as appropriately enter a protest against the bad things? The commission houses in our cities have formed combines and gobbled everything edible and are forcing the consumers to pay two or three times the original cost for them. Whom are we to thank for this? If God did it, let us send up a vigorous protest about it while we are giving thanks. If the greed of men is responsible, let public sentiment grow too great and warm for it to continue its soulless operations.

Gratitude is founded in dependence and servile subjection. One is grateful for what is given to him undeservedly. It is all contrary to the spirit of independence befitting genuine manhood and womanhood. It is ignoble to thank or reward either men or gods for being honest, just and true. If I find a purse of money and return it to the owner, I deserve neither his thanks nor a financial reward for it, and I am degraded by the bestowal of either. My reward is in

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myself. Emerson truly says,

"In the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted."

What we owe is not to a god, but to mankind and to ourselves. There is where the only need is found.

Then, on Thanksgiving day let us renew our efforts to be better and more useful during the coming year than ever before. And let us magnify the good that is and exalt the good that is to be. Let us send forth words of blessing for all humanity and all living creatures.

While we should do this at all times, yet it is well to observe seasons of special concentration and silent reflection for renewal of power and consecration to the higher aims and purposes of life.

So, while our orthodox brethren are making a public show of thanksgiving, crying aloud before the world their perfunctory thanks to God that he has been so much more merciful in his dealings with them than he has been toward the unfortunates of other lands, and murdering and eating turkeys on the side, let us go into our chambers of silence for self-improvement and promotion of the Truth among men. Let us devoutly acknowledge in our consciousness the Infinite Omnipresent Spirit of Good working out thru exact, irrefragable law, definite results from all causation, vouchsafing special favors toward none.

HELEN was watching some flies on the window-pane, when she called to her mother: "Mama, come and see if this is the bosom fly!"

"The *bosom* fly, child! What kind of a fly is that?"

"Oh, the one they sang about in church last Sunday—'Let me to thy bosom fly.' "—*The Circle.*

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Key-Notes.

NOV. 1-7.

INFINITE Love is with me always and delivers me from trouble.

NOV. 8-15.

The Lord of my being restoreth my soul and I fear no evil.

NOV. 16-23.

We dwell in the secret place of the Most High and breathe the breath of Infinite Life.

NOV. 24-30.

O world, the risen Christ is now among men. Awake and receive him!

DEC. 1-7.

My personal vibrations are in perfect accord with the vibrations of Infinite Opulence and I manifest abundant supply.

DEC. 8-15.

I am Life and Love, and Truth in the essence of my being, and now do show forth in my body and environment what I am.

DEC. 16-23.

Dominion is our birthright and now do all the members of The Life League assert supremacy over conditions.

DEC. 24-31.

The Spirit of Justice and Mercy now prevails in the hearts of all men and the right annuls the wrong.

I HAVE had great benefit from reading THE LIFE. It has, during the one year that I have been reading it, given me very different and better views of our lives and I always enjoy every article in the dear paper. MRS. L. S.

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Ye Scampe W. Penn.

THE following letter shows how we have advanced in religious liberty. One of the staff of the "Dramatic News" has in his possession the original letter. So it is authentic.

Boston, Sept. ye 15th, 1682.

"To ye aged and beloved John Higginson.

"There be at sea a shippe called 'Ye Welcome,' R. Greenaway Master, which has aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penne, who is ye chief scampe, at the head of them. Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett of ye brig Propasse to waylaye sed 'Welcome' as near ye coast of Codde as may be and make captive ye said Penne and his ungodly crewe so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new countre with ye heathen worships of these people.

"Much spoyle may be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch goode prices in rumme and sugar, and shall not only do ye Lord great service in punishing the wicked, but we shall make great good for his ministers and people. Master Huxett feels hopeful and I will set down ye news when his shippe comes back. Yours in ye bowels of Christ."

"COTTON MATHER."

A Quaint Book.

LUCIA B. Griffin, of Albia, Iowa, the popular impersonator, reader and author, is responsible for a small book called "Owl Hoots." The sub-title says, "Ways to be Wise and Otherwise; Seventy-Eight Hoots for Half a Dollar."

It is very interesting and filled with center hits and catchy suggestions. Where she gives a recipe for being otherwise than wise, the lesson is clear by autithesis, to avoid the ingredients suggested. Many of the "hoots" are humorous. A new edition will soon be out. Send for one.

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Selfishness.

THE time will come when even selfishness will be charitable for its own sake, because at that time the man will have grown and developed to that degree that selfishness demands generosity and kindness and justice. The self becomes so noble that selfishness is a virtue. The lowest form of selfishness is when one is willing to be happy, or wishes to be happy, at the expense or the misery of another. The highest form of selfishness is when a man becomes so noble that he finds his happiness in making others so. This is the nobility of selfishness.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

AN ESTEEMED friend, a soldier of the Civil war, called to-day to get some books and some copies of THE LIFE to distribute. He said, "The October LIFE is the greatest yet. You and Mrs. B. are certainly inspired writers. There are thoughts expressed in this issue that are immense in their grandeur. I wish a copy of this issue could be put in every family. If this were done, it would revolutionize the world."

Each of you can help us do this. And you will I am sure.

Do It Now.

PLEASE send along those new names, two new ones and your own renewal for one year for $2.00. *Do it now.* Don't wait. It is a good thing to do, good for us, good for the new subscribers, good for you. A goodly number of our friends have already taken advantage of this liberal proposition. It is your privilege to do so now. Please let us hear from you *now.*

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Reformation and Evolution.

Continued from page 166.

is mobile and floats with the tide. If Jeremiah had been a drunkard, he need never have prayed the Lord to make his eyes a fountain of tears that he might weep night and day. For ten years Jim Green refrained from drink after he was "converted" and joined my father's church. This was fine for his family and neighbors; but Jim was not saved from the habit, for the man who in his heart still desires drink, and only withholds on account of influence, is a drunkard still. When Jim had occasion to leave home, got away from his environment and met old chums with their tears glistening and their angles melted, he fell straight. Then he returned to his faithful wife, weeping. I have never forgotten my father's look when he was told by the poor man in private and in lowliness! Father thought right away the man had been deceived as to *his conversion*. He tried to get him to praying for a second demonstration; but if he did, it didn't work! And I shouldn't wonder if some of the good brethren's minds reverted to that "fiery indignation" (Hebrews X. 26-7) that would devour those who, having received the knowledge of the truth and "willfully sinned" thereafter, were left without any more sacrifice for them, but a "certain fearful looking for of judgment!" (Once after having listened to a terrifying sermon along these lines, and the same verses had circled round in the *family worship*, I felt glad it was sister Eldora's time to read—for with her smiling eyes and celestial nose, it didn't seem half so awful.) But the teaching caused me to stand in awe of getting even the knowledge, for fear I might play checkers or dolls on Sunday, and have to be looking for that fiery indignation that would "*devour*!"

A MODERN IDEA.

Reformation is palliation, but not salvation. EVOLUTION, growth, transformation out of old desires, old habits into new and nobler, is the only salvation.

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It is a modern conception—that of man as a moral and accountable being. It is a Greco-Latin concept—born out of earnest reflection upon the Invisible Universal *Powers* in connection with inborn natural *impressions*. Reflection sets its energy on the discovery of a Perfect Social State, and engages the imagination—the most powerful of all the faculties, capable of growth through either intentional or spontaneous cultivation—which disturbs and modifies the other faculties of the soul till they enter new fields and help in the erection of nobler standards of excellence. Imagination is the most elevated of the human faculties, and may well take the dominance. Let no man suppress this power.

Reforme. Re-form means to form over again, to improve on old, old conditions. The reformer need scarce expect the reformed to desert his serpentine path and walk in the straight road another has hewn out or McAdamed or asphalted, without asking whether or not there are sun-flowers or golden rod along its dusty borders, or fruits reaching over from the dewy woods, or whether it is the route of his *own conscience* which would, if clarified, lead him into Independence.

"Reformation" may amount to no more than the exaction placed on the erring and inferior by the enforcement of new habits, which may, however, be the best that can be accomplished for the time. When barbarians go to dwell in a civilized community, and the civilized are not sufficiently enlightened to be able to subdue any element of violence through the *opposite* of violence, then the barbarianism must have enforced rules and reformers, until the time he can EVOLVE his own true nature.

When Thought, aided by imagination, breaks through tradition-trammels, it is ready to reach down

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its hands to every reformer, to those who are trying to better the world through the repression of evil—to those who would point to improved conditions, whether it be a change from bad to good, or from good to better,—to show them a more excellent way. The simple amendment of that which is defective may prove beneficial; but it can never alone lead one out of better into BEST. Individual Thought is the Pilot of a man's boat into his degree of *Best.* Imagination is its advance agent and discoverer.

RULES; HABITS.

You who are evolving your true selves, need no rules nor governing laws. Rules, golden and silver, were meant for barbarians before the period of their own true evolution. Ignorance with no standard of right in its consciousness, is incapable of *moral* conceptions, although *all people do have* an innate notion of *gods* to worship. You may know by this: It is the point of differentiation between man and the beast. There need be no more trouble concerning "the missing link," since there is none. The highest type of beast and lowest type of man are separated by this sandwich of god-idea. *Below* the sandwich stratus *there is no god-idea.*

One thing is true: people are capacitated for moral improvement through discipline, and this includes rules and laws in common. And *moral* improvement is the advancement *par excellence*, and points straight to Truth as its crown, regardless of the bloody isms and cisms that threaten to "*devour*" or win you *in their own prescribed way.* Truth never doubles up its fists at men, never gets angry at error, never countenances gods of battles, never takes revenge, never frowns. It just continues immaculate Whiteness Absolute and Universal,—the crown—not of gods, but of ETHICS.

And while moral improvement may be nothing more than reform in lives thus disciplined, there is

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the important and cheering factor in the case to remember, that *their offspring* will be born with the improved condition *natural* in their constitutions! Virtue, as strength, is a necessary qualification for more perfect states. People will one day be born right, and not have to spend most of their time here trying to get into the right position for right living and accomplishing.

GOLDEN AGE; THE MOTHER.

Then the expectant mother will be wisely acquainted with her responsibility, and the father will no longer do as the barbarian, exact abnormalities nor insist on slavery. He will judiciously take that course which has to some extent been observed among stock raisers—make all provision for the finest offspring possible. Until that time, however, it will be through the voluntary or enforced formation of such HABITS as enlightenment may suggest for the right developement into true men and women. Thus we improve the race by the formation of new and superior *habits*.

A BRICK.

This queer thing called Habit, when once it is established in any line of thought or conduct, forms a brick in the constitution of a man. He becomes sequentially, a construction of such qualities as he thus incorporates into his life, mental and physical, and nothing short of evolution—with the free action of his Reason—can renovate and make him different.

THE KINDS OF HABITS.

Bodily Habits are formed by outward acts. One's manner may be graceful or awkward, according to his habits.

Soul habits are produced by the exercise of inward principles, such as justice, kindness, veracity. While bad habits are formed by idle indulgence, habits of thought, industry, self-control are

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formed by persistent and purposeful exertion. *Repetition* developes a *tendency* to repeat an act. And the automatic repetition of a mental impression constitutes HABIT.

MOLDED IN OUR MEMORY.

You need not continue to repeat the multiplication table after it is engraved in your memory. You have it in you, as a part of your thought-substance. It is a thought-habit. At the very first repetition of a thought or act, Habit begins to form. It is strengthened at each indulgence. Knowing this, Jesus was prompt to dismiss an error-thought at its first recognition. "Get hence." With the perfect Way in his heart, he must not once permit the repetition of that which would mar his perfection.

Men who practiced calling themselves "nothing" until it became automatic in their constitutions, thereby subjected themselves to the state of nothingness, when one enthusiast in the cause grew poetic and wrote:—

"Oh, to be nothing."

And another, under the same divine frenzy, set it to music. The churches took up the refrain and repeated it until it became more than a *tendency*—it was *automatic*, and for ages a chronic ailment among them, entailable and infectious.

It was sweet to be *non est*. It was relaxing and comforting when preacher and his mortal "nothings" laid their heads together over roast pig and coffee, in mutual suspension of "prayer without ceasing" when appetite had the floor.

True help comes in leading people not only to *do* right, but to *desire* to do it, not only to set free from the habit of drink, but to *love* that freedom. Verily, says Amiel,—

"The world advances by the successive decay of gradually improved ideals." He means, by evolution.

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Some New Books.

DIVINE Science and Healing, by Malinda E. Cramer, has been issued in its second edition by Mr. C.L. Cramer, 1264 Third ave., San Francisco, Calif.

It is a clean, clear and thoro text book of Divine Science, setting forth in a practical way the application of the teaching to the healing of disease and the mastery of life's affairs as taught and practiced by the author for twenty years.

Its basic doctrine is the truth of being and law of expression and the Christ method of healing. The ground work upon which the author founded her lessons was her own experience in healing herself out of a state of wretched invalidism and the development of her wonderful powers so widely demonstrated thruout the country in her lectures and class lessons. This book is not based on theory, but on proved truth.

Twenty-three lessons, 293 pages, cloth, $1.75, postpaid. Address the publisher as above.

The Individualist is issued every Sunday in small two-leaf folders by D. B. Potter, 199 Berkeley St., Boston—began last January. It is made up of pithy New Thought paragraphs and brief editorial expressions of ideas along the line of this cult. Much of it is pointed and vitally suggestive of the higher aspirations.

50c a year—25c for six months.

We have received three pamphlets by C. V. Moline now of Portland, Oregon. He says he will not be there after Jan. 1. They are, *The Black Brotherhood*, 25c, *The Two Races and Reincarnation*, 10c, and *Labor and Capital*, 10c.

He attributes the origin of the trouble between labor and capital to a supposed proclamation that Earth is the center of the universe, by one Lucifer, and the

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resulting sensual selfishness of the race. He gives a brief history of the development of this supposed antagonism.

In "The Two Races and Reincarnation" he says that the colored races—the Negro, Mongolian and American Indian,—sprang from the animal man who was a product of the evolution of the planet, while the white race was a special creation. "The white man is Sun-centered; the colored man is Earth-centered."

The white man only is immortal. In it all Lucifer plays a most important part. He condemns Theosophy, the Catholic church and hypnotism. He says no man can be a successful hypnotist unless he has established communication with the lower power of evil. Frequent references are made to the Bible as settled authority.

The Black Brotherhood is constituted of a mystic tribe of mundane spooks for whom Lucifer is responsible. The author says it was all owing to Lucifer's rebellion and the expulsion of the earth from the sun because it was not attuned to the sun spirit. He thinks these imps have tried to destroy his little book. They sometimes render his mind a blank. "Your best friend may be one (embodied) and you not know it."

He says one may feel a black, depressing spirit hover over him as he reads. And this comes true, but I believe it is the spirit of the author. He carries the impression of obsession or lack of mental balance.

The Law of Financial Success, by Edward E. Beals, published by the Fiduciary Press, Chicago, is a paper bound book of 103 pages and sells for 10 cents.

It contains many pertinent remarks on Money, Fear and Worry, Ambition, Desire, Habit, Will Power,

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etc. But all thru the reader is impressed with a sense of superficiality and a covert aim aside from the supposed purpose of the book, until he comes to chapter 16, "Making Money," when he discovers a practical application of the teaching of the preceding chapters in an urgent plea for him to invest in the Fiduciary Mining Company's stock. It appears that this is the road to financial success, according to the author.

It may be. Deeds must follow ideas in order to bring success. But one is naturally a little suspicious when he finds a book purporting to be a metaphysical treatise winding up with a plea for investment of money in the writer's stock in trade and selling for only 10 cents a copy, 25 copies for $1.75, or 100 for $6.00. It all savors very much of an advertisement.

Wm. E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass., has issued a beautiful calendar for 1908. It is tastily bound and embellished and each page is captioned with an appropriate verse or prose selection from different writers. The front cover bears a picture of Oliver Wendell Holmes followed by his well known verse beginning,

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."

The price is 25 cents.

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— THE MAGAZINES —

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED BY THE LIFE. COMBINATION RATES.

POWER, a new monthly magazine of New Thought, edited by Chas. Edgar Prather, 730—17th ave., Denver, Colo. $1.00 per year. Samples free.

THE SPHINX is the leading Astrological journal of the world, supported by the best writers. It is entirely devoted to the Science of Astrology as taught by the Egyptians. 20 cents a copy; $2.00 a year; foreign, six shillings. Chillicothe, Mo., U. S. A.

EXPRESSION:—A journal of Mind and Thought, published monthly. 6s6d per annum net ($1.58). W. Isacke, 147 High st., Kensington, W., London, Eng.

DAS WORT.—A German magazine, devoted to Divine Healing and practical Christianity. $1 per year. H. H. Schroeder, editor and publisher, 3537 Crittenden Street, St. Louis, Mo.

UNITY.—A monthly metaphysical paper, $1 a year. Published by Unity Tract Society, 913 Tracy avenue Kansas City, Mo.

WELTMER'S MAGAZINE—New Thought and Healing. Wholesome and helpful. Monthly. $1 a year. Nevada, Mo.

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CATARRH TREATED WITH MY

NEW OX-O-NA-TER

THE ONLY NATURAL WAY

which will be sent to readers of THE LIFE on 10 days' approval. ¶ It is folly to treat Catarrh of the Head by taking drugs into the stomach. Ninety per cent. of the people are afflicted with some form of catarrh. They are living storehouses, or distributing stations disseminating germ life, that breeds diseases, from insipient catarrh to quick consumption. Air is the agency through which these germs find lodgment in the air passages. Air should be the agency through which they are destroyed and removed.



Don't Injure Your Health With Strong Drugs. Use Nature's Plan.

Eighty-five per ct. of the people, including the medical profession, hail with joy the

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It is to catarrh what Edison is to electrictity. No new discovery has attracted more attention in the scientific world for beauty, simplicity and convenience. Carry one in your vest pocket ten days; occasionally use it and see your catarrh vanish.

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¶ Just send me your name and address, naming THE LIFE. I want you to try OX-O-NA-TER 10 days, free, at my expense. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Don't think of missing it. Address to-day.

E. J. WORST

210 MAIN STREET, ASHLAND, OHIO

The LIFE

ASTOR, LENOX, TILDEN FOUNDATI

DECEMBER, 1907

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
A. P. AND C. J. BARTON
.. KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI ..

Vol. xii. No. v.

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A. P. Barton—C. Josephine Barton, Editors and Publishers. Ralph Barton Staff Artist. Office 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second class mail matter

BIRTHS

TAKEN in connection with the circumstances attending the occassion when it was uttered, the proclamation made by Jesus before the tomb of Lazarus is the most sublime utterance ever made by man or god. A beloved friend had died and the body had been laid away in a cave whose door was closed by a large stone. Two sisters stood weeping without with other friends who felt the bereavement in sympathy with them. The meek and lowly prophet, unique and strange in his life and deeds and words, came to them at their behest. He wept with them, not in sympathy with their grief, but because he realized the great possibilities of life and victory over death which they lacked so many degrees of reaching yet. He saw thru them the world of dying people groveling in the darkness, not yet ready to see the light of truth as he saw it, and he knew that many generations would pass in the shadow before they would be ready for that light which he saw so clearly. This is why he wept.

Then a great inspiration possessed him and rendered him brave to say what no man had ever dared to

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say before:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth into me, tho he die, yet shall live, and living and believing into me, he shall never die.

Notice the significance of the word "into." The Greek word *en* (in or on) is not here used, but *eis* (into.) It conveys the thought of entering into a state of oneness with the Christ spirit, the ego enunciated at the first, instead of the mere first person form of the verb, *eimi*, as commonly used with the pronoun understood.

Resurrection is resuscitation or restoration from the form and appearance of death. The statement is not, I wi l restore, but I, the ego in me and in you, *am* the restoration itself and the endless life.

Here is the interpretation: The Christ spirit in man is the life which overcomes the belief ot death; he who realizes this life may not die. But if the appearance of death yet manifests itself, it will not continue, for life is unending. Know this truth and abide in it, and then there will be no more seeming of death.

To be born is to enter upon a stage of life. To die is to finish and depart from that stage, to enter upon the next stage. So dying from one stage is birth into another, if life be continuous.

In his conversation with Nicodemus, Jesus mentions two births. The one he calls of and by the flesh, the other from above, *anothen*. The first comes to an end when its purpose is completed; the other never ends, since it is of the spirit which never dies. The one is entrance upon a stage of unfoldment; the other is awakening to a realization of the truth of eternal being. Other stages will be past thru after this one; but the life continues on and on thru them all. Here in this Earth life is where man begins his individual being. If he fails in this stage to awaken to the truth of eternal being, he may have to come back and take

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his lessons over again. Jesus said that such a failure would prevent one from entering into or seeing the Kingdom of God, the dominion of everlasting life where the good only is known to rule.

This is the first stage of individual or personal existence, and, in order to enter upon the next adequately equipped for continued progress, we must be born into it before this one is over, must give that life of the Spirit control of the personal faculties and live it outwardly. If this is done, the completing of this grade of our school will not appear as death, but advancement, transition from a lower to a higher plane. The change will appear as a resurrection from among the dead—not from death; for if death were real, there could be no resurrection from it. The dead are those who have not yet realized the second birth. They are dead only in their beliefs or mental admission of self-limitation.

It is to be noticed that in all places where our New Testament speaks of rising "from the dead," as it has been translated, the Greek form *ek nekroon* appears. *Ek* means out of or from among, and *nekroon* means dead ones. Hence the common idea that Jesus was dead and came back to life again is erroneous. He arose from among dead things, to a plane above the old beliefs and forms of death. So Lazarus arose; he was not dead, but under the delusive sleep of the race beliefs. Jesus awoke him out of that sleep. You remember that when he announced his purpose of going to him, he said to his disciples, "Our friend Lazarus has fallen asleep." Jesus never recognized death as a reality at all. He always denied it. When he came to the house of the ruler whose daughter they said had died, he said, "She is not dead, but only sleepeth." The personality had yielded to the race delusion and fallen asleep. When the Master stood over the sleeping form

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and said, "Talitha, cumi," he did not address the body, but commanded the living girl to awake and again assume control of the body. He did not restore her to life from death, but aroused her from the spell which the race delusions of mortality had put upon her. If there were in reality any such thing as life becoming extinct, there could be no resuscitation of that which should become subject to it. Death could not be made life nor life death, supposing death to be a reality. The ignorant supposition that any real thing can be destroyed has been utterly discarded by all scientists and philosophers. States of being may change, and modes of manifestation; but being can never become non-being. Annihilation of anything would leave a vacuum, and it has been fully demonstrated that an absolute vacuum is impossible.

Every change involves two processes: the cessation of the old form and the inception of the new. The one has been denominated death, the other birth. But the life which inheres in both forms and causes the change, continues to be. It never can die, never becomes non-life.

And all change, being made by life movement, is therefore made in the interest of life, at its behest, for its better manifesting. Whenever one form becomes unfit or inadequate for its unfolding purposes, it seeks another. Thus death and birth in form or modes of manifestation are incessant in succession. The one is only preparation for the other; the one but answers the call of the other.

The cells of the infant's body are gathered together from already existing material by the requirements of the new conception and individuation of universal life. This is the first birth of personal being. Then every change that follows to meet the demands of unfoldment of power in the soul is a new birth. Thus a

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new soul power may be born every day, a new birth from above.

If the form used for embodiment fail to keep up with the successive demands of this evolution in life, it becomes useless and is dropped to give place for another.

In the ordinary course of human life the material embodiment following the first birth has been condemned to pass away, to be thrown aside as an old garment that is outgrown or worn out. In the case of death in youth it is outgrown; in that of old age it is worn out.

Is this necessary? Is it in accord with the normal course of nature? We are beginning to suspect that it is not. When we reason from observed facts that nothing really grows old, neither the atomic base of matter nor the spirit which animates it, that all being is one in essence, we are forced to the conclusion that the ordinary process o. passing away is a mistake, a result of the ignorant habit of condemnation of the body as a separate substance and inferior to mind, as a temporal, ephemoral thing bound by fixed limitations.

We are beginning to change this habit of thought, and slowly the results are beginning to appear in the gradual lengthening of the "mortal span" of human life. The average length of bodily existence has been perceptably extended and it is now a common occurrence for people to pass the century mile stone along the way.

This results from the modern trend of thought unifying mind, soul and body as being all of one substance, and the denial of death as the end of life. All change is actuated by evolving life and every step taken is a birth, all along the way. Knowing this truth and holding it firmly in thought will ultimately enable mankind to keep this personal embodiment at

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will, to use it and turn it and change it to conform with each step taken in progress.

We now know that we are not passing from life to death and that time is eternity perceived by artificial mensuration. We know we are only passing stages along the course of unfolding life, to continue forever and forever.

I used to hear a venerable preacher sing a long metre song which expresses the old thought sadly:

"Time speeds away, away, away,
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year
Drop from us like the leaflet sere,
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts,
The rose-bloom from our cheek departs,
The tresses from our temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

"Time speeds away, away, away;
No eagle thru the skies of day,
No winds along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed from stage to stage
He bears us on from youth to age
And plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity."

This thought made me very sad until I learned that time and eternity are one and the change from youth to age is not the work of time, but of mortal thought habits and subservience to the race mistake about death.

The doctors claim that the lengthening of human life has been caused by improvement in medicines and the observance of sanitary laws. This is in part true, but the improvement in medicine has not been so much in the quality of the drugs used as in the quantity taken. People are swallowing less of it, and that which they do use is less severe: it kills fewer people than did the old kind. As the doctors and the people learn more and more about nature they realize more fully that the healing power is there and not in chemical poisons. The healing efficacy of nature is invoked for

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action in the body by thought force, and not by foreign substances poured into the circulation by measured doses.

The complete vanquishing of death among men may not be attained in this age, but it is sure to come. It is ours to hold firmly to the life concept in all ways and at all times, so that the next generation will come upon the stage of action under better auspices than we had to contend with.

Paul had some mystic visions of the coming day of endless life and said some most significant things about it. Here are some of his declarations: (Diaglott translation.)

"Since, then, the children have one common nature of blood and flesh, he (the Christ) also, in like manner, partook of these, in order that, by means of his death, he might vanquish him (or that) possessing the power of death—that is, the enemy—and might liberate those who, by fear of death, were thruout their whole lifetime held in slavery."—Heb. 2:14, 15.

"If you died with Christ from the elements of the world, why, as living in the world, do you subject yourselves to ordinances?"—Col. 2:20.

"As Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so also we should walk in a new life."—Rom. 6:4.

"Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body ....but present yourselves to God, as alive from the dead."—Rom. 6:13.

"The wages of sin (short coming) is death; but the gracious gift of God is aionian (spiritual) life."—Rom. 6:23.

"Who will rescue me from this body of death? Thanks to God, by means of Jesus Christ, our Lord."—Rom. 7:24, 25.

Since in youth the supply for the body is equal to

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the demand, why may it not continue so indefinitely? It has not been so for three or four reasons only, and no one has ever been able to find any other reason:

1. We have expected decadence to begin at a certain age—it has been the custom in the past.

2. We lose hope and joy in the cares of business and thus allow the reservoirs of vitality to run dry.

3. We begin to look backward and lose interest in the present and prospective things.

4. We cease to exercise the mind in learning new things, for we conclude that the brief future of life will not justify it.

But all of these can be overcome and a new order substituted in their place, under the power of the will. As the new births progress we can make each one fill the place vacated for it by the putting away of the old and used.

A great philosopher has said, "There is no known reason why (in the body) the repair should not always be equal to the waste."

Let us not call it repair and waste; that savors of the old death idea. A worn out part of machinery is not wasted, but used as long as it was useful and then put aside for the new piece. Let us change the statement to read, There is no known reason why the new cells should not fully supply the place of the used and outgrown ones. "If this were so," continues the philosopher, "man would retain his body in efinitely."

May we not see to it that the causes of decay are removed? I believe we can do it. Let us all set to work and do what we can toward that end, at least, even tho we do not fully succeed. Our children will be better prepared thereby for the conquest, at all events. This stage of life is the only stage we really know anything about; so let us make the most and best of it we may.

"See! the night wears away, and cheerful morn,
All sweet and fresh, spreads from the rosy east;
Fair nature seems revived, and even my heart
Sits light and jocund at the day's return."

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Meditations

By Haxton

THE inequalities in human affairs have not abated. The moralist has pointed a discriminating finger at them, the political economist has explained them and laid bare their causes, the socialist has hurled his sharpest invectives against them, the religionist has tried to soothe the wronged multitude by pointing to a future reward; and still the spirit of commercialism has crept into every institution known to progressive civilization, and quietly, but most effectively, controls the world's energies and finally determines the issues of its struggles. The perfect adjustment of work and wages, of merit and reward is to-day only a dream of the idealist. In the spirit world, there is a relentless, inevitable, ever persistent tendency to self adjustment. The intermeddling of foreign forces is impossible. For this reason injustice is impossible. Here Pope's famous line, "Whatever is, is right," has its application.

* * *

Can we reasonably expect that there is yet to come an era of perfect adjustment in human affairs? Of course, many of us look forward to such a time, and some may indulge the pleasing thought that it is not far distant. But the difficulties that stand in the way of the realization of such a condition are stupendous. In the first place, while the moral laws as now understood by the world's best intellect, are perfect and accurate in their operation, they do not apply to commercial values. Morality and commercialism are based upon considerations which are radically and fundamentally different. The moral law reaches over into the commercial world and says, "Thou shalt not steal,"

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and this primary application of morality to commercial affairs seems very easy and plain. The fundamental principle underlying this cardinal and universal prohibition seems to involve the idea that every individual should in some way render just compensation for what he receives at the hands of others.

* * *

Now this matter of getting things from others has, in our complex civilization, grown into a momentous affair. It is almost impossible, under present conditions, for human life to subsist without the interchange of commodities. In this interchange of values the application of the moral law is exceedingly difficult, if not altogether impossible. Commercial values are not fixed by any moral standard. This is just as true in regard to a day's work as it is in regard to a pound of meat or an ounce of gold. The commercial value of any commodity is just what you can get for it. This is not determined by utility alone. Iron is more useful than gold, but has not as great commercial value by many degrees. Often there is nothing more tangible than a mere whim that attaches a fictitious value to a commodity. A garment made in the latest style may outrank in commercial value, one of superior quality but out of style. A mere vice may give commercial value to articles which would, if rated intrinsically, be classed as trash. In support of this proposition, witness the prices paid by the smoker, chewer, and drinker for their favorite wares.

* * *

Altogether, it seems utterly impossible to adjust commercial values on any basis of morality. Men barter, buy and sell and are trained continually under the universal rule of commercial values that any commodity is worth what it will bring on the market. He that sells fixes his price at all he can get. He that

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buys pays no more than he is bound to pay. A bushel of wheat is intrinsically worth vastly more than it costs on the market. A diamond has a commercial value vastly higher than its intrinsic value. Commercial values are whimsical, rising and falling according to the whim or caprice of a fickle populace. The labor of honest brains and skilled hands is thrown into this fickle mart of changing values, and human life is cheapened by its mere plenitude. Common labor is poorly paid because a multitude are ready to take it up. If skilled hands were as plentiful, skilled labor would be as cheap. If we were all singers and musicians, no tenor could reap a fortune in one season's engagement.

***

Now there is a tendency toward self-adjustment in commercial values which, if allowed to have full scope, would eventually level the inequalities that have hitherto ground to degradation a large portion of the human race. If any product fails to bring a price on the market which will cempensate the producers of it, many will immediately stop its production, and turn their attention to something else. By this means this article will become scarce and the price will advance. But when we look for the operation of this law in the regulation of the price paid for the service one individual renders for another, we are confronted with conditions that are beyond the power of human invention to successfully meet. If common labor is too cheap, to turn the multitude of unskilled hands into other fields is practically impossible. To allow the surplus numbers to dwindle away and die of want would be a moral abomination, and yet to feed them without pay would blight their manhood, and aggravate the inequality. Again, if any department of skill becomes over crowded by reason of a whimsical decline of the popular demands upon that

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department, these skilled hands have spent years in preparation and cannot enter any other field with any hope of successful competition. Common labor is the only outlet, and this is misery to skilled hands. Altogether it seems clear that human service cannot be thrown upon the market as a commodity without entailing thereby the height and depth of human misery. But to take it out of the marts of traffic will require a reorganization of our social system which has not yet been even suggested!

For The Children

COASTING.

BY D. LOUIS BODGE.

"HURRAH!" cried Ned, "Bring out your sled,
The sun is brightly showing;
Up Allen's hill, with right good will,
The boys and girls are going.
Come Harry; Jack; let none stay back
This crisp, delightful weather;
No school to-day and we all may
Have royal sport together."

Then at his shout come pouring out
His young companions hearty,
Schoolgirls and boys, with merry noise
A jolly, laughing party.
What shouts they raise, in youthful ways
Their joyous spirits showing,
As panting fast they reach at last
The long, steep hillside glowing.

Upon the brow in long line now
They wait the word of starting,
Then from the crown speed rushing down

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Swift as an eagle darting!
An arrowy trip, where some outstrip
In speed the sleds competing,
Whose owners gay but laugh away
As if their own were beating.

Now up and back the smooth, white track,
They reach the hilltop, glowing
With merry cheers, and tingling ears,
Their cheeks the roses showing;
A moment's rest for harmless jest
And then, the signal heeding,
With laughter gay, off and away!
Once more the sleds are speeding.

Mishaps may come, at times, when some
Amid their comrades' cheering
Roll in the snow from overthrow,
Like statues white appearing!
But not depressed they take each jest
As kindly as intended,
Since those elate may meet their fate
Before the sport is ended.

WHAT WINTER BRINGS.

He brings the long, long dreary nights,
And shortens daylight hours:
Wild storms of rain and hail and mist,
And snow in fleecy showers.
And yet, how many joys he brings—
New tales we read with glee;
And, first and best of all his gifts,
The far-famed Christmas-tree.

He brings us in and outdoor sports—
Golf, skating, sliding, too,
While in the house we chase poor puss,
And hunt the hidden shoe.

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Snow man he brings and blind man's buff,
And magic lantern bright;
Then call the old man kindly in,
We'll welcome him to-night.

AT THE KITTENS' BALL.

Twenty kittens, at a ball,
Danced with twinkling feet,
To and fro, and up and down,
To the music sweet.

Some in satin, some in silk,
Some in filmy lace;
Patter, patter, on the floor,
Every step kept pace.

Such a splendid quadrille band—
Two crickets and a frog—
Polkas played and whirling waltzes,
Perched upon a log.

To and fro, and in and out,
All was fun and light.
In peeped Rover at the door,
Just to see the sight.

Every little kitten screamed,
Every kitten ran;
Some lost slippers, some a sash,
Others lost a fan.

As the frightened revelers fled,
Rover barked with glee.
"Silly kittens, thus to run.
Why, 'tis only me!"

The following recipes are copied from Lucia B. Griffin's "Owl Hoots."

HOW TO MAKE MOTHER HAPPY.

Take large measures of love and kindly consider-

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ation in equal parts—affection to taste. Add double portions of doing things to please her and praising her often; stir constantly with a strong determination to see that she gets the best always that life affords in all pleasures which she enjoys and creature comforts.

This may be successfully used during all seasons, and by changing proportions, will make father happy too.

RECIPE FOR A DAY.

Take a little dash of water cold and a little leaven of prayer, and a little bit of sunshine gold, dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment and a thought for kith and kin; and then as your prime ingredient, a plenty of work thrown in.

Now spice it all with the essence of love and a little whiff of play; let a wise old book and a glance above complete the well-made day.

Now, children, old and young, I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. As Robert Burdette says, "Keep sweet and keep movin'" and you will always be happy.

Do You Need Help?

WE GIVE treatments successfully both presently and absently. Full instructions are given those whom we treat for self help and co-operation with us. Regular times are set for treatments each day and regularly observed by us. Our success in all sorts of troubles has been phenomenal. Write us all about it and get relief. You are sure to do so if you follow instructions.

Now is the Time

TO SECURE new subscribers. Remember, all new ones get our great Christmas number free, if they come in before Jan. 1. *$2.00 will pay for two new subscribers and renew your subscription for one year.* Do not delay about this. DO IT NOW.

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Christmas.

THE word Christmas is made of the two words Christ and mass. Mass is derived from the Latin *mittere, missum*, to send, dismiss.

The ancient churches used the Latin, *Ite, missa est* as words of dismissal. After this came the Eucharist service, the bread and wine. Then were repeated the same words, which mean, "go, it is dismissed." So the word "mass" came to be the name applied to this observance, commemorative of the last supper.

The word is akin to "mess" from the Greek *madza*, a loaf of bread. The Catholic Church has a mass for the different saints and one for Christ, the Christ-mass.

The celebration of this time of the year, Dec. 25, as a day of rejoicing, feasting and almsgiving began long before it became a church observance. It was inaugurated as a thanksgiving day for the return of the sun after the winter solstice. After Dec. 22 the days begin to lengthen in the northern hemisphere and the promise of Spring so appears. Hence the celebration of the 25th.

We have no evidence to support the notion that Jesus was born on the 25th of December. It is more than probable that he was not. The deduction of the best authorities is summed up in these words, "The nativity took place sometime before the month of April, in the year of Rome 750."

So we are not really celebrating the birthday of Jesus on that day. But the spirit of love and good will prevails at this season and that is good for the world. The motto of this season is a grand one, the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, good will among men, in whom he is well pleased."

Show this copy of THE LIFE to your friends.

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At the Cross-Roads of Mind and Matter

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

AS ONE drop of water launching over the green verge of Niagara halts not till they all precipitate, so it is kindly certain that from the minute you discover your natural freedom, all the events of every-day will marshal themselves to promote your independence.

Two thousand years has been estimated as the length of time required by Nature to mature a Prophet —a freeman, one born without the human tethers tangled about his neck. But can you not see how the one who is thus human encorded yet who through tribulation and SELF discipline *unwinds* the tethers and arrives at the Heights of that Self, into Seership, is better informed as to the *Method*, than the one who, without temptation or wrestle has experienced no Self-proven Victory.

QUESTION. Seventeen sweet souls have asked why Helen Wilmans was promoted to another school while Mary Eddy continues in this. Of course these friends only seek my views. It seems clear in looking at the matter upon the outside, that it is largely because Mary Eddy *would retire* from practice in spite of the people, when she believed it was best for her to do so, while Helen Wilmans, in defiance of the law of waste and repair of physical tissue, continued in harness because her friends and patrons insisted.

It is not for me to speak of the motives in either heart, nor of the outside influences that might have been exerted. But it may be interesting, and of some

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use to trace the results of labor without intervals of rest and recuperation, among the world's hosts of earnest workers.

TISSUE WASTE AND REPAIR.

While physical organisms are ever changing, and nature is as continually repairing waste particles, there is a marked difference in the degree of change in the blossoming pansy and animal tissue. On account of the small amount of exercise in the infinitesimal animal, the quantity of carbon given off is not much above that of growing plants, and is much less than that of larger animals. Where waste is thus almost imperceptible, little repair is requisite. The larger beasts such as the bear, who hibernates during the winter, stores his carbon independent of repair, until the time when his torpor is ending when he again assumes an active life and gives off a large amount of carbon or effete tissue, showing that waste was to a considerable extent going on all the time, or was accumulating ready for expulsion when active life should be resumed by him. It would seem that the repair which should have been going on also, could not obtain, or did not, but was only in reserve for the time of subsequent active life. This would mean that torpidity is a state of rest in which neither waste nor repair are in evident process.

LANGUOR THE SIGN OF WASTE.

Though there is the greatest call for simultaneous recuperation when motion is most strenuous, repair is most rapid when exercise is most reduced. Timely stillness with relaxation is the antidote then for overworked muscles. And for both overworked muscles and *nerves*, stillness and silence for atime are requsite. When the body has been overworked, including the brain, languor results *unless one knows the secret of perpetual recuperation.*

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The most complete natural return of vigor is experienced on waking from healthful slumber. When long-continued labor—protracted beyond the limits human judgment has set—is protracted after the worker is convinced he is overdoing, and the upbuilding falls below the disintegration, there results a condition of general lassitude. If this suggestion of nature is then heeded, and time is observed for rest, nature may still find opportunity to restore functional order and harmony.

SPECIAL REPAIR.

Now we may speak of that Special Repair which is to be obtained by a wisely superior mental attitude to start with—that of being already in dominion over fractional parts—and which is unknown and disbelieved and smiled at by those who have never yet licked up a bit of the salt of Real Substance in all their thoughts and practices.

It is animal tissue (which changes constantly) that the world is looking at and asking about—that which they can cognize by the material senses—while the secret lying in the fact that organs composed of even "specialized units" have not *themselves* the capacity to resume their structural trueness after they have undergone waste by exercise, but are favored by being acted upon by invisible and all-knowing mind.

When the crystal reproduces its lost apex, after it is returned into the solution in which it was first formed, it is because the human Ego understands its secret of polarity, and voluntarily, or involuntarily (if the Ego has formed a *habit* of such action) sets causes in motion that will result in psychic polarities as powerful and as self-integrating or upbuilding. Everything is first in mind before it *can* appear in matter. "Have dominion" is a powerful commandment, and should be heeded by those who believe in such things first of all,

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as it was the very first one.

S. Elliott, who is now our guest from the Great West, has been telling us about some of the little inhabitants of The Pacific, how, when captured and placed on the ground several yards away from a few drops of water, will be influenced by it, and though their eyes are so small one can only guess where they are located, they see, or sense, or feel, or are drawn, or *pushed* by invisible threads to the aqueous spot, which they manage to reach and joyously scramble into, like a hungry baby into its mother's arms. But we must not forget that out of the very hypothetical property of polarity we must look even above the specific polarity which in itself already prevents in this the unlikeness of the various organisms.

If one does not understand the law of possible instantaneous recuperation—a rare comprehension, for there have been comparatively few that have proven this method possible or practical, for even ONE WAY. Jesus did not seem to live out half his days, and Buddha's average was below the mark—then the thing to do materially, is to hibernate occasionally. Go back in your shell. In other words, hold the mischief-making soul *still* while the atoms obey the true mind and "gravitate" lawfully and under happy cosmical conditions, back into place and harmony. Material ideas like material things must fall to pieces. One is as powerful as his true idea.

It does seem that in this world, with our love of the trees and the sun-flowers and the dirt and the stars, it is good to fold our hands and swing off into Nature's Arms, whenever we feel that innocent tissue has been imposed upon to an un-recuperative extent. It is certainly pleasant to get close to Nature. And those who would do good, may find their capacities en-

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larging rather than diminishing, when they let go of effort long enough to take a spin along An-hour Boulevard, in Nature's (Self-moving) Automobile, while they rest and idly watch through Three-year-old eyes, the clouds, the drifts of sailing air called birds, and dream, and dream.

Then work s a del ght. While therapeutics concerns the body, it is indirectly through the soul always, that healing is accomplished; and co-operation with the laws of nature is the fulfilling of the law of mind, wherein recuperation may be instilled without loss of time or waste of tissue.

ANOTHER QUESTION.

Now here comes Synthia Bonham with a question about vaccination. *Vaccination is the sin against the holy ghost.* Ghost here means spirit. Holy means *all*, all the powers in the universe. Man is the *likeness* of the Holy Ghost, excepting when he takes bovine poison into his veins, and patches the Whole with fractional substance, which only makes the rent worse! The virus of beasts once introduced into the blood, like scarlet fever poison, affects the composition of the entire system. And when the blood seems to have returned to its normal condition, it has not; it has only become one with the blood, so that it can no longer "take" the disease because it already has it. When a man mixes with the fractional and lower things sufficiently to become one with the clod, he is then immune from "taking" any disease. But this is not the desirable nor true way.

You do not want to make a mistake at the crossroads of mind and matter, for mind differently unites with the unit and the fraction. Mind is at-one with man, while the beasts and other fragmentary parts, are *at-fraction, in part* only, with mind. What Mind *dis*joins, let no one put together. Organisms composed

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thus of specialized atoms are incapable of resuming their structural integrity after the change of their quality in such a manner. Be firm against vaccination.

When doctors raid the schools to inoculate the children with beast-blood, let nothing prevent you from defending your young. You can prevent it. I did. But the frenzied doctors did go around one whole session to spodge the little ones, and hold the thought of throat-trouble and such things before their impressible imaginations. All the Scientists had to treat against the evil suggestions. Vaccination is the chief source of scrofula, throat trouble, catarrhs, etc. The Divine Unit does not accept bovine poison graciously. Keep Divine. Keep Human. *Keep Individual.*

HEALING THOUGHTS.

In reply to what you say regarding Healing Thoughts lessons in THE LIFE, I am now preparing another edition of *this book*, as the last copy but one is sold, of the present edition. The first thousand sold in a little less than three months. The next edition will be more practical, larger, more lucid and desirable. And while getting it ready, I wish to give it *special* healing-thought attention, and at the same time grant you a vacation, in a variety of practical ideas on different themes. I am convinced, from the kind letters we are receiving, that the mutual benefit will be enhanced many fold.

AN OFFER.

Several friends have already sent in their names for this new book as soon as it is out. Those who send now will receive a copy of either *The Mother of the Living*, or *An Interlude*, paper covers, according to their choice. I have already quite a list of names.

HEALING THOUGHTS.

FIRST THOUGHT.

I refuse false inheritance. I refuse evil beliefs, superstitions. I refuse to submit to weaknesses, sins and

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temptations. I refuse to be anything but my own true self. I am the expression of Wisdom and Power. The Great Eternal Mind is my only Parent. Divine Principle is my only Cause and Source. *The health of the Whole Spirit reigns in me.*

SECOND THOUGHT. I refuse deception. The race cannot thwart Divine Purpose in me. I am not clouded by personal or sensuous beliefs. I am not deceived by subtlety and error. I refuse to be deceived by unrealities. I am awake to the truths of Being. I have a high and spiritual idea of existence. Every imperfection now yields to spiritual understanding, and *I am free, wise, confident.*

THIRD THOUGHT. I have not inherited the consequences of sin. Disease is a changeable delusion. I am not sinful. I refuse the negative of good. I refuse the appearance of evil. I overcome, and receive blessings without number. I make the thought of evil a servant to good, a stepping-stone to higher life. In the work of overcoming, my strength is renewed, my understanding brightened. I am filled now with confidence. I am faithful to truth and *true to the right.*

FOURTH THOUGHT. I am not afraid. I have nothing to fear. In this universe of Life, Truth, Love, Wisdom, I am consciously Protected. I am not afraid of people, principles, fate or destiny. Threats and storms have no power to frighten me. I disown inherited fear. I inhale the spirit of truth and rightness and thus have no evil to eradicate. Truth shines and shadows are no more. *I am fearless, bold, spiritual, free.*

FIFTH THOUGHT. I am sincere. My heart loves the true and pure. I refuse false beliefs. I am immune from dark doubts, false thoughts, unloyal longings. I know that Universal Completeness is reflected in me. I am inspired by the sweet Truth of Being. I love the right,

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the beautiful, the proper. I am optimistic. I seek Truth's expressi n in myself. I live in the delightful Atmosphere of Truth. *I grow in grace and knowledge.*

SIXTH THOUGHT. My mind is not clouded. I have clear understanding to rightly evolve my involved destiny. I am preserved by the Absolute, and can make no mistake. In my Ego-self, I am the Annointed. My Christ guides me in Light, sustains me in Hope, upholds me in fruitful promise. I am not embarrassed. *My Way is clear, luminous, delectible, happifying.*

SEVENTH THOUGHT. I love peace. I love peace-making. I am guided by Infinite Peace. I give peace to the world, like a river to dry land. I love the world. I send forth my Word equipped with the cargo of peace and happiness. I speak *the word* only, for universal bounty, health, peace. The Whole Spirit universal is my Health, Happiness, Abundance, Peacefulness. I am free, wise, spiritual, immortal. I am efficient, valiant, judicious, earnest, powerful. I am the Invisible Powers Individualized. *I am here in this world to live up to the standard of the Perfect Self more and more, unto Its Perfect Fulfillment.*

The Life

IOR January, 1908, will present some novel features. Our artist has a unique design for the cover and a new department is to be added, "Planetary and Stellar Aspects." The leading article will be on "Thought Power," presenting many new and helpful deductions, with striking examples of facts never before given to the public.

Fortitude in the hours of trial when everything seems to be against us, is the secret of victory. It means soul supremacy, a power that no outer condition can subdue.

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IN FRONT OF THE RESIDENCE OF
THE LIFE EDITORS

Grit.

IN THE Chicago Tribune of Nov. 10 Dr. Madison C. Peters had an article on this subject. Following are some extracts and examples gleaned therefrom:—

Irresistable determination, looking for future triumph through present trial, has always begotten confidence and commanded success. Cæsar would not have crossed the Rubicon nor Washington the Delaware had they not fixed their stern gaze on objects far beyond the perils at their feet.

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Most of the failures in life are due to want of grit or nerve. A yielding disposition, or, in other words, no backbone to map out a course and pursue it steadily, unswervingly to the end, leaves many a one behind in the life race. You know how the boy said he learned to skate—by getting up every time he fell down and trying again.

Men who have been always successful have often been defeated, but they turned each defeat into a stepping stone to further progress.

President Lincoln said of General Grant:

"The greatest thing about him is his cool persistence of purpose; he has the grip of a bulldog; when once he gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him."

William Lloyd Garrison, the great emancipator, said, after he had been imprisoned for his anti-slavery agitation:

"I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

Patrick Henry had clear grit when, in the Virginia house of burgesses, amid cries of "Treason!" he stood up and said: "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Henry M. Stanley, speaking of his success in Africa against tremendous odds, says:

"No matter how near death I might be, even if I were in the hands of the executioner and surrounded by guards, I should never yield without one last desperate struggle. I should be overpowered, but what of that? I had died fighting."

Edmund Burke said, "Never despair, but if you do, work on in despair." Every successful man is the story of an iron will and invincible determination.

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Franklin dined on a small loaf in a printing office, with a book in his hand.

Locke lived on bread and water in a Dutch garret. It was this same indomitable spirit that sustained Lincoln and Garfield on their hard journey from the log cabin and the tow-path to the splendors of the White House.

Prescott was blind, but he put grit in p'ace of eyesight into his work and became one of our greatest historians. In our own time a remarkable instance of what grit can do, even when handicapped by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, is presented in the case of the deaf, dumb and blind girl, He'en Keller.

Miss Keller has conquered all, and despite her defects has demonstrated that she is able to take her place in almost any line with her more fortunate compeers. In her blindness she sees the beauty of the universe, in her deafness she hears the music of the spheres through the ears of a contented mind, and with her deft fingers she voices the emotions of her being and the happy thoughts that are hers. So far from bemoaning her fate, she would not exchange places with queens.

Another great specimen of grit and determined manhood was manifested in the statesman Jew, Benjamin Disræli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield. Scoffed at in the house of commons on account of his race, he hurled forth:

"The t'me will come when you will hear me," and so it did.

With such qualities as that you cannot keep a man down; he will make stepping stones of stumbling blocks and cross the river of opposition to the bank of success.

Louisa M. Alcott fought poverty for twenty years, fighting it with splitting headaches, weary limbs, and

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aching heart, but she made over $200,000 with her pen and cleared all the family debts, even those outlawed. Her grit alone sustained her against ill-health.

The story of successful men and women who sprang from a humble origin and had no opportunity, save that which they made for themselves, should put to shame the grumblers who complain of hard fortune and tell you that they have no chance.

Everybody has a chance, for everybody can make his or her own chance. Don't fly off the track, keep steadily on, and you will reach the goal.

But one says, "Suppose I was born with a limber backbone and naturally lack grit; can I change this inherited state?"

Yes: I believe you can. Take the advice of Edmund Burke: "Never despair; but, if you do, work on in despair." This working on in despair is a great strength evolver. Try it. Soon you will cease to despair and develop grit It is good to go and do that which you are afraid to do, if a right thing. Do it if for no other reason than that you are afraid to do it. This is a wonderful unfolder of courage.

The shining examples cited are of great men, those who have made history. Not all may expect to achieve notoriety. That is not what you are after, anyway. Success in your own humble sphere means much to you and yours, tho the world may never hear of it. There are more heroes in cottage and cabin than adorn the halls of fame.

Untruths must have ornament to attract as well as to conceal; wild gestures to impress people, loud words to force the ear; while Truth illumines the consciousness so that it sees and knows without being thundered at, without gesture to attract and without clothing to hide, or to attract the people.—C. J. B.

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Some New Books.

Boy Lover is a new book by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, published by the Stockham Pub. Co., 70 Dearborn St., Chicago. 96 pages, bound in stiff egg orange paper; price 25 cents.

The topics presented are, Boy Lover, Girl Lover, Recreation, Courtesy and The Awakening.

It pictures the romance of young love and youthful ideals. It furnishes a reliable guide for the budding powers of love and generation, leading young people in the ways of cleanness and wisdom so as to avoid the errors of ignorance and license. The author says, "Every page breathes hope and courage. Parents will rejoice that they can give so helpful a work to their sons and daughters to direct the most critical period of their life."

The book is a primer preparatory to the author's larger work, *The Lover's World*. The lessons and suggestions are clothed in Dr. Stockham's well-known, clear, forceful, common sense, fearless style and is worthy of perusal by all, old and young, boys and girls of all ages.

The Portland School of Astrology, I. Hurley Fletcher, Mgr., 608 Fourth St., Portland, Oregon, has issued its *Planetary Daily Guide* for 1908. "All the favorable and unfavorable dates thruout the year are carefully and completely calculated according to the science of astrology, with directions ready for the immediate use of busy people, as a help toward success in business and social and personal affairs."

This is the third annual edition of this work and we cordially recommend it to those who believe in astrology as a science. Mrs. Barton is a believer, and, I think, a member in full communion. So I may extend the right hand of fellowship as a sort of brother-in-law.

Price, 50 cents.

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Brother Charles Louis Brewer has had published by the To-Morrow Pub. Co., Chicago, another book of his "Dawn Thought Series," *Stepping Stones to Heaven.* He gives it in three lectures, The Gospel of To-day, (Continued from Yesterday,) Ignorance—The Negation of Bliss, (Chronic, but Curable,) and The Sex Question, (Received and Contents Noted.)

The subjects treated are vital and the manner of treatment drastic and poignant. The author has interspersed his plain facts and rational theories with many poetic quotations. He uses Walt Whitman's "Passing stranger! You do not know how longingly I look upon you. You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking," etc.

The first lecture is a searching, scathing review of a book whose author Mr. Brewer classes as a tiger from the jungles, "not a pretty toy tiger, such as still may be found in the mountains of Bengal, but a genuine old saber-toothed tiger of the Pliocene age."

In the second lecture the author handles without gloves the follies of dress, manners, doings and apings of people in general. He finds stupidity a rather epidemic disease and offers a remedial draught and a preventive innoculation. He says that Cosmic Consciousness is "the goal of all intellectual effort, the beginning of true wisdom, the sure foundation of knowledge on which to set up the kingdom that shall never be destroyed."

In the third lecture Mr. Brewer (a bachelor) tells us all about the sex question. But he is decent and reasonable about it and offers many wholesome suggestions. He favors affinity marriages, but does not oppose lawful decency and restraint upon passion. He says the tongue and sex organs are the two unruly members that must be put under control.

Bro. Brewer is original and fearless and his aim is

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to do good.

The price of the book is, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Norris C. Sprigg, L. L. D., author of "Chimes of the West," has issued thru The Balance Pub. Co., Denver, a magnificent volume of short poems called *Sprigs of Poetry*. They are all his own and all breathe a spirit of new, free throught and reverence for the good and pure in life and nature.

The volume is interspersed with beautiful colored flower plates and pictures of rugged men, "Types—And Types," and "Irene"—clothed, followed by little "Roberta"—nude, except for the flowers.

The poems are classified under the heads, Nature, Miscellaneous, Romance, Poems of Youth, Holiday, Triumph.

128 pages, large size, double columns, cloth, $1.00; leatherette, 50 cents. An exquisite holiday gift.

Some Kind Words.

A DEAR young woman, a subscriber in a Missouri town, wri es:

"I am 78 years old and as smart as a cricket. I got the sweet, lovely picture of Ralph, the brightest of staff artists, and am glad to have it. I love to read the magazine. I send you one dollar on subscription and will send more when my hens get to work."

Another in Nebraska writes:

"I can hardly wait till THE LIFE comes. I do love your and Mrs. Barton's writing. May you both ever be blest with the choicest blessings and live long to bless and heal many."

Another one in Iowa writes,

"Yesterday noon found me oh! so fearfully hungry for something really appetizing in the way of new and

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crisp ideas, and at exactly the right moment in the mood which possessed me, in walked my father with the November LIFE. I made a merry meal, in fact a feast, from it and the hunger is no more."

Are you discouraged? This means that you have not confidence in the mind's superiority over external things and events. Know that life and spirit are positive entities while things and deeds are but effects and are subject to prime causation.



GLIMPSE OF CORNER IN LIBRARY OF THE LIFE EDITORS

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Talks With Our Readers.

DOES anyone ever live so low and depraved a life that the soul despairs of securing an adequate unfoldment and leaves the body to go into another body for development?—E. H. S.

Of course I can say in answer to this question only what I believe or surmise about it; I know nothing; neither does anyone else.

There is absolutely no positive support for the doctrine of reincarnation. It is all founded on conjecture and guess. I do not believe it; but I am just as powerless to prove that it is not so as its advocates are to prove its truth.

Some great, inspired souls have taught that immortality of the soul is not born with it into this world and that the aionian, everlasting, spiritual life must be acquired afterward if we are to live on after this Earth plane is past. Jesus so taught. He was asked how to obtain this endless life and told how. He said it came by birth from above and that he who did not so obtain it could neither see nor enter into the kingdom of God. There are several other allusions to the subject found in our New Testament which seem to bear out the idea that eternal life must be obtained by man if he is to live on after the transition called death.

"He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life; but he that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life."—John 3:36.

"If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments."—Matt. 19:17.

"Whosoever believeth in Him (the Christ) shall not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

"He that heareth my word and believeth into him that sent me hath everlasting life—is passed from

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death unto life."—John 5:24.

"He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."—I John 2:12.

The inference in all such statements is clearly that eternal life is something to be acquired by man and that any who do not obtain it must die and be no more.

But we can only state what some people have believed about it. It is true, however, that what Jesus believed has great weight, for he was deeply inspired of Truth.

The same correspondent asks, "Is it so bad to eat meat?" And another writes,

"If the world should cease to use flesh for food, what would we do with the animals now used for that purpose? If we stopped eating the hog, for example, we would have to cease to produce him. But would either we or the swine profit by that? Altho his life is a short one, still, judging from indications, he crowds a good amount of genuine hog satisfaction into it. Would he not be the loser by being condemned to extinction? And would we be spiritually improved by a complete change from animal to vegetable diet? I notice among those who take virtually the same kind of nourishment that some are dull and stupid while others are quick and bright, some are coarse and brutal, others refined and spiritual. Obnoxious weeds grow from the same soil that nourishes the dainty violet and rose, and the conviction arises that it is not that which goeth into a man as food that defileth him. These are only examples of many stumbling blocks that would stand in my way were I inclined to walk in the paths of the vegetarian."

There is unquestionably a great deal too much ado made by some people about the matter of eating. Some believe they have discovered a panacea for all because their plan seems to work well with them-

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selves. This is a mistake. No one can lay down rules for others in such matters. Each one must work out his own problem in life and take care of his own body according to its needs and circumstances. What is meat to one may not be good for another.

I have noticed that the kind of food one eats does not control the mind or alter his disposition. Give your body what it really needs and let it go at that. Do not look for spiritual elevation to come thru the alimentary apparatus. It does not come that way.

Some advocate the use of certain food products solely because they are interested in the manufacture and sale of them. Many people have been sadly imposed upen in this way.

It is not so bad to eat meat, if it agrees with you and nourishes your body.

But in order to have meat to eat animals must be killed. But they would soon grow old and die anyhow. Is it so bad to end their existence a few weeks before this occurs? Or, as our correspondent suggests, is this worse than total extinction of the species? Had you rather live and die than never to have lived at all?

But I would not condemn anyone's notions about his own diet. That is his own affair exclusively. If he lives on peanuts, however, I should resent his efforts to bring me down to the same regime. I don't like peanuts very well, especially when they are messed up in glucose, cheap oil, etc., and called "nut food."

However, man grows and progresses along all lines and is perceptibly changing in his tastes and appetites. All things, including the hog question, will be duly adjusted to meet all his demands. When the race ceases to eat flesh, no more slaughter houses will be needed and no more food animals will be raised. We need not worry about that. Nature's economy is

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infallible and exact. Meanwhile, let everyone hoe his own row and select the food his body needs to keep it healthy and strong.

"You say I must affirm, 'I am all spirit—body and all.' Please explain.—F. J. T."

The essence of all manifest being is spirit or mind. It is the one uncreated substance. The body is but an out-put of that substance. Its foundation principle is spirit or mind. Water and ice and steam are but names of forms made by the union of two invisible gases, hydrogen and oxygen. Water and ice and steam are all hydrogen and oxygen.

The purpose of holding the thought, "I am all spirit," is to unify body and soul, to cement the personality into one individuality, for health, life and power. A personality divided against itself must fall. You are one and individual—not two or more fragments of different material patched together.

"If truth is a conformity to facts, how can it include error or erroneous beliefs?"

If I understand it rightly, truth is the verification of the law or life principle.

"Do you believe that man's mind has anything to do with cyclones or electric storms?—Olive C. Hawley."

Truth is more than verification of facts. Truth is the basic law of all verity. We talk about telling the whole truth. No one ever told the whole truth about anything. It is impossible. He may make a statement which is wholly true; but to tell the whole truth would be to begin where there is no beginning and end where there is no ending.

When Jesus said "I am the truth," he spoke of the essence of the Christ spirit. Truth is a name for the essence of all verity and the integrity of all existence is founded in and sustained by it.

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To be true is to be in accord with truth or the essence and principle of being. Some facts are not true. A headache may be a fact, but it is not true, is not in accord with truth. It accords with error.

Yet, Truth includes all facts. If error produces discord, it is because the law of Truth governs all things and all events. All causation must be followed by homogeneous results, because Truth rules in all.

People's thoughts do affect the condition of the atmospheric elements. A lady asked me the other day why they now have plenty of rain in Western Kansas which was once a desert. I answered, "Because the people settled there and wished for rain and needed it. Nature is beneficent and responds quickly to our righteous behests." If the woman who said she split an approaching cyclone in two with a word so that it plowed two roads of death and destruction on either side of her so that she would escape unhurt, had said she calmed the storm so that it ceased to rage, I would have believed her. This would have been in accord with truth in nature, while what she claimed to have done was selfish and without beneficence. Truth never favors such efforts. Words of "peace, be still" would have the full power of Truth to reinforce them, while a selfish call, "Let me escape and the others die," would not.

If we bring our thoughts, words and deeds to be in harmony with the law or truth of our being, we become all powerful, for we then speak God's words after him and all nature conspires with us to fulfill our purpose.

"Speak the truth and all things alive or brute are vouchers, and the very roots of the grass underground there do seem to stir and move to bear you witness."

EMERSON.

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Truth and Love.

THE two terms "truth" and "love" have been much abused and misused. Every would-be reformer is ready to call his own conceptions of things "truth" and many have elaborately stacked up piles of error and folly, glossed it all over with sophistry and animated it with crawling vermine of false pretensions and called it "truth."

The same may be said about love. This word has been so badly bedraggled in the mire of licentiousness and selfish stupidity that it has become almost disgusting. If one is active and honest in his words and deeds, the "love" maudlins will murmur, "horrors! how unkind that fellow is! he actually was so very uncharitable as not only to refuse to take rottenness into his arms, but openly exposed it."

Beware of those who are always talking about "love, love, love." They are often sneaks and full of hidden venom toward outspoken, honest, frank people. They stab underhandedly and offer no openfaced opportunity for one to get back at them. Professing to embrace all men as on one common level, as equally worthy of esteem, they are never true friends to any. They are insipid by-products of no value to any. I would not give a penny for the love or friendship of a person who holds me in his or her esteem on a level with a villain or a degenerate. It is absolutely worthless. True love must discriminate between worthiness and unworthiness, between attraction and repulsion, between loveliness and unloveliness. The plain, indisputable fact is, no one can send love out at will to embrace all alike. Love must be drawn out by lovable traits and action. If you profess to love that which is not lovable or love inspiring, your words are false and you stultify your soul, unfitting it for genuine affection. The true heart has compassion and charity toward the

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unlovable—never either love or hatred; the one is unnatural and the other wrong.

A man who was a student in a metaphysical school which I attended heard so much vaporing about "love, love, love" that he became nauseated with the whole business. He began to sling the chairs and tables about and say, "I hate you." He faced the newel posts, the pictures, the mantle, the books, etc., and said, "I hate you from the bottom of my heart." This acted on him as a wholesome tonic and he soon afterward married one of the teachers. It was the false pretension of loving everybody and everything alike that caused the revulsion and when his rebellion had removed the scum he found that he really loved one woman better than all the others together. Nature asserted its true expression in this partiality of love.

Truth is a better word than love. It is impersonal, stern and relentless. It has no tolerance, fellowship or mercy toward error. That which has is not truth. The life that is imbued with truth is loyal to its own highest instincts and hews to the line, let the chips fall where they may. Such an one never stoops to condemnation; the light of truth of itself dispels error, as sunbeams the darkness. The serene radiance of truth exposes the irregularities of falsehood, but never fights it. And this in itself is love in the most wholesome sense.

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." He never said I am love. But this truth personified in him did say, "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees; woe unto you, ye blind guides; ye fools and blind." Even this denunciation of error was not contrary to the great love nature of the man. It was said thru compassion for the oppressed and deluded victims of the ones denounced. So will every true soul speak out and stand up for the right at all times, regardless

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of all the silly sentimentalism about "love" among those who profess to give vice the same hug and kiss they give to virtue. Stand up firmly planted in the truth and love will naturally radiate to that which draws it forth. Love brooks no impelling force and is not subject to the will. You may not by resolution love the unlovely. All commandments to love are null. God as Love draws, but never drives.

Key-Notes.

DEC. 1-7.

MY PERSONAL vibrations are in accord with the vibrations of Infinite Opulence and I manifest abundant supply.

DEC. 8-15.

I am Life, and Love, and Truth in the essence of my being, and now do show forth in my body and environment what I am.

DEC. 16-23.

Dominion is our birthright and now do all the members of The Life League assert supremacy over conditions.

DEC. 24-31.

The Spirit of Justice and Mercy now prevails in the hearts of all men and the right annuls the wrong.

JAN. 1-7.

The hearts and minds of all are now free and just and kind and nothing can be done to oppress any.

JAN. 8-15.

The love of mankind now displaces the love of money, and opulence blesses all of the people.

JAN. 16-23.

There are no more congested hoardes of unused money, for the spirit of Truth scatters it among those who have need for it.

JAN. 24-31.

I send forth my word of blessing to all the world; the vibrations of it now redound to the betterment of all conditions.

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Little Lessons

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

I THINK—on account of the silken sails of the good ship *Merry Christmas* now stirring the mental zephyrs close to Port—that I will tell you about the successful *theatrical* Beatrice and her little friends conducted in the Blue Room, third floor, here this autumn.

"*How They Won*" was the imposing title of the play. It was written and dramatized by Beatrice herself, without a bit of help from anyone excepting her young friends. Indeed we knew nothing about it until we received passes to the entertainment. But as soon as this occurred, I telephoned Emery, Bird, Thayer's for a curtain,—pink cheese-cloth was their choice. Then, to *remind* them of the Iroquois fire in, well, another one of the suburbs of Kansas City, *Chicago*, to make them use the denials and affirmations of Science, to counteract the thought-waves of all the *unscientific* mentalities in the audience who also looked with awed remembrance when they saw the letters "ASBESTOS," and forgot to be getting the good out of the play—then I took time to cut some letters out of white paper, and arranged them to form the arc-shaped word, ASBESTOS.

The youthful sage of the near neighborhood, Master Hicklin Yates, was so amused as he took a chair by my side when the audience had assembled, and his eyes first caught sight of the letters on the curtain, that he doubled himself over with laughter, and turning his head toward me, whispered:

"*Well*, that's the first *asbestos* curtain *I* ever saw that was so thin you could see through it!"

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But Hicklin had come in late—from his studies I suppose—and when they begged him to manage the curtain, he did so with as dignified manner as if the curtain had been borrowed for the occasion from the Willis Wood itself. Miss Helen Yates, the youngest member of the troop, a pretty little brown-eyed girl of about eight summers, was Chorus girl, and gave us two or three fine songs. Her voice has a really wonderful compass for one so young, and she brought down the house in appreciati e applause.

Not having space to enumerate all the attendants—valets, ladies, maids, etc, the Dramatis Personae consisted of Misses Edith and Helen Smith, Miss Helen and Judge Yates, Jun., Beatrice and one other whose name I do not know how to spell. The plot of the Play stood thus:—The King of INDIAHOMME (one of the names suggested for the United States when Uncle Sam thinks it is old enough to receive christening) in order to induce the Prince of *Nulpart* to cease his warrings against the kingdom, offered his beautiful daughter, who was already in admiration of the young Prince, in case he would be kind to her and give her all the court advantages belonging to the peerage. This very effective part was impersonated by pretty Miss Edith Smith, who lives next door. Edith's delicate beauty was enhanced by the joy of the occasion, and a lively rose, quite natural to her, was accentuated even more than usual by the importance of the occasion. The Prince of Nulpart wishing to wed the King's daughter, and yet reserving to himself the determination to invade the king's domain later on, attempted to win her through strategy, and made an effort to kidnap her, whereupon the King placed her in hiding until after the departure of the Prince.

The Queen was impersonated by Beatrice herself, who conducted her part with earnest zeal and fine *em-*

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bonpoint. For though slender and queenly in appearance she has vitality enough to run two girls; she has also a fine eye for proper stage manners. She was in her element, surrounded by playmates and having a social time. Indeed she belongs to the Social Sign in the Zodiac. She wore a silkoline robe covered with "old" lace, (you know how very expensive silkoline is!) and her immaculate complexion with its sea-shell tinting, was emphasized in the soft gas light to fine effect.

But it was Helen Smith who had the important cues to carry. Now Helen is another type of beauty. She has dark eyes and hair, and queenly bearing. In one role she impersonated the King, and in the next she assumed the Prince's part; and none of the other great actors on that occasion, had quite so distinct an accent in their tones of voice. The performance was a success, and round after round of applause greeted their ears at each drop of the curtain.

I must not forget to tell you of the Grand Chorus, wherein the actors appeared simultaneously before the curtain, in response to a hearty *encore* at the close; and while they very gracefully stepped to the music of the graph-o-phone (conducted by the stage manager I suppose) they waved ornamented wands above their heads and then before them, *tout-a-point* in graceful expression, Miss Yates' voice was again heard warbling in rapturous song, as she stood immediately in front of the brilliant line of Wand-bearers. This brought down the house with fresh applause, and the actors filed off the stage amid a storm of appreciation, after courtesying in the most gracious manner, the last *passez-le-pass* launching in our direccion an appreciative, aeronautic kiss. At this the audience was charmed and again the walls of the Blue Room vibrated with applause.

I have heard it whispered the children are writing another play the plot of which is to take a more decid-

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ed metaphysical trend. Right plays, rightly conducted, are a power for good in the world. No book or lecture or sermon or picture or story can depict human life with as telling effect or with as telling and impressive truth in every detail.

Some Comments on Our August Issue.

BY DIKEMAN McDONALD, CANADA.

(I give below only a few extracts from Mr. McDonald's letter which was filled with great thoughts.—Editor.)

"THE article, "Tension Relaxation," is the winner, especially the idea "One is your Father, even first Principles; drop, relax in the arms of the glorious Infinite."

Have you ever noticed that this state of utter relaxation is the state meant by "the blood of Jesus?" It is the state of utter faith in which Jesus was after he had said, "Father, into Thine Hands I commend my spirit." Then he gave up his own spirit, impulse, energy, initiative entirely. It was the state of hearty, entire dependence on First Principles instead of on individual life, the only state to free from *all* sin (rival principle) against First Principles. Thus "the blood of Jesus Christ," God's son (First Principle's offspring) cleanses from all sin against First Principles, all error, all impurity of principle.

This utter relaxation, this dropping entirely, forever into the arms of First Principles, is the only perfect prayer, for "actions speak louder than words." It is the only way of "looking to God for all we need." Prayer to God simply means putting ourselves into perfect *oneness* with, that is, connection with, First Principles, thus receiving His supplies. Thus we become live wires and the life is not our own but that of First Principles.

It (the utter, eternal relaxation of the hearty "blood of Jesus" sorts) is the only way of "entering into the silence" completely, forever; the only way to "concentrate" in the Best, the glorious Infinite. This is the only pure Genius, the only perfect Genius, the

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only way to become a Genius. It is the only perfect exercise of talent, the only perfect strength, the only perfect Independence, the only manliness which is not made, not put on, not like a pig trying to stand in "poise." It is the only Manhood, the only Humanity, the only Life. All other states are the throes of death —the struggle for life—the tensity of error; vain strivings for life, for which we think we must struggle or die. Such find only what life comes in spite of the struggling; i. e., over and above the waste of It. The Apostle says, "Ye are (normally) utterly dead, your Life is hid with Christ in (glorious) First Principles."

The article on telepathy gave me valuable ideas. In the best Telepathy, the Omnipresent Good (i. e., "*First* Principles,") is the only Thinker, Thought, Transmitter, Medium, Receiver, etc. "*In* Him all things consist." *Utter* relaxation in (because of) the Arms of *First* Principles, (the Omnipresent Infinite Good, or, rather, *Best*,) is the only Telepathy—the only way to "appeal *practically* to Nature's harmonizing law for promulgation of True Thoughts, tuning personal mentalities to the symphony of Infinite Love." For Man is purely Subjective Mind, being but individual Expression by the Infinite; therefore not active otherwise; nor has he any existence except the Infinite. Therefore it is the glorious Infinite alone—who partakes in the phenomena of Telepathy. It is the Infinite over Thoughts in us which appeal to Him for promulgation unto harmony with His own Universal Melody.

Notes on Music, page 19:—Anything short of God's Infinite Harmony is comparative discord; and is sometimes accompanied by sad thoughts of homesickness for the Ideal Harmony, which again Echoes in the Prodigal's Memory, after 6000 years of banishment. And the response wells up like an Echo to every note from the 6000-mile depth of the heart.

On The Rules of Good Society, page 11:—The Infinite Universal Love is straight from the Inspiration from Above, seeks only to draw the Loved universe upward into Universal Love. *Love* alone produces Love. Objective rules are alien to it, distract from its directness, thus from its reliableness, as being purely Love. There is always a flavor of make-up ness, artifice, which

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fails to produce deep response in the heart, thus fails as Social Life. *Spiritual* Harmony is the only possible Society. Spiritual Harmony expresses itself naturally, not artificially. It pours its expression out through whatever Harmonious forms are held up for its reception. It approaches you seeking to draw out your Love Upward; to do so, consecrate Itself purely to the Unlimited Universal Love. If you impose forms in Its way, It kindly disregards all but what express It. In other words, It "gets there" by the most direct route. Universal Infinite Love, Itself its own expression, is the only Civilization there is, or can be. The so-called Civilized ways or laws, are but the forms which are supposed to constitute Social Harmony, by those who are not yet acquainted with the Sufficiency of the *Principle* of Harmony, Universal Infinite Love. These forms are but bits of bright objects which reflect the indirect Rays of Love to some degree, therefore are used as substitutes for the *Direct* Infinite Love, which is Social Life itself, our only Life, our all. Your little bits of Brightness are better than nothing, till you make them party gods, to which all must bow, obey, or be damned by so-called Society. Pure Good, utterly vented, is backed up by the Infinite Power of God, is a safe investment. All things work together for Good to them that respond heartily to the call of God, His purpose.

Notes on Superstition, page 44.—Not a step can be taken without the unscientific faith (i. e., superstition?) that the sustaining power of nature will *continue* to sustain things the next moment as it has in the immediate past. If you define superstition as faith not founded on certainty, then every step you take is chuck full of it; yes, and every thought, whether of the past, present, or future; for the present moment is already past, the past is not truth, for it does not exist. There is no appreciable "now", therefore there is no known science—no known existent truth in the world—all is superstition. "Science" remembers that it has seen certain effects from certain causes, and by uncertain faith in an unseen power (superstition?) assumes, even trusts, the continuance of them. But it knows nothing except of the past. It doesn't know that; for there may have

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been necessary elements in the supposed causes which it did not observe. Yes, certainly were, in everything. Bereft of hypotheses, science is a mere table of seeming faets, which have been, but may not be now, may never be again—nothing but bare history, dead past, effete experience. The present is the past. The present is the past before it is the seeming present; for every phenomenon takes some time to travel through our nerves t our mind. Therefore we know nothing except of the past, and of the spirit which is in immediate contact with our consciousness; so that there is really no such thing as science, or knowle'ge, except in the Mind which evidently constitutes all phenomena. Even mathematics concerns past phenomena imaginations: therefore is not a science. To say, "2 (things) from 5 (things) leave 3," is an untruth; for, as the word "three" has left your mind, there may not be three things in existence. It is merely assumption, and assumption is not science. So all our so-called knowledge is superstition; "that no flesh may boast."

The experimenting physical scientists, that is, gropers for they know not what, are only half awake to their own Infinite Life; and of cours they only half find the secrets of nature. Awake, thou that sleepest; arise *entirely* from the dead, and the Christ, the glorious Infinite Life, will give you Infinite Life and Strength.

THE LIFE is published at Kansas City. Send for it. It will give you the Infinite Life and Light as it has me.

The Flurry.

The little scare about financial matters thru which we have recently past furnishes an interesting study. There were some political venom and spitefulness at the bottom of the start of it and the center of action was at Wall Street, New York. The word went out over the country that Wall Street had a fit of ague. The banks everywhere became cautious lest depositors would all come in at once after their money. No bank on Earth could stand that, you know. So they adopted measures to prevent this. Then the people who had money in the banks began to shake a little in sympathy

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with Wall Street's attack of ague and those who had no money in the banks began to horde and save up their money lest something indefinite should happen. They stopped investing money and some of them were even afraid to pay their debts.

Now, if all the people, or even a great majority of them, had been unselfish and paid no attention to the measures adopted by the banks, there would have been no stringency. There is an abundance of money in the hands of the people but whenever it stops moving business must suffer.

One of our leading and most enterprising merchants said, "It is only a mental panic. There is really no actual reason for it." All panics are mental. If no one got scared about his own savings and all kept on moving as before, there would be no bad results following a bank flurry. If the bankers had been confident that people would not come rushing in after their deposits, they would not have resorted to delay measures. And if the people had the welfare of the country more at heart than their own personal affairs, the bankers need not have done as they did. But selfishness is always suicidal. When it ignores the welfare of others in an effort to "take care of number one," it always stabs number one along with the others.

There is and has been no cause for alarm existing in the present prosperous condition of the country. The only danger has been in people thinking so and acting thru selfish motives. It is a wholesome lesson we have had and hereafter there will be less danger of a panic than ever before.



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Vol. XII. No. VI.

January - 1908.

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A. P. Barton—C. Josephine Barton, Editors and Publishers. Ralph Barton Staff Artist. Office 3332 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at the Kansas City, Mo., Postoffice as second classmail matter

Thought Power

WHEN you see this caption, dear reader, you may be inclined to say, "The old, old subject! We have already had all that could be said about thought power." Wait; don't judge without evidence. I shall doubtless advance some ideas that you have heard before, but I may be able to put them in a new dress. And I believe I shall also give you some new thoughts on this most important line of modern investigation, something that will be of great value to you, with some pertinent examples.

I need not dwell upon the vast achievements of thought in the fields of science, literature, philosophy, invention, discovery and civilization. These are familiar to all readers and observers. We know that thinking has accomplished all that has been done of value in the world, that is, thinking followed by action under guidance of the mind.

Comparatively new is the discovery of the tremendous direct action of thought, action independent of the hands. We formerly believed that thought was able to do nothing of itself without the hands. We

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regarded it only as a guide to mechanical operation, the incentive of the doer of deeds, helpless without means of application.

Now we begin to realize the truth that thought is a power within itself and may act directly upon things without the intervention of tools, without the use of organic means.

As yet we have taken but few steps in the way of investigation and practice of the uses of mind as a therapeutic transforming and power developing agency. The discoveries made in telepathy are as yet largely beclouded with theory and tentative experiment. It has not yet reached the dignity and certainty of a science. In order to bring it to this status we need to closely study the subject and notice the practical application of it in every way possible.

My purpose in this article is to relate some peculiar occurrences of thought action in my own experience and explain them as clearly as I may.

I have all my life had an instinctive or natural perception of the power of thought, even when applied in the most simple lines of work. As a boy I have often sent the ax thru a tough knot in splitting wood by sending a thought along with it—not using any words, but thinking *it now goes thru*, as I brought it down with no more apparent physical exertion than I had put into previous unavailing strokes. And it would invariably do so.

What was it that caused the difference? The mind acting directly upon muscle giving it a greater power than the mere physical force coming from food could give.

Many times when my father would express his intention in the morning of sending me later in the day to hunt for lost horses or cattle, a very unpleasant job, the lost animals would put in their appearance just be-

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fore I was ready to start out.

What brought them? The desire sent out by both of us and my faith that they would come. These influences acting upon the mind element of space impelled the simple animal instinct toward home.

Once in my early practice of the law I defended a man who had fired fine shot into a lot of horses that had broken into his corn field. He was guilty altho none of the horses were seriously hurt. The only thing left for the jury to do was to find him guilty as charged in the indictment, and the lowest penalty the judge could assess was a fine of $500. This the man could not pay, and so he went to jail. I wished to see the governor to get the fine remitted. It "happened" that the governor came to that town on that day. I procured a statement from the judge and went to the governor with it. He readily granted my request. But the costs of the suit, $137, had to be paid before my man could be released. He had $37 of it. The clerk said he would take a secured sixty days note for the balance. I drew up the note and went down on the street to look for security. I had once taught a country school in that county—it was not the county in which I lived—and knew some people there. I had walked but a block when I "happened" to meet two wealthy farmer friends. They signed the note on my verbal promise to see that it was paid within the sixty days, and I got my man released. He was a wagon maker, and in a short time after his release another one of my farmer friends gave him an order for a spring wagon and paid him $140 in advance, and he paid off the note.

Now was this chance? Did it all "happen" so opportunely? I do not think so. What was it, then, at work silently back of this peculiar combination of fortuitous events? It may have been the prayers of

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the man's good old mother. They were sincere, earnest and faithful, and, I believe, effectual. I have always believed in my mother's prayers. They have followed me all my life and are a preservative power with me yet. At all events, there was a powerful occult influence directing the occurrences, without a doubt. I willed the successful outcome strongly, not allowing a supposition of failure to enter my mind, we all desired it intensely and the silent mandate went forth to control the accessories. It was the domination of mind over things and circumstances and people.

Once I went away among strangers, with but little money, to attend high school. I went because I felt that I must. When I got there I asked the president of the school to trust me for the tuition. He readily consented. Then I went to a wealthy cattle man in the neighborhood, an entire stranger, and asked him to board me and I would herd his cattle the next summer to repay him. He said yes, and I was happy. The next spring I was offered a school to teach whereby I could make much more money and get much greater educational advantages than I could by herding cattle. So I, with the cattle man's approval, hired another man to herd the cattle and took the school.

Was this "good luck?" No; it was will power, bravery, the stepping forward boldly into the waters of the Red Sea before the waters were parted. Most boys would have said, "I can't go to school; I have no money." I said, "I *must* go to school and will, money or no money," and the way was opened by this will force. It was a victory of mind over things and circumstances again. Timidity, fearfulness, hesitancy mean yielding to circumstances, crouching before environment and submitting to the mastery of that which has no power to subdue the mind awake to its super-

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iority and serenely confident in its absolute dominance in life.

Once, early in my experience in the Science, I needed a coat and vest for a lecture engagement a week ahead. It was Monday morning and I had $35 all told. A note for $32.50 fell due that day. The question arose, "Shall I get the time extended on the note and buy the needed garments, or shall I pay it off and trust to 'luck' for them?" I went into the silence and affirmed, "I am now guided by Infinite Wisdom and will make no mistake." I then put the matter out of my mind and went to my desk to work, not trying further to decide it. By and by it came to me clearly, "Go and take up that note." I put down my pen and went at once and paid off the note. As I went back to my office a rattling voice in my consciousness began to say, "Now, you are in a pickle, with only $2.50. How will you look next Sunday giving that lecture in that old office suit?" I said, "Get behind me, Satan. I know what I am doing."

I had not been in my office one hour after my return when a lady came in and said, "I suppose you do not know me, Mr. Barton." I said, "No; I do not." She said, "Do you remember visiting several times, about eight months ago, a Mr. H. who was given up to die of heart disease and dropsy?" I said, "Yes; is this Mrs. H?" Mr. H., who was a merchant tailor, was entirely healed of the dropsy, but she said he had since suddenly died of "heart failure." She continued, "Well, I am going to sell off my husband's stock of goods and I want you to go with me now and select *a coat and vest pattern* before I sell. I wish to make you a present in return for your kindness." I complied, selecting the best piece in the lot, and took the goods to a tailor, telling him I wanted the garments by Saturday. He said the charge would be $15.00. On Sat-

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urday at 3 p. m. I did not have the $15 00. But I refused to be disturbed in mind about it. At that hour a well dressed stranger entered my office and said a friend of mine had told him to come to me about a divorce suit he wished to bring. After finding he had a good cause, I took the case. He said, "How much do you wish down as a retainer?" I replied, "$15.00," and it was paid. So I went and got my coat and vest.

Here I trusted and implicitly obeyed the inner guide, my own spiritual self, in harmony with the great mind of the universe, and was fully vindicated in it. It is an infallible guide and only needs to be consulted and obeyed to bring you and me victory in all matters, great and small.

Says the Hindu philosophy, "Such faith and reliance is the perfect and transcendental *ekograta* (concentration) in which the one aim is not any limited object, but faithfulness to the Supreme Will. When the one aim is limited to any particular object, the *ekograta* is inferior and partial. But when the one aim is to conform to the moral and spiritual order of the universe—that is, to the Supreme Will governing it—the *ekograta* is the highest and perfect. When this aim is established, all minor aims come in as accessories or as things subservient."

You understand, I did not become one with the Supreme Will merely in order to gain a specific thing, but to abide by the results, be they what they may, to be content and happy in the outcome, yet holding my special desire up in the light to be taken care of.

You have heard that first impressions are usually correct and that a woman's intuition is oftener right than a man's reason. There is truth in this. It means only that the "still small voice" comes from the Infinite Source of wisdom expressed within you. If you can always know and heed this voice, you will always

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do the right thing.

It works in small matters as well as large ones. I once started out to get a carpet for my office, after placing myself in accord with the Supreme Wisdom I walked a block down one street and a block up another to the left. There I saw a new second hand carpet already sewed, in front of a dealer's shop. After asking the price and measurement, I ordered it put down on my office floor. It fit exactly, not an inch over or under, and there was a place cut to fit the radiator! I was certain it had not been on that floor before, as I had then occupied that office for three years.

I could mention hundreds of instances of the wonderful working of this law, but this will suffice to illustrate the principle.

Do a precautionary thing in fear and apprehension, and it will invariably result disastrously. In it you have not trusted the one power, you have put yourself without the pale and protection of Infinite Mind, have gone out of accord, and loss and confusion follow.

During the recent "panic" we have heard of many cases where people, in fear, had hid away their money only to lose it by fire or robbery. And in none of such cases can the results be good. Use your money; pay your debts with it; trust the Infinite Beneficence and be free. Do nothing in fear. If you do, you are bound to lose by it. Do that which you are afraid to do in order to overcome the fear. Never do anything because you are afraid not to do it. Infinite Mind never works in you thru the incentive of fear. If fear is the incentive, you may be absolutely sure the thing is wrong.

Let thought be in accord with Universal Mind, not contrary to nor in disregard of it. Why? Because the one power is mind and the working activity of the individual mind is efficient only when it acts in harmony

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with this power, draws its force from it and is sustained and directed by it.

I wish we may all grow more and more into the realization of this great truth and act upon it in all the affairs of life.

Thought is too often held within the limits of expediency and directed to the figuring out of pre-established plans and purposes. Thus the thinker cuts himself off from the Supreme Mind in action and fails in the end. Weakness and error result from segregation from the Source of power expressed in the individual. Confusion arises from any attempt to conform to the claims of environment thru fear. Mind is supreme over circumstance and the thought activity which is co-operative with Mind is always righteously effective. It must be. It is the law of Being.

"Believe in yourself and your motives,
Believe in your strength and your worth.
Believe you were sent from God's fair firmament
To aid and ennoble the Earth.
Believe in the Savior within you—
Know Christ and your spirit are one;
Stand forth deified by your own noble pride,
And whatever you ask shall be done."

OURSELVES in this issue are from old photographs, taken ten years ago. When Abra asked for a picture to insert with his, (a number of friends had been insisting) I could find no other plate for mine. and so let him take this one. It was the photograph they used in the Encyclopedia of the History of Missouri and in getting it ready in St. Louis, they smoothed out too much of the character expression, especially in the lower part of face. My neck is longer, chin more prominent. I will give you a kodak snap-shot of same, if I don't forget, ere long. Yours with sure 'nough Love,—C. J. B.

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Planetary and Stellar Aspects

THE planets are the spheres or worlds which revolve around our sun. They are, beginning with the nearest one to the sun, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Nepture. Besides these, astronomers have found over 400 small planets, believed by some to be fragments of an exploded world, revolving around the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. And some have believed that there is another planet closer to the sun than Mercury and named it Vulcan.

"Planet" means wanderer. The ancient astronomers so named these bodies because they were constantly changing place in the heavens, while what were called "stars" seemed to stand still. The name "star" is either from a word meaning to scatter or from a word meaning to stand still—Latin, *stare*, to stand. These bodies are supposed to be suns with planets of their own revolving about them and to shine by their own light.

Of our system, called the solar system, from Latin *Sol*, the sun, Mercury is 36 millions of miles from the sun and its year is equal to 88 of our days. It is about one nineteenth the size of our world. It has no moon. It was named for the Roman god of commerce and gain.

Venus, the second planet from the sun, is 67 millions of miles from the sun. It is a little smaller than Earth and its year 224.7 days. Some astronomers think it slides around the sun with the same side always turned toward it. The same is said of Mercury.

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Venus has no moon. It was named for the goddess of love and beauty.

Earth, with one moon, is the third planet from the sun. Its year is 365¼ days. The name is probably from an old AS root which meant to plow. It is about 94 millions of miles from the sun.

Mars is our next neighbor as we go out from the center. It is about one seventh the size of Earth and has one or two moons. Its day is almost twice as long as ours. It was named from the Roman god of war and husbandry.

Then follow the more than 400 asteroids or small planets about which little is known. They cannot be seen except with a strong telescope.

Then comes the great planet Jupiter with his four moons, named for the monarch of gods idealized by the Greeks and Romans. He is about thirteen hundred times the size of Earth. It is over five times as far from the sun as we are and its year is equal to about twelve of our years. But the day on Jupiter is only ten hours long.

Saturn is next with its eight moons and several wide rings about it. It is 880 millions of miles from the sun and is about 670 times the size of Earth. Its year is 29½ times as long as our year.

Uranus, named from the Greek *Ouranos*, heaven, is 1,800 millions of miles from the sun and is 91 times the size of our globe. Its year is equal to about 84 of our years. It has at least four moons, but it is so far off that we do not know how many invisible ones there may be.

Then comes the one farthest off yet discovered, Nepture. There may be others farther out, too far to be seen by the aid of telescopes. In 1846 Leverrier of Paris by mathematical computation located Nepture and directed Astronomer Galle of the Berlin observa-

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tory to look for it at the point in the heavens specified. He did so and found the planet! It is 2,775 millions of miles from the sun and its year is almost equal to 165 of our years. It is so far away that we have as yet found but one moon attending this planet. Its volume is about 500 times that of Earth.

The sun in the center of this family is about 500 times the magnitude of all the other known members combined, or 1,500,000 times the bulk of the Earth.

Our moon is 1-49 the size of Earth and always keeps one side toward us. We have never seen any part of the other side of the moon.

During the month of January Venus can be seen soon after sunset in the west. It is not so bright now as it will be later in the year, since it is now in the part of its orbit opposite the sun from us. In May it will be nearest to us and very brilliant.

Mars can be seen early in the night if you will look up a little west of southward. It is distinguishable by its yellowish hue. It is rapidly departing from our vicinity and will not return to its nearest point to us again, as it was last summer, for fourteen years.

Jupiter rises a little north of east at 10 p. m. Later in the night it becomes very brilliant in the eastern skies.

If you will get up early some clear morning you may get a glimpse of Mercury just over the sun before he rises. It is very rare that we get to see Mercury, it is so near the sun.

The most conspicuous constellations in the January skies are Orion in the southeast, Cassiopeia northward above the polar star, like an inverted W., Taurus southeastward from the Zenith and Aquarius in the far southwest. Gemini may be seen in the northeast, Ursa Major, the great dipper, is near the horizon in the north. The great sun, Vega, which made such a mag-

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nificent display during the summer is now low in the northwest. The constellation Aries is almost over head a little toward the south about 10 p. m. The Zodiacal sign Aries does not now coincide with the constellation by that name as it did long ago. What is called the "precession of the equinoxes" has moved it westward into the constellation Pisces. So the sign Aries, once located in the first constellation of the Zodias, is now in the last.

In January the moon enters Capricorn on the 2nd, Aquarius on the 4th, Pisces on the 6th, Aries on the 8th, Taurus on the 11th, Gemini on the 13th; Cancer on the 15th, Leo on the 18th. Virgo on the 21st, Libra on the 23rd, Scorpio on the 25th, Sagittorius on the 28th, and Capricorn on the 30th.

Jan. 3 there will be a total eclipse of the sun, visible in the southern part of North America.

Epiphany, 12th day after Christmas, is Jan. 6. It commemorates the visit of the magi to the babe at Bethlehem.

If you were born between Dec. 21 and Jan. 20, Saturn is said by believers in astrology to be your ruling planet, and the lucky days of the month are 4, 6, 10, 12, 13, 14, 17, 27 and 31, with emphasis on 4, 12, 13, 17, 27, 31.

If you were born between Jan. 19 and Feby. 19, your planet is Uranus and your lucky days are, 1, 5, 7, 11, 22, 25, 26 and 28, with emphasis on 1, 7, 11, 22 and 26.

But all the days are filled with good fortune to you, for the spirit of the universe is beneficent, and no planet controls your life. It is yours to work out your own destiny, regardless of the superstitions of luck, times of birth or phases of the moon. Look for more wonders next month.

Show this paper to your friends.

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Don'ts.

BY LA PALOMA.

DON'T think your idea will always keep out of sight if you work it secretly: for it *will bring* its pictures to the light to be looked at.

Don't try to find faults to rebuke: be as clever as the dog, who never criticises, calls to account, nor suspects a flaw in your motives, whether there is one or not.

Don't establish your motives before you are ready to believe in them yourself: your deeds are your children, that live and continue your old ideas, independent of your *improved* conscience.

Don't gaze too long at your selfish sorrows: it makes your eyes watery, and seen through tear-lenses they are magnified. Turn your eyes, look fast and hard at the pleasant side of existence—The true, the beautiful, the Noble, the Just.

Don't stop at doors to listen: stand erect, relieve your digestive apparatus, and circulation, your heart-beats. Knock, and make the shortest visit you ever made in your life—after your curiosity has been *unendurably* aroused. It is the honest method.

Don't. The deep strains of cadence running through my Don'ts is full of suggestions about how the weak fail when they come in contact with the strong who are right: so don't object to loving *Don'ts*, since like pills and diamonds they are becoming rarities and may be getting rarer, as enlightenment is received over the globe.

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What We Believe.

WE BELIEVE that every man should be intellectually honest, and that he should strive to live in accordance with his convictions.

We believe that "happiness is the only good, that the place to be happy is here, the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to try to make others so."

We believe that if God is, he is moral, sane, just, wise and kind, and that if there be any service that we can render him, it is by keeping our bodies pure, our minds enlightened, and by serving our fellow man.

We believe the strong should help to bear the burdens of the weak, and that the best help is opportunity.

We believe in work; that no man nor any woman has the right to be useless.

We believe that law governs all things, that it is universal and eternal, and that it executes itself.

We believe in sequence, the mighty theory of a sufficient cause for every effect.

We believe that there is no forgiveness, no punishment—only consequences; that virtue is its own reward, sin its own misery.

We believe in the law of progress which science calls evolution; that the world was never perfect, but is tending toward perfection.

We believe in the sacredness of life; that no man, no community, no state, has the right to take the life of our brother.

We believe in the sacredness of the human body—"that faithful companion"— that it is our duty to keep it pure and clean and beautiful by respecting the laws that govern its being.

We believe in education, that all children should be

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taught, all men should learn. We think a lesson is better than a prayer.

We believe that every man should regard every other man as his equal.

We believe in freedom, social, economic, domestic, political, mental, spiritual.

We believe that "it is as great to be a woman as to be a man, and nothing is greater than the mother of men."

We believe in the home; that there is no better thing on earth, no fairer paradise in all the skies, than the home where true love dwells.

We believe in the purity of childhood.

We believe the most sacred duty of our human lives is our duty to our children; that we are responsible for those we bring into being.

We believe in wealth; we do not affect unnecessary poverty.

We believe that happiness in this life is as worthy an object as happiness in any life, for the Now is but the eternal passing of Eternity.

We believe that this life properly lived will best fit us for another life, if another life there be.

We believe that "no evil can happen to a good man either in this life or after death." All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.

We believe that virtue is but another name for kindness, and that kindness is the whole duty of man.

We believe that Love and Thougnt and Work are the Saviours of mankind.—*Edith Wilson Roberts*, In *Here and Now*, organ of the "Church of this World."

Truth takes a straight cut. It moves forward without cognizance of the right or left. It does not even know that the snakes cut in two are writhing, nor that the sap from broken thorns is weeping.—C. J. B.

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Key-Notes.

JAN. 1-7.

THE hearts and minds of all are now free and just and kind, and nothing can be done to oppress any.

JAN. 8-15.

The love of mankind now displaces the love of money, and opulence blesses all the people.

JAN. 16-23.

There are no more congested hoarders of unused money, for the Spirit of Truth scatters it among those who have need for it.

JAN. 24-31.

I send forth my word of blessing to all the world; the vibrations of it now resound to the betterment of all conditions.

FEBY. 1-7.

Now let the highest hopes in the breasts of all men blossom into verity and victory spring from true effort.

FEBY. 8-15.

My words now accord with the one mind and the vibrations are for healing, power and success in myself and in all.

FEBY. 16-23.

I deny fear in all of its forms of manifestation and refuse every temptation to be afraid. I am that I am.

FEBY. 24-29.

O world of mankind! I send you vibrations for joy, health, strength and success. Let the clouds and mists be dispelled by the sunshine of Truth and Love.

Nor mind, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

—Gray's Fables.

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Kings and Peoples

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

RECENTLY I spent a day with Correspondent's *letters*, that had come in from the East, West, North and South. It gives one a glimpse of the truth from all the points of the compass. I can tell you about it quicker, by assuming the position of each writer.

KINGS. First, let me say, we do not have Kings as in England, nor Emperors as in Germany, yet we do have those which are denominated Bosses, Oil, Steel and Trust Kings, etc.

We do not have to have these things, *only* so long as we remain ignorant and selfish, slothful and haphazard in our individual efforts. While in that condition *we create* them, and must expect them. "It is very difficult, while one *lives in* surly familiarity with the sea, not to regard the wind as some one, and the rocks as personages." The Commoner storms at the King's back while inwardly admiring and taking notes. Ignorance would never set out to dare thus, if it had no *intuition* of the true within itself. Animals are led entirely by instinct. Without education, a man should be led by his intuition, and trust it.

"WE SAW." The man with the money is looked up to by the Commoner; whatever it is he has to sell, the money-king is the man for him. The Commoner never fails to make mention of the fact whenever the King passes his house. "We saw him go by!" Should the King pat a curious, straggling kid on the head, or call him fine little fellow for opening a gate (gladsomely,) the father speaks of it with pride to all his neighbors, one by one. He ac-

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cuses the King of being a robber and, no better than the commoner; yet he goes right along looking up to the king-man, paving the road for such conditions, courting his favor and envying his greatness.

The King knows all this, knows people are at his feet, yet he cares not, for he knows why.

DIFFERENCE.

The King is *busy*. The Commoner is often a man of leisure. The first is always rubbing up his powers; the latter, usually indifferent to the brightening of his own. After his day's work, the King's busy brain will not stop, while the Commoner slumbers and snores. (This means he even ignores the rules of health and sleeps with his mouth open.) The King keeps his inside lights trimmed and burning, flaring outward to warm and win the ignorant. He is a magnet as well as magnate, a decoy, an attraction to the Commoner who does not know or care about Inside Flames, nor the continuity of their flaring in his breast. *Thinking* is a regular polisher. It is the THINKER, the Scientific Reasoner, that shines, that perpetuates himself in other men's minds and histories. The currents generated by the Thinker swamp the unthinking, who have not always sufficient *mental tax* to show them the best way to dispose of their material products.

THE OZARKS.

Down on a spur of the Ozark Mountains, a farmer of leisure, last year sold his apples to a nice man. It saved him so much bother about gathering and shipping. He knew he wasn't getting their value, and told the nice man so, for it seemed pleasant to talk with such a man. He felt enlarged. Well, the finest fruit was gathered from the big orchard, the apples turned over a few times, each time gathering a double in price, until a little fortune was realized. The Apple King was all the time *Thinking*, while offering a shamefully

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low price for produce, while gathering the apples, while getting them on the market, while shipping—always Thinking, Thinking.

PERSEVERANCE. "Nearly the whole secret of great hearts lies in the word—PERSEVERANCE," Says Victor Hugo, who is usually correct. But the farmers, the commoners, the Salt of the Earth if you will, signify their quiescence to the King by falling upon their mental faces in subjection to the belief that saving grace in money matters is just ahead because the Kings, who know how to govern common people, and have held the reins of Control with a firm and knowing grip, say it.

That we are the greatest people on earth, with the finest tongue, has been preached down us all our lives. We are aware that all men are created equal while at the same time they *figure* very differently in the world. We get to be free and equal *practically* as well as *ideally* by bringing ourselves up to the King-standard *mentally*, and *not* by crying that the King is no better than we. It all comes through education, culture, becoming also wise, thinking as a king. That there is strength, even honors at headquarters is certain.

LOS ANGELES. A pretty Bungalo nestled on the mountain side. A little home scraped together by becoming one with the Building Loan. Loans are blessed things, possible after *thinking*, after *perseverance*. Residence, four rooms, bath, big closet, pantry, electric light, little protected porch looking off over the valley and mountains beyond Great roses in bloom, geraniums three feet high, fuchias, smilax, orange trees and their fragrance, peach trees, beds of carnations, banks of white and yellow poppies, great calla lilies four feet high, masses of verbenas, climbing roses, honeysuckles, and grass if you water it during the dry season.

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The King takes a monthly installment even here, until the Commoner pays every jot and tittle. Browning wrote, "With me faith means perpetual unbelief, kept quiet, like a snake 'neath Michael's foot, who stands calm just because he feels it writhe." This writhing of the common people might be putting Kings to their metal pretty strong, if they would but find the Key to touch with their own fingers right at home. The West smiled at Wall Street, while inwardly its *intuition* writhed, and while the King's *knowledge* kept him well up against the real state of things. Wall Street knew the West would open its eyes and lower the corners of its mouth when the Kings, on account of much money in for safe-keeping from the West, grew bold in their "gambols" and ventured far enough to make it pay *them*, though they must request the good West to wait.

KEY-NOTE.

Trials enlarge the soul. A man's real capacity may in this way prove itself when no other has been successful.

When money is a man's base and he would avoid the shake-up that on occasions disturbs the money-markets, he should get a New Base, destroy the overplus love of such things, or educate up to the standard of the Thinkers who wrestle therewith. Let *him* then employ both reason and intuition.

There was no actual reason for conditions. No reason why the West should be under the spell, though the East bowed under the yoke as well. The earnings of a faithful Boston school teacher for years, got tied up in a branch bank, unaccessible. She must have a vacation on account of nerves unstrung, yet she had to wait on the Kings while they whirled by in busy autos, just the same as when the banks flowed freely.

NO REAL CAUSE.

Up in the cold gray North, where Boreas blasts

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bite young cuticle through, and the Grizzly choses his home because Nature weaves about him a robe that immunes him from both blasts and banks, even here the Commoner and King meet, with inner, though not always with outer recognition. Here two little girls picked chestnuts and placed the proceeds in the King's "Savings" Bank to buy themselves flannel petticoats with, by the time snow whitened the pines and winds piled it indifferently against their door. But the time came too late—or too early—for the "safety" door was "froze" or locked. So they huddled about the fire to wait—they did not understand for what. The King must not risk too much. He is not wishing to punish the little workers, he is (perhaps) only aiming to protect his own little girls, who are not used to hard work and could not stand hardships.

In reply to the widowed mother's letter of apology, for not paying an account that was due, I wrote her to never mind, I could wait her convenience. I felt that I would rather do without, than press these lambs, and so I just wrote as if I did not need it, and it was the truth—after I had written—I found out.

Down in the Solid South where sweet Summer smiles and produces the year round, while the independent Southerner indulges his fancies, the Kings are even there, garnering, to save him from the humiliation. And *here* as much as in the Golden West—Los Angeles, Frisco, Portland, Spokane and more inland Lewiston and other cities tempered by the warm current of Japan (which lured its people thitherward), too rich in Nature's gifts to exact royal soul-culture; where the free wind roves seaward all night and landward all day for man's emolument; where green foothills rise refreshed from April showers, as the sun meeting the purple mists, melts from the mountains the veil of turquoise and violet, and lures the nature-lover to the

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wonder-landscape of five mountain ranges with lustre white peaks crowning their most distant prospect; where down by the unspeakable Pacific, looking seaward, white and black seagulls never fold their soft wings, and lazy pelicans flop fearlessly near the spray in search of game; at your feet the serf dashes and curls, as enchanted, your eyes watch the white sails diminish or enlarge or glide fairy-like from left and right in delicious smoothness along the satin-swell of endless sea—here, as much as in the Golden West, I say, whether in good times or evil, the Kings keep awake. Their eyes never remove from seeing nor their ears from hearing all that transpires anywhere, in or out of *The Exchange!*

Why?

THE WHY. *Because the world has been carrying a load of dead beliefs.* It is over or under this bundle on their shoulders they must rubber to discover the fact that there *are those* who use their own Institutions and have gained also, knowledge, regardless of orders from preachers and priests, and that *these* are the men that are free. Traditions by men that have failed—creeds, opinions, ceremonies, doctrines, commandments, are the contents of the wallets on backs that are yet bent.

Nature never made two men alike. The "Fathers" blundered when they handed down their brimstone smoking-jackets to sons who had found out the stellar world was not created suddenly by Divine Will, and that all things visible have developed through the ages, *evolving* in an unbroken chain through many centuries. The old thought has chemicalized, and is fast subsiding. The dead past is its own sexton. We do not throw away the Bibles, though the only club in the hands of theologians to fight the sciences, Astronomy, Geology, Astrology, is the opening of Genesis. The-

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ology, thrown on its back after its bouts with these, lowered its sleeves to its elbows where it weakly holds them—as a last hope—against EVOLUTION. When it rolls them down to the wrists and gallantly fastens them there, the doctrine of blood and sacrifice will vanish, and all the wily frauds fold their tents, and the Kings and Commoners clasp hands.

Leave Theology also on your library shelf; it is a good encyclopedia—a land-mark in the progress of the race, like the Hieroglyphs along the Nile. Outside of the creed and church-pens, we are one with all, receiving and giving only the best each new day. The churches made the mistake to switch from the Jesus track onto the *Paul!* "In vain do they worship ME, teaching for doctrines the commandments of *men!*"

INTUITION. Of Intuition—the inner guide of King and Commoner—Prof. J. B. Sullivan says, "*Intuition* is a safer guide than reason." He calls it the instantaneous prompting of Spirit. He also quotes from the President's letter to the Secretary of the Treasury,—"There is no analogy at all with the way things were in 1893. On November 30th of that year there was in the Treasury $161,000,000 in gold. In November of this year there was in the treasury $904,000,000 of gold. The steps that you now take, the ability of the Government to back them up and the fact that not a particle of risk is involved therein, give the fullest guarantee of the sound condition of our people and of the Treasury." Mr. Sullivan adds, "This is only a half truth and is remarkable for what it does not say, to-wit: that the volume of *business* in 1907 was infinitely greater than in 1893, and that the expansion of credits was prodigious as compared with the former years. The Thinkers are at work! More bonds are to be issued! The allotments will be to the banks, who will retain 90 per

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cent of the purchase price and have the privilege of issuing currency, which is not money, up to the face value of the bonds in addition." He urges the people to get an understanding of the distinction between money and currency, the enormity of usury ("interest") and see the weakened intrenchments of the tribe of piratical usurers euphoniously designated Financiers.

The newspapers *must* be interesting, and on the side of the majority. The "thugs" they report may be in evidence somewhere, but the city has the appearance of booming right along. No difference is noticeable. I have sensed the stir outside, and have realized there has been a scare, which is blowing over. It was on account of the action of a few money lovers in Wall Street whose eyes swelled at sight of the unusually large sums the West kept pouring into their *coffers*, and which turned the heads of a few, and they *speculated*. It took this turn of the Kings to open the eyes of the West, and to make them design a Wall Street of their own. With the "God of Battles" dead, and the true Universal Powers in force, both Wall Streets would dispense with money-kings and money commoners, to grace this old earth as never before in its history, with a true, noble, free, enlightened, great, prosperous, manhood and womanhood.

The occasional thieves do not belong to the Commoners. They are the exploded comets that no longer head even toward the Kings. Men born wrong, reared wrong, schooled not at all. They are hopeless men who carry in their wallets the traditions, dead beliefs, that they are worms and fuel for hell.

No one wishes to rebel against clear and honest statements of truth. There is and should be rebelion against the tyranny of mediæval creeds. No church or book or theology or teacher is of value to any man, save as an *instrument* of education.

Every man has within him the Secret of Divinity, the *Vital Energy* which when *rightly evolved* makes every man a king, every woman a queen. This is the Key to power.

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AMONG THE FLOWERS AT
THE LIFE HOME

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I am yours very sincerely
A. P. Barton.

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YOURS TRULY,

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON

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WHILE THE AUTUMN LEAVES
WERE FALLING AT THE
LIFE HOME

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For The Children

ABOUT MYSELF.

BY A. P. B.

MY LITTLE girl often asks me to tell her a story about when I was a boy. I have told her all of them worth while, over and over. She also likes Bible stories. Many of these stories are like fairy tales, or the Arabian Nights stories. Those about Sampson and Joseph and Elijah and David are wonderfully interesting to children.

I have a friend in Kansas City who has recently published a book called "When Daddy was a Boy." It contains many pretty stories told by a man to his children about things that took place while he was a boy. I know you would all like to have one of these books.

But I am not going to steal one of his stories for this department now. He might not like it.

When any of us used to ask my father to tell us a story of his boyhood days, he would begin by singing a little couplet:

"Criddle-um-a cre-cro, criddle-um-a crow;
When I was a little boy, a long time ago."

Now, it has not been very long since I was a little boy. It seems to me a very short time. I am a boy yet—a big boy—and have not outgrown many of my boyish ways, tastes and habits. I like to play ball and marbles, climb trees, go in swimming and to romp with the kids.

But to my tale. When I was but a baby my parents moved to a wild unsettled part of Missouri and took up government land in a prairie county. My father bought other land until he had a big farm of 440

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acres. A creek ran through the western part of it where we went fishing and swimming and hunting.

Our only two neighbors were my grandfather and a man who put in much of his time hunting deer. There were great herds of deer which we could see in the prairies almost every day, and many wild turkeys, prairie chickens, wolves, foxes, mink, squirrels, coons, etc.

One day I picked up a little baby deer and took it home. But, I tell you, I looked good every way for an old horned buck before I started with it. And then I scampered for home as fast as my short legs would carry me. If the papa deer had seen me, he would have horned me. It was a beautiful pet and I gave it as good a time as it could have had out in the wild and kept it safe from murderous hunters.

One Sunday a very large buck with big horns took refuge from a pack of hounds that were chasing him, in a corner of our stable lot fence and stood there fighting off the dogs. I think my father would have shot him if it had not been Sunday. He believed it would be wrong to do so on Sunday, but not other days. I think now it would have been wrong on any day. Don't you? But some hunters did come up on horseback pretty soon and killed the poor fellow. I felt very sorry about it.

After a while other families moved into the neighborhood and they got together and built a log school house about one and a half miles from our house. There were no roads and my father with a yoke of oxen plowed four furrows straight across the prairie to make a road for us to go to school over.

There were many snakes, rattlers, blue racers, adders, vipers etc. and we were afraid of them. Sometimes the racers would chase us and often we would spring out of the way at the buzzing sound made by

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the rattlers or the blowing of the adders.

In the school house we sat on benches made of split logs, hewn flat on one side. They had no backs nor desks to them. We held our books in our hands while we studied our lessons, with "thumb-papers" under our thumbs to keep from wearing holes in the leaves. There was no black-board. On one side was a big fireplace where we burned logs of wood for warming the room. On another side was a long, wide plank supported by pegs stuck in auger holes in one of the logs for a writing desk.

The teacher carried a long switch of hazel and often used it. I never did get a licking in school. Some of the chaps said it was because I was so sly about the mischief I got into; but I think it was because I always had my lessons well and the teacher overlooked what little mischief I indulged in.

My good mother had taught me to read so that I began with the second reader the first day I went to school.

I well remember my first book. A colporteur—that is a traveling book seller—stopped at our house. I was a very small boy. Mother sent me to the field to tell father that a man was at the house with some books to sell. I eagerly went and told him. His reply was, "You tell that man I don't want to see him or his books either." I went back home with a very heavy heart and reported faithfully what my father had said. The man laughed and said his wife wanted some home-made soap and he would trade books for soap. Mother had some of the article he wanted and so purchased several books.

Among them was a blue "Pictorial Tract Primer" for me and a red one for my brother younger than I.

In this book I learned the letters and to spell and read. I have one of them now. After that the good

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book man came often and my parents bought many books of him. He became a prime favorite with us all.

Once while playing in the back yard I saw him coming over the stile in front. I ran to tell mother. He saw me and ran too. He beat me there and jumped into the room where mother was and said, "Mr. Baker's comin'," and then laughed at me.

I have now the old clock, more than 100 years old, which my father owned. It was the first clock I ever saw. Inside it has all wooden wheels. For many, many years my father wound up the weights with a crank key every evening before retiring. And after he ceased to wind it, it stopped and refused to run any more. It now points to 1:30, the time when he passed peacefully into the higher life.

My earliest lessons stay with me best. The earliest impressions made on a child's mind are the deepest and most lasting. Let them be of love, peace, unselfishness and joy.

It is a great privilege to be young and have the opportunities you have and which the pioneer boys and girls did not have. Home is a blessed institution, the most sacred on Earth. Prize it above all other places. Your best friends are your parents. Make them happy and let their good lessons and example be cherished and made a part of your consciousness.

"Happy the school-boy! did he know his bliss,
'Twere ill exchanged for all the dazzling gems
That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye;
His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
The cherub smile of innocence and health."

MRS. C. who lived by little Mary in the village, and who went to Chicago and got hurt by a street car, had a letter from Mary and a pretty card with violets on it. Mary said her little girl selected the card with the violets all by herself, and

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paid for them with her own pennies. Then Mrs. C. wrote a poem to little Mary who is about five years old:

I thank you for your pretty card
I think your choice was good;
I'd come right home and thank you more
If it was so I could.

But, Mary, dear, I'm lame just now
And can't go out to see
The pretty violets as they grow
In Nature's liberty.

And so I hold your violets—
They play important part
So that a prayer goes out from me
God bless your little heart.

A Greeting.

SO HERE'S to THE LIFE!
Long may it live,
And to all of its readers
New life ever give.
May it prosper and flourish
Till earth life is o'er,
And we meet in the new life
To live ever more.
M. L. S. C.—to C. J. & A. P.

"Dear Mrs. Barton:—I wish to thank you for what you said on *re-incarnation* in the October LIFE. So many New Thought teachers are running wild after ancient ignorance, veiled in metaphysical haze, that it is good to see this in THE LIFE."—H. Y. N.

Our real knowledge comes from within. When we are unfolding it is incorrect to say we are getting our wisdom from the East. The East is in advance of us in age. But we will add to their knowledge a thousand fold, and, *minus all the superstitions.*

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Unrest.

EVERYWHERE, in all departments of business, politics, religion, society, an unusual ebullition is apparent to the most casual observer. Discontent with the present order of things, attempts at reform, suggestions of panaceas without number, pessimism the most gloomy contending with optimism the most roseate, uprisings of malcontents, contentions and prosecutions are seething and boiling universally. What does it all mean? and what will be the end or outcome.

It means the evolution of the individuals. For years many of us have been talking, writing and practicing individualism among men, urging men and women to be themselves, to think and act their own parts, to cease aping and echoing conventional practices and claims, to break the chains of servility. It is now the time of the birth of a new era, the period of travail before the coming forth of the new man and the new woman. Old things, the old heaven and the old Earth, are passing away to make place for the new. The old order is making a death struggle for tenure. Morality enforcement by law and courts never before was more rampant. In Kansas City alone there are over two thousand indictments on our criminal court dockets, mostly against good, respectable, decent, intelligent people, only because they have played musical instruments, sung songs, spoken pieces or given uplifting lectures on the first day of the week. A Sabbatarian fanatic by accident has been placed in power and the other fanatics are backing him up. It is so in many other places. What is to be the ultimatum?

The good sense of the people will prevail; you may be sure of that. The unshakable conviction is general and daily growing that a man has the right to

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spend Sunday as he pleases, so long as he does not disturb the peace of his neighbors in so doing. We are fast coming to discard the old idea that every man is his brother's keeper, that we must submit matters of conscience to assemblies and corporate bodies.

Is war immanent? Not at all. A revolution is on, such as the world has never before experienced, but it is to be effected without an appeal to carnage. The world of mankind has grown past that method of settling differences. We are coming to recognize differences as normal and inevitable and to tolerate in others what we do not find in ourselves. We love our neighbor not less but more because he is himself and does not always consent to our own views. We see a grander manhood in it and a commendable segregation from the common level of thought and conduct.

You may be sure the leaven of individualism is at work to win, let fanatics howl as they may. We of the New Thought did it, we are responsible for the disturbance. But it is a good work and we do not relent nor waver nor let up for a moment. The man, the woman, now comes to the front and the whip of the political boss and the church leader and the social autocrat must be laid away with the whip of the slave driver. We the people are going to see that laws and creeds and rules of conduct are made by the people and for the people, the people now on Earth, and not by or for bosses or office holders or dead men. A more rational religion, a more tolerant social order, a more sane theology, a freer government are being established among men. The individual and the home have been domineered and robbed about as long as they could endure it, and a great revolt is in evidence. Let us be firm and continue to tell people what they are and encourage free thought among men.

Sunshine.

(THE POET SCOUT'S CREED.)

By Permission.

I NEVER like to see a man a 'rastlin' with the dumps
Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch

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the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss.
There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble mor'n you can drown a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holler "how'd you do,"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.

Then ax him what's a-hurtin' 'im, and laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just afore the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain.
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain.
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by,
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
But always keep rememberin' when cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

Whose new book will appear soon.

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Talks With Our Readers.

WITH January 1st we begin what is called a new year. While the year is not an arbitrary division of time, since it means the completion of an orbital circuit of Earth around the sun, yet the beginning and ending of years is artificial. January 1 is no more the beginning of one of these journeys than is July 1. Our globe is every moment ending and beginning a solar circuit.

The minutes and hours are artificial divisions of time. It would be just as convenient, or more so, to divide the day into ten hours with 100 seconds in a minute and 100 minutes in an hour.

The day is not an artificial division of time. It is the period of Earth's revolution on its axis. We call half of the day "night." This word seems to be derived from a root which meant "not," or "naught," or "no light." It is a good deal the same in almost all languages: Anglo-Saxon, naeht; German, nacht; French, nuit; Latin, nox; Greek, nux; Icelandish, nott; Swiss, natt; Spanish, noche; Danish, nat; Russian, noche; Welsh, nos; Irish, nochd; Sanscrit, nacta. The Hebrew is different, lelah.

The division of time into weeks of seven days each is artificial. It would answer every purpose just as well if there were ten days in a week, except that this division would interfere with the old Jewish system of sevens and a sacred seventh.

A month means a moon period. But this is not exact, as the moon revolves about the Earth in about 28 days. Thus a year would consist of thirteen months, or moon revolutions. Originally there were ten

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months in a year, named by number. We yet retain four of these numerical names, September, October, November, December, from septem, octo, novem, decem, seven, eight, nine, ten.

But time is eternity measured by seasons and for convenience. A new year begins every moment, and every hour is a good time for renewed resolves and efforts for better living and better deeds. We have only the now. The past is a memory, the future a dream, a vision, a hope. We really have only the present instant to think and act in. Let us improve each one and never "kill time."

Do you believe there are affinities between male and female people? You seem to condemn the idea in your article about Herron and Earle.—A. E. H.

Yes: I believe there are physical, mental and psychic counterparts among men and women. An affinity marriage is the only happy union for husband and wife.

By this I mean that the attraction between the man and woman should be a natural one. This arises from mutual supplementation, the one supplying in the dual unit what is wanting in the other. Blondes and brunettes are mutually attractive to one another. Nature thus prevents extremes in the offspring. And if a defect in one parent is made good by the other, the child escapes it.

But I do not believe that there is just one person in the world capable of affiliation with each man or woman. If this were true, there would be fewer happy marriages than there are, on account of the almost impossible chance of the two halves finding one another. There may be thousands of persons any one of whom would make you a good husband or wife, would be a happy counterpart with you, forming the dual union.

What I condemn is the unwise practice of looking

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out for the supposed one counterpart and going off after silly fancies, following physical attractions, regardless of family ties and responsibilities. This almost always results in sorrow and desolation. The time to look for an affinity is before marriage. Never marry for convenience, for money, for a home nor because of sensual desire. If you do, you will surely be unhappy in the end. If you have made a mistake, make the best of it you can. But do not imagine that some other man or woman you know would make you happy and run after him or her, leaving family and home. This is a great mistake. If you two cannot live together in peace, live apart; but never permit your fancy for some one else to be the cause of separation. This surely results in wrong and misery.

I know there are many hells called home, made so by mismated pairs who pose as husband and wife. But many of these could be metamorphosed and disinfected of the brimstone fumes by a little sensible conduct on the part of one or both of the parties. Usually both are at fault and usually one more than the other. But don't you see how the affinity doctrine would make matters worse? The man begins to look out for his affinity and some disguising woman attracts his fancy and poses as the one. So he goes off with her—to make another hell, usually.

The advice my father gave us when we were married is good for all to heed. He said, "Always keep two bears in the home—bear and forbear." If this were always done and the two bears clothed in love, gentleness and common sense, there would be many more happy homes and fewer affinity hunters.

Now I want to say to each and all of you that we expect you to do something for THE LIFE this year to add large numbers to the Life League. We stand for the best things attainable in this life. We stand for

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courage, health, happiness and success. We are leagued together for these ends and must work together to attain them. THE LIFE is your special organ. We expect you to stand by and with us in the work.

And don't be selfish about it. You enjoy and profit by the lessons and suggestions, but remember that there are thousands of others who are hungering and thirsting for this manna. Introduce THE LIFE to your neighbors and friends. We have hundreds of subscribers who are each alone in his vicinity, being the only one taking the magazine at the place. This should not be so. You can get company, everyone of you. Do it. It is both your duty and your privilege. We want a live agent in every neighborhood. We will pay you good commissions. One man turned out in a small town in Illinois and procured sixty subscribers in a short time. We have a good friend, a one armed soldier of the Civil war, across the line in Kansas City, Kas., who, whenever he finds something in THE LIFE which he considers especially good, goes about and shows it to people, comes over and gets extra copies and distributes them, and thus has added many new names to our list. He was here yesterday and got a dozen copies of the December issue for "Christmas presents," he said. He says he has read the leading article on "Births" many times and insists that we should repeat that article in every issue right thru the year. That would probably make it monotonous. But we expect to have something just as good in each issue.

All the members of The Life League should be thoroly alive. We do not tolerate "deadsters;" they have no place among us. If you are not alive and alert, you have no fitting place in the League. We expect to have everyone and everything connected

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with us perpetually tingling with life vibrations and on the move.

Now bestir yourselves and send us a big list of names for the new year. We will not be so extravagant as to set a "million mark," as brother Lorson and Mr. Bryan have done, but will be content with ten thousand more new subscribers for 1908. We do not expect any one or ten of you to accomplish all of this, but all of you combined can easily do it. Don't be selfish or lazy about it; get to work NOW. Send them along and keep half of amount paid on new subscriptions, or send for value in our books. The $2.00 offer for two new yearly subscriptions and renewal of your own for one year still holds good. Now is the accepted time, now is the day to spread the good work. The more readers we have the more good we do. *We expect each one of you to take part in this great work,* and decree for all of you a very Happy New Year.

THE path man takes from every side is Mine. In whatever manner a man worships Me I respond to him in the same way.

"Among good and pious men who worship Me, there are four classes: the distressed, the enquiring, the benefit seeker and the spiritually wise.

"The spiritually wise realizes the presence of a loving personal God in every created object. One who has such good fortune is rare."—Bbagabat Geeta.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12, 1907.

Dear Mr. Barton: I enclose $1.00 for my usual renewal of THE LIFE for 1908. Blessings on THE LIFE and its editors. HENRY WOOD.

Creed-religion is the way the Johns have worked out to keep the Marys good and humble. Abolish the creeds, and every preacher, priest and holy father will be turned upside down.—C. J. B.

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Some New Books.

THE Progressive Literature Co., P. O. Box 228, M. S., New York, has published some excellent new books and booklets recently. Among them are, The Essentials of the Unity of Life, by Dr. Sheldon Leavitt. Living Ideals, by Eugene Del Mar, Experiences and Mistakes, by same, Affirmations and Denials, by same, Motherhood, by Margaretta Gray Bothwell and Jesus of Nazareth as a Type, by same.

The Essentials of the Unity of Life is a powerful treatise by a great man. It will be wonderfully helpful to all who read it. It is optimistic in a spirit of mastery and certainty, constructive with a skilled hand and strengthening by a rational foundation and structure. The author is a man of vast learning, varied experience and marked achievement as a physician, teacher and demonstrator. The atmosphere of this book breathes an inspiration of certainty and assured confidence that makes one strong and positive.

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Living Ideals is a treatise in 15 chapters, embodying the essentials of success and mastry. Mr. Del Mar is a man of clear and practical thought and is more than ordinarily happy in power of expression. In this book he gives a safe guide to conduct and a panacea for the heartaches of fear and failure. He tells you how to build and manifest ideals and how to regulate your relations with others.

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Experiences and Mistakes is one of Mr. Del Mar's Fulfillment series. *Affirmations and Denials* is another. There are four others yet to appear, *The Law of Compensation, Curing and Healing, The Self* and *Life Eternal.* They are all clear, brief statements filled with helpfulness and encouragement. 25c each, or all the six delivered as published, $1.00.

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In *Motherhood* Mrs. Bothwell tells the essentials of true, healthy maternity and how to attain them. She answers some crucial questions that always arise in the minds of prospective mothers and gives also some valuable suggestions about fatherhood.

Paper, 25 cents.

In *Jesus of Nazareth as a Type* she holds up the sample life of the humble Nazarene as an object of emulation for all: the sincerity, the simplicity, the fearlessness, the purity, the sublimity, the optimism, the inspiration of it all. It is good for all who read it, for victory is in that sort of a life.

The Absolute Press, Box 155, Brooklyn, N. Y., is sending out a pretty edition of Annie Rix Militz' *The Wonderful Wishers of Wishing Well.* It is an idealistic story for children, illustrating the power of good wishes.

Paper, 15 cents.

Meat Substitutes by Isabel Goodhue, published by the New York Magazine of Mysteries, is a pretty book giving a treatise on food values and meat eating, followed by many recipes for the preparation of foods without animal flesh. We heartily recommend it to all who have ceased eating flesh.

Bound in handsome vellum cloth, $1.00.

THE fruit of *yoga* (unselfishness) is *siddhi* (success.) This *siddhi* is the realization of the highest state of harmony between the soul of a man and the Divine Being. But it is an essential element of *yoga* to be above worldly success and failure.

"Thus it is manifest that *yoga* is the realization of the true *satwik* or self-sacrificing state out of which comes genuine happiness and real success, but which is indifferent to worldly success or failure and which is above the *rajasik* or worly pleasure and pain."

KISHORI LAL SARKOR.

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Written for THE Life. By Prof H. W. Thatcher, London, Eng.

There is a widow, Mrs. N., whose late husband used her as a medium too much, I thought. I said to one of my hypnotized subjects one day, "Will you go into the spirit world for me?"

Hypnotized Subject:—Yes.

Thatcher:—Find William N.

H. S.:—He is here.

T.:—Tell him I think he is using his wife too much.

H. S.:—He looks very much astonished and indignant.

T.:—That shows me I am right.

H. S.:—He looks upon her as his own property.

T.:—Tell him to be more considerate and use her less.

H. S. (after a pause):—He has considered your advice and thinks he will take it.

Three weeks later Mrs. N. told me, of her own accord and perfectly unprompted and independently, that her husband intended to use her mediumship less.

"We are planting carrots, spinach, radishes, cabbage, etc, for winter growth. Eighteen acres of vineyard just ripening," writes brother Henry Harrison Brown of Glenwood, Calif. Think of the luscious Calif. grapes, just now ripe; it makes us think we would like to walk through the vineyard about luncheon time. Wouldn't need another thing to eat. While the people of the interior though rich in summer resources are toasting by cozy fires and looking through closed windows at the falling snow, the Californians are walking through vineyards plucking the round delicious globes, and talking Science as they loitre. Glenwood is where Mr Brown edits "Now" Magazine, which is published by the Everett & Chapell "NOW" Folk.—C. J. B.

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From the Mother of the Living

CHAPTER X.

C. JOSEPHINE BARTON.

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet unfolded."

THE Pendulum of Character is moral, rather than mental. That which turns all the wheels in a man, to keep his qualities running, to set forth what he is, is ethical. In order to the betterment of the present race, we would first point to the fact that every child should be well-born and will be, when every parent wisely enters into self-discipline as a first requisite. The root of evil in the race has been ignorance.

THE INCENTIVE. The father is proud when a son is born because he supposes it a display of his power. He does not so much as remember what incentive led him into the thought, nor whether he was in a high or low mental attitude, or one of exalted or debased moral ecstacy.

But it really points to the fact that in expressing, will and judgment have been preceded by love and intuition. Thus superseded by the spiritually more powerful, the latter will manifest that which is physically most vigorous, and a male child will be the result.

A profound principle is herein involved: where the masculine qualities precede the intuitional in expression, the weaker physical manifestation results, and the product is the incarnation of the feminine. Thus it is that the first in the physical shall be last in the spiritual, and the last in the physical shall be first in

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the spiritual—a rose with all its sweetest leaves yet unfolded.

When, without ulterior design, the mother has prepared the way by a descent to the plane where the emotions temporarily dominate over the intuitional mind, and will and judgment meet on common ground, the result is masculine. It is because that in the first instance will and judgment have been slower to execute their potentialities in the transforming operation. The hardly interested mother, through divine alchemy, brings into manifestation the loftier qualities, for the reason that Intuition is *psychically* more influential than are will and judgment. No one need longer be in doubt as to the question of moral type, or of sex in the coming adventist. If the world was lost through woman, it is she who can save it.

Each human has alike within itself all the potentialities of both men and women. Spiritually there is no sense-exercise of sex in either. These peculiarities belong to this plane alone. In any instance, where the begotten cell meets and coalesces with Eve (Ovum) the latter imbuing the former, and *not* the former the latter as has been supposed, in this important process the *existence of the personality* as the representative of the individual, *makes its beginning*. The begotten Adam and not the Eve develops material shape. Eve, the riper development, evolves out of Atom, just as the grain of corn germinates in the ground and life springs up. The ground does not conceive; but the grain in the ground is moved by a concept of life and comes forth. And the Lord God (*organized* Universal Powers—Unmanifest man) through Eve, or Ovum, breathes into the Atom-cell the breath that animates it and makes it a *living* soul. (Soul existed prior to this time, but in a passive state, not active—not "*living.*")

Eve means *Life*. Adam means dirt, clay.

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ATOM AND OVUM. red earth, inanimate matter. It takes both in one to manifest the Divine Human, the Individualized Powers. The begotten is the vehicle of Ovum or Eve, through whom the living principle receives its illumination. The Breath of life by means of the richly endowed placenta, gives nourishment—through the minute pappillary process of this placenta, reaching within the sinusees of the maternal one, where there springs continual interchange, by means of the delicate membrane separating the two,—to the infinitesimal Atom.

It is owing to the close relation of this twain that the mother has alchemizing power over the whole structure, and she may largely influence the mind also. She may select the complexion, the shade of hair, color of eyes, and according to her willed word demonstrate them. To a great extent the features may be remodelled, the form improved, and the brain-capacity enlarged. Pessimistic thought grooves may be erased and optimism established.

ADAM. There is a quaint story about the Adam, or Atom, whose name is compounded of the four initial letters of the cardinal points:—*A*rktos, *D*usis, *A*natole, *M*essembria. Adam was made of Salzal, i, e, raw, unbaked clay. It was left forty nights without soul. This clay was collected from the four quarters of the earth, according to Rebadan.

Though the furnishing and ornamentation is left for the mother mind, the foundation first constructed—the whole-earth Atom—can only undergo modification; it cannot be entirely changed, for such is the consistency of will and judgment in formation.

INHERITANCE. The thought-grooves in a child's brain may be PATTERNED AFTER that of his father; but the latter's brain is not reproduced in the former. We inherit nothing from our

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parents. Like brain-cells, uninfluenced, may become the receptacle of *like* brain-quality, but it is not the same nor a part of the same. The bump of alimentiveness or love of eating, may be large in both parents; and also in the child; yet it is because the brain-cells are *patterned after*, and *not taken from* these parents. A dwarf Atom-cell may be enlarged, his soul ennobled, if the mother is wise and will exercise such powers as belong to the immortal souls of all men. Even here, the mother *does not endow*, she only *awakens* the soul to its *own* birth-right and privileges.

Chang, the giant, eight feet high, was the son of a father nine feet tall. Neither his mind nor the mother's modified conditions much. To have fine children, parents must be fine, else they may hinder their right unfoldment, no one can estimate for how long a time.

"Home is the nursery of a nation's happiness, and the babe in the cradle, is the love between husband and wife—not the love born of the senses, nor of affinities of matter-fed minds, but love born out of soul-consciousness" says an eminent East Indian, speaking out of an older civilization than ours, where marriage is considered a union of souls, and the condition of eligibility, after spending many thoughts on the subject —is considered by parents the most delicate and responsible, involving earnest fore-thought.

First, the spiritual status of the two must be considered; then comes the examination of the horoscope of the pair, and if the stars are harmonious, then the mental and physical health are considered; the actual state of things relating to the candidates must be inquired into, and the matter settled on that ground. Thus diseases that have been *patterned* after for generations, will be discontinued, and doubtless forevermore. For most diseases are not of present origin, and would belong to the past alone. It is ignorance that

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smiles at the idea of the heavens "declaring the glory of God" or Man. But what a grand Book it is! In it and it only, may the race find an *enduring record* of the race! The Sphinx is crumbling; the noble Pyramids are showing failure to stand the on-rush of time and tide; the hieroglyphics of Egypt and other countries, are slowly erasing—though faithful and long-suffering—and all books, periodicals, histories, legends, divine and profane, written or uniquely unwritten laws, are all, all alike proving inadequate to the eternal onslaught of TIME with its weapons of sun, air, water, earth, cold and heat, as they ceaselessly operate in faithful response to Divine Nature's unwavering and eternal Laws.

No soul should launch its little barque on earth-shores until every veil of ignorence is removed from before its face.

FREE-BORN. It is true that our Origin is Divine; that children are direct from the Individualized Powers; and we may safely put aside false traditions, physical inheritance, so that no soul, when it first breathes the atmosphere of any point along the earth's orbit, must look first through the smoked glass of its parents!

M. Morel, in looking deeply into inherited drunkenness, said he had never seen a patient cured of that tendency when inherited from his parents! He did not know that such predisposition might be wiped out through spiritual or through ethical enlightenment. Make him to understand what he is spiritually, that he inherits nothing from flesh, and he will no longer copy what his father has practiced.

Sir Walter Scott's mother was a very superior woman, a lover of poetry, an admirer of fine pictures. The mother of Byron was proud, easily angered, but brilliant, and much of this Byron patterned in his life.

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It is well known the mother of Nero was a criminal. The mother of President J. Q. Adams was a devout student. When Garfield was inaugurated he said to his mother, "You have brought me to this." Patrick Henry's mother was noted for her brilliant conversational powers. Bonaparte said, "What France needs is wise and good mothers, and *you may then be sure that France will have wise and noble sons.*" One of the wisest things he ever said, and so long as woman contemplates motherhood, let her thus devote her powers. This does not mean she must forego her own emolument. Many a mother together with her children, has risen to heights from which, almost unawares, she has to look back upon him who, busy with the world and its cares has not made the same degree of progress!

While young, the method of the child's education must be wisely determined for him. Consider, in this, that the child's mind is an incalculable possibility, and then watch the drift of his genius, and with at first a good rounded education, help him to enter gracefully and successfully the vocation for which he is by nature especially endowed. Here at the threshold of the child's mental and manual training, we must remember what has been said regarding the principles which should by this time have asserted themselves in both parent and child, and which will, under such faithful efforts, wherein the end is determined by the beginning, and true thought, right principles, run through the mental and material fabric like threads of silk and gold.

Jesus of Nazareth.

A CORRESPONDENT takes exceptions to my reference to the Nazerine prophet, in my leading article in the December issue of THE LIFE, as "meek and lowly," and asserts that he did many

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acts to prove him to have been anything but meek and lowly, affirming that he was a revolutionist, sometimes in a rage, "a strong, proud, passionate man," and that it was pride that kept him from murmuring or crying out when scourged and crucified.

He is reported to have said of himself, "I am meek and lowly in heart." He was one of the common people and associated with common people. He was not ambitious for temporal position or power. His grandeur was that of a spirit conscious of truth, a soul that was self-centered and a mind that pierced thru the tinsel of ostentation and perceived the real substance back of it all.

His indignation and denunciation of wrong at times did not show lack of true meekness, but a sublime courage born of a deep sence of righteousness. The meekest men the world has ever known were the most courageous. Moses was called the meekest of all men; yet what a brave, aggressive soul he was. Lincoln was truly meek and lowly, yet brave and forceful in doing what he believed to be the right. True meekness means not magnifying self, not seeking self-glorification or honor. If Jesus was not meek in this sense, there has never lived a man who was.

And to say that it was his pride or vanity that kept him from crying out when beaten and wounded, is to make a very mean estimate of the man. It was not pride, but soul imperturbability, the divine absorption and perception of the real meaning of it all, the light of truth that put into shadow the more physical pain, the intense earnestness in a great purpose that manifested the stoical martyr spirit in him.

When he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," he did not mean they know not what a great wrong they are doing, but, they do not realize what a stupendous work is being done for mankind thru them. They do not see the meaning of it all as I do. It was this profound sense of what was being done for the world that made him despise the

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physical suffering entailed. No; it was not pride. It was nobility of spirit and a knowledge of the purport of it all that caused him to be "as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before his shearers is dumb."

And to say that Jesus was a passionate man is certainly a travesty upon a life of noble, divinely endowed serenity. His whole recorded life contradicts such an estimate of the man. Even when he drove the cattle and sheep (not the men) out of the temple with a whip, he exhibited no passion or anger, but only zeal and earnestness for a cause. There is no evidence on record that he was ever angry, nor that he was passionate in any other sense. He was serene and earnest when he denounced the Scribes and Pharisees, and not angry. Anger is a sign of weakness, of want of faith in one's power and purpose. Jesus was always serene and calm and sublimely self-possessed.

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DURING the months of January, February and March, $1.10 will pay for the following:

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