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MISS SARAH J. FARMER,

Founder of the Greenacre Conferences.

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MIND

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1899—MARCH, 1900

NEW YORK
THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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I CALL that mind free which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement and acts from an inward spring—from immutable principles that it has deliberately espoused.—*William Ellery Channing*.

MIND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL AND ADVANCED THOUGHT.

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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON, Editor.

Business Announcement.

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PROSPECTUS CONDENSED.

Sincere friends of the cause of spiritual freedom and universal brotherhood have for some time been impressed with the need of a strictly high-class periodical representing *all* phases of the "new thought." It is confidently believed by keen observers that their fundamental principles are identical, and that the establishment of this unitary basis would greatly facilitate the work in every legitimate field of action.

In full recognition of this demand, The Alliance Publishing Company begs to announce the publication of "MIND." This periodical will owe allegiance to no school, sect, system, cult, or person. Its sole aim will be to aid in the progress of mankind through a cultivation of the knowledge of Truth wherever found, regardless of individual prejudices and preconceptions. The responsibility for statements made in signed articles will be assumed by the individual contributors; but it shall be our constant endeavor to get such material only from authoritative sources.

A question of vital importance to humanity is the prevention and cure of disease through the understanding and application of Law, which regulates life in its varying phases of spiritual, mental, and physical development. Our treatment of this subject will be truly instructive and educational. The teaching will relate to practice as well as to theory. Although this science of healing through mind is taught under many names and has various modes of application, yet it is essentially simple and practical, and we shall hope to give to the abstract principles a concrete setting at once beneficent and convincing.

Among the many occult and psychic questions that may be regarded as within the purview of this magazine are: Reincarnation and Adeptship; Telepathy, or direct thought-transference; Hallucinations and Premonitions; Phantasms of the living and Apparitions of the dead; Clairvoyance and Clairaudience; Psychometry and Psychography, or independent and automatic writing; Inspirational Speaking; the Mediumistic Trance; Spirit-photography, so called; Phrenology and Palmistry; Astrology and Symbolism; Hypnotism, its therapeutic and medico-legal aspects and attendant phenomena of auto-suggestion and multiplex personality. The study of comparative religions will be made a feature of this magazine and dealt with in an impartial and satisfactory manner. Well-written articles of moderate length are solicited from competent authorities on these and kindred subjects.

While granting due credit to Hindu metaphysics and the mysticism of the Orient in general, we are yet inclined to look for the development of a Western Psychology that will harmonize with the conditions of life in the Occident, at the same time tending to promote the spiritual welfare of the race as a whole. "MIND" hopes to become a factor of increasing importance in its growth, and in the work herein outlined we invite the co-operation and support of all true lovers of humanity.

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MIND.

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1899. No. 1.

GREENACRE.

BY CHARLES MALLOY.

The word *Greenacre* is not to be found in Webster's Dictionary nor in any gazetteer. It is a new word and was invented by Miss Sarah J. Farmer, of Eliot, Maine. A very pretty villa, a mile from Greenacre, was the home, in their last years, of Miss Farmer's parents, and is now in the possession of the daughter. The father was a distinguished inventor, particularly in the application of electricity. He invented the fire-alarm, for fifty years in use in all the cities of the world, and about the same time he invented an electric car that was on exhibition in many places. It would carry two persons around a hall, and is now in good preservation. But the method in vogue at that time for the production of electric power was too expensive and awaited the evolution of the dynamo.

Miss Farmer's home she has named "Bittersweet." This etymology suggests phases of experience in the early life of the daughter. She had lived in Newport, R. I., a gay girl for many years, and was quite rebellious at the limited chances and commonplaces of the life in the country to which her parents had retired. That was the "bitter." She came into her inheritance of great riches at last in the form of subjective resources, and learned that, with good thoughts and high purposes in a life for others, one is never alone—nor "bitter."

Greenacre, as an institution and a cultus, was an inspira-

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tion of the "sweet" half of this double experience; hence the new name of "Bittersweet."

Greenacre, as a geographical fact, is a beautiful little plateau of somewhat sandy land, lying high and dry on the Maine side of the Piscataqua River. On the other side of the stream is the town of Newington, in New Hampshire. Below that is Portsmouth, a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants; and below Portsmouth is Newcastle, where is old Fort Constitution, and then the ocean. Two or three miles above Greenacre the river parts into affluents on which are many mills and manufacturing villages and cities, as South Berwick in Maine, and Dover, Exeter, Newmarket, Salmon's Falls, and Somersworth in New Hampshire. These rivers take the name of Piscataqua only when they come together. This union makes a river so large and deep that the Kittery Navy Yard, opposite Portsmouth, is able to receive the largest war-vessels.

Daniel Webster came to Portsmouth, after he left his home in the country, and opened a law-office. It was there that he met Jeremiah Mason, the Nestor and leader of the New Hampshire bar. Mr. Mason was six feet six inches tall, well-formed, and with a mind to fit his body. He had for many years been easily triumphant in great legal battles. "What do you think of this young Webster?" some one asked him, after they had tried their strength in a few cases. "He's a devil," said Mr. Mason. Each respected the other. Webster said Mason was the strongest lawyer in America in many forms of legal effort.

They both moved to Boston, years afterward. Mr. Mason, then an old man, was asked what he thought of young Emerson, who was making a sensation with his first lectures. "I can't understand him," said the lawyer; "but my gals can."

But I am getting too far from Greenacre. A road a few rods north from Greenacre was made for a succession of excellent farms on the south of the town, each farm running down to the river. Greenacre is the river end of one of these farms. There was a yard here for building ships, and there is now a

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pier where boats can land passengers for Greenacre. The tide comes up twice a day, and there is a good beach for bathing. There is a good Inn at Greenacre, which is now filled, and the farm-houses up the road for quite a distance have also their quota of boarders. There are half-a-dozen cottages connected with the Inn, in which Miss Farmer domiciles her lecturers. There is a large tent for lectures, and fifty smaller tents for camping-out purposes. And a large, convenient building, built two years ago, called the "Eirenion," is used for lectures, concerts, receptions, etc.

A tall staff floats a banner on which in large letters is the legend *Peace*. That suggests the genius of Greenacre.

There is no "Society" at Greenacre—in a meaning of the word designating a class distinction. All persons meet as members of a family, studious of mutual help and furtherance—in the sweet courtesies, in the better aspirations taught and illustrated by Miss Farmer. Happiness is the fashion. A spirit prevails that is almost playful. Everything bad is ignored—even disease; and that usually cures it. We meet like children—without creed, church, or party—for a blessed week or month, seeing what is good in all things and what is good in evil, which is "good in the making."

Professor Schmidt, of Cornell, this season gave an able interpretation of the poem *Job,* and imparted a new interest and value to the Scriptures by showing that much depends upon a good reader, and that one must read beyond the letter in order that he may understand what is in the book. Professor E. M. Chesley, of Boston, gave an able lecture on Leibnitz, and made abstruse metaphysics so interesting as to win applause from a popular audience—which, perhaps, Leibnitz himself could not accomplish. Joseph Jefferson has been here and given us a great day. Ralph Waldo Trine and Mrs. Trine are here, living in a tent and in a content that make a palace seem cheap and superfluous.

And Rabbi Joseph Silverman, of New York, has been here with the Bible, the Talmud, and Theology as regarded by

the Jew. He illustrated how very much one's standpoint has to do with the aspect that things seem to wear, and that we think is a part of themselves. He gave us much we needed to know and shall gladly remember. He would have offended us if Greenacre had not made us superior to offense. He had the shield of "formidable innocence" around him: transparent candor and honesty kept dissent and opposition quiet. His merciless analysis tore the Golden Rule, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount into fragments, scattering them through the Old Testament, the Talmud, and rabbinical lore; and nobody wanted to burn him, although there were ten cords of dry pine wood near by. Indeed, we wish to have him come again; we like to know the worst, and so revise our estimates. *That* is "higher criticism."

The dominating thought at Greenacre has always been the *Soul*. The soul makes the body, and when the body is ill the soul heals it. Many lectures have been given upon this thought, which is *the* thought.

Greenacre has had, this season, what it has sought before —a course of lectures by Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson of New York. Mr. Patterson has given us, free of charge, two or three weeks out of his busy life; and with thankful hearts we have all known how to prize the gift. Let us be glad that we have heard this clear teacher, who "speaks with authority, and not as the scribes." Mr. Patterson's publications are making a very large and welcome literature upon the general subject of mental healing. He is a man of large caliber, and can do the work of several. Let us hope he will not try to do too much, as such men are apt to.

The Rev. E. P. Powell, author of that very popular book, "Our Heredity from God," has given us his great discourse on "Farming." It was as beautiful as a poem, and held the attention of the audience, old and young, like the story of a thrilling adventure. It made us think we would like to try farming in his way. He uses the hoe, but he has a better hoe than that of the man in the "Angelus" of Millet. We think

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some merchant should send over to France an invoice of light, graceful, American hoes. That would help the French peasant to "straighten up" a little. Mr. Powell has developed, by crossing, a currant as large as a cherry, which must be picked with the aid of a step-ladder. The Agricultural Bureau at Washington should send this useful man on a lecture-tour throughout the country.

The writer has given a course of eight lectures on the poems of Emerson—four for Greenacre proper and four for the Monsalvat departure, under the direction of Dr. Lewis G. Janes. Dr. Janes, by the way, has added much to Greenacre as a total fact by the department called the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion.

The dominant genius of Greenacre for six years has been Miss Farmer. This lady has the highest requisites for a spiritual teacher. She is just what she teaches. She has had many trials since she began her work at Greenacre—disappointments, defection of friends, pecuniary limitations, the desertion of half-converted followers, and her full share of parasites abusing her good nature and generosity. She has passed through them all, however, never losing her courage, her hope, her sweetness and light, which encircle her head like an aureole; for Greenacre was never so strong and beautiful as to-day. A dinner was given in her honor, two years ago, on her fiftieth birthday, at which old schoolmates came together for reunion; and the following lines were read at the table:

"We've a queen, and no one can mistake her;
We shall not see her like again.
She was born one day—and Greenacre
Already was in her brain.
So Greenacre is more than Greenacre—
Fair as may be the scene;
And the charmer is still Miss Farmer,
And the best of the scene is the queen."

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THE PURPOSE OF GREENACRE.

BY SARAH J. FARMER.

The great problem is to restore to the human mind something of the ideal. Whence shall we draw the ideal? Wherever it is to be found. The poets, the philosophers, the thinkers are its urns. . . . What an aim—to construct the people! Principles combined with science; all possible quantity of the absolute introduced by degrees into the fact; Utopia treated successively by every mode of realization—by political economy, by philosophy, by physics, by chemistry, by dynamics, by logic, by art; union gradually replacing antagonism, and unity replacing union; for religion God, for priest the father, for prayer virtue, for field the whole earth, for language the word, for law the right, for motive-power duty, for hygiene labor, for economy universal peace, for canvas the very life, for the goal progress, for authority freedom, for people the man! Such is the simplification. And at the summit the ideal.—*Victor Hugo.*

The purpose of Greenacre is to bring Peace to the world by helping men and women to become like unto the "little child" among them, and to demonstrate that it is possible to live in the kingdom of heaven *now.*

"Throughout the whole creation one increasing purpose runs." To make more clear this purpose and to show that it is good, the Greenacre Conferences were established in 1894. By attempting to bring together representatives of all races and varying beliefs, from all branches of sociological and philanthropic work, it is hoped to make manifest the "converging movement of thought, affecting all faithful men, toward a center of repose, as yet invisible," to which James Martineau looked for "ultimate unity."

As one result of the movement, we hope to establish, first, training-schools for mothers and for young men and women that desire to become home-makers and the nurturers of child life. To this end we would build cottage homes for waifs and neglected children, and train them to become attractive and fit for adoption by opening up in them the fountains of divine

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life, knowing that every child born into the world is "the Word of God made flesh." By the aid of the most spiritual and thoroughly trained kindergarteners we hope to help the children to live like unto "one of these" throughout life.

Men and women of deep insight, boundless love, and broad culture stand ready to consecrate their lives to this work, without fixed remuneration, depending upon God to send through his stewards sufficient to supply personal needs. We desire to give to these children arts and crafts schools that shall develop them along lines of individual aptitude. Above all, we expect to obtain great results by leading the little ones to understand from the first the meaning of the indwelling power of God, and the purity of life that comes from such knowledge. We plan to build our cottage homes simply, embodying in both exterior and interior the principles of true art. We hope to have music taught by those who grasp its power and influence to fill the daily life with harmony. In each home we desire to have as honored guests and co-workers a man and a woman who, through overcoming, have reached "life's late afternoon" in serenity. By simply shedding an atmosphere of peace and love in the home, such are able to accomplish more than in years of greater outward activity.

The schools established for boys and girls will be open to young people from farms far distant from centers of learning. The work will be done coöperatively. The aim will be to develop thoroughly and evenly the threefold nature—physical, intellectual, and spiritual—and to make known the joy of life that comes from giving one's self freely to the service of humanity. We plan to have training-schools for young men and women that have sought pleasure as an end, and have failed to satisfy their highest nature. This school—the Monsalvat School for the Comparative Study of Religion—has already made a beginning. We desire to give it permanent form and so liberal a support that men and women can come to it and study the best methods of sociological work in the great cities,

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as well as in rural towns and in frontier settlements. We desire to have also in residence native teachers from the Orient, professors of languages, and musicians, who may train workers for foreign fields—not to supplant the old and revered forms, but to give them new life and meaning: train them to be quick to "make points of contact" with all that is best in such countries and to use them in turn as a lever with which to lift the whole race.

In time we hope to see such a center as Greenacre in every land—a rallying point for all who desire to forget self and rise to the plane of universal consciousness and impersonal service. The union of the many, working toward a common end through the leadership of the Ideal, is "the divine event to which the whole creation moves."

We desire to establish a university for men and women that have become conscious of "the Power that worketh in them"—artists, scientists, educators, musicians, philosophers, sociologists, clergymen, mechanicians—that each may be thoroughly equipped for largest, fullest living, and for the unselfish use of the great powers of body, mind, and soul intrusted to him or her.

For those now held in bondage by disease of mind or body, we wish to establish a home—Heart's Ease—which shall stand for Life in every sense; where men and women, conscious of their birthright as children of God, shall have power to heal with a touch; and where Love shall minister "for the joy of the working."

We believe it possible to demonstrate now that even from a business standpoint alone the kingdom of God is *the* practical method of so administering the affairs of life that each may fulfil the purpose of his being. The love, joy, and peace filling a life so ordered are the visible witnesses to the Truth that sets men free. And to cultivate these attributes in the morning of youth, rather than to await their coming at the eventide of life, is our great purpose.

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We desire to move forward quietly and diligently, as fast as the way opens through the gifts of those who are almoners of the Father's bounty—those who get a glimpse of the spirit of the work and recognize the spark that can kindle the fire of Truth. The coöperation of helpers is assured. Boys and girls are many—waiting to be rescued by the hand of Love. Little children in large centers pine for green pastures and freedom. Voices yet unborn plead for the right to be well born. The treasure that will set in motion all these mighty forces lies all about us waiting only for the touch of consecrated Love to open the doors of hearts that in the midst of an abundance are yet willing to serve.

What we desire is a fulfilment of faith in the providing care of the living God, who dwells in men and women and will supply daily needs. With a generous outpouring to us of love, service, and treasure, we shall go forward ***in His name,*** giving the largest possible aid to those committed to our care, and returning to society lives shaped by an inner law through the powerful influences of the spirit and made conscious through environment and love.

THE PISCATAQUA RIVER.

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MONSALVAT SCHOOL OF COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

BY LEWIS G. JANES, M.A.

It is almost a third of a century since Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in an address before the Free Religious Association of America on "The Sympathy of Religions," struck the key-note in a movement of thought that has since been far-reaching in its influence on the minds of thinking men and women. With ample illustration from the sacred writings of the world's great religions, he exemplified the fact that the ethical teachings and deeper spiritual truths in every faith tend to converge, and to testify to common needs and impulses of the human mind; that sectarian differences are created by the superficial rather than by the more profound and enduring elements in religious thought; and that the scientific study of religions points to the logical grounds of a wider sympathy, a larger charity, and a deeper sense of universal brotherhood than have usually been exemplified in human experience.

The Free Religious Association of America was founded thirty-two years ago as a non-sectarian organization devoted to the scientific study of religions, and the search for this more fundamental basis for fellowship in the spirit. Its work, however, was limited, and the first great popular movement in the direction aimed at by its founders was seen in the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, in connection with the Columbian Exposition of 1893.

Before this time, however, a few organizations had sprung up in which some creditable work was done in the comparative study of religions. Notable among these was the Brooklyn Ethical Association, which for three years—1883-1886—under the leadership of Professor Franklin W. Hooper (now

the able director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences), the late Z. Sydney Sampson, and the writer, conducted a systematic course of study in the Oriental Religions and Primitive Christianity. Some very able papers were contributed during these years, a number of which were published in the *Westminster Review* (London), the *Unitarian Review, Boston Index,* and elsewhere.

None of the leaders in this work ever lost their interest in it, or their conviction of its far-reaching importance. Mr. Sampson's last literary work was an able essay on "The Ethics of Mohammedanism," which was read to appreciative audiences in Brooklyn, N. Y., Cambridge and Boston, Mass., and at Greenacre. The President of the Brooklyn Ethical Association secured the services of the Swami Vivekananda and other Oriental teachers, and was able in 1894 and 1895 to renew his interest and efforts in this line of comparative study. He had long held and taught that no one could be thoroughly competent for the position of ethical or religious teacher who was not instructed in the tenets of the world's leading religious faiths.

As a result of her observation of the inspiring effects of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, and of her own experience with the Oriental teachers, the same thought came to Miss Sarah J. Farmer, the founder of the Greenacre lectures; and four years ago she generously offered to the writer the opportunity to establish a school for the comparative study of religions at Greenacre. The first session of the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion was held in the summer of 1896, and a month has been devoted to this work in each successive season, with steadily increasing interest and attendance. Last year the number of students registered was one hundred and twenty-two. This year it will approximate, if it does not reach, two hundred. Two hundred and fourteen teachers and pupils were actually registered.

Able representatives of the Hindu, Buddhist, Jain, Parsee,

Jewish, and Mohammedan faiths have participated from year to year in the work of the Monsalvat School, and scholarly lectures have been delivered on various phases of Christian doctrine. Among the speakers who have constituted the faculty of the School from year to year, besides the director, have been Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of the chair of Semitic Languages and Literature in Cornell University; Professor Ismar J. Peritz, of Syracuse University; the Swami Saradananda and the Swami Abhedananda, of India, representing the Vedanta philosophy and Hindu religion; the Anagarika H. Dharmapala, of Ceylon (Buddhist); the late Jehanghier Dossabhoy Cola, of Bombay, India, representing the Zoroastrian (or Parsee) faith; the Rev. F. Huberty James, of England, for sixteen years a missionary in China and one of our ablest scholars in the Chinese literature; Virchand R. Gandhi, B.A., M.R.A.S., of Bombay, India, the able and scholarly representative of the Jain communities in the Parliament of Religions; Jean du Buy, Ph.D., of Berlin, Germany, whose valuable course on the ethical and spiritual teachings of the New Testament has since been published; Mrs. Ruth Gibson, of Medford, Mass., who expounded the philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg; Rabbi Joseph Silverman, of Temple Emanu-El, New York, who lectured on the Talmud; Emin Leo Nabokoff, a representative of the Mohammedan faith; T. B. Pandian, of Madras, India, who spoke on social conditions and missionary work in that country; Shehadi Abd-Allah Shehadi, of Syria, whose topic was the religious and social customs of the Syrians and Bedouin Arabs; and Charles Malloy, President of the Emerson Society of Boston, who spoke on Emerson's indebtedness to Oriental thought.

The aim of the work is constructive, rather than merely critical; but opportunity for conference and friendly criticism is offered after each lecture. No propaganda of any particular doctrine is permitted, but each student is expected to exercise his judgment freely on all the topics treated, and to form his own unbiased conclusions. Among the students each year

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have been a number of clergymen of different denominations, and it is especially desired to extend the work in this direction, and to offer its opportunities to divinity students and others who are preparing for ethical or religious teaching. The courses are invaluable to those who aim to become missionaries, whatever their religious convictions; for no missionary worker can be fully qualified for his duties without a sympathetic knowledge of alien faiths.

Besides his duties as organizer and director of the Monsalvat School, the writer is also lecturer on the history and philosophy of religions. In successive seasons he has delivered courses of lectures on the "Growth of the Religious Sentiment as Illustrated in the Primitive Phases of Religion"; "Christian Origins"; "The Relation of Science to Religious Thought"; and "Social Science and Applied Religion." Some of these lectures have likewise been delivered before the Cambridge Conferences, of which he is also the director. By the courtesy and kindness of Mrs. Ole Bull, who offered her house for the purpose and made it possible for me to undertake the work, a comprehensive program of comparative study in ethics, religion, philosophy, and sociology has been presented in Cambridge during the past three winters. Many of the ablest scholars in this country have contributed to this work. The Conferences now number over four hundred members, more than one-third of whom are students, graduate students, professors, and instructors in Harvard University and neighboring educational institutions. Last year's course in Cambridge was arranged in coöperation with a committee of the alumni of the University of Vermont, and about half the lectures were repeated in Burlington, under the auspices of the University.

Among the Corresponding Members of the Cambridge Conferences are Professor F. Max Müller, of Oxford University, England, the distinguished philologist and pioneer in the comparative study of religions and editor of the "Sacred Books of the East"; Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California; President David Starr Jordan, of Leland

Stanford, Jr., University; Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University; Professor James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, American Vice-President of the Society for Psychical Research; Professor William H. Scott, of the chair of Philosophy, Ohio State University, and many others equally well known among the distinguished educators of our country. By their membership in the Conferences these gentlemen express their interest in the work thus inaugurated, for the first time, perhaps, in institutions expressly devoted to this purpose, in the world's history.

Both the Monsalvat School and the Cambridge Conferences stand for the conviction of their founders and promoters that the search for ideal truth is more vital and helpful to the life of man than the propaganda of any special doctrine; and both might take for their motto this noble sentiment from Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," printed in the prospectus of the former:

"In proportion as we love truth more and victory less, we shall become anxious to know what it is that leads our opponents to think as they do. We shall begin to suspect that the pertinacity of belief exhibited by them must result from a perception of something which we have not perceived. And we shall aim to supplement the portion of truth we have found with the portion found by them."

A MAGIC WORD.

There's a magic word that we all can learn
To use with power and might.
It will wonders work for all who know
It will darkness turn to light.
It is not fame; it is not wealth;—
It will keep us wherever we rove.
It is not glory, shining fair—
But the wonderful Word of Love.

GRACE HYDE TRINE.

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EDUCATION THROUGH ENVIRONMENT.

BY FILLMORE MOORE, M.D.

The child starts on its earthly life as an inert atom. If this atom is not acted upon by its environment it is never developed; it remains forever inert. If the germ of the male does not come in touch with the egg of the female and act upon it, this egg passes into the outer world and is lost. The child's life, then, may be said to begin as a reaction of the egg from the stimulus or influence of the male germ in contact with it. This germ, therefore, becomes its vitalizing and earliest educative environment, as the otherwise inert egg sets forth on its child and man becoming career. Next, the mother's womb becomes its immediate environment; whatever influences act upon it must reach it through the mother. She gives the materials out of which its body is built, and her mental and emotional states are to a greater or less degree communicated to the embryonic child.

When the babe is born into the outer world it is surrounded by the atmosphere of the room or place of birth, and is acted upon by it. The child inhales in consequence, and its blood gives off its carbonic-acid gas and takes on oxygen; and so the function of breathing is established. If there were no air round about the child, breathing could not occur, and it would die of suffocation. If the air is foul the child is compelled to breathe the poisons it contains—and suffers the consequences.

A little later, in order that the child may be fed and nourished, food is necessary, and it must be placed within reach of the child's mouth. This food acts upon the child through its stomach, as the air through its lungs, and the child reacts upon

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it, thus the function of digestion and assimilation is established. If the food is unfit the child suffers in consequence, and thus according to the nature and quality of the substance taken the child is nourished and developed, or poisoned and distressed, or destroyed. Likewise, if the light that reaches the child is suitable and right, its eyes are stimulated and developed and the function of seeing is established; and if the sounds that reach its ears are pleasant and proper, the function of hearing is developed and established. But if the light is lacking or is defective, sight is either not developed or the eye is warped; and if the sounds are unfit the child's hearing may be defective, or even deafness may result. If the child is not properly protected from extremes of heat and cold, it suffers; and if it is roughly handled its sensibilities are distressed. Thus we see that the child's life is made or marred according to the treatment it receives at the hands of those in charge.

What is true of these functions and faculties of breathing, eating, seeing, and hearing, is also the case with all others, as they are successively aroused and developed—so far as we are able directly to observe them. That is to say, if the conditions are right, if the agents or influences brought to bear are favorable, the child grows, and waxes strong in its several parts or faculties and functions. In a word, it is now plain to the careful observer that the child is stimulated, led out (or educated), developed, and established in these several parts and functions by and because of the nature and quality of the environment in which it is placed.

The question now arises as to whether this is not also true of *all* the child's parts or faculties. Is not that which is so evidently true in the case of breathing or seeing, for example, equally true in the case of the development or education of any and all of the other parts and activities of the child? If so, then it is clear that the true method of education is by attending to the environment rather than to the child, because we know

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that if the air is pure the child will breathe it, and if the food is good it will eat it and be nourished and built up.

Already the scientific and philosophic mind is convinced of the continuity of Nature. This continuity holds also in man, who is a part of Nature. Therefore, we are justified in believing that the method of development and education by and through which the primary and apparent organs and functions are led out into activity and strength is the method to be employed in educating and developing the later and less obvious organs or faculties. As we can make the child's breathing right only by surrounding it with pure air, and as we can feed and nourish it only by placing good and appropriate food within its reach, so also can we make it speak the truth only by surrounding it by the truth, and we can induce it to be gentle and kind only by making gentleness and kindness its environment. By so arranging the environment that it will contain within easy access all those things that are good and necessary for the soul as well as the body, for the mind as well as the heart, and by making these things the purest and best, judged according to their effects, the individuals that come under the action and influence of such an environment will be fed and nourished, developed and strengthened, or educated in body and brain, mind and heart. By environment, it will be observed, we mean all that surrounds and influences the individuals to be educated. The need or desire is in the child—as, for example, the need for oxygen and food—whereas the thing that corresponds to and satisfies the need is in the environment, and must be in order to meet and satisfy it. The presence or influence of the thing stimulates and arouses the desire, and the reaction of the child results in its development, or education.

By observing these facts, and by heeding the lessons to be learned by emptying ourselves of all preconceived notions of education and training, some of us have come to believe that the child enters the world in a state of innocence; that it is the

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victim or beneficiary of circumstances over which it can exercise no control; that it is extremely sensitive and susceptible to the influence of its environment; and that its welfare—physical, mental, and spiritual—is at the mercy of those who shape, determine, and constitute its environment. The child, in turn, when it has grown strong and has gained the power to select or choose, can influence and shape, to some degree, its own environment; but this power is wholly dependent on habits and faculties that it has previously acquired, and for which it was dependent on the environments with which it had been surrounded.

Greenacre, as we interpret its ideal and spirit, stands for this conception of child life, of human nature, and of the true method of education. At Greenacre it is hoped and believed that in utilizing the excellent natural environment that is found here, and by creating a mental and moral or spiritual atmosphere or environment of equal suitableness, the children (both of smaller and larger growth) will be led out and onto the right way. Some of us children of larger growth believe that we need the little children, set "in our midst," to redeem us—to lead us back into the right way; that by turning and becoming like these little ones we too may be led into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of truth and life. We further believe, and this is the occasion for great rejoicing among us, that when these little ones are suffered to come up in this way—when they are surrounded by such a natural environment as already exists here and such a mental and spiritual environment as we are trying to realize at Greenacre—they will not be led away from that "kingdom" which Jesus said was made up of such as these.

Dante says, in the beginning of the "Inferno," that he might have gone up by the straight way if he had not been so full of sleep. That is to say, the devious way through hell and purgatory might have been avoided if he had not been led into and lost in the dark and dismal forest of ignorance, doubt,

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and denial. If his environment had contained within easy reach all things good and necessary, he might have gone straight up to paradise, and the toil and sorrow of the journey down through hell and up the mount of purgatory would have been unnecessary. These worlds of hard toil and anguish are not a necessary part of human life; and when there is wisdom and goodness enough so to arrange the child's environment that heaven will lie round about it, not only in childhood but all the days of its life, all necessary work will be a joy and a play. Froebel says, if you would make the child happy let it create something. All true and good work is a creation of something and gives happiness to the creator so long as there is opportunity and freedom to work. Therefore, it is hoped that here at least—and then elsewhere, and that speedily—there are to be places so environed by Nature and by man that the children will be led out and up in the right and true way of the Kingdom, and that they will go by the straight way up to Paradise; and, as Dante entered that glorious realm looking into Beatrecha's eyes, so likewise the men and women associated with the little children will enter by looking into *their* eyes. To paraphrase Kipling's lines, let Greenacre be a place where—

> Not even a master shall praise them, not even a master shall blame;
> And no one will toil for money, and no one will strive for fame;
> But each for the joy of working, and each in his happiest way,
> May enact the thing when he sees it, making it well this day.

EVERY being is free and responsible only according to the degree of its knowledge; not its intellectual knowledge, but according to that which is the result of the experiences of its spirit—its "conscience."—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

LET the honest man ask his own conscience whether God meant that we should acquire wisdom by murder.—*Paracelsus.*

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A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF SARAH J. FARMER.

BY J. A. FOWLER.

Emerson says, "Things that are for thee gravitate to thee." This is the principle that has largely dominated the Greenacre work, and has been Miss Farmer's experience more than once—well-nigh a thousand times.

With all the suitable surroundings at Eliot, God has prepared not only his "Greenacre," as Ruskin puts it, but also its organizer. To carry on any great work, its leader requires a personal experience that will touch all phases of his work. In fact, when we take into account the inherited influences that are at work prior to the birth of the individual, we find that a century is not too long for molding and developing these cosmic forces. The parents of Miss Farmer had one great ideal for their child before she was born, and that was for him (or her, as the case might be) to represent a strong and guiding force that should influence the world. Thus, before her advent into the world, there were important factors at work uniting their influences to bring about the grand culminating result of what Greenacre is to-day.

"The Parliament of Religions" was the outcome of the World's Fair at Chicago; but, through the consecration of one woman's sympathies, a grander and nobler work has been started at Greenacre—one that has eclipsed it, for it includes a Parliament of Science, Philosophy, and Religion.

When one makes a full psychological study of the originator of Greenacre, one cannot but see that her cerebral and cranial developments ably fit Miss Farmer for her great responsibilities. Speaking scientifically, the measurements of her head, when compared with her weight and height, indicate

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that she has not only a fine proportion or balance of power, but. added to these, she possesses a superior quality of organization. Her head measures 22¼ inches, while its height and length are respectively 14¼ and 14½ inches, joined to a weight of 165 pounds. Size of head counts for little, unless when united to a fine quality of organization; but where these *are* united, as is seen in Miss Farmer (her head being three-fourths of an inch above the average woman's head), we expect to find superior power in the regions and lobes where there is the greatest amount of development and activity.

Phrenologically speaking, Miss Farmer's basilar brain supplies her with energy, spirit, and executive power; but the strongest forces of her mind come from the superior region of her brain and enable her to generate a distinctly moral, religious, and intellectual character through the centers of Benevolence, or sympathy; Conscientiousness, or sense of justice to all; Spirituality, or faith in divine influences; Hope, or expectancy; Veneration, or reverence for all exalted thoughts and beliefs; and Firmness, or volition. These forces have so much influence over her character that when united to her analytical and reasoning faculties they permeate her lines of thought to a great extent, and throw out into bold relief the influences that have inspired and encouraged her—not only to plant the good seed, but to water and nourish it until now she sees it yielding fruit. We all have the same number of faculties; but on every hand we see (with St. Paul, in his letter to the Corinthians) how varied are the gifts that result from their combination. Miss Farmer has not the sickly sentimentalism that actuates some, but possesses a strong, loving, healthy, progressive mind that looks for larger possibilities in everything.

If Phrenology teaches anything of the elements of character, it gives us an object-lesson in Miss Farmer's mental development when compared with her work. She is as thoroughly united to her work as is any true woman that takes

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the holiest and most sacred tie of marriage. The only difference is that one devotes herself to her ideal work—the other to her ideal husband; but they are alike in their absorption of mind.

Her social qualities are particularly influential, especially her large Friendship—which makes all people akin to her, without distinction of race, color, or creed—and Philoprogenitiveness, which gives her a strong maternal spirit, and enables her to feel that she could "mother the race" and take into her mental consciousness the wants of all who come to her for advice. There are sometimes grander mothers than those who generate their own children; hence, the motherly spirit and the maternal instinct have often pointed out the needs of a community, as has been the case with Miss Farmer, Frances Willard, Susan B. Anthony, and Florence Nightingale. It takes more than an intellectual grasp of mind to engineer a great work, and here is the psychological answer to the problem why some women are able to stand alone on the mighty rock of progress, until others are convinced of their purity of motives and start out to help them.

One important point to be noticed in Miss Farmer's mental endowments is her large Vitativeness. This gives her a strong hold on life and enables her to revitalize her energies, overcome fatigue, and pass on from one effort to another with wonderful rapidity. The repair is equal to the expenditure of mental and physical force.

It would not be surprising if one actuated by such high ideals of life should ignore the prosaic lines of business and almost forget the material side of life when soaring into the realm of faith, but we can see evidences of growth in the more practical side of her character that when matured will balance the esthetic bent of her mind. Frequently the work of faith has in it the elements that call out in others the desire to support it; hence, the interests of the one to start and the one to support the work are cemented, the fusion being a consumma-

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tion greatly to be sought. Thus, when a woman like Miss Farmer devotes her time, strength, and means to a noble work, she is led to understand the meaning of Emerson's words—that "things that are for thee gravitate to thee," if the work is to be carried on.

Psychologically speaking, we have a beautiful proof of the truth of the science when we find that all faculties are capable of further development. Our minds increase in activity with use, and Miss Farmer's own life is an exemplification of this fact; for many faculties that are in an active state to-day were comparatively dormant when the Greenacre work was started. For instance, the qualities of Self-esteem, giving independence of mind and power to assume responsibilities, and the faculty of Language, which gives power of expression, have both added largely to her success; while her Spirituality, though always an active faculty, has broadened and expanded in proportion as she has allowed it to be educated through the light of her intellect.

Some may ask, Is there not a selfish interest at heart that promotes such a work? We say, emphatically, no; a selfish thought would crush the work. One must be willing to give one's all, as the greatest of divine healers did, in order to be stripped of every particle of selfishness; and then the soul life is in an attitude to *receive* divine inspirations and to *give* them to others.

[NOTE.—Some of the discussions arranged during the psychological week at Greenacre, this season, were on "Character, and how to make the best use of our talents." These were conducted by the author of the foregoing "Study"—the daughter of L. N. Fowler and Vice-president of the American Institute of Phrenology, New York. These discussions awakened advanced thoughts on character-study, or the true art of living. Miss Fowler, who has made a thorough study of psychology, looked forward to the time when our boards of education will all possess a phrenological expert, so that a backward child will be encouraged to its fullest

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possibilities and a brilliant child will be prevented from developing its powers in advance of bodily health and strength. Then every superintendent will make a short and concise examination of the ability of the children under his or her care when each child enters school. This will be kept in the archives of the school and supplemented every year by a reëxamination, so as to record the progress made in the child's mental development. With the present method much time is wasted before the talents are discovered by individual teachers; but, with the new facilities in mental science explained by Phrenology, the teacher will be able to see the possibilities expected of each pupil. The highest ideals of life and character were encouraged by an explanation of methods for drawing out the talents of each child. In a second discussion Miss Fowler explained the discoveries made recently by scientific experimenters on the various motor areas of the brain, and showed by diagrams where these were located and how influences from the senses were received by the brain through the optic thalamus and sent to the cell or gray matter and afterward despatched through the *corpus striatum* to the various senses. Another discussion elicited some recent discoveries with regard to the influences wrought upon the brain, and hence the character, through alcohol and other stimuli. It is not generally known that the *superior* parts of the brain are first influenced by alcoholic stimulation, and that when this is the case the second or middle division of the organ appears at the time more active in yielding a certain excitement of the faculties, namely, Language, Music, Mirthfulness, etc. When a further addition of alcohol is taken this region also is paralyzed and the victim becomes unconscious; but the cerebellum and base of the brain still give life to the individual, who has apparently no activity of the cerebrum. If a still larger quantity of alcohol be taken, affecting both the large and small brain, then consciousness and life cease. It was owing to the fact that so much derangement of mental power is brought about by the influence of alcohol that, from a scientific standpoint, Miss Fowler urged her hearers to consider the importance of these truths. Interesting discussions followed, and the psychological development of a little boy was shown—as an object-lesson to the arguments brought forward.—ED.]

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PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF LABORATORY SCIENCE.

BY LYMAN C. NEWELL, PH.D.

Science is the investigation, interpretation, and comprehension of truth. It is now studied so extensively in the laboratory that the term "laboratory science" is used in contradistinction to "text-book science." The experimental study of science presents psychological aspects of inestimable value to teachers.

Laboratory work is concrete labor, and hence (1) cannot be shirked mentally, like geometry or history. It also (2) relieves mental fatigue, for it permits harmonious action of the whole body. Finally, it (3) produces the highest grade of reactive conduct, because it furnishes unlimited opportunity for the application of the psychological principle, "no reception without reaction, and no impression without a corresponding expression."

Laboratory work is individual labor, and therefore allows manual and mental freedom. Free hands and free brains are complementary. It likewise eliminates what Emerson calls "the pain of discovered inferiority," because timid minds have little fear when superior fellow-workers do not *hear* their blunders.

Experiments stimulate curiosity, and as a result give impulses toward better cognition. Mere curiosity, however, is an unscientific stimulus; hence, the teacher should use laboratory work to replace indiscriminate curiosity in things by philosophic interest in principles. Interest at first is native, and if it ends there has a limited psychical value. All students should aim to secure acquired interest. The law of interest

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says that acquired interest can be gained by associating uninteresting things with interesting things. Laboratory science applies the law of interest by constantly presenting uninteresting principles in connection with interesting facts. Electricity, for example, lures the student from fact to principle—from concrete to abstract.

Attention is mutually related to interest. One implies the other. There are two kinds of attention—involuntary and voluntary. The former is common, but the latter is enviably rare. Voluntary attention is essential to complete psychical life, and should be aroused in all students. Many subjects by their very nature preclude its attainment, but laboratory science is peculiarly well fitted to inspire voluntary attention because it permits constant and alluring change. The experimental study of the chemistry and physics of the atmosphere, for example, begets voluntary attention to the functions of the atmosphere in geology, astronomy, meteorology, and physiology.

Laboratory science cultivates the memory, because it attaches new conceptions to concrete facts and connects verbal reproduction with objective work. The fundamental aim of the experimental study of science has always been to secure a philosophic connection between the abstract and the concrete.

Inhibition, or mental arrest, plays an important part in experimental work. If broad fields of consciousness are sown in which both impulse and inhibition guide the mind, then correct judgments follow. Experiments for laboratory use should be so prepared and presented that the students' mental attitude is constantly judicial—*i. e.*, neither impulse nor inhibition should rule, but so interact that the mind will move along the diagonal, not the sides, of the mental parallelogram of forces in the field of consciousness. Constant supervision of students' work will produce minds that habitually eliminate foolish impulse and unwarranted inhibition, and so forces the attention that decisions are based on all available data.

The reign of Law and the unity of Nature constantly confront a student of laboratory science. He sees that "Nature is a great law-governed unit." Many of the simple laws of science, especially physical science, can be verified in the laboratory. Students in constant contact with law learn to set aside the element of chance, accident, or luck. They see the universality of law and submit willingly to its provisions. The conception of unity gradually arises from a consideration of such general laws as the conservation of matter and of energy, and of such general subjects as vibration. The ideas of unity thus gained teach that "fundamentally life is a unit, and we live not unto ourselves but as members of one family."

Science has bestowed upon humanity, as one outcome of its strife with religion and other branches of human thought, a love for truth. Daily conference with truth teaches students not only to tell but to believe the truth, to sift evidence, and to believe what has been demonstrated.

The best results from laboratory science are obtained by the teacher whose own mind is sympathetic, truthful, free, and poised.

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GREENACRE IDEALS.

BY HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

It was winter in Boston. One of the stormy days, when the snow fell in blinding clouds and the wind blew in unrelenting fierceness, a gentle knock was heard on my door. In response to my invitation to "come in," a woman entered. Tall, amply proportioned, graceful, dignified; with eyes clear and penetrating, yet inexpressibly soulful; her face illumined with a rare, surpassing light—she stood before me a wondrous personification of Faith. Her flowing gray robes, with the long gray veil depending from the close-fitting bonnet, seemed a part of her individuality. Such was Sarah J. Farmer the second time I ever saw her. She was radiant with the glow of her beauteous Ideal, and she had come undaunted through the forbidding storm to tell me about it.

How long we sat and talked and dreamed and planned, it matters not here; but the storm raged, the morning waned, and the afternoon took its place. The darkness grew apace; but we knew neither time, place, hunger, nor cold. We were in a world of beauty and peace and love—and heavenly opportunity. She had lifted me to her point of vision, and I too was radiant.

Greenacre—the Only, with its wide reaches of grassy hills and sunlit dales, with its lone trees stalwart and strong like sturdy sentinels, its majestic pines, its wonderful Piscataqua with the almost nightly miracle of a setting sun in a sea of gold, its magic skies open and hospitable as heaven—Greenacre was to be the favored spot where Truth, like the loaves and fishes of old, was to be shared with all the hungry multitude.

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"And all may come—no matter who they are, no matter what their opinions—and share the feast; and whosoever has a constructive word to give for the bettering of humanity may give his message at Greenacre," said Miss Farmer. "And from there to the four corners of the earth we will send the latest interpretation on Religion, Art, Science, Literature, Music, and Social, Political, and Moral Reform. The key of it all will be the ideal life made practical; and to that end we will study the Law of the Spirit and its workings with men. Greenacre shall be, as it were, a Parliament of Truth, where each one who comes will lay his richest gifts—the gold of his life's experience, knowledge, and inspiration—upon the altar of human need."

All this and much more poured in glowing words from this God-ordained prophetess, as her soul took flight into the region of the ideal.

Is it any wonder I assented to the request to go and help break the bread that first summer, six years ago? And every summer since, with the exception of the present one (when circumstances forbade), it has been my honored privilege to speak at Greenacre.

Many and brilliant men and women; representing the various phases of Life and Truth, have stood under the white canopy of the "Peace" tent and uttered words that have burned into the minds and hearts of those who in turn have spoken them to the far-off circle of hungry ones who can only "stand and wait."

Thus, through shining days of immeasurable success, as well as clouds and sometimes storms of unconquered conditions; through weariness and uncertainty, and often the criticism of misunderstanding; with the unfaltering courage of a sublime faith; with "peace that passeth understanding" in her radiant eyes—thus has Sarah J. Farmer stood for Greenacre Ideals, herself the fair embodiment of them all.

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THE LAND AND THE MIND.

A Talk at Greenacre.

BY BOLTON HALL.

We must devote ourselves to the preparation of the way to externalizing the kingdom—the kingdom that must first be within ourselves, but that will not stay within us unless we strive to extend it. For, to try to keep it to ourselves would be selfishness; that is, would be a return to the bondage of small desires and narrow thoughts—and the kingdom of heaven is liberty. The animal condition of our nature necessarily underlies the mental and the spiritual condition; therefore, with the great majority of our fellow-creatures, a release from the fierce struggle of the animal for physical existence is requisite before they can find time or energy even to consider spiritual things. It is with the physical that we must begin.

The recent experiments in the "cultivation of vacant lots by the unemployed" show that men and women without skill can, with slight instruction, make trades-union wages if they have access to the valuable and accessible land lying unused about our cities.* If we can relieve the deep physical distress about us by a method so divinely simple—we have a means of awakening the rich as well as the poor to the moral and spiritual truth of brotherhood. It seems hopeless to talk or think of spiritual elevation for the benefit of a car-driver who must work thirteen hours a day to keep together the bodies and souls of his wife and babies. He has not even the time to listen or to read, nor can we in any sense get at him. It is

*See A. I. C. P., Notes No. 1, published by the Association for Improving Condition of the Poor, New York, 1895, and Report of the Philadelphia (Pa.) Committee, 1898. Of course, the utilization of vacant lots for the unemployed (the present system of land ownership still remaining) will ultimately make conditions worse by reducing wages and raising rents.

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true that one who has reached a certain stage of interior cultivation can rise superior to conditions, even if he cannot rise out of them; but how is the average man in our present state of social and political confusion even so much as to learn that there is a Holy Ghost?

Man's body lives upon the land, and even the highly developed man is in the chains of the flesh. When the material existence is made a slavery because a few persons monopolize all that Nature's opportunities offer, how can the masses learn to throw off those physical chains? Nor can we throw the physical chains off of ourselves alone. No one can have a little private heaven of his own, for we are of one flesh and members of one another. Therefore, you and I, who see the truth, must stir the people to take possession of their material inheritance before we can share with them spiritual gifts. We may try monkishly to withdraw or to run away from the surrounding injustice of which we, you and I, are a part; but evil is like the "black care, which sits behind the horseman;" and though we may look, each of us for ourselves, from our heights, over into the promised land, yet none of us, any more than Joshua, can go to dwell in it, except as a leader of the people, for "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." This is as it ought to be. Man is a social animal, and is intended to help his fellows and to live by the help of his fellows; and when he came upon earth he found in it the means to help his fellows and himself.

It is an infidelity to a loving God and a slander on a wise God to suppose that man has been put upon an earth on which he cannot support himself except by living on his fellows. "I knew," says Ruskin, "that the fool had said in his heart, 'There is no God'; but to hear him declare openly with his lips, 'There is a foolish God,' was something for which my art studies had not prepared me." But, in order to draw support from the resources of the earth, man must be allowed to *get at* the earth.

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Our entire social organism is based upon private monopoly of land, based upon the inequity of allowing some to monopolize that upon which all must live. To work at improving the present conditions of the earth, therefore, is clearly to do little else than to improve the condition of the owners of the earth. Mental Science, true religion, or any other kind of wisdom will increase the value of the land upon which the wise persons live. Ralph Waldo Emerson said concerning the early days of Boston, in a paper published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1892:

"Moral values became also money values. When men saw that these people, besides their industry and thrift, had a heart and soul, and would stand by one another at all hazards, they desired to come and live here. A house* in Boston was worth as much again as a house just as good in a town of timorous people, because here the neighbors would defend one another against bad governors and against troops. Quite naturally, house-rents rose in Boston."

While present economic conditions remain, any reform or improvement will add to product or to population, and therefore add to the rent of land; that is, to injustice.

The first necessity of man is the earth, which includes all the resources of Nature; and from it, by his labor, comes all produce. If the earth is really our mother, or if we are the children of a common Father, then all have equal right to use the earth. There is a communal cause of land value which should make it a common inheritance. This must be taken for the use of the community. As the value increases, the increase also should go to the community, so that no one can confiscate part of the labor of his fellows by appropriating land value to himself. As soon as all the value of land is taken by the public, speculation in land and the withholding of it from use will cease, because these will be unprofitable; and men will be free

*Of course, Emerson meant the building site, not the building. The house could be built more cheaply as the community became more mutually helpful.

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to use the earth, the source of all raw material, in order to produce wealth and capital for themselves.

The reform, then, of our present land "system," which is none but

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power
> And they should keep who can,"

—is not the end of reforms nor the sum of reform. It is, as a great teacher has said, "the gateway of reforms." More than that, it is the one reform without which all others will be self-destructive, because all other reforms tend to increase either population or production, and thereby to increase rent —and so to foster every form of monopoly.

THE OLD ROAD AT GREENACRE.

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VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY AT GREENACRE.

BY THE SWAMI ABHEDANANDA.

The Greenacre Conferences were started by Miss Farmer in 1894, the year after the Parliament of Religions was held at Chicago. Since the time of their inauguration the liberalizing and unsectarian spiritual teachings of the Vedanta philosophy have taken a prominent part in shaping the ideals of the Greenacre movement. The teachers of this philosophy have come from India, and have represented it almost every year. These teachers are known as "Swamis," a word meaning spiritual teachers, or masters. Of these, the first was Swami Vivekananda, the Hindu *Sannyasin,* or monk, who represented the Hindu philosophy before the World's Fair Parliament of Religions. He was the first Hindu teacher who came to America and explained the lofty ideals of the Vedanta through his wonderful eloquence, oratorical powers, and magnetic personality.

In 1896, his successor, Swami Saradananda, came to Greenacre and taught Vedanta for two successive seasons. By his charming manners and unselfish love for humanity he succeeded in making a deep impression, as to the practical results of the Vedanta teachings, upon the minds of almost all who met him personally or heard his discourses under the "Swamis' Pine" in the woods.

In 1898, Swami Saradananda was followed at Greenacre by the writer of the present article. During that season he gave one lecture on "Science and Religion," in the large tent before the general audience, and four lectures before the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion, established and conducted at Greenacre by Dr. Lewis G. Janes. On account of the pressure of work at different cities this season, the present Swami could

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give only three lectures—in the last week of August. The subjects were "Is Hinduism Pantheistic?" "Reincarnation," and "The Spiritual Influence of India in the West."

It is necessary to mention some of the fundamental principles of the Vedanta philosophy, so that the reader may be able to learn a little of what this ancient philosophy of the Hindus teaches. The word *Vedanta* means literally "end of all wisdom," and this philosophy teaches what that end of wisdom is and how it can be attained. Some people may misunderstand the meaning of the above phrase, and may think that, like all sectarian philosophies, it limits the scope of human knowledge by asserting that there is an *"end,"* and that no one can go beyond it. This philosophy never means that; it tells us rather to realize the eternal *Truth* of the universe and to become one therewith. It teaches that revelation is not given once and then left to stand for all time, but that it wells eternally in the heart of man, being ever from *within,* never from without. It teaches that science, philosophy, and logic must not be separated from religion; that that which is unscientific, unphilosophic, or illogical cannot be truly religious.

Vedanta says that religion does not mean a belief in this creed or that dogma, in this book or that person, but that it is the *science of the soul.* It gives a scientific and philosophic basis to religion. It teaches that every soul is divine and a child of immortal bliss; that we must become conscious of our divine nature and become perfect in this life, manifesting divinity in and through all the actions of our every-day life. It points out the various methods by which we can unfold our higher nature and mold our conduct of life in the highest form. It teaches the secret of *work,* the secret of *devotion,* the secret of *concentration* and *meditation,* as well as the secret of the *highest wisdom.* The Vedanta philosophy explains the purpose of life and how it can be fulfilled. It is based upon the doctrine of evolution and teaches that through the natural process of evolution each soul is bound to attain to the highest

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stage of spiritual development, and become perfect sooner or later. It recognizes the different stages of the spiritual evolution of the individual soul as spiritual childhood, youth, and maturity, and explains scientifically the immortality of the individual soul. It teaches that the soul of man existed in the past, exists in the present, and will exist in the future, continuing to exist after death, manifesting again according to its desire, tendency, and powers, either on this earth or on some other planet. The Vedanta holds that our present is the resultant of our past, and that our future will be the result of our present. It maintains that we ourselves are responsible for all the pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, of our present life; that we make our own destiny and shape our future by our thoughts and deeds. It teaches that we are at present bound by the law of action and reaction—of cause and sequence. The Vedanta says that God does not reward the virtuous, nor does he punish the wicked; but that reward and punishment are the reactions of our own actions.

This philosophy has three grand divisions: first, the Dualistic; second, the Qualified non-dualistic; and third, the Non-dualistic. By these three it includes within its all-embracing arms the various systems of religion that exist in the world, together with all their creeds, sects, and denominations. It has no quarrel with any system of philosophy or religion. It believes in an intracosmic, eternal Being, who is personal as well as impersonal. The *personal* aspect of that Being is called "Iswara," the Creator (*i. e., Projector*) of the universe, who is worshiped by all nations under different names: by some as a Father in Heaven; by others as Divine Mother; by some as God; by others as Jehovah, Allah, Brahma, Hari, Buddha, or Lord. The *impersonal* aspect is called "Brahman" by the Hindus, "Will" by Schopenhauer, "The Unknown and Unknowable" by Herbert Spencer, "Substantia" by Spinoza, "The Good" by Plato, and "The Absolute" and "The Noumenon" by others.

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Vedanta is not pessimistic, like Buddhism. It does not teach that the whole visible universe is an illusion, as some people misunderstand the spirit of this philosophy through not knowing the real meaning of the word *Maya.* Its true meaning is *relative, conditional,* or *phenomenal existence,* and not "illusion." Professor Max Müller understood this when he said:

"For all practical purposes, the Vedantist would hold that the whole phenomenal world, both in its subjective and objective character, should be accepted as *real.* It is as real as anything can be to the ordinary mind. It is not mere emptiness, as the Buddhists maintain. And thus the Vedanta philosophy leaves to every man a wide sphere of real usefulness and places him under a law as strict and binding as anything can be in this transitory life. It leaves him a Deity to worship as omnipotent and majestic as the deities of any other religions. It has room for almost every religion—nay, it embraces them all."

The Vedanta philosophy does not recognize caste, creed, or sex in the Soul of man. It teaches the equality and sameness of the true nature of all human beings. The one peculiarity of the teachings of Vedanta lies in their universal toleration for, active coöperation with, and acceptance of all the various phases of religious thought in the world. It says that there is one universal Religion in the world, which cannot be confined by any name or authority—nor by any personality or book. Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Jainism, Hinduism, and all other "isms" are but partial expressions of that underlying, universal Religion. It teaches that all such "isms" are but so many paths leading to the same Goal. It says: "As rivers rising from different mountains run, crooked or straight, toward one ocean, so all these various creeds, sects, and religions, starting from different points of view, run crooked or straight toward one Infinite Ocean of Truth, which we call 'God.'"

The Vedanta philosophy is not confined to any particular book or scripture—it embraces all the Scriptures of the world. It is not built around any particular person, or special revela-

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tion. Its ethics includes all the ethical laws discovered by all the great prophets and religious teachers of the world—Christ, Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha, and others. Moreover, it gives a rational explanation of the moral or ethical nature of man, as distinguished from his true spiritual nature, and it explains the moral and spiritual laws that govern the destiny of each individual soul.

I, THE imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great Soul, and thereby I do overlook the sun and stars and feel them to be the fair accidents and effects that change and pass. More and more the surges of everlasting Nature enter into me, and I become public and human in my regards and actions. So come I to live in thoughts and act with energies that are immortal. Thus revering the soul, and learning, as the ancient said, that its beauty is immense, man will come to see that the world is the perennial miracle that the soul worketh, and be less astonished at particular wonders. He will learn that there is no profane history; that all history is sacred; that the universe is represented in an atom, in a moment of time. He will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a divine unity. He will cease with what is base and frivolous in his life, and be content with all places and with any service he can render. He will calmly face the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart.—*Emerson.*

"THERE is evil enough in the world; but what nation or age approved of it? What people ever praised selfishness, injustice, falsifying of speech or trust? No literature ever celebrated them. No religion ever enjoined them. No laws ever enacted them. Books may have taught such things, but they never taught them as noble things."

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THE HABIT OF IT.

BY RALPH WALDO TRINE.

Life is, in a sense, a series of habits. The aggregate of one's habits is his character. All habit has its birth, its basis, in thought. It is the result of the gradually repeated act, and every conscious act in every life is preceded by a thought. Thought is, therefore, always parent to the act. A thought, an act, a habit: character, life, destiny—so runs the sequence.

Gautama Siddartha, who became the Buddha, knew whereof he spoke when he said: "The mind is everything; what you think, you become." The law of all life is: as within, so without. What one lives in his thought world, that sooner or later he will find objectified in his life; this is an absolute law, and from it there is no escape, whether that objectified be desirable or undesirable, peace or pain giving, success or failure bringing, heaven-lifting or earth-binding. Unconsciously, every hour of our lives, through what we live in our thought world, we are forming habits of either a desirable or an undesirable nature.

Now, there is a simple law of the mind, the understanding and observing—hence the using—of which will enable us to come into whatever type of habits we would come into—whatever type of character, whatever type of life.

The law is this—the mind tends to perpetuate its own activity along whatever lines we set it, and to the degree that it works in any particular way, or along any particular line, does it tend to act in that particular way or along that particular line; and in time even unconsciously, or without any effort on our part. Another law, or the same general law stated in other terms, is this—the mind grows into the likeness of that

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upon which it feeds. It is on account of this law that we grow into the likeness of those things we contemplate. The truth, "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," has its basis in this same law. The simple use of this law will enable any one who is willing to pay the price in effort to unform whatever habits of an undesirable nature are in his life to-day, as well as to form and to incorporate into his life whatever habits of a desirable nature he may choose.

Innumerable companies of people all over the world, even quite unconsciously to themselves, are living with habits that, so far as peace of mind and growth in power and influence are concerned, are both expensive and detrimental; while a little careful examination into their lives, a little thought, a little effort, a little stick-to-itiveness, would enable them to form habits such as would bring most beneficial results along the lines just mentioned, as well as along all other lines.

How universally and how unconsciously, for example, do we drift into and live in that state where we are dominated by fears and forebodings of all kinds: fearing lest something—we know not what—of an undesirable nature overtake us, fearing lest we do not succeed in what we undertake, fearing loss of some kind for ourselves or those near to us, fearing sickness, fearing even the transition we call death! In this way our energies are crippled and we are setting in operation forces that will in time bring about the actualization of the very conditions we fear—for thoughts are forces, and each creates and attracts its kind. Now, in the degree that we live in this attitude of fear—fear of anything—does this element tend to perpetuate and increase itself in our lives. It is simply the natural working of the law of the mind that we have noted.

Through the operation of this same law we can come out of the state where we are influenced or even dominated by fear into the state where hope and faith and energy abound. We can in time gradually get the mind set in that direction, and then, by being for a while faithful to the work of keeping

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it true in that direction, it will gradually of itself gain a continually increasing energy and power along that line; and the time will eventually come when that will be the prevailing attitude or characteristic of mind, and the element of fear will lose its hold. The habitual attitude of fear is weakening, crippling, paralyzing, destroying in its influences. To be free from it and to live in the attitude of faith and hope and courage is energizing, upbuilding, health and power and success giving; and it remains with each one to determine whether the latter or the former is to be the dominating influence in his life.

The habit of taking the pessimistic view, of looking always on and for the darker side of things, which is a most expensive and peace-stealing characteristic of so many, is the result of a habit into which they have fallen. To acknowledge this habit and to recognize how expensive it is, to desire its correction, and then to set the mind along the lines of always looking on and for the bright side of things, and not to play the part of a weakling even if *at first* the brightness in every case does not appear, and to couple a little perseverance with the effort, will bring them into what we may call the *habit of optimism,* and they will find beauties and joys and powers that in their former condition they never could have found. The one who is continually looking on and for the dark side of things is always his own worst enemy, as well as a hinderer and a crippler of all about him—of all with whom he comes in contact.

The bright things in life are far more numerous than the dark for him that lives in accordance with the laws he is privileged to live in accordance with. The habit of looking on the bright side of things can be grown just as easily as the habit of looking on the dark side, for it comes through the operation of exactly the same law; moreover, *it pays.* The critical, cynical, complaining, fault-finding disposition is simply the result of a habit into which we have drifted, either consciously or unconsciously, through the operation of this very law of the mind we are considering. But a disposition large and

open-hearted, with charity for all things, ever ready with encouragement where weakness is apparent, brave, generous, and loving-hearted, ever desirous in every possible way to help all forward, finding therefore (although incidentally for its possessor) the highest life and powers and enjoyment this life can know, can be grown through the operation of this self-same law. To set the mind in the direction of these latter qualities, and to use a little effort at first to hold it there, will enable it to get such a movement and power in that direction that nothing except the conscious effort on our part will enable it to move again along its old paths.

The habit of selfishness, self-centeredness, can be changed into the habit of absolute unselfishness, through which alone true life, joy, power, and influence come—through the operation of this same law. A little forgetting of self now and then, a desire for service, a doing of what comes into the mind to do, will completely revolutionize the lives of many.

To set the face, the mind, in the right direction, and then simply to travel on, with a little earnest effort (especially at first) to keep it true in that direction, will bring us sooner or later to whatever in habit, in character, or in life, we would attain to; it is, indeed, the secret of all attainment.

MAN'S soul resembles a seed containing the potency of conscious immortality in an unconscious state. There is nothing immortal in man except God; and by the awakening of that which is divine in him he attains the self-consciousness of his own immortality.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

IT is my confident belief that all law is law by divine appointment, for a divine purpose, and that all force is the ever-active Divine Will.—*James D. Dana.*

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ART IN ETHICAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY JULIA OSGOOD.

The soul takes color from its fantasies.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

The vast importance that the fine arts may have in mental therapeutics has here and there some slight recognition in the field of music, but as regards painting and sculpture the initiative is yet to be taken.

A mother cannot begin too early to familiarize her child with reproductions of great art. The earlier impressions made in childhood are not only of superior strength and clearness, but carry with them a halo of sweet association that gives them in later life an actually sacred quality. Let the masterpieces of painting and sculpture be introduced to the child, one after another, at suitable intervals, so that the successive imprints may each remain clear in memory; for undue haste weakens and even obliterates impressions already produced. A mother of moderate intelligence can readily present each picture in a slight frame of narrative that will meet the child's demand for "a story," and at the same time draw him into a personal and friendly relation with the artist; or a few lines of noble interpretative poetry may be associated with a given picture, strengthening its power over the little mind, thus led to dwell upon its import with added interest and earnestness. A memory thus equipped has untold wealth with which to enrich the hours of loneliness, waiting, and temptation that sooner or later creep into most lives.

If this storing of the memory with beautiful scenes from the world of art were overlooked in childhood, it can with profit be begun at any period of life, and will not only give new joy to the most keen and wholesome existence, but will be of special value to those suffering from maladies of mind or body.

The visions of a Michaelangelo or a Dürer would be a tonic to any mind habitually harboring them. The wise physician might well call to his aid the teacher who, through art and its history as a medium, is capable of interesting a weary patient, of faint courage and relaxed moral fiber, in the sane and virile art of a Millet; or one who could carry to the bedside of a stricken worldling the chaste and serene interpretation of life and its meaning bequeathed to us by the yet unmeasured genius of a Puvis de Chavannes.

Some years ago a traveler returning from Europe with many choice photographs found the one she was most anxious to share them with unequal to the strain of looking at even two or three at a time. A solid frame was made with adjustable back; into this a large photograph was slipped, and the frame placed upon the bed, resting upright at its foot. Whenever the tired eyes of the invalid opened for a moment there was something beautiful within easy range for them to feed upon. Every week a new photograph was introduced. It was a blessed change in the monotony of the sick-room, and in time the most valuable part of an interesting collection had become the mental property of an extreme invalid, cut off from the ordinary pleasures of both physical and intellectual life.

We recognize at once what it might be, to one lying on a "mattress-grave," to find, facing her listless eyes, not a blank footboard, on which she spelled and respelled her pains and renunciations, but Millet's "Shepherdess," sweet, simple, and wholesome, under the open sky, in the midst of her flock. Could the sick one stay longer within her four dark walls? No; her thought would follow her eye into the meadow at the wood's edge; she would be free, for a moment at least, and again and yet again would the miracle be wrought each time that the tranquil shepherdess rose before her.

Millet's art to-day leads captive the critic and connoisseur who grasp its secrets of color, line, and composition, and on this basis struggle for the privilege of giving $100,000 for a

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few inches of canvas that his brush has made instinct with emotion. The broad humanity of Millet's work lays sympathetic hold on *all mankind;* while its courage, its love, and its deep religious quality make it of the highest value to the physician of the soul who seeks a healing, strengthening draught for a fainting patient, or an inspiring potion for a cold and loveless heart.

Great art, though never didactic, is always ethical; and knowledge of the circumstances under which a picture or statue is produced generally enhances its moral value. Take, for instance, Jean François Millet and his exquisite trilogy of pastorals—"The Sower," "The Reapers," and "The Angelus." Looking at these inspired compositions, breathing peace and plenty, we think of Millet as a man removed from the temptations of the world and of wealth—who in close and sane communion with Nature painted what he experienced. Now, what were the facts? Millet with difficulty provided his family with daily bread, for his art was above and beyond the period in which he lived, and the world did not awaken to his message till he had passed beyond the reach of its applause and recognition. His atelier was a cold room with an earthen floor; and when in winter his hands cramped so that he could no longer direct the brush, he burned a handful of dried leaves or straw by which he thawed the stiff fingers. Meanwhile the bailiffs sat in the little cottage, and the wife and children lacked food as well as fire.

This went on year after year, and was the habitual aspect that life presented to Millet. Did he embody it in his art? Did he paint hunger and poverty and the bitterness of unrecognized, unrecompensed genius? Emphatically, no. He gave us "The Sower" going forth in his strength to scatter broadcast the seed that should feed the multitude. Fruition came to the sower, but not to Millet, in any earthly sense. The mighty peasant again took up his brush and painted for us, not his own empty cottage and cupboard, but the wealth

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of broad grain-fields, and patient gleaners content with their frugal portion of the harvest. And still a third time, in the midst of his deprivations, he turned to the canvas—not to portray, as he might have done, a scene of anguish from the socialistic tragedy in which he daily acted a part, but to complete with "The Angelus" the cycle in which he interpreted the joy and dignity of labor as it had never been attempted since "Adam delved and Eve spun," and which to the present hour remains unique.

Knowing these facts, how infinitely precious do these pictures become, not alone as masterpieces of color and composition, but as divine proofs of the courage and sanity of a great human soul, who, unshaken by an existence of sordid poverty, unending struggle, and cold neglect, retained his inner peace and beauty of vision and triumphantly "made of necessity a glorious gain."

A GLIMPSE OF GREENACRE.

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THE SPIRIT OF GREENACRE.

BY ELLEN M. DYER.

"The people of tired cities
Come up to their shrines to pray;
God freshens again within them,
As He passes by all day."

So sang William Gannett, in his exquisite poem entitled "The Hills of the Lord." None the less truly do these words apply to Greenacre, beloved by all who have abided amidst its quiet scenes long enough to catch the underlying *spirit,* which, like an unbroken golden thread, has, from its first inception in the heart of the originator, interwoven through all the mistakes and tangles that attend the early beginnings and human details of every newly tried enterprise.

For six years, seekers of truth along the broader and deeper lines of thought have assembled on the eastern bank of the Piscataqua, the beautiful river in which the waters of five small tributaries join and curve gracefully out to the sea. Some have come to teach, some to listen, some to investigate, some to speculate; some with purpose too deep to be disturbed by obstructions or confusions of a surface nature; some with but general interest, or a "first enthusiasm" that they could not themselves wholly account for.

Consequently, a somewhat mixed assembly constituted the July and August gatherings for the first few years. We did not know just who we were, or just what we wanted, or the best methods of finding out about it. It was through this confusion that the Greenacre *spirit* shone out most gloriously—not with forceful and compelling light, but with steady, penetrating ray, warming the heart, uplifting the soul, calling forth the God *in* the man and the woman.

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Those who were not ready to respond to such subtle and insistent call dropped away, one by one—first the curiosity-seekers, then the critics, then the wise ones who felt it wisdom to wait apart till the central idea, better understood in all its relations, could be carried out more coöperatively. Meantime, this same *spirit* hovered like a benediction over all, while the silken flag continued to open its white folds to the purifying winds, bearing the message "Peace—to them which are afar off, and to them which are nigh."

And as the sixth season, just closed, falls back into perspective view, it seems to many that this Spirit of Peace, born of the recognition of the divine nature in man and the power to overcome all evil with *good only*, has defined itself and made its presence and power felt as in no previous year. Unity of soul through diversity of detailed thought, which must in its nature compel unity and order of action, has been a marked feature of the summer's work; and to the degree that cumulated power is greater and more permanent than the power of impulse—to the same degree does the Greenacre of to-day, we believe, stand on a basis immeasurably stronger, firmer, and more enduring than the Greenacre of eighteen-ninety-four.

Deep, soul-building lessons have been learned, and are yet to be learned through the coming years, by those who come to this "shrine to pray." Many a soul has found himself here, awakened to undreamed-of possibilities, and gone away with clearer vision of God as a Father, of man as a brother, of himself as the divine image and likeness, and of the world as his field of conquest.

MAN must rise, not merely in his imagination, but with his will, above all that is earthly, sensual, or merely intellectual, if he desires to be a power in the kingdom of the Spirit. Thus will the ideal become real to him.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

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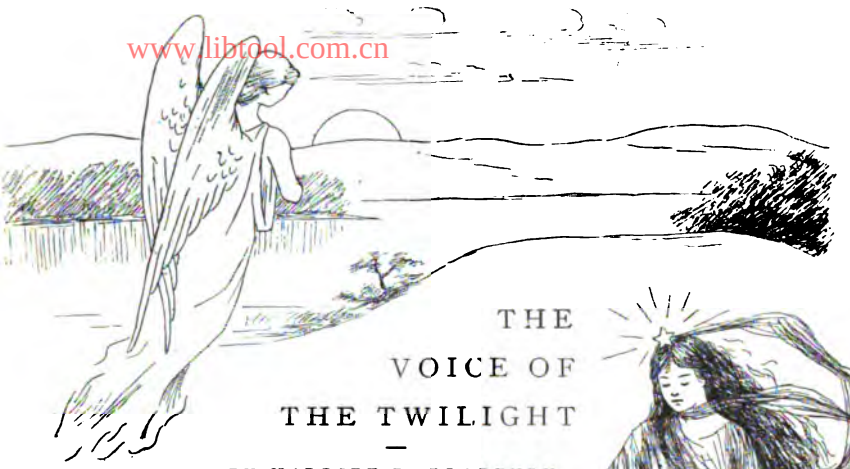
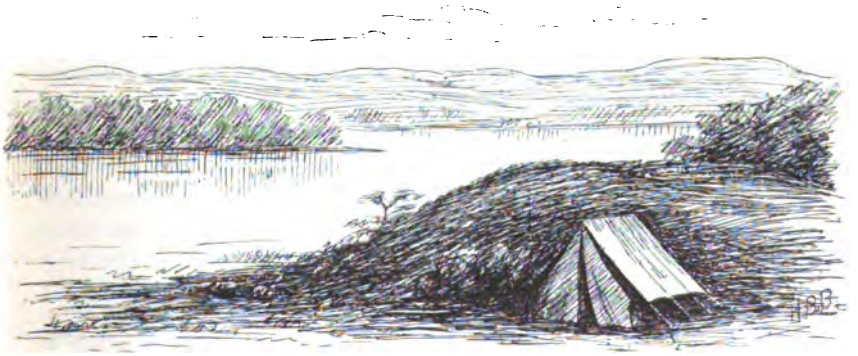


THE VOICE OF THE TWILIGHT

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY

It is the twilight hour; the noisy day
Has folded soft her weary wings, and steals
Through golden portals of the setting sun
Into oblivion. The sweet eventide
With faintly rustling flight now comes to fold,
In dewy, soft embrace, both field and wood.
Her breath is like the poppy's breath, to lull
Gently asleep the haunting cares of day,
While waking the rapt soul to visions fair
That float all undefined, like evening clouds,
And tinged like them, with purple, gold and red,
Saffron and violet. Her voice is low,
Musical, murmuring, like running brooks,
Heard at a distance through the forest shade.
Her words are all of peace—of peace and rest.
I scarcely breathe for listening; entranced,
I feel her whispering breath sweep o'er my cheek,
And long to catch the secret which she tells.
"Mortal," she softly murmurs, "cast thy care
On One above." And from the distant hills
A wandering zephyr answers, "Yea, on Him
Who careth for thee. This is perfect peace."



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MUSIC AT GREENACRE.

BY KATHERINE CAMERON.

One of the strong features of Greenacre is the School of Music, which for four years has been under the direction of Miss Mary H. Burnham, with a competent corps of teachers. The aim of the School has been, not music simply as entertainment, but as an educational and spiritual factor in the development of life as a whole.

It is well understood that music tends to strengthen and develop the artistic temperament. It appeals to the instinctive and intuitive side of life. Music affects the whole nature of man, and a consciousness of order and harmony is developed, as well as a sympathetic responsiveness to the world of imagination. For under the power and sway of great music the imaginative faculty is stimulated and lifted, and we enter for the time being that radiant place where the great stillness is. There we become receptive to all that is highest and best, and there come a clearer vision and a deeper insight into all phases of truth.

The spirit in which the music has been given at Greenacre has meant to many a deeper insight into Nature, and made manifest the unity of thought, feeling, and action—and with a growing consciousness of rhythm, the "heart-beat" of the universe.

There comes from across the sea—from one who gave freely of her voice and self—a message that, in the giving, she received. She writes: "When alone in the Swedish woods, I feel the peace which we used to experience in the big tent, those wonderful evenings, with a longing for goodness and holiness that we called the 'Greenacre spirit.'"

In the strong words of William S. Tomlins, of Chicago, "Music comes to us with amazing, incomprehensible power, lifting us from the valley, from the pots and pans of daily toil, up to the heights from which life may be reviewed in truer perspective. Thus it reveals to us our fuller stature and suggests higher ideals.

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Setting the standard before our eyes, music says to us: 'This is you; this is the mark of your higher calling,' and bids us to live the harmonies we voice in song."

The School has been ably conducted by Miss Burnham, with the thought that it should reach the people in the surrounding country, as well as those who come to Greenacre for its many advantages. No one is turned away for lack of means.

THE world is young as yet and hardly recognizes the fact that there are necessaries of life for the soul as well as for the body. As food develops the physical system so ideas develop the spirit of man. It is no more important that you should lay in a stock of the one than of the other. Men live on their ideas quite as they do on bread. As there is a difference in food, so there is a difference in thoughts. Some are exhilarating, stimulant in their nature, uplifting, making us optimistic, hopeful, ready for any fortune that may befall. They nourish the soul, make it athletic, take away all dread of the future, give us what the racer has who feels sure that he is going to win the prize and whose anticipation of victory adds to the speed of his feet. Tell me frankly what your controlling thought is, what kind of thinking you do every day, and I will tell you what kind of a man you are—whether you are making friends or enemies, how you will meet the emergencies that come into every human experience, whether affliction will embitter you or mature, sweeten, and ripen you. We are what we think. Your chief thought is as truly the master of your destiny as the captain is master of the vessel he guides through storm and drifting currents. Your happiness depends not half as much on your surroundings as on yourself. It is possible to have nothing and yet to have all, and possible to have all and yet to have very little. A cheerful heart can lighten the heaviest burden and make it comparatively easy to bear. If you would discover what a man's life is worth either to himself or to others you need not look at his bank account, for that is no sure indication. If you can find out what kind of thoughts he cherishes you will learn the whole story. —*Rev. George H. Hepworth.*

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THE SOUL OF GREENACRE.

BY F. EDWIN ELWELL.

The effect of Greenacre on the mind is not to take away individuality, but to lead one to realize the power of those forces that make up the real life of man.

The benefit derived by the artist is to lead him to see the great value of intellectual and spiritual thought in his profession, and to teach him to climb the mountain of his own soul—where he can breathe the purer air of spirit and look down with rational intelligence on the materialism of his profession.

While one must admit that it is irrational to have the head so far in the clouds that one is unfit for life on this earth, yet it is reasonable so to divide the activities of life that one shall not live entirely on the ground, but be able whenever the spirit moves to leave the sordid and commonplace for the real and spiritual.

Those who think they live but once will find it difficult to rise into the spirit of Greenacre.

Still, the pure materialist would doubtless be interested, if he have a good mind, in listening to the other side of human reasoning.

From whatever point of view one may regard the Greenacre movement, there will be a possible measure of interest that is difficult to duplicate at any other knowledge resort in the country. A happy spirit of individual freedom pervades the atmosphere, and one is growing better and broader in mind while he sleeps at night.

One finds that he has a *soul* at Greenacre; and this fact is brought about in the most gentle, loving regard for others' opinions than one's own.

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One great truth has been clearly brought to light at Greenacre:

"No matter how much our opinions vary, if they are honestly expressed they find an answering something in the minds of others, and one discovers that one is not far from the central truth held by all."

This, then, is perhaps what this movement means: To show mankind that the thinkers from the East, West, North, and South are all of one mind as to fundamental truth; that we are all brothers of one family; and that our journey on this planet is but the school of the soul.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF GREENACRE.

BY COLONEL ALFRED NORTON.

The environment of Greenacre has one Word blazoned on its white flag that is also inscribed on all aspects of land, water, and sky hereabouts—as if Nature at this place had taken on its charm in a peculiar manner. This Word opens the way of initiation into that secret which is the foundation of all culture administered in its name.

The Word is *Peace,* whose soothing tones still all dismay and perturbation of souls that listen and give heed to it. Enshrined in this Word is Love, the final law of creation, whose flower is beauty. There seems to be gathered at this center a certain aura whose inspiration—gentle, pure, and calm—is as if Buddha had passed this way and left somewhat of his benign and gracious presence here.

Let this spirit of Peace and Love abide here for strength and gladness forever!

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CHILDREN AND TEACHERS.

BY W. W. STETSON.

We need to learn the power of quiet and serenity. There is no section of our people that needs this lesson more than the children in our public schools. If they learn it, they must learn it in part from their instructors. These things cannot be given unless they are unconsciously possessed by the instructor.

Greenacre may render a great service if it is allowed to extend its influence to those who have the care of the youth of our country. It gives them an opportunity to acquire better ideas of all the subjects in which instruction should be given and a better conception of the means that should be used in managing the children. But best of all, and more than all, it gives them a wholesome idea of life—its duties, its responsibilities, its work. It puts them in touch with the best spirit found in this age. It not only gives them new ideas and more courage, but it gives teachers that kind of faith which makes it possible to toil although the result may not come while they are teaching.

If I were to put it in a single phrase, I should say that Greenacre enabled teachers to make the most of the best that is in them and helped them to do this for others.

GOVERNMENT exists simply that the largest number of people may have happy homes.—*George Frisbie Hoar.*

EVERY intellectual step is a step out of one's self.—*Orville Dewey.*

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THE GREENACRE SUNSETS.

BY MABEL BLISS TIBBITTS.

We arrive in Greenacre a stranger in name and find ourselves among strangers in name only, for all the faces bear a friendly, welcoming look of recognition that each and all have come to this spot with a desire in common—to drink of the fountain of constructive thought that is poured forth from the platform on the subjects of the most supreme importance in molding every-day life in the image of truth and beauty.

We pass the hours in which the sun has risen from the faint light breaking through the mist of cool, silver dawn, mounted upward in fulness and glory, passed mid-day hour and on toward eventide, on river, bank, or in the richly scented pine woods, listening here or there in company with those who, having other interests than those of commerce and other loves than those of wealth, have journeyed hither to hear the earnest, thoughtful, scholarly presentation of some phase of truth in its application to the bringing of more abundant life to each individual.

At the sunset hour we walk out onto Sunset Point and see that the sun, having risen to the highest point in the dome of that vast dominion of unfading blue, has bent its head over, like some huge, majestic, bursting blossom at the close of day, just opposite there on the horizon down back of the hills that, circling round, hem in the spreading, winding-banked river like a vast amphitheater.

We wait and watch spell-bound while those foot-hills of the White Mountains clothe their beautiful, dark-green, verdure-clad slopes in festal garments of loveliest, lilac-hued gauze, which deepens to densest purple so rich and luminous that it

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seems to vibrate. Meanwhile, stretching across diagonally from the bit of shore beneath our feet to a point on the opposite bank, just beyond where the land sloping gently down divides the waters of the inflowing rivers from Great Bay, which lies like a lake spreading out from our view on the left, there is a bridge of gold formed by the reflection of the passing sun, and, underneath, the river gleaming like molten copper flows silently, swiftly on to the sea.

Along one side the inflowing tide in the river, catching the glint lights on its surface, shimmers like molten silver; and the flowing metals—one hurrying in, the other pressing its way out—fascinate the eye until we look up and find the heavens declaring the glory of God in the most wonderful wealth of color. Cloud-bank piled upon cloud-bank, rich-hued and color-tipped, are there with bands of richest orange and scarlet let in between, while overhead the rose-tones spread away beyond the zenith and the whole atmosphere pulses with color; the bushes near by are aflame with brilliant coloring, and the trees along their tops have turned to burnished gold.

After that the dark folds all the radiance of this glorious blossom of the finished day within its ample garment, so softly —we knew not when it was folded in; but just now we breathe in the calm of heavenly fortitude, and, listening, we hear a myriad of tiny voices from out the grass singing a benediction.

This sunset is no exception; day after day does the sun burst forth thus in blossom as the crowning glory of the day, and these beautiful pictures are hung in the inmost chamber of the mind, forming part of its choicest furnishing to be enjoyed all through the winter months when rush and pressure of the demands of city life bring sure need of the moral uplift as distinct from the intellectual uplift.

The sunsets at Greenacre, the beauty and gorgeous coloring of which we have never seen surpassed either in the Swiss Alps or the Rocky Mountain region, are an important part of the wealth that Greenacre has to give to all who come within the

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horizon of its generous bounty. If we have ears to hear, the lecture-platform gives intellectual illumination; if we have eyes that can look with the earnestness of childhood, we shall find a spiritual inspiration of greatest value in the pictures presented evening upon evening—as the sun, dropping its head in blossom of magnificent splendor, is folded away until another day.

In memory of the second of August—and in hope of many successful sessions of the Greenacre College. The higher and highest education of all God's sons and all his daughters is the aim to which we consecrate Greenacre.

Edward Everett Hale.

It is true that some ideas produce spiritual depression. There is a dyspepsia of the soul as well as of the body. Your thoughts may force you into a perfect purgatory and keep you there until you change your mental outlook. The apple-seed never grows to become a pear-tree, and the low thought never results in a high life. The level of your thinking decides the level of your living, because one is cause and the other effect. Love, and you will be loved; hate, and you will be hated. Your attitude toward others is the sure indication of their attitude toward you, and the way in which you bear yourself toward the world is the product of your conviction as to your duty to be kind and helpful or your determination selfishly to get all you can at whatever cost to others.—*Rev. George H. Hepworth.*

The "history of Adam" is nothing else than the history of mankind as a whole. Its truth may be recognized by every one capable of self-examination.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

"The perfect man has no thought of self; the spirit-like man none of merit; the wise man none of fame."

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

VOLUME FIVE.

THE fifth volume of MIND opens most auspiciously, as the attractive dress and varied contents of this number amply attest. In dedicating one of our issues almost wholly to the interests of the Greenacre movement, we do no violence to the independent platform on which MIND made its initial bow. The Summer School of Philosophy at Eliot, Me., is itself typical of the representative character of this magazine; and the symposium presented to our readers this month gives, therefore, an added impetus to our unifying efforts.

The Greenacre Number of MIND is microcosmic, not alone of the Eliot School, with its multifarious aspects of truth-seeking, but also of the New Thought world as a whole. It represents a wider range of metaphysical thought and spiritual activity than the liberal world has heretofore seen collated between the leaves of a single cover.

The artistic decoration of this special issue is the work of Miss Harriet B. Bradbury, with whose literary skill and helpful thoughts our readers are already familiar, and whose clever art work is here seen to reveal the same keen perception of spiritual truths.

Its production has involved much labor and financial outlay, as an enlarged edition has been issued in anticipation of the demands of advanced thinkers everywhere for this consensus of New Thought opinion. But we feel amply repaid in the appreciation that is sure to follow the advent of this number among

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all friends of true science and true religion, and in the consciousness that we have been instrumental in producing a souvenir worthy of preservation and a genuine aid to the spiritual advancement of the race.

A PERSONAL NOTE.—It is not without regret that I drop the editorial "we" and adopt the first person singular to announce the termination, with this issue, of my official connection with MIND. I am about to assume the editorship of *The Arena*, the famous Boston magazine, which will hereafter be issued from these headquarters, under new ownership and control. During the two years in which I have aided in developing the literary and metaphysical qualities of MIND, many pleasant episodes have been incidental to duties that were frequently arduous; and the privilege of addressing this intelligent constituency once a month has been a pleasure that I forego with some reluctance. But humanity is a unit—a connected whole—and the *work* involved in its growth is of more importance than the individual *worker*. My successor in the responsible editorial direction of the magazine is Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson, who needs no introduction to the readers of MIND nor to that rapidly growing section of the English-speaking world that is familiar with the best literary output of the New Thought. I have no hesitation, therefore, in assuring all our friends that the successful career of MIND will suffer no interruption by reason of its change of editorship, and that plans already made for its betterment will ere long materialize in a constant elevation of its standard of thought and spiritual usefulness.

JOHN EMERY MCLEAN.

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INTRODUCTORY.

IN assuming the editorship of MIND, which Mr. McLean has so ably conducted for the last two years, I wish first to inform our readers that it is not my intention to make any radical change in the character or tone of the magazine. The management, from the first, have tried to keep this periodical free from sectarian prejudice or bias; and this course will be followed as consistently in the future as it has been in the past. Every effort will be directed, not only to keeping MIND up to the high standard that it has already attained, but also to improving it through putting before our readers the very best articles that can be secured from the standard writers along the lines of the most advanced religious, philosophic, and scientific thought.

While Mr. McLean retires from the editorship of MIND, to assume that of *The Arena*, he will doubtless be persuaded, from time to time, to contribute signed articles to our pages on the vital questions of the day, and to furnish reviews of the latest books. I am sure that the readers of MIND will wish him every success in his new undertaking.

It may please our subscribers to know that at no time since its inception has the magazine been so successful as at present; and we look forward to a still greater measure of success, because every new subscriber obtained makes it more possible to provide a better magazine. If our readers would bear this in mind, I am confident they would consider it a pleasure to bring the periodical to the attention of their friends, thereby advancing the New Thought that we all have so much at heart.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

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THE GREENACRE IDEA.

MIND, in this number, gives a symposium of the work going on at Greenacre. At the Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua School of Philosophy, nearly all the contributors to this issue have during the present season given their valuable time and services toward the advancement of spiritual growth and intellectual freedom. The School is unique. It is doubtful if there is another enterprise of the same kind in the world. Here are gathered together many of the finest minds to be found in our whole country, with an occasional thinker from foreign lands, each speaker giving out from his own fulness—from his own point of view.

It might be thought by some that the bringing together of so many people, looking at things from such a variety of standpoints, would bring confusion, and even antagonism. This, however, is not the case, because it is well understood that at Greenacre a large amount of charity prevails, and that no matter how opposite the views of the people may be there is that perfect toleration and kindly feeling which in a sense are agreed to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." People coming together in this way learn to know more of one another—their desires, their hopes and aspirations—than they could possibly learn in any other way. The interchange of thought and idea brings about the true spirit of friendliness, so that the conventional side of life that tends to hamper people in their understanding of one another is largely done away with. The material scientist and the most transcendental philosopher meet here in the spirit of brotherhood. The Hebrew rabbi and the orthodox Christian minister find many points of contact and agreement. The Hindu monk, with his message from the Vedanta philosophy, and the leader of the New Thought movement sympathize with each other's aims and aspirations. The fact is that here, as nowhere else, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are exemplified.

Many have questioned the wisdom of bringing together so many representatives of different sciences, sects, and creeds; but the wisdom of it is demonstrated every year, because it is doing away with prejudice and misunderstanding, which have hitherto existed because of a lack of comprehension of one another's religious, philosophic, and scientific views. Prejudice and bigotry pass away and are succeeded by tolerance and charity. The good that is being accomplished cannot be estimated. The spirit of brotherly kindness going out from Greenacre must have its effect upon the thousands and tens of thousands of people who never have visited it—and in some cases may not even have heard of the place.

And when we think of what is being accomplished for the advancement of God's kingdom on earth, and how in a sense it is largely being brought about through the efforts of one woman whose hold on the highest ideal of life and the possibilities contained therein is intense, it should go to show the tremendous power and influence that can be exerted for good whenever we have the highest ideal of life and strive to give it expression. The founder is trying to carry out, as far as possible, the Christ ideal, having given freely—having in fact given all: time, labor, and money.

But the work has now come to a stage when to extend it and make it fulfil its perfect mission the burden of it can no longer remain upon the shoulders of one, no matter how willingly or lovingly that one might wish to bear it. The perfect work must now be carried on with and by the aid of the many—the many who have the interests of humanity at heart, and who will work for its good through aiding the movement by financial as well as by sympathetic means. If those interested in accomplishing the most lasting and highest good for mankind could realize what a tremendous power for good is being exercised at this place, there is not the slightest doubt that there would be money in abundance

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to carry on the work as it should be carried on. It is not the work of an individual, of a school, of a sect, or of a creed, but the grandest of all works—the breaking down of the barriers that have been made by ignorance and dogma; the desire to find truth for the sake of truth; the desire to serve humanity for humanity's sake; the desire to know more of the supreme Power that has brought us all into existence.

To sum up, we would say that the Greenacre movement stands for God and Humanity—for Freedom and Immortality.

THE INTERNATIONAL METAPHYSICAL LEAGUE.

THE preliminary notice of the coming Convention of the International Metaphysical League has disclosed so broad and deep an interest in the new movement to establish a world-wide unity and coöperation along the lines of the New Thought that this gathering promises to be one of the most important steps in the whole history of this remarkable spiritual evolution. The sessions of the Convention will be held in Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, Tremont street, Boston, Mass., and will be as follows: Tuesday, October 24, at 7.45 P.M.; Wednesday, October 25, at 10 A.M. and 3 and 7.45 P.M., and Thursday, October 26, at the same hours. The morning and evening sessions will be devoted to addresses, and the afternoon sessions to business and such brief, informal addresses as the time will permit.

The meetings will open with an address of welcome by the President, Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson, of New York, and the following able and representative speakers are expected:

Mr. Henry Wood, Boston; Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, New York; Mrs. Jane W. Yarnall, Chicago; Mr. A. P. Barton, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Ellen M. Dyer, Philadelphia; Miss Susie C. Clarke, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. J. W. Winkley, Boston; Dr. Lewis G. Janes, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, Boston; Mr. Paul Tyner, New York; Mr. Bolton Hall, New York; Prof. E. M. Chesley, Boston; Rev. Solon Lauer, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Rev. R. Heber Newton, New York; Miss Anita Trueman, New Haven, Ct.; Miss Sarah J. Farmer, Greenacre, Eliot, Me.; Mrs. Ruth B. Ridges, Lansing, Mich.; Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills, Boston; Mrs. M. E. Cramer, San Francisco; Mr. H. S. Tafft, Providence, R. I.; and Mrs. C. J. Barton, Kansas City, Mo.

This Convention will give a rare opportunity to hear many notable speakers and to gain a new uplift from their inspiring words, as well as to bring together earnest workers from widely separated sections. The social features of the gathering will be very helpful and interesting.

The business meetings will deal with matters of importance to the cause everywhere, and should be largely attended.

Full programs, giving detailed information, will be issued by October 1st, and it is desired that they be widely distributed. To this end our friends are kindly requested to send to the Secretary the names and addresses of all who are likely to be interested in the movement—also the names and addresses of organizations. Contributions toward the necessary expenses should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. William E. Uptegrove, 1175 Bergen street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send all inquiries and communications, except those containing subscriptions, to Warren A. Rodman, Secretary, 201 Clarendon street, Boston, Mass.

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MIND.

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1899. No. 2.

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS.*

BY SAMUEL M. JONES.

The favorite Americanism that "Nothing succeeds like success" should be paraphrased into the paradoxical statement that the most complete success is failure, and the most complete failure is perfect success.

We have been worshiping a false god; we have compassed the earth in searching for "groves and high places" where we may prostrate ourselves before the altar of this Moloch. It is the one word to-day that, more than any other, has commanded the universal worship of the nations. To achieve the mythical thing called success has been deemed a goal worthy of the highest and noblest ambition, and yet we must confess that it is a thing so mythical that hardly any two can be found who will agree upon a definition of it. All will agree that one who accumulates large sums of money is a "success," but all alike fail to agree upon how much money, how many dollars, how big a pile one must acquire before he can have placed upon his forehead this much-coveted crown. I am inclined to the opinion that there is no greater delusion in the world to-day than that of success; that there is no one cause responsible for so many disappointments, heart-aches, and heart-burnings as this dreadful delusion. From our very childhood we have been taught that success is a thing easily within our grasp

*From advance sheets of "The New Right," by the Hon. Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo, O. The selection is from the chapter on "The Golden Rule."

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if we have the necessary ambition, pluck, energy, nerve, push, etc. On the right hand and on the left there are pointed out to us striking examples of success in the persons of men and women who were poor boys and poor girls, who, by reason of their indomitable energy, pluck, and luck—generally the latter —have achieved fortune and fame.

My mother used to teach me that it was a part of God's plan that a few should be rich and the many poor, that a few should be masters and the rest servants, and at a very early age I began to see it was more advantageous to be a master. So before the age of twenty I became an employer, and began to make slaves of a few of my fellow-men. I was enabled to eat my bread, not in the sweat of my face, but in the sweat of other men's faces, as every "successful" man must do in the present system.

With this heresy early implanted within our breasts, we start out into what is properly called life's battle. We are determined that, come what may, we are going to succeed, and so we enter into the game, the life-and-death struggle, that most of us very soon find out is after all a game of chance; for, were we not "blind leaders of the blind," a moment's reflection would bring us to see that so far as achieving what is called success is concerned we may with equal reason direct a young man or woman to the roulette-wheel, to the faro-bank, or to such a gambling scheme as was the Louisiana lottery in its palmiest days, as to hold out before either the hope of winning success in the fratricidal struggle for supremacy that is now going on throughout our Christian civilization.

Much has been said and written about the advantage that an education gives one in winning success. Not long ago I heard a prominent lawyer address a graduating class; in the course of his talk he said that "the advantage of a college education may be seen when we reflect that fifty-three per cent. of all the political offices in the country, from the President on down through the cabinet officers, heads of departments, Senators, Congressmen, down to Governors of States, are held

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by college graduates," and, taking this as his text, he urged upon the young men the importance of securing a college education at any cost. Now, let us see what there is of real encouragement in this lawyer's statement for the average young man of to-day. More than half of the "good jobs" in political life are held by college graduates—quite a pleasing prospect to the young man with his diploma in his hand, indeed; but when we take into account that a college education to-day is almost exclusively the prerogative of the well-to-do and especially the rich, and that but two per cent. of all the men in the country ever saw the inside of a college, the prospect is indeed a discouraging one for the masses of the people. All right for the select classes, I admit, but, when the welfare of all the people is considered, the prospect of success, so called, in this field is truly most discouraging.

But I am talking about the failure of success, and I call pointed attention to these statistics in order to show that even the so-called success or supremacy of a few men in political life must be purchased at the cost of the failure of many of their brethren. We seem to have an unfortunate and deplorable misunderstanding of the purpose of life. God never placed a human being in this world without having a purpose in doing it. That purpose never was that he should find the thing called success through compassing the failure of his fellow-men. We are all His children, entitled to share alike in His bounty and care; and only as conditions are such that they will allow us all to share alike in His bounty and the prosperity arising from it—only with such conditions, I say, can God by any possibility look with pleasure upon the children of this earth. But the popular measure of success to-day, as I have already said, is money, and I think all of us alike, in church and out—Christian, pagan, heathen, Jew—pretty generally accept the possession of money as evidence of success, with no questions asked as to how it has been acquired.

Is it not a little strange that Christians should so easily fall into this delusion, in the face of the plain statement of Jesus

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in regard to this poison? "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." "A man's life is more than food and raiment." "No man can serve God and Mammon," which means money, of course. "What shall a man give in exchange for his life?" The world is filled with men to-day who are willing to give their life in exchange for money. "How hardly shall they that have riches [success] enter into the kingdom of heaven." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich [successful] man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Finally, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his life or himself be a castaway?"

Here we have the most unqualified declaration of the failure of success from the lips of our Lord himself, from the lips of the loving, tender-hearted Jesus, who was moved with compassion when He saw the multitude that were like "sheep without a shepherd;" whose tender, loving heart was touched with sympathy for the leprous, for the blind, the infirm, the lowly, the poor, the depressed, who were His daily companions. How thoroughly do the standards of Jesus cast down the idols of to-day! The successful man, the rich man whom we ignorantly worship, the leading citizen, the best people, and the higher classes—all of this phraseology is pure blasphemy when considered in the light of the teachings of Jesus, whose broad sympathies reached out for all of the people. What condemnation do His words visit upon our measure of success to-day as we contemplate the horrors of modern industry, as we contemplate our men and women riding in costly equipages, bedecked with diamonds and jewels and royal apparel, purchased at the price of the destruction of the lives of little children and underpaid men and women in sweat-shops, factories, and stores! And this wealth we are exhorted to "use for God's glory." We make much ado about the generosity of the rich man who gives a dole to feed the poor, when, by the operation of the clever machine called business, he wrings from the same classes dollars in return for his doles.

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The Golden Rule in its last analysis requires one to do as he would be done by, *i. e.*, render service for service. This is impossible in the present social order, and consequently a strictly Christian life, according to the life and teachings of Jesus, is incompatible with what is known as "success" in business. No man can succeed in business to-day and be Christian. He may be a very good man, a very pious and religious man; but Christian, according to the life and teachings of Jesus, no. Can you imagine that Jesus would be content to have while others have not; to abound while others want; to sit in an office and make money, draw dividends, clip coupons, etc., while all around people were standing in want and every imaginable condition of distress, who were denied the right to work in order to extricate themselves from their dilemma? I think not.

According to my understanding, there is no room for profit-making in the ethics of Christianity. I cannot imagine Jesus as a "successful business man" or financier any more than I can imagine him a successful general, leading an army into battle and letting the warm life-blood of his brethren crimson the ground.

No man would willingly cheat himself, and the teaching of Christ is that every man should love his neighbor as himself. We are to act as if every man and woman was a partner of ours—as if a wrong done to any one was a wrong done to the national firm.

Oh, that the standards of the simple Nazarene might be *our* standards! Oh, that we were ready and willing to apply the scientific gospel of overcoming evil with good to real life, rather than merely to exhaust ourselves in worship of the rich man, in merely attending the "means of grace," and simply saying nice things about God! The most pathetic utterance recorded as coming from our Lord, save His last expiring cry upon the cross, it seems to me, is this one: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" The gospel plan, the plan of Jesus, contemplated nothing less than the

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success of society, the success of all; for in any proper sense there is no other success. That city, that State, or that country, can only be said to be really rich in which all have something, in which all have some measure of real success. In the ideal society, the little gathering of early Christians, of which we have a record in the fourth chapter of Acts, we are told that they "had all things in common, neither was there any among them that lacked, for as many as were possessors of lands and houses sold them and brought the price of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostles' feet, and distribution was made to every man according as he had need."

Evidently the money-making craze was not a part of the training of the early Christians. According to the measure of to-day, this little company would hardly be able to produce a successful man; but if we were governed by the simple rules of justice that inspired the lives of these saints, we should have no problem of the starving miners in Ohio to-day. Our successful coal-operators may point to the failure of the starving miners as the legitimate corollary of their success.

I am not arraigning individuals; I am arraigning a system that is as un-Christian as it is unscientific, in which men are pitted against one another as wild animals in the fierce warfare for supremacy, and in which we point to the strongest man and most unscrupulous man as our model of success. It is vain that a man with a streak of tenderness in his bosom shall try to apologize for this iniquitous system by gifts to churches and universities or by dealing liberally with his employees. All such efforts, while inspired by worthy motives, no doubt, are at best but mere apologies for a system that is inherently wrong, and that is as certainly doomed to failure as is a system for playing faro or roulette. The fact that we have thousands of people in the great State of Ohio annually brought to the verge of starvation ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every honest man, and yet this is a periodical curse that has happened before, and it will happen again; it will be

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so next year and the next, and perhaps oftener than annually, while this fratricidal strife continues.

Men must come to realize that this program of Jesus is the only program, that salvation can be found only in the recognition of the imperishable fact of Universal Brotherhood; and no matter what thin gauze of corporation or trust or monopoly may hide it from our eyes, the sacrifice of life that is going on to make our profits, all of the ill-gotten gains that are wrung from the toil and tears of underpaid men and women, and the avalanche of failures in the business world that continually confronts us (according to some statistics ninety-five per cent. of all who ever engage in business), are a most comprehensive and sweeping indictment of our whole cut-throat system.

Referring again to the periodical trouble of the coal miners: One of the most distinguished as well as most thoughtful and most loving of the Christian teachers of this State wrote me recently in regard to this subject: "The condition of the coal miners is truly deplorable, and I can see no possible solution of the question except that the State shall take possession of all of the mines and operate them for the benefit of all of the people." Here the successful man has made failure most complete and dismal. The coal miners of the country are now, and have been for some years, living in a state of degradation that can only properly be called serfdom; their freedom is a mockery, and their liberty is liberty only in name.

It is not the fault of the captains of industry that their success is purchased at the price of the failure of so many, but it is rather due to a system in which there is no possibility of any other result than failure colossal for every instance of success infinitesimal.

"It is because of monopolies which we permit and create and the advantage which we give to one man over another that some are tramps and some are millionaires," said Henry George. These words serve as perfectly as any I have ever heard to reveal the iniquity of our whole selfish system. As

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I have said before, I do not arraign particular individuals or classes. We are "all in the swim," all relatively guilty, for the system is made up and lives by the consent of society, and we are the units that make up this aggregate whole that we call society.

It is only when we look at a subject in the aggregate that we are able to see what a colossal failure the success of a few of us has really wrought. Dr. Spahr's tables tell us that one-half of the families of the nation own practically nothing, and I think if you look about you, think of your situation and that of your neighbors with whom you are intimate, you can easily understand this is not an over-statement. One-eighth of the families own seven-eighths of the wealth, and one per cent. of them own fifty-nine per cent. of the wealth.

With this outlook before you, young men; with discrimination everywhere in favor of the privileged classes; with the necessity upon you who are poor of doing what the farmer and wage-earner to-day must do, that is, sell your product in a competitive market and buy to a very large extent in a monopolized market; with such tremendous competion for a "job" that more than a thousand applications are on file in a wholesale house in this city employing only about fifty men, and where only about a half-dozen changes occur during the year; with the battle for place and the right to live becoming fiercer and fiercer, sharper and sharper, year by year, by reason of the development of machinery, and of the means of transportation and the perfection of the instruments of production; with all of the benefit of the marvelous improvements of the century captured and enjoyed by the employing classes—with these conditions before you, the prospect of finding the kind of success that may be more properly called failure is certainly not alluring, is certainly not such as to draw to the game any who have clear ideas of the purpose of life, any who understand that we are not put here for the purpose of exploiting one another, or exhausting ourselves in ceaseless energy to try to make profit at the expense of the comforts of our fellow-men.

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THE ESOTERIC ART OF LIVING.*

PART IV. ORIGINAL THOUGHT AND FREE EXPRESSION.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

Man stands between two powers—Authority and Freedom. To the first he may subject his mind; to the second he may ally himself. The one seeks to enforce its ancient lien upon the soul, to foreclose the mortgage of ancestral making, to exact from new life a homage to the old, to compel the present to conform to the past, and jealously to guard that the future shall bring forth no new thought. The other is like a breath of sweet air in spring-time, exacting nothing, but laying all things in glorious gift before the soul. In its presence there is the suggestion of a new life. It invites the soul to think for itself, to live outwardly the inward conviction, and to aspire and build regardless of the failures or successes of the past.

The limitation upon the liberty of the soul, which Authority seeks to enforce, is the result of countless ages of life-history. Thousands of generations have added their moieties to the whole, and the burden has increased as the stream of life has flowed onward. It speaks to the soul through every relation of life—the institutions of State and the creeds of Church, the common customs of nations and the mandates of the law, and the recognized standards of art and literature, morality and ethics. It strikes with paralysis the spontaneous and original thought.

The child is born an heir to the ages, and the greater part of the inheritance into which it speedily comes is this bondage to Authority. The cradle is environed by its hard and un-

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yielding dictum. It displays its diploma of experience, and with assumed wisdom undertakes the rearing and education of the child. To every original, spontaneous, and progressive question from the unfolding mind, it offers the opinion of the past, though formed in ignorance or selfishness. In the early years of youth, when perchance one wanders in the deep and silent woodlands, or is fortunate enough to know the trackless prairie whose expanding circle with unbroken dome above engenders concepts of unity and sublimity unthought before, and through this touch of Nature perceives the law of free life and expression, then for the time being this ancient phantom of Authority fades away as something belonging to an artificial world of transient things, and is replaced by the genius of light—the spirit of Freedom. For the soul, the past is then dead, and its gaze is turned to the future, which it claims to work with in its own divine way.

In such conditions have been born many great thoughts and purposes that have swept the race onward to higher levels of attainment. But such conditions do not come to all, and if to the few are of short duration. The soul is soon forced back into the beaten path of life, and to some extent must follow it. Conventional life and conditions claim him, and he enters an existence whose controlling factor is Authority. Would he fashion his life upon a higher social order of things than that which surrounds him, and with which his fellow-beings are content? He cannot; Authority in a multitude of disguises opposes his way and threatens to brand him with all sorts of disagreeable epithets if he persist. Would he evolve a higher religious conception than the average possess and manifest in life? He is anticipated; for Authority, knowing its strong point to lie in forestalling, has molded his plastic young mind after one of the prevailing philosophies or creeds, and if in time the evil be recognized the effort to gain the vantage-ground of fairness and unbias may be an uncertain one in its results. In business, in politics, and all

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the vocations that depend upon the multitude for favor, the soul must yield to the tyranny of the special embodiment of Authority which the multitude has set above it to rule its thoughts and define its limitations.

Thus does this psychological tyrant, whom the human race has created, dog the steps of every soul, exacting his tribute at every stage of life, lavishing material benefits upon his willing subjects and withholding them from the defiant ones, and does not yield up his office until what men call death claims the victim, and even then imposes conditions upon the disposition of the body. Under these conditions is it strange that people fear to harken to their own thought upon the problems of soul life, and seek to press them into the background, where they will cease to annoy or surprise them; or that they should wish first to have displayed the authoritative label of your philosophy before they consent to listen, and, if not able to classify your idea in some highly respectable and authoritative category, reject it as dangerous and visionary; or that they are timid and indolent in thought, scarcely claiming the right to think for themselves, deferring always to traditional opinion and that of their appointed masters and leaders?

What is more usual than the popular demand of "What is your authority?" or "Who says so?" as the first rejoinder to a new or an old thought which they are compelled to entertain, as if it could be more or less true on account of him who asserts it? Proclaim a profound truth, one as deep as human nature but without the stamp of Authority or the must of age upon it, and the average mind is little more than entertained or the heart little stirred. But declare a less deep or vital truth in the name of some one whose reputation is revered, and allegiance is gained at once. This is the mystic charm of Authority and its blighting influence upon the original, progressive, and creative powers of the mind.

An attempt to build from without, and not from within, is

a false philosophy. It is a dependence upon another's mind, another's excellence, another's goodness or wisdom, rather than upon one's own. It is the mental and moral sloth from which nothing can deliver one but the exchange of this master of Authority for the companionship of the genius of Freedom and the power that will thereby come to attain for ourself.

If the one universal essence pervades all beings—if each be the temple of divinity through which the higher, subliminal consciousness is ever seeking to emerge—why should I inquire of Plato or Emerson what truth or virtue is? If they be nearer to it than I, is not that approach a result of their own self-evolution, to attain like which I too must follow the same road? No one can have a monopoly upon that which is the nature of all.

You may ask, Is there not a difference in the wisdom of men? Yes, surely; but that difference is not fundamental and create: it is a difference in unfoldment, or evolution, and the consequent apprehension of truth.

Did these men acquire their wisdom by collecting the opinions of others? Surely not. No doubt they were familiar with the thought of preceding souls, but they attained wisdom through self-evolution, by the process of unfolding that higher, subliminal consciousness which holds in potentiality all that man can ever become.

Here we may well ask, What truly great man who has had a message for humanity ever sought to quote some one else for what he declared to be his conviction of the truth or his conception of life? I think we may say, No one. Did Jesus quote some respectable Authority for his teachings? "Verily, I say unto you," is his reputed language. Did Socrates quote the philosophers or oracles? "Plato, it must be so," would be his words. Did Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius couch their teachings in the language and with the sanction of the then great schools of philosophy? Did Emerson or Shakespeare

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deliver his profound messages in the language of another, or borrow his luster to give them currency? No; because they spoke from the conviction of their own souls, and not from the dictum of another.

There can be no real progress or unfoldment except the evolution of the self. Another can give advice, good counsel, information; can teach facts, but never truth, nor wisdom, nor experience. These are matters of self-attainment. They cannot be borrowed or loaned or transferred. He who possesses them cannot part with them if he would, neither can he monopolize them: they are free to every one, because they are of the nature of the one essence of which all are the differentiated parts.

Any attempt to attain virtue by another's virtue must fail. The internal self-perception of truth must ever be individual, though there may be an illimitable number who possess it; but the perception by one can never supply the want of it by another. Neither can one become wise by the vicarious wisdom of another. We cannot build up our lives from without; hence, Authority is a false teacher if it stifle growth from within. But may we not be taught by others, and share the thoughts of the great and enlightened minds who have illumined the way before us? We may. They can show us the way and stimulate our endeavor to attain a knowledge of what they have known, and, as we attain it, enable us to participate in their elevated association. But, when a vital problem is presented in the life, the thoughts and theories of others will dissolve into nothingness and the question will be solved by the self, from the deepest promptings of one's soul, with as much light from the Source of wisdom as has been caught and retained in the aspiring ego. One will do this if he appreciate his own divinity and the opportunity to express it. Any other attempt to settle a vital question wholly by the standards of another's thought or conviction may perchance result happily occasionally; but as a scheme of life it must ultimately

prove a failure, and involve its hapless victim in a vacillating and uncertain state of dependence and unhappiness.

What, then, should we seek to do? Dismiss the master Authority and accept the companion Freedom, which acts upon the soul's powers as the sunlight upon the unfolding flower. Live your life from your own standards, arrived at through the deepest search into your true self. Have a care not to become shallow or one-sided in an artificial exclusiveness, nor to become fanatical and egotistical. Keep a true balance with the cosmos, especially with the higher thought of your fellow-souls. Do not fear that higher thought will trick you. If by the effort you fall into occasional error it will be a blessing to you thus to discover where in your own personality there is something that needs rectifying: for the error will flow from that point, not from the nature of your effort.

Do not be fearful of your own thoughts. First to learn yourself, give them perfect liberty and freedom. One of the beneficial results will be a partial discovery of yourself. This aspect of the self may present two phases. One may discourage, because it will disclose your weaknesses. But do not flee; remain to conquer, and let the thought run on and show what kind of habit of life is beneath them. By this disclosure you will learn where improvement is needed; and, once learned, from that point begin the inhibition of harmful thought and the building of the higher. The other phase disclosed will be the sublimer one before which the intellect may stand amazed in the presence of its grandeur and beauty.

How many people will rhapsodize over a beautiful thought, read from an author of reputed standing, but fail to recognize the same when it flits through their own minds! Outside of science, the narration of empirical facts, what is there new in substance in books? Do you not sit down with your favorite one and read it as though you yourself had written it? Why is it so, but that you have many times thought the same thoughts yourself, and only half-recognized and never fully

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appreciated them? It may be that your favorite author has possessed the art of producing a happy concatenation of words, which lends an additional charm to the thoughts; but that is largely an artificial adornment. To know somewhat of other thoughts is in truth delightful; for it is association, and cheers the life. Books, if they be good ones, are excellent mental society (some have thought the best, as did Petrarch); but neither books nor society become an unqualified good if they tend to check or nullify the originative and creative activities of the mind. They are liable to be used as one would take a stimulant, and as long as one takes a stimulant the natural powers of the stimulated organ decrease; and when the stimulant is discontinued the healthful action becomes torpid.

Once recognizing the duty to think with untrammeled freedom, we will have another question to settle. We will be met at every step with the suggestion from ourselves or others that there cannot be much merit in our thoughts, for others have anticipated them. Suppose they have: if the thoughts be noble and sublime, we should feel encouraged that we are unfolding as did they who went before us and left recorded thought. Nor can we be dismayed with the thought that any one has a property-right in an idea to our exclusion. No one can monopolize ideas; if so, he could suppress soul life altogether, except as an acknowledged imitation. It is the privilege of every soul to express its highest nature. That some one has expressed it for himself, before me, is of no import to me; it is my privilege and duty to express it for myself. Hence, it is untrue to say of my thought, or of yours, that it is Emerson's or Paul's or Plato's. It is mine or yours as much as it was ever theirs.

When we admit any such proprietary right in ideas, to our own exclusion, we limit the possibility of unfoldment to that extent; for it is primarily through the mind that unfoldment in the objective life takes place. Under those circumstances we could never enter the field of thought without being a

trespasser—without borrowing from those who have gone before and acknowledging an eternal and insurmountable indebtedness to them; whereas we should enter it as though we are passing into our own domain, expecting at every point to disclose to ourselves its beauty. This we can do only by perfect freedom and a due appreciation of the powers of the soul. So long as one feels that there is any subject of knowledge or wisdom which he has not the liberty to seek, uncover, and question in the sanctuary of his profoundest thought, he has failed to realize his opportunity and the right use of his mind. He has failed to relate himself to that part of the Universe. It is this attitude of perfectly free relation to the Universal Mind, without the aid of intermediary devices, that is necessary to a higher mental and spiritual development.

If, then, we shall hope to make the higher mental life our own, we must not relinquish its development to others, but must claim it for our own self-attainment. There is a great difference, in the store added to the soul, between reading or hearing the expression of another's thought and thinking like thoughts for ourselves: all the difference there is between borrowing and making a beautiful design or clever device. We must think boldly and fearlessly, and be assured that whatever wrong can arise from it will be from our own ignorance and imperfect manner of proceeding. There is nothing in the nature of things designed to be hidden from us. That would be imputing to Divinity ways that are ignoble, trivial, and childish. If men believe knowledge of a particular kind is forbidden them, it will remain for them a closed book. They will never pass beyond the circle they draw around themselves.

While with this freedom and faith one opens the mind to the flood of thoughts that seek self-expression on subjects of soul importance, it must not be forgotten that it is done with many imperfections in the evolved personality, which may tinge with their own special and erroneous color some of the

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conclusions. But there is a court of reason and conscience where we may detain such conclusions and guard against their possible error.

The reading of many books will not add the richness to one's mind that the attempt to write one poem drawn from the deepest and sincerest side of his nature will do. His own meditation upon the nature and destiny of his soul will add more wisdom than all others can tell him. His own concepts of the higher virtues, of the nature of truth, if formed with sincere and unselfish purpose, will be surer aids to advancement than the thoughts imperfectly gotten from others. The daily recognition of the beauties in sky and stars, in clouds and their forms and tints, in landscapes and flowers, in faces and souls, will be grander poetry than can be found in books.

To make the mind, then, the open door into the sublimer realm of the intellectual life, to make it the instrument by which all the true and noble things shall be self-perceived through our own powers and not induced as a vague thought from others, is the special duty and privilege that each must recognize. Thus, with no other authority but Truth and with Wisdom as a counselor, the soul may proceed with its work of more perfectly expressing its harmonious relation to the Whole and attaining to higher states of consciousness.

(*To be continued.*)

NEGLECTING no material means and enacting wise regimen, the directing power still lies in the personality of the good physician. Upon that may stand the stay and persistence of the patient's mind, which, so far as cure is concerned, is bound up with his faith and hope. Any real virtue in the physician is a gift of the God-man, who is health itself and the head and heart of the cure of our race. Some such gift is indispensable. Reverence and tenderness for sick bodies and minds and cessation from hard and cruel ways are impossible on lesser terms.—*J. J. G. Wilkinson.*

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WHY DO I EXIST?

BY A. L. MEARKLE.

"True mystic philosophy is as clear as the summer sky. It is full of brightness and full of warmth."

—*Max Müller: "Vedanta Philosophy,"* p. 171.

The question, Why do I exist? which in view of the unsatisfactoriness of life from a materialistic standpoint is a reasonable one, may be answered by spiritual philosophy. The fundamental principle of a spiritual (as distinguished from a materialistic) philosophy is that Spirit is the source and cause of all that is. Spirit is not a product of evolution; it is eternal. It *was,* before anything objective came into being. It is not the summit of existence, but its base. Every reality has its being in Spirit. The spirit of man is drawn to existence in obedience to a law inherent in itself; for the desire to exist belongs to the essence of Being and is its first movement toward individualization. Existence is a phase of being, voluntarily undergone by the spirit in pursuance of its own eternal interests. In existence the spirit expresses itself objectively, and develops, through the processes of evolution, the reason and the moral nature that are distinctively human. It thus becomes capable of a different order of consciousness from that of pure subjective Being, and of a self-conscious immortality.

The existence of the spirit is often denied by positivists, because self-analysis reveals no absolute or constant element in the processes of thought. Those who hold that "if it exists, it can be known," either do not comprehend the true nature of the spirit or fail to realize the limitations of sense-consciousness. Spirit and mind, in fact, are not the same thing, and are not coëxtensive. Mind is the conscious phase of spiritual activity. Spirit, *per se,* has no such consciousness of self as the evolved mind has, for consciousness of self involves con-

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sciousness of not-self; and nothing is properly external to Spirit, for, in its absolute being, it is the All in all. When individualized and associated with a brain and nervous system, it assumes the relation of subject to the world of objective experience. But it is still incapable of becoming an object of ordinary consciousness, simply because of the natural limitations belonging to the nerves and brain. So long as these limitations, proper to the material organism, exist, this relation of subject and object cannot be reversed. Hence, Spirit is, in philosophic language, unconscious. That does not mean, of course, that it does not itself know and think, but that its knowing and thinking are beneath consciousness; that is, are subjective. Spirit cannot be cognized by the mind, either as absolute, uncreated Being, or as the subjective ego—the knower underlying every act of consciousness in the individual living man.

Spirit is the Self beyond the self-consciousness. Soul is the spirit where it touches the self-consciousness. To bring the spirit out of the "unconsciousness" of absolute Being into the consciousness of Soul is the object of existence. The varied experiences of life in the body have this supreme purpose, and each adds to the eternal treasure of the soul. This belief is productive of unlimited optimism.

Now, if Spirit is the source of all that is, it is itself the world without as well as the world within. If the knower is spirit, the known is also spirit. Evolution has provided me with the means of consciousness. By the same movements and interactions of material forces that built this wonderful machine, my body, all the rest of the objective universe has been formed; and now, as I look out on it, the self faces the Self. The whole objective universe is a progressive expression of Spirit, and each organism has two functions—to understand and to express. Thus it fulfils the purpose of its own individual existence, and brings nearer realization the object of all existence—the self-recognition of spirit.

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Not only the human anatomy, but man's mind, together with all its complex products—civilization, society, morality, and the arts—are the result of the working of natural law. All, in fact, that differentiates mankind from the lower animals is temporal in nature and has been acquired by the race in the course of its evolution. Man owes his preëminence on this planet, not to a diviner origin than the rest of creation, but to evolution. Thus Darwinism proves the immense importance of existence, with its conditions of heredity and environment and its wondrous chain of laws, physical and moral; for without these man would not be *man*.

But the intrinsic value of life, aside from any of its conditions, is shown by the instinctive clinging to life of the physical organism. Existence, once begun, is not subject to the personal will, but is surrounded by subconscious safeguards, so that life cannot easily be terminated. Breathing is automatic, and cannot be stopped by an effort of the will for a single minute without distress—the protest of the subconscious mind. The beating of the heart, digestion, nutrition, and secretion go on independently of the will and reason. Not the conscious will, but the subconscious mind, controls the body. So that, however undesirable existence may appear to the reason, the body continues to live, and suicide cannot be accomplished without overcoming the fear of pain and death—indifferent to the spirit but terrible to the evolved mind. This natural love of life is one of the conditions proper to existence. When we persuade ourselves that we do not desire immortality—when we admire a Stoic indifference to pain and laugh at the poor French beggar who pleaded that he "must live"—we only show how far the mind can wander from its first love. It *is* necessary to live, not because we, personally, like it so particularly well, but because our spirits have so decreed for our own eternal good.

Yet we sometimes wonder why our subjective selves chose this environment—this strange, tragic earth, with its painful

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limitations, its rigid natural laws, its apparent hostility to its own creatures, and its never-ending flux and change in the throes of evolution. Why, indeed, unless evolution and the eternal purpose underlying existence are one? Evolution is the method of physical life; therefore, the laws of evolution must be laws to which the spirit, drawn to existence by its own essential will, desires to submit itself. The pains and failures involved by subjection to these laws, then, either are in harmony with eternal purposes or do not matter in the end.

The spirit comes into existence with only one attribute—the will to live. The object of existence is to develop it into a self-conscious, individual soul. In this view of life we cannot shirk or complain of any experience. Life is worth living, for it is by means of earthly experience that we are rounded into completeness according to the purpose of an eternal will—not outside of ourselves, but the very instinct of our lives. Personal existence is not a primary object: it is only means to an end. Personal pleasure, arising from harmony with environment, and its converse, pain—in themselves indifferent to the spirit—are important: the one as a reward, the other as a penalty, attached to the physical laws. Death, too, is indifferent, since death is only to—

"Cry 'Miss!' and then
Begin again."

Exactly what death means to the soul cannot be told; but it is certain that, once having chosen, for purposes of its own, to become individualized in a material organism, the spiritual ego will not vote existence a failure, but will continue to exist, in this body or another, until its object is attained.

Individuality is achieved through connection with a physical organism, which the law of evolution, supreme on this planet, has brought to moral and esthetic excellence as means to ends unmoral and unesthetic in themselves—Nature's ends—and has joined with other organisms in intricate relations, all adapted to train the individual and add to his eternal trea-

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GNOMAI.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

It is the preëminent merit of some scientific writers that their speech is the dialect of the people. They do not have to rely upon the glossaries of lesser minds to translate in faulty idioms the truths they tell.

Genius does not deliberately hunt for truth nor beauty; it stumbles upon them in the dark. We all run foul against these same truths and beauties; but, poor mediocrities, we are so taken up with rubbing our shins that the true and the beautiful get away in the obscurity.

Do not judge misfortune from the outside. Some of the sweetest caresses our infancy knew were given with a slipper.

To make good emotional deficits from an intellectual surplus is always precarious and seldom effective.

To insure the solvency of the bank of character, the emotional bills issued must be based upon the royal metal of intellectual conviction.

The gifts of the lavish are "wildcat" notes; it is only the benevolences of the naturally sordid that have real value for the giver.

Truth is found as men find potato-tubers—by digging. In plain sight, both truth and potatoes are inedible—stalk, flower, or seed-ball—each a delusion. To those who know the plant or wish to propagate, they are signs only of the real palatable food below ground.

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Frankness is the first step on the road to freedom.

Influence is advice; but advice is not always influence.

Don't judge your neighbor's manners by your standard; find out what his standard is, and judge him by that.

We begin to be understood only when we stop speaking; we shall understand life only when we have ceased to live.

Do not be contemptuous of contempt, neither be indifferent to it; rather go your way not heeding it, but seeking the philosopher's stone to transmute the base thought of the world's misunderstanding into the royal metal of comprehension.

Centigrade, Reaumur, Fahrenheit; Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew. Temperature or religion—the emphrased philosophy of all the bickering ages!

It is not when the bow is bent, but when the shaft strikes, that the tragedy happens.

The Supreme Power of the Universe is exact, not vacillating; accurate, not complaisant; just, not merciful. His sun shines and rain falls upon the evil and the good alike; and the same penalties await both design of motive and accident of heedlessness—our own or others'.

With man there is seldom motive; almost all things are accidental or automatic. With Nature (being exact, accurate, and just) there is no accident. Nature's "accidents" are Cosmic designs.

Impressions are the food of the mind. Some people suffer from mental dyspepsia because they have taken something they cannot digest.

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The true Christian's mind processes are perfect, because, in the first place, he has no fear of facts and swallows all that come; and, in the second place, his Christianity enables him unerringly to assimilate truth and to reject error.

There is a philosophy which says that experience is the only teacher. And yet they who hold to this opinion are the most determined not to experience religion.

Discipline is the matrix of the ore of progress, but "regularity" is the curse of all systems.

When you find the adherent of any cause turning to a text-book or a hierophant to determine the principles of his "belief," believe me—what he calls belief is mere credulity.

Wisdom uses facts as army engineers on the march use pontoons: after they have served their purpose they are taken up and carried along for service at the next stream.

When a man ceases to make excuses for his shortcomings he begins to realize his responsibility for his long-goings. When he appreciates the fact that he passes through life but once, he understands something about eternity.

Heredity is everything at first. The newly born are nothing else. But afterward life always consists of two factors: the continually increasing ratio of experience and the continually decreasing ratio of inheritance.

We are what Destiny has made us, but destiny may be what we ourselves make it.

Free-will is the fulcrum between inheritance and fate; in terms of the past it is the inevitable, and of the future it is the impossible.

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Prayer is a good wish, not to God, but *from* Him.

Truth can always afford to compare herself with error, but never can afford an alliance.

The most apparent of grievances are those that are common to all, and of which the perversity of all prevents redress.

Some get a big reputation for wit who merely have a little memory and vast audacity; while the wise man is often considered extremely dull. When will the world realize how much less labor and merit there are in taking a jar of jam off a shelf than in picking berries?

Speckled hens will not always lay speckled eggs, nor clever people say wise things.

THE tendency to intolerance, which time might have softened, was crystallized by the Inquisition and deeply ingrained in the Spanish character. The chivalrous consideration for the Moslem enemies, of which so many examples were seen at and before the conquest of Granada, utterly disappeared within half a century. By making terrible suffering an enjoyable spectacle, which no one must fail to attend, and at which no one, on peril of his life, must manifest a thrill of pity, the Inquisition trained a nation to delight in cruelty for its own sake, and did much to perpetuate that ferocious spirit that makes Spanish women of to-day crowd in among shouting and delighted thousands to watch the butchery of the bull-fight. Coming as it did, just before the discovery of America, this training of the Inquisition aggravated that tendency to inhumanity which so commonly characterized civilized men in their dealings with savages.—*James C. Fernald.*

WHEN the cause is just, even the small will conquer the great.—*Sophocles.*

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SABBATHS AND FESTIVALS.

BY WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

"And thus it was those shrines were made to serve
As object-lessons for the multitude,
Awaking in them all the faculties
Of love and worship, feelings of the heart,
And thought therewith that dormant else would lie:
Uplifting men who otherwise had lived
But heedless lives, like animals untaught."
—THE DUAL IMAGE: *Book VI., "Ancient Egypt."*

The sages of old, having regard to the spiritual education of the masses, and no doubt pitying also the hard lot of the toiling millions in the early days, instituted in connection with the established religions of the time certain recurring periods and days of rest or cessation from labor to be observed in the course of each year. The longer periods of seven or more days were established as festivals to be observed in honor of the gods, and especially of the sun-god. At all such times the people, as enjoined by the priests, congregated at their temples and other sacred places in large assemblies of both sexes to return thanks to the gods, and especially to the all-bountiful luminary, for his conquering of the winter and for the genial warmth of his all-impregnating beams, which caused the revival of nature in the spring and brought in due season the bountiful harvest of fruit and golden grain. But besides these longer periods of a week or more, which marked the four seasons of the year, the Chaldeans and others, in connection with the worship of the moon-god, set apart every seventh day, which marked the four quarters of the moon, as a day of rest —a sabbath, in fact, on which the people rested from their labors and spent according to their bent in worship, mental improvement, or social enjoyment.

Indeed, without the institution, on the cogent grounds of

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public worship, of certain regularly recurring times and days of rest, it is not easy to conceive how terrible would have been the lot of the toilers in these early days; and how dark their lives, had there been no break to the dull monotony and crushing weight of incessant labor, often urged beyond endurance by the cruel lash of the taskmaster. Surely these public festivals and sabbaths were a wise and merciful institution, affording, as they did, times of rest and relaxation to the toiling millions on whose behalf they were instituted and so ordered as to be rigidly observed; for that there might be no evasion of the law on the part of the non-toilers their observance was enforced under pain of the displeasure of the gods, or, what was more to be feared, the displeasure of the priesthoods. Even aside from the apparent mercifulness of the institution, the foresight and wisdom thereof cannot be disputed when we have regard to the mental and intellectual progress of the masses—not only rendered possible but directly aided and stimulated by the leisure thus afforded for social gatherings: a matter of prime importance as a humanizing agency beyond and aside from the worship for which they were convened. At such times, dressed and washed from the grimy sweat of their toil and thus made more presentable and human in appearance, the people had their minds lifted for the time being above the dull cares of every-day life, and moreover, on special occasions, had their thoughts, which otherwise had lain dormant, further stimulated by the soul-inspiring harmony of music and song. And the passing of the festive cup, drank freely in the observance of that worship, however perverted by vain and even at times cruel rites, nevertheless raised man immeasurably above the animal.

With us, in these years, it has been customary to set down the institution of all sabbaths and festivals to "superstition," and our would-be, pseudo-utilitarians complain that the world has been robbed thereby of a seventh of its labor—as if the production of material wealth were the sole and only object of human life on this earth that ought to be attended to: for-

getting that labor unbroken and unrelieved by leisure dwarfs the intellectual faculties, which it is the first duty of all men, both on their own behalf and that of their fellows, to expand and develop to the utmost by all means in their power. And as a step toward the attainment of this most desirable end, namely, the intellectual expansion and moral growth of humanity, no agency is or has been more effective than the friendly, social gathering of the people at stated times to which they could and did ever and always look forward with wistful longing as a break to the wearisome days of prolonged toil, which the wants and exigencies of human life demanded.

This being so, our social gatherings are needful still, and will be during all time. Whether, as in the present, they take the form of park outings on gala days, musical festivals, anniversary celebrations, and other assemblies, it matters not. In church and theater gatherings, the people, washed from the smut of toil and clad in their best raiment, meet in a social way and exchange for a time friendly and admiring glances in the worship of "beauty." This is an inborn impulse, which is a prophecy that all, even the plainest, shall grow to be what they thus regard with such worshipful admiration—the climax of all evolution—while at the same time they are being taught the needed moral lessons from the pulpit, the platform, or the stage. The latter, with its excellent methods of teaching enhanced further by appropriate scenery and music, is at once an education and an amusement that has aided much at all times in the intellectual improvement of the race.

So let us hold in all veneration the sages of old, who by their institution of sabbaths and festival-times for the people rendered the social state possible through the habitual assembling together of the masses at such times for mutual improvement and enjoyment; for, without the social gathering of whatever kind, with its potent influence for good, man would be a hermit and a savage—an unsocial misanthrope whose hand would be against all his fellows. All honor to the sages of the East!

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VOICES FROM MOUNT LEBANON.*

BY ANNA WHITE.

We Shakers built the temple of our faith one hundred and twenty-five years ago, making its four corner-stones Purity, Peace, Justice, and Love; but they were quarried from one rock, and that rock is the Christ.

In the day of the founding of this temple there was less light than now, and the shadows lurking in our corners were often mistaken for the mysteries of godliness; while some honestly believed ours to be the one temple where God was worshiped in spirit and in truth. In the broader, intenser light of to-day we recognize many shrines under the roof of the great world-cathedral of the All-Mother, All-Father, God; and if we put ours nearest the door that opens into heaven, and if we consider our life of virginal purity more nearly that of the angels, yet we place no ban upon the life of *truly* wedded love, nor do we fail to acknowledge the sacredness of the names of father and mother—such fathers and mothers as God recognizes to bless. But oh, the desecration of those names—the damnable desecration of the holy name of *love!*

You sometimes hear people speak of *pure* love, as if there could be any other kind! This word has no qualifying adjective. Love is pure and simple, and selfishness has no part or lot in it. Says George Eliot, "Love sits in the corner content to be forgotten." Our theme to-day is peace, but there can be no peace except where love dwelleth.

Dear friends, brothers and sisters, even as Paul, let me quote in question the words of the ancient Greek, "Are we not also His offspring?" Do we not all live and move in Him and have our being? We try to bear witness to the Spirit of

*A paper read at the Universal Peace Meeting, Mystic, Conn.

God moving on the face of the waters, wherever those waters may be, and so far as in us lies to help obey the command, "Let there be light!" But, when we look back through the century of our existence as a Church, we are not unconscious of the errors that have crept in; of the many who have clung so closely to the letter as to strangle the spirit that giveth the letter life; and of those who have failed to awaken. Neither have we escaped the disciple who followed afar off; the Simon, who for money would buy and sell the Holy Ghost; nor the Judas, who carried the bag and was a traitor. Neither have we failed to have and to keep among us true daughters and sons of God, who are willing to be nothing—that Christ and his gospel may be all things; who cheerfully give health and wealth in his service; who sever the ties of relationship—that of father and mother, yea, of husband and wife—to look upon all as brothers and sisters in the household of faith; who know not the word "death," but regard the twilight called by that name as a shadow cast by the tree of eternal life in the sunshine of infinite love: and who, therefore, know no such thing as separation from their true sisters and brethren; for when the mortal garb, through the wear and tear of earthly uses, grows too thin to be visible, they continue still to walk hand-in-hand with them in loving communion.

Our Church, founded upon the pentecostal, is pledged to a community of interests in all things; and though conflicting sorely with the natural "mine and thine," it has stood the storm and stress of over a century. Upheld by the hand of God, shall it not yet count its age by *centuries?* Our chief aim has been purity, virginal purity, as yours has been peace; yet in God's great family how various and how varied is the work to which our hearts and hands must turn! There are no longer cowardly places in which we may hide complacently to contemplate by our farthing candles our farthing virtues; nay, we realize profoundly our duty to be zealous in all that makes for righteousness.

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The temperance cause is the cause of all lovers of humanity; and you, dear friends, marching under the banner of the Prince of Peace, who have been the seed-sowers of fields that to-day are white for the harvest, well know that intemperance is the father of strife as temperance is the mother of virtue and peace. I do not mean simply temperance in eating and drinking, but in all things wherein excess makes us less the children of God.

The cause of social purity is very near our hearts. May God give us a voice of thunder and a glance of lightning, to protest at all times and in all places against the demon that is worshiped in so many households under the holy name of *love!* But when we come to the provision made for raging passions, the lust-license granted in the government of war—when we know of the disease and rot that pollute the citizens, young and old, who in military ranks become butchers—we in sackcloth and ashes send up this plea for strength and wisdom to meet such deplorable conditions. And oh, the many social wrongs—the cankering love of gold that is eating out the heart of the nations; the constantly increasing power of the gigantic Trust, which, like the angel of the apocalyptic vision, standing with one foot on land and one on the sea, swears that though freedom has been it shall be no more! We cannot forget that, in all the sacred writings of the people of the past and present, no greater anathemas are pronounced than against those who gather field to field; and the cries of whose oppressed laborers rise to the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth.

The woman question, being answered to-day in letters of fire that whoso runneth may read, has always been an ever-present one with us. Our founder, Mother Ann Lee, spoke out boldly for the God-given right of woman to the common right of humanity, at a time when the few timid protestations against her wrongs were so faint as to be confounded with the sighs wrung from her helpless and hopeless misery. But, lo! her night is ending and the day approacheth; and it is to you,

and to such as you, we pour forth our thanks that we need no longer cry, despairingly, "Watchman, what of the night?"

We sometimes speak of this as a prosaic century; but where in history do we find one more full of knight-errantry than this? God bless our victorious slayers of the devouring dragons of wrong! With one of these, George D. Herron, I believe there has never been and can never be necessity for war. That no motive can *ever* be so holy as to lend sanctity to murder—that though the priceless boon of liberty of thought and action has apparently been secured by war—it was because God, the faithful Friend, failing to induce us to walk in his way, walked in ours, black and bloody as it was, leading us to a victory we might have won in the ways of peace and righteousness and without the long train of poisonous results that follow the winning of even the most sacred cause through the suffering of others. Nor does the antiquity of war lessen in any sense its horrors. The eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth principle is none the less barbarous in that we find it recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures. I agree with Tolstoy that no compromise should be made with this monster of evil. If all refuse to take up arms, what then? Whoever heard of a fight without fighters?

Oh, if war could only be presented to us in its true colors: its ruthless feet dripping with the blood of its trampled victims, its cruel face lighted by the torch of the incendiary, its trailing garments of desolation upheld by the gaunt and venomous hands of Famine and Pestilence! But oh, the sweet trickery of words! They talk of the "soul-stirring" drum and fife; the gold and scarlet and purple; the war-horse, with neck clothed with thunder, that snuffeth the battle from afar and cryeth "ha! ha!" at the sound of the trumpet; the three hundred at Thermopylæ snatching immortality from death; the Grecian Phalanx; the Persian Immortals; the "Ironsides" of Cromwell; the Rough Riders of the heroic Roosevelt; the Anglo-Saxon "Swing of Conquest;" and we hold in our mem-

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ory the names of Sydney and Hampton and Washington. Poets have sung, painters have drawn, and sculptors have carved magnificent memorials to war; and the innocent lips of babes have fed on love of slaughter at the very breasts of their loving mothers. Oh, the pity of it!

Stripped of all its trappings, war is murder—all the more cruel, all the more dreadful, in that it is disciplined, legalized murder. Timour the Tartar raised a monument of the bodies of his slain. Let us be consistent, and, if we *must* raise monuments to war, take for our model that of Timour the Tartar. His monument was built of two thousand bodies: what of the height of one built of the bodies of the victims of the wars of this country alone? But such a structure would tell the most innocent part of the story. What of the maimed in body and soul of whom we never hear? What of the rent households and the wrecked lives? I arraign war as the grinning skeleton at the sacramental feasts of the nations; the monopolist in the miseries of humanity; the keeper of the immigrant bureau in the kingdom of Satan.

But, hark! "Watchman, what of the night?" The night passeth, the shadows are fleeing, the mountain-tops are brightening in the golden light of a dawn of peace—the dawn of a day in which the accumulated truth of the ages will become potent in the lives of the reformers who shall yet come to aid the aspirations of humanity. A sad world and a mad world, say some; yea, but never before in its history have we had so many hopeful reasons for calling it God's world. The people are awake; their senses are alert; no longer will they sleepily and slavishly call evil good and good evil. We, on our ancient hills, hear the stir of armies coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. From every quarter of the globe they come; their voices are like the voices of many waters; and the banner over them is *Love*. True, the enemy is bitter and strong, and the victory will be gained not without weary con-

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flicts and the agony of hope deferred; but at last it will be ours. Have you noted the fine, high faces of many of our young men that are called the heroes of the unholy war we are now waging in the islands of the sea? Think of the grand work they could do for us in the ranks of peace! Take courage, brave workers; they shall yet be ours.

And there was a man sent from God whose name was Love, and a woman also whose name was Amanda, worthy to be loved. We bring to them and their co-workers our greetings in the words of the simple husbandmen of old, "Peace be with you; and victory in peace!"

"New occasions teach new duties—
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must pilgrims be;
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly
Thro' the desperate winter sea;
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key."

FOLLOW crystallization from snow and salt to rubies and diamonds, and you will learn that the molecules of atoms have a stern code of morals. Their first aim is to be pure; their second, to be perfect in form; and their third, to act in harmony. On the harmonious action of the atoms, and on pure, perfect molecules, all the gigantic chemistries of to-day depend.—*Dr. Bailey.*

THE times will come in future years when the ocean will unloose the chain of things and open a vast region; when the sea will uncover new worlds, and Thulé will be no more the farthest of countries.—*Seneca.*

THE man is hateful to me as the gates of hell who hides one thing in his mind and utters another.—*Homer.*

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RIP VAN FOSSIL:

A Medical Tragedy.

BY FRED DEEM.

In Athens, once upon a time,
When Ancient Greece was in her prime
  And ruled in power and glory,
There lived a man exceeding queer,
In some respects without a peer
  In legend or in story.
Though history heralds not his fame,
And Plutarch does not give his name
(Which fact to that historian's shame
  Is most contributory),
He certainly deserves a place
Among the heroes of the race,
Although he never held a mace
  Nor fought in battle gory.
But few there be who live to tell
Such strange things as to him befell,
And few so many long years dwell
  On earthly territory:
So marvelous his life that few
Who read this little story through
Will grant that it is strictly true,
  Or e'en commendatory.

Old Rip Van Fossil was a man
(Nicknamed "Old Rip" and "Old Rip Van"),
Stiff-jointed, stooped, and lame, and old;
His hands and feet were always cold;

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Dire rheumatism in his knees
From suffering gave him little ease;
He scarce could walk without a cane;
And then, with every twinge of pain
His knees gave down, he'd groan and sigh
And stumble on with face awry.

Rip greatly wished to be made well,
And when he heard the people tell
About the Great Hippocrates,
That famous healer of disease,
At once he hobbled off to see
This great and world-renowned M.D.
The doctor felt Rip's stiffened knees
And said, "Stick out your tongue now, please,"
As all physicians do;
He asked some questions, scratched his head,
Looked very wise, and slowly said,
With the air of one who knew:
"Ahem! Your humors, sir, I see,
Are not mixed as they ought to be.
I will explain
What I maintain—
That human bodies all contain
Red blood, black bile, and phlegm also,
And yellow bile.
(Now do not smile,
Although 'tis humor-ous, I know.)
These humors must be rightly mixed,
And in correct proportions fixed,
Or 'twill result in sickness, sure.
Therefore, the proper way to cure—
The way that's scientific—
Is simply nothing less or more
Than regulate these humors four,
The cause of ills prolific.

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This humor-regulator here
Will cure your sickness, never fear;
  The cause it will remove.
Just take a dose, and healed you'll be,
By *medicatrix naturæ,*
  And thus my theory prove."

The treatment of Hippocrates
Did not relieve Rip's aching knees.
Although he faithfully applied
The medicines that were prescribed,
He was compelled his ills to bear
In spite of this physician's care.
And thus the doctor's theory,
When put to test, was found to be
Quite faulty; and his "laws of cure"
Were not reliable, nor sure.

Rip saw his ills could not be cured;
He limped away, and just endured.
"The art of doctoring," thought he,
"Is in its infancy; I see
Such ills as mine it cannot cure
Till wiser grown, and more mature.
Now, I was born too soon, 'tis plain,
For doctors to relieve my pain.
If I alive could only stay
Until the coming of that day
When sicknesses and pains and ills
Shall be destroyed by drugs and pills,
My long-lost health I'd have again.
I wish that I could live till then!
But in the meantime I should be
Stiff and rheumatic in each knee,
Suffering, aching, cross, and glum,
For years, and years, and years to come.

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A dreary prospect, that I own!"
And poor old Fossil gave a groan.

But suddenly he cried: "I vow
I have the right idea now!
I've thought of just the thing to do!
I'll sleep a century or two,
And give the doctor's art a chance
To gather knowledge and advance,
Until they understand for sure
Diseases, and their cause and cure,
And the po-ten-ti-al-i-tee
Of medicines: then healed I'll be."

So Rip climbed up a mountain steep,
Crawled in a cave, and went to sleep.
The years passed by, and still he slept;
Old Alexander fought—and wept
Because (if history's tale be true)
No other worlds could he subdue.
Great wars were waged, but Rip slept on
Until three centuries were gone.
Then he awakened with a sneeze
And rubbed his stiff rheumatic knees;
He came outside and looked around,
And said, "Now, then, I'll soon be sound!"
The ablest doctor of that day
In Rome was living. So straightway
Our hero went to Rome, and there
He found the little office where
Old Doctor Asclepiades
Was wont to wrestle with disease.
He placed himself in this man's care.
The doctor offered Rip a chair,
Looked down his throat and thumped his head,
Gazed at his knees, then slowly said:

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"According to my theory,
The cause of your disease must be
[And here he looked exceeding wise]
An alteration of the size,
Arrangement, number, or the shape
Of atoms small that go to make
Your body. All I have to do
Is to correct this ill in you!
Just take this powder, if you please—
'Twill go straight down unto your knees
And heal you. I reject, you see,
Vis medicatrix naturæ.
Now, when you eat
Be most discreet;
Take exercise like some athlete;
Plunge into water, heels and head,
And you will soon be well—or dead."

Though Rip did this as best he could,
It failed to do him any good.
"I woke too soon," he sadly said;
"I see the time is still ahead
For medicine to help poor me!
I'll sleep another century;
By that time surely there will be
Enough advancement to insure
To invalids like me a cure."

Again into a cave he crept,
And there three centuries longer slept.
While he was waiting there until
Some one should learn to make a pill
That would procure him health and ease
And limber up his stiffened knees,
A Healer lived in Palestine,
By far the greatest ever seen.

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All invalids to him that came—
The sick, the blind, the deaf, the lame—
Were all made whole by His command
Or by the touching of His hand.
If Rip had but awakened then
And found this Friend of Suffering Men,
Instead of waiting in a cave
Until some pill was found to save
Him from his wretchedness and woe—
Till Science had a chance to grow
More wise and strong, and could discover
By accident some drug or other
With which his stomach he could fill
And put to flight his every ill—
I say, if Rip had just appealed
To Him who all diseases healed,
He might have been made sound and well;
He *might* have been—but who can tell?
For had he been like some to-day—
Too "smart" to be helped in that way,
Who think they understand too much
Of science, natural law, and such,
To be misled and made believe
That invalids may help receive
By means of faith instead of pills—
The Lord would not have healed his ills.

Time passed. Rip wakened finally
About one-ninety-six A. D.
His aches and pains resumed once more
Their work exactly as before.
With many a groan and many a frown,
He hobbled painfully to town.
To Galen went he then straightway—
A doctor famous to this day,
Who made dissections and, 'tis said,

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Knew man's make-up from heels to head.

Rip found this doctor cutting up
A little yellow, pug-nosed pup,
To find out where his howls came from.
When Rip explained why he had come,
The doctor answered:
"Yes, my friend,
Your broken health I soon shall mend,
Without a bit of doubt.
My theory of disease and cure
Is scientific—therefore sure:
I know what I'm about.
I cut up every dog I can
To learn what drugs to pour in man.
In this I take great pride.
Last night till very late I sat
Dissecting our old Thomas cat,
To learn what was inside.
I carved a soup-bone while ago:
I did this so that I might know
How people's joints are made;
Also to learn how best to ease
The pain in stiff rheumatic knees—
You see I know my trade.
A man is filled with humors four:
Perhaps you've heard of this before.
[Rip answered that he had.]
And spirit, too, is mixed with these.
Improper mixture brings disease,
And sometimes very bad;
Four elements the organs hold—
To wit: wet, dry, and hot and cold;
This is my own discovery.
Proportioned rightly these must be
Or sickness will result, you see—

Sometimes beyond recovery.
In medicines I recognize
These same four elements likewise.
(You see I know a deal, sir!)
And by 'contraries' I can cure;
I'm scientific—therefore sure:
By natural law I heal, sir!"
He fixed some stuff for Rip to drink,
And said, "You'll soon be well, I think."

But Galen's doses failed to do
The healing he desired them to.
And poor Rip had to bear his ills
And pay some good-sized doctor bills.
So he concluded with a sigh
That he must let more time pass by,
And give the doctors one more chance
In skill and knowledge to advance.
So in a cave he crawled once more
And went to sleep just as before.

This time he slept so very sound
That fourteen hundred years rolled round
While he was slumbering away
(In "coma," as the doctors say).
The Middle Ages passed away,
The Feudal system had its day,
The Reformation was begun,
The Crusades took place one by one,
And Guttenberg's hand printing-press
Was helping science to progress
By making books and papers cheap:
But Rip Van Fossil staid asleep.

The thinking world still moved ahead,
And knowledge grew and learning spread.

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E. Spenser wrote his poetry;
F. Bacon wrote philosophy,
And William Shakespeare wrote the plays
That since have won him so much praise;
Copernicus found out the world
Around the solar center whirled;
And Galileo came to know
Why pendulums swing to and fro;
And Kepler eyed
The starry sky,
And Gesner tried
To classify
The animals and growing plants;
And knowledge had made such advance
It seemed to ride a wingéd steed
That moved with Pegasean speed.
But Rip, awaiting to be sure
That they had learned the laws of cure,
Slept on—so sound he did not snore,
And let them learn still more and more.

Columbus in his three small ships
Sailed on his famous ocean trips;
Magellan sailed until he found
Our planet could be sailed around;
They settled Jamestown, Plymouth too;
And both in spite of hardships grew.
In this progressive, forward race,
Had medicine been keeping pace?

O Rip! Wake up! Why sleep so fast?
For surely ample time has passed
For medicine to grow until
It can restore a man that's ill!
Most rapidly has knowledge grown—
The secret now is surely known!

Through all these years have doctors been
Experimenting on sick men:
Trying that and trying this,
Sometimes hit and sometimes miss;
Trying again to find out sure
If what they gave would kill or cure;
Upon their patients making trials
Of everything put up in vials.
With records back to Hippocrates,
They surely understand disease
Enough to cure rheumatic knees!
So Rip, awaken, if you please!

Year sixteen-sixty. In surprise
Rip shook himself and rubbed his eyes.
"Mehercule!" (which means "By jing!")
"What change has come o'er everything!"
He cried, bewildered and amazed,
And wondering if his mind were crazed;
But when his knees began to pain,
Old Rip Van was himself again.
A host of fine-spun theories
Concerning treatment of disease
Had been by leaders formulated,
And by physicians advocated,
While Rip was sleeping. Systems new,
Fantastic and mysterious too,
Sprang into life. Each had its day;
Then, friend deserted, passed away.
Of these old Paracelsus' creed
Might well be said to take the lead.
Each man and woman, argued he,
A microcosm proves to be,
In which is reproduced the whole
Of Nature—sun, moon, stars, and pole.
To understand, then, how to deal

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With maladies, and how to heal,
One simply needs to study out
The seen in Nature round about.
All kinds of ills are caused by *Archeus*
(A kind of spook inside of us).
His remedies were just to kill
The spirit-essence of the ill.

And then came Doctor Harvey, who
Discovered that the blood flows through
  The arteries and veins!
It took so long this fact to find!
Had doctors heretofore been blind,
  Or were they minus brains?
And yet through all these centuries past
Their wisdom was profound and vast—
  And each year brought more light!
If it required that long to get
One letter of the alphabet—
  To learn the letter A at sight—
How long, then, must the science grow
Before 'tis old enough to know
  Enough to plainly read?
How long, how long ere it can pass
Beyond the infant primer class?
  O Light, how thee we need!
If other sciences grew so slow,
What would a civilized man know
  Except how friends to bleed?

Iatromechanic schools arose,
And physiologic—goodness knows
How many schools and theories
There were—all based on wild ideas:
Each one the others contradicting,
And all with common sense conflicting.

(*To be continued.*)

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A PRACTICAL VIEW OF EDUCATION.

BY ANITA TRUEMAN.

In these latter days, when so much is said of education in its many phases and so many varying opinions are expressed with regard to it; when college professors and presidents, in baccalaureate addresses, declare that it both fits and unfits men for their work in life; and when citizens wrangle in the public press over the advisability of maintaining high schools at the expense of the taxpayers—it is not strange that the average mind fails to grasp the real meaning of Education, its original purpose, and its just place in human affairs.

When I was a student at the Brooklyn Girls' High School, one of the finest institutions of its kind in the country, my teacher one day called for a definition of *education*. I volunteered to give one, and said, "Education is the *leading forth* of those faculties which are already within the mind of the individual." "I differ with you," she said. "It is true that it means the leading forth of certain faculties—one can see that by the derivation of the word; but I cannot agree that they are already within the mind of the child. They have to be inculcated, as every teacher knows by experience."

The absurdity of this statement aroused the interest of my fellow-students, and the argument that followed was one they will never forget. Of course, the teacher refused to acknowledge her error, and turned the topic by giving another definition of the word. But at recess I talked with the girls about it and found that they agreed with me. If the first clause of my definition were correct, then the second must be so by logical necessity. But if the whole were wrong, then the derivation of the word must count for naught—and this we Latin scholars were not willing to allow.

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The incident made a great impression upon my mind, and led me still further to study the subject that had fascinated my attention. I resolved to seek out the fundamental principle and apply it—for myself at least. Observation told me that true education was something in which study was only the major factor, not the sum, as my preceptors would have me believe. I know one college-bred woman whose education amounts to the possession of a diploma, whose purport is, so far as one may judge by observation, that she has read certain books, heard certain lectures, and remembered their contents until a certain day. On the other hand, I have known men and women whose schooling had been of the poorest, and terminated at the age of ten or thereabouts, who were educated in the true sense of the word; for every faculty of the mind was so trained by vigorous self-culture that it was ready at a moment's notice for application to the problems that constantly arise, whether in the field of practical every-day life or that of study and esthetic culture.

My study of the subject led me into a wider realm of research, and a more beautiful and interesting one than I had dreamed. From observation and philosophic reflection I drew the following conclusion: Education is the evolution, by practical application, of the powers involved in the human mind. Thus study, which is systematic training in the application of these powers, is a means to this end. We have fallen into the error of supposing that study is in itself the sum of education; whereas the true function of teachers, and of all institutions of learning, is merely to teach the young mind *how to learn*. If this be not done, and it be represented to the student, as is often the case, that one must "go to college" to learn and that the university is the only home of learning, these institutions fail in their primary purpose; for the school or college is but the nursery of learning, where the child finds out how to use his powers. Learning finds a separate home in the life of every thoughtful man or woman, whether college-bred or not, and

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is an utter stranger to the self-sufficient individual who "knows it all," though he or she may have spent a score of years in "getting an education."

Education, in this true sense, is so great a factor in human life that every man, woman, and child has a continuously increasing and vital interest in it. It is indeed one with the very purpose of human life itself, if we may presume to say that the purpose of human life is to evolve into tangible expression those hitherto unrealized dreams of the Creator—our souls.

"Ignorance is the root of all evil." Intelligence is the savior of the world. Intelligence cannot be acquired: it must be developed from within, led forth, educated. Every mind is perfect in intelligence, but in some minds it lies dormant while in others it is conscious and active. A sleeping man, we all acknowledge, may be quite as intelligent as one who is awake; yet while he sleeps his intelligence counts for nothing. Awaken him, and at once he is a living power. There is no more power at his command than before, but he has become *conscious* of his power, and because he is conscious his faculties are active.

The sole aim of education is to develop the dormant powers of the individual, to awaken him to a consciousness of the fact that in the depths of his soul there is a fountain of power and understanding whose source is Infinite Wisdom, which may be applied in a myriad different ways; to show him, by the experiences of individuals and nations the world over, that ignorance is the only limitation, that intelligence is power, and that ignorance may be overcome and intelligence awakened to conscious power only by exercising thought; and to afford means and suggest methods of exercising thought in such a way that it shall become a potent instrument with which he, the artist, may bring forth into tangible form the ideal conceptions of his imagination. All that the best teachers can do is thus to suggest, to awaken, to guide. No power is "in-

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culcated" into the human mind; no idea can be put into it from without. These all arise from the depths *within the soul,* in response to the outer suggestion. The teacher is already conscious that the student possesses such mental powers as perception, observation, memory, reason, analysis, construction, and expression. His object is to awaken a similar consciousness in the mind of the student, and the work of the schoolroom is admirably adapted for this purpose. These principles are clearly understood by all those who engage in the beautiful kindergarten work that has done so much to revolutionize educational methods. The process is one of continual awakening to greater, fuller, freer, finer consciousness of the outer world, as well as of the wondrous inner realm revealed by this development.

When all this is comprehended in the word *education* and it is all accessible to every human soul, what a deplorable fact it is that many of our teachers, and a vast majority of our young men and women, in and out of college, never realize it! How many college graduates find themselves stranded upon the world, with their minds so full of "facts" that there is no space left for the activity of thought, utterly incapacitated for the struggle of life! This is not the fault of college education; study has not unfitted these persons for their work in life. The trouble lies in the fact that they have not approached the work of the classroom and lecture-hall in the right mental attitude—because of their ignorance of the fundamental principle of education.

The right attitude toward study would seem to be this: From beginning to end, the fact and purpose of human life are the expression of thought through material media and the impression of thought from the suggestions conveyed by these material expressions. This is just as true when we speak to a person and he hears our voice, or when we write a letter that he reads, as when the artist paints a picture or molds a statue to convey to the multitude the ideal his fancy conceived, or

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Nature unaided molds beauteous forms to delight our vision. The sustenance of the body, which occupies a great part of our time, we consider only in ministry to the soul, that it may have this instrument by means of which to express its thought. So the purpose of study is to train the powers of impression, repression, and expression, which must be utilized to the finest and fullest degree through systematic application. If every hour of study be consciously and conscientiously devoted to this purpose, college education becomes a rich blessing, and its benefits continue to increase from day to day as these powers are applied in its pursuit. Then, when college work is over, they are ready to be used in the life that must be lived, and no vain regrets arise to mar its beauty or usefulness.

But it is in the school of *experience* that the richest lessons are learned and the nobler powers of the soul developed to the fullest degree. For here greater demands are made; and, if one understands the true value of education, they are met from the wonderful fountain of power within, whose capacity is augmented each time its waters are utilized. Instead of the examinations of the classroom, we are questioned by a greater master—in the trials of our lives. Each time the examination is passed—the trial overcome—a higher standard is gained and a fuller capacity registered. When we fail to pass the examination, however, we are compelled to go over the ground again and meet the trial a second time. But no trial ever becomes a trouble unless we succumb to it.

In this school of experience there is but one student—the individual. All others are teachers. We can learn from every one, and, paradoxical as it may seem, we can learn most from the most ignorant, the most needy. If we watch the growth of our own characters, we shall find that each new person and each new circumstance we meet with demands of us some new application of our powers—and unfolds in our nature some element hitherto unnoticed. If we give without stint of this wonderful well of *power within*, our

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characters will become all that they were meant to be by creative Mind. If we train ourselves to apply our powers of perception, reason, etc., to every circumstance that presents itself in our lives, we shall develop our minds and characters to their fullest capacities. Every faculty will be at our immediate service—never rusty from want of practise. It must be remembered here, as in the schoolroom, that experience, like study, is but a means of development, never a final aim. There is no final aim to life—no end to education. As we approach our ideals we develop still higher conceptions, which are perspective images of ourselves. "Be what ye dream, and earth shall see a greater greatness than she e'er hath seen." A right understanding of the principle of education makes all this possible. But without that understanding study and experience count for naught. We must be masters of our fate, ruling—by the administration of Nature's deepest laws—the destinies of men and nations.

THE problems that the future presents are these: First, bread for all; then, education for all. The next is the attaining of the ideal of reconquering from the past all that we have lost, and becoming again equal in force, in agility, in skill, in health, and in beauty with the finest, straightest, and most skilful men that have lived before us. The next problem is how to secure the universal brotherhood of man. Under a thousand apparent changes in the surface, the solution of this problem is being accomplished in the depths of the nations.—*Reclus.*

THE "heretic" is one who chooses or selects for himself a way that is different from the common way of the world. That is what the word means in its origin, and it is a sufficiently broad definition to cover all particular cases. In the language of evolution, he is one who begins the variation from an established type, and he is therefore a necessary link in the chain of development.—*Christian Register.*

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REINCARNATION.

BY MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

It may be only a legend
  The Eastern sages tell,
But the thought is so sweet and assuring
  That I cherish it strangely well.

I am glad if the soul is a seedling
  That growing, aye, well as it may,
Must be now and again transplanted
  E'er it bloom in Eternity's day.

I am glad for the chance of the starveling—
  That the soul in the damp and the gloom,
Trod down by the wheel and the grindstone,
  May come to a beautiful bloom.

It lessens the shock and the heartache—
  Things seem so unequal in life—
If this be one stage but of many,
  Where we grow by legitimate strife.

What is good for a man—who knoweth?
  Is joy so much better than pain?
How the roots of the Soul do languish,
  Aye, perish, for want of the rain!

Not here is our life, but abiding
  Serene in the Might that enfolds;
What matters the pain of the conflict
  If the hour but our triumph unfolds?

In the love of the Highest encircled,
  Though passing through valleys of pain,
We are slowly but surely ascending
  To blossom on Heaven's high plane.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MAYOR JONES AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

IN the current number of MIND we present an article entitled "The Failure of Success," by the Hon. Samuel M. Jones, of Toledo, who is now the Independent candidate for Governor of Ohio. Mayor Jones has introduced into politics a new factor, namely, the application of the Golden Rule, hitherto considered by politicians as a transcendental dream; and it is not an uncommon thing to hear him referred to as "Golden Rule Jones," a title which he may well be proud of, for it means far more than the empty titles usually conferred upon distinguished persons.

The article in question is in every way worthy of the most thoughtful consideration. It is not an attack on individuals because of vast accumulations, but it shows that society as now constituted, where such inequalities as extreme riches and poverty can coexist, must be radically wrong. He believes that the Christ method—or that adopted by His disciples after the crucifixion: having all things in common—would come nearer the true solution than the methods in vogue at present; also, that the Christian plan does not admit of the fierce competition and underpaid labor that enter into our commercial system.

* * *

Society as now constituted cannot fail to recognize to some degree its responsibilities, and we see certain things done for the amelioration of the poor which only a few years ago would not have been considered. But society is not yet conscious that it is the author—the creator—of all the human degradation and poverty

of the world, and is responsible for the crime and misery we see on every hand. Violation of God's eternal law, whether by the individual or society, must bring with it the evil results of life; and the community, in ignoring the fact of its relation to the individual life, allows the body politic to become sick and diseased, and there is no health in it.

It is not enough to say that the individual is responsible for his own life—the individual is only a part of the grand body of humanity, and is influenced to a marked degree by the other parts. "No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." Society will be as truly judged as a whole for its wrong-doing as the individual.

* * *

The great creative Power, in His love and wisdom, designed that there should be enough of everything—an abundance to supply the needs and wants of the many. But some, in their folly and greed, through a wrong system, have deprived the many. People may retort that all have equal chances and opportunities in *our* country; but a careful analysis of the facts will show this assertion to be utterly false. The one who has developed his mental faculties to a sufficient degree may push himself up to a place of worldly honor, wealth, and distinction; but how about the masses of the people? Their chances are not equal and never can be so long as our present system prevails.

* * *

It is true the evolutionist may say that this is an essential condition in the process of development. But no condition is necessary after wrongs are perceived; and few will care to question the fact that society, though callous, perceives the wrongs of the present time. The right means and methods may not as yet be clearly discerned, but enough is known which, if put into practise, would result in great gain to humanity as a whole.

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The New Thought movement, in its relation to the great questions of the day, takes a thoroughly constructive attitude. It does not stand for the tearing down or destructive process, but for a process that will gradually replace old means and methods by those more in accord with the laws of life. It would make no attacks on individuals because of their extreme wealth or injustice in their dealings with their fellow-men, but rather would it seek to bring about so perfect a knowledge of law and order that the wrongdoer would in the light of it become self-convicted.

* * *

The efforts put forth toward reform in the past have been but the plowing and harrowing of the ground, which have been a necessary part; but the New Thought would plant the seed. The old way dealt with the external side of life—the new would deal with the invisible. Like the seed expanding from its own vital center, it would teach that only as man recognizes the center of Being in his own conscious life, and expands from that real center outward, does he find the true riches of life. Only then can he appreciate the saying of the Master: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The present system, reversing the Christ order, tells its votaries to seek first the kingdom of Mammon; for in this way, it is thought, they will find all things needful. And so it is the old alternative repeated: "Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve —God or Baal."

* * *

But not all success is failure. There is a success in life that even the world does not consider failure, and, while not willing to imitate, yet worships from a distance. Even the worldly mind venerates the loving service of a Jesus or a Buddha, and to a lesser degree the many who have given of themselves for the love of humanity. After all, it is not the enormously wealthy men of the past whom the world looks back to with love and veneration.

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The merely wealthy man is soon forgotten, while the man animated by the love of humanity continues to live in the hearts and minds of the people. There is a glamour thrown around the very rich man of the present, which is dissipated after he passes from this particular plane of existence; so we see that worldly success, while it appeals to the minds of worldly people, is at best of a very temporary nature. The thoughtful mind must admit that the real success of life is the development of every inner power and possibility—and the use of such potencies for the uplifting and benefiting of mankind. There is a reality in such success as enduring as life itself. Shall we choose the shadow or the substance—the temporal or the eternal success?

* * *

As we go to press, the great New Thought Convention is being held in Boston, Mass. It shows how deeply rooted the movement is becoming when representatives from the Pacific Coast and many other parts of the distant West have made the long journey in order to attend this Convention. In the next issue of MIND we hope to give a very comprehensive report of the proceedings, as well as some of the leading addresses. To those unable to attend, this presentation should prove of great interest and value.

THE fondness of the mind for stability is a very remarkable fact. Whatever is ancient and long in time has attractions for us. The man of thought is willing to live, or, living, to die; he probably sees the cord reaching both up and down. You shall not say, "O, my Bishop!" or "O, my pastor! is there any resurrection?" or "Did Channing believe?" Go read Milton, Æschylus, Plato, St. Augustine, and ask no such school-dame questions as these. True lives—those of prophets, philosophers, thinkers, students—suggest vast leisure. In reading some of their sentences you feel the certainty of immortality. Belief in the future of the mind is only such to those who use it.—*Emerson.*

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"I love God and little children; ye stand nearest to Him, ye little ones."—*Jean Paul.*

THE CASTLE BEAUTIFUL.

I wonder if any of you children, during your vacation in the mountains or by the sea, came across the Castle Beautiful; for if you did, I think you will have something to talk about for ever and ever so long. It may be that you have never heard of it and would not know how to get to it, unless you have already been there; for I know some grown people who have traveled a good deal and have seen the old Scottish castles and those on the Rhine, and yet they do not know much about this Castle Beautiful—surely, not so much as they ought to know.

Let me tell you that a castle is a great stone mansion where the King and Queen live. It has a good many tall towers with little barred windows that overlook the valleys and hills, and it has strong walls and a heavy gateway; and round the whole building is a broad and deep ditch filled with water. Then, to make it more secure, it is built on the top of a high hill or on the edge of a steep, rocky cliff.

Now, why they make it so difficult for any one to get inside this castle, is because kings and queens have great riches; and I'm sorry to say there are bad people, sometimes, who just for a little money or jewels, will try to climb those walls or break down the gateway. So the castle is built very strong. And there are men who keep watch all the time, and if they should see any one coming—though a long way off—that they knew were not friends, they would hurl at them their arrows, or whatever weapon they had.

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If any of you children ever saw such a building, you would surely know it, for it is so wonderfully protected; and the cost —well, I couldn't even guess the expense, it must be so great.

Now, the very strange part of it is, that the body you live in is just such a Castle Beautiful; and *you* live in your castle and *I* am queen in mine. I can't enter your castle, and you can't enter mine. But we have enemies that can get over this deep ditch and climb our walls and break into our windows and make us very unhappy; for I never knew a king or queen that didn't have enemies.

There are a great many good servants that will wait upon us. You (I mean your soul) and I have a long retinue of serving-maids. Love is one of them. In fact, she is the maid-of-honor; she is always the nearest and the most attached. Mercy and Goodness are two other sweet maids, and Faithfulness and Trust are very dear. When we are good, there are so many sweet virtues to wait upon us 'twould be hard to count them.

I knew a little girl that used to get very impatient, and she would say: "I'm just tired playing this lesson over and over again. I don't care if I don't play it perfectly." She didn't look out of those little windows in the watch-towers of her soul, and so, Impatience broke into that Castle Beautiful, and then, because the walls were broken, Pride got in, and a good many other bad servants, and *then* the little girl cried. But tears didn't amount to much after the enemy had once got in.

Now, I think you understand why there are so many towers in this castle. If Johnny keeps a good lookout from one of these little windows, just as soon as he happens to feel a little out of sorts, he can be pretty sure that some one is trying to get in and make trouble in his Castle.

Love and Kindness are such faithful and true servants, Bessie says she knows that they will never let the gates of her Castle be unprotected.

Now, some time we shall leave this Castle Beautiful, and people will then say that we have died. But that isn't really so; for there may be reasons why we can't stay, and so, the soul will simply leave this Castle for one still more beautiful.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

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THE FIRST DAY ON EARTH.

(*Part II.*)

The scarlet sunbeam was such a large boy that Mother Moon hardly knew him, and he could scarcely tell her of all the fun he had, for the thought of it made him laugh so.

"I am sure I don't see anything to laugh about," said the sunbeam in blue. "It's a very stupid old earth, and I am very glad to get back."

The baby in yellow hung his head, and tears were in his eyes, for he thought Mother Moon would scold him when he told her where he had been all day. But she took him gently in her arms, and he began:

"First, I was very frightened and wanted to run home, but I didn't know the way. Then I heard some one singing—oh! so sweetly; but it took me a long time to find out who it was. At last, I peeped into a dirty little back window, and there sat a little boy in an old rocking-chair, singing and cutting the queerest pictures out of paper. As I looked in he smiled at me and said: 'Oh, do come in, little sunbeam; for I am so lonely and cold! I thought if I sang a little sunbeam would hear me, and come to make me happy. What a lovely dress you have on! I like yellow, it is so warm and nice. A sunbeam, about as large as you, came only a little while ago; but she wore a blue dress, and her face was so cold and unkind. She only looked in, but it gave me such a chill that I have been cold ever since.'"

Here, Mother Moon looked sorrowfully at her little beam in blue, whose only answer was: "Yes, I did look in; but it was such a dirty place, and I was afraid of soiling my pretty new dress."

"Well," continued the yellow beam, "we did have such fun! There was a tiny plant growing in an old tin on the window-ledge, and it looked so miserable that I just danced all over it, until the poor withered leaves began to look up and smile at me. But the play with Roy (that is the cripple boy's name), was the best of all. I danced on his scissors so that he could not cut; then, when he laughed, I kissed his poor thin cheeks and tangled myself all up in his hair. I shone on the black grimy wall twist-

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ing myself all out of shape. 'Now, be an old man!' Roy would shout as his scissors ran over the paper to cut me out. 'And now a lady—a horse,' and so on, until I had made myself into everything he wanted me to, and his great wistful eyes began to grow sleepy and his little fingers to tremble. Then, I just shone bright and warm down on his little eyes, and he went to sleep. As I kissed him good-bye, he smiled in his sleep, and I know when he wakes he will think of me, for he has a lapful of my pictures."

Mother Moon drew her baby close to her breast, telling him that his day had been spent best of all, for he had warmed a poor little lonely heart. CARRIE BLAKESLEE HUMPHREYS.

WHAT THE RHYME SAID.

"'I am so small, so very small,
I cannot smaller be;
And yet I think my own dear God
Must have some work for me.'

"I wonder what kind of work it is," said Alceste.

She was lying in the hammock under the maple-tree, and, as she slowly swung backward and forward she could hear the leaves stir gently in the branches above her. The birds were busy building their nests. The little girl watched them through half-closed eyes. It was easy to see what work they had to do. "And they are smaller than I am," reflected Alceste.

"Could my little daughter help me pare the apples?" called Mother from the house.

The blue sky looked down on Alceste. "Here's your opportunity," it seemed to say. A tiny squirrel ran across the path. "Perhaps the squirrel's in search of work," thought the little girl.

But all this while Mother was calling, "Could my little girl help me pare the apples?"

Alceste looked doubtfully at her small hands; then she jumped down from the hammock, the quaint rhyme repeating itself to her as she went—

"And yet I *know* my own dear God
Must have some work for me."

"And to-day it's paring apples to help Mother," said Alceste.

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

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IN A SUMMER SCHOOL.

One Friday afternoon everything outside the village schoolroom was giving, as usual, a special invitation to the children to come and play—not that it needed the sunshine to do that; for even when it rained the little puddles danced and sparkled as the bright drops fell into them, and said as plain as any talk, "Come and splash in me."

This particular day the sunlight was glinting the green leaves; the trees were bowing and swaying in the soft breeze; gaudy butterflies, looking—for all the world!—like flying blossoms playing at tag, flew where they chose. Everything was having a gloriously free time except the children. They did not stop to consider that the schoolroom was bright and cheery and that they had a lovely girl teacher, or that the lesson-hours were over for the week, and that they were going to have "speakin'." (You see, this happened to be a summer school, and not one that was brought to a close with the June roses.)

On one side of the schoolroom were ranged the girls, their yellow hair braided in little tight "pig-tails" that had a way of standing out in a curve. On the other side the boys just simply couldn't sit up, but lolled in their seats while they marked out imaginary marble-rings with their bare toes.

The teacher had given her wearied little pupils a "talk," and a couple of boys had told, in sing-song voice, how "The boy st-o-o-d on th' burnin' deck," and of the position of the sun at Linden on a particular day. And now, it was the "new girl's" time.

Her big brown eyes looked out wistfully over her audience. The teacher looked tired and bored. The little human sensitive-plant tried to speak; but her words, somehow, just wouldn't come. She had studied hard and knew her recitation well. Now, all was a blank. Her lips quivered. What *could* she do? The boys giggled and pushed one another; the girls tossed their heads and threw looks around that told the thoughts back of

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them—"Simpleton!" "Stuck-up thing!" "Dresses better 'n we do, an' wears her hair in curls; but we know the most." "Might know she'd fail!"

Suddenly, a pair of saucy blue eyes—eyes that belonged to the mischief of the school—flashed out the kindly message to the little one on the platform, "Don't be afraid; you *can* do well."

Not a moment of time had passed, but the words began to come freely, the little frightened face brightened, and, now—yes, even the teacher was interested in that old, old story of the "Curfew."

* * * * * * *

"I am very thankful to you for sending me that thought," said the "new girl" in a clear, sweet voice as the children were leaving for home.

"I don't know what you mean," said the little mischief-maker.

"No? When I was so frightened because all were wishing me failure, and I couldn't recall my words, don't you remember you 'thought' me to have courage?"

The eyes of the little listener were fast growing so large that they threatened to cover her face!

"I see you really don't know what good you were doing. Mama often tells me how our thoughts, either good or bad, affect everything. In all that crowd I could see only, 'She will fail;' and their thought almost choked me, when you, in your kindness, wanted me to succeed; and that one good thought was so much stronger than all the bad could be that it pierced through the gloom like a star, and then I regained my lost words."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the little mischief, as she turned in her own gate.

* * * * * * *

Not many weeks, and the school-children were wondering at the strong friendship between the two little girls. But they wondered more at how kindly they were all beginning to feel toward one another. The week, now, wasn't half long enough—in spite of the birds singing and the trees beckoning.

HARRIETTE E. WRIGHT.

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MIND.

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THE INTERNATIONAL METAPHYSICAL LEAGUE.

IN accordance with the action taken at the New Thought Conference held in Hartford, Conn., in February, 1899, the first Convention of the International Metaphysical League was held in Boston, Mass., on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of October. A most attractive program had been prepared and was enjoyed by large audiences. Though a preliminary notice, sent out during the summer, had brought forth a wide expression of interest, yet the attendance was so large as to more than justify the most sanguine hopes of the promoters of the League. Organized only tentatively at the Hartford Conference, all steps taken to insure its permanency by the temporary administration were ratified by the assembly. A Constitution and By-Laws were adopted, officers and an Executive Board for the ensuing year were elected, and all necessary steps were taken to insure the stability of the League as an organization and its power and scope as a leader in the modern metaphysical movement. Letters were received from England, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, and other countries, assuring the League of the sympathy and good-will of friends of the New Thought in those distant lands and of their energetic coöperation in carrying on the work. It was decided to hold the next Convention in New York City in October, 1900.

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In the following pages we present a number of the interesting and instructive papers that were read at the Convention—selected with the sole view of portraying the variety of standpoints from which the truth of the New Metaphysics may be approached and revealed, and of showing the breadth and liberality of the teachings.

The President opened the Convention with the following—

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

It is peculiarly fitting that this New Thought Convention should meet in the capital city of the commonwealth of Massachusetts—the State and city that have made so much history for our country as a whole. Not being a native of Massachusetts, I feel free to speak of her greatness. What State is there in all our great Union, or what city is there among cities, that have stood so grandly for the cause of human liberty and progress as this great State of Massachusetts and this liberty-loving city of Boston? Look over the names of the illustrious men who have stood for freedom and human rights even at the cost of their own lives—men who have been great in battle and great as statesmen; men who have been the most wonderful thinkers and poets of our whole country. It is not necessary for me to enumerate their names, for they are known to every schoolboy—names that we love to honor and revere. And so, it is fitting that we should meet in this city of Boston, which we might speak of as the heart of the commonwealth, and which many believe to be the very heart of the nation itself. Boston, through all the past, while filled with the most generous impulses, has controlled and directed these impulses by the head; and this New Thought movement may, in one sense, be looked upon as the child of both heart and

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head. It stands for human progress; it stands for that liberty wherein the Truth makes free.

The International Metaphysical League, which has for its motto, "God, Freedom, and Immortality," in its aims and objects has no desire to take away any good thing that people have acquired through their religious organizations. It has not come to destroy, but rather to fulfil—to make manifest, so far as possible, the perfect Law of God. It has no desire to build churches, or to start a new sect, or to formulate any creed or dogma. I believe that its one great thought is to bring a deeper knowledge of law and order into the individual—into the Universal Life. It aims at showing to the world the possibility of *recognizing* immutable Law, and that through such recognition will come conformity to law and a higher standard both to the individual and to the race; that social and economic conditions will be changed, not in any arbitrary way, but through people *seeing* the right and then desiring to *do* right.

This movement would do away with the bitterness and strife that so often exist between the capitalist on one side and the laborer on the other: because it would show that humanity is one—that the good of the individual consists in the good of all—and that the masses can only be free as each individual is left to work out his own perfect salvation in the way that God has intended.

It is a great mistake to suppose that this New Thought movement has as its objective end mere physical healing. There is something besides the physical body of man—the body politic needs healing. Outer healing, no matter whether it be of the individual or the race, proceeds from an inner understanding of life; and necessarily the outer will conform perfectly to the inner. We are persuaded in our own minds that knowledge is not pumped into a man from without; that all study should have for its object the calling into a living existence that which is latent in the life of man. We believe that in the life of every one there is a vital center that is in

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touch with God—one with the Universal Soul—and through its recognition both mind and body are quickened and renewed; that true worship of God and true service to man come as a result of such an awakening. We have neither the time nor the desire to find fault with old ways and methods of life. We neither judge nor condemn. We simply present anew the Christ ideal—"the kingdom of God is within"—and maintain that this kingdom lies in a knowledge of all our powers and possibilities and their rightful use; that the real authority of life is resident in the soul of man, and that we should listen to the "still, small voice" as our guide in life rather than to any person or book.

We are temples of the living God—temples far more holy than any that are made by hands. Let the true worship of God, in spirit and in truth, take place in each temple; and when we assemble together it shall be in a spirit of oneness and love, overshadowing and uniting all, so that petty differences and misunderstandings will melt away and we shall of one accord desire that which is highest, noblest, and best: the union of many minds and souls will go out to bring to us our hearts' desires.

I will not enter into or try to explain in detail the aims and objects of the International Metaphysical League. The addresses made by the able and distinguished speakers who are to follow will make plain the reason for the existence of the League, and also tell of its great desires and ideals, which we all hope to see realized in the near future. In behalf, then, of the International Metaphysical League and of the Metaphysical Club of Boston, I bid you all welcome to this Convention. I am well aware of the fact that you come from many States —from East and West, from North and South. Many of you have traveled many miles, and at no small inconvenience, to meet here, and we sincerely trust that you may feel amply repaid, and that the three days we are together may prove very happy ones and beneficial in the truest sense.

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At our first Conference, held in Hartford, Conn., I can truthfully say that I have never seen so many people brought together who were so genuinely happy. And so, at this Convention, let us all feel so well acquainted that the formality of an introduction will be unnecessary. No matter whence we have come, we are here as brothers and sisters with common hopes and desires. We are not strangers, but children of the great Father-Mother God; then let the true spirit of brotherhood and sisterhood show forth when we mingle together.

We would also welcome the many speakers who give their time and services so generously. We know that to them will come a reward for their well-doing; for there is nothing in this world that better serves to make one happy than the giving of happiness to others. Already we feel assured that this Convention will be a great success, and the good received will live long in the hearts and minds of those present as an uplift for spiritual and mental freedom and righteousness. Bidding you all welcome, therefore, and thanking you for your kind attention, I now give place to the other speakers of the evening.

THE NEW CENTURY'S CALL.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

We are approaching the end of a century. It is more than that. I remember well as a boy, sitting at the feet of my venerated father in Old St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, and hearing him again and again declare his conviction that before the end of the century Jesus Christ would return to earth, sit in judgment upon the world, wind up the present dispensation, and introduce the millennium. This was the conviction of a host of devout men of that day. They drew this belief from a microscopic study of the prophetic Scriptures of the Old Tes-

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tament. Included in this belief was the conviction that before the end of the century the Jews would return to the Holy Land. Behold before our eyes, in Zionism, a movement that omens this very result—though it may be no fulfilment of unfulfilled prophecies. Such a rare miracle may give us pause in a too flippant dismissal of this quaint idea. We may well have our doubts as to the end of the world in our day: we can have no doubts as to the end of a distinct period in human history. What the Old Testament calls a "dispensation" is certainly drawing to a close. An æon, or age, is terminating. "An old order changeth, yielding place to new."

It was not only the evangelical students of unfulfilled prophecy who saw this significance in the end of our century; mystic students of other schools of thought in Christianity, and occult students outside of Christianity, have united in looking forward to the end of this century as the closing of a cycle in the history of man. Nor is this expectation confined to the mere mystic and the obscure occultist—it is an indication of science itself. Between 1890 and 1900 there is the end of a great astronomical cycle, at the close of which the sun passes into a new constellation in the zodiac. This occurs once in about 2,160 years—Nature thus signing a period in the cosmic processes.

Certainly there can be no question as to the wonderful nature of the century just closing. If you have read Alfred Russell Wallace's book entitled "The Wonderful Century," you will have a fresh realization of its astonishing character. In the closing chapter of the first section of his work he contrasts our century not merely with the previous century, nor yet with any other earlier century, but with all the centuries before it. Summing the great discoveries of history, he finds only five inventions of the first rank in all preceding time. In our own century he finds thirteen first-class discoveries and inventions. As to theoretical discoveries, he finds our century about equaling previous centuries taken together. In all past

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history he find only eight great theories or principles antecedent to the nineteenth century, as compared with twelve during that century. So that his conclusion seems justified that "to get any adequate comparison with the nineteenth century we must take, not any preceding century or group of centuries, but rather the whole preceding epoch of human history."

Wonderful as the century is, its true wonderfulness lies not in what it has achieved, but in the achievements to which it opens the way. The marvelous discoveries of the nineteenth century, so far from exhausting Nature, are only beginning to open its wonders. Each new discovery points the way to a further discovery. The universe is practically infinite. Its resources are boundless. Our century is preparing the way for a century still more wonderful—wonderful beyond the dream of imagination.

Man is mastering Nature. He is learning the secrets of Mother Nature. Her power is passing over into his hands. The ancient word is coming true, and God, now for the first time really creating man in his image, is saying unto him, "Have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Aladdin's experience is proving real in the story of Man—the genii of the lamp are trooping to his feet to do his service, placing their miraculous powers at his disposal.

It is plain that such a new and absolutely unprecedented dominion over Nature provides man with the physical means for preparing a new earth, in which there shall be health and wealth, peace and plenty and prosperity. The ills of earlier civilizations have largely resulted from the ignorance and feebleness of man—his lack of knowledge of Nature and his lack of power over Nature. Now that he discovers the door into her treasure-house and holds the key in his hand, what fabulous opulence of life may not pour forth upon him!

The new physical order is plainly preparing the way for a new social order. The multiplication of wealth that results

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from the invention of machinery and the harnessing of Nature's forces to our magnificent mechanism insures the possibility of the abolition of poverty. The capacity of the earth's yield—on which everything else rests—is being multiplied before our eyes infinitely. For the first time in human history, we are coming within sight of a possible productivity that shall insure enough for all the children of men. Wealth beyond the dream of the ancients is piling up in our modern civilization—wealth enough for all, if all can but share aright therein. The degrading and imbruting labor of the past is coming to an end. The work that man, with bent shoulders and aching limbs, did a generation ago, the machine is doing for him now. Work is passing over from the toil of brawn to the higher and educating toil of brain. Man is being freed by the machine, which is drawing upon itself the yoke of manhood's ancient slavery.

The factory, which in its day was a vast step forward for labor, despite all its disadvantages—associating workingmen more closely together, teaching them thus the power of combination, and preparing the way for the labor unions through which their emancipation is being so largely wrought—the factory still oppresses us by its continued evils. The thoughtful man often shudders as he passes it, and thinks of the hosts of his fellow-beings doomed to spend the whole of the sun-lighted day within its dark walls, amid the whirl of its machinery, in its dust-laden atmosphere, over labor that however lightened is still mechanical and often uninteresting—drudgery, and not true toil—women and children chained to the loom and the wheel. And, lo! our wonderful century turns the key in the wards of the lock that opens the way to Nature's secrets; the door slides, and we see light ahead. The factory exists because of the concentration of power necessary for modern machinery. Given the possibility of the distribution of power, as is not within our ken, and the factory may in its turn cease to be. When electricity can be turned on in every

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home—then in every home the workingman, again dwelling in the midst of his family, may perhaps carry on the home industry as a branch of the factory.

We shudder in our great cities over the problem of tenement-house reform. Again and again in my day have our own citizens risen to struggle with this problem. In vain; but science smiles her secret of hope. When we have our true rapid transit—in the deep, underground, electrically-worked and electrically-lighted railroad—the suburbs will be accessible to the center of our city, not only for the business man and the professional man, but for the wage-worker. Then rows of modest houses, such as surround Philadelphia, may surround New York. Leaving their children to the education of the open air and the sunlight, the wage-workers may enter the city for their day's work and return again for the rest of the night in the country. With the rate of speed increased, as our scientific men say it may be increased, to a hundred miles an hour —by the substitution of electricity for steam, by better road-beds, by more scientifically constructed trains of cars, by perhaps some such evolution as the bicycle road—the whole surrounding country within a hundred miles may be the garden home of New York.

The problem of the abolition of crime—how it appals one! Penologists struggle with it, not hopelessly, yet with the great discouragement of the slow progress thus far achieved. Yet how marvelously is our wonderful century preparing the physical means for the amelioration of crime! The electric lighting of our cities decreases crime. With the drying up of the springs of poverty the sources of crime will dry up. The social evil may not spring altogether from the stress of hunger, but it surely is fed largely therefrom. While the working-girl still gets four dollars a week in many of our great stores, is it any wonder she is tempted to eke out her insufficient income in other ways? As our magnificent increase of wealth provides for larger wages, it will banish the temptations that at present haunt our great centers.

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The laws of heredity have been working thus far without scientific control, and with amazing issues. Take Mr. Dugdale's story of the Jukes family, and, seeing the several hundred criminals and prostitutes and vagrants and paupers who have issued in the memory of living men from one household, how portentous seems this law of heredity! Our wonderful century is again opening the way to the reversal of the law of heredity—to the making it bear upward for higher and nobler life, instead of downward for degraded and imbruted life. We are coming to understand that Swedenborg was right, and that marriage is the seminary of the human race—that in the right control of the physical sources of life lie the regeneration of human society. This knowledge has our century given to us.

There again is the sad problem of intemperance. Whatever else can be said of it, there can be no question that it is aggravated by the factors of poverty and overwork and joylessness and lack of nutritious food—all of which are the issues of the poverty that has so long cursed our civilization. When that poverty is no longer necessary, all such feeders of intemperance may come to an end.

Then there is the persistent problem of disease. Up to our own century, man has simply stumbled along in his search after any knowledge of the mysteries of the pestilence that walked in darkness and the sickness that destroyed in the noonday. For the first time in human history, our wonderful century has opened a scientific knowledge of the nature and origin of the great plagues of the past and of the possibilities of preventing them. The Black Plague can no longer curse Europe, decimating its population. We no longer fear cholera. The yellow fever has disclosed its secret. Even the demon of consumption, that fellest scourge of modern civilization, is being tracked to its lair. We are on the eve of the knowledge of preventing it. Science is thus providing us with the sanitary knowledge that will do more than heal individual sicknesses—

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that will prevent sickness. Never again in the future shall a fair city like Florence sit shrouded in sackcloth because half of its young men and maidens are rotting in the ground—from the poisons they drew from their wells.

So with the crowning horror of war. Our wonderful century has placed in our hands the physical means for the abolition of war. Bulwer Lytton was prophetic when he made the discovery of "vril," the secret of the higher civilization of the future. It is the discovery of these monstrous forces of Nature that is slowly making war impossible. The rapid multiplication of new means of destruction is entailing such an expense upon the military armaments of Europe as to make even the most warlike monarchs stand aghast. Hence the Czar's rescript. The horrors of the battle-field of the future are appealing to the imagination of man—the faculty which is the true creative power in human history. The international relationships of man, through our physical discoveries and our new means of locomotion, are being revolutionized. All nations are being bound together in one common bond. Every people knows what every other people is doing. The journals of New York and San Francisco, of London and of Budapest, are now recording from hour to hour the struggles of a little war in the wilds of Africa. The true Areopagus for the universal court of humanity sits in constant session in judgment upon every wrong of war—thanks to the submarine cable.

Nor is this all that is needful for the development of the work of our wonderful century in the opening of the new era for humanity. The dominion over Nature and the lordship in society may introduce the millennium—but only as the millennium is found first within man. If there is a genuine and earnest and passionate desire for the betterment of mankind, the way is being opened thereto. An enthusiasm of humanity—that is what is needed to be called forth within the new brain and back of the new strong right arm of man. And this is

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the most significant evolution of our wonderful century. Beyond any other century in the history of man, save perhaps in such creative periods as the dawn of Christianity and the rise of Buddhism, our century manifests a philanthropic awakening.

We have a new charity in this wonderful century. Old as humanity, the divine spirit of charity has reincarnated itself in our century. It has entered every sphere and begun the task of ameliorating every condition of mankind. It has not been merely a spasmodic outburst of feeling—it has been a steady growth of feeling, systematizing itself into social habits and building for itself social institutions such as the world has never known heretofore. It is needless even to attempt to tell the tale of our modern charity, which is going wherever there are ignorance and suffering and want and misery, and consecrating wealth and life to the uplift of mankind. In prison reforms, in hospitals, in university settlements, in all the myriad forms of modern philanthropy, we behold a new spirit stirring within man's heart.

A new political passion has taken possession of the mind of man. The ideals of democracy enkindle his enthusiasm. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—these are the terms that are fascinating the soul of the new-born sovereign people. As never before in the history of mankind we have witnessed in our century the rise of the great nationalities—with the individualizing of the national spirit, the national genius, and the development of the national power for the service of mankind. Slavery has been abolished in its worst forms in our wonderful century, as in the serfdom of Russia and the negro bondage of the United States. The worst political tyrannies of the past, handed down to us through successive generations, have been wiped out in our century: the last years of the century seeing the end of the last of the great medieval despotisms —the colonial empire of Spain. Labor has found a way to organize itself—banding itself together and building up vast

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unions through which is to come the emancipation of the wage-worker: his education in self-government, his preparation for the rôle that awaits him in the new era. More than a selfish struggle for rights is this labor movement—it is the unselfish struggle that finds in the wrongs of one member of the body the call for help from all other members. Far out beyond the ranks of the wage-worker, the new hunger for justice in civilization is stirring in the souls of men; and the manifestation thereof is in the movement vaguely known as socialism. About the economic adjustments of the new order, as the socialist conceives them, we may well differ, believing such an order impracticable or dangerous, if so we judge. Of the ethical ideal back of socialism, there can be but one opinion. It is a movement toward the dispossession of selfishness and the mastery of human relationship by justice and by love. It is the beginning of the crowning effort of civilization to rank competition by coöperation, to blend individualism into a true association, and to make a veritable brotherhood out of the hell of selfish strife that we know as the modern business world. Henry George and Edward Bellamy and Lawrence Gronlund, just passed away, are the proto-martyrs of this new crusade for humanity. In the currents of this new movement are being swept men of every vocation in life who are seeking after the ideal society. Ruskin in literature; Morris in poetry; Wallace in science, and Wagner in music—all alike betoken the depth and fervor of this new uprising of the soul of man against the vested wrongs of society. Our wonderful century has been evolving the moral force that is to utilize the new brain and direct the new tools in the strong right arm of the coming man and turn his dominion over Nature into the kingdom of God.

The new century—the more wonderful century that is opening upon us, in which the travail of our century is to come to its birth—is it not to see the new man standing upon the earth radiant with the light of intelligence, strong in the mas-

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tery of Nature, glorious in the life of the Son of God? With a new mind, a new heart, and a new conscience evolved in man, all else that he needs will come trooping to his feet as he stands master over Nature, having dominion upon the earth.

The consummation of every reform that our wonderful century has begun, and that the coming century is to carry forward toward completion, is a moral reform.

Do we want new homes for the new man of earth? We must put the new man within the new home that we build, or it will rot into its old putridity. Leave a man filthy in his instincts and habits, and the model tenement will become as bad as the one from which we have dragged him. Bath-tubs put in improved tenement-houses have been used again and again as coal-bins. We must awaken the desire for cleanliness before we can have the clean home or the clean city.

Do we want to abolish crime? We have need not only to educate the man of the future in his mind but to educate him in his heart, to write the law of society within his soul, and to put him above the temptations to vice and crime by the new nature rising within him—or all our efforts will prove futile. Would we end the plague of intemperance? We must not merely have high license, or prohibition, or what not, in external legislation; not merely improved conditions, better homes, more substantial food, and more true social life. We must enter into the wisdom of that ancient word—"Be not drunk with wine, but be filled with the Spirit." Make a man God-intoxicated and you cannot intoxicate him with whisky. Teach him to walk in the spirit and he will not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.

Is it disease that we would bring to an end for the coming man? We must not merely create a sanitary science and prevent the spread of plague. We must not merely achieve a sound scientific therapeutics. All these will not prevent a man's falling into sickness. Man will be sick in body so long as he is sick in mind and heart and soul. So long as he breaks

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the moral laws of life, comes short of self-control, surrenders himself to the appetites and passions of the body, is a slave to desire—is out of order (harmony within)—so long will he be the victim of disease. If we neglect the moral and spiritual laws ourselves, or permit social conditions that tempt or compel large bodies of our fellow-men to neglect them, we must expect disease-germs in the air and the water that we breathe and that we drink—contaminations spreading from the guilty to the innocent, in the vicariousness of the social organism. The bacteria, our modern devils—present everywhere above, below, about us—science teaches we have no need to fear, as our modern man so slavishly fears them. Their function is a beneficent and reconstructive one. It is theirs to break up by putrefactive processes all dead unorganized matter, and thus prepare it for being again assimilated by plants, so as to form food for animals and for man, as well as to prepare the soil itself for plant growth by absorbing and fixing the nitrogen of the atmosphere. "It is we ourselves, who by our crowded cities, our polluted streams, and our unnatural and unwholesome lives, enabled them to exert their disease-creating power." It is the moral wrong of the selfish individual and of a selfish society that exposes us to all the danger of the dreaded bacteria. The new man, walking in the life of love, of purity, of temperance, will have dominion over germs, as over every living thing. Man must be moralized to be healthy.

Is it the end of the carnival of war that we long for in the coming century? The way thereto may be found for us by the physical discoveries of science, but we shall never know how to utilize that way until the passionate desire rises within the soul of man to make an end of the brutality and barbarism of war. It is just after our Hague conference that England and the Transvaal enter into strife. The outward way for the prevention of this war was found in the provision of a Court of Arbitration. But of what avail is this, in the rudimentary nature of conscience in Englishman and Boer alike? The soul

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must grow larger within man before the Angels' song shall be heard—Peace on earth, good-will among men.

Is it the coming of the millennium that men dream of under the various forms of socialism looming ahead of us in our new era? That good time coming must needs have a material basis provided for it, and an economic order prepared for it; but it will never come, with material means and economic order provided, until first of all there is within the average man a deep desire, a fixed determination, to have that good time come. As Josiah Quincy told us years ago, after his long and painful experiences in coöperation—coöperation needs good men. Socialism needs social men. The government of the Golden Rule, which our big-hearted Toledo mayor is preaching, needs men in whom the Golden Rule is enshrined, as it is in *his* manly bosom. Socialism induced from without may make the monster of slavery that Herbert Spencer depicts. It is only as it grows from within and becomes the outer form of the altruistic spirit—the unselfish, loving, just nature of the new man—that it will prove a freedom for the world. Get the social soul into our present civilization, and the social body will quickly grow around it. Why, even our mammoth trusts would make a pretty good form of socialism if there was within them a heart; if these gigantic corporations found souls growing within them; if the directorates of these mammoth combinations really cared for anything else than the heaping up of personal fortunes. They bring to an end now the era of brute competition. Even now they organize and systematize industry and trade; prevent the alternate fever and chill of overproduction and stagnation; end the anarchy of competition—do pretty much everything that the Socialist wants, short of socializing the results of organized industry and trade—the wealth accumulated in them. Without waiting for legislation to solve the problem of the trust, that problem can be solved if a new man, with the new commandment written in his heart, takes possession of them and utilizes them for the service of society.

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Everywhere one turns, he faces the broad fact that the new movements of the new age with which our wonderful century has been in travail, surely coming to the birth in the days before us, are calling for a new man—the man made after the image and likeness of God, with the living law of love in his heart and the living law of justice in his conscience, walking in the life of the Spirit.

If Nature is to hand the keys of her storehouse over to man he must be found worthy of such power—a trustee of Nature. Let Bulwer Lytton's "vril" come into the hands of a race not moralized and spiritualized, and we should have hell let loose on earth. All reforms, all new movements, call for one supreme development—the evolution of a new conscience, the growth of the soul in man. The most wonderful fact in our wonderful century is the beginning of the preparation for this new man—the man of mind and soul. The greatest marvels of our century are not physical, but psychical. The man who is coming to the dominion over Nature appointed him by Providence is coming to the dominion over the inner and greater kingdom of God which is within. A hidden universe is opening within the coming man, stored with boundless resources. And he is turning the key of the lock that opens this arcana.

This wonderful century has seen the discovery of Mesmer, made at the end of the last century—flouted and derided then and for many a year after; sat upon by the coroner's inquest of the French Commission and duly pronounced dead—coming to life again, insisting upon walking about on the earth as if it were not a ghost, and finally creating for itself a new and respectable body—under the form of *hypnotism*. Whether any force thus emanates from man's body may be an unsolved question. It is no longer an open question that a force emanates from his mind. Under this force the marvels with which we are now so familiar are being accomplished, and a potent therapeutic agent opens before men, shrining within itself a profound philosophic secret—reconstructive of man's

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thought of himself and of his power. Allied with this is what is now known as Telepathy—the actual communication of thought with thought, through no seen or recognizable media. A fact this, as it seems to me, beyond question—holding again mighty potencies for the future; holding for the present a revolutionizing conception of man's nature and power. Allied again with this is the other strange fact, now duly conceded by most competent critics—the fact of clairvoyance and its associated powers. Other strange and mystic powers loom up within man, not as yet clearly recognizable. These discoveries we owe to this century—to the patient labor of many a brave man content to be called a crank in his day; and, above all, to the painstaking, scientific study of the psychical research societies in Europe and our own country.

Linked with these mystic forces within man stands the most significant fact of Mental and Spiritual Healing—one of the most stupendous of the facts of our wonderful century. A fancy, still, in the minds of hosts of so-called educated people—but a fact to those who have been content to study it without prejudice. The full revelation of this mystic fact may not have dawned upon us yet;—how could it have done so thus early in the day upon which we have discovered it? But the profound significances of this fact—who that believes it does not realize?

Man is thus disclosing himself as the "heir of the ages;" the inheritor of the dreams of the mystic in all lands and in all times; the man that not only stands in the Macrocosm, but who is himself the microcosm—the universe epitomized within himself; the man called not merely to dominion over the external world, in all its plenitude of powers, but to dominion over the inner world, with all its omnipotencies. Plainly, our century is preparing for an evolution of man in the coming century beyond that which the world has as yet conceived.

Thus all the new movements of the new century converge

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toward that movement represented here to-day, which concerns itself not with outward conditions but with inner states; not with external legislation, but with internal development; not with the manufacture of a social body, but with the growth of a social soul; not with new and higher dominion over the nature without us, but with the memory of the nature within; not with the bringing down of the kingdom of God upon the earth, but with the bringing out of the kingdom of God within the soul—that kingdom, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. If I understand the New Thought which gathers its representatives here to-day, it should be the feeding force, the crystallizing center of all the new movements of the new era. It means—make man conscious of his power within, before you throne him upon the power over the external world; develop his inner life before you make him sovereign over the universe. To make him sovereign over the universe, it is not merely necessary to build the throne: it is necessary to educate the sovereign. The true sovereign power of the universe is thought. The universe is embodied mind. Nature is an idea outworking itself. All physical forces are psychic powers. The "infinite and eternal energy" is the will of God. To develop the psychic powers within a man is to evolve in him the inner potencies of the outer and material nature. To master these psychic powers is to become master of the omnipotencies of the universe. For man to crown himself the viceroy of God, and throne within the soul the laws of mind and heart and conscience, is to present to the world its true ruler, ordained to have dominion over the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. Dominion over himself is the first achievement of the *dominus* who is to master the outer world.

Fancy this movement spreading until, throughout the length and breadth of the land and of the world, men are setting themselves, not first of all to the accumulation of wealth, nor yet to the development of political power, nor yet to the

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achievement of external social reforms, but first of all to the development of the true creative, omnipotent power of the universe within each man; to the evolution of the life of mind; to the growth of a conscience; to the freeing of a soul; to the entering upon the life of the spirit, infinite and eternal and universal; to entering into communion and vital participation with the innermost essential forces that are building the universe; to opening a way for the Living Will that shall endure, when all that seems shall suffer shock, to rise in the spiritual rock, flow through our deeds and make them pure.

The work of the new century is psychic rather than political or economic. It is more moral than intellectual; more spiritual than moral. It is to lead man within, where open the Castalian springs of spiritual life that will float him over all low desires out after all high ideals; on whose swelling flood he shall escape the defilement of every appetite and passion and lust, and free himself in the life of the spirit, desiring only whatsoever things are just and true and pure and lovely and of good report.

There is a further and striking aspect of the thought which I am trying to bring to you. For earth's regeneration, individual action alone is not enough. This is the mistake of those who do not see that a really new order is struggling to the birth in civilization, and that that new order must be newly ordered. It is an organic change that is needed, if our present conditions are to be altered, our laws changed, and our systems remodeled. For this the motive power lies within the individual man, but in the individual man as he reaches out to other individual men, binding all individuals that come under the new spirit into a new social action. A new public opinion must be made before any change in any department of life can be achieved. It takes a majority in a democracy to order a new Constitution or operate a new law. We must psychicalize, moralize, and spiritualize humanity.

Public opinion is the creative force in a democracy. It has

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worked slowly thus far in human history, owing to the lack of development of the truly human power in men. In ages when few men have thought seriously and with concentration, thought has spread slowly. What is needed for the more rapid spread of a nobler public opinion is the development of the power of systematic, concentrated thought—of thought used for a definite purpose and under the proper laws of mental action. If a generation were trained to use the potencies of concentrated, systematized thought, along the lines of the new ideas and ideals, what a revolution could be effected! Social miracles would be accomplished. What would otherwise have taken centuries to achieve might thus come to pass in a generation. Fancy these metaphysical clubs turning the power of systematized, concentrated thought in which they are training men, upon the great problems of social health, of social vice and crime, of civic reform, of socialism, of the various reform movements of our modern world! Who does not see that, given such a power developing in man, its application will make reform leap ahead with giant strides? Because of this I verily believe that our new century is to see a ratio of progress in all reform work that man has not dared to dream of before. The ancient word comes true again: "Reform ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" At hand—so near, so close that the concentrated will, the applied thought of a generation, may bring the good time coming within sight of man!

With this high hope and faith kindling in our souls to-day, we realize the final thought of my theme—the essential religious nature of this new movement, in which, as it seems to me, is the central and crystallizing point of all reform work for humanity. It is a commonplace that religion is in a transition epoch. We think of it as decaying. In reality, it is disintegrating the old forms in preparation for a new and higher integration. He who compares the close of the nineteenth century with the close of the eighteenth century in our land will see that, so far from there being a decline of faith, there is

an immense gain for faith. The old, shallow skepticism, the cheap and nasty infidelity (so called) of the close of the eighteenth century, is no longer possible for man. Truly, he is throwing off his old forms of belief, with many of his old customs and institutions; but it is in the agony of one who feels himself in the travail-throes of a new birth. All the destructive work of our wonderful new century—biblical criticism, the historical study of Christian institutions, the conflict of science with religion, comparative religion—all of these, while destroying the traditional forms of faith, are preparing the way for a renaissance of a new birth of the old spirit of faith and hope and love which are the essentials of religion. Within the churches and without the churches alike, the resurrection is going on. Within the churches and without alike, essential spiritual religion as the life of man in common with the life of God, the indwelling of God, is coming to be recognized and believed in with new power—is coming to apply itself to all forms of life with new regenerating influences. Witness the wonderful hearing given to the literature of the movement represented here—the writings that appeal to the pure spirit in man. Within the church and without the church alike this renewal of religion is a return to the Founder of our Christianity—the fount and spring of the religion that has watered the Western world for eighteen centuries. A new discovery of Jesus is taking place. The theological Christ may be disappearing, but the divinely human Jesus is reappearing. His life is seen to be the norm, the type, the example of the spiritual life of his children and followers, the sons and daughters of his Father and our Father. In his teaching is found the clue to the problems agitating us, whether they be religious or ethical, philosophic or therapeutic, economic or social. The new literature appealing so powerfully to the inner and spiritual life of man is redolent of his thought, is charged with his spirit. The new social ethics everywhere struggling for the mastery of the world is an application of

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his life. "A Singular Life," "No. 5 John Street," "In His Steps"—books all widely read, the last read by millions—are signs of the times, verily. What if that insistent religious faith of Christianity is at last to verify itself, though in new and higher forms?

I opened with a reference to the mystic predictions concerning the close of this century. Let me close with another glance at them. The heart of these mystic predictions concerning the close of this century was that its end would see the coming again of Jesus Christ to the earth. Perhaps not in outward and visible form, descending from the skies. But in no other form? The ending of a great cycle of 2,160 years has from of old been believed by mystic minds to date the periods of religious renaissance. According to Hindu chronology, when, in the age preceding the birth of Christ the sun entered a new constellation, Krishna was born. Buddhists believe that every 2,160 years there is a new Buddha born into the world, to bring higher thoughts and a nobler life to the mass of men. Is our new century thus to bring a new incarnation of the Logos, a new manifestation of God upon the earth? Is another great world-soul about to be born? One thrills at the mere thought. A man who shall embody in himself the law of the new life, the ideal of the new society, the faith and hope and love of the new world, and draw men round about himself under the spell of his spirit, to accomplish the work for which the world has waited through the ages! If so it is to be, it must be, according to the scientific thought of our age, as the environment is made ready for him, by the building up of an organized spiritual life, a psychic organism, a mystic fellowship of soul, straining and soaring after the new and higher life, which when the travail-throes are at the height will give birth to the Son of God.

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AFTER CHRISTIANITY, WHAT?

BY THE REV. SOLON LAUER.

There is a story of an English candidate for Parliament who was stating to an audience what good things he would do for the people if elected. "Will you vote for an alteration of the Decalogue?" shouted a wag in the crowd. Now, this candidate had perhaps heard of the Decalogue, but, if so, had forgotten that it meant the Ten Commandments of Moses; and so, turning to a friend on the platform, he asked, in a whisper, "What the deuce is that?" The roguish friend replied treacherously that it referred to flogging in the army. Turning to his expectant hearers, the candidate made reply: "If elected I will vote, and indeed I will move, for its total abolition!"

I trust that none who have seen the announcement of my subject may think that I, like this aspiring politician, design to overthrow the foundation of morality. When I say "Christianity," I mean the doctrines and usages of the Christian churches. That these have undergone a tremendous change within the last fifty years, no close observer can deny. That they will undergo still further change every believer in human progress must admit. From Calvinism to Unitarianism is a long way, but Unitarianism is not the end of it. Unitarianism may have reached its limit, but bold explorers are pushing on—past the stakes driven by Channing and Parker—to explore the vast unknown. Unitarianism has carried the evolution of Christianity as far as Christianity can be carried. Those who pass beyond the present position of Unitarianism must leave Christianity as a systematic religion behind them and enter the field of universal religion. Timid souls shrink from this bold step. The Unitarian body falls back upon what it

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calls "the religion of Jesus," as if this would prove a safe and respectable substitute for Christianity.

But what *is* the religion of Jesus? Out of the dim mists and silence of tradition we can hear no very certain answer to this question. When a rich young man asked Jesus what he should do to be saved, Jesus is said to have replied, "Keep the commandments"—mentioning some very good rules of conduct. If religion is that which teaches what we must do to be saved, this reply may be taken as a statement of what is the religion of Jesus. But if this is the religion of Jesus, it is also essentially the religion of Buddha, and Confucius, and Mohammed, and Socrates, and Epictetus, and in fact of all who think rationally upon the subject of morality. Even our great skeptic, Ingersoll, indicated his satisfaction with this sort of religion. If this be the religion of Jesus, it is certainly not the religion of the churches founded in his name, and there is no valid reason for naming it Christianity—more than for calling it Buddhism or Confucianism. The fact is, when we have discarded what is irrational and unscientific in the gospel of the New Testament, very little remains that differs in any great degree from the essence of other so-called sacred books. Most of them are characterized by stories of so-called supernatural phenomena. The New Testament is very rich in such; and, if one-half that is recorded there be true, primitive Christianity was much more indebted to these marvelous phenomena for its remarkable progress than to anything peculiar or essentially superior in the teachings of Jesus. The sick are healed by some mysterious agency; luminous forms appear to the disciples as guides and co-workers; chains are struck from the limbs of prisoners; prison walls are shaken by invisible power, and prison cells illuminated by a mysterious light; men speak in unknown tongues, or in their native language under what seems to be a supernatural impulse. These strange phenomena certainly distinguish primitive Christianity from the ethical movements of Greece and Rome, and are so far dis-

tinctive; but as they have been common to other religions, and have long since disappeared from the Christianity of the churches, there is no need to call them by the name *Christian,* should they be found occurring in our modern life. They belong to universal religion, whose office it is to study them scientifically.

Granting that ecclesiastical Christianity is passing away (which, of course, is a concession many will not make), the question is forced upon us, What is to take its place? Ralph Waldo Emerson once remarked that there was "a whole generation of ladies and gentlemen out in search of religions." This remark is very applicable to the present day. Thousands of thoughtful and earnest persons realize that the Christianity of the churches cannot much longer meet the spiritual needs of a progressive race. If we look about us we find several movements that aim to take the place of decadent Christianity. There is Ingersollism, exalting the things of this world but ignoring the whole spiritual nature of man. There is Spiritualism, with its alleged demonstration of human immortality. There is Theosophy, with its finger pointed backward toward "the lost mysteries of antiquity"—a movement including much that is pure and lofty, amid much—alas! too much—that is absurd and preposterous. Then there is "Christian Science," discovered and copyrighted by Mrs. Eddy, which, in its idolatry of the Bible and Mrs. Eddy and its spirit of dogmatism, is so like unto the Christianity of the Pope of Rome that perhaps we can hardly treat it as a substitute.

In addition to these distinct movements there is another movement which as yet is largely unformed, but which seems to be tending toward something definite and distinctive. In this movement are found many who call themselves Christian Scientists, but who are Christian Scientists in much the same sense that Martin Luther was a papist—many who call themselves by other names, but who agree upon many essential points.

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Although I have spoken of Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Christian Science as separate movements, the fact is there are no very distinct lines of demarcation between them. All have certain things in common, and perhaps a broad and generous interpretation of each would remove most of the points of seeming antagonism. Certain it is that there are thousands of persons who read the literature and attend the public meetings of all these movements, and who find much to love and admire in them.

History teaches that in the decline of any great and dominant philosophic or religious system various movements arise and flourish, each one making some contribution to the new system that is to take the place of the old. Gradually errors are eliminated, truths are made prominent, a process of synthesis takes place, and the result is greater coöperation and unity of effort. The chief duty of all who perceive the passing away of the present ecclesiastical system is to study with a sympathetic mind every new movement that arises among the people. No system of religion ever sprang, like Minerva, full-armed and complete from the being of Zeus. Systems of thought grow, as man himself has grown, from savagery to civilization by slow and often painful methods. When the new system comes, it will be found to include the labors of many earnest minds, brooding on the problem of human life and destiny. It will be the fruit of the tree of the new humanity, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

If I may be allowed to indicate what I believe will be the outcome of the present struggle in the religious world, I will do so briefly. I believe that the idea of God is to be enlarged and ennobled, until it includes Herbert Spencer's statement of "an infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed;" Matthew Arnold's conception of "a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness;" St. Paul's statement of a Spirit "in all, through all, and above all;" "in whom we live and move and have our being." In the midst of the seem-

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ing diversity and discord of Nature we are to know, with Pope, that—

> "All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."

When we have once recognized the truth of the unity of all life, we shall be ready to sit in deep meditation with Buddha, our soul filled with the consciousness of our union with Brahma, the Supreme; or to stand with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, where the consciousness of our oneness with "The Father" transforms the body of flesh, and makes it luminous with the light of the awakened spirit. We shall then understand the mystic language of all scriptures, for we ourselves shall have penetrated the veil of the temple and gazed upon the glory of Divine Life.

Along with this conception of God as the Life of all that lives, there will come the conviction of the immortality of all life. That which is *alive* cannot die—appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. Forms are many, but Life is one. Then we shall know that all apparitions, all voices from the invisible, all marvels and miracles, are but the attempts of that Life which is hidden to reveal itself to that which is outside the veil. While we depend upon these signs, we can, at best, see but "as thro' a glass, darkly;" but then face to face. We must live the life to know the doctrine. Emerson says, "When immortality is taught as a doctrine, man is already fallen." While we trust to signs, we can only believe. When we live the life, we know. Men are converted to a belief, but they must *grow* into a knowledge of this fact.

When we have entered into the consciousness of the unity of all life, and have felt our divinity, we shall no longer depend upon tables of commandments, but shall perceive the Law as written upon our own hearts, and obey that as the means of attaining health and harmony. No Decalogue ever included all the commandments necessary to human welfare. No Beatitudes ever embraced them all. Man must find his laws

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within himself; he must find his heaven and hell within himself; and Divine Judgment, Forgiveness, Atonement, must all receive their interpretation from this interior point of view. When these doctrines are so interpreted they will be found to coincide with the esoteric doctrines of all religious systems. Man's authority for truth must be the voice of his own reason and his own experience. All sacred books, all revelations, are secondary to the soul.

The new movement, which is to take the place of Christianity for advanced thinkers, must discover the essence of the old doctrines and usages and put it into universal form. The evolution of the Sabbath idea is an illustration. As the world progresses we find it impossible to preserve the letter of the Jewish Sabbath. Railway trains and steamships cannot stop, and scores of other industries must go forward on the Sabbath as on other days. Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." So are all the institutions of the Church made for man, not man for them. While they serve man they are useful and good; but man must not be enslaved to them, whatever priests or poets may say. The essence of the Sabbath is rest, and communion with the Divine Life in the soul. The new system must recognize and include these, or it cannot serve the highest needs of the race. But it need not attain them in the old way. With shorter working-days, each day might have its portion of Sabbath rest and worship. When we have learned that no day is holy of itself, but that any hour is holy when we consecrate it to communion with the Highest, the Sabbath problem will disappear. A Hindu proverb says: "Any place where the mind of man can be undisturbed is suitable for divine worship." We might add, any hour also. Thus religion becomes a matter of daily, even hourly, experience; and the old literal Sabbath, with its theological disputes and its perplexing legal problems, passes away forever.

Other points might be discussed, but time is limited.

Doubtless most of you who are in attendance upon this Convention are especially interested in the possibilities of attaining health for the body through the power of the soul. If extreme and unwarrantable claims have been sometimes made, if doctrines irrational and opposed to the known facts of science have sometimes been put forward, these are but as the froth on the new wine. In good time this wine shall purify itself, and become indeed an "aqua vitæ," or water of life, which thirsting souls may drink unto salvation. True religion, or philosophy, must include the salvation of both soul and body. Unless our better philosophy results in purer life, in better health, it is fatally deficient. Let us not dispute too much over methods, or over points of doctrine. Let us also beware of exalting the cure of disease above the reception of spiritual truth for its own sake. Let us "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," assured that all good things shall be added unto us. To center our thought upon the healing of the body alone is to miss the true aim of our higher philosophy. Let us strive rather to enter into conscious union with that Divine Life which is in us and in all Nature. All true healing must be a manifestation of deeper spiritual consciousness. Thus this movement, which seems to the superficial observer a movement in therapeutics, becomes a deeply religious movement in the best sense of the word.

Let all who have seen something of the new light strive for sympathy and unity of action. Let points of unity, rather than points of difference, be emphasized. Let personal interests be subordinated to the common good. Let all envy and detraction be put aside, that the truth may prevail. Let discourse be without controversy. Let each listen greatly to the Voice within, rather than to coloring voices without. Let each seek not so much to guide, but to be guided. Let prejudice be put away and the mind be opened to new truth, from whatever source. Thus shall those who have found the Christianity of the churches inadequate unite in the upbuilding

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of a new philosophy, a new religion, broad as humanity, inclusive of all known good, all demonstrated truth; whose God shall be the Spirit of Life; whose worship shall consist in conscious communion with that Spirit; whose prayers shall be the unutterable aspiration of the soul for higher life; whose Bible shall be all wise and inspiring utterance, of whatever age or race; whose priesthood shall be all men and women endowed with love and wisdom to lead and inspire their fellow-men; whose temples shall be consecrated to communion with God and to the service of man, and, in them, all men shall be brothers.

A RATIONAL AND POSITIVE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY HENRY WOOD.

The movement, which in a broad way is represented by this Convention, will present itself in a variety of aspects to different observers. Even could we clearly define it, in its essence, its validity would yet depend mainly upon the personal point of view. Whether called the New Thought, the Metaphysical Movement, Practical Idealism, or by some other name, it will be variously rated by the majority—as intangible speculation, or illogical and unscientific assumption—while to the lesser number, who have recognized its truth, scope, and usefulness, its value can hardly be exaggerated.

In the twenty minutes at my disposal, I shall try to interpret concisely its motive and purpose. I wish to emphasize its rationality and spirituality. Doubtless there are those present who come as lookers-on, as well as those who are already identified with the movement. Let me first offer a few suggestions to those who may term themselves outsiders, in an attempt to present simply the rationality of the new movement.

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We call it new, while in a deep sense no truth is new. But eternal and immutable principles are constantly receiving fresh application and adaptation. A thousand years ago, electricity was waiting to do its part in the operation of trolley-cars; but a new movement was required, simply of human coöperation. Innumerable beneficent laws of undreamed potency—physical, psychical, and spiritual—are still waiting, we might almost say impatiently, for recognition. Could we touch them with the wand of human coöperation they would spring from latency into wonderful concrete activity. We may almost imagine Truth, personified, upon bended knee, beseeching us to receive her welcome blessing.

How we have unwittingly limited the realm of orderly law! Conventional science, while of late theoretically admitting its universality, still has eyes for little beyond the physical realm. A few investigators, however, are engaged in tracing the lines of truth as they run through the realm of psychology. But these studies are confined mainly to the speculative tests and phenomena of institutional laboratories, with little or no attempt to apply them to practical human welfare. A few educators have attempted something more useful, by turning the light of psychology upon their own professional work. But any earnest recognition and helpful application of psychical and spiritual law in thought-education, the systematic use of ideals, and other helpful exercises in the sphere of mind, are yet limited to the unconventional minority.

The materialism of the age has illustration in the popular degradation of the noble term "metaphysical," which simply means above or beyond the physical. When with a single thrust one wishes to extinguish the argument of an opponent, he usually retorts, "mere metaphysical speculation."

The moment we can convince the scientific world that the continuity of cause and effect is unbroken through the three zones of man's nature, and that the higher is normally supreme, thus forming a scientific basis for our principles, we shall

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graduate from any suspicion of crankiness and be tolerated as sane and regular. Then—not long hence—people will be ready to avow the higher philosophy, with the significant comment—"Yes; we always thought so!"

It must be shown that faith, instead of being a blind, expectant emotion, has a perfectly logical foundation; that thought, in its purpose, control, and effects, is amenable to intelligible law; and that a mixture of certain ingredients in the mental compound is as sure of a legitimate result as is that of material substances in the chemist's laboratory. It must be made evident that all disappointment in the practical demonstration of our principles is not in the least due to the uncertainty of their trend, but to local and personal limitations in the hospitality of their reception.

The scientific exactitude of the New Thought, to a large class of minds, has been obscured by the disproportionate prominence that has been given to its so-called religious side. The term *religion* has been so long used to define some particular system, outside of applied moral and spiritual law, that it is not easy to rescue and broaden it.

The real touchstone of truth for any philosophy or system is: Does it fit the constitution, needs, and capacity of man? Does it nourish, harmonize, and develop his threefold nature? Any guidance that can most effectively teach him the laws of his own being; refine and spiritualize his inner life and forces; aid his higher nature to maintain orderly rule over that which should be subordinate; and unfold and bring into manifestation the latent divinity within him—must be beneficent and normal.

The reasonable position of the New Thought has been largely overlooked. It is evolutionary in its spirit, quiet in its methods, and to a great degree operative without observation. It depends more upon simple statements of truth than upon external organization. Its silent inner life is penetrating and permeating existing churches, though it organizes few of

its own. It is no surface affair, for "still waters run deep." These are some of the reasons why it is not more talked about.

Perhaps, to the average man, the therapeutic phase of the New Thought has awakened the most interest. When understood, the intelligent application of the laws and forces of mind for the eradication of mental and physical ills contains no element of magic, supernaturalism, or strangeness. Modern materialism has carelessly disregarded the logic of the innumerable historic straws that point to the fact that the body is the composite outcome and expression of past mental beliefs and activities. All the so-called miracles of healing with which history is crowded are due to the conscious or unconscious use of a law that can be defined and followed. It savors of an ignorant, superstitious, or blindly skeptical bias, either to deny their validity on the one hand, or on the other to attribute them to a supernatural interruption of the moral order. True, it may be a baseless superstition that starts the mental forces into operation, or even a fetish that awakens the activity of a powerful molding faith. The momentum of a stone that rolls down hill is the same whether it was started by accident or design.

Some of you may have noticed in the *Outlook*, a few weeks ago, an article entitled "The Physiological Effect of Faith." Its author was George E. Gorham, M.D. I note its significance, because it evidently represents the most intelligent and advanced thought in the medical profession at the present time. Dr. Gorham shows in considerable detail the wonderful effect of faith upon what he calls the unconscious physical processes. These include all those multiform activities which are not under the supervision of the will, like digestion, assimilation, the heart-beat, circulation, etc., down to the innumerable other functional processes that involve every sweat-gland, molecule, and cell of the whole organism. He also contrasts most graphically the deranging effect of fear, anger, and other inharmonious mental states, upon the same wonderfully delicate

mechanism. Let me give a few sample quotations. After speaking of the office of the red and white corpuscles, he says:

"If blood-cells are such important physiological elements of the body, is it any wonder that we have ill health when by fear, jealousy, or anger we are throwing the whole manufacturing plant into wild confusion?"

"From a physiological standpoint one must say that he who is cured by faith has simply complied with one of the fixed laws of the body. This law is universal, regardless of the soundness of the faith. The unconscious processes respond to faith as they do to fear, blindly."

"Cures are made under all systems of faith-healing, cures of many functional and some organic diseases, which often have resisted for a long time all regular methods of treatment."

He then recounts several remarkable examples of the cure of paralysis and other serious disorders through faith.

Now, the vital and practical problem, which Dr. Gorham does not even touch upon, is, How shall faith be invoked? The ignorant and superstitious may awaken it, though it is always uncertain, by resorting to some shrine, holy relic, priest, or in former time to some king, who was supposed to embody a divine prerogative, to be touched; but how shall one who is intelligent, and believes the world is governed by orderly law, command the desired power? Has the Creator put a premium upon ignorance and superstition? Are calm reason and knowledge a positive disadvantage to the exercise of a healing faith? Such a conclusion is unthinkable. We then come to the necessity of an intelligent and scientific basis for the saving power. The useful superstition, even though it be strong to-day, may be dispelled by to-morrow. Only truth can have any guarantee of permanent availability. The definition of faith must be broadened. If "thy faith" is to make thee whole, it must lay hold upon eternal principles, and to lay hold of them it must know how to find them. It must be too wise to expect a capricious intervention, on the Divine part, in an economy already perfect. No! God's work is fully complete, and human conformity is all that is lacking. How, then, if we are above the plane of superstition, can we logically coöperate with the overcoming force?

The power is already latent in every human soul. Through systematic thought-concentration it may be unfolded into dominant activity in the consciousness. By law, we become or grow like our ruling ideal. We are to regulate the physiological processes by a mental renewing that will be back of them; this, not by any sudden or strained effort, but by cultivated growth. Instead of vainly dwelling on the surface of effects, we must take hold of underlying causation. We are souls having bodies, not bodies having souls.

Shall the man be in bondage to the handful of dust he has molded and erected into temporary shape, or shall he affirm lawful superiority and rule? Shall the abounding and universal divine Life be consciously received and coöperated with, or shall it be barred out through materialism and a false sense of separation? If the body be subordinate and expressive, the claims of mind or man must be advanced to the desired ideal as potentially present, here and now. Then, through the intricate processes already noted, the physical subordinate will correspond and index the same. Shall the potter rule the clay, or the clay the potter?

Made as we are in the image of God, and equipped by well-ordered law to mold and out-picture the higher prerogatives of the soul, how have we lingered in a worse than Egyptian bondage to sense and matter! However, matter, so called, is good, and only misplacement makes it otherwise. But the law of gravitation is no more normal and constant than are the corresponding laws of mind and spirit, which are written in our constitution and awaiting our coöperation.

Man, wittingly or unwittingly, creates his own conditions. Health or disease, happiness or misery, life or death, and heaven or hell—all primarily growths in the human consciousness—are respectively brought into active expression through well-ascertained law. When the great Adamic, or evolutionary, step was taken from animality and instinct into the realm of reason and recognition of the moral order, man became a

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virtual creator. His mind is his kingdom, and he peoples it with subjects. Through their subjective selection and molding, the objective world also falls into line and receives corresponding color, form, and quality.

Let me, in closing, offer one or two suggestions, more especially to those already in the New Thought; for we all want one another's point of view. What will best promote the spread of the Truth? It seems to me, singleness of aim. We need to be free from diffusive beguilements and entangling alliances. Avoid side issues and by-paths. Though rational, the New Thought is distinctively spiritual. It does not deal directly with surface phenomena, but with their inner springs of causation. I believe the danger that most threatens the New Thought to-day is its more or less intimate amalgamation with other reforms, whether real or theoretical, upon lower planes. If we scatter our energies in the attempted repression of mere effects, the true momentum of the movement will be lessened or lost. Without uttering a word pro or con concerning political socialism, or theoretical land systems, tax systems, money systems, labor systems, and other political questions, I believe the New Thought should be kept above and distinct. A true moral socialism will result from a free spiritual individualism. We have before us an object-lesson in the spread of one system, which we believe contains a great basic truth, even though associated with certain dogmatic extremes. Whence its great momentum? The secret is, it has never lost itself in the endless mazes of materialism. As individuals, and in other relations, we may take such positions as we please; but do not let us overload, to the sinking point, a spiritual philosophy whose message humanity is waiting to hear. The external face of society, like the human countenance, is but the exact expression of the inner forces. Better the ruddy glow upon the cheeks when it comes from within, than a coating of cosmetics from without.

The New Thought believes in the potency of God and Law,

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and that an aggressive pessimism, emphasizing the evil of human conditions, is unscientific and harmful, even when well meant. The seat of man's inharmony and unhappiness lies deeper. Even were external conditions perfect, a divine restlessness would possess him until he found God to be within and without—All in all. The allegory of the Garden of Eden pictures a material Utopia; but, to enter it now, men would have to take a spiritual anesthetic and be carried backward. The sweat, toil, and unrest of the present evolutionary plane are infinitely better and higher. It contains a supernal element, of which an Eden is destitute and which can never go back to latency. Like leaven, it will work from the center outward until all is leavened.

THE VALUE OF SOCIAL IDEALS.

BY LEWIS G. JANES, M.A.

The most suggestive and instructive idea that modern science has brought into the world of thought is the doctrine of Evolution. The broadest generalization of science, it shows that a single method characterizes all the manifold world-processes, from the development of suns and planets to the growth of philosophic systems. It therefore points unswervingly to a monistic interpretation of the nature of that Infinite Reality of which every world-process is a finite manifestation.

In the earlier and more objective phases of the exposition of the doctrine of Evolution, it dealt chiefly with physical phenomena, and in the human world—with these phenomena as they relate to the structure and physical peculiarities of the human individual. The law of heredity was emphasized, and the general tendency of evolutionary studies was toward the negation of freedom. It gave a sort of fatalistic or deterministic trend to philosophy—so far as philosophy has been influenced by early evolutionary studies.

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Herbert Spencer led the way in the application of evolutionary principles to the investigation of mental phenomena, but he did not wholly escape from the deterministic tendencies that seemed to be involved in the facts of cosmic and biological evolution. To him more than to any other man we are indebted for laying the sure foundations for a science of sociology; but his work was based largely on the study of primitive social conditions, emphasizing the factors of heredity and objective environment; and it therefore necessarily magnified the determinative influences in all the processes of social growth. An individualist in his political philosophy, Mr. Spencer yet seemed to make the individual scarcely more than a cog upon the wheel of life, which was turned by forces over which the control exercised by the voluntary action of individuals or societies must be infinitesimal.

Within the last decade the attention of philosophic evolutionists and sociologists has been directed more explicitly to the nature of man as a social being. While studies in this direction have not diminished the significance of those antecedent, determinative influences which are potent in all the processes of social evolution, yet they have brought to the front other factors of which due account must be taken in all efforts at the formulation of a true sociological science.

Accepting the conclusion of Mr. Spencer and other sociologists that society is an organism, corresponding in its life processes in many respects to the lower individual organisms, it has been found to differ from the higher animal and human organisms in the fact that there is in a society no sensorium—no common brain and unified consciousness that directs its movements and experiences the rewards and penalties of its right and wrong actions. Consciousness exists only in the individual. All communities, indeed, have thoughts and feelings held by their individual members in common, and in this sense we may say there is a social mind; but as Professor Giddings, our ablest American sociologist, declares:

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"We must be careful to avoid associating false conceptions with the terms 'social mind' and 'social consciousness.' They do not stand for mere abstractions. The social mind is a concrete thing. It is more than any individual mind and dominates every individual will. Yet it exists only in individual minds, and we have no knowledge of any consciousness but the consciousness of individuals. The social consciousness, then, is nothing more than the feeling or thought that appears at the same moment in all individuals, or that is propagated from one to another. The social mind is the phenomenon of many individual minds in interaction, so playing upon one another that they simultaneously feel the same sensation or emotion, arrive at one judgment, and perhaps act in concert. It is, in short, the mental unity of many individuals, or of a crowd."*

Thus interpreted, the social consciousness is indeed a very primitive and important factor in human experience, but one that allies itself to the lower rather than to the higher and more progressive tendencies in social evolution. It is more potent among the lower animals than in human societies, as exemplified in those common impulses that suddenly seize a herd of animals and impel them to common action—impulses often akin to frenzy or unreasoning fear. In the human world, such influences are potent in spreading epidemic attacks of certain forms of disease, and are also illustrated in riots, revolutions, and the frenzied action of mobs, and in a less objectionable way in the phenomena of the religious revival and of the political campaign.

The course of action that a body of men or a society will take, when under the influence of this common emotional impulse, is determined not at all by reason or reflection, but almost wholly by suggestion. If left to itself, without guidance, it acts like a purely animal prompting, and is almost always destructive in its results. It is such an impulse that sways an army in battle, dispelling the physical tendency to fear that would overcome and paralyze the single individual. It may move to deeds of heroism or to dastardly acts of looting, ravishing, and plunder; it may be directed in an orderly way by the command of a leader, or fall into a disorderly panic

*Principles of Sociology. By Franklin H. Giddings, Ph.D., of Columbia University, New York.

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—its direction being determined largely by the suggestion of the moment.

The sources of the suggestions that direct the movements of these common social impulses are chiefly two: individual leadership and the influence of social ideals. Where the latter motive is weak, the former is usually dominant. Where the social ideal is strong and well defined, it usually controls both the leader and the crowd; so that the dual sources of suggestion are unified, and the result in action is correspondingly intense and effective. Where the social bond is weak, as in most savage and primitive communities, social ideals are undeveloped, and the social impulses, though strong, are moved almost entirely by the suggestions of individual leaders. The social purpose is unstable, and a change of leaders is likely to give it an entirely new direction. In more stable and civilized communities quite other phenomena are manifest. Love of country becomes a dominant ideal, and nerves the defenders of their native land to heroic deeds like those of Leonidas and his Spartan three hundred at Thermopylæ. When love of country is supplemented by the higher ideal of respect for the rights and liberties of the individual citizen, the community in which these ideals are controlling motives becomes almost unconquerable. It was such a motive that carried our forefathers triumphantly through the conflict with the Mother Country, and laid the enduring foundations of the American Republic. Patriotism, however, is sometimes, as Dr. Johnson declared, "the last refuge of a scoundrel;" and patriotic motives, skilfully played upon by the demagogue or designing politician, are as fatal to the welfare of nations as they are beneficent when rightly understood and wisely guided.

Social ideals, scientifically formulated and wisely directed, in accordance with the everlasting laws of social justice and equity, often render a community impregnable against the assaults of a foe much greater in numbers and in material resources than itself. God is not always on the side of the

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strongest battalions. There is real atheism in this oft-quoted saying of Napoleon. Shakespeare gives us the truer insight:

> "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, tho' locked up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

But if right social ideals are potent for the upbuilding of stable and enduring civilizations, equally potent are wrong ideals in the promotion of those tendencies that make for social degeneracy and decay. The thought that makes for health in human societies becomes, if perverted, the prolific mental soil in which are bred the disease-germs that undermine and destroy the social organism. It was said by one of old, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon;" and how often in the history of nations has the mad greed for gain and dominion undermined empires and sapped the life-energies of the most powerful States! Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome—where are they? Once the most powerful nations on the earth, exemplars of the highest extant civilizations, to-day are but stories in the pages of ancient history.

If we read between the lines of these pathetic accounts of the abortive efforts of men to create enduring social and political institutions, we shall see that the causes of the death of nations have always been mental and moral; the maintenance of wrong social ideals, or the decay of right ones. "When the causes are examined that led to the successive ruin of the various peoples with which history is concerned," says M. Gustav Le Bon, one of the most suggestive writers on the problems of social psychology, "whether the people in question be the Persians, the Romans, or any other nation, the fundamental factor in their fall is always found to be a change in their mental constitution resulting from the deterioration of their character. I cannot call to mind a single people that has disappeared in consequence of a deterioration of its intelligence."* M. Le Bon further shows that in nations having no

*The Psychology of Peoples: Its Influence on Their Evolution. By Gustav Le Bon.

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definite ideals, beyond the hasty enjoyment of rapidly acquired advantages, the citizens abandon to the State the care of public affairs; they soon lose all the qualities that had made their greatness, and easily fall a prey to dissensions within or foes without. Against this fate no education that is merely intellectual can avail. He says: "It was when Rome already bore within it the germs of its approaching decadence that it counted the greatest number of men of culture, artists, men of letters, and men of learning. Almost all the works that have made its greatness date from this period of its history. But Rome had lost that fundamental element which no development of the intelligence can replace: character."

One of the inferences drawn by M. Le Bon from the unquestionable facts of history is that our educational systems are fatally defective in the direction of character-building, not merely in the individual but in the community. They are too much given to machine methods. They respect too little the individuality of the future citizen. There is little training of the conscience and will, and that instruction which is purely intellectual is too vague and diffuse. Their ideals and aims are unscientific. It is by the weakening of the will-power rather than by special vices that the character of a community is undermined. By this I mean not merely the power of overcoming occasional obstacles by a spasmodic action of the will, but rather the power of mental concentration: the ability to hold the mind steadily to right thoughts and right ideals, by which means alone can such thoughts and ideals be objectified in customs, laws, and institutions. In the cultivation of this faculty our popular methods of education are defective.

The teaching of all history reenforces the conclusion of the scientific student of the laws exemplified in the evolution of societies that all permanent social integration must proceed from within and rest upon the assured convictions and well-established social ideals that have been created in the minds of the individual citizens. The mere machinery and outward

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institutions of the "body politic" are of little avail unless they are sustained and informed by this inward soul of personal aspiration and assured conviction.

To have better governments, more peaceful relations between nations and individuals, a forward movement toward a world-federation, we must first have better and wiser men and women, citizens of such steadfast integrity and devotion to high ideals that they will create a *zeit-geist* that shall control and wisely direct these common social impulses that make for good or ill—for the upbuilding or the destruction of nations and civilizations. The education that will accomplish this is the education that we need. As Carlyle has said:*

"The Spiritual is the parent and first cause of the Practical. The Spiritual everywhere originates the Practical, models it, makes it: so that the saddest external condition of affairs, among men, is but evidence of a s dder internal one. For as thought is the life-foundation and motive-soul of action, so in all regions of this human world, whatever outward thing offers itself to the eye is merely the garment or body of a thing which already existed invisibly within; which, striving to give itself expression, has found, in the given circumstances, that it could and would express itself so. This is everywhere true; and in these times, when men's attention is directed outward rather than inward, this deserves more attention."

The great leaders of men, especially those who are pre-eminent in moral and spiritual leadership, are always superior to those common movements of popular impulse which are closely allied to the animal instincts. The politician or military leader sometimes diverts them to his own ends, or rides them into the port of his ambition; but he is never mastered by them. The community that has them most completely under the control of well-defined and scientifically created social ideals is most secure in its liberties. A republic in which such ideals are not dominant is a body without a soul; it is a republic in form only, and its days as a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," are surely numbered.

All true social progress is away from the conditions in which these unreasoning popular impulses are dominant—

*Latter Day Pamphlets, VIII. By Thomas Carlyle.

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away, therefore, from militarism, which always fosters and sustains them; from State socialism and communism, which subordinate and undermine the character and autonomy of the individual; and from all restrictive and autocratic forms of government, which by a natural reaction always tend by revolution to lapse into anarchical or socialistic conditions. Social science demonstrates that all true movements toward the integration of societies must proceed from within, and depend for their permanence on the free volition of the true-hearted men and women who constitute the State.

The stone which the Fathers hewed, but which the builders of to-day have apparently rejected, "consent of the governed," must become the head of the corner in all future efforts for the spread of free institutions. The ideals of personal right and individual liberty, which they declared to be unalienable, will yet win a world-wide recognition; for they are based upon the everlasting realities of social science and the moral law. Science and philosophy thus supplement the loftiest teachings of the great apostles of religion by emphasizing the law of Love as the strongest motive force for the redemption of the world. By painful experience, if we are not wise enough to accept the teachings of science and the admonitions of history, we must be led to see that this ideal is practical; that "bullets first and Christ afterward" is obsolete paganism and not Christianity; that force never created the soil in which the seeds of self-government and lofty social ideals can take root and grow. Not in this way, O blind leaders of the blind, can our missionary movements for the salvation of the weaker races be pushed to successful issue. "Hast thou considered," says Carlyle, "how Thought is stronger than Artillery-parks, and (were it fifty years after death and martyrdom, or two thousand years) writes and unwrites acts of Parliament, removes mountains, models the world like soft clay? Also, how the beginning of all Thought worthy the name is Love; and the wise head never yet was without the generous heart?"

What Mental Science affirms as the sound basis of health and sanity in the individual, Social Science thus posits even more emphatically as the sure foundation of health and sanity in the social organism; the causal efficiency of thought and the commanding influence of right ideals. Seeing this truth, it is ours to spread its good tidings wherever our influence may reach—that, at no distant day, it may transform our politics, revive the nobler tendencies in our religious movements, inspire our statesmanship, assure justice and equity in our industrial and economic relations, promote peace at home and abroad, and in its sacred name proclaim the brotherhood of man and the possibility and ultimate certainty of realizing the prophetic dream of a "Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World." Walt Whitman writes:

"And now, gentlemen,
A word I give to remain in your memories and minds,
As base and finalé too of all metaphysics.

. . . . . .

Having studied the new and antique,
the Greek and Germanic systems,
Kant having studied and stated,
Fichte and Schelling and Hegel,
Stated the lore of Plato, and Socrates greater
than Plato,
And greater than Socrates sought and stated,
Christ divine having studied long,
I see reminiscent to-day those Greek and
Germanic systems,
See the philosophies all, Christian churches and
tenets see,
Yet underneath Socrates clearly see, and
underneath Christ the divine I see,
The dear *love* of man for his comrade, the
attraction of friend to friend,
Of the well-married husband and wife, of
children and parents,
Of city for city, and land for land."

Yes; the greatest, most practical, and most efficient of Social Ideals is *Unselfish Love*.

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THE DIVINE LAW.

BY HENRY S. TAFFT.

The topic I have chosen for this occasion is one that touches the heart, soul, and life of every human being. It is most generally known under the title of the "Golden Rule." Without its daily application in the social and business life of man, in whatever sphere of action he may be placed, whatever his worldly state or condition, age, or lineage, he leads an unhappy, care-laden, unsatisfied, and disappointed existence. By its practise in thought and deed, applying its precepts to every department of his mental and physical activities, he becomes a creature to be envied by the immortals; the boon of happiness is his; wisdom and power, riches and honor, crown his days; and health, strength, and vigor become manifest in every woof and fiber of his physical being. I am quite aware that this is a strong statement, and one that is likely to arouse some opposition and to provoke much criticism. It is nevertheless true, and no amount of skepticism or doubt of its verity can change it into error or controvert its moral or physical effects.

We are endeavoring to solve the problems of an existence which, it is reasonable to assume, is but the training-school for other and greater activities, and for the exercise of our spiritual functions in a more intelligent and comprehensive manner—after we shall have passed from these varied experiences and have been freed from the dross and impurities of this temporal life. The struggle to live, to enjoy every good and perfect gift, to retain health and vigor of mind and body, and to attain happiness, has been and is the burden of the song of Christendom and heathendom alike.

Man is bending all his energies, all his intellectual powers,

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and searching at wisdom's fountain to gain this priceless treasure. "How few there be that find it!" Yet it needs but the consciousness of God's love and the full understanding and realization of the precepts of Jesus to know that it is within our grasp. These words were spoken by the most profound metaphysician that the world has ever known, upon that memorable occasion nineteen centuries ago when the Christ, followed by a great multitude, went up into a mountain, and there spoke unto them and delivered that wonderful and sublime address known as the Sermon on the Mount. Summing up the cardinal points of his discourse, near its close, he said: "Therefore, in all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for *this is the law.*" This statement bears the impress of divine authority, and appears to me to be the most profound and comprehensive fragment of intellectual and spiritual wisdom that was ever embraced in words so few and language so significant.

Jesus presented the doctrine of spiritual righteousness and of moral equity to mankind in a manner hitherto unknown, startling the world from its sleep of idolatrous belief and worship, its aggressive and cruel selfishness, and its deep moral degradation, and implanting the seeds of divine truth and of inflexible and impartial justice in the hearts and lives of men, as the sole basis for right living in this temporal life and the only safe guide for the attainment of everlasting happiness in the life beyond. Upon another occasion he said: "A new commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another." While this command is logically embraced in the first, its repetition particularly emphasizes the doctrine of the "brotherhood of man" in an eminent degree, and clearly shows its divine authority. The instinct of love—the desire to love and to be loved—innate in man is as natural as life itself; it stirs the deepest emotions of his being, fires his ambition, and inspires his courage. The difficulty appears to be that his point of view is too narrow; and, while he is commanded to love *all*

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the world, we find that the world he loves is ofttimes exceedingly small.

Now, if we are ready to follow this divine mandate, this "Golden Rule," love will sweep away all hatred and malice and selfishness from our hearts as surely as the mists of the morning fade and flee away before the lustrous glow of the rising sun. The simplicity of the language employed and its comprehensive brevity appeal alike to the understanding and the sense of justice in the individual. The meaning of the word *whatsoever* is a striking illustration of the vast import of the entire paragraph. Nothing is left to conjecture or doubt. All things, every thought and deed, small or great, in private or public life, in all business relations, whatever their character, in every social requirement or performance, in the exercise of professional or judicial service, or in whatever vocation man may be engaged—all are embraced in this one word. "Whatsoever earth, all-bearing Mother, yields. Whatsoever the Heavens in his wide vault contains." Whatsoever you may desire that others should do for you, "do ye even so to them." This appears to be the whole summing up of man's moral obligation to his fellow-men and of love to God, and the sum and substance of the teaching and practise of Jesus.

At the first glance it appears to be an exceedingly simple matter to comply in all things with this divine law. You need only to put away selfishness, envy, jealousy, lust, avarice, malice, cruelty, covetousness, fear, and their kindred evils—those things that every one knows to be wrong, and produce only misery and unhappiness, must all be thrust out of the heart of the individual, root and branch; the entire being must be swept and purified of all baneful thoughts, all unholy desires; and in this beautiful chamber of the soul, so cleansed and garnished, must be planted that good seed, "that bringeth forth some an hundredfold, some sixty, and some thirty;" and the only condition or restraint put upon you is to do those

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things to others that you would like others to do to you. No other demands are made upon you—this is the law. This good seed is the word of God, and its fruit is love, joy, peace, gentleness, patience, meekness, faith, temperance, honesty, integrity, brotherly love. Against such there is no law. But, my friends, the law is not fulfilled unless this good seed is nourished and garnered into our lives, and manifested in our deeds, being "always careful to maintain good works."

As a mere experiment, as a transient sentiment or a fashionable fad—as so many are testing its efficacy—it will not avail; it will result in dismal failure. We must accept it in a whole-souled, hearty, and sincere manner, holding to it through good and evil report, storm and adversity, through the bitterness of disappointment and seeming disaster; its roots must be implanted in our heart of hearts, in the inmost recesses of our being, and it must constantly be kept in the clear sunlight of God's love and beneath the shadow of His wings. Then, as the expanding flower yields its rich fragrance upon all alike, so will your life unfold, your deeds and words will express the beauty and the sweetness of the Christ within, and all shall know that you are living close to the great heart of the infinite Father.

I have said that it seems a simple thing to be able to comply with this Law, but we daily have occasion to realize how difficult it is to do what we consciously know and recognize to be right and best. As the Apostle Paul says, "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." Man, when swayed or controlled by his physical or animal inclinations, becomes a most inconsistent and peculiar creature. No sane or intelligent person commences the use of alcoholic stimulants without knowledge of the inevitable result. The same may be said of the man with an abnormal appetite for food. The glutton is as much to be condemned as the wine-bibber. The same inflexible rule holds with all shades of immorality and crime—the sure results are known; yet men will

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pursue these courses of evil, even when the great highway of good is open before them and the guide-posts are pointing in the opposite direction to reach the goal of happiness: so that if we go wrong we are wilfully blind, and violate the Law with full knowledge of the resulting punishment.

God does not wish His children to walk in darkness—He provides the way; He gives to man an intuitive knowledge, and supplies the intellectual powers by which he may be able to shun and avoid the snares, pitfalls, and temptations by which he is assailed, through yielding to the siren notes of his lower nature, and invites him to become a participant in the life that knows no evil—the life that is attained through compliance with this Divine Law. The Law is a just and righteous one; it bears upon all alike; none are exempt from its requirements or from the results of its violation; any deviation from its observance not only affects adversely the person or persons against whom the wrong is intended, but it reflects upon the doer with a force far greater than that which projects it. It was the precept of the righteous man centuries before the Christian era.

The prophet Daniel, Joseph the savior of his people, Socrates, Plato, and Epictetus attempted its exemplification, and many other grand and heroic figures shine forth upon the pages of ancient lore as loyal and sincere exponents of this sublime doctrine. Through its presentation by Jesus, as the great cardinal principle of the perfect life, it became rehabilitated and revitalized, and his expression of it gave to it a greater emphasis and living force than it had ever attained. It has been paraphrased in various ways; but its deep and purposeful significance remains the same under all disguises, and it stands to-day before the world as the one supreme embodiment of divine love and spiritual life. A compliance with this Law will bring unnumbered blessings to every man, woman, and child upon the earth.

Let us briefly consider some of the results of the adoption

of this Law as the accepted rule of life—of its practical observance by the human race. The pursuit of *happiness* is one of the chief objects of the human family. Under whatever suns they live and move and have their being, all are struggling for this rare blessing; none have thus far been able to secure the priceless boon; *wealth* cannot purchase it; kings, princes, and men in high places fail to secure it, and all earthly power is futile to command its presence. But by the simple observance of this Law, and without effort, without spending years in its search and in the vain struggle for its attainment, lo! it stands upon the threshold of your heart and enters unseen within its portals. It is no respecter of persons; it is impartial in its action; every member of the human family—however lowly in station or influence—is a recipient of its beneficent bounty. Wealth is at your command. The power to give unto others, to render unselfish service, to promote the comfort and well-being of our fellow-men, will bring to the giver all the temporal blessings and worldly comforts that he may desire; riches and honor and glory shall crown his days; opulence and ease shall reign within his dwelling; no one will be miserly or niggardly, and want and poverty will be unknown. Beauty and physical perfection will abide with you. A compliance with this Law will render every face beautiful—shining with the brightness of God's love—with the spontaneous sunlight of the soul, expressing in face and form the ideal of the perfect life. Some one has said that—

"every face should be beautiful; no old person has a right to be ugly, because he has had all his life in which to grow beautiful; life's opportunities of nobleness, of kindly deeds, if well used, are enough to make so much beauty within that it cannot help coming through to the surface and expressing itself in graceful outlines and perfect repose. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightings to the eyes, restful lines of self-control about the lips, pure shining of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly—*these things* no parent makes inevitably ours; no fitful week or two of goodness; no schooling of the visage or training of muscle and tissue gives them, but only habitual nobleness and graciousness within: and this will give them all."

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This Law brings health to body as well as to mind; no one can experience the full joy of happiness if weakness, pain, and suffering are their companions; no face will bear the impress of the heaven within if the body be tortured and filled with inharmony. The soul that has renounced the debasing powers of the lower self will speedily find itself emancipated from disease. Resting upon the infinite Arm of the Almighty, acknowledging His sovereignty, His constant love, His guiding hand, and His omnipotence, we shall claim our birthright as sons and daughters of the living God, who "healeth all our diseases."

How much of the public life of Jesus Christ was consecrated to this grand work of healing the sick? It is recorded that all who "believed" on Him were healed of their diseases. There are but few individual cases of healing recorded, but sufficient to bear witness to His great power to restore the body to health and even to raise the dead to life. I illustrate His work for the purpose of showing that Jesus had power to heal, and *did heal all manner of disease.* The lame walk, the blind receive their sight, etc.; yet He says, "If ye believe in me, ye shall do *greater* works than these;" and His words are true. It follows, then, that if you are fulfilling this Divine Law—Golden Rule—you are abiding in Christ, and His words are abiding in you, and you have His assurance and authority that "ye shall ask what ye will of the Father, and it shall be done unto you," and that believing on Him ye shall do mightier works than He has done.

Can there be any question or doubt remaining in your mind that *health, wealth, and happiness* are subject to your command through compliance with this Law? Let me repeat again what I have already said in substance regarding the healing of disease; for it is essential that the fundamental principle should be perfectly understood. Acknowledging, as I do, the sovereignty of God, and claiming that He alone has power to heal, I believe that no one can be permanently restored to

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health who persistently denies the existence of the Supreme Being whom we call God, or refuses to recognize His omnipotence and fatherhood. He must become regenerated in spirit, born again into a new spiritual life wherein new chords are touched, and heart and soul are awakened to the rhythm and harmony of the heavenly sphere; in a word, he must be ready to obey the Divine Law in all things before he will be permanently healed of mental or physical infirmities.

This principle is illustrated in the healing by Jesus of the man at the pool of Bethesda. Jesus said unto him, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk," and immediately he was made whole and took up his bed and walked. Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple and said unto him, "Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." A violation of Divine Law is here set forth as the cause of bodily discomfort and disease. Again, a man sick with the palsy was brought, and because of the multitude they went upon the housetop and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus; and when He saw their faith He said unto him, "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee." I make this statement with a full understanding of the broadest interpretation of the Law; and I believe that, so surely as the man persistently continues in the violation of the Divine Law, *so surely will its violation find expression upon his body or in his mind.*

I venture the statement that there is not one person in ten thousand in the Christian world to-day who has not heard or read this statement of the Divine Law: "Whatsoever in all things ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Every intelligent man and woman throughout Christendom is familiar with its teaching; and, while it is recognized as the most beneficent rule of living—bringing to those who follow it a wealth of happiness surpassing human comprehension, an inexhaustible supply of physical and mental health, emancipation from the bonds of passion, envy, selfish-

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ness, and hatred, with a long train of attendant evils—yet, with all these rich blessings in view, almost the entire trend of thought and the methods and results of our education are opposed to the cultivation of the principles of this higher Law, and practically repudiate it. I will ask my business friend, my legal adviser, my grocer, my dry-goods merchant, my professional associate, if this is not true. Self-interest at the cost of others is the rule rather than the exception. It is amazing to note with what perverseness of spirit and dogged determination men—yes, and women too—will bow down to Baal, will follow the dictates of the lower self, will abase themselves and seek for the gratification alone of the selfish instincts and desires, rather than reach out for the higher, purer, and more unselfish purposes of human life. Why do we thus persistently turn our face toward the darkness, groping blindly and without hope in the search for the "pearl of great price"—Happiness?

But I am told that the business world will not accept this principle as a working hypothesis; that business cannot be adjusted to these lines or carried forward successfully under this Law. If that is so, business is conducted upon a false basis; deceit, hypocrisy, and the shrewdness that enables one to get the better of his fellow—this is the accepted highway to prosperity and worldly riches. I place this picture before you and invite you to examine it with microscopic vision, and discover if it be true or false. If true, I ask in all seriousness of the business man, in whatever vocation he may be engaged and whatever his present standing in the world, to listen for a moment to this statement of Jesus Christ: "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." And I ask him to consider if it be worth while to spend the best years of his present life in sowing seed that is sure to bring a harvest of misery, dishonor, and unhappiness.

Quoting from a paragraph in a recent issue of a daily paper published in this city, upon the death of a noted man formerly

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of great wealth (acquired by deception and fraud), the writer says: "His career simply illustrates the old truth—that, while it is possible by more or less shady methods to acquire wealth and power for a brief time, there is no real and enduring prosperity that is not based upon personal integrity and substantial service to mankind." Here again is this great fundamental truth repeated in different phraseology, but with equal emphasis and with undiminished force. It should be engraved upon the lintel of every doorway throughout the land; it should be inscribed in letters of gold and hung above the desk of every teacher and pupil, of every banker and merchant, of every artisan and mechanic throughout Christendom, and above all upon the portals of every church upon earth that bears the name of Christ. It is here referred to as the "old truth;" yes, as old as time itself—a truth ever and forever restated in the words of Christ, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The paragraph above quoted represents, undoubtedly, the general consensus of opinion and belief among *thinking* men and women to-day; it is acknowledged as an inflexible rule and unchangeable law. They who wilfully violate its injunctions, and set it at naught, *must* and *will* receive the just recompense and merited punishment either here or in the beyond. "Therefore, in all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law." Do this as a matter of principle; do it as a sacred duty to your fellow-men, preferring it to any other rule of life; observe it as a recognition of its justice and equity, and because you are a child of the infinite Father who made this Law for the chief good of all His children, and because of your love for Him who created you in His image and likeness and gave to mankind dominion over all the earth.

I appeal to you as sons and daughters of the living God, to resolve in this hour and moment to put on the whole armor of righteousness, and determine, so far as your individual

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consciousness of right and the wisdom you shall receive from the inexhaustible fountain of the infinite Mind shall direct, that your life from this time forth shall be in harmony with this Law. A compliance with this law would inaugurate a new era in the world—an era of universal happiness and prosperity, and of peace and good-will among men and nations; an era in which the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man would be fully recognized, and the omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence of the Divine devoutly acknowledged; an era in which all the relations of the family life, the civil life, and the governmental policy would be perfect harmony—where discord could not enter because all would be seeking the others' good: where selfishness and self-interest would be subordinated to the welfare of our neighbors and of the State. I simply say that, if we choose, it may readily become the rule of practise and daily living.

As showing the trend of modern thought, I quote this paragraph from a circular letter by the eminent Roman Catholic prelate, Archbishop Corrigan, recently addressed to the various churches of the archdiocese over which he presides, in an appeal for funds in aid of the sufferers by the hurricane in Porto Rico:

"The charity by which we are made one in Christ Jesus our Lord with our suffering brethren in the faith is reenforced in the present instance by the claims of a common citizenship. The Porto Ricans are now Americans. Our government is acting with a truly admirable energy in forwarding aid to the starving inhabitants of Porto Rico; private citizens are hastening to help the holy work by subscriptions. The Church must not be found wanting in such an emergency. To furnish our people an opportunity of contributing each his mite to this deserving object, I hereby direct that a collection be taken up for this purpose in all churches of this diocese on Sunday, September 10, and that the result be sent as early as possible to the Chancery office, whence it will be forwarded at once to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Porto Rico for distribution."

I quote this as an illustration of the broad, tolerant, and evangelical spirit that pervades all classes of people and all denominations of the Church of Christ, showing that no single

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individual or personality—no church, sect, or organization—holds proprietary rights or exclusive dominion over this so-called new philosophy, or is alone engaged in its extension and manifestation. It shows the advancing light of the conscience of the world—the unfolding and uplifting influence of the Christ within, as well in the individual as in the State and in the Church, if above her temples floats the cross of Jesus.

You will say that the condition that this law would create is an ideal state—the prophetic millennium practically illustrated; a situation that could not possibly be maintained. As the mind of man is at present constituted and filled with pessimistic notions and skeptical theories regarding God and the life hereafter, I freely admit that the plan is impractical and untenable; but we must remember that it demands simply a change of heart, a profound belief in our natural and intuitive knowledge of the infinite and supreme Power—a sincere trust in the infallible guidance and overshadowing love of God. With God all things are possible. He has given to mankind the functions of reason, intelligence, and a sound mind, which should be exercised wisely for the improvement and the best welfare of the race. We must make our own choice of the life we live—the course we run; it is entirely open to us of our own free will. Shall it be an unselfish life—the entire abnegation of self, considering the well-being of others before our own; a life of self-sacrifice and of strenuous, eager, and active endeavor to help our fellows; shall it be an honest and upright life—good measure to be meted out to all, without deception as to quantity or quality, without deceit, without hypocrisy or disloyalty; or shall it be a life of love and truth—with love toward all and malice toward none, bearing about in face and form, in words and expression, the impress of the Christ within?

It is generally and popularly understood that the special and only purpose of the Mental Scientist or metaphysician is that of healing disease; that he takes no thought or cognizance

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of other conditions of the mental and physical realm of mankind, and only desires to be known as possessing an infallible remedy for every infirmity under the sun. Surprise is frequently expressed that he does not advertise his particular wares like the patent-medicine vendor, or herald his magic powers in like manner with the so-called medical quacks; but they who thus believe err through ignorance and blindness of heart. They fail to comprehend the signs of the times in the great spiritual awakening that is now taking place—in the rapid evolutionary progress from the materialism of past centuries into the spiritual kingdom of man's nature—into recognition of the spirit as the real man. The metaphysician not only believes in the redemption of the body from disease, but he also believes in and teaches the redemption of the soul from sin. He believes that the violation of Divine Law is the cause of sickness and suffering, and that a sincere and earnest desire to comply with it will restore the body. It is one of the cardinal principles of metaphysical thought and the paramount aim of every true disciple of this religion to manifest this law in his life and to inculcate its sublime truths in the hearts of others; in other words, to teach the doctrine of Jesus Christ and to walk in his steps.

In making this principle our constant rule of thought and action, the guide of our faith, the inspiration for our good works, we become conscious of a subtle influence diffusing itself through mind and body, animating and invigorating the entire being, creating a wondrous tranquillity and self-poise, a calm and reliant bearing which the ordinary events of our experiences can neither ruffle nor disturb. Disregarding self-interest, unmindful of the cold, sordid, and selfish purposes toward which the masses of humanity are drawn, our lives become unconsciously consecrated and our thoughts intuitively directed to the grand and noble object of promoting the happiness and aiding in the establishment of the physical and mental well-being of the human family.

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"With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." These are the words of Christ, spoken with a full knowledge of their true import and far-reaching consequences; they admit of no modification or substitution; whatever of good you shall do will be returned to you again, and for every evil thought or deed you will receive just recompense. There is no possible escape from the penalty sure to follow a wilful disregard of God's Divine Law, except you repent and return to the Father's house. The question arises, Would it produce harm or cause unhappiness or suffering to any member of the human family if the obligations of this Law were fully complied with? If universal obedience to its requirements were given by all the inhabitants of the earth for a single year, what would be the inevitable consequence? One can easily demonstrate what wonderful results may be obtained if a single mind of the millions of beings who people the globe will fulfil this beneficent Law. You discover it in your own life. For every good deed performed or word expressed you have full recompense in a delightful consciousness of contributing to the welfare of others; of lifting the burden from some sorrowing heart; of comforting the afflicted; of clothing the naked, it may be, or providing food for the hungry and destitute; and in your heart and soul you give willing assent to the truth of the Master's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

This is being demonstrated to-day by loyal and sincere disciples of the Christ in many lands; but never in the history of mankind has this statement of Jesus appealed more directly to the hearts and souls of men than during these closing years of the nineteenth century. "The harvest is ready, but the laborers are few."

Let me ask your attention for a brief moment to the results that would follow if every human being in the world would resolve to comply with this Law. The vast sums annually expended for the maintenance of the armies and navies

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of the earth would be saved, and the destruction of human life and the misery and suffering caused by these agencies would cease. No prisons or reformatories for the punishment of criminals would be required; there would be no law-breakers; no judges, lawyers, or criminal courts; no police or detectives; no safes or safe-deposit banks, except for protection against fire; no locks or bolts would be needed upon the doors or windows of our dwellings, shops, or stores; all the mechanical devices for the prevention or detection of crime would be of no use; no pauper asylums; no Keeley-cure establishments; no milk inspectors; milk would be sold as milk, and water as water; maple syrup would be the pure sap from the tree, not from the spring; your coffee would be the exact brand you had ordered; in fact, all varieties of food would be unadulterated and pure; no deception practised in our gold or silver utensils for ornament or use; the "less than cost" or "half-price bargain sale" would be real, and not an increase of five or ten per cent. above the usual prices. What an exquisite sense of relief one would experience to walk into a shop and know that the fabric that was declared all wool, all linen, or fast colors, was *really so*—that the grocer and baker gave you full weight and measure! Even the professional horse-trader would tell the truth, and you would know to a certainty if you were purchasing a steed that was spavined or blind, or young enough to use his own teeth. Drunkenness and dissipation would be the exception rather than the rule, and the hard-earned wages of the laborer would be expended for the benefit and comfort of those dependent upon him for support and sustenance, rather than for the gratification of a debased appetite. We would not envy our neighbor his fine house and furnishings, his horses and carriages, his jewels and rich garments. The needs of the sick, destitute, and helpless—if perchance any such abnormal conditions prevailed—would be quickly and gladly supplied; human slavery and oppression in their varied and monstrous forms would be removed, and men, women, and

children could roam at will the wide world over without danger or harm. In fact, there appears to be no relation or condition of human life that this Law will not favorably affect. Emperors and kings, and all men in high places in civil or military life, would be subject to its beneficent operation.

To all these rich blessings are to be added happiness, serenity, riches, perfect physical and mental poise and harmony, absolute sinlessness, love to God, and love to man. *"Peace."* Picture this condition in your mind for a moment. The wildest flights of imagination would utterly fail to convey a comprehensive realization of the sublime and transcendent state of human happiness that would prevail throughout the world through willing, sincere, and loyal compliance with this Divine Law. I feel how inadequate my words are to shadow forth the full and complete results of a life that shall be lived in accordance with this principle of love and brotherly kindness. I may only trust that whatever of good has been transmitted to you may find welcome place in your hearts, and that the angel's song of "Peace and good-will to men" may become your daily prayer and the continual guide of your life.

"GOD, FREEDOM, AND IMMORTALITY."

BY PAUL TYNER.

The League has chosen a splendid rallying cry: "God, Freedom, Immortality!" Every word means life, and life more abundant. In God—in very Goodness, absolute and unconditioned, infinite and inexhaustible, eternal and unchanging, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever—we live and move and have our being. If this were not so, we would neither live nor move and we would have no being. Because this is so, we may live truly and fully in the certain assurance that

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for every need there is fullest supply; for every wrong there is righting; for every affliction comfort; for every sickness healing. Because our God *is* and our only life is in him, Love is always and everywhere, filling and enfolding all. And with Love are joy and peace, beauty and truth, making our universe a vision splendid, a palace of delight. Our life is filled by this Love with the peace that floweth as a river.

Through imperfections of the flesh the perfection of the spirit pushes ever with unwavering purpose to declare perfection. Through all mutations of the finite, the Infinite unfolds in ever increasing expression of immutability. Its unity is emphasized in and through the widest diversity. The kingdom of God is within and at hand—not a thing of the dim past or the distant future; not far to seek or difficult to find and know; not the exclusive possession of any age or clime, nor of any man or set of men—but the common heritage of all God's children, and for every living soul of us:

"Closer is He than breathing, and
Nearer than hands and feet."

Because the kingdom is within, a well of living waters, we are free—free to choose. We may drink, and, drinking, have eternal life—or fail to drink, and so fail of life. "'Tis only God may be had for the asking;" but the free gift must be as freely accepted, a free choice, the unfettered and unforced exercise of the individual will. Nothing is more certain than that the state of freedom or of bondage is primarily a state of mind, and not essentially dependent on environment, laws, or institutions. True, the mental state sooner or later finds expression in fitting forms; but we have eloquent illustration of the supremacy of mind over matter in the prevalence of democratic ideals and practises in the cities of monarchical England and in the development of autocratic political bossism under democratic forms in our own country. So the Puritans, who braved Church and State and crossed the seas in assertion of the right to freedom of worship, persecuted the

Quakers who sought like freedom. Even more modern religious movements, started for the furtherance of liberal ideas, have been known to degenerate into illiberalism in practise. Often, too, those who most vehemently demand freedom accord very little freedom to their friends or neighbors. All genuine freedom and fulness of life spring from belief in God. The life in God, which is our highest and truest life, may be known only through the attitude of absolute freedom—of freedom not for ourselves alone, but for every other, under all circumstances. This is why we are told to judge not lest we be judged. Real freedom is impossible where there is a shadow of doubt, distrust, or criticism.

We cannot consider God apart from man. The ideas for which the words stand are related and interdependent. Hegel defines religion as "The surrender of the finite will to the Infinite Will." Such surrender, however, is not the surrender of the vanquished. It does not mean defeat. On the contrary, it marks the largest victory possible to man—the victory of the will, of the supreme Will, the Infinite Will: of the God in us. It is a glad and willing surrender, freely chosen and desired above all things. "Not my will, but thine." The words mark the crown and consummation of Christ's mission. What such surrender means is eloquently declared in the words of James Freeman Clarke: "When we put ourselves into right relations with God, with truth and the laws of the universe, all things are working with us and for us." "Thy will be done in earth." In our daily prayer, we grope toward this highest and happiest consummation for all men, everywhere.

As the motto of the International Metaphysical League, this definition of Kant's will find larger meaning and larger application than were dreamed of in the Kantian philosophy. Our utilitarian age has stormed and carried the last stronghold of those thought forces that have so long separated the life of man from the conscious realization of the source and sustenance of life, and consequently from the most practical and

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effective use of life. Metaphysics is, at last, democratized. In this democratization of metaphysics, as in that of government, of learning, of science, and of art, wisdom broadens and works out its ends in ways impossible under the narrow limitations of the older systems. Long had the feast been prepared; but the invited, including priests and scholars, failed to appear, although not lacking in excuses for their unreadiness. Now are the guests gathered in from the highways and byways—the lame, the halt, and the blind—those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. When a hungry man is invited to a good dinner spread in his sight, his thought processes are simple and direct. He does not have to twist his brains to think up reasons for eating or for not eating. He does not let the dinner get cold. He asks no questions for conscience' sake. While the invited are analyzing the invitation and speculating as to the character of the host, the hungry and thirsty are filled and rise refreshed and thankful.

Let us above all things keep this New Thought simple and open! We have no right to fence in and monopolize the power of God, and we should beware of the many words that darken counsel. The New Thought may be new to most people; but it is really old as the hills. We of this generation are not the first to find it out, nor the first to perceive and demonstrate its present practicability. Jesus healed the sick, fed the hungry, and raised the dead through the power of the word of Truth, and he left the knowledge of this power as a precious legacy to mankind—a legacy that has been neglected, perhaps, but never entirely lost. And if the time has come for the fulfilment of Christ's prediction that "these and greater works" shall be done, we know that it is because the New Thought is the ripe fruit of Christ's teachings—a fruit nourished and watered by all human thought and experience, since his day, by the speculations of philosophers, the piety and learning of religious teachers of every sect, and by that development of the sciences and arts that has, in our age, broadened our under-

standing of the world we live in and brought all men nearer together. While recognizing our debt of gratitude to the thinkers and workers who have prepared the way for this democratizing—this Christianizing—of metaphysics, let us remember that of the Great Metaphysician it was written that "the common people heard him gladly." As much can hardly be said for Kant or Hegel. Of even Lotze, their great successor, Professor Ladd of Yale, tells us:

> "Until recently all his most important published works have been inaccessible to every one unable to cope with voluminous philosophical German. . . . Recently creditable translations of the two large volumes on Logic and Metaphysics have appeared in England. These works, however, are not only large, but technical and difficult; few are likely to attempt their mastery who are not already trained in the reading of German philosophy."

It is natural enough that teaching, intended rather to provide intellectual gymnastics for the few than to feed the many with the bread of life, should be esteemed in proportion to its depth, voluminousness, and difficulty. In New Thought teaching, we will do well to avoid this tendency. We must not mistake word-twisting for wisdom.

The deep things of God are hidden from the wise in their own conceit, but revealed to babes. None of the philosophers, it seems to me, have improved on the simple Saxon word *God*. The word carries its own definition. It sums up and crystallizes all the definitions of Deity attempted in more elaborate phrase. What clear, true instinct led the Saxon to choose this short, strong, and most familiar word to stand so distinctly for an idea more than all other ideas? As Cornelius Agrippa tells us: "The source and cause of all ideas are in very goodness itself." God is good, we say; God is Love. Yet we may not predicate attributes of the Infinite. God is not merely omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent. He is Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence. And he is all these because he is Good, because he is Love—not merely a good God or a loving God; but Absolute Good, Absolute Love.

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Thus our word for *God* helps to make the Absolute intelligible, makes the abstract in a manner concrete to our understanding, relates principle to action, and reduces theory to practise. The Infinite is without attributes, but through attributes becomes known, at least in part, to the finite. The metaphysics of the older schools was content, for the most part, with tracing effects in existences to cause in Being: we are learning to insist on relating cause in Being to effects in existences. We are finding that this is the way rightly to understand existences. If "nothing is good or evil but thinking makes it so," and if it is true that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," it is of the utmost importance that we should see things and think of things in right relation. For this a stand in the Absolute affords the only sure point of view. Logically, we can make our Absolute and Infinite nothing else than Absolute Good and Infinite Love. Absolute Evil and Absolute Hate are simply inconceivable. The terms express not verities, but the lack of verities. "Unconsciousness of the presence of God," says Paracelsus, "is the only death to be feared." The same is true in regard to all the negatives. What we mean to emphasize when we speak of sin, sickness, evil, weakness, fear, hatred, is simply our unconsciousness of the presence of God. An eloquent agnostic, who recently passed to the great beyond, never tired of picturing the crimes and horrors, the calamities and cruelties, for which the God he denied would be responsible, were there such a God; in the next breath he would carry his hearers into the empyrean on the wings of a glowing rhapsody as to the beauties and virtues, the heroism and the grandeur, of human life—and for which he could not thank God.

There is no such thing as successful sin. The sinner is simply one who, attempting the impossible, scores a failure, and so affords additional demonstration of the supremacy of inviolable Law—in the last analysis, Unfailing Love.

The conception of the Absolute involved in this word *God* solves the vexed question of Free Will or Predestination.

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Through a God who is Love we come to Freedom. On this rock we may safely build a fruitful philosophy and a rational religion. Living in a world of change and of becoming, we yet find in the phenomenal, viewed from this standpoint, reasons sufficient for our faith in the noumena from which all phenomena proceed—for our faith in the perfection of the Permanent and the permanency of the Perfect. Our progress is through the relative to the Absolute, through the finite to the Infinite, through weakness to strength, through bondage to freedom, through man to God, through death to life.

Liberty has always found its most earnest and eloquent championship in slave-holding communities. It was so in the Rome of Cicero and Catullus; it was so in the Virginia of Jefferson and Patrick Henry. So, enmeshed in matter, its apparent bonds and limitations, the human mind is ever struggling toward freedom as its dearest desire. Men are not "born free," any more than they are born angels. They are born with opportunity and power to achieve freedom. "Who would be free himself must strike the blow." This saying but illustrates the common conception that, although freedom is possible to all men, the condition of its attainment is struggle and effort—the striking of somebody or something. Jesus taught a better way and an easier way: "Ye shall ***know the truth,*** and the truth shall make you free." We are learning that there can be no freedom for any man in a state of society that refuses the essentials of freedom, or rather of the experience and expression of freedom, to all men. The master is always as much in bondage as the slave. No man can be truly free who does not accord the same freedom to every other, from the least to the greatest—not only according it, but demanding it and helping toward it. For Jesus has told us also that the attainment of freedom depends on a recognition of our relation to God and the neighbor. The will of the Father, in the ***doing*** of which we shall "know the doctrine," is made plain in the new commandment—that we "love one another."

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It is the proudest boast of modern civilization that our progress is marked by a steady expansion of the "bounds of freedom," as Tennyson puts it. The expression seems paradoxical, yet it is most suggestive of an underlying truth. Freedom that is susceptible of expansion is only relatively such. There can be absolute freedom only in the Infinite and Unconditioned. God and immortality are necessary to its conception and realization. Freedom, in this sense, has no bounds and no relativity. It is one—simple, pure, incorporeal, immutable, and eternal. On this account, freedom is first and foremost a state of mind; and its consciousness and demonstration in steadily increasing degree are to be brought about by right mental attitudes and right mental activity. All the fetters of doctrine and dogma, all the petty restraints and restrictions now associated with medievalism, and that have so long hampered and handicapped man's growth, have in their time been considered the inevitable conditions of right worship or of social order and welfare. As the mind emerges from these old restraints, it is found that all social and religious forms are flexible and not fixed quantities. They yield to the pressure of the human mind seeking freedom. Man's mastery over outer nature is simply a further consequence of his realization that Freedom is eternal in the heavens and that it is to be realized and exercised on earth in the search for truth. Freedom is the great message of the New Thought. Let us remember that. It carries to all men the glad tidings of emancipation from bondage to material conditions of any and every nature. It declares and proves the immutable and unquestionable basis of man's mastery of fate, of his own soul and his own body, in the permanency and perfection of God.

Through Faith we come into Freedom. Through Freedom is mastery brought to light. Through mastery we have life—life truly worth living, life that is more than the meat, life glorious in its fulness and its permanence, the life eternal! What immortality really means is only beginning to be realized.

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The soul expands and grows in the light of the Spirit. It knows no obstacles. It looks abroad upon life with a sense of dominion over all. It is free. It is joyful, with that gladdest, fullest joy which is too deep for words, too still and peaceful to betray itself excitedly.

But how does this spiritual experience apply to the ills of the flesh? By thus developing an inner center of peace, trust, freedom, happiness. When the soul is calm it can still the nerves, free the mind from fear, and apply the power of the spirit upon the disordered physical organism. All growth, all change proceeds in this way. First, the seed or cell, then its development and externalization. All growth is from a center outward. In like manner all changes that are caused by thought take their rise in an idea. Higher yet, all spiritual growth results from the quickening of the spirit from within —at a center, at a point.

The clue to the understanding of life, from the point of view of its spiritual oneness, is therefore evolution. It is because all things are perfected by a process of gradual transformation and attainment, everywhere revealing the same laws, because the sorrows and struggles and dark places are needed, that we can declare that all is a spiritual Whole.

From the physical point of view, life is fragmentary. The physical organism is likely to be attacked by external disease. It is subject to accidents. One is more or less the child of fortune, of climate, of intellectual and social environment. Pain is called evil. Disease is regarded as an enemy. There is no certainty that all is for the best. But from the point of view of spiritual insight into the unity of things, it is not some fortuitous external force that governs our hardships and diseases. The individual, the inner man, the soul, is the decisive factor. Our circumstances are what the inner man attracts. Suffering is a sign that the remedial powers of Nature are seeking to restore or to retain harmony. All things are found to be parts of one system because the spirit perceives their

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meaning from within, as a whole. And in general we learn that our environment is what it is—our life is a mixture of the pleasurable and the painful because all these experiences are needed as factors in our spiritual evolution.

As a consequence, if one is wise, if one understands one's self, all that comes into one's life may be turned to evolutionary account. Not that every circumstance is wholly the best in itself, but that it may be turned to account by the attitude in which it is received. Suffering, for example, is a very great burden in itself, but may be met by an attitude that quickly lessens or overcomes it. Misfortune is hard to bear; also many difficulties of the home, business, and social life. But if wisely met they prove to be opportunities for the development of character—occasions in which one may grow strong by maintaining poise, and spiritual by manifesting love.

The visible world is secondary. Its function is manifestation. It is not a cause in itself. It is incapable of originating diseases, hostile conditions, and circumstances to torment man. All that it is, all that comes from it, is such; it comes because it is needed in the spiritual evolution of things.

In order to attain the right attitude, the New Thought disciple therefore seeks power in the silent inner world, where evolution begins. He declares that if the heart is right, if we first adjust ourselves, all shall be right. The thought realm, the realm of creative soul power, is the kingdom of heaven from the attainment of which all that is needed shall follow. It is the center of all peace, all poise, all power. For, to him who stands there, there is nothing to fear. He is the commander. He is the creative agent. He is the free man, for whom all things are cared for by the Father.

In this same silent realm also arise those conditions that cause our misery and our disease. They grow from a tiny seed. They begin in fear, distrust, despair, morbid self-consciousness, ill-will, undue consciousness of sensation, and the rest. From the first wrong-turning a wrong evolution results.

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Thus the physical world takes its clue from the mental. Physical evolution follows spiritual involution. The physical evolution or manifestation is real. It is surely existent. The New Thought makes no attempt to ignore it. But since the physical evolution is the outcome of the mental or spiritual involution, it must be controlled or modified by the spirit from within. Thus the same law that teaches the evolution of disease and misery shows how by instituting the right evolution all may be altered and harmony restored.

This again points to the central idea of the oneness of life. In all things there is but one law. That law is good. It is the foundation principle of the universe. But, through ignorance, man temporarily suffers and causes suffering because he knows not the universality of the law—because he looks outside of his own inner world for the cause.

Another phase of the New Thought doctrine of the oneness of life is the theory that all souls are united in the mental world. We are not detached, separated individuals affecting one another only through physical interchange. We are bound together by ties of thought—by thought atmospheres and emotions. It is not necessary physically to speak or act in order to make ourselves felt in the world. Every thought is like a seed blown here and there by the wind, or carried from place to place. It is capable of evolving, if it fall in good soil. It tends to gravitate to its own environment. It is likely to affect people for good or for ill. It is transmitted out and around us with a rapidity surpassing that of waves of sound or light. Consequently, our thoughts must be guarded—that we send out only the good, the hopeful, and true.

But by the same law of thought interchange that sometimes works for ill we may accomplish unmeasured good. The thought organism is here, ready to serve us; it is for us to use that organism in the consciousness of what our spiritual fellowship means—the spiritual unity of life. Thus the process is essentially soul coöperation. It is, first, recognition

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on the part of the helper or healer of his own oneness with the Spirit of life; then the realization of the patient's oneness with the same Source; and, finally, active coöperation with the Spirit, by whose power health and peace are to be restored. There is surely no true unity but this. There is no other wholly common ground of fellowship. In the Spirit all men are one; it is in the outer life, in their arguments, that they are inharmonious. They all came out from the one Source. In reality they are always at one there. Consciously or unconsciously, they are living the same life. This deep undercurrent must then be brought more and more to the surface, that the same beautiful law may regulate our physical and social life. It is this thought that I would emphasize above all others as the one to bear away with us—the thought of the deep-lying Spirit of life, welling up in us all, uniting us all, bearing us ceaselessly forward to perfection—to the freedom of the soul.

In all times of need or trouble, when disturbing experiences come, when the way is not clear, pause for a time, break connection with the troublesome thought, and retire to the haven of the spirit—the home of rest and peace. Send your thoughts out into the great universe until you feel the one Life eternally and illimitably extended there. Repose in it. Confide your problems to it. Become receptive and listen. Expand to the proportions of its high ideal for you. Rejoice in its presence, in the privileges you possess in seeking it. Then again ask and listen.

When its moving comes, follow wherever it leads and trust the outcome. Or if no prompting comes, at least bear away with you the consciousness of its presence, of your oneness with it, of the joy and peace that came when you enlarged your thought to become receptive. This is the essence of it all; this is the spirit. To apprehend this essence and to feel this spirit is to possess a priceless gift of power and helpfulness. This is the spirit of the New Thought, the glad tidings it declares to the world—the great revelation of spiritual unity and

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beneficent evolution by the heeding of which not only disease shall cease, but war and unhappiness. It is another form of the gospel of the Christ. It is a new interpretation of the evangel of love.

MENTAL TREATMENT FOR COMMUNITIES.

BY BOLTON HALL.

As the perversions of the highest things are often the worst, so Mental Science may be made the most selfish of cults. If we feel that, having obtained interior peace ourselves, we may deny the misery of the world or pass it by on the other side, we monopolize and degrade the gift of God; and, thank God, if we do that, the gift of peace will not stay with us: it will shrivel up like our own selfish hearts, and blow away in the wind of adversity. If we are to keep the blessings, we must extend them and give them room to bloom. For this, as for every other need of man, the earth affords an ample field. For there are social as well as individual ailments; and both arise from the same source: Individual ailments from individual selfishness and stupidity—social ailments from collective selfishness and stupidity.

Just as it is not enough to show a man the way of righteousness, unless at the same time the desire arises to walk in it, so it is not enough to show a nation the most enlightened policy unless the nation desires to pursue it. For example, we have shown for years that the tariff is wicked stupidity, and still we get the stupidly wicked answer that "that may be true in theory, but it makes the foreigner pay our taxes."

We address ourselves to the selfishness and the stupidity of persons to cure their ailments, as a means of showing the power and effect of true harmony. Why not, then, make the *community* a sample of the benefit of Mental Science? Why not

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concentrate our forces, or at least the forces of this Convention, upon the city of Boston, in order to eliminate the corruption of the city government? Why, because we know it would not work! It would not be acting in accordance with the nature of things. There are three necessary stages of moral progress: First, to know that the kingdom of heaven, whether interior or exterior, is possible; second, to desire to obtain it; and third, to know the way.

Senator Ingalls expressed the present moral state of the people when he said that "the purification of politics is an iridescent dream." We must show that conditions can be so changed as to make the dream practicable before we can lead men to desire it and then to realize it. By treatment we should aim to bring out what good is in the patient—to put him in the way of helping himself by developing the right mind within him. Here is one of the errors into which mental healers often fall. They try to treat, and often do more or less successfully treat and continue to treat, those that have no right mind, those that have no other wish than to be relieved of the consequence of their own physical, mental, or moral sins—to be relieved of their consequence, only, in order that they may go on in them. Were we to succeed, as possibly we might succeed, in purifying the ways of a community by the exercise of mental power, we would only lift it for a moment into a better state—a state that the community does not believe in, does not desire, and, of course, does not know how to attain. Communities have not seen the ideal, and therefore do not want it and are not going toward it.

Says Edward Carpenter: "When the ideal lights in our streets, we may go home to supper in peace; the rest will be seen to." For no one desires to be bad. Each follows what he thinks is good for him. He strives to get money, no matter how, because he sees the misery and evil to which want would reduce him and those that he loves. He disbelieves that "honesty is the best policy;" he has no consciousness of in-

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terior life; and he sees that, for his individual exterior life, honesty is a bad policy—that he who is dishonest within the limits of the law has the best chance in the game of grab in which we are all engaged. No amount of force, mental or physical, will produce mental or spiritual richness out of such mental and spiritual destitution. "The poor," in this sense, "we have always with us." As Maybell puts it: "It is harder for the Poor to enter the Kingdom of God upon Earth than it is for the Rich." For the poor are guilty of the sins of the rich; for the poor are the many and the rich are the few: and the many make the condition—the few are but a part of it. Their slavery and poverty are their martyrdom for self. They who *think* for self call it profit, and they who *work* for self call it wages. For profit they sell their minds, and for wages they sell their bodies. Their profit is the profit of sin, and their wages are the wages of sin.

Yet man tries physically to climb into heaven on earth, with self in him—tries physically to enter heaven on earth by seizing riches, place, and power; by making laws, and by politically arranging society. The struggle of each one to get rich is the struggle of each one to break into heaven on earth physically instead of entering it spiritually. A political Utopia would be a physical heaven concealing a spiritual hell —a monstrosity. Society cannot be prevented from the externalization of its interior character by artificial arrangement of its exterior politics; neither can it be made to present scenes of justice or happiness when the principle is not within the people. Hell is natural to the spirit of self; nevertheless, politics puts reform outside of man, while religion puts heaven outside of the world.

We must hold up the ideal, that men may desire it: in order to do that we must first have a clear idea of it ourselves, and we must hold up first that ideal that the state of men enables them to understand. It is for that reason that, appealing first to the ordinary individual, we show men first how they may be

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physically healed. We who understand this must take the next step; we must accept our part in the sins of the world, and show that we are primarily to blame if the kingdom is not realized on earth so far as our influence extends; not that we may attend to the salvation of our own "measly little soul," and leave the world to work out its own slow salvation. Our souls cannot be saved by neglecting the condition of our fellows; and, if they could be saved in that way, they would not be worth the trouble. The beginning of this social salvation must be with the physical basis and means of life. As Professor Herron says:

"If you study the great religious initiators, whether Buddha or Jesus, Middle Age mystics or the early fathers of the Church, Moses or the prophets, you will find that, by some instinct, the initiator sees a relation between the land and the soul of man. You will find great religious teachers forced to say that free souls must stand upon free land. You will find that they reiterate, in strange out-of-the-way places, where you would suppose they had nothing to do with economics, that it is man's inalienable right to build his own life according to the highest ideal that can come to him; that it is the inalienable right of every man to be born into a world adapted to his highest individual development. Against every soul born to-night—and thousands will be born to-night—a crime is committed by civilization, because these souls are born into a world in which they have no environment adapted to the free development of their life and their individuality. It is every man's right to be born into a world in which every resource, every environment, shall immediately press him to the unfolding of his life according to the highest conceivable aspirations and ideals. If men are born into a world in which the land is preëmpted, in which the face of the earth is owned, in which there is such a system of things that they have no standing-ground upon the earth, then, at the outset, the foundation for their lives is taken from under their feet. Men are born to live on the earth, but after all they have no earth to live on. Life, liberty, land, equality of opportunity, the pursuit of his highest ideals and happiness—all these are the inalienable right of every soul. All the resources of the collective life should be such as to build up the soul when it enters this sphere of development. But, as you find things here, all the resources of collective life are so possessed and administered that the moment a soul comes to self-consciousness it begins a desperate and damning conflict with the collective life of the world in order to maintain itself. The moment a soul begins to reflect and to act, it finds itself in a world so organized and owned that it has to struggle for life, struggle to

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escape economic destruction, struggle with a desperation that blights and consumes, in a desperate battle against a civilization that is the enemy of the soul. For no man can be wholly right unless he has his rights upon which to stand. No man can ever be wholly true unless he has a foundation of truth to stand upon in the collective life: just as no man can ever have his rights except they be founded in righteousness."

THOUGHT - GRAFTING.

BY URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

After years of earnest endeavor to rid humanity of its burden of suffering and sorrow, a work to which in the present as in past generations thousands have devoted their lives, suffering and sorrow in their many forms still continue. Indeed, it would seem that they multiply as the human species multiplies, keeping pace with it, threatening its welfare, denying peace, complete happiness, or perfect health to those whose resistless impulse it is to seek them.

Why, so far as eradication is concerned, have these strenuous and self-denying efforts been made in vain? Why, with all the search and research on the physical side and the faithful preaching of the gospel on the other, with our great progress along all lines of civilization and accomplishment, have diseases grown so numerous as to cause the specialist to displace the general practitioner, the evils to increase to the extent of compelling more and more monuments in their honor—the prisons, retreats, and reformatories that multiply as population multiplies?

Has any crying evil attendant upon one period of time been crushed out, at a subsequent time another has taken its place. For every disease believed to be uprooted with one generation, two have taken its place, as complexity in living has succeeded to simplicity.

To the present day belong the privilege and the honor of a

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teaching that in this wilderness of perplexity aims to show the way of extermination of all that afflicts mankind, the way of appropriation of all that constitutes its positive good. "Wilt thou be made whole?" is its call; and all over this great country of ours, and beyond its borders, hundreds and thousands have answered "Yes!" and have gained what all are blindly seeking. They have gained strength in place of weakness, health in place of disease, joy in place of sorrow, satisfaction in place of unrest, because they have found themselves. They have found that there is one thing needful to which all the rest will be added—a true conception of being.

To be content with the simple fact of existence—the fact that we *are*, with no effort for what and why we are—is to miss great possibilities and experience to the full the consequences of ignorance. We have studied mankind and existence apart from that to which they are related, have dealt with the visible, ignoring the invisible as that which is "merely speculative," and have aimed at only half truths, which have been disappointing and even mischievous in the consequences of their application.

We need to be made whole, need to unite the obvious fact of existence to its why and wherefore—to the hidden truth of being; and evils and miseries are the ready scourges to drive us out of our content with the mere fact, and compel us to look for the truth it hides.

A moment's consideration shows that our idea of anything determines, not what the thing is in itself, but what it is to us. Consequently, not till our idea accords with the true nature of the thing can we *know* its truth—what it truly is. Obviously, then, we cannot know what Man is till our idea of him accords with his fundamental nature. We mistake the phenomena of his existence for the inherent essentials of his being, the changeful for the changeless, and form our idea accordingly. We see him, therefore, as sick, sinful, and dying, the plaything of forces over which

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he has no control, subject to all kinds of happenings, and because our idea of him is based upon the aspect the phenomena of existence wear for us. We need to see through the phenomena to the principles beyond them, and form our idea of man according to those principles. This is the one thing needful for the perception and rational understanding of being—of that which is as much more than flesh as the invention is more than the machine by which it is manifest.

First the true self-idea, then its application to the conditions and circumstances of existence. Following this course, demonstration of the power of being as greater than the power of condition or circumstance is gained. This is the teaching of our New Testament, the explanation of the mighty works called "miracles," works theoretically as possible in present as in past days, as possible practically when one lives the life of which they are the fruits.

For many the time is past when acceptance of a creed constitutes a surety of future bliss at the expense of present pain. Belief is passive. A negative virtue is not enough. It is good to abstain from doing some things; it is better to do some others. A positive virtue, a doing rather than believing, is necessary to that true salvation that includes the present as well as the future life, that covers the ground from original sin to the latest and most subtle self-deception. It is this doing that brings us out of bondage to the old natural, and into the freedom and dominion of the new spiritual dispensation—out of the strong grasp of the law of the Old Testament and into the Christ-love, power, and works of the New Testament.

All who have gained the desired results have carried on a process of thought-grafting, using instead of serving the creative force that works throughout Nature as God's agent to foreordained ends. First the natural, afterward the possible, is the order by which the human as well as other species ascends the scale of improvement. A plum-tree bears plums naturally. It is law that every seed produces after its own

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kind. And yet a plum-tree can be made to bear apples. A shoot from an apple-tree inserted in the plum-tree will be nourished by the tree as its stock, and when the fruit-bearing season arrives the fruit of the shoot will be according to its kind, not according to the natural fruit of the tree. The plum is the first that was natural, the apple is the last that was possible; and, in point of desirability, the last may be first and the first last.

This illustration shows how the creative power of thought may be used for betterment of conditions, if it is once admitted that it can create conditions. That this is a fact there seems ample proof. The natural man who suffers is first, the possible man who has comparative freedom from suffering is his legitimate successor; but, as good husbandmen, we must first do our thought-grafting. We must form our self-idea according to the eternal pattern: Man is the perfect, changeless image of God, free from all evil and suffering, with dominion over all the conditions through which his nature is manifested; and by holding this model persistently in mind graft it into the nourishing stock of existence. In time this kind of a man will appear in place of the old natural man; the ruler in place of the servant—for the graft will bear fruit according to its kind.

Knowing how to think, and persistence in right thinking in the face of all appearances to the contrary, is the secret of such success as thousands have gained; a success in accordance with, instead of contrary to, both God's law and Nature's order. Mental action from the basis of right understanding is the positive doing that must displace a passive believing. As the way of freedom from all evil for the human race, its results are the fulfilment of law. It is supported by sound logic, established by that most convincing evidence—practical demonstration, confirmed by the soul's instinctive reverence for the Almighty God that is Love: a reverence containing not a trace of the old fear of a wrathful Jehovah.

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Right understanding makes of a man an individual, takes him out of the procession that is following blindly what has been placed at its head, and stands him upon his own feet, releases his faculties and powers from a cramping bondage, and enables him to work out his own salvation from all that afflicts. It restores to him the right of judgment—lost when he ignorantly submitted to human opinion as authority—and makes him co-worker with the Almighty in the fulfilment of his glorious destiny.

THE ABUNDANT LIFE.

BY SARAH J. FARMER.

"I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

Down through the ages these words have rung like a joy-bell. We have heard them. We have repeated them again and again. To-day they sound in our ears and bring a new revelation. We call it the New Thought, but the only thought in the universe is God—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

What is this newness about which we talk like children? This, too, is answered in the old, familiar words—"newness of life." It is the new revelation that comes to the individual when for the first time there flashes in upon him the meaning of the Incarnation—the Power that worketh in us. We hold our breath as the mysterious words are opened to our rapt gaze—"that ye might be filled with all the fulness of the Godhead, bodily." What!—we who have thought ourselves "weak worms of the dust," are *we* called to this high goal? With a humility that sends us to our knees, but with a joy that the world never before gave us—a joy too deep for words—the conviction fills our being that nothing less than the attainment of this birthright can satisfy the immortal soul.

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In this moment a voice breaks the silence: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee." St. Augustine walked in this Path, pointed out by sages of old, and found it the path of peace. We, too, must find it; but how? We have put such a halo about the head of the one who came to be to us "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," that our eyes have been blinded and we have groped our way in darkness, sometimes crying out with Siddartha—

> "I would not let one cry
> Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm
> Would make a world, and keep it miserable,
> Since, if all powerful, he leaves it so,
> He is not good, and if not powerful
> He is not God?"

In this maze of doubt, how can we find our way? By changing our thinking. "Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," was the warning cry of one in the wilderness. It had been to him a wilderness—he had found it the kingdom of heaven; and his warning cry, "Repent!" means (literally translated) "Change your thinking!" You think life à vale of tears, where only misery and trouble reign; change your thinking and you will *know* it to be the kingdom of heaven, where love, peace, and joy abound. This is what the phrase *New Thought* means. It is simply putting ourselves in new relation to the world about us by changing our thought concerning it. The moment that we begin to conceive of the creative power of thought, the abundant Life has consciously begun in us. It was always there, for it is the only Life; but while we were unconscious of it we missed its joy. Now we know that we alone are responsible for our environment, our attitude of mind, our misery or peace. We are not creatures of circumstance; we are creators, "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." In this moment of revelation our relation to Him changes. Hitherto we have followed Him afar off, worshiping Him with a blind faith that sometimes carried us to mountain-tops of revelation and sometimes left us in valleys of despair.

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Now, all is changed. Jesus, who grasped this truth and through overcoming attained his birthright of the Son of God, becomes to us a Savior in very deed and truth—a mediator between this vision of God to which we are called and the narrow life of self that we have known. Though fashioned in the form of man, He thought it "not robbery to be equal with God." With fear and trembling, we listen to his words with a new spirit of interpretation and find that He calls us to manifest not only the power of the indwelling God that He showed to the world, but to do "even greater" things. Men and women who listen, ask yourselves this question: Can it be possible that it has taken Christianity nineteen hundred years to come to the realization that we who take upon ourselves the name of Christ are called to reach the plane of life that Jesus of Nazareth reached, and to do the works that He did before the fulness of time can come in which He can reveal the "other things" that even then He had to tell but could not because his disciples could not bear them?

The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in birth, waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God—waiting for you and me to turn from seeking after the things of self and to give ourselves in gladness of heart, first to realizing within ourselves the fruits of the abundant Life, and then to bestowing it upon others by simply *being*. Said Carlyle:

"The ideal is in thyself; the impediment, too, is in thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of. . . . O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: The thing thou seekest is already within thee, 'here or nowhere, couldst thou only see it!'"

We give unto others only that which Emerson says we cannot give—that which emanates from us. To speak the word that shall impart the abundant Life we must consciously *be* that Life. We must say with Paul—who caught the secret that Jesus sought in vain to impart to his disciples, and that he could teach them only by going away from them—"It is

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no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." Did the thought ever come to you that Jesus took those words upon his lips when He said?—"The words that ye hear me speak and the deeds that ye see me do are not mine, but the Father's who dwelleth in me." That He, too, must overcome the temptations of the Son of Man before he could consciously become the Son of God, to whom all power is given in heaven and earth? Tempted at all points like as we are, and yet without sin, through overcoming he rose in his consciousness, step by step, toward union with his Father, until at last the full glory burst upon Him and men hid their faces, unable to bear its radiant effulgence.

In all ages of the past, thousands of years before the birth of Jesus, great souls caught the vision of the Christ and tried to attain unto it by making the choice between "the way of greatness or the way of good," and by treading the paths of life "with patient, stainless feet." In this way Siddartha became the Buddha. A kingdom was not too great a price for him to pay for this "pearl of great price"—the abundant Life.

"One even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man;—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,

. . . . . .

Surely at last, far off, some time, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.

This will I do who have a realm to lose
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown."

Six hundred years later Jesus showed us a harder task—to be "in the world, and not of it;" to hold wealth as a wise

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steward and administer it for the good of humanity, not for the gratification of self.

There were times in the life of Jesus when he went apart to the mountains or the desert and spent whole nights in prayer, not as an example for us to follow, but because the world-thought weighed him down so utterly that only by going apart into the silence could he keep his conscious connection with the Father, which was the source of his power and the strength that enabled him to finish the work his Father had given him to do.

To-day, times are different. This is shown by this great international gathering of men and women within a score of miles of the City of Peace in which people were once hanged for manifesting the power of the abundant Life. How shall the hunger and thirst after righteousness that bring us here be satisfied? Does it seem too great for you? Too wonderful? You cannot attain unto it? "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What is rest? Listen to Henry Drummond, of our own day, who not only found it himself but imparted the secret to others, especially to young men:

> "It is the mind at leisure from itself. It is the perfect poise of the soul; the absolute adjustment of the inward man to the stress of all outward things; the preparedness against every emergency; the stability of assured convictions; the eternal calm of an invulnerable faith; the repose of a heart set deep in God. It is the mood of the man who says, with Browning, 'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.'"

How can we attain such faith? By taking our mind from such securities as houses, lands, stocks, bonds, safety-vaults, banks, and even friends, and, placing it upon Him whose these are.

The humble Swamis of India, who go forth literally without purse or scrip, or even an extra staff, find true the words of their Vedas—"Those who think on Me, with love and devotion in their hearts, find all that they need at their very door, brought by myself [literally, on my shoulders]." Did you

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ever fully realize what it means to be God's "shoulders" to the saint who trusts his providing care; or to be the hands by which He leads home some wandering child; or to be His feet to carry to those who know Him not the gospel of peace? If not, go home to the silence of your own room. Enter the closet of your own soul, and pray to the Father to reveal himself *in you*. Prayer is the ladder by which we climb to heights of conscious being where our prayer is answered before it is uttered. "Only in meditation the Mystery speaks to us."

TRIED AND TRUE.

BY A. P. BARTON.

A poet once wrote:

> "A lie that is all a lie can be met with and fought outright;
> But a lie that is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

We now change this partial recognition of a great principle of Being by enlarging the view. Instead of the opinion that a falsehood is so weak as to be easily conquered in a fight for truth, we have gained a knowledge that is worthy a profounder consideration than the world has yet given it. We now know that a falsehood, a slander, a maligning tongue, need not be fought at all; that it is weaker for being ignored, and fully overcome by a true life. The only capacity of endurance a falsehood has is given it by combative resistance—by the prop of importance bestowed upon it by those who rise up to fight it, believing self-defense to be imperative. Leave it alone, treat it with indifference, be superior to it, live above it, and it will fade out for want of the enduring quality of trueness, or accordance with the principle of Truth. Some one has truly said, "Silence is the best answer to calumny."

The other thought—that an element of truth will render that which is mainly false "a harder matter to fight"—is also

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very near a great truth that we now begin to understand in a new and broader light. A grain of truth is a wonderful preservative, mingled with a mass of error and mistake.

The ancient Hebrews held a very feeble and fallible ideal of the true God—an ideal that was stained with blood, darkened by cruelty, and degraded through selfishness and ignorance. But there was a germ of truth in it; hence it endured through persecution, idolatrous lapses, and overwhelming odds in numbers on the side of those who had less of truth in their religion. Nothing could destroy it or weaken it. The only changes made through the ages of tribulation and trial were changes in favor of truth, changes for the better, a clearing away of the false and bringing to a fuller light the true. The trials endured were a cleansing fire that did not hurt or mar that which was true.

When the followers of Jesus began to promulgate their meager understanding of his doctrine they had more of mistake than truth in what they taught. Yet persecution failed to exterminate them. It was remarked that ten live Christians would spring up out of the ashes of one martyr. This was because there was a strong element of truth in their doctrine—a higher idea of God than their persecutors had yet discerned. The counsel of Gamaliel to the Jews who were about to slay the Christian teachers was a recognition of the principle I now advocate: "Refrain from these men and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it be of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them." The world should have learned this lesson long ago—it has been so often illustrated and proved by the facts of history.

Near the middle of the fifteenth century, when the Turks took Constantinople, then the head and center of Christendom, they sold and scattered the Christians throughout the known world. Wise men, who should have been wiser, said this would prove the death-blow to Christianity. But, on the contrary, it turned out to be the very best thing the Turks ever

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did for this or any other worthy cause—one of the best things that could have been done for mankind at that time. The exiles made a thousandfold more converts to their teaching than they ever could have made from their safe retreat in the city of Constantine. The zeal and sincerity born of the consciousness of a righteous purpose, little understood even by those manifesting them, convinced and converted many everywhere. The truth in the teaching rendered it absolutely invulnerable and indomitable.

Now, we believe we have a yet broader light from the realms of truth and a higher, truer ideal of both God and man than the world has heretofore known. We are sincere in our quest of truth and devoid of offense toward those who do not yet see this greater light. We behold and recognize the fruits, which indicate that the disciples of this new metaphysical movement have come into possession of a higher knowledge of the law of Life and Being than have any who oppose and malign them. If God be with them, who can be against them? There are those who have deemed it a duty to persecute and suppress the pioneers of this great spiritual renaissance. They have been actuated partly by sectarian zeal, partly by conservative immobility, and largely by business interests. This movement is emptying the pews in the churches and lessening the income of doctors and medicine manufacturers everywhere. Wherever this doctrine of life, and joy, and love, and healing prevails, the scare of hell and doom's-day which once filled the sanctuaries of superstition has been lifted from the hearts of men, women, and children, and, to use the words of a physician in our city, it has become "distressingly healthy." So they have called upon courts and legislatures to suppress us—to exterminate "the pests," as one writer calls the Christian Scientists.

But there is nothing to fear from any source. If there are errors in our teaching and practise, as no doubt there are, persecution can do no more than help to remove them. It cannot hurt the Truth. The crudities that inevitably attach to

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first statements of any great teaching or discovery will be cleared away by the criticism of adversaries, combined with further investigation and the stimulating influence of opposition. That is the most adversity can do for a teaching that is founded in principle. It is a lamentable mistake to suppose that the first statements are the highest and best, or to attempt to hitch people up to the stakes set by the pioneer who scored out his wandering, uncertain way. It is as bad as the dogmatism of an established Church, which essays to bind the conscience to a creed set up three hundred years ago. It forbids growth and dwarfs the soul. Lindley Murray's grammar was all right for its time, but it would be entirely out of place in the schools of to-day.

The ultimate truth has never been revealed to any man or woman to be transmitted to the rest of mankind. We are no longer satisfied with reflected light. It is devoid of the principles of life and growth. Every man stands in the light of the direct beams of the Sun of Truth, receiving the inspiration of wisdom and strength into his own soul. No one can rightly claim to be in possession of the Truth: we are all truth-seekers. As we study and investigate the great law of Being, we grow more and more largely into perception and realization of a higher and better ideal of both God and man. We may not stop nor tarry to parley with those who cry "lo here," or "lo there." We heed no predictions of calamity or perdition. We are not deterred by threats or attempts at limitation or coercion. We bless, and curse not, and press on toward the realm where the light shines brighter.

To be true is to be in accord with Truth. Truth is absolute, while trueness exists in degrees. One person or opinion may be more true or less true than another. While there is a modicum of truth in the church creeds—enough to have preserved them through the fiery trials and proscription of the Dark Ages—yet a creed is at best only a belief, or a codified collection of opinions, and is always subject to change. There is always doubt in a mere belief; hence, I cannot reasonably

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be expected to subscribe to any creed, especially if drawn up by other men. If they write down, "I believe thus and so," and ask me to sign the statement, I will say to them: "That statement is good only for the present moment and for yourself. A belief is founded on evidence, and is not subject to the will. Additional evidence may at any time change your creed. I cannot indorse your opinion of any teaching or principle simply because you claim to get it from your understanding of a book that you call 'inspired scripture.' If I am honest with myself, with that book, and with you, I must say that what appeals to my reason I believe, and that which does not I must refuse. I must further say that I am always open to new evidence, and must hold my creed subject to change."

I refuse to be labeled. I reject all names that mark me as a fixed, unchangeable article. To-morrow I expect my discernment of truth to be different from what it is to-day. The label you pin on me to-day will not accurately describe me to-morrow. I am in quest of a higher realization of truth from day to day. I presume and aspire to become truer each day than I was the day before. With Emerson, I will "speak what I think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything I said to-day." I cannot afford to be consistent with my former self, nor with the ideals of a lesser wisdom. But if I am not, those who are tied to a post will sometimes hiss at me and call me by unpleasant names as I pass by. They may even attempt to tether me and gag me, or take away my freedom. I may not heed them. I revile not again; for I remember that there is a law of compensation in trials and tribulations which the world has but little understood heretofore. If I am not afraid, if I am firm in my convictions of right, if I am sincere and true to my highest ideals, I cannot be harmed by those who do not understand me.

It is indeed a great privilege to be misunderstood by the world. It indicates advancement. It means that a step has been taken beyond the trodden heath of commonplace things.

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All prophets of new thought have been misunderstood, misinterpreted, and often persecuted. But trials and occasions for renewed effort only brighten our wits and clear away the dross of error. The fire-brand of inquisition can ignite only the chaff and rubbish and render the pure gold of the true gospel more free and conspicuous than before. The Truth cannot be hurt, nor can its advocates be retarded in their progress.

Every attempt to silence the tongue of this New Thought movement, every word of ridicule and contempt, every ignorant thrust, is but an agent of correction striking down only the follies and foibles of its sincere but fallible disciples. All the world are really combined, the most of them without knowing it, in the advocacy of this beautiful teaching—their efforts, however adversely they may direct them, tending only to administer correctives for the crassness and blunders inevitably attending the efforts of an uninspired humanity attempting to deal with inspired Truth. Thus our would-be enemies become our allies, and we are but truer for the trials they offer, stronger for the efforts they draw out, and wiser for the experiences they furnish. We fight nothing—not even orthodoxy and "Eddyism." They are all doing us and the cause we represent good, however little they may mean it.

Yet we hesitate not to say what we think and to point out error wherever we see it. This is done and intended in the spirit of loving-kindness to the erring. We cannot afford to do less for our critics than they are doing for us; that is, less of good. But we separate the error from the erring in our condemnation. We cultivate a broader charity than do those who would damn the child because of its mistakes. We love the child too well to join him to his follies—yea, too well to be silent in approval of his wandering course. So we realize that everything is ours. "Whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come"—all are ours, to help us to be true to Truth. We rejoice always, and in everything give thanks.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CONVENTION.

THE great New Thought Convention, held in Boston, is a thing of the past; but the words spoken and the things accomplished will live on in the hearts and minds of those present for many years to come. The Convention sounded a new note on a higher scale of life, and affirmed anew, in its Statement of Principles, the great underlying truths, not alone of Christianity but of other religious systems—namely, the Fatherhood and Motherhood of God and the all-inclusive Brotherhood of Man. While there is no uncertain tone in its declaration of principles, there is also nothing that savors of dogmatism: each statement is clear, simple, and concise. Those who have been at a loss to know what the movement stood for, aside from its belief in healing, may have their questions fully answered by reading the Constitution of the League.

* * *

THE NATURE OF THE MOVEMENT.—It is both religious and scientific—uniting the two in a way by which their correlation will prove mutually beneficial. Recognizing the fact that the inner truths of life should have actual demonstration here and now, the new movement does not seek to minimize the need or value of scientific research, but rather accepts it as a thoroughly helpful influence in disclosing the divine plan in all its outer workings. In reality, Religion and Science are one: true religion dealing with the soul of things, and true science with the outer manifestation—the written, visible word of God. The time will soon arrive when both the religious and the scientific world will awake to a knowledge of this—when the devotees of religion will cease calling scientists "atheists," and scientists will no longer refer to religious sentiments as "superstitions." The science of cause and the science of effect will have become one.

* * *

THE KEY-NOTE.—We might truthfully say that unity—yes, something more, ONENESS—is the great key-note that has been sounded by the International Metaphysical League: one God, who is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent; one universal brotherhood; and one religion, which will be demonstrated in a scientific way. The movement is yet in its infancy; but it has laid a founda-

tion so deep and wide that a temple such as the world has never seen should be builded upon it. Time alone can disclose whether it will *live* its principles or go the way of all religions that forget God and the eternal laws of life. The springtime of the movement is great with promise—the harvest-time is not yet.

* * *

THE MOTTO OF THE LEAGUE.—The League would do well to remember, in accepting Kant's definition of the word ***metaphysics*** —God, Freedom, and Immortality—and adopting it as their motto, that they have a rallying cry which if kept to the front will be productive of great results. An immanent God, whom to know is eternal life, is working to will and to do in the hearts of His children—to bring about the perfection of their lives through knowledge of and conformity to the unseen law and force of life. The real freedom of life comes not through following the mere gratification of personal desire, but rather through one's power to see the truth and to *live* it. If, then, the League will see that its great fundamental principles are kept constantly in the foreground, and that the petty differences of personal opinion are relegated to the rear, success must attend its every effort.

* * *

THE CONVENTION A SUCCESS.—Looked at from every point of view, the Convention was a great success. Session after session, the hall was filled to overflowing with enthusiastic listeners, and each and all of the speakers had a helpful message for them. The only feeling of regret is that the hall was not adequate to seat all who wished to attend, for many were unable to secure admission. The spirit that pervaded the different audiences was thoroughly harmonious; and it was more than gratifying to have clergymen and members of the medical profession assert their good-will and approval of the aims and objects of the League. MIND presents to its readers in this issue a few of the many lectures delivered at the Convention. Lack of space alone precludes the publication, not only of *all* the discourses, but the full proceedings of the Convention. However, within the next six weeks a book will be published by the League, for its members, that will give the Constitution, By-laws, and all the proceedings, including the papers and addresses.

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MIND.

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THE OMNIPOTENCE OF HUMAN LIFE.*

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE D. HERRON.

The passing of Christianity and coming of Jesus are the paradox of our age. Formulated and institutional Christianity is losing its hold upon the world; but Jesus is for the first time gaining its almost universal friendship. The people are forgetting the Church, and it is scarcely taken into account by the forces preparing for the great world changes at hand; but the common heart is giving itself to Jesus, and he is gaining his first working hold upon the facts and materials out of which the common life is made. The multitudes are forsaking the temples; but they are going after Jesus, out into the fields a-bloom with new ideals and aspirations, and fresh with the hope and purpose of the human morning; or they are following him along the high-road, where is soon to be fought the great human battle between the dominion of things and the dominion of spirit.

From the midst of dead official faiths the real Christ has risen to human faith at last, and this is the significance and glory of our age. For the first time, we are reading the fragments we call the Gospels in the terms of human experience—to find ourselves touching a Son of God who is our brother, of one flesh and blood and spirit with ourselves; to find ourselves looking into the soul of one who scaled the whole octave of human experience. There were times when his heart sank in

*The annual Commencement Sermon, preached before the Christian Societies of Iowa College, June 11, 1899.

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nerveless weakness from baffled effort; when he was prostrate in the dust, because of the hardness at the heart of professional religion; when he was beaten back and mangled, as we are; when he did not know the way he was taking; when he was tempted by the awful thought that the world might be right, after all, and he wrong and mistaken. It may be that he fought with the mightiest passions that ever rent the soul of intensest manhood—until they lay mastered and obedient at his feet, ready to be hitched to his heavenly chariot. He had to cut straight across conventional right in order to find a good that was vital and universal. He had to deny what was sacredly accepted as truth, and go behind it in search of reality, in order that he might plant thereupon his feet and poise himself in the life without beginning or ending.

Through all and over all, Jesus comes forth as master; he finds reality and human omnipotence. In spite of terrific struggles with traditional right and truth, in spite of a thousand reasons for doubting himself, in spite of his death at the hands of existing law and order, he comes into absolute possession of his life; and he lives his own life, at all costs, clear through to the end and out into the endless. Standing perfectly poised, without fear of the known or the unknown, he has his whole life so in hand that he may do with it what he wills. Against his will of love, not one single fact or force can touch him, or compel him. The storms of history and of nature, the wrath of vested interests and their institutions, along with the winds and waves of the soul, must do his bidding. He has power to lay down his life and power to take it up again; no man, no combination, has power to take it from him. He has power to lay down his name and power to take it up again; no man, no combination, has power to take it from him. When he finds that the ideal and law for which he stands must be dramatized and enacted by the cross, he voluntarily gives up his life; the priests and politicians do not take it from him. Even on the cross, of his own life he is master; nowhere

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and at no time does he break faith with it; never does it pass from his own keeping.

That masterful and triumphant life, long since passed from the cross into history, is to-day mastering every human fact and interpreting the whole institution of life afresh. It is fascinating the common spiritual imagination, and coming from the bosom of the Father into the unnamed leadership of practical politics and economics. It is re-making the thoughts and faiths of the centuries, and abolishing their laws and constitutions. The life of Jesus effected what we might call, in academic terms, a universal synthesis. By experience and interpretation he showed that all life is one; that heaven and earth are one; that matter and spirit are one; that Nature and the soul are one; that it is the same life we see in the smile of the child, in the blooming of the rose, in the violence of the storm, in the martyrdom of the saint, in the love-transfigured face;—it is all one life, in varied and myriad expression. Whosoever seeth life, in any form, with understanding eyes, seeth the Father; and whosoever lives the whole of life has in him all there is of the Father: he and his Father are one.

The power to lay down and take up his life at will is not something that distinguishes Jesus from the common man; it is the normal power of the man who apprehends his resources and his oneness with the Father. At all times, Jesus strenuously denied having any special privilege in God; he came to destroy the gods of special privilege. Above all things, he sought to keep men from thinking of him apart from the common life—from putting him in some special category of his own. That would annul the meaning and value of his coming; for he came to bring the common life of man to light. His universal individuality and human omnipotence belong to every one who receives the life he came to give and to interpret. Every man is omnipotent, and has at his disposal all that God has. God has no resources that are not common property. All the power in the universe belongs to each man endlessly to

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make use of. The whole of God is each man's every-day working power. Right now and forever we have eternal power to lay down our lives, and power to take them up again; and there is no power in the universe that can take them away from us.

The whole meaning of what we call the incarnation is, that the common human life is the real presence of God, and human beings the real shrines of worship. There is no more heavenly place in the universe than the soul of the one who sits at your side; and your state of mind toward that and other souls is your heaven or hell—for heaven is a state of mind, with which time and place and death have nothing whatever to do. God is living a human life in every man and woman, in every human heart-beat, in every human ideal; and the humblest man who goes forth is Almighty God on human feet, at work with human hands. Even the blackest life is God's hid image, God's self-expression. All there is of God inheres in the being of the downmost man you know; and wherever one human soul helps another, there is a priest giving God's absolution to the soul. Until I find some center of attraction, some indispensable worth, some shrine of worship, in every human life, I am not heavenly minded. There is a universal and elemental chord, which will some day be found and struck by the master hand, and to which every heart will at last ring true; then every discordant note will die away forever, and humanity will blossom with God.

This Godhood of human life is the fact that spiritual evolution is slowly bringing to light. Evolution and history join with Jesus in pointing to the coming of a common divine manhood, which shall be God's real and visible presence. From this inwardly masterful and elemental manhood, emancipated from every outward master and from every form of fear, each man will rise to see and individualize God for and in himself, living an original life that shall be wholly his own; each man will stand free to find his own eternal poise—an ark of God on which no meddling authority shall dare lay hands.

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This divine manhood is at hand; you do not have to wait for it. You have within you the power to lay down and take up your life, the power to make a fresh universe, the power to create a new earth, every morning. That power resides in your thought-forces, or rather in the quality of the will on the throne of your thinking. This is a thought-world, and your life is a thought-life. Thought is the substance out of which our practical activities spring; these activities are the fruitage of our thinking—the index of the common state of mind. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." You are what your thoughts are. The thing you are conscious of, the thing that finds you, the thing that attaches you to itself, the thing that possesses your thoughts or energies, the thing you invest your life in—that is your universe, and you make it such to others. What you think is your life, which no man nor combination can take away from you. You are omnipotent over your own mind, free and absolute in your choice as to what your mind shall attend to, and there is nothing on earth or among the stars that can destroy or hinder you. You have in your mind the whole of God's power to create and to make new, and out of your consciousness will spring both individual deeds and social order. If you will, you can be a spiritual dynamo, connecting the machinery of the world with the secret place of the Most High. You can attach your individual will to the cosmic will and move with the whole universal drift toward the world-goal. You can every day ascend into the state of mind called heaven, or descend into the state of mind called hell. You can carry your own hell into the heaven of others; or you can descend with your own heaven into the common hell and torment —into the world's injustice, shame, and pain—to get under it all and bear it away. You have power to lay down your life for the world, and you have power to take it again; no one taketh it away from you. You have received commandment from your Father to exercise this power for the deliverance of your brothers.

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If, when you wake in the morning, you make terms with selfishness, then selfishness will be your master, and there will be selfishness in your world. If, at the outset of your day, you refuse to make terms with selfishness, refuse to invest it with any reality, then in your world there will be no selfishness. If you believe in strife and competition, and count them as realities that you must reckon with, then there will be strife and competition. If you create in your consciousness an ideal of a just and strifeless world, and build your life upon it as the elemental and ultimate reality, then you will realize that ideal in the world of struggle and discord; you yourself will be the kingdom of heaven among men. If you say there is darkness, then there will be darkness throughout your world, and your brothers will grope in the shadow thereof. If you say, "Let there be light!" then your world will be full of light and your brothers will walk therein. You have power to create the new heavens of fearless faith and open vision, and the new earth of spiritual adventure and brotherly association; or you have power to keep the old heavens of fears and fates and priests, and the old earth of masters and politicians and slaves. If you create the ideal world in your own consciousness, and live in that ideal, never breaking faith with it, refusing to make terms with anything else, then you may descend into the thick of the human struggle, into its blood and dust, into its lies and miseries, into its slavish faiths and fears, into the desecrated market-place, into the midst of the howling dervishes of the stock exchange, into legislative halls where lawless lawmakers hold festivals of anarchy, and in the midst of all be an omnipotent creator of the world of joy and justice, of the manhood and the harmony, that exist in your ideal. All through the hot, distracting day, and on into the evening rest, when you know it not and are speaking no words, your ideal will be bringing faith and courage and peace to your brothers and forming itself in the common life. In the end, the world will be just what you choose to make it; and you will

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make of the world just what your ideals are—for they are the patterns in the mount, and the only omnipotence.

You have power to lay down and take up your life in the service of driving fear from the world. Fear is the great enemy of man. It is only through our fearing that we remain timid slaves to arbitrary notions—to successive kinds of tyrants and all sorts of masters. Upon fear has every superstition rested and every tyranny been built. The ancients peopled the unknown with fates and furies and feared them as their gods. The Middle Ages transferred these fates and furies to priestly rites and offices, with keys of heaven and hell wherewith to menace man and liberty. The Reformation wrested the keys from the priests, and transferred the fates and furies to theological articles as conditions of salvation—and man and liberty again cowered beneath their threat. Then the scientific man arrived, and the fates and furies flew to his natural and economic laws—whence they bear down upon the soul and its freedom as menacingly as ever. For, mark you, your natural and economic laws are the same old fates and furies, the same old fears and superstitions, playing the same old game of the tyrant and the same old tricks against liberty. It is through these so-called laws that monopolist and politician have superseded king and priest in the rule of the world through fear—fear that your soul is lost, if you assert its freedom to think and learn in the face of a creed; fear of treason and anarchy, if you assert the equal right of men to the resources of the earth God gave them.

Really, the universe is not law, but free spirit and eternal change. What you call law is simply the way spirit happens to be acting at the time of observation. There is no spiritual or natural law with the weight or might of the individual soul —no law with which the soul may not do what it wills. Man is a discretal part of the universe, a creator in and of it. By and by, man will take to making just such natural laws as he chooses to have; and he will have just such economic laws as

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the free spirit of love likes best. The God who has dwelt in the human breast through centuries of troubled slumber, through fitful and age-long dreams of freedom and social beauty, is about to awake to some such supreme and liberating decision.

In all God's universe there is nothing to fear save our fears, which keep our souls from being white and free. The spirit and teachings of Jesus are a declaration of independence against the universe of fear and authority. It is time we look our historic fears in the face and deny and defy them, with the denial of Christ's spiritual daring and the defiance of his doubtless love; no matter whether these fears come with the authority and threat of written creed or political constitution, of established order or moral custom. The free sons of God need fear none of these things, nor anything else, except the fears that make all ungodliness and injustice. In only one way can we take the absolutely unsafe course, and that is to follow the leadership of our fears; and the counsel of our fears is the only unqualifiedly wrong advice to which we can listen.

Even granting that the pursuit of a certain ideal may bring upon you outward disaster, causing loss of reputation or position, or of bread or physical life, bringing the hatred of politicians and newspapers, pulpits and the whole existing order; —what of that? These things are not your life, and have no power to take your life away from you. They cannot touch you, nor destroy your power voluntarily to lay down and take up your life in the service of your brothers. If you are living in a noble ideal, and are poised in a daring and loving faith, it is of no consequence what happens to you. Indeed, to your real life there is nothing that can happen; for you are out of the reach of "happenings," and they have nothing to do with you, nor you with them. The true idealist can go through the world unafraid, abiding in the vision of God's real presence in the common and downmost life, foreseeing and creating the time when God shall wipe away every tear from the eyes of

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his people, making that time a present reality to his own consciousness and a healing reality to the world.

But it will one day be recognized as a clear principle of life that nothing can get at a man from without that does not correspond to something that attracts from within. We do not yet understand this principle, elemental and universal though it is. The startling sayings of Jesus respecting the inward omnipotence of human life are scarcely yet unsealed. Certainly, we do not yet understand the law of spiritual attraction in its relation to physical cause and effect. But we can, in a measure, see enough of its subjective workings to surmise that what comes upon us from without is sometimes attracted by what is within; and that only what is within can protect from what is without. No weapons can finally prosper against the soul that wields no weapons in self-defense, but loves all men, without reference to their love or unlove. Neither bitterness nor malice nor hostility can get at me from without if I have no inward bitterness, malice, or hostility. No enmity can possibly harm me if I have no enmity for man in my soul. I have power to lay down my life, and power to take it again; and no one taketh it away from me, for it is in the keeping of the service of love.

Again, you have the call and the power to give your life in the creation of a world that shall be founded on faith—faith in the living presence of a living God amidst a living people. Most of us accept traditions of a God who lived down through the Hebrew prophets and early Christian apostles. Possibly some of us have an undefined sense that God was living during the Reformation, and until the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Or, we are willing to believe, and that with a considerable degree of emotion, in a God who will live suddenly and immensely in some after-death world, or in some remote millennium, in which he shall sit in terrific judgment on the world. But the idea that God is living now, in the midst of a living people, inspiring and teach-

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ing them even more directly than he inspired and taught the people of centuries ago, with revelations concerning our present problems as sure and safe as any revealments of the past, and with judgments as swift and immediate as any judgments of the future—at such a faith we grow pale, or turn from it in anger. The reason, of which we are unconscious, lies deep in the spiritual and intellectual requirements of such a faith. It is easy enough to assent to formulated beliefs, coming from constituted religious authorities, concerning the God of yesterday or the God of to-morrow. Such assent is no evidence whatever of faith, but rather evidence of the lack of faith. Formulated beliefs are largely the refuge of timidity, servility, spiritual indolence, and the unwillingness to undertake the effort of thinking; yea, the most insistent orthodox beliefs are defended by a subconscious but deep-seated and most practical atheism. We are all of us secretly ready to make any terms with faith that will keep God out of the immediate present; keep him from having a mind about our actual affairs, or at least keep him from speaking it, until some convenient judgment-time. We forget that the prophets and martyrs and apostles have met their tragic ends just because they insisted that God was alive, and saying things about the immediate and practical concerns of men; that they characterized as downright infidelity the beliefs that put God into yesterday and his judgments into to-morrow. The faith that God is living and judging right now, and that the pressing and perplexing problems of the moment are the real vision of his glorious presence, requires an altogether more strenuous sort of living than we are apt to think or talk about. Such a faith means that God is looking us straight in the face, every moment, and that the whole of life is a perpetual judgment; it means that every irrelevant act or idle word accounts for itself in injury to the individual soul and loss to the common life; it means that we must at once come to judgment with ourselves, and straight off give an account of our words, deeds,

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and motives to the awful judgment-seat of the highest ideals and divinest instincts that we have disbelieved in, or put off, or trifled with. But, strenuous and exacting as such a faith is, the human race cannot live without it; and we have power to give this faith to the world by laying down and taking up our lives as its witness.

The real unfaith of man lies in his infidelity to the ideal. Unbelief in the practicability of the highest conceivable ideals of righteousness is the only actual atheism—the atheism that conceives of God as absent from the problem or work of the moment; absent from the thing just in mind or hand. This infidelity and atheism spring from the unconscious worship of evil as lord and possessor of the real field of human activity. All unknown to ourselves, we have an immensely greater faith in the devil than we have in God. And we therefore think ourselves let off with the feeling that we are poor worms of the dust, and with the confession that we are miserable sinners in need of mercy; all of which is well enough as a religion for generations just emerging from serfdom, but is no religion for manly sons of God, in need of a noble and inspiring faith.

Evil is, only because we believe that it is. It has no reality beyond our belief in it—no power save such as our belief invests it with. Evil exacts tribute because we are stupid enough to come to terms with it. The devil exists because we unconsciously worship him as the real power, when we think we are worshiping God. We have strife, competition, and struggle because we believe in them. We have the palace beside the sweatshop, the wretched tenement behind the church, the monstrous lobby in the legislative hall, swarms of political and commercial parasites on the social body, because we believe in all this hideousness and tyranny as real and potent; as having always been, and as therefore always to be. But there is no evil except our belief in evil.

The real faith of man consists in urgent and steadfast fidelity to his noblest ideals. To believe in the practicability

of the highest conceivable righteousness in human life, by whatever name we call that righteousness, is to have the faith that makes and remakes the world—the faith that finds the real presence of God in the living people and their problems, whether that God be named or unnamed. This sort of faith is the substance out of which society and the soul get their building material; the substance from which great ideas and lofty ideals rise to lead the world toward perfectionment. The world will finally become just what you make it by your faith. It was no pious or arbitrary decree, on Jesus' part, that life and things would be unto men according to their faith; that faith as a grain of mustard-seed would remove mountains of difficulties, and mountains of rock and iron: his words of faith are the simple application and interpretation of elemental and universal law. It is faith alone that has power to justify the wrong by setting it right; to save us from wickedness by abolishing it, and by establishing liberty and love in its place. The faith of a single man, who takes his stand upon a noble ideal and there abides, is mightier than the legions of Cæsar or the brigades of Cromwell. The power of a pure and simple ideal, in an obscure soul that believes in it, is so overturning and reconstructive that the most imperialistic and secure of world-powers are as but mushrooms in comparison therewith. The only practicable thing in the universe is an ideal, and our faith in the ideal is the only source of reality.

The wronged and beaten people, who have so long stretched forth worn and vain hands of hope to our temples, to-day yearn for some ideal of right and justice into which they may pour their lives as the testimony of their faith. They ask us to show our faith and our Father in our fidelity to the great cause of the common life. They wait for us to prove our faith in a living Providence by procuring equality of opportunity among men. We have power to give them such a faith by laying down and taking up our lives in its service. And if we would invest life in that which will abide after our problems have gone, in that which will outlast the centuries

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and their history, then the investment must be in some ideal worthy to lead the faith of our age on to better ages and wider ideals.

Finally, you have power to lay down and take up your life in the service of the love that is creating the world anew. The world was made in order that men might be taught how to love; it endures in order that love may bring men into association and liberty. Love is the real universal life force; every other force is a shadow or a seeming. Love is God; that is, love is the only real good, or the source and substance of all good. Creation is simply the self-giving of love—love giving itself in the sacrifice of service. This creative love is the shepherd that the apostle sees coming from the throne of omnipotence, to lead the peoples unto fountains of living waters, where every thirst of soul is quenched and every tear wiped away. Love is the bearer of all glad tidings, of every breath of joy; for it is not great love, but the lack of great loving, that has brought sorrow and suffering to the world. Love is the sole liberator, whether of the individual soul or of the common soul we name society. The problems of the nations will find in love their solvent; for love is the creator of democracy, the synthetical element that is bringing all men and things together in association or harmony. Perhaps this word *association,* which Mazzini so nobly pronounced for the social movement, better expresses the meaning of love than the word *love* itself—vitiated by ages of pietism and sentimentality.

We are slowly discerning that outward force is the cheat of history; that it really protects neither individuals nor nations. The principle that they that take the sword perish by the sword has been working itself out as steadily as the moving of the stars; there have been no exemptions to its retribution. Love has never been absent from the throne of world-administration. On every page of history, as on an open book of blood-red letters, you may read the waste and misery that come from the superstitious worship of force—from the blind collision of force with omnipresent Love. The impo-

tence of force to gain or keep liberty is writ so large by historic experience that even the stupidest are stumbling over the lesson.

To acknowledge that there have ever been any real conflicts between men, between rights or interests, between nations or classes, is to give up God, to give up unity, and to people the universe with dual or myriad powers. It is to substitute the faith of Homer for the faith of Jesus; for the idea that men are antagonists by nature, and that competition is their natural law, is but the translation of the hostile gods of Homer into scientific and commercial terms. Against this ancient lie, upon which every tyranny has built its throne, must all noble ideals very soon marshal themselves. Men are not enemies by nature, but friends. There are no antagonisms in the universe, but only harmonies. The elements are not competitive, but coöperative. Interests are not conflicting, but coördinate and co-working. There are not many powers, many gods, many laws, but one power, one law, one life, one God; and we are workers together with him in creative love. Our enmities, our competitions, our interests, our fears—whence all conflicts spring—are delusions: monsters of the vanishing light.

There is nothing visible or invisible that can do you harm, if you love as God loves, love as the sun shines, without covenant or bargain or wages; giving your life to him that asketh; from him that would borrow turning not away, whether he be just or unjust, whether he love or hate you. You have power to lay down your life, and you have power to take it up again; no one has power to take it from you, if you love enough. The enmity of your enemies has only such power as your lack of love gives them; refuse to acknowledge or accept their enmity, and their weapons turn to ashes in their hands. Love your enemies, and ye shall be thereby blessed; for love can feed on hate and suffering, as well as on anything else, and transmute them into the body of love. No weapon was ever formed that could strike through love, if love were great enough. To them that love, all things work together for

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good; for love turns all things to eternally good account. To the life that has passed into the service of love, and under its protection, no disaster can come, save such as love voluntarily accepts in order that it may bear away the wrong of the world. In love's service, life is all your own, and no man can take it away from you; you may lay it down, and you may take it up again, free from the fear of men and things. Under love's protection you may descend unharmed into the deepest hell of human wrong, and rise with that hell to the highest heaven of human good.

To-day is a time of paradox. Christianity is passing; but the anointed human life is appearing as the Christ of the future. Religions are ceasing to command; but the life of the people is becoming a religion, and every soul a temple of the Most High. Night falls on the gods, while the multitudes are forsaking the temples, where the priests abide alone with their crumbling authority and the creeds of human serfdom and childhood; but the ages of the God-man, of the common life transfigured by its own ineffable divinity, are already within the human vision. The love of man for his kind is quickening within him the consciousness that human life is omnipotent; that the most daring assertions of faith have scarcely hinted at the power that lies in associated hands. At last is Prometheus breaking his bonds—bonds of fates and furies; bonds of gods and necessities; bonds of natural and economic laws; bonds ordained by priests and politicians. Man is discovering that he himself is the master of his destiny and a creator of the universe; that he himself is the real presence and power of God. And the masters of the world have seen the vision of the God-man, and are taking warning; for they know that there will be no more masters, nor powers to create them.

If you would work with God and the centuries, if you would move with the total drift of things, you must view the world anew, each morning, as a place wherein to create the things of love and to achieve its liberty. It is yours to hail and help the coming of the omnipotent human life, as it rises

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from the struggle and the agony of the ages; from the baffled martyrdoms and the hearts broken by defeated service; from the forsaken faiths and the conquered fears; from the birth-pangs of the labor of God. It is yours to look the universe in the face unafraid, and make your life a prophecy of the common divine manhood that shall make life immortally worth while to each man. It is yours to go forth, in dauntless spiritual adventure, to prepare the way of the liberated man, whose will of love the stars and the elements shall obey. It is yours to compel this dying century to bequeath some word of living, honest, manly faith to the century of social change at hand. It is yours to say, Let there be light, and straight down from the throne of God will the light shine—deep into the lies that nations in darkness call diplomacy, through the miserable unbelief the Church calls "faith," into the reeking tenements and the reeking places of the covetous heart; shine as a light for the masterless man unbound and free to live his own life at last. It is yours to say, Let the peace of good-will prevail; and out of the hideous phantasmagoria of civilization, out of the criminal jargon of the courts, out of the economic wars that fill the earth with waste and slaughter, will come equal opportunity to men, and the institution of humanity, with the beauty of its harmony. It is yours to say, Let the justice of love be established; and straightway will the gates of truth open wide, for the coming forth of love's revolutionary hosts, to destroy the old earth of fear and force and create the new earth of love and liberty.

In the strength and joy of the omnipotent manhood that is to be, you have power to lay down your life, and power to take it up again; no man, and no world-power, can take your life away from you. In the service of the ineffable common life that is at hand, all power in heaven and on earth is given unto you. That power will abide with you, and entreat you endlessly and omnipotently to use it, until the Christ shall crown the ages with a humanity that shall be God's perfect self-expression.

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THE ESOTERIC ART OF LIVING.*

PART V. SELF-REVELATION.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

In subsequent papers, where will be considered the subject of the subliminal consciousness, it will be seen that one of the most potent characteristics of the present nature of man is his responsiveness to external stimuli: in popular phrase, it has been known as susceptibility to suggestion. It has been this faculty of responding to the character of environment, together with the ability to adjust the self to those demands, that has played the main part in his past evolution.

I wish to note another but a strictly psychological effect that this has produced upon man—one as old and universal as the race; to show that notwithstanding its age and universality it rests upon a false interpretation of experience, and finally to suggest the true interpretation, a better understanding of which, I believe, will greatly assist in the higher thought and life. This universal characteristic of responsiveness to the external world—this necessity by which the ego is obliged to recognize the natures of different external objects and conditions, or perish from the body—has had the effect of impressing upon the consciousness the idea that all external things have placed themselves in a distinctively personal attitude toward it; that they are ever making some demands that must be met; that they bear a personal import of good or evil; that they have some particular message to deliver to the soul.

It is not surprising that the long ages of struggle to adjust the organism to the imperious demands of environment should have engendered this state of consciousness and impressed it

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with the idea that the whole of Nature was engaged in a conspiracy to help or harm the individual, nor that it should have invested all things with a personal aspect. Browning has expressed it thus:

> ". . . man, once descried, imprints forever
> His presence on all lifeless things: the winds
> Are henceforth voices, wailing or a shout—
> A querulous mutter or a quick, gay laugh.
> . . . . . .
> The herded pines commune and have deep thoughts:
> A secret they assemble to discuss.
> . . . . . .
> The morn has enterprise: deep quiet droops
> With evening: triumph takes the sunset hour."

By reason of this the ancients personified the elements and the aspects of Nature, which became deities—beneficent in the degree in which they affected favorably the immediate comfort and prosperity of the individual.

It may well be said that from it all there has arisen the thought that there may be an external effort to make a revelation to man. This conception is the result of a misinterpretation of experience. As a matter of fact the course of Nature is constant and invariable, but continually expressing its own purpose and evolving its own ends; and man as a part of it has been ever placing his own interpretation upon its phases, and changing that interpretation as a greater degree of wisdom dawned upon his mind. Yet there *is* a revelation; but not from *without*. There *is* an interpretation; but in conformity with truth, as well as error. That revelation and interpretation are the work of man himself, as we may learn.

All knowledge and all experience are subjective: the objective channels of sense are but the physical means of registering upon the organism different changes in the condition or state of his environment. Thus the eye and the optic nerve merely serve to register upon the brain the vibrations of the ether, and the *consciousness* of those vibrations we interpret as light. So the ear and nerves serve to register vibrations of the atmosphere, and the *consciousness* of those vibrations

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we interpret as sound. But this consciousness is wholly a subjective state of the ego. We do not see light or hear sound as we think we do; but our internal state, or consciousness, is changed by reason of the perception of a change in environment. Thus each soul perceives the world through the evolved avenues of perception, and interprets the whole of experience for itself. These interpretations bear an aspect for each one that is purely individual. No two see the simplest object just the same. Perception reveals a world of changing conditions to every one, but the interpretation of that perception is individual and may be independent of all others; hence, no world of one is entirely known to another. This must be true because all knowledge is wholly a subjective state of the self: it is consciousness within.

When one listens to the varying tones that result from breezes soughing through the pine woods, does he hear dirges? Is he in the presence of melancholy and decay? No; if he *feels* them they are wholly within himself, and not in the forest. By association of ideas, and perhaps by a deeper law that correlates certain characteristic tones with particular experiences, they awaken the consciousness of such states. The inner man is always enacting subjectively the drama of experience, using the external only as suggestion to fashion it upon. Thus may we understand some of the reasons for the differences between minds, and the causes for the infinite variety as well as similarity of opinion; why error is so universal and so lamentably confused with truth; why, though symbols are nothing in themselves, they are useful to some to enable them to raise a condition within themselves; and why Nature serves as a symbol to suggest to the mind its divine character. It is in this sense that the mystic sees there "the Father's face." The concept of the presence is within him, and the Nature-symbol enables him to reveal it to himself. And, as the mystic sees his subjective love of the divine thus externalized, the lover finds all Nature proclaiming his passion and sharing his

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secret—and the guilty sees his wrong frowned upon and condemned by sky and tree.

"Let me not know the change
O'er Nature thrown by guilt;—the boding sky,
The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree-shadows lie!"

It is all within the consciousness, and the same landscape that serves to show the mystic "the Father's face" will awe the guilty with a sense of ominous condemnation.

When will we fully realize that *we* are making the revelations to ourselves in all that we experience, and that the revelation or interpretation may be of the truth, of the divine nature of things, in the degree that the soul is free from the disturbing and obscuring thoughts and methods of life? We reveal all things to ourselves. There is no other revelation. It is a mistaken interpretation of experience to think of it as otherwise. No revelation ever comes to man except through himself—from the divine nature within him. There is no external, overt act needed. All things stand eternally uncovered, disclosed, declared; and it requires only understanding on the part of man to reveal them to himself. You can have *facts* disclosed to you, but not Truth. If an angel should attempt to reveal Wisdom to man, it would be impossible unless the man could come in complete *rapport* with the nature of the angel; and if he could do that, no revelation from the angel would be necessary, for the man would reveal the same state to himself. It would not be a revelation from the angel, but a participation by both in the same state.

This is true not only of the extraordinary, but of the commonest experiences of life. What do we find engaging in other people but the discovery or expected discovery in them of all the good that is latent in ourselves? Suppose that we knew nothing of love ourselves: could we ever understand it in another? If we were totally devoid of the sense of veracity, that virtue in others would be an eternal enigma. We continually

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hold ourselves up—to self inspection, knowledge, and criticism—in the lives and thoughts of others. We carefully (whether we know it or not) check off all similarities and note dissimilarities—it may be hoped for our betterment always—and still seek after the sublime, the unknown, the divine in others. We do not find it. Why? Because we have not evolved the realization of it—we have not fully known it in ourselves. When we do we will interpret or reveal it to ourselves again in all things. This is why a philosopher has said that when people learn your limitations they are done with you. The truth is they *may* be done with you because they have reached their *own* limitations, not necessarily yours alone.

Again, take the study of history, which passes from the individual to the complex problem. What does the student see there but his own nature in the lives and thoughts and acts of other men? He reveals himself as a possible history of progress or retrogression, of virtue or vice, of attainment or decay. All history is a history of every soul, and we may learn our position in the race of progress very well by observing what characteristics in history, or class of individuals or acts, as portrayed in history or fiction, most interest us.

Let it be said here that the harm that comes from reading, of whatever character, is this self-revelation, or the awakening of tendencies and habits that as individuals and as a race we have outgrown and risen above. So there may be here what the naturalists call a "reversion to original type;" and in reading of robber barons, of crime and perfidy, or needlessly reviewing the pageant of sensuality and brutality, unless we read for the philosophy of history alone we reveal in ourselves, ever so faintly it may be, that *like* nature which, like old and begrimed clothes, we have long ago cast away—a relic of a past evolutionary stage, which, if we are careful not to revive and foster, will gradually lose all power to hold us from the higher life.

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It is the same with literature. Why does one find a world with all its people in Shakespeare, while another finds little to interest him? Because the one is accustomed to reveal to himself the depths and shoals of human emotion. What does *Romeo* and *Juliet* mean to one who himself does not love humanly; or *Macbeth* to one who does not recognize the terror of pursuing remorse; or *Falstaff* to one who is not himself familiar with the harmless vagabond nature? The page is dead and without meaning, but the symbols we call letters and words at once summon into our consciousness from ourselves a world peopled with thinking and acting beings. One reads "The Loves of the Angels" to revel in a sensual imagination; another finds in it an expression of something transcendently beautiful within himself. One reads Omar Khayyam for his agnosticism; another for his philosophy and veiled spiritualism. One admires art for its realism; another for its symbolism of the ideal.

But most persons fail to reveal to themselves much of the divine. They content themselves with the passing phenomena of the world—the transient thoughts connected with temporary conditions of things and people. The world thus revealed is an unreal and transitory one: it will pass away; in fact, while these lines are written it has passed away, and another temporary one has come, and in turn has gone as soon. Thus they continually die because there is nothing worthy of living, nothing really true. Such of the true as is revealed, however, lives through every vicissitude, above and beyond and independent of every change. It was Ruskin who said he was not so much surprised at what men are as at what they miss. It is what they fail to reveal to themselves that may be surprising.

The great masterpieces that have been preserved as the work of unfolded minds pass on down the ages with but a handful of understanding readers, while the multitude pass them by. Still, they are handed on; and those who read un-

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derstandingly live in the thought, which is ever the same and which they reveal to themselves. The intervening ages vanish as by magic, and the writer and the reader are one in spirit and understanding.

This self-revelation of the divine finds a great development in relation to Nature, because Nature is an open book always before us. He that loves the whispering pines, the solemn quietness of the forest, the song of waving seas of grass, the gladness of day and the pensiveness of night, the grandeur of the storm and the beauty of sunset skies, has revealed to himself enough of the divine to make his life one long poem and joined himself to a mighty throng of like souls. Thus it is ever of Truth; no one can reveal it to another. He can put him in the way of perceiving it, but the soul must perceive it for itself.

If we will cease to live in trifles, this self-revelation of the diviner world will at once make life worth the living.

You will recall the beautiful lines of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet: "There is ever a song somewhere, my dear." It expresses the esoteric side of this idea of revelation, in which all Nature is full of song for us. To express the *esoteric* view, I would add these lines:

That song, O friend, is the song of love,
And the words of the song are the thoughts we breathe;
The tones are life's grand harmonies
Between the soul and the life that Nature weaves.

There's ever a song somewhere, 'tis true,
  But the song is one we sing ere we hear;
For my soul is deaf to the song in you
  Till it sings the song in its heart, my dear.

Then all the world is a songster gay;
The zephyr's sigh, the pale star's ray,
The joy of birds, the budding flowers,
The north wind's plaint through ivied towers,
The rippling waves—Life's mighty throng
All sing to the heart that is full of song.

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While this self-revelation of the divine is an ever-present factor in life, contributing all that makes life truly noble, and, like the gathering of many streams to make the river, is contributing to build up a permanent consciousness of a higher state, yet there are what may be termed arts whereby the unfoldment or revelation may become more certain and forceful. All arts, whether of this character or another, are simply modes of expression—methods of work; and, whatever glamour of mystery may be thrown around them, they are after all only a way of living. We will find it so here.

What, then, should we first do to arrive at a fuller revelation within ourselves? We must seek conformity with the perfect state. *We* must do the conforming: perfection will not conform to *us*. The trouble here is that most persons pay little attention to any effort in this direction. They plead in extenuation the average life. They live the ordinary life, which is neither better nor worse than the average, and, being what the world calls the normal life, they are eminently satisfied with it. That life is a tissue of continual falsehood from day to day. It is permeated with a lack of sincerity and honesty in daily intercourse. The mind is habitually engaged with trifles, with unnecessary and harmful thoughts, with fashions and gossip, with the office, the club, and the latest piece of fiction. As a rule their domination over the mind covers over and smothers the possibility of a higher manifestation of life.

By these conventionalities spontaneity and freshness of expression are lost. Original thought, except within a narrow field, becomes unknown, and men expect to get their mental food second-hand. In this state people fall easy victims to fads of every kind. It has been said that "men descend to meet." Is it not very true if they meet upon such a plane? The thing to do is to clean out the temple in order that there may be a higher consciousness. Cease the waste of thought upon the trifling in life and turn the attention devotedly to

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the highest. The divine in man is forceful and persistent, and all it asks is a fair chance. If we cease the trifling thought connected with the passing phenomena, and turn the desire continually to the higher ideals, then the subliminal nature begins to make itself known in the life.

There are many phases of this self-revelation, from the direct perception of truth to genius and the frequent states of consciousness that make the life happier and truer. If this systematic effort be made to rise out of the transitory life, and to live and think in the permanent, then what the mystics called recollection and we term meditation will become of value to us. But it will be of little use if all the while the mind be wedded to the frivolous phase of life. Indeed, meditation under such conditions may increase the folly. And one who thinks he seeks the higher life and all the while sacrifices his best efforts to the world in the sense I have spoken—like the lady who never lighted a taper to St. Michael the Archangel that she did not also light one to the devil, because she did not know which she would have occasion to call upon first—will never get a great deal out of the effort.

(*To be continued.*)

THE life principle, varying only in degree, is omnipresent. There is but one indivisible and absolute Omniscience and Intelligence, and this thrills through every atom of the Cosmos. The elixir of life lurks in every mineral, as well as in every flower and animal throughout the universe. It is the ultimate essence of everything on its way to higher evolution. The true explanation, then, is to be found only in the dynamics of spirit—that spirit which is not substance, but is the law of substance; not force, but the revealer of force; not life, but which makes life exist; not thought, but the consciousness of thought—the sole and single source of power. When we attain to the conception of a living material universe, animated by spirit, the mystery of Nature is solved.—*Dr. Bailey.*

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THE LOGIC OF SERVICE.

BY GEORGE A. GAGE, M.D.

In looking upon the universal life, one is impressed with the ceaseless activity that pervades everything. Every part, to the tiniest atom, is performing some useful service. There is no one, not even the pleasure-devotee, who does not render some service. But it makes a vast difference to the individual whether or not this is *conscious,* because, if not, he will gain but little development.

Just as the quality of the fruit is determined by the seed, the motive for an act determines the result. If one lives to get, he will get; but when attained the object will prove to be far from worth its cost, and his spiritual horizon will be much narrowed. How many rich men enjoy the fortune that represents a lifetime of slavery? The selfish man stands in his own way. He unfits himself either to give or to receive. He gives out only selfish thoughts and meets only those of the same kind. He arrives at the end of the short but toilsome journey, which his narrow mind calls "life," and goes out denouncing this as a cold, hard world, failing to see that the fault is entirely within himself.

The only life worth living is a life of service. This is far from being one of self-sacrifice. When one is truly served he is glad to make some form of payment. So much as one gives out is one able to receive. The only way a full reservoir can receive more water is by giving some out, and if it does not do this it will soon become stagnant and unfit for use. In this we have a striking illustration of our true attitude toward the universal life. Nature insists with inexorable firmness that there shall be no accumulations. The Dead Sea is dead because it gives nothing out. Give, if you would get.

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When we reach a higher plane we will give for the sake of giving. Are we trying to get what we can from the world, or are we doing our work to the best of our ability and brightening the lives of those with whom we come in contact? Let us think well, for upon the answer depends our happiness.

No one need fear that his work will lack recompense. Life always pays in the same coin in which it receives. It never fails to meet its dues. It is a savings-bank conducted upon advanced principles. One draws from it just what he puts in, with generous interest.

All of us are performing a part in the system of humanity. Are we doing it gladly and in the spirit of love? We cannot afford to do it otherwise. We cannot afford to cherish any thought that is not in harmony with the law of love. When one fully realizes the purpose of his being he will serve for the sake of serving.

The only thing to be gained from life is complete, all-around development. The only way in which this can be attained is through whole-hearted service. To a true life, failure is impossible. It requires a mind free from prejudice and open to conviction to comprehend the immensity of existence.

Love finds its joy in sowing. Self finds its pleasure in getting. Love gets the things for which self seeks, and with the same spirit in which it sowed, while self loses the things for which it labored and its own well-being into the bargain. "He that findeth his life shall lose it." Each one of us is absolutely necessary to the economy of the universe. Every drop in the ocean is necessary to the whole. If we do our work in life thoroughly, and in the right spirit, happiness is absolutely certain. A complete realization of the necessity of our lives of service would go far toward dissipating the dense cloud of discontent that envelops so many. It is not in our power to demand this from others, but each one of us can do it for himself. Happy is the man who obeys the voice that is silent.

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THE HEAVEN-DEFYING MIND.

BY A. B. CURTIS, PH.D.

No man in history is more maligned when alive and more honored when dead than the one who defies high heaven in the interest of some great truth. The grandest character in classic drama is Prometheus. The only perfect man in Hebrew story is Job. And both these men owed their greatness to the fact that they defied heaven and brought down new truth from the clouds. Says Shelley:

> "By heaven-defying minds,
> Thought on thought is piled till some great truth
> Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
> Shaken to their roots."

As a matter of fact, all the great religions somewhere accord the highest honors to the man who defies the gods, provided only he defies on the authority of an enlightened conscience and a broad, free sympathy with humanity. "Good men must not obey the laws too well," said Emerson. Our English Bibles make Job say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" but what he really did say, as a biblical scholar in Dr. Lyman Abbott's *Outlook* has recently informed us, was this, addressed to his would-be comforters:

> "Be silent; let me alone, and speak I will,
> Let what may come upon me.
> Wherefore do I take my flesh in my teeth
> And put my life in my hand.
> Behold, He may slay me; I may not hope;
> But my ways will I maintain to His face."

Job's defiance was, after all, the highest obedience. As one pregnant passage, if literally translated, informs us, God was playing the Devil with Job for a season; and it was not the

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highest God—the God of justice and of love—that Job was defying at all, but the ignoble God of man's own fabricating. To the God of heaven and to the voice of his own conscience Job was always obedient. The author of the Book of Job intends that we shall take this view of it, for he is at pains to tell us that it was the Devil, not God, who hurled the thunderbolts at Job and sent the black leprosy upon him. The man of Uz was defying the "God" who leaves his tools of torture about where evil spirits can find and use them.

Even more defiant language than any Job used is that which Prometheus hurled at Jove:

"Fiend, I defy thee! With a calm, fixed mind,
All that thou canst inflict I bid thee do.
Foul Tyrant both of gods and humankind,
One only being shalt thou not subdue!
Rain then thy plagues upon me here,
Ghastly disease and frenzying fear,
And let alternate frost and fire
Eat into me, and be thine ire—
Lightning and cutting hail and legioned forms
Of furies driving by upon the wounding storms.

"Ay, do thy worst! Thou art omnipotent:
O'er all things but thyself I gave thee power—
Thyself and my own will. Are thy swift mischiefs sent
To blast mankind from his ethereal tower?
Then I curse thee. Let a sufferer's curse
Clasp thee, his torturer, like remorse,
Till thine infinity shall be
A robe of envenomed agony,
And thine omnipotence a crown of pain
To cling like burning gold round thy disordered brain!"

The same Prometheus, who thus defies Jove because he was punished for having snatched fire from the gods, that shivering and starving man might have wherewith to warm himself and cook his food, was in reality, despite his defiance, obedient to the highest wisdom. It is not without justice that he is made the hero of classic songs and dramas in the poetry of many nations.

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There is an obedience that is strong and good, and there is another obedience that is weak and servile. Jesus asked for—longed for—the obedience of friends, not of slaves. When he sent his disciples forth to do his work, it was as friends and equals.

A few weeks ago a jury, after being out nineteen hours, brought in a verdict of "not guilty" in the case of a man who had falsified the books of one of our first national banks. The books of the institution showed overdrafts of $100,000. Why was the culprit adjudged innocent? Because the president and cashier of the bank had ordered him to falsify the books, and he obeyed a command he knew before God was wrong.

The middle of last May two apartment-houses in process of construction in New York City collapsed, killing six men. One workman complained to the builder that not enough lime was being used in the mortar—that when dry it would crumble like sand. "Go right ahead with your work," said the builder, "and never mind the mortar." Another workman complained that the foundation was insecure. "Fill it in with concrete, then," was the reply. The walking delegate of the bricklayers' union, knowing that a collapse was imminent, left the building five minutes before the catastrophe occurred, without a word to anybody. He said he had no orders to demand that the men stop work and flee.

This is the obedience of slaves, not of friends and equals. So also was that of Rear-Admiral Markham, in the memorable event of June 22, 1893, when his obedience to the command of Admiral Tryon sent the "Victoria" to the bottom of the Mediterranean with four hundred and fifty British soldiers aboard. The court-martial passed no censure upon Markham, though by his own confession he knew that to obey would be to send his man-of-war, the "Camperdown," into the broadside of Tryon's battle-ship. All the court-martial dared to say was this: "Markham would have been justified had he refused to obey."

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Such obedience as this is not obedience at all, because it is not intelligent, nor sympathetic, nor humane. God asks from us only reasonable service. Away with the patriotism that says, "My country, right or wrong!" Away with the religion that is blind to its own vices! "Will you turn liars for God?" exclaims Job in amazement to his friends. Alas, there are a great many men in the world who are only too willing to lie and steal and kill for God!

I wish some first-rate author would dramatize the story of Abraham, and, instead of an Abraham willing to obey the inhuman command to kill his own son, give us a character strong enough to defy the Deity who could think of such a sacrifice.

I am about to make a third quotation from Shelley, and before doing so I wish to interject here, by way of an aside, that a distinguished orthodox clergyman of England has just published a book on "Faith and Doubt in the Century's Poets;" and this is what he says of Shelley: "Heretic, yes, and anarchist! Yet would that we had to-day his passion for liberty, for justice, for truth; would that we had his faith in the purity, the beauty, the holiness of the unseen Power that pervades and sustains the world!" It was this same Shelley who said:

> "Obedience,
> Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
> Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
> A mechanized automaton."

The old bondage to law, human or divine, and the new independence, find their true solution in the higher unity revealed by Jesus. "I call you no more servants, but friends."

THE whole course of modern civilization tends to establish the proposition that the People is the source of all authority; and Society, to use the words of Abraham Lincoln, is seeking to solve the problem how the government of the people by the people for the people may be made most thorough and most efficient.—*Westminster Review.*

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THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.

BY FRANK D. MITCHELL.

This is one of those deep problems that for thousands of years have been puzzling the mind of man. Philosophers, sages, prophets, religious teachers, to say nothing of "ordinary mortals," have pondered it almost from the dawn of history; but the practical results proclaim that, so far their labor has been in vain—that all their fine-spun theories about perfect gods hampered by the imperfection of material, limited gods, coexistent evil powers or "devils," karmas, etc., have left the world little the better for their existence. Some thinkers, it is true, have been clear-sighted enough to get a fuller and truer insight into the matter; but they have been all too few for the good of the race. Poets, however, have long been singing that "evil is good unrecognized;" and theories based on psychology, proclaiming that a contrast is required in order that we may learn to know the good, and that the so-called "struggle with evil" develops character, are rapidly increasing in number and saving thousands from deadening belief in a philosophy of despair. Back of all its "Eddyisms," Christian Science stands as a vigorous protest against the reality of evil; and in this aspect at least it is worthy of commendation.

The truth of the matter is, there is not and cannot be any such reality as *evil* anywhere. If we postulate an immanent and *omnipresent* Power altogether good by nature, then it is absurd to talk of evil. But many have not risen to this exalted conception, or, having it presented to them, have denied the power of reason to solve the problem—seeing only the evil; and, knowing that it and a Deity omnipresent and infinitely good were irreconcilable, they have made bold to deny the

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existence of such a God. But faith is often as necessary to a philosopher as to a Methodist minister; and the man that takes refuge in agnosticism, from a struggle with questions not at once self-evident, has too little confidence in his reason and his intuition, and too little faith in those higher realities of whose verity true philosophy offers so many proofs. If he cannot overcome his difficulty the trouble is in himself, not in his philosophy; he lacks the faith and insight to see through the mists that are so apt to cloud the understanding.

Here, however, as so frequently elsewhere, there are serious obstacles along the true path. Especially is this the case when we come down from the abstract to the concrete, and change from the general statement that "all is good" to some specific instance where an apparently atrocious crime is to be proved consistent with the broader principle. Many religions and philosophies tell their devotees that all *must* be good; but, if the direct question be put to the believers, their belief is found to be vague and contradictory—they shrink from declaring that the sensational crimes reported in the daily newspapers are for the ultimate good of the universe. But, unless we can prove this, atheism is logically our only refuge; for there is no middle ground. And when we take a broader view of the question we are enabled to see that divine Justice is never in error. The broad truths contained in the laws of evolution and attraction furnish the key to the solution. Let us now see what light they can give on this perplexing problem.

First, let us consider the matter in connection with the wrong-doer—say a murderer. If we accept the doctrine of evolution, and with it its necessary complement the law of re-incarnation, we can with their aid trace the evolving soul from the lowest forms of the animal kingdom along through many successive lives until gradually the stage of tiger life, say, is reached. Now, I do not think that anybody has ever claimed that a tiger does wrong in killing a deer for breakfast—such an idea would be at once laughed down as absurd and con-

futed with the simple statement that such is the law according to which Nature has fashioned the tiger's being; that therefore the tiger cannot do otherwise than he does, and so is not doing wrong. But the same law must hold good all through the universe; for no affirmation that requires limitation can be the ultimate statement of a natural law. The man, then, who takes a human life does so by the law of his nature—in the course of his incomplete evolution he has not yet "worked out the tiger," as we say. But, if this is the case, it is folly to expect him to act like those who, having reached a higher stage, so unthinkingly condemn him. We must not judge others by ourselves, else we are almost sure to wrong them.

But even without accepting the doctrine of reincarnation, which for one reason or another seems unpleasant to many persons, we may reach the same result. When one contemplates a certain deed or course of action, there is always at least one alternative course and sometimes several; the choice lies between doing or not doing the thing in mind or doing something else. The circumstances may be such that only one course seems possible, but that is not so much the result of the situation itself as of the individual's peculiar mentality; for some one else might consider another course the only one. Now, no matter how long it may take to decide, or how great the struggle, or how numerous the changes of plan, once the decision has been finally made it is an index to the individual's character and degree of evolution. As there are reasons for and against each course, the choice represents what the chooser, with his own particular capacity for apprehending universal law, thinks best for him. Even if the man is crazy it does not alter the case; for, while his reasons are not such to us, yet since his mind works according to altered laws they are such to him. The selfish man takes the course most beneficial to his selfish interests, because that is the highest he can really grasp. The avenger kills his victim because it is of more consequence to him that his hate should have satisfaction than

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that his enemy should live. We may say that he knew better —that he had been trained from youth, perhaps, by a pious mother, to regard the rights of his fellows. But all knowledge must come from within, and unless the pupil has that within him, as a product of his previous evolution, which responds to such instruction, it is a waste of time to try to teach him. His intellect and his reason may approve, but, however much he *thinks* he knows, he lacks knowledge; for the true test of knowledge is life, and unless his instruction goes to the shaping of his life it has not passed into knowledge.

We talk of the "moral law," and say that he *ought* to have acted according to the higher motive; but the higher motive is beyond the murderer, as it is beyond the tiger, and we only betray limitation and ignorance by such talk. Who, pray, but the person himself can be a sufficient judge of what course ought to be pursued? Who else can understand how much of universal law he has made his own, or the motives that ought to sway him? An archangel would undoubtedly have followed the higher path; but to say that the priest and the Levite ought to have played the good Samaritan is to ignore evolution and declare that the tiger ought to be an angel right away. All about us we find innumerable provisions of Nature to prevent that undue haste in evolution which seems so necessary to those who look at it from the faulty standpoint of modern commercialism; and shall we thinkers ignore these safeguards and try to rush ourselves and everybody else from animals to angels all at once?

But, you will say, is it right that universal Law should allow the criminal to inflict such sufferings on innocent persons who never did him any harm, perhaps never saw him? This question is usually regarded as answerable only in the negative, and is the favorite weapon of the atheist. But the New Thought teaches a certain law called *attraction;* and, as already said, this law, if it has any real application at all, must hold good everywhere. "The Absolute alone is unconditioned;"

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but the converse, the Unconditioned alone is absolute, is equally true. This law, then, must apply, however hard it may seem to us to apply it or however repugnant to a false charity. The victim of each special atrocity is picked out in accordance with divine Law as the particular victim of that particular atrocity, and no other victim would answer and no other suffering would be equally effective in the special case. Unless we would deny all Providence, all causation, all justice, we must believe this; and, once we accept it and test cases with it, we find its justice if we have insight enough—otherwise we must be content to trust. Scarcely any one can look back to the misfortunes that even ten years ago he considered unjust without seeing that they could not well have been otherwise without working injury to himself or others; and this fact is recognized almost everywhere in the "hindsight." Why not, then, apply it on a larger scale, and trust that what we are unable to understand now will become clearer when we have more experience and hence more knowledge to guide us—even if not until the time when all our past existences lie before us like a book, and we can interpret each one in the light of the succeeding ones?

To some persons all this may seem mere fatalism; but this is only because they have not yet learned to take a larger view of human life and to look below the surface for Truth, even as they would for gold. Many in the old school of thought deny even so demonstrable a doctrine as evolution, and say that to accept it would be to deny God and reduce all to chaos; but is not the chaos in such cases purely subjective? So must it be in other cases, and from the same evident reason, namely, a development insufficient to allow a grasp of the laws of the Infinite. If such is our condition, our only course is trust, doubt, or denial. The choice lies entirely with the individual.

NEITHER in a church, nor in a book, nor in a person, rests the seat of ultimate authority; but each must find it for himself in the divine voice within his heart.—*Richard Armstrong.*

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ACTION AND REACTION.

BY N. M. ZIMMERMAN.

"Let this first be established—that I am a part of the whole which Nature governs; next, that I am intimately related to the parts which are of the same kind as myself."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Every entity is related to every other. Every object in Nature is bound to the objects that surround it by invisible threads of relationship. Insect, tree, star, sun, angel, devil, man—all are intimately related because they are the parts of one Whole. Here is the key to knowledge. The Whole is beyond the scope of comprehension, but the fragments lie spread out before us.

Taste, weigh, measure, reflect; for in every leaf and grass-blade a secret lies hidden. The creation of a pea is enveloped in a mystery equal to that of the solar system or the genesis of man. Learn the entire secret hidden in any object, and you will have solved the mystery of the universe. But he that only observes is forever baffled by form, color, and texture of integument.

The essence of things comes out in action. A living organism when in action reveals at once a part of the secret. Man reveals a phase of his nature in his every act, and the reaction teaches him a fraction of universal law. Act, then, your part in the drama of life; for thus only may you learn the law of harmony and fit yourself for a higher sphere of action. Build a home, get married, run for office, and engage in manufacture, commerce, or war; but all the while bear in mind that you are Nature's pupil and that you are seeking to solve the secret of life and to learn the law of being. Go forward; fear nothing. Labor and suffering are the price of knowledge, and no other tender will purchase it. Toil and tears, war, strife,

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cyclone, blizzard, friction, fire—these are among the educators of the soul. Man was scorched by the sun, chilled by the frost, drenched by the rain, and scratched by thistle and thorn; he hungered and thirsted, loved and hated, lusted and lied: but at length he learned that action and reaction are equal. And he that comprehends this law is master of his own fate, and can transform a pandemonium into a paradise of harmony.

The universe pays every man in his own coin: if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and Nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth. Censure, criticize, and hate, and you will be censured, criticized, and hated by your fellow-men. Every seed brings forth after its kind. Mistrust begets mistrust; jealousy begets jealousy; hatred begets hatred. And confidence begets confidence; kindness begets kindness; love begets love. Resist and you will be resisted. To meet the aggressive assault, every entity rises up rigid and impenetrable—while yonder mountain of granite melts and floats away on the bosom of the river of *love*. Lie to your brothers and you will be lied to and deceived by them. But if you love truth, and stoop never to deception, you will be believed and confided in; and Nature will reveal to you the secrets of the sages.

All things are won by wooing; and the loving truth-seeker will one day be the bridegroom of the universe.

I THINK people are often ready to suppose that their bodily condition is the cause of their spiritual discomfort, when it may be only the occasion upon which some inward lack reveals itself. That the spiritual nature should be incapable of meeting and sustaining the body in its troubles is of itself sufficient to show that it is not in a satisfactory condition.—*George Macdonald.*

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RIP VAN FOSSIL:

A Medical Tragedy.

BY FRED DEEM.

(II.)

But—to resume our tale once more—
Rip waked, as we said before.
For England he at once set out
To find a man much talked about—
Tom Willis, famed o'er land and sea,
Iatro-chemist and M.D.
This doctor looked his patient o'er,
And asked some questions—three or four;
Then made him work his joints to see
How stiff they were. At last said he:
"My friend, by careful diagnosis
I find you have the syneurosis!"
With horror on his face depicted,
Rip cried: "Oh! am I thus afflicted?
Will it be fatal, do you know?
That dreadful name appalls me so
It makes my heart go dreadful fast!
How long, now think you, will I last?"

"Ahem!" said Willis, "I can cure
Your great infirmities, I'm sure.
I know enough of Nature's laws
To understand disease's cause.
All things created—great and small,
Living and inorganic, all—

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Consist of three prime elements
Which, learn I by experiments,
Are sulphur, salt, and spirit; these
By wrong proportions cause disease.
This much have I explained to show
That you may trust me; for I know
What I'm about. I make no guesses,
Nor give experimental messes.
I understand the laws of cure;
I'm scientific—therefore sure."

O Science! what absurdity,
What wild fantastic theory,
What foolishness, what sheer nonsense,
What notion void of common sense,
Has found no champion or friend—
Among those who thy cause defend—
Who, by the use of thy great name,
Substantiates his senseless claim?
What truth is ever brought to light
That thy apostles do not fight,
And prove that it is false because
In conflict 'tis with Nature's laws?
And when the future throws away
The wisdom of the present day,
And looks back with a pitying sneer
On some idea *now* held dear,
Will men ironic say, "This view
Was scientific—hence untrue?"

So Willis filled a gallon jug
With some vile-smelling bitter drug:
Told Rip to take a hearty "pull"
Each hour—at least a teacupful.
Rip handed Willis out his pay,
Picked up his jug and limped away.

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He tasted it, and made a frown;
'Twas nasty, but he gulped it down.
It hurt his stomach and his head—
Made him so sick he went to bed;
But it affected not his knees,
Nor from his aches and pains gave ease.

So Rip concluded his best plan
Would be to try some other man.
And patiently, from year to year,
He doctored there and doctored here.
To Sydenham poor Rip did go
(English Hippocrates, you know).
He did not theorize nor talk,
But *bled* Rip till he scarce could walk.
He then tried Loche, Friend, Mead, and Cole.
But none of them could make him whole.
To Hermann Boerhaave he appealed,
But by that Dutchman was not healed;
Then went to Hoffman for relief—
That doctor with the strange belief
That with our breath there comes into us
An ether which is spread clear through us
And in the brain accumulates,
And there the "pneuma" generates.
This curious system, he maintained,
Disease and health and life explained.
But, in spite of all his theories,
He couldn't cure Rip's aching knees.

Our hero tried a dozen more—
And failed each time, as theretofore.
Heroic treatment he endured,
But he was neither killed nor cured.
They blistered him from neck to shin,
To draw his ills out through his skin;

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They lanced and tapped him every day
Until he nearly bled away.
And then with calomel they filled him,
Till Rip thought surely they had killed him.
And then they gave emetics, too—
Until the poor man almost threw
His stomach up, and liver too—
Until he thought without a doubt
He'd turn completely inside out.
And then they made him sweat and sweat
Until his clothes were wringing wet—
To make his pores all open wide
And wash his aches and ills outside.
The man was physicked, drugged, and pilled,
And scores of times was almost killed.
And if the doctors wished to see
Th' effect of some new remedy,
They tried it on old Rip—and he
Just let them make th' experiment,
And charged the doctors not a cent
For being practised on that way;—
In fact, Rip was the one to pay!

(He tried them all without avail.
The strangest part of this strange tale
Is that a man could be so filled
With medicine and not be killed
A dozen times ere this; but then
If they had killled and buried him
This pen would scratch him out again,
Because we need him by and by
And can't afford to let him die:
Though one who has been doctored so
Should have, by rights, died long ago.)

Rip got discouraged now and then

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And slept for some eight years or ten—
Then went to doctoring again.
At last he tried John Brown, M.D.
"I understand your case," said he,
"And from your ills will set you free.
According to my theoree,
The power of every remedee,
And life and health, are shown to be
Dependent on the propertee
Known as excitabilitee.
In sthenic ills I just deplete,
But when asthenic ills I treat
I stimulate with good beef tea—
And that is what you need, I see."

Rip swallowed this without a frown,
And mentally he blessed John Brown
For not prescribing drugs and pills
That hurt him worse than did his ills.
As he was not now drugged so bad,
A chance to stronger grow he had.
(His former treatment made him weak
So that at times he scarce could speak.)
But Doctor Brown's good soups and teas
All failed to limber up his knees.
So to himself Rip said: "The time
For healing maladies like mine
Is in the future. I must let
The science make more progress yet,
Till doctors understand disease,
And then I'll have good healthy knees."
So in a lonely cave he crept,
And for another season slept.

When three and thirty years went by,
Rip wakened. With a heavy sigh,

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Once more his search for help began;
And when he heard of Hahnemann,
Who founded Homeopathy,
He did not stop nor rest until he
Met that great Dutchman face to face
And him employed to tend his case.
This doctor asked Rip to explain
His *symptoms*—where he felt the pain.
"That's all I care to know," said he;
"I disregard anatomy,
Care nothing for pathology,
And wouldn't give a dozen straws
To understand disease's cause.
I'll say this, though: most chronic ills
Are caused by itch, or drugs and pills.
The old-school theory's quite amiss;
'Tis *curantur contrariis*.
It's out of date. The one for us
Is *curantur similibus;*
Which means, whatever will cure you,
Should any well man take it too,
He would get sick with your disease
And suffer with rheumatic knees—
Although 'twould make *you* be at ease.
Then after that, if each took more,
The other man it would restore
And you would be made lame again.
I trust my meaning now is plain.
You see, I know the laws of cure;
I'm scientific—therefore sure.
Now I will fix a remedy,
To heal you of your malady.
I'll triturate these powders here,
And they will cure you, never fear."

Some powders then he measured out—

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A teaspoonful or thereabout;
He put them in a gallon bucket
And filled it full of flour and shook it,
And pounded it, and mixed and stirred,
And stirred and mixed. And not one word
Had he to say. At last he quit,
Dipped out a teaspoonful of it
And put it in another bucket,
Poured in more flour, and then he shook it,
And pounded it, and stirred and mixed;
And when he thought he had it fixed
He took a spoonful out once more
And mixed it up as heretofore.
Ten times this process was repeated;
Then he declared it was completed.
The powders, lost in so much flour,
Could ne'er be found by chemist's power.
A ghostly thought of something past
Was all the flour contained at last.

"The power," said he, "is very great
Of drugs that I attenuate.
These powders mixed so thoroughly
Have great potentiality.
I'll make these into tiny pills
And they will surely cure your ills.
Take only two a day—no more;
They're far too strong to swallow four."

So Rip Van took two pills a day
For several months; but, strange to say,
His aches and pains remained the same,
And when he walked he still was lame.

One time a little girl, at play,
Saw where he'd put his pills away.

She tasted one and found it good—
Concluded they were meant for food;
And, sitting down upon the floor,
She ate about a pint or more.
Just then Rip chanced to come along,
And, seeing what was going on,
He stopped in horror at the sight;
His wrinkled face grew deadly white;
He cried: "These homeopathic pills
Will give the child my aches and ills!
She'll have rheumatic knees now, sure,
Because that's what they're made to cure!"
In greatest haste he sent a man
To bring him Doctor Hahnemann—
To save her from the dreadful fate
That homeopathic pills create.
And when the doctor came and found
The child as yet was well and sound,
He said that he would cure her quick
Before the pills could make her sick.
Of old Rip's pills he took one more
(Same kind she ate a while before),
And said, "My child, take this one too,
And it the mischief will undo."
The girl obeyed, and one pill more
Was sent to meet those gone before.
And thus the child was cured instanter
By his *similibus curantur*.

But Rip Van's sickness was the same—
He still was aching, stiff, and lame,
Despite the powerful remedy
Of th' Head of Homeopathy.
And so, the poor old cripple thought,
The help that he so long had sought
Had not yet been discovered then,

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And he would have to sleep again
And let them make experiments
With drugs and pills and liniments
On all the invalids they found,
Till they were well—or under ground.
Then they could get a fresh supply
Of men on whom their drugs to try—
Till by repeated trials they could
Tell what to give to do most good,
And knowledge gain at patients' cost
By those they saved and those they lost—
Till they could tell for certain, sure,
Which drugs would kill and which would cure.
When *that* time came, he would awake
And some new remedy would take,
And thus his long-lost health would find.
In fact, poor Rip made up his mind
That he was tired of having them
Advance by making trials on him,
And he would let them practise on
Some other folks while he was gone.
Physicians could experiment
On others to their hearts' content;
And, having learned on other men,
Why—he would let them cure *him* then.

Withdrawing from the haunts of men,
Our hero went to sleep again.
The years passed at their usual rate
Till eighteen hundred eighty-eight.

O sleepy Rip, awake, awake!
Do hurry up, for goodness' sake!
For knowledge has been growing fast—
Your time has surely come at last—
And Science, with just cause and pride,

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Has moved ahead with rapid stride.
The doctors have in years by-gone
Had multitudes to practise on;
And thus by oft-repeated trials
They understand what's in their vials:
And very easy then 'twill be
From your disease to set you free!
So Rip, awaking, stiff and sore,
Began his search for help once more.
He tried a year without avail;
Then for America he set sail.
All invalids then had the "grip,"
And *that*, of course, was what ailed Rip.
(Whoe'er was sick, no matter how,
At that time had the "grip." But *now*
They all have microbes; and, dear me,
I wonder what it next will be!)
Rip doctored for six months or so,
But couldn't make his "grip" let go.
To this conclusion, then, he came—
That 'twas not "grip" that made him lame,
But, just as he had thought before,
Plain rheumatism—nothing more.
A host of liniments he tried,
And various kinds of salves applied:
He rubbed on Gizzard Oil awhile,
Gave Fatkin's Liniment a trial,
Broadway's Ready Relief applied,
And many great pain-killers tried;
Payne's Liniment, and Silver Seal,
Magnetic Ointment, flax-seed meal,
Arnica, and iodine,
Mustard draughts, and turpentine;
Snakefield's Egypt Liniment,
Peruna—this and that ointment;
An onion poultice on the skin,

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Bread poultices applied within;
And gin,
Old rye,
Eel-skin,
Buck-eye,
Coal oil, and cajuput;
And rabbit's foot
In pocket put;
A hairless dog to pet;
And Chamberlayne's
Balm for pains;
And ointments made by Shakers,
And Indians,
And Mexicans,
And Chinese physic-makers;
He tried what Fierce's Cure would do,
And Lydia Pluckhim's Compound, too,
And scores of salves I cannot name,
But, spite of all, was stiff and lame;
Tho' each was warranted to cure:
Was scientific—therefore sure.

While Rip was hobbling on his way,
An almanac he found one day.
He opened it—with care he read.
"Eureka! Found at last!" he said.
"I've found the long-sought information—
A scientific explanation
Of rheumatism's cause and cure!
I'll have my health restored now sure!"
The kidneys, it went on to state,
Are organs to eliminate
An acid from the system; so,
As anybody ought to know,
If they to do their duty fail
It leaves an acid to assail

The joints—and this produces pain.
All salves and liniments are vain;
For they are rubbed upon the skin,
While all the trouble is within.
The only thing to take that's sure
Is Warmer's Safe Rheumatic Cure.
It heals by getting at the cause—
In harmony with Nature's laws.
Some testimonials followed there;
The following is a sample fair:

"New York, June seven, 'eighty-eight.
"To suffering men,
"I wish to state
That I the rheumatism had
Until I grew so very bad
That I could scarcely drink or eat,
Nor could I use my hands and feet:
When Doctor Warmer's Cure I found,
Four gallons made me well and sound.
I recommend it heartily.
Yours,
"J. A. SMITH, A.M., M.D."

"O Gee!"
Said he,
"That's scientific!
I'll be
Made free
By this specific.
No doubt
'Twill rout
What is morbific;
So sure
A cure
Must be vivific!"
Without delay did Rip procure
Six bottles of this wondrous cure.

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Ah, that was what he'd sought so long!
His expectations were so strong,
On taking one dose he declared
He felt much better, and prepared
A testimonial to tell
How fast he now was getting well,
By this cure, when all others failed.
This letter Rip Van straightway mailed
And sent his photograph beside,
And it was published far and wide.

Before a week had gone, alack!
His troubles every one came back.
Despite the medicine he'd take,
His poor old joints did pain and ache.
The stuff did not relieve his pain—
He had to give it up as vain.

(*To be continued.*)

MEMORY accelerates life and lengthens it. How a short period can be made a long one by a diversity of subjects being presented to us worth remembering, we all know. So a person of quick perception to behold and memory to secure will be possessed of something of which a slower man, having the same experience, may be altogether unconscious of. What a convenience and resource is memory! To have what is needed always on demand! It was said of a German professor that he was a third university; he carried a whole library in his head.—*Emerson.*

IT is character that rules in nations, as in individuals. Only in loyalty to the old can we serve the new; only in understanding of the past can we interpret and use the present: for history is not made, but unfolded, and the Old World is ever present in the New.—*Benj. Ide Wheeler.*

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FEAR OF THE LIGHT.

THE paper by Professor George D. Herron, which appears as the leading article in the present issue of MIND, is an address delivered by him before the Christian Societies of Iowa College at the last annual commencement. Professor Herron has held the chair of Applied Christianity in this institution for over six years. The chair was endowed with the direct understanding that he should occupy it, and that he should teach with perfect freedom what he believed to be the great fundamental truths of Christianity as taught by its Founder. But, it seems, this mammon-worshiping generation does not want that kind of Christianity. The fanciful and theoretical Christianity, which deals essentially with past conditions and future states, is evidently what the worshipers of the golden calf want, not an applied Christianity of the present. The Pharisees, therefore, have exerted all their influence, through both press and pulpit, to discredit Professor Herron's teachings, and have taken every available means to belittle his work.

The funds necessary to carry on the business of the College have not been forthcoming, and his presence in the institution has been doubtless the sole cause of the deficiency. We understand that the number of students has increased, and that recently there has been a larger attendance at Professor Herron's class-lectures than ever before; but, after all, it is *money* that counts in this age—principle is at a discount. And Professor Herron, realizing the position of the College in relation to the moneyed interests, has resigned the chair of Applied Christianity and has succeeded in persuading the generous donor to allow the endowment to remain for the use of the institution.

Professor Herron's resignation will doubtless be construed as

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another victory for the money-worshipers; but such victories are absolutely barren of results. He will only go forth into a larger freedom, where his power and influence will be felt to a far greater degree than they ever have been. He will not be hampered even by the thought that it is necessary for the "welfare of the College" to withhold anything that will make for righteousness on earth.

It will be seen by a perusal of Professor Herron's paper that he believes in a *vital* religion; that the great truths of life should be demonstrated here and now; that humanity is one; that the love and power and wisdom of the great Whole flow through each part, so that each soul, each life, is related to Omnipotence, and through realizing this becomes essentially one therewith. Professor Herron shows that, through casting away or leaving behind the vain theologies, traditions, and superstitions of the past, God may become a living presence in every human life; that heaven may be realized on earth; that true manhood can come only as the real freedom of life is recognized; that freedom is essential to the highest growth and development; that there is a law of the *spirit* of life, as made manifest by Jesus, which frees the soul from sin and death, giving it the power at will to lay down and to take up its own life. He thoroughly believes with the apostle Paul that all may—nay, but that all *shall*—attain to the measure of the fulness of the stature of Christ.

Believing, then, that all are sons of God—that there is one universal brotherhood—he contends that the natural gifts of God to man should not be withheld by any man, or by any body of men, to the detriment of others; that every good and every perfect gift is from God; that He intended that they should be like the sun, which shines for all, or the rain, which "falls alike on the just and on the unjust." And this is the pernicious doctrine for teaching which Professor George D. Herron has had to give up his chair of Applied Christianity in Iowa College, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-nine!

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STILLNESS.

Our noblest deeds of love to humanity are not trumpeted to the world. They need no winged messengers to carry them before us—no outriders to proclaim their coming. They need no advertising and no labeling, for they have the invisible touch of the divine hand that leads us, silent and hidden, in the building of our character.

Our greatest growth, our greatest achievements, and our greatest victories are not external. No eye sees them; no ear hears them; no pen records them; no banner unfurls them. They are silent and secret within our souls; but they are the root that supplies the power to do and to be. It is the root that gives life for growth, budding, and fruitage.

The secret communion with the Invisible, the silent touch of the Divine that reveals to us our power to overcome—this is the victory of our life. Alone in the silence, without an onlooker to see our temptations, our struggles, our failures, or our triumphs, no sword can pierce its depth and no pen can record its height. But the invisible hand of memory paints it on the secret walls of the chamber of our souls, where it hangs for us to acknowledge the hand of divine leadership.

The source of all life's forces, which build our character in silence and in power, is hidden from all outside view. No noise, no clatter of worldly activity, no publicity, but our good thoughts, words, and deeds are engraven on the heart of the recipient—finer than the engraver's steel; so fine that none but the giver and the receiver know, so small and yet so great, so humble and yet so noble, so silent and yet so powerful!

The molding of ourselves is a mystery even to us—that we have the power to master to-day what we thought impossible yesterday; and our power will come when the great crisis of our soul life is reached—when it is needed the soul takes no denial, but says, "I will not let thee go!" And the experience—the victory then gained in the silent, deep struggle—is the fruition, nay, the presence of God. Push on, O determined soul; for the masterful power within you that never swerves from the one great purpose of your life will win! Faint not in the race for understanding; for wisdom you shall receive!

FLORA P. HOWARD.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.*

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"Come thou, dear Prince; oh, come to us this holy Christmas time! Come to the busy marts of earth, the quiet homes, the noisy streets, the humble lanes; come to us all, and with thy love touch every human heart, that we may know that love, and in its blessed peace bear charity to all mankind!"—*Eugene Field.*

A STAR.

One night as I sat at my window, looking up at the millions of stars in the heavens, the winter wind came whispering through the sloping branches of the pine-trees and told this story to me.

In the infinite universe the worlds and suns travel in great pathways, the worlds revolving round and round suns, the suns round greater suns, and all circle about a mighty center where there is no form—only light: a great, dazzling, wonderful light such as mortals never have seen, nor can even imagine.

A long, long way from this mighty Center speeds the Earth round the sun—not a great sun, though to the beings living on the little Earth this sun seems the greatest glory of the universe; for through it they live. As it gives light, so it gives life to the Earth and the other worlds that travel round it—covering them with growing things, filling their hollows with sparkling waters, and giving the Breath of Life to the living, breathing things upon them; for each sun is a ray of light from that Center of Light that creates all things.

Take a violin in your hands. The strings are mute; but you draw a bow across the strings and set them a-quivering, and this

* NOTE.—The matter that appears in this Department this month was intended for the December issue. But the extraordinary demands on our space, found necessary for a thorough presentation of the proceedings of the International Metaphysical League Convention, compelled us to omit from our last number not only this Department but the fifth article of Mr. Stewart's series on "The Esoteric Art of Living" and the second instalment of Mr. Deem's satirical poem. As this issue is published before Christmas Day, however, we trust our young friends will find the Yuletide stories and poems of timely interest and suggestiveness.—ED.

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motion makes a sound of music. Thus each planet, as it whirls through space, produces by its motion a mighty tone, one single note of music, each world giving forth a different note, and all these tones blending in a wondrous chord of music sounding forever and forever through the endless space—"the music of the spheres."

It was not so long ago that this little Earth sent forth a minor tone—a sad, uncertain note that was drowned in the great music-sounds from other and greater worlds. Many, many ages the Earth crept on with its wailing tone. But a time came when the Divine Center of Light sent out into space a Star, pure and white, and shining with a vast radiance. And it fell and fell through millions of miles, until, at last, its course was stayed where its streaming light shone down upon the Earth and enveloped it in its glory. Then the sad minor tone changed to a joyous note that grew loud and sweet and sounded clear and certain and strong amidst the voices of the spheres.

A throb passed over the sea of whirling worlds and suns; for by that clear changing tone the "hosts of heaven" knew that God had shown Himself, and wrought His wondrous change upon another world. But the Earth's children named the Star *The Star of Bethlehem,* and its light that sank deep into their souls they called *Love.* F. P. P.

'TIS PLEASANT.

Oh, 'tis pleasant to see, when the spring comes on,
How the tiny buds unfold,
And to watch the couch of the setting sun,
With its curtains of crimson and gold!

And 'tis pleasant to roam in the summer-time
O'er the green and sunny hills,
To list to the joyous lay of the birds
And the song of the murmuring rills.

And 'tis pleasant to walk in the lonely woods,
When autumn has painted the leaves
With its varied hues as fair and bright
As the tissue the fairy weaves.

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And 'tis pleasant to sit on a winter's eve
By the side of a cheerful fire,
While the merry jest and the laugh go round,
And the jesters never tire.

But a joy more pure, a pleasure more sweet,
Than aught these seasons bestow,
Is to see that warm fireside on Christmas Eve,
With stockings all hung in a row—

Hung by the children on Christmas Eve,
With eyes so sparkling and bright,
Longing for morning to come soon and show
What Santa Claus brought in the night!

MARY M. CLARK.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

I suppose there is nothing in all the wide world we want so much as to be happy. But it's very difficult, sometimes, to find out what will make us happy. I even knew a lady to go on board a ship, and sail some four thousand miles away to a foreign land, because she thought she could surely find there something that would make her glad.

People are trying all sorts of ways to be happy. Now, dear children, doesn't this seem strange? You and I know that the dumb animals find it very easy to be glad. I don't know that my dog Bounce, or Puss, was ever anything but happy. Bounce never frowns, and sometimes he is so very glad, and he thinks I may not observe it; and so he wags his tail and gallops up and down the lawn as much as to say, "Do see how glad I am!"

Down by the stone wall, back of the house, there is a deep gully all shut in by tall trees, where a little stream once ran over the stones that formed its little river-bed. It is the loveliest spot imaginable for a summer's day, and I like to take my books and sit there and watch the little creeping and flying things. It is the liveliest, happiest place I was ever in. Does Ralph wonder what I found there? There are more birds than I know the names of, away up in the steeple-loft; for I call this my cathedral, because

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the tree-tops meet together in an arch like those in churches. And such music as there is in my cathedral! You would say every little bird was so glad that it just *had* to sing. Then there are great butterflies with wings of green and pale yellow, with lovely spots of red and brown and purple. There are beautiful brown and gold bugs, and spiders weaving lovely silken webs like silver lace; and there are happy little toads hopping about. In truth, I never see one least mite among all those pretty creatures that doesn't seem glad.

Fanny looks at me as if she wonders how I know this. Now, dear, you yourself would know, because if any little thing is full of animation, or life, then you may be sure it is happy. So, you see, Towser the dog, and Buffy the cat, and Brindle the cow, and Kitty the horse, are all happy because they are so full of animation.

I once saw a poor horse dragging so heavy a load that when it was taken to its stall in the barn it walked very slowly, as if it scarcely had any wish for supper. Now, it's very certain that the poor animal was unhappy; because it had been so overworked there wasn't much life in it. This is why we ought never to overwork a dumb animal, nor even speak unkindly to one.

The little insect that chirrups all the evening long and the fly that buzzes on the window-glass are happy just as God meant them to be. I never saw a cat or dog that seemed to *try* to be happy; did you? That wouldn't be natural; and so, when you or I try to be happy that spoils the whole thing, for God meant us to be happy without trying.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

LITTLE TED'S CHRISTMAS.

Little Ted, the newsboy, had a dream one winter's night—
Dreamed he of a Christmas-tree with candles blazing bright;
Dreamed he of old Santa Claus, with reindeer, and a sleigh
All loaded down with Christmas gifts from many miles away.

Dreamed he that the dear old Saint stole softly to him there,
And kissed each grimy little cheek and stroked the tangled hair.
A pleasant smile lit up his face, as, leaning o'er the bed,
Old Santa whispered half aloud: "This must be little Ted."

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And oh, so many gifts were brought and hung upon that tree,
Marked, "Little Ted, the newsboy," that he laughed with merry glee!
But as he laughed he woke to find that Santa Claus had gone;
And cheerless was his little heart that merry Christmas dawn.

But lo! his stockings that he'd hung upon his chamber door
Were weighted so with presents they had fallen to the floor;
While, hanging on the broken knob, he spied a little coat,
And, delving in its pockets, he brought forth this pretty note:

"These presents are for little Ted, from favored little friends;
And Santa Claus, along with them, his Christmas greeting sends."
And little Ted was happy then—the world seemed full of joy!
And there's a grateful heart within that lonely orphan boy.

FRED J. EATON.

CHUMS.

"Fido, me an' you is chums, ain't we?"

The small fox-terrier, who answered to that name, looked meditatively at the boy. Poor Fido felt that he had undergone many strange experiences. He had a vivid memory of being swung through life by his neck at the hands of the boy when the latter was a wee tot. And he had a recent recollection of being smuggled into a nice warm white bed one night, in spite of being wet and cold. It was very pleasant—but it wasn't one bit nice when Mother came to kiss the boy as he slept, and found Fido pressed close to the sweet rosy face; because he was banished to his box at the door—and how terribly cold his nose did get! Poor Fido couldn't exactly understand all this; for didn't he love the boy, in his dog-like way, just as much as the boy's mother did?

"Chums!"—to be sure they were chums; and Fido's stumpy tail thumped the floor in ready reply.

"Fido," continued the boy after a little silence, his chubby hands stuck deep in the "real pockets" in his trousers, "Fido, do you know my mother says you *smell bad?*"

Fido dropped his head.

"No, Fido; you needn't be afraid. I aint goin' to wash you

with the scrubbing brush—come here." Fido came. His little master's voice was comforting.

"Fido," said the boy, gravely, as he picked up a bottle of violet extract, "this don't smell half so good as you; but, you see, my mother likes it, because she puts it on herself. I'm goin' to stan' by you, because you and me is chums. An' now the weather is cold, it aint goin' to do for you to stay out." Here the dog dropped his head. He knew those words, "stay out." Then a cold, queer-smelling liquid was poured over him. Ugh! Fido and the boy waited patiently for it to dry. The room was heavy with the odor of violets.

A light step outside, and then a rush of two feet, followed by four faithful ones.

"O Mother! You needn't turn Fido out any more. He smells just like you!"

"Why, *boy!*"

"Yessum; I put your 'fumery on him."

"But, my boy!"

"Him and me is chums, an' I had to stan' up for him. He's jest a dog—but me an' him loves each other."

The snow fell softly, covering the pines and summer-green meadows with a warm white blanket. The snow ceased; and then the stars shone out—those guardian angels of the forests. A little fox-terrier, strongly violet-scented, lay curled up at the feet of the boy as he slept. Just a boy and a dog—but they were chums, you know. HARRIETTE E. WRIGHT.

THE SQUIRRELS.

When I went out to the Park, the other day, I took some nuts for the squirrels that ramble everywhere and seem to expect to be fed by any one who passes. Most of them would take the nut from my hand, hop off a little way, crack it and eat it up as quickly as possible. But there were two that seemed older than the others; they were larger and had a quiet, wise way about them that was quite different from the funny friskiness of the others. These two would take the nuts and turn them about in their tiny paws or lay them on the ground and nose them all over, eyeing them the while

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with their bright little bead-like eyes to see if there was a crack in them anywhere. If ever so little a one was found they would straightway make it bigger with their tiny sharp teeth, and pick out the kernel far faster than you or I could. But if they found the shell of the nut quite whole they would run away with it, far out of sight, among the bushes or up the trees, and in a minute they would come back again, empty handed, and sit up on their little flat hind feet and beg for more. Then I understood what they were doing as plainly as if they had told me in words. They know that now, as the green leaves have grown into all sorts of colors—yellow, and red, and warm brown—and have fallen to the ground, and that the snow may come any day and put everything asleep under its beautiful white cover, that it will hide from sight all the nuts as well. So they put many by for snow time.

You know the squirrels find a nice safe hollow among the tree-branches, or a hole in one of the limbs that a woodpecker used for its nest last year, or sometimes they take even a little crevice under one of the big gnarled roots, and there they hide the nuts for their winter dinners.

When I was little I used to climb up in the trees and peep into those curious storehouses; and often I took nuts with me, and left them there. The squirrels were never a bit afraid of me, and sometimes we would sit there and eat our nuts together—they on the edge of their little home nests and I on a branch beside them. Now, I can't follow them up to the tops of the trees any more, except in my thought—with thoughts to carry us, you know, we can go anywhere at any time—but we still feel very near to each other, the squirrels and I. If you don't know them very well already, introduce yourself with a handful of nuts, and see what dear little friends they will grow to be. A. L. H.

IN THE ROSE-GARDEN.

In the middle of a lovely rose-garden there was once a beautiful little lake. So clear were the waters that the fleecy clouds drifting above seemed to float again in a shining blue sky beneath. The wild birds lightly dipped their bright wings there, and

trilled merry greetings to their own reflected images. Gay butterflies and graceful dragon-flies hovered above it, and the fragrant roses bent lovingly over its banks. Throughout the quiet summer nights, when the moon and stars shone peacefully down upon the beautiful garden, they seemed to smile again from the depths of the little lake.

The good gardener, who tenderly cared for the lovely flowers, watched over the lakelet also. Never was a bit of dark drifting wood, a decaying leaf, or anything that could stain the pure waters, allowed to float on its clear surface. Even its basin was kept spotlessly clean and shining.

One bright morning, just as the lakelet mirrored a beautiful, rose-colored sunrise, a dear baby came to the home of the good gardener. The little one's eyes were as blue as the lakelet itself, and his tiny hands were soft and pink and crumpled like the half-blown roses.

Every sunny day the gardener carried the baby through the winding paths, among the dewy flowers. Soon the little one learned to stroke them gently with his soft fingers, and cooed lovingly to them in sweet baby language.

Spring after spring crowned the rose-trees with fresh pink buds. Autumn after autumn scattered their dainty petals on the flying south wind. And there was no longer a baby, but a child.

Oh, never was there so delightful a playground as the dear old rose-garden! The child ran joyously in and out of the shady paths, with many a gleeful laugh and merry shout. The birds and flowers were his playfellows. And his heart was as pure and clear and spotless as the little lake. If the wise gardener carefully tended the delicate plants and the tiny lake, how much more earnestly he guarded the heart of the child!

Beautiful thoughts came to the dear child as the birds and the butterflies came. Every flower breathed a lesson of grace and loveliness. Every little creeping thing was a miracle to his wondering eyes. Love filled his breast, almost to bursting, and overflowed in tenderness to all living creatures.

And so, the long happy days came and went in the old garden, and there were beauty and peace among the roses, in the bósom of the little lake, and in the heart of the child.

MARION E. PICKERING.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS. By Charles H. Chase. 405 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Charles H. Kerr and Company, publishers, Chicago.

This is a most valuable and timely volume. The author holds that there is a *science* of economics, and his aim is to present a foundation that will stand all the tests of scientific analysis and criticism. In this he has succeeded beyond doubt, for the truth of every axiom laid down is demonstrated to a degree that appeals most convincingly to the common sense and experience of the reader. At this time, when the exigencies of politics give rise to so many absurd statements having an alleged basis in economic truth, it is a distinct gain to popular knowledge to have the real principles presented in so clear and cogent a manner. And it is encouraging to find a volume that not only lacks the dryness that is common to most other works on economic subjects, but brings out so lucidly the great truth that individual happiness and prosperity are more or less dependent on the welfare of the community —universal justice. That politics has a moral side and economics a spiritual one is a truth that most theorists have yet to learn.

HELIOCENTRIC ASTROLOGY AND SOLAR MENTALITY. By Prof. Holmes W. Merton. 266 pp. Cloth, $1.50. David McKay, publisher, Philadelphia.

The well-known author of "Descriptive Mentality" presents in this beautifully illustrated volume the results of many years' research along original lines. It appeals not alone to those interested in astrological matters, but also to the astronomer, the occultist, and physiognomist—and it is especially commended to that army of "life readers" whose chief reliance is upon popular credulity and superstition. So far as hints as to the future and knowledge of one's self are obtainable from external sources and calculation, this book offers a method that borders very closely on the scientific. It is not the work of a dreamer, or a fanatic, but rather a presentation of truths that were more familiar to the ancients than to the scientists of our day. It is destined to become a classic among this sort of literature, for it merits the candid examination of every educated mind. J. E. M.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SATAN'S HOOF AND THE TWO WITCHES. By Eugénie R. Eliscu, M.D. 79 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston.

CONCENTRATION AND INSPIRATION. By Sara Thacker. 90 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Sacramento, Calif.

JANET; or, Christmas Stockings. By Louise Elise Gibbons. Cloth, 40 pp. Published by the author, New York.

MIND AND THOUGHT. By Alma Gillen. Boards and gilt, 64 pp. W. Isacke, publisher, 211 Edgware Road, London W., England.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF MENTAL SCIENCE. By Julius A. Dresser. Revised, with notes and additions, by H. W. Dresser. 63 pp. Paper, 20 cents. George H. Ellis, publisher, Boston.

RIGHT MARITAL LIVING. By Ida C. Craddock. 54 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Chicago.

THE ZODIAC OF THE HUMAN FACE. By J. B. Schmalz. Paper, 36 pp. Published by the author, Etowah, N. C.

SEVEN EASY LESSONS IN ASTROLOGY. By J. B. Sullivan. Second edition. 64 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Junto Book Company, publishers, Yonkers, N. Y.

TRUST THYSELF. Selections compiled by W. A. Rodman. Paper, 22 pp. Charles M. Eaton, publisher, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

IDEAL MOTHERHOOD. By Minnie S. Davis. 34 pp. Cardboard, gilt, 35 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers, New York and Boston.

LIFE: My Questionings. Poem. By Elizabeth M. F. Denton. 7 pp. Paper, 5 cents. Published by the author, Wellesley, Mass.

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MIND.

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MENTAL HEALTH AND DISEASE.

BY J. W. WINKLEY, M.D.

During recent years, in the medico-scientific world, many somewhat novel and broader conceptions of health and disease than those previously held have arisen. The nature, laws, and necessary conditions of health, on the one hand, are viewed differently in many respects than formerly; and, on the other hand, notions of disease, its nature and scope, its causes and cure, have materially changed. Fresh observations and a deeper study have been made of man himself, especially of his normal nature and power; also of the morbid deviations to which he is liable.

The very grave and extensive pathological evils that mankind suffer to-day, perhaps as never before, demand serious attention; while at the same time a better understanding of the conditions of health, in some directions, may well occasion rejoicing. This statement is truer of man's mental than of his bodily health and disease.

Let us glance first at the advanced, broader ideas of man's pathological mental troubles, and then at the better apprehension of his normal nature and possibilities. For some time, as an illustration of progress in pathology, it has been contended by one and another eminent pathologist that so-called "dipsomania," or inebriety, the morbid appetite for alcoholic stimulants, is a disease, with a psychopathic as well as physical side. Again, criminology, one of the newer sciences, in the hands of

Professor Lombroso and others, has advanced far enough to establish the fact that the tendency to crime, whenever it becomes a fixed habit, must be classed as a mental disease—a divergence from mental health—as truly as any mania: as truly as that fever or rheumatism is a physical disease. Thus also kleptomania, or the morbid impulse to steal, is now fully recognized as a form of mental disorder, properly coming under the head of "moral insanity."

Let us take a different form of distemper for illustration, familiar to all—hydrophobia. As the word itself indicates, this is perhaps more a mental than a physical aberration; indeed, some authorities insist that it is in man primarily, if not altogether, psychopathic. In fact there are in our day almost innumerable newly-named 'phobias, and a long list of new manias that science has added to the old number. But she is not to stop here. We believe there is yet to be written a new chapter in mental pathology—on man's psychical diseases.

It may be well at this point to ask the question, What is health? and also the related one, What is the nature of disease? For all practical purposes we may briefly describe disease as an unnatural or abnormal condition to which man is subject; and of course health is the opposite, or his normal, natural, orderly state. And this definition applies as well to man's mental health and disease as to the health and disease of his body.

Now, in accordance with this description, there are, as already said, many mental states—a large and important class—which are more or less abnormal, pathological; in other words, which have the nature of mental disease, although they have not heretofore been generally so considered. Medical science has not yet gone far and deep enough. Its diagnosis is too superficial. Not only the vice of inebriety, the suicidal and the homicidal tendencies of our day, and all severe forms of criminality, are to be viewed as manias, but very many other

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mental conditions must soon be referred to the same category. Can we not claim, on the same ground, that every evil tendency, every form of evil passion, every phase of vice and criminality in man, is in a degree mental or moral departure from the normal, and to be set down as mental disorder, in its initial form or more advanced stage?

This may seem at first thought an unwarrantable conclusion. But we opine it may some day be generally accepted as unquestioned truth. The wonder will be rather that it was so long doubted or ignored. The use of some other words commonly employed by physicians will help us here. The terms depraved, perverted, degenerated, deteriorated, as well as disordered and deranged, are used to characterize disease as distinguished from health. Now apply these terms to those conditions of mind we have called disease, which have not heretofore been distinctively so classed. Has not, indeed, one who has fallen into the mental state of the habitual criminal become truly depraved? And is not the victim of viciousness, sensuality, or degrading lust equally depraved? So the man who has given himself up to such vice as gluttony, or drunkenness, or sexual debauchery—well, idiocy or lunacy is not too strong a word to describe the wretch's case.

What we may call *selfism,* the perversion of normal self-regard, is a malady. In covetousness, avarice, or miserliness we see this perversion in all its real ugliness. Is not one afflicted with selfishness to the sad degree shown by the typical miser a nature degraded? Again, can we not say that for "the noblest work of God, an honest man," to lapse from his high estate is surely to fall ill? So the chronic thief, cheat, or liar is a sick man indeed!

But we are to go even farther than this, namely, to make the claim that there are yet many other adverse mental affections, constituting a large class, which must be looked upon in something the same light as the preceding. They are what we may correctly designate as the *evil passions* of man. They

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are direful in their nature and in number many. Such are anger, hatred, fear, revenge, jealousy, cowardice, worry, anxiety, grief, remorse, and so on—the whole brood of mental anomalies akin to them. Are we not in accord with scientific fact when we put these down as unnatural, as truly abnormal states of mind? Can we not consistently and logically class these mental states and all the many others of like kind as forms of mental or moral disorder—as deviations from mental health, or soundness of mind? In a word, are they not forms of real illness of mind as truly as any mental ailment with which mankind is afflicted? The general reader will probably be surprised at this idea when he first approaches it. Let us, however, apply the definition of disease already adopted. It is a departure of the mind or body from the normal, the natural state and activities. It is, in other words, whether mental or physical, an abnormal or unnatural condition.

Now apply these tests. Are feelings of wrath, of hate, of revenge, really normal states of mind? Are not malice, ill-will, animosity, and the like, evidences of a mind "out of order," "bereft of reason" indeed, in a measure and for the time being? Are these healthy, natural states? No; they are really and surely *disorders*.

Let us name some others. We put in this catalogue ill-temper, ill-disposition, envy, bitterness, all retaliatory feelings and spirit, all disposition to do violence and injury. Indeed, when a man has fallen into the propensity of cruelty or of a revengeful disposition or malevolence in any form, not strong enough is the word "disease" to describe his abnormality. He is a moral monstrosity. He is mentally insane. How significant is the fact that these are just the manifestations of typical insanity! Now we see fear, dread, fright exhibited; and now frenzy, violent anger, animosity. Then uppermost are the "exaggerations of self"—conceit, vanity, egotism. Again, there are the melancholy, despondency, gloom, despair of the hypochondriac. These are simply excessive in severe

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insanity, but in less degree their nature is the same; it is abnormal.

We reiterate and press strongly the point that all these, and all similar states and activities of mind, are departures from man's normal, healthy mentality. They are to be stamped as disorders, derangements of mind, in whatsoever degree they may exist—even the slightest. They are foreign to man's sanity and balance, foreign to his moral soundness. Moralists have usually arraigned them as vices—most of them —worthy of condemnation. Theologians have denounced them as sins, deserving punishment. Philosophers have attacked them as human weaknesses and follies. Satirists have ridiculed them. And yet they dominate mankind. All of the above they are indeed; but they are more—abnormality of mind. This is the medical, or scientific, view of them It is needed in addition to the others to supply, if possible, another motive to induce mankind to abandon them.

We will conclude our study of these mental anomalies by calling attention to two or three of them, the root or basic morbid ones, which are very common but of pernicious character. The first is anger, which has various phases, milder and severer forms—resentment, indignation, wrath, rage, etc. Are we not quick to see and to say, when a man indulges in this ill-temper, if it is to an extreme, that he is "beside himself," as the old apt phrase has it? Why? When any one of these passions is intense, the common language used of it gives its true character. It was no accident that the old Saxon word "madness" was made synonymous with insanity.

Fear is the next one, and still worse. The "phobic derangement"—properly to name it—in its manifold phases, mild and severe, moderate and extreme, is the most disastrous as it is the most general of all these baneful disorders that afflict mankind. Cowardice is another, a near relative of fear, one of its "complications," in medical phraseology—deterioration, debility, degeneration of mind: one of the surest evi-

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dences of our modern civilized "degeneration" Nordau could have found. Fear has many other ill complications, one or more of which always enhances its malignancy—worry, remorse, anxiety, etc. Fear is not natural. It is an acquired affection, as much as any mental or bodily ill. Yes, it is as susceptible to treatment and cure, and also to prevention, as any other disease.

In fact, and we wish to point it out clearly, these mental disorders—evidence enough of their pathological nature—have the general characteristics of disease, and are amenable to the same laws of production and cure as are all other mental and physical maladies. They have their "acute stage," for instance. Indeed, what physician has ever watched an acute attack of anger, its initial onset, rapid rise, and crisis, and then its slow subsidence, without being reminded of attacks of bodily ills—influenza, fever, and the like? And the "after effects" are also similar—exhaustion, demoralization, alternate stupor and restlessness, till at length Nature gradually reasserts herself in recovery.

These mental derangements have both the acute and chronic forms of diseases generally. They are subject to the natural "run," or "course," so called; have their "crises" and the "self-limiting" characteristic, as do fleshly ailments. The intenser forms of some are fatal to life, while all the milder degrees are curable, or can be modified. They are all preventable. And, lastly, as to heredity, the same law reigns in the mental realm as in the bodily domain.

It is pretty well settled now that we do not inherit disease itself in the strict sense, but only the tendency to it. We inherit only the weakness, the defects, the degeneracies that predispose to mental and physical disease. The mental ills treated of here are not hereditary: they are acquired. A child is not born with fear, for instance, as is generally supposed, any more than with fish-bones in its throat or a tomahawk in its hands. Fear hereditary? That is nonsense. A

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child, a girl, unusually bright, was reared under our care to the age of eight years, and she did not fear anything. She did not know, I believe, what it is to be afraid. Darkness and daylight were alike harmless to her. Her fearlessness and courage were perfect. But she was taught to exercise caution, precaution, and presence of mind, which prevent, and can make impossible, fear. Fear is unnatural. Children, however, are taught it; they are early educated to it. It is instilled into their minds from babyhood up. Fear has to be acquired, as all other maladies—mental, moral, and physical. Fear, like all other diseases, is always an evil, never a good. Nature and Nature's Ordainer give us health, and health directly, of body and mind. Man himself, through his wilfulness, folly, or ignorance, is the author of his diseases, and so is fully responsible for them. By violation of Nature's beautiful laws, by departure from her beneficent order, by inharmony with the universal Power that ordains the laws and the order, man has brought and brings upon himself disease, as other evils. The antidote, however, is also placed in his own hands. Almighty Wisdom, we must believe, would not have given man power to inaugurate evil of any kind without providing him with equal power to destroy it—would not have made him able to produce disease and not able to cure it, and at length to prevent it altogether.

Health, as truly as life, is Nature's and God's gift to all his creatures. It is man's normal state. Health, as life, is our natural and rightful possession. Is disease natural? It has become so universal that many people thoughtlessly suppose it is. It was once asked the writer, as an argument to prove it natural, "How can a man die without disease?" Sorry plight indeed! No; health is man's natural endowment. Nature and Nature's laws and the Author of both give always, confer ever, and work directly only for, health, symmetry, beauty, in man, animal, flower—yea, in all animate things. Man cannot be in health, normal and sound, but is in disease,

abnormal, sick, when he is in the clutches of these mental demons; when suffering with fear, anger, hate, ill passion of any kind; when afflicted with sorrow, grief, misery, in the anguish of remorse, despair, or guilt; when given over to vice or sin or selfism in any of their protean forms. These enemies of man are not less destructive of his welfare, not less a drawback to his happiness, than the dire bodily ails he suffers. For this reason there is no less pressing need to free himself from them; yet, much more necessity, for they are not only evil in themselves, but are productive of the ills of the body.

"Mental therapeutics," so called, in its wide application in recent years, has fully proved and illustrated the causal relation of these mental disorders to physical disease of every form. And what a meaning has the fact that all the good passions or activities natural to man—faith, hope, love, cheer, and all others we have enumerated—tend wholly to produce health in the body, and at the same time are pleasurable to the mind! And, conversely, the ill passions, unnatural to man—fear, hate, anger, and all the others akin—are diseaseful to the body and painful to the mind.

What is natural to man? Both mental and physical health, and moral wholeness also. Man is not made diseased, nor is disease intended for him. He is born, to be sure, and has to begin, with ignorance, imperfection, and feebleness. But even these are not natural to him in the true sense. Do we think of the early, immature, acrid, green fruit on the tree as the real Baldwin apple, Bartlett pear, or luscious peach? Man's true nature is not so much what he *is* as what is *in* him; what he can develop into; what he is capable of becoming. The true nature of man is what is *in him* that can come *out*—the human fruit mature. Health is in him. Life abundant is inherent; yea, health—wholeness of body, mind, heart, soul. And life, power, wisdom, perfection are enfolded there. "Heaven is within." The great Teacher recognized the real and whole man and his full possibilities. "Be ye perfect," he called.

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And so we answer our question in asking it. What are the normal, healthful states of mind of the sound, healthy man? Do not power, intelligence, virtue, sentiment, and spirituality belong to him? Yea, man lives and thrives on truth, right, purity, and true affection. He is ever happy in good will, generosity, nobleness. Only with a good conscience is a man at home and at ease, at peace with himself. Courage, trust, humility, temperance, integrity—these are our normal and rightful possessions, the healthful attributes of the true man and woman. "Let them have dominion;" dominion over all good is given to them. With love of the true, the good, the beautiful, man is naturally endowed. Happiness is his native element as well as his destined goal.

The advent of the normally evolved man, approaching the ideal, the world eagerly awaits. One can easily believe that he will live his life free, comparatively, of bodily diseases; live out his natural length of days—say one hundred years or more—and die of old age: the only natural bodily death. Yea, more than this, many times more—he will be free from the diseases, distempers, maladies, mental disorders, and moral derangements that so curse humanity. He will not be a victim to fear, hatred, anger, grief, worries, etc., any more than a slave to appetite, ill passion, perversity, vice, or sin. Then, and then only, will he live the ideal life, get the full enjoyments, gain the great possessions, that belong to him; then only will he fulfil his obligations to his kind, to himself, and to his Creator.

THERE is another sight than that of the eye; there is another sunshine than that of the regal day; there is another world than the one we see and feel. There is a love of the spirit as well as of the passions, a pleasure in the intellect as well as in the senses: so there is a higher temperance than concerns this body—a higher digestion and assimilation than goes on here. We are related to the winds and tides, to the morning star and the solar year, and the same craft runs through all.—*John Burroughs.*

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THE ESOTERIC ART OF LIVING.*

PART VI. SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

"Man is a stream whose source is hidden." Of man considered in the profound sense of his ultimate relation to the essential cause of the Cosmos, it is only necessary to suggest the self-evident nature of this truth. The following of that stream back to its supposed source would be the exploration of the philosophies of genesis—a task that is no part of my undertaking. But of man as we familiarly know him—the ordinary personality that evolution has produced as that expression of the profounder self best suited to survive for the time being in the environment in which he finds himself—I propose to present a theory of his most immediate source so far as his characteristics and inspiration are concerned.

In order to present this clearly we must understand by some definitional characteristic the limitations of this man thus considered, whom we expect to differentiate from his other self as such source. I have spoken of him as the personality that evolution has produced. He is more than that: he is the sum of those elements of the profounder self that have become expressed in that personality and become unified by the processes of natural selection. Thus he is that state of consciousness and volition directly related to our apparent world—the waking consciousness and thought. He is the ordinary man whom we know—that self-consciousness of the acts and purposes that make up the sum of what we call living, connected by a continuous chain of memory related to that experience. This man is frequently called the objective self.

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That beneath this self, this normal personality, there may be one or more submerged personalities or independent chains of memories, or planes of consciousness upon which this objective self or some other segment of a profounder self may function, is a proposition that would meet with incredulity among most people. It is quite natural that it should be so, for as a rule human consciousness is so intensely concentrated upon this experience with material environment that any other degree or kind of consciousness appears improbable; and if it rarely occurs the paucity of knowledge as to the nature of the ego even now leads most persons who consider it seriously to attribute such supernormal states to supernatural agencies.

Thus, though history and human experience are replete with examples of profound changes in personality, of remarkable accessions of talent, of the expressions of genius, of the exercise of supernormal powers and the possession of psychic faculties, and of the state of ecstasy in which the subject seems to enter a sphere of experience greatly transcending the normal one, their explanation has been attempted upon the theory of delusion, of supernatural interposition, or of divine gift, just as the predilection of the theorist dictated.

For some years past these phenomena have been the subject of serious, competent, and systematic observation and study, by an organized body of workers,* for the purpose of discovering their true explanation. The evidence accumulated is so overwhelming that there is no doubt left that beneath the threshold of our ordinary waking state of consciousness there is not only a complex of organic processes but an intelligent, vital control of them, and states of consciousness which, though ordinarily submerged, are ever emerging into the waking state with varying degrees of vividness, supplementing or modifying it, and under special conditions wholly supplanting it for the time being. These states of consciousness, as a whole, we may well call the subliminal self; and when evoked

*The Society for Psychical Research.

by artifice or when spontaneously manifesting and assuming independent chains of memories relating only to themselves respectively, they have been termed secondary or multiplex personalities.

Among the simplest manifestations of the subliminal self of which we will interest ourselves here must be classed those which, though very frequent, are yet so unobtrusive that their significance escapes the ordinary attention. These are the multitude of the so-called automatic or unconscious actions—all the organized processes, as walking, eating, writing, piano-playing, and the great number of acts performed in the conduct of life without holding the consciousness upon them throughout their execution. Many of them require only that the waking consciousness should inaugurate them, and they are then carried on to completion without further assistance from it; but in other instances their very inception as well as their completion is entirely outside the waking consciousness.

It is in this field of manifestation that the subliminal self is most fully engaged with most persons, and in fact these functions are quite indispensable to the complex life we have evolved. If the waking consciousness were required to superintend in detail the fulfilment of all our acts, life would be an endless drudgery and the ego would have no time or opportunity to incorporate into its field of consciousness any thought higher than the details referred to. This is one of the ends and beneficent results of evolution. As in a community or body politic it is necessary for the highest State that there be a division of labor, so the highest state in the body is effected by a division of the labor of consciousness; and thus that part of the consciousness which we call the subliminal has not only assumed the duty of carrying on the ceaseless processes of the organism, but, as well, it superintends and carries to completion the multitude of acts that make up the sum of life, leaving the other segments of consciousness free for other and still higher activities.

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What we may term the next degree of emergence is shown in that class of experiences where memories that seem to have become entirely latent, and are forgotten to the waking consciousness, either spontaneously reappear to it or are summoned by some one of the various methods hit upon by experience. These latent memories or states are of two general classes, one being the memory of individual experiences taken into the consciousness through the sense channels, either known or unknown to the waking state, and the other being the memories of things cognized by the subliminal consciousness by other means than the recognized methods of sense perception. I will speak of this second class when referring to telepathy.

Both casual experience and experiment tend to prove that everything we have experienced—all that has affected consciousness through the senses—is retained in perfect memory somewhere by the ego. We well know that it is not so retained in the waking consciousness, or the primary personality, and we must conclude that the subliminal self is its repository and conserver. The memory of such experience becomes latent only to the primary self. In the ordinary course of life these memories are ever emerging, in greater or less degree, from their subliminal sum, pleasing, instructing, reminding, or even startling the primary self. In reminiscent mood the plane of consciousness is temporarily shifted from the objective world and thought to the borderland of the subliminal, and the "forgotten" past rises like a dream before the mind. So, if the voluntary consciousness be not strongly concentrated upon the objective experiences, or if the merging of the consciousness between the two planes be facilitated, then the latent impressions and memories continually emerge and blend with the objective experience often in a most helpful and satisfactory manner.

Experience has taught the race certain devices that tend to effect this result. I will refer to one that has for

centuries been employed in some form the world over, and to whose agency divine powers have been popularly attributed. It is crystal-gazing. When a person in whom that emergence of memory from the subliminal realm is especially facile gazes steadily into the crystal, the pool, the well, or other object for concentration, he sees images of scenes with which he was once acquainted but the memory of which had been wholly lost to his waking consciousness. This is not only true of things of which the gazer was objectively conscious when they were perceived, but also of scenes and incidents that were conveyed by the senses to the brain, but of which the waking consciousness took no note—as, for instance, the particular spot of ivy upon a particular wall of a house situated on a street that one passes but of which he is wholly unconscious so far as his dominant personality is concerned. He may also see images that represent thoughts of others cognized telepathically by the subliminal self. It will be seen that this device serves merely to inhibit concentration of consciousness upon the objective environment, and thus permits the consciousness of the subliminal self to emerge into the waking state.

This practically perfect memory is also evidenced in some pathological cases, where the center of maximum consciousness is shifted, as in the oft-referred-to case of the servant girl who in delirium repeated, in languages unknown to her, matter she had years before heard in the presence of her employer. To this we may add the popularly admitted class where a person, finding himself in imminent danger of loss of life, is conscious of his whole past life, as the memories seem instantaneously to emerge from the subliminal whole; as Byron describes in the "Giaur"—

> "'Twas but a moment that he stood,
> Then sped as if by death pursued;
> But in that moment o'er his soul
> Winters of memory seemed to roll,
> And gather in that drop of time
> A life of pain, an age of crime."

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We will next consider a function that seems to belong to the subliminal phase of consciousness, perhaps to the exclusion of the other. For the ordinary waking or supraliminal consciousness there are no means of obtaining knowledge of environment or of perceiving another's thought except through the recognized channels of sense; but this is not true for the subliminal consciousness. It is in direct relational touch with the subliminal states of others, and may also perceive the state of the waking consciousness or thought of another. This relationship has been termed *telepathy,* and by reason of it arise all the phenomena of the transference, psychically, either of the conscious thought or the subliminal thought of another, as well as the deeper psychic perceptions and reproductions of states of consciousness of others, whether formulated in thought or not. Says Professor Oliver J. Lodge, of telepathy: "Except by reason of paucity of instance, I consider it as firmly grounded as any of the less familiar facts of Nature, such as one deals with in a laboratory." In speaking of psychic science before the British Association, Professor Wm. Crookes said: "It would be well to begin with *telepathy:* with the fundamental law, as I believe it to be, that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense—that knowledge may enter the human mind without being communicated in any hitherto known or recognized ways."

The establishing of the fact of telepathy as a part of our common stock of information is one of the most notable advances of knowledge, and is largely due to the admirable work of the Society for Psychical Research. The evidence adduced has been convincing. Experimental cases are mostly of that class where the agent consciously projects a thought, and the percipient, being a party to the experiment, is tranquil and receptive in mind. The thought is first cognized in the subliminal consciousness and emerges into the waking conscious-

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ness, there forming an image, or thought-formula. The reception first in the subliminal realm seems to be indicated by the fact that there is sometimes a latency manifested before the thought emerges, as when the percipient, while engaged in the endeavor to perceive the thought at the time held by the agent, perceives instead the thought or image which the agent held in mind some minutes before, but which was not perceived then. There is a class of cases in which the percipient is unaware of the effort made to impress him, yet perceives the influence and acts upon it, even at a distance—as where hypnotic sleep is induced at a distance by the effort of the agent but unknown to the subject.

What have been called "phantasms of the living"—cases where the percipient sees or hears another, though he is at a distance and still in the body—have been tentatively explained upon the theory of telepathy. They are noted as generally having occurred at great emotional crises in the lives of the persons thus seen or heard, and it is believed that the intense thought is telepathically transferred to the subliminal consciousness of the percipient, who is at the time in a condition of *rapport*. If, however, they be included with "phantasms of the dead," and all considered as belonging to another class of experiences, they still point in most cases to the existence of subliminal faculties to perceive them.

As remarkable as all this is, it pales into insignificance beside the extension given to the theory of telepathy by those forced to adopt it as the only alternative to the "spirit hypothesis." But when the "trance-personality" of the medium reports in the form of messages facts that have never been in the consciousness of the sitter, and only reside in the knowledge of some remote and distant person, it must be admitted that such facts have never been produced experimentally in telepathy. As for the dramatic character of such communications, and the arrangement of facts and data into "mosaics of thought which, however defaced, still irresistibly suggest the

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habits, tastes, and memories of some friend deceased—for this I know of no telepathic or clairvoyant analogy."*

But we may let these facts prove their own special case; we have ample evidence of telepathy otherwise.

A faculty of the subliminal self is manifested in experiences termed *psychometric*. Here the subject perceives physical and mental conditions, thoughts, purposes, and characteristics that appertain to the persons associated with some inanimate object. When the object—as a letter, a ring, or a bit of lace—is brought into the subject's sphere of perception, he becomes, by attention, *en rapport* with its past associations, and can often delineate them more accurately than those who would depend upon discovering them through the objective channels of sense. This knowledge does not pertain to the waking consciousness and cannot be acquired in the recognized manner, but appertains to the subliminal self.

Clairvoyance and clairaudience are likewise to be classed here; they do not depend upon the ordinary means of perception. It may have occurred to many of my readers that what we term "the five senses" are only specialized consciousness, related to as many devices evolved for registering different ranges of vibrations, and that behind them all there is but the one sense—the faculty of *awareness*. This one fundamental faculty of knowing is not restricted to the five recognized avenues except when functioning through the supraliminal or waking normal self. There may even be an independence of them and yet a simulation of their use, as in the transposition of the senses—where the person apparently sees or hears through the agency of the fingers.

In all the foregoing classes the knowledge is acquired by the subliminal self and emerges into the supraliminal or objective state, while the normal consciousness is in most cases preserved. We have now to note that class where there is, to a greater or less degree, a segregation of

*William Romaine Newbold.

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personality; where there is little evidence of the blending of the two states; where there appears to be distinct but limited intelligences with separate chains of memories, acting independently and concurrently, or the one submerged for the time being by the other. This statement may suggest to the minds of some that I propose to confuse with evidence of dual consciousness the evidence that many hold to indicate extra-terrene influence, commonly called "spirit control." Such is not intended. There is ample evidence for both hypotheses, and neither one in my opinion will explain *all* the phenomena.

Leaving, then, the states where the subliminal consciousness emerges quite freely into the waking consciousness, we may note the borderland between these and those states that give no evidence of blending but maintain distinct chains of memories of their own. Much of what is called "automatic writing" has been classed here. This is an experience where the subject in a normal state of consciousness writes intelligently, but is unaware of what he writes. But we must not forget here, as at many other points of this inquiry, that, as Professor F. W. H. Myers has said, "the wide class of automatic 'messages' include phenomena of various types, some of which certainly point *prima facie* to the intervention—perhaps the very indirect intervention—of the surviving personalities of the dead."

The fulfilment of post-hypnotic suggestion should be mentioned here. These are cases where in the hypnotic state the subject is told that when awakened he is to do some specific act, as to open an umbrella, to write a poem, etc. When awakened the normal consciousness returns, but he has no memory of the suggestion. Nevertheless, at the appointed time the subliminal or the secondary self executes the suggestion. In some cases the normal self knows that the act is being done and seems to execute it, having received the impulse from the subliminal self, yet is still unaware that it is done at the suggestion, but supposes it to be of its own volition. There

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are other cases where even the knowledge of the execution does not come into the waking consciousness, as where the poem is suggested and the subject when awakened writes it, the hand being concealed from his view and he in the meantime reading aloud from a book and wholly unconscious of the fact that he is writing. But, while the waking or normal self has no knowledge of the act done, as soon as the subject is rehypnotized he knows everything done in fulfilment of the suggestion, and if mistakes were made he corrects them.

Somewhat similar are cases where the waking consciousness comes under an inhibitory influence of the subliminal self by reason of a post-hypnotic suggestion, as where a female subject was told while hypnotized that when awakened some one of those present would be absent from the room, and when awakened, though normally conscious of every one else, she was unconscious of the presence of the one thus mentally banished, though he was there all the time. In like manner, in accordance with the appropriate post-hypnotic suggestion, the subject would see and not hear, or hear and not see, some particular person. In these cases we have an inhibitory influence of the subliminal self affecting the normal or waking consciousness; but that the subliminal self was always conscious of the true state of things is shown by the fact that though the agent was entirely banished from the waking consciousness he was able by assuming an impersonal attitude to get stealthily back into communication with a subliminal consciousness, but not with the same consciousness from which he had been expressly banished.

The independent knowledge and intelligence of the subliminal self are shown also in experiences with the anæsthetized arm. The subject has no sensation whatever in the arm or hand, but when it lies behind a screen out of sight, and an opera-glass is put into it, the hand takes it from the box, holds it properly and brings it into the range of vision, where it is for the first time perceived by the normal self.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE METAPHYSICS OF MUSIC.

BY HENRY W. STRATTON.

There are two planes of sound. Every audible vibration, whether regular or irregular, is but an echo—an effect whose *cause* is inaudible. Objective sound, whether periodic or non-periodic (noise or music), has meaning not in itself but in its subjective origin. Matter is sonorous because taught of spirit. Sonorous vibrations present merely the negative aspect of sound; hence they are weak, cold, inert, and unreal compared to the positive aspect, whose vibrations on the subjective plane are strong, warm, vital, and real. Outward music is for the ear, inward music for the mind. When the inward or silent music in the Divine Mind seeks objective expression, the molecular doors are opened and closed in periodic alternation, and *silence,* falling through the vibratory apertures, is pieced together by our objective consciousness into *sound.* God's inaudible music is *fragmented* into hearing—becomes audible through the piecemeal process of periodic vibration. Hauptmann, in "Harmony and Metre," says:

"Where sound is to be produced, there is required an elastic, stretched, uniform material, and trembling or vibrating movement thereof. The parts of the body moved are then alternated in and out of their state of uniform cohesion. The instant of transition into this state of equality or inner unity is that which by our sense of hearing is perceived as sound. Sound is only an element of transition, from arising to passing away of the state of unity. Quickly succeeding repetitions of this element make the sound appear continuous."

The swing of molecules affords a vent for the music within the vibrating substance. Two hundred and sixty-four swings per second permit the music hidden in a piano-string to escape in two hundred and sixty-four fragments, which when pieced into a whole produce the tone C. As with the steel wire, so with the vocal cords; their vibrations do not of themselves make music, but serve only as avenues for expressing the music hid-

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den in the soul. In like manner the whistling of winds, plash and roar of waters, surging of forest leaves, must be regarded as a thrusting apart of molecules for the purpose of permitting egress to the harmonies in Nature's subjective consciousness.

This egress of silent music into sound must not be interpreted as being precisely equivalent to an entity falling through molecular apertures intact, *i. e.*, an entity preserving its original wholeness, integrity of attributes, identity; for the very egress disintegrates the identity into vibrating fragments. Again, when silence is vibrated into sound, it is no longer silent but sonorous, so that its character is reversed, condensed, materialized; at least, such is the result as far as matter and our *objective* consciousness are concerned. Our *subjective* consciousness, however, never loses the spiritual identity of musical sound. When the unheard music enters the domain of the heard, the inaudible tone in (for instance) a piano-string slides between the molecules of steel and is immediately guarded by the *audible* tone, or rather by the molecules of air, and escorted by them to the auditory nerve. The air, vibrating in synchronism with the steel, prolongs the original molecular apertures into tunnels through which the inaudible tone slips from the "inner unity" of the string to the inner consciousness of the listener. The passage along aerial tunnels is accomplished incognito, and even continued so until the brain is reached where the subjective consciousness receives and gives the inaudible traveler a hearing. The act of audition is therefore twofold. The material sound is cognized by the external sense, the spiritual sound by the internal. These processes are simultaneous and interdependent, but not so of necessity, for the internal or subjective sense may through concentration become sensible of the inaudible tone in the piano-string, or even of the harmonies in Nature's recesses.

The possibilities of subjective hearing are unlimited Clair-audience, when cultivated to its highest capacity, perceives the universality of the unheard music, recognizes its wholeness or indivisibility, and hears all musical tones, not only in their

separate relations (melody) but in their combination (harmony)—not only in their individuated but consolidated form.

The universality of music, heard and unheard, is due to its whiteness, or all-inclusive character. White sound is unified, colored sound differentiated, music. Its seven primary segments are perceived in all parts of the world because their common unity or white wholeness is omnipresent. Tonal relationship signifies segmentary expression of a great whole. Since the harmonics of a compound tone are related to it as offspring to parent, so in a larger sense all musical tones are harmonics that relate themselves naturally to a stupendous fundamental or head of the tone family, which in itself constitutes white sound. Red is possible at the poles and equator because white light, to which red is related, is universal. C is possible for the similar reason that white sound, to which C is related, is universal. C in the average mind has no existence apart from musical instruments. To think of C as a tone-entity distinct from piano, organ, or violin is not customary; yet C is not restricted to any particular instrument or locality. It is not owned by any musical instrument manufacturer. No musician can claim it as the property of his especial consciousness. The very fact that all musicians and instruments the world over share the musical idea C in common, proves not merely its universality but its independent existence as an entity upon the subjective plane. The idea is in the human mind because in the Divine; its very individuation in the objective establishes its homogeneousness in the subjective. C in the universal consciousness exists in Hauptmann's "state of equality or inner unity." It is *in* matter, but not *of* it. When C becomes *expressed,* we hear it by our objective sense, but we may and often do hear it upon its own inaudible plane.

The act of concentrating thought upon the tone C renders the mind susceptible to its pitch, *i. e.,* the combined pitch of all its octaves as distinguished from the combined pitch of D, E, or F. By act of concentration is meant centralizing of

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the musical consciousness upon *octaves* C as presented to the subjective ear in the tone-quality of piano, organ, or orchestra. This centralization tunes the mind to the grand diapason C vibrating across the Cosmos, and to be in *tune* with this tone is to hear it upon its own inaudible plane. The association of musical instruments is not necessarily continuous, for the mind once lifted into perception of the *real* C soon dispenses with the means employed for its exaltation. The material serves merely to suggest, to indicate the spiritual sound. Perception of different C's in bass or treble forms a subordinate act of concentration. Percepts subtend the general concept. These percepts are really a discrimination of overtones, as all the octaves of C are contained in the fundamental.

On the subjective plane, the seven primary segments of music, each the mother of an innumerable tone progeny, each expressing one of the primary colors, are joined together by their white fundamental—the source of their being, the All-Parent or Grand Key-note in whose embrace the entire chromatic scale with its duodenary key-systems is folded. This white parentage of sound differentiates into music just as white light into color. Music and color are convertible terms because of their reciprocity, interrelation, identity. But the external ear cannot, like the external eye, perceive parent and offspring as *one;* so perception of this at-one-ment in sound is limited to the higher clairaudient faculty. As light fills all space, so must sound—*inaudible sound,* or *white silence.* The music of it is merely its percolation first into the supersensuous consciousness, then into the sensuous: percolation in the latter case being effected by means of material vibration.

The gift, so called, of telling keys illustrates the principle of subjective hearing. The musical *conscience* in certain individuals is keenly sensitive to the pitch standards of the macrocosm. The gift may, however, be acquired by persistent concentration. This brings us into collision with accepted notions of pitch and the false standards assumed by musicians in different countries.

Morality of musical pitch, *i. e.*, the right or wrong, sharp or flat, of it, is a question not for this or that musician or musical instrument manufacturer to decide to suit his own convenience. It is a question the decision of which rests *exclusively* with the musical *conscience;* it is the only authority we have in this matter, and its accuracy is more reliable than the tuning-fork. The reason for this is because our musical conscience occupies a position midway between the human harmony and the Divine. What it says to the objective sense is caught from the subjective. What it hears in the silence is true, for the pitch of silent music, being founded on immutable principles, never varies. Truth is fixed, permanent. Any variation, any sharp or flat tendency, is no longer truth, but error. Musical truth is pivoted upon absolute pitch—not only upon that pitch which determines the natural relationship of tones, but upon the absolute pitch of music's great foundation: the white Tonic of all sound. Such absolutism must precede even that of tonal relationship as a necessary explanation of it. As the whole to its parts, so the parts to each other. If this axiom be true of individual keys it must also be true of the universal key in which all major and minor modes find their origin. The vibrational number of tones in the key of C is determined by the tonic. Ratios of pitch are absolute because centered in the tonic. It is the whole key complete in itself; its scale is but the whole differentiated into parts. Upon this, it is evident that the ratios of key with key must from their very absolutism be determined from a common tonic, which is *à priori* absolute in pitch. True, the relation of whole to parts remains the same whether C and its accompanying tone system be slightly raised or lowered; but to tamper thus with C in any of its octaves means instability in the foundation or bed-rock of music. All C's, bass or treble, are accountable to the lowest C perceived by objective consciousness. This lowest C, however, is not the bed-rock of music; for its own pitch depends upon a still lower C, heard only by the subjective consciousness. Where, then, is the foundation of musical pitch? It is not, as is supposed,

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the product of material vibration; neither is it fixed necessarily in numbers. Hauptmann again says:

"Determinate pitch of sound is rather the manifestation of a determinate degree of tension present in the elastic material, and we can regard the tension as an effect of force, fixed in a resistance, which is expressed in sounding, as greater (in relation to the resistance) in the higher sound and less in the deeper. The pitch expresses only the relation of the two conditions combined—of the force as active and the resistance or mass as passive. The determination of pitch is not contained in quantities of force or mass, determined in themselves, but only in the abstract relation in which these factors stand to one another."

"An effect of force fixed in a resistance" means subjective sound hidden in the different degrees of tension to which material substances are liable. Now, since the tension (effect of force) is less, in relation to the resistance, for deeper tones, it follows that a point must be reached where tension and resistance are equal. At this point audible and inaudible sound meet; at this point objective and subjective pitch meet. The vibrations of matter and spirit are here isochronal. Destroy the equality by exerting pressure from the subjective side and sound *begins,* bringing *pitch* as credential for its being. Thus sound is tuned or pitched by silence.

The inception of sound and pitch (music) is not audible to man because there are no Corti fibers in the human ear capable of sympathizing with so low an order of vibration. It is only the rudimentary ear in primitive types of life that responds to God's deepest thunders. The depths and heights of sound are conceivable only by that supernormal faculty of the soul whose hearing is independent of our ordinary sense apparatus. This faculty is developed by concentration, *i. e.,* by centering the mind upon those mighty tones that reverberate through the corridors of space at God's own pitch. That the mind may become so centered without the aid of musical instruments (notwithstanding their efficacy) is proved by our susceptibility to Nature's key-note (said to be F), and also by our synchronous tendencies to vibrate at the pitch of other cosmic tones.

While sensation of musical tone is produced practically by thirty vibrations per second, consciousness of pitch is not reli-

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able until about forty vibrations. Modern notions of pitch, however, are not founded upon forty vibrations (the tone E), but contrary to expectation are founded upon thirty-three and even thirty-two vibrations—the tone C. This uncertainty of pitch, this oscillation between thirty-two and thirty-three vibrations, makes the entire musical system unstable and unworthy of expressing the finer, immutable principles of Divine harmony. Helmholtz remarks:

"Blow the disk of the siren with gradually increasing speed—at first only pulses of air are heard. After reaching thirty-six vibrations per second, weak tones sound with them, which, however, are at first upper partials. It is not until we reach one hundred and ten or one hundred and twenty (A or B flat) that the tone is tolerably continuous.

"The sixteen foot C, with thirty-three vibrations, certainly gives a tolerably continuous sensation of drone, but does not allow us to give it a definite position in the musical scale. In the upper half of the thirty-two foot octave, the perception of the separate pulses becomes still clearer and the continuous sensation of tone still continually weaker. In the lower half of the thirty-two foot octave, we can scarcely hear anything but the individual pulses, or if anything else is really heard it can only be weak upper partials from which the musical tones of stopped pipes are not quite free."

In these statements Helmholtz admits that the lowest tones heard are upper partials; but upper partials of what? Is it not most natural to assume that the weak tones of the siren and thirty-two foot octave are harmonics of the sixteen vibration C? Carrying the idea further and eliminating human methods of tone-production, may not these weak, low tones—as heard in Nature, heard at the extreme limits of objective consciousness—be indeed upper partials of the eight, four, and even two vibration C, or even of that primal C whose pitch is determined by the tension of Hauptmann? Confusion of numbers respecting pitch would cease were we to arrive at the point of equality where sound and silence blend in one indivisible entity. The rigidity of this point is beyond question. It is neither sharp nor flat, and cannot be moved in space or time. It is music in the abstract, pitch in the abstract; and as the foundation of musical pitch it is irrevocable and absolute.

(*To be continued.*)

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JESUS OF NAZARETH AS A TYPE.

BY M. G. BOTHWELL.

The life of Jesus of Nazareth has value as a type, in detail, from inception to finish, or it is wholly valueless. Viewed as a type, therefore, his life is the exponent of the law involved in every soul. The newly awakened soul—or individualized spirit—*perceives* the Christ ideal. The lisp of infant consciousness of the "still, small voice" is, as yet, only a perception of the Divine-implanted seed. Perception alone is an unfulfilled ideal.

The Christ child's spiritual awakening, with its whys and wherefores, confounds the learned doctors of philosophy, transcending as it does the merely intellectual realm. Questionings, doubts, determinations—these are the natural and legitimate outcome of the new consciousness. The ideal is yet to be fulfilled.

Perception and realization—which are the result of knowledge gained through experience—are not identical. There are no two distinct (though inseparable) faculties of the soul more frequently confounded or misapprehended by the advocates of the New Thought. Perception and realization stand in the relation of cause and effect; one necessarily precedes the other, and they are therefore inseparable one from the other, but they are by no means identical. Neither is the conscious presence of the one in the soul felt simultaneously with that of the other; on the contrary, the new perception must undergo its natural process of unfoldment through law and order along the only path open to the *growing soul*—experience. The experience will prove the truth or falsity of the perception. Experience is the only avenue through which an

ideal may be actualized. The twelve-year-old, Christ-ideal-perceiving child is an undeveloped because inexperienced soul. That his perception may be actualized, or made manifest, the soul must pass through the experiences inevitable to all permanent growth.

The seed is hidden from the sunlight for a time, that it may slough off the outer husk and take root in that which holds it firm and steady after its life-stem rears its head above the earth into the light. Law-governed growth is the same, whether it be in the vegetable or in the soul of man. The soul whose consciousness is heavenward reared must first go down into the dark, earthy nature of sense, that the husky accretions of opinions and false beliefs may be sloughed off, becoming thereby rooted and grounded in that which holds it unshaken after the consciousness turns wholly to the light.

Were free-will not a factor in soul growth and knowledge, experience were unnecessary. Without free-will, however, man would be a mere machine—an automaton: a *lived* instead of living being.

The unwritten record of Jesus of Nazareth types this experience-time, the testing time—we might almost say the time of experimentation: experimenting with sowing the seeds of the law of soul growth. Even though there be no written record, even though the act conceal the motive, the final balance, the judgment day, reveals the working of the law.

During the years from twelve to thirty, Jesus may have sown the seed of which the trials, temptations, and persecutions of his three years' ministry and final Gethsemane and Calvary experiences were the fruit. Or these years of sowing may have been only a part; the seed-time may have covered a more extended period. It matters little, however; the all-important point, and the absolutely certain one if we accept law and justice as verities, is that these three years' experience was the written record of an unwritten lapse of years, whether they were eighteen or a thousand. Had he not sown

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that of which Gethsemane and Calvary were the harvest, those experiences could not have been his, for the reason that *the law cannot be violated at any point.* Do we see in them ignominious failure and defeat? By no means. He proved thereby for time and eternity, for you and for me, the law that is written indelibly in every soul—"whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

To say Jesus of Nazareth need not have had the Calvary experience is to say either that there is no definite or law-governed plan in the process of unfoldment or that God's law can be violated—self-evident impossibilities. Truly they need not have been had He not sown the seed of which they were the fruit; but having sown it, the harvest was assured and inevitable. The quality of seed was proved in the nature of the harvest, and that it was sown is *proof of its necessity*—the necessity obtaining in the exercise of personal self-will to the end of its own destruction, or, strictly speaking, its transmutation into Divine Will. Personal self-will is the pivotal balance of the knowledge of good and evil, and when polarized in Divine Will all is (seen as) good, evil being recognized as the manifestation of personal self-will through the exercise of free-will, with which latter the soul must needs be invested in order to become a thinking, living, self-acting being.

Free-will untrammeled by limitations of ignorance is Divine Will—the One Will that works in the Universal. The transmuting process goes on till the only really free will is the *motif* and concept of the soul. All will is free. The limitations are in the understanding—or misunderstanding—that directs its action.

At thirty years of age, Jesus of Nazareth types the full knowledge of the working of the law. It yet remains for him to work it out, or re-present it in entirety in his own life. The Divine Will is now being actualized momentarily in sowing to the spirit instead of to the flesh, by the attitude of mind (his united consciousness) in which he meets the whirlwind of the

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past seed-time. The twelve-years-of-age perception has at this point evolved into conscious knowledge of law inviolable—and teaching begins. He who has awakened to perception only is not prepared to point out the way. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." His entire life manifests the truth in the way (path) of every other life.

It is the childish concept of the law of growth that says: "You will not have suffering and persecution if you choose the right way. Because you choose the hard way suffering is your portion." This declaration holds a great truth; it holds the law, in fact. To the initiate, however, the bare statement makes no provision for the exercise of free-will in the taking-root process, in the knowledge resultant from it, nor in gathering the harvest of past seed-time. It is a remnant of the same idea in other religious teachings—manifestly the Roman Catholic confessional. One may commit a wrong every day in the week, but if he confesses his sin, pays a few cents, or does some trifling penance, he is absolved, the account is balanced, and he goes on his way rejoicing—the next day to open a new set of books, a new accounting to begin, and the same business transacted year in and year out *ad infinitum*.

The gathering may be postponed until the fruit is stale; but he whose understanding of the real value of the precious fruitage of so-called error is clear and true is up and doing, garnering his harvest in its prime.

"Accept the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." This doctrine of salvation portrays a plane of consciousness the soul of man is rapidly outgrowing. He is seeing more and more both the truth of the law—"whatsoever a man soweth that shall be also reap"—and its beneficent purpose, as well as its necessity. The need of its teaching in the fundamentals of the New Thought movement is a growing issue of the present stage of understanding.

The idea that the hard places will be taken out of life if we fully accept the law of love holds, as we have said, a truth—

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yes, *the* truth: it is the principle of harmony in life; but who *does* accept it *fully?* Jesus of Nazareth did not until he had run the gamut of personal self-will and reaped its results. Who to-day can say?—Jesus of Nazareth had not the clear vision of spiritual power that many of us possess; therefore, the sufferings he passed through we can avoid because of our fuller illumination. Dare any one say it? The "hard" experiences cannot pass from our lives until every thought for which they stand is eliminated. They must and inevitably will be seen no more when personal will is wholly surrendered. Does not Jesus of Nazareth stand on the brink between personal will and Divine Will, when in Gethsemane he says?—"Let this cup pass from me." Instantly the surrender is complete, the chasm bridged—"not my will, but Thine be done." Think you it evidences weakness, or a lack of "illumination," thus to permit himself to be brought face to face with conditions he himself has made? Think you it would have been more Christ-like, or an evidence of "fuller illumination," to have displayed a degree of spiritual power that would set aside these persecutions and the final crucifixion? When in his divinity Jesus of Nazareth rises to the occasion of persecution even unto death, he is treading the path each soul must follow if he *knows* the truth of life—if he *realizes* as well as perceives it.

From this plane of consciousness are there *any* "hard" experiences? The Christ-awakened soul takes no account of "hardship" or "suffering." It says: "Because God is, I am; therefore, I will (to) do naught but that which is God-like. Since I have brought these conditions upon myself through my own thought-volition, I will meet and master them by no further perpetration, but will surrender that for which they stand, *viz.*, personal self-will. Before my realization of unity with God is consummated I must be willing to reap that which, in my so-called freedom, I have chosen to sow." Is this a contracted or illumined concept of the God-implanted law in every soul?

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Could not the Man that raised the dead have summoned Divine power sufficient to subvert legions of mobs by never so much as opening his lips? The "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" neither sorrowed nor grieved after the world's interpretation. His was the "godly sorrow" that ever rejoices in the knowledge that each soul is working out its salvation in its own individual way—after the pattern of the one God-implanted law.

The death of Jesus of Nazareth typifies the complete surrender of personal will—the will that seeks to save its "life," which is mere opinion and belief. When this is dead and buried, shut away from flesh and sense, the truth of Divine Will is resurrected and the risen Christ is recognized as well as perceived. The law is not violated. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" is here expressed under the newly added consciousness—"not my will, but Thine be done." Is not this the harvest of harvests? Is any price too dear to pay for it? Can any price be paid but this one?

The risen Christ has no trial, no temptation, no persecution, no putting to death; that which is now risen (that consciousness which rises out of the knowledge gained through the exercise of personal will to satiety) cannot die. The risen consciousness tarries not with the visible and tangible, even on this plane of beauty, symmetry, and wholeness; for the step from the risen to the ascended Christ is short and speedily taken. Above and beyond all perception and recognition, transcending all sense and thought, is the *realization* that is inaudible, intangible, invisible. The ascended Christ is the realization that is silence.

It is a modern view to suppose the Jews in possession of a fixed collection of Canonical Writings, sacred in its limits, so that no book could be taken into it which reached a certain standard of excellence. The Canon, properly speaking, was never looked upon as closed. No precise barrier of inspiration belonged to it in the eyes of the Jews for many ages.—*Westminster Review.*

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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

BY R. WILMOT GARDINER.

The Progress of the World is simply the slow and painful advancement of man through all the years of the dead and desolate past, from the dens and caves of savagery to the throne and home of civilization and light.

In the world of thought, in the realm of action, the only darkness is ignorance—the only light intelligence. Ignorance is the parent of barbarism, of superstition. Intelligence is the child of liberty and the mother of civilization. Ignorance is the breeder of crime, the extinguisher of joy, the enemy of progress, the assassin of liberty, the mocking murderer of hope, and the very nurse and mother of poverty. But intelligence is the creator of wealth and love and peace, the builder of home and fireside, the friend of freedom, the star and guide of man, the source and spring of all real joy, the one great torch in Nature's night—the torch that guides and leads the way.

Thus Man has advanced, just in proportion as he has become truly intelligent: just in proportion as he has shattered superstition's fetters and slavery's chains, destroyed the Bastiles and dungeons and Inquisitions and prisons, driven out of the mind the monstrous phantoms, ghosts, ghouls, and all the strange misshapen forms that haunt the soul and brain —the airy children born in imagination's world—put out the eyes of self and hate, and held aloft in equal poise the sacred, golden scales of justice. He has advanced just in proportion as he has broadened the mental vision, increased the sum of human joy, intensified perception of the beautiful and appreciation of the noble, composed poetry, music, and song, and adorned the niches and walls of the world with marvelous

statues, paintings, and pictures that are as perfect in form and color, in light and shade, as Nature's wondrous self.

But why all this advancement? Why all this progress? But for one purpose—that Man may be the happier. Happiness is the only object of human life—happiness that is born of and gives birth to goodness and virtue. And the more intelligent Man becomes the more he is able to ascertain the conditions that create happiness in its highest and noblest sense. Without that as our end and aim, who would bear the stings and arrows, the sorrows and griefs, of this weary world? Who would suffer the failures and despair that fall athwart our path, if that one great hope did not live within the human heart?

In all ages Man has pursued happiness by countless paths and innumerable roads. Some have thought that "within the hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples of a king" it kept its seat. Some have thought that on the throne it sat and smiled, and have waded through seas of blood to reach it. Some have thought within the palaces of luxury or behind the walls of splendor it made its home. Others, despairing of finding it *here,* looked to a realm beyond the tomb and pictured another world where happiness lives, perfect and complete. But know that happiness does not confine itself to any particular place; for whether we live on planet or star, in this vale of tears or in the mysterious bourne beyond the tomb, there is but one royal road that leads to happiness, and that is to practise the plain, old, yet incomparable maxim, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." These sacred words six hundred years before the birth of Christ, in different form, fell from the lips of the great Confucius, and are to-day found in nearly every sacred volume of the world.

The life of the race is lived again by each individual; *i. e.,* the history of the human race repeats itself in each human being. Childhood loves the romantic, the monstrous, and the mysterious, and is charmed with fairy kings and queens, with

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happy elves, and all the airy creatures that inhabit Fancy's picture world. So, in the infancy of the race, man loved the marvelous, the miraculous and mysterious, and was enraptured with lovely visions and golden dreams. He lived in a world where cause had little to do with effect. But, when childhood's morning merges into manhood's noon, judgment is reached, intelligence is gained, and reason is used—reason that dispels the myths and fables, the visions and dreams of childhood's rosy morn. And so, when the race has passed its infancy and has reached civilization's dawn, superstition and ignorance die, and science and art, poetry and music—the useful and beautiful—are born.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Thy Spirit, Lord, within us lies aggrieved.
Dark clouds of sorrow fall, in sufferings slow,
Obscuring joy that should from true hearts flow—
Expressing Thee, in whom we have believed:
For, loving God, our England is bereaved—
Glad homes made desolate, in torture's throe
Through War's suspense and horror; foe 'gainst foe
Slaying life Thou gavest, as brief received
To hold for Thee. Thy will be done! Thy will
Is—what, O Lord? War's carnage, with red anguish,
Or peace on earth—*Thy* peace, with every good?
To sharpened swords have men turned these, to kill
Each other. God, stay now their hands and vanquish
Hate—that man may cease and die in brotherhood.

BLANCH ERYL.

London, England.

THERE is a speech without words which is understood without having been at school, and which is read without having learned to read books.—*Lamartine.*

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SPIRITUAL - MINDEDNESS.

BY ANNIE R. STEPHENS.

He that discovers new forces in Nature that uplift humanity to higher altitudes is a benefactor of all times. A century ago the noble Franklin caught the lightning from the cloud, and since then man has harnessed this subtle force to do his bidding —a willing and obedient slave. The first message flashed across the ocean was, "What has God wrought?" And well may we reëcho this when we think of the marvels of electricity. What electricity has been to the nineteenth century the dynamics of mind will be to the twentieth.

Men have been thinking since the Creator endowed them with the faculty, but the majority of mankind have tended downward instead of upward; they have thought from the outer rim of being instead of the divine center. Thought is a force, and all forces unless directed in their legitimate channels are destructive. Full well we know the destructive power of evil thought, in the lust, greed, selfishness, and disease expressed in human lives. "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" The spirit that goeth upward is the power of pure, concentrated thought; and the spirit that goeth downward to the earth is the power of sensuous thought that seeks enjoyment through the senses, wasting the life forces that should be directed in the channel of holy aspiration. Paul refers to the "carnal mind" and the "spiritual mind" when he says: "I find a law in my members warring against the law in my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin and death."

To those who would be spiritually minded, who seek to live on the higher plane of existence, the inevitable conflict must

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go on between the carnal and the spiritual mind. Which one of us can claim that on all occasions we think that which is truly upright? Which one of us can claim that our higher will holds in absolute control that mighty current—mind force? Who can claim that he has brought into subjection to the law of Christ all the turbulent elements of the mind? Few have risen to such altitudes.

We are all pilgrims seeking perfection, and may keep before us that bright hope—we may yet be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect, though it may require conflict after conflict and a life-long struggle before we realize the supremacy of the God-life within. "My mind to me a kingdom is," said a great philosopher. How may we reign in this kingdom of mind as the absolute authority? How may we assume the rightful sovereignty over this vast domain, which reaches from earth to the stars, from the finite to the Infinite? "If thine eye offend thee pluck it out;" this must mean, if thy thought offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee. Are we dissatisfied with our mental or moral states? Do we wish to reconstruct our own souls that they may more clearly reflect the divine image within? Then we must begin with the smallest flaw in our characters; it may be a thought of vanity, of self, of envy—no matter what it is, if it stands as a barrier between our soul and the light of truth. If we have yet to learn not only to control our thoughts but to overcome evil with good by transforming the low desire into the pure gold of spirituality, we are yet slaves—not conquerors in our own domain.

The laurel-crowned victor of the coming age will not be the blood-stained hero, but he that ruleth his own spirit; and, in ruling his own spirit, man will yet discover latent potencies within his own mind that will rise up and crown him king, through which he will control all the forces of Nature: for is he not made to have dominion over all things? When mankind realize that through their higher thought they are brought

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into oneness with the infinite Spirit, they will be able to do all things through the indwelling Christ. As light penetrates darkness and overcomes it, so the thought of good is stronger than the thought of evil; and is it not the grandest truth of the age that man can so control and direct the powers of his mind as to find the triumph of health over disease, goodness over evil, and truth over error? By correct thinking he may bring about those millennial conditions that bring forth love, wisdom, and justice in the earth.

Down through the years men have hired preachers to do their thinking for them, and relied upon them as infallible guides instead of seeking *knowledge* of the Truth that would make them free indeed. We revert with pitying thoughts to the serfdom of the body, but mental servitude is far worse. Mankind have been content to drift with the downward current of thought—have tethered their ship of Progress to the shore of conservatism and filled it with the ballast of tradition, creeds, and various forms of ancient thought. A new age has dawned; already we feel its thrilling tide of life, awakening us to the consciousness of the life of God in the soul of man. A New Thought is rapidly filling the world, which ultimately will displace prejudice and selfishness and win human hearts over to altruism and brotherly love.

It is astonishing to learn of the various methods for spiritual culture adopted in all parts of the civilized world. The "Whole World's Soul Communion" will yet, through the concentration of its soulful force, conquer the world to truth and righteousness. The multiplication of books and magazines on topics pertaining to higher thought, as well as classes for mental and spiritual culture, predict that thought, not swords —ideas, not cannon—are the conquering forces of the New Age.

What is it to be spiritually minded? It is to keep the windows and doors of our mental mansions forever closed against any inharmonious, intruding element. A camera reproduces,

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on a rightly prepared plate, exact pictures of material objects; so the mind, with a greater exactness, photographs all mental action—thoughts and ideas—on its plastic substance. Would we decorate the corridors of our souls with beautiful pictures? Then we must think that which is true and pure, and image that which is beautiful and enduring. By habitual contemplation of lofty ideals we may make our mind a mansion to dwell in—a treasure-house to explore. "Mind is a thing of progress. It is made to grow, not to remain stationary; there is no limit to its knowledge and God-like capabilities. Exert it strongly and wisely and it will soon stand among the sons and daughters of light, and shine among the cherubim and seraphim of the eternal world."

SIR JAMES PAGET'S explanation would seem to be sufficient. He considered the morbid condition produced by vaccination to be what constituted a protective power against smallpox. Any man of common intelligence knows that a "morbid condition" is an open door to any epidemic or contagious influence that may exist. We are abundantly justified by this reasoning in our conviction that very much of the disease that our volunteer soldiers suffered—dying, becoming crippled for life, etc.—was the direct consequence of this vaccination, and would have been escaped if they had not been vaccinated.—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

GROWTH, birth, and the sexes—all these words belong to the mind; for there is assuredly sex in the mind, though not the same. A masculine mind is sometimes found in the woman, and a feminine in the man.—*Emerson.*

THE whole science of chemistry has grown out of tabulating likes and dislikes, loves and hates, attraction and repulsion, of these two classes—bases and solids.—*Dr. Bailey.*

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RIP VAN FOSSIL:

A Medical Tragedy.

BY FRED DEEM.

(III.)

One day, while Rip was limping round,
Another almanac he found.
He learned on reading this one through
What invalids like him must do
Their health and comfort to regain.
The stomach is, it did explain,
The organ that transforms the food
To brain and muscle, bone and blood.
If it to do its duty fails,
One has all kinds of aches and ails;
For it does nourish every part,
Including muscle, brain, and heart.
The stomach, then, you see, of course,
Of good and bad health is the source.
If, then, you do not feel at ease,
Or are afflicted with disease
(Like rheumatism in the knees),
Or something's wrong, no matter what,
The only way to reach the spot
Wherein the evil is, is through
The stomach. Invalids, if you
Would free yourselves from every ache,
Highstepper's Stomach Bitters take.
It is a scientific cure,
And, for that reason, it is sure.
Then came some testimonials clear,
Somewhat like this one following here:

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"St. Louis, May fourth, 'eighty-nine.
"I thought that I would write a line
To tell all invalids to try
Highstepper's Stomach Bitters. I
Was sore afflicted years and years;
Physicians all expressed grave fears
That I would not much longer last;
My heart sometimes beat very fast;
My joints were stiff and lame and sore;
My back ached much, my head ached more.
From head to foot I was diseased,
And naught I took my suffering eased.
I could not sleep nor rest at all—
Save when my pastor made a call
To repeat to me his last discourse:
I slept a little then, of course,
From habit; but did not rest well
Because of dreams of fire and hell!
At last I took a dose or two
Of Stomach Bitters. I tell you,
It made me feel a different man.
I took some more and then I ran
Just like a frisky colt in spring.
I sleep now spite of everything.
From every ill I've been made free.
Yours—THOMAS CRACKER, LL.D."

Rip, very thoughtful, laid aside
The advertisement. Then he cried:

"Gee whiz!
This is
A panacea!
'Twill cure
Me sure,
And make me be a
Well man,
Who can
This life enjoy,
And feel
A deal
Like some young boy!"

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So Rip this remedy procured,
By it expecting to be cured.
His confidence was so unshaken
That soon as one dose he had taken
He claimed he felt a great relief,
And wrote a testimonial brief,
And it was published all around.
But in a day or two he found
His confidence began to waver,
And he was just as bad as ever.
The medicine he kept on taking,
But all the while his joints kept aching—
He saw that he had not yet found
The proper means to make him sound.

He found a pamphlet then that gave
The *proper* way from ills to save—
One that explained the laws of cure;
'Twas based on science, hence 'twas sure.
The *liver* is, *this* book explained,
A filter through which blood is strained,
Refined, and cleaned, and purified,
So that the body is supplied
With pure, life-giving, wholesome blood.
The liver helps digest the food,
Discard the waste, and keep us clean.
Then it can easily be seen
That if the liver torpid grows
We'll have all kinds of ills and woes.
To live in health, be healthy livered,
And from your ills you'll be delivered.
And if the sick are healed at all,
'Twill through the liver be—or gall.
The best disease eradicator
Is Skinnem's Liver Regulator.
Of rheumatism 'tis a cure
Because it makes the blood so pure

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That it removes the causes—so
The aches and pains and ills must go.
To show what this great cure had done,
Some letters followed, like this one:

"Chicago, Illinois, June eight.
"It is my duty to relate
To suffering fellow-men how I
Was cured when given up to die
By Skinnem's Liver Regulator,
Than which no medicine is greater.
A host of various ills I had,
And most of them were very bad.
My heart irregularly beat;
I had large bunions on my feet;
My pulse would go first fast, then slow;
My liver was enlarged also;
My joints were all rheumatic, and
I hardly had the strength to stand.
At night I couldn't sleep a wink.
One day a man gave me a drink
Of Skinnem's Liver Regulator:
I found that I could walk much straighter
Than I had done for years before.
My joints have never pained me more;
My liver shrunk to natural size,
The bunions on my feet likewise.
I now can sleep so very sound
That wife must yell at me and pound
To waken me at breakfast time;
And ever since my health's been prime.
I recommend this remedy.
JOHN GIBBS, A.M., D.D., M.D."

"At last!" Rip cried. "That's just the thing;
I'm on the right track now, by jing!"
He took a dose and felt relief
(Direct result of his belief).
And then he wrote as usual
A clear, strong testimonial,
And it was published o'er the land.
But, as his faith was built on sand,

It soon was broken down; therefore,
Rip suffered as he had before.
Yet taking it he kept right on
Until a dozen weeks had gone.
But, spite of Liver Regulator
His knees were stiff—he walked no straighter.
He gave it up reluctantly,
And looked for some new remedy.

He found a pamphlet that advised
(Or rather one that advertised)
That every invalid should take,
For his own health and comfort's sake,
Dood's Sarsaparilla (Dood's alone),
The best blood purifier known.
'Tis good for almost everything—
For "that tired feeling" in the spring,
And sicknesses of every kind.
The reason is not hard to find,
For blood does nourish every part—
The kidneys, stomach, lungs, and heart,
And muscle, brain, and nerve, and bone.
It builds, renews, restores, tears down;
Selects material, which it bears
To all the parts that need repairs.
If any organ is unsound,
No other method can be found
To make it strong and well than through
The blood, which only can renew
The broken tissue. If *it's* pure,
Return to health and strength is sure.
To purify your blood, just take
Dood's Sarsaparilla. It will make
You able to resist disease,
And you'll be healthy and at ease.
It has no equal, sick folks say;
Read this report of Mr. Jay:

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"New York, June thirteen, 'ninety-three.

"To invalids, where're they be,
I'm glad that I've a chance to tell
How I was made so strong and well
By taking Dood's Blood Purifier—
Of telling it I'll never tire.
From head to foot I was unwell;
No soundness in my flesh did dwell.
My stomach, liver, lungs, and brain
Were all diseased—all gave me pain.
I was rheumatic as could be—
Used brace and crutches constantly.
I had a dozen fits a day,
And sometimes two at once, they say.
Upon my head I had no hair.
I scarce could see my specs to wear.
One dose of Dood's Blood Purifier
I took, and felt a great deal spryer;
A second dose improved my sight;
A third dose, and I walked upright
Without a crutch. And when I poured
The *fourth* dose down, I was restored.
My fits have been completely routed;
The hair upon my head has sprouted.
I'll take some more and see if I
Can't grow some new teeth by-and-by.
I had an old mule that was lame;
One dose I gave him of the same—
His lameness went away so quick
That he could work his joints and kick,
And nearly kicked the stable down.
He's now the limberest mule in town.
Without Dood's I will never do.
Yours truly—JOHN JAY, P.D.Q."

"This must be what I need," Rip thought.
A good supply at once he bought;
Took some, and, as he had believed,
He felt at once somewhat relieved;
A testimonial then wrote out
(You've seen it oftentimes no doubt).

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But when his faith began to wane
His stiff old joints resumed their pain.
And, though poor Rip most faithfully
Kept swallowing down this remedy,
He didn't feel a whit less ill.
And he was stiff and crippled still;
So he concluded after while
To give some other drug a trial.

He found another almanac,
And read it through from front to back.
Disease's cause *it* did explain—
Also its cure. *It* said the *brain*
The nervous fluid generates,
By which means it communicates
With every part of our physique
(By telegraphing, so to speak).
The nervous system and the brain
O'er all the life processes reign.
The very life-blood circulates
According as the brain dictates.
Not only so, but e'en the food
Is manufactured into blood
By organs that the brain directs.
If for some reason it neglects
Some organ, it will fail to do
The work it was intended to;
And all ill-health, 'tis very plain,
Must have its seat in nerve or brain.
All remedies will failures prove
Unless they first the cause remove.
This great nervine will work a cure—
'Tis scientific, therefore sure.
Now, some practitioners maintain
The cause of all rheumatic pain
Is acid in the blood, and try

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To cure by means of alkali;
Or try, if of "similia" sect,
The ill by acid to correct.
But either method is in vain,
For nerves disordered cause the pain.
Brain's Celery Compound is a cure—
'Tis scientific, therefore sure.
The testimonial below
Is proof that what we say is so:

"Duluth, June eighteenth, 'ninety-three.
"I was sick as I could be
For twenty years. I grew so thin
I scarce was more than bones and skin.
Each day I had fits by the score—
Sometimes the day would pass before
I got through with them all, and they
Would be left over for next day.
I could not eat nor sleep at all—
Had chills and fever every fall;
I had much trouble with my eyes—
Had corns, warts, bunions, boils, and sties,
Had rheumatism very bad.
Neuralgia nearly drove me mad.
Brain's Celery, the Great Nervine,
I took—the best cure ever seen.
I threw away my specs and wig,
Broke up my crutch, and danced a jig.
My corns diminished—boils grew small;
I haven't any warts at all.
I recommend this Great Nervine.
Yours truly—LINCOLN DAVIS GREENE."

"No wonder," cried Rip with a frown,
"That all the stuff I swallowed down
Could not relieve me of my pain!
No wonder they were all in vain!
They were all humbugs, I am sure.
Here, like a dunce, I tried to cure
My liver, kidneys, stomach, blood,
When all of these were sound and good!

And all the while my nerves and brain
Have caused all my rheumatic pain!
There's logic in this pamphlet here;
Its reasoning is strong and clear,
And any dunce can plainly see
This Nervine is the thing for me!"

He went to taking it straightway—
Felt better, and, without delay,
He wrote and sent as usual
His chronic testimonial.
But in the course of time he found
The Nervine did not make him sound.
And, though he swallowed more and more,
His old joints ached as heretofore.
But Rip resolved not to despair:
He thought there surely was somewhere
Some mixture that would make him free
From sickness, pain, and misery.

Already had he tried in vain
To reach the rest of all his pain
Through stomach, liver, kidneys, brain,
And through the blood. He was perplexed
To know what he should doctor next.
With many theories he was vexed.
At last he thought it would be best
To give all remedies a test—
Till he could tell by being cured
That he the right one had procured.

Where'er he went the signs he read,
On bill-board, fence, and wall and shed,
Which passers-by did plainly tell
That this or that would make them well.
And Rip would try the stuff straightway—
But was not helped in any way.

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He read of wondrous medicines
In papers and in magazines.
In vain he tried them one by one—
He was no better off when done.
He met with almost everywhere
A picture of a famous pair:
One wrinkled, slim, and melancholy—
The other hearty, fat, and jolly.
"Before" they called the sickly brother,
And "After taking" was the other.
They represented what was sure
To follow such and such a cure.
Rip always tried to prove their claim,
But, spite of all, continued lame.

To doctors he applied once more—
With same result as heretofore.
In vain he tried allopathy,
Magnetics, homeopathy,
Dietetics and hydropathy,
Electrics, osteopathy,
Gymnastics, vegetarianism,
Vapor baths, eclecticism,
Electric shocks and water cure,
Sea baths and mountain air so pure.
A hundred doctors did he try—
And even then he did not die:
Result extraordinary!
Each had a different theory,
And each a different remedy—
All scientific, very!
No two of them could quite agree
What could, with Rip, the matter be.
Their views were legionary,
And each one differed from the rest
As to what treatment would be best
And what course necessary.

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Each did the other contradict;
In everything did they conflict.
Their reasoning was grandific.
And each one claimed in language strong
Himself was right and others wrong—
Though all were scientific!

But Rip Van still
Was lame and ill,
And scarcely could he walk.
The doctors' "laws"
Were full of flaws—
But doctors have to talk.

(*To be continued.*)

When individuals have sailed together a certain number of years they become friends from a similarity of destinies, from sympathy of views, from resemblances of places, times, and moral living together in the same ship, sailing toward an unknown shore. To be contemporaries is almost being friends, if they are good; the earth is a family hearth, life a kindred relationship. One may differ in ideas, in tastes, even in convictions, while they are floating, but we cannot keep from feeling a secret tenderness for the one who is floating with us.—*Lamartine.*

The medical mind has quickly become bacillular and bacterial without suspecting it; for there never was a period in which its glory and honor have been more evident to itself than the present age. It is, however, both verminose in its gait and microscopical in its objects, and in its pride of place eaten by microbes on its Herod-throne.—*J. J. G. Wilkinson.*

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE PASSING OF MOODY.

THE passing away of Dwight L. Moody, in the closing month of last year, marks an epoch in religious matters. The man was remarkable in many respects. No one who knew him could for a moment question his sincerity of purpose, or his deep-rooted desire to do good. He lived up to what he believed. His mental horizon, however, was bounded by what is ordinarily termed "the orthodox religion," of which we might say he was the foremost and best expression. Living in a world that his religion taught was filled with lost souls—a world of sin and corruption, whose noblest inhabitants were mere worms of the dust—he sought with both might and main to get people to renounce their evil ways and "turn to the Lord." In this respect he towered head and shoulders above those who claim to believe and who preach the same doctrine, and yet are lacking in that burning zeal for the salvation of souls which was manifested by the great evangelist.

There is a significance in the passing away of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll and Dwight L. Moody in the same year. The former, while standing ostensibly for what he believed to be the scientific development of the age, was really not in any sense in touch with the advanced scientific thought of his time—which is rapidly evolving from the dense materialism of the past and is daily acknowledging that there are more things in heaven and earth than heretofore it has dreamed of. The kind of skepticism that Colonel Ingersoll stood for never had any place in the *hearts* of the people —and it has never had so strong a hold on their *minds* as many have credited it with. It was a reaction from dogmatic theology, and, with the passing thereof, the skepticism of Ingersoll's followers has nothing to sustain it.

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Mr. Moody, on the other hand, undoubtedly thought he was thoroughly in touch with all that was true and vital in the Christian religion, but he failed to perceive that new interpretations were being given to the teachings of Jesus that made literally true what was said concerning his gospel: it is one of "great joy" to all people. There could never have been great joy to the children of men in a gospel that would exclude even one soul from eternal life or consign it to eternal punishment. The divine nature in man revolts at such a thought. The religion Mr. Moody believed in placed man in the position of having been at one time the very image and likeness of God, and then of losing the God-like part of his being through "the fall." The new belief holds that, while the ideal man has always existed in the heart and soul of Infinity, yet only in the "fulness of time" does the ideal find outer expression in perfect manhood. Outwardly, from the beginning, everything has been tending from lower to higher conditions—never from higher to lower. The involution of the ideal results in an evolution that in an orderly way expresses all that is within.

The trouble with Mr. Moody was that he found a religion in the world and accepted it without allowing his own mind to think, and independently to reach its own conclusions. His mental horizon was circumscribed by theology's dogmatic creeds. What, then, was the secret of his power? It did not lie in his dead theology, nor in his own mentality—he was neither a thinker nor a reasoner. It lay in his *love for men* and his desire to help them. This was the potent factor that made for righteousness in his own life and in the lives of others. No matter how radically one might differ with him in sentiment, one could not help loving the man. The *love* in his nature formed a point of contact in the lives of other people, and undoubtedly did much good. This was the secret of Mr. Moody's power, as well as the saving element in his religion.

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With the closing of the century, medieval theology is passing away. Dwight L. Moody will have no successor—the work of the revivalist is no longer required. People are using their minds in independent thought, and the Truth is making them free. The death-knells of the old theology that Mr. Moody represented and the skepticism that Colonel Ingersoll stood for are being sounded. A new religion, which shall be thoroughly scientific, and a new science, which shall be as thoroughly religious, are coming to take the place of the old.

We are told that Mr. Moody passed away from heart disease. Viewing the matter from a psychological standpoint, we can perceive that the physical trouble was really the outcome of mental conditions. The mind of the evangelist was greatly disturbed by the external evil of the world. Filled with many and various emotions, the emotional element in him forcefully appealed to the emotions in other people. Thus his mental life was a constant series of actions and reactions, which would naturally affect the heart. His was assuredly not a life that recognized an eternal and unchanging law, in which should come in natural sequence the perfect order of existence.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

As a nation we are slow to recognize that humanity, as a whole, has taken a long, sweeping stride toward harmony during the time that has elapsed since the civil war, and that as man grows into higher degrees of consciousness he looks at all the varying phases of the social condition with new eyes. Among the many changes of thought that have taken place in the mentality of present times may be mentioned a decided advancement in our ideas as to what constitutes bravery and patriotism. With the wonderful facilities used in modern times for travel and intercommunication, humanity has been unconsciously drifting into a unity of interests. It has founded what might be termed a cosmopolitan relationship, causing all mankind to feel the stir of universal

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brotherhood and of the one blood from the common Source of the world's Fatherhood. Love of country has blossomed a new flower —it has fruited into love of humanity.

At no other period in history has there been such widespread and interested study of the laws that govern mind-action. It is safe to estimate, in our own land at least, that three or four millions of people are interested in metaphysical or occult investigations. These students are uncovering the hidden springs of the world's misery, and in a fearless manner are teaching truths that have never been realized by the many in past ages. "The spring of thought in one generation becomes a mighty stream of public opinion in the succeeding one."

Students of psychology are able to trace conditions that have made murder and infidelity in the management of business trusts and marriage relations—so conspicuous in the annals of crime during the last ten years—back to their source in our civil war. The awful results of military strife extend into the future of a nation, with all its demonic influences, for many generations; and men are now questioning the right of nations to inflict upon their unborn millions these soul-blasting inheritances. The only relief such sin-cursed descendants can hope for will be found in teaching them the power of their own habits of thought. This understanding, with a strong, implicit faith in the love of God, will enable souls to overcome inherited tendencies.

The widespread study of sociology has been another means of ingrafting upon the body politic a new scion of patriotism of the higher order, because with unbiased judgment men have calmly studied causes, and refuse longer to believe that war and pestilence are necessary inflictions of Providence to relieve the globe of an alleged overproduction of inhabitants. Even the "survival of the fittest" theory seems inhuman to these great hearts—the new patriots; they would *care for* the weak and the ignorant, using their wisdom to uplift them into higher spheres of usefulness. It does not need a prophet to foresee that the future spirit of Americanism will be of this inspired order, and that the hopes of its founders will be realized in a government where "the greatest good to the greatest number" shall be an actualized condition.

HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another."—*L. R.*

"It is a beautiful saying, which, if not very common, is very true, that if we speak kind words we shall hear kind echoes."—*L. R.*

THE SONG-SPARROW.

A merry song-sparrow is singing away
'Midst the boughs of the sycamore tree;
There are children near by, who pause in their play
To find out the cause of his glee;
"Hip-hurrah!" sings the sparrow; "the world is so bright
That I cannot help trilling aloud in delight."

"Hurrah," cry the children; "hip, hip, and hurrah!
The sparrow is certainly right.
Sing away, little bird; we'll join in your song
And echo your notes of delight!"
So they all sing away to the merriest lay—
The little song-sparrow, the children at play.

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

ENERGY.

If I were to select one of the most interesting words in the dictionary, which is a very big book and full of beautiful words and very important ones, I think it would be *energy*. Have I ever seen it? Has any one ever seen it? No. Yet the wonder is that it is a power that hides itself everywhere; and it does such wonderful things that I want all the children to know about it, and to look for it themselves and see how curiously it manifests itself.

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Boys and girls have so much of it they surely ought to know a good deal about this power within them, whether exerted or not. For instance, Fred knows that he can run about as fast as any boy in the neighborhood if he only sets out to do it. Sue hasn't just that kind of energy that Fred has; but when papa wants a song Fred is just nowhere, while Sue's energy lies in that very direction. It seems to have its little operating-room in her throat, while Fred's is somewhere down in the knee-joints. The strange thing is that all Fred and Sue have to do is to send a little message to the muscles of the throat or limbs and the energy, or power, shows itself.

We were out in mid-ocean on our way to Gibraltar—a whole shipful of travelers, the youngest of whom were two boys, Malcolm and Robert, eight and ten years old. If you could see them they would tell you what fine sailors they became just from that one voyage. A great storm came up, and our good ship, "The Friesland," was stanch and seaworthy, and had weathered many a tempest. But the winds swept the waters mountain high, and the only safe place for a time was our berths, and there everything that could move rolled about like marbles on a waxed floor. The vessel would mount on a high wave and as soon again be plunged into the trough of the sea. Great mountains of water beat against the ship's sides as if she were a target for cannon balls.

Now, here was energy, or a power, in the waters of the sea that might have done us great harm; but down deep in the boiler-rooms were great engines puffing and blowing with an awful energy—a power of steam so great that, as fast as the sea struck a blow on our ship's side, the great energy of the steam boiler tossed us upon the top of the waves.

Malcolm and Robert soon got brave, even in such a storm, and learned more about force, or energy, than they ever knew before; for they could soon walk the decks with pretty good sea-legs.

Every growing thing is full of energy, and it shows itself when the warm summer sun shines. The little crawling worm feels it; and the birds sing, for they are so full of this force that they cannot help singing even when they fly.

I found a little dead sparrow on top of a snowbank after one of the blizzards we had one March. The dear little bird knew

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when it wanted to nest itself for the night. The rest of the birds got safely into their nook under the front roof porch; but there is not much energy in anything that's cold, and so the dear little sparrow lost its energy, or moving power, and fell limp and dead almost at the very door of its nest.

Think of the force in the air. We wouldn't know of it; but we put up our kite, and if we don't hold fast to the string the air will send it on a pretty long flight.

But I would not care to tell you all the places where energy hides itself, for I want to have Johnnie and Phil and Belle and Margaret go out hunting some day for themselves. I don't mean that you will ever find this energy; for no one ever yet has found it, though the whole world is seeking it. But you can find out what energy is *doing;* for it is never idle. The most interesting way it works is in boys and girls and men and women. It is the want of this very thing that makes one poor and another rich, one miserable and another happy. If you will think of it, I'm sure you will see that there's an immense amount of energy locked up in every one of us, and all we have to do is to exercise the will or wish and we will have power to do almost anything we desire. What great, good things are you children going to do with your stored-up energy?

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

A TRUE STORY.

Clinton is a little boy with a pink and white skin, gray eyes, and short yellow curls. Freddie is a little boy with a lovely brown skin, just the color of a chocolate caramel; and his eyes are black, and so is his hair that curls up in the tightest little curls imaginable. Clinton lives in a pleasant house in a very nice street. Freddie lives not far from Clinton, in an *un*pleasant house in a street that is not nice at all.

Clinton has a fine bicycle with the very best sort of tires. Freddie has one that he made from an old tricycle with wooden wheels.

Clinton and Freddie met in the kindergarten at the public

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school. So they always say, "Hello!" when they pass each other on the street.

One day, Clinton was standing beside his wheel, and little Freddie came up and said, "Say, gimme a ride, please."

Clinton looked at Freddie's little bare, black legs and feet, and at his grimy clothes; and then he looked at his spick and span wheel, and he hesitated, just an instant, before he said, "Yes, Freddie, if you'll be careful."

It was the very first time that Freddie had ever been on a real bicycle. But the practise on his own make-believe one made him perfectly at home. He felt, as he rode down the street, just the same way he was sure a bird must feel when it is floating in the air. He was the happiest, proudest little boy—black, or brown, or red, or yellow, or white—in the whole city.

Clinton's friend, next door, came over to him and said: "Why! the idea of letting that dirty little darky ride your wheel!"

"He's God's little child, just the same as you and I are, Daphne," said Clinton, soberly.

Freddie came back, after quite a long ride, looking very happy.

"Thank you, Clinton," said he. "When I grow up I'll be your coachman."

"I don't believe I'll need you," answered Clinton, "'cause I'm going to be a fireman, and drive the hook-and-ladder wagon myself. I'm glad you liked your ride."

F. P. P.

LITTLE THINGS.

Though horses cannot talk so that all of us understand them, I often think perhaps for that very reason they do more serious, wholesome thinking than many of us who have all the words we want to use. Look into a horse's big brown eyes, some time, and listen for the thoughts you will feel must surely be somewhere deep in those wonderful depths. That is what I did one day, and this is what I learned.

My friend and his horse, into whose eyes I looked, were very fond of each other. They had grown up together, one might say; for, though my friend was a great many years the older,

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still, horses grow faster than men, you know, and so they seemed really about the same age. By degrees, I grew very fond of this horse, and at last we came to understand each other very well.

One day when I went out in the pasture with my friend to give this horse some apples, all at once there came to me the secret of his wonderful success; for he was a great jumper, and had won many prizes and much praise for his master. The love in his soft brown eyes, as he looked at my friend, helped me to understand the story he tried to tell me.

When he was only a very little colt he had learned to love his master more than all else in the world. He longed to do some wonderful thing to please him and to show his love; but he could think of nothing great enough.

One day his master wanted him to jump some bars he had put up across the road. Every few days another bar was added, making the jump higher and higher. And the young horse did this again and again until it was almost as easy for him as walking had been before. But he didn't see any sense in it all, nor understand the least reason for it; and all the time he was longing and wishing he might do some great thing for the master he loved so well.

Well, one day he was taken far away from his home to a strange place where there were a great many other horses, and a great many fences—some high and some low—built across a broad road. He pricked up his ears and listened to all that was being said. All the horses there were to try to jump these fences —*hurdles,* the men called them. Most of the horses failed at the higher fences, but when came the turn of my friend's horse, he found he could jump them all quite easily; and people shouted and made a great noise when he cleared the last one.

After the tests were over he heard a number of men talking to his master, saying what a fine horse he owned, and how wonderfully he could jump. When they found out that the master, himself, had trained his horse quite alone, they began praising his skill; and then the horse's heart was very glad, and he rubbed his nose against his master's shoulder, trying to let him know how happy he was. For here had come to pass the very thing for which he had longed—to be able to do something to bring

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glory to his master whom he loved more than he did any one else.

I went back to my own work stronger and gladder for our little visit to the pasture. We are very much alike, after all, I thought—we humans and our animal cousins. We are all wanting to show the love and gratitude in our hearts by doing some great thing; and we all find hurdles—little and big—before us every day. We don't understand them often enough, or see any use in them; but I believe, as my friend's horse found out, if only our love keeps us patiently, hopefully working away, we shall find in the every-day routine the shortest, surest way to the thing we most want to be or do.

These lines have often made music for me when the hours seemed long:

"If only we strive to be pure and true,
To each of us all there shall dawn an hour
When the Tree of Life shall burst into flower,
And rain at our feet a wondrous dower
Of happiness greater than ever we knew—
If only we strive to be pure and true."

A. L. H.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

Rosebud lay in her trundle-bed,
Her small hands folded above her head.
She fixed her innocent eyes on me,
And a thoughtful shadow came over her glee.
"Mama," she said, "when I go to sleep,
I pray to the Father my soul to keep;
And He comes and carries it far away
To the beautiful home where His angels stay.
There I gather red roses and lilies so white;
I play with the angels through all the long night.
And when in the morning I wake from my sleep,
He gives back the soul that I gave Him to keep.
And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
The garlands of roses and wonderful streams.

—*Selected.*

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THE PUG, THE CAT, AND THE DOG.

"Auntie May, please, *please*," said little Flossie, "tell me another of your 'truly true' stories—won't you, Auntie?"

"Why, Flossie!" replied her auntie, "do you want a story *every* day?"

"Yes, Auntie," said Flossie, " 'specially when it rains hard, and I can't go out to play. Just see how it pours down! So, *please!*"

"Well, well, little girl, hungry and begging for stories," answered her auntie, laughing at Flossie's pleading air, "I'll tell you something about a little pug dog, a cat, and a canary bird. The dog's name was Chub, the cat's Sally, and the bird's Dick; and they were the best of friends. Sally, the cat, would sit on the table near Dick's cage, and Dick would sing to Sally until his mistress would lift her finger and say, 'There, Dicky; that will do.'

"Dick would instantly stop singing, and cock his little yellow head at Sally, with a twinkle in his bright black eye, as though he said: 'Just wait till the mistress has gone; then I'll sing you a new song—one you never heard before.'

"Often his mistress would leave the room and listen, unseen, at the door, when Dick would pipe up until it seemed as if his little throat would burst. But the instant his mistress entered the room Dick's song was hushed, and he was seemingly very busy smoothing out his tail feathers while Sally was demurely washing her face with her paws.

"But where was Chub, the little pug, all this time? Why, under the table, chewing away most busily at a glove belonging to his mistress, which he had taken from her work-basket. But when he saw her at the door the glove was instantly dropped, and Chub, seemingly fast asleep but with one eye open, was watching to see what would happen to him. His mistress would pick him up and say: 'Naughty Chubby! I'll tell your mother.'

"Then the little pug would set up such a howling, as if in great distress, while all the time the little fellow enjoyed the performance as much as his mistress.

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"Now, Flossie, I must tell you how these three pets came to be living together. Chub, when a very young puppy, was given to Mrs. P——, his mistress, by an 'old-clothes man,' in exchange for a cast-off suit belonging to her husband. Sally was a tramp cat, taken in from the street one cold, stormy night by the kind-hearted Mrs. P——. And Dick, the canary bird, was given to her by a very dear friend. To see these three pets together, when Dick was let out of his cage, was a sight much more amusing than 'Barnum's Happy Family,' for they played such funny pranks! Sally would catch the bird in her mouth, very carefully; Dick would give a faint 'peep,' and Chub would rush to the rescue, pulling the cat by the tail until with a loud 'Mew!' she would let the bird loose. Then all three would get under the table to wait until another 'happy thought' struck them, when they would start out for fresh antics.

"Now, all these little pets were kindly treated, never receiving a harsh word nor a blow; and how dearly they did love their kind mistress!

"But, Flossie, see!—it has stopped raining, and the sun is shining brightly. So you'd better run out and play till dinner-time."

"Yes, Auntie," said Flossie; "I'll go, and I thank you so much for your pretty story. I'm sorry for little girls who don't have any dear, good auntie to tell them nice stories. Good-bye, Auntie, till dinner-time."

And off ran Flossie to play.

MARY M. CLARK.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE NEW HUMANISM. By Edward Howard Griggs. 239 pp. Cloth, $1.60. Published by the author, 111 South 15th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

The sub-title of this work is "Studies in Personal and Social Development." It is by all odds the best book of its kind that has come to our library table. It has the official indorsement of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and its ten chapters probably constitute the basis of what will yet be the key-note of academic instruction in this country—the doctrine of the feasibility of a practical and realistic idealism. "The New Humanism" is a concise and informing presentation of this teaching, as well as an optimistic review of man's development as a social being. Students of the New Metaphysics will find nothing in this attractive volume that is at variance with their principles, but rather much that is suggestive of the possible unification of the practical and the ideal in the evolution of the spiritual factor of our common life. A wide circulation awaits it.

REINCARNATION. By Swami Abhedananda. 57 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the Vedanta Society of New York.

This little book comprises three lectures on the Vedanta philosophy by a Hindu teacher with whose name the readers of MIND are very familiar. In these discourses the Swami considers the questions of evolution and the resurrection in their bearing upon the ancient teaching of rebirth—the truth, logic, and justice of which are rapidly permeating the best thought of the Western world. For the preservation of this doctrine mankind is indebted to the literary storehouses of India—the racial and geographical source of much of the vital knowledge of Occidental peoples. Reincarnation is shown in the present volume to be a universal solvent of life's mysteries—it answers those questions of children that have staggered the wisest minds who seek to reconcile the law of evolution and the existence of an intelligent and just Creator with the proposition that man has but a single lifetime in which to develop spiritual self-consciousness. It is commended to every thinker.

J. E. M.

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OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDUCATIONAL NUGGETS. Gathered by John R. Howard. 215 pp. Cloth, 40 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, publishers, New York.

PATRIOTIC NUGGETS. Gathered by John R. Howard. 204 pp. Cloth, 40 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, publishers, New York.

PHILOSOPHIC NUGGETS. Gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington. 167 pp. Cloth, 40 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, publishers, New York.

OCCULT STORIES. By Charles W. Close, Ph.D., S.S.D. 38 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Published by the author, Bangor, Me.

SELECTED BIBLE READINGS. By Fannie B. James. 105 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Published by the author, Denver, Col.

WHAT IS TRUTH? By Matthew Watson. 21 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE BIBLE GOD, BIBLE TEACHINGS—and Selections from the Writings of Scientists. By Mrs. M. M. Turner. 139 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Peter Eckler, publisher, New York.

EVERY LIVING CREATURE. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 40 pp. Boards, 35 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers, New York.

CHARACTER-BUILDING THOUGHT POWER. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers, New York.

FOOD OF THE ORIENT—and Artistic Living. By Alice B. Stockham, M.D. 27 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Chicago.

HINDU WEDDING BELLS—and Taj Mahal. By Alice B. Stockham, M.D. 30 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Chicago.

OLD TIMES AND NEW POEMS. By Sara Hammond Palfrey. Paper, 49 pp. W. B. Clarke Company, publishers, Boston.

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MIND.

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WHO ARE THE REAL SINNERS?

BY A. B. CURTIS, PH.D.

It is asserted altogether too often, and doubtless many times without thought, that of all God's creatures man alone has gone astray. I have before me Frances Osgood's famous poem, "Laborare est Orare." This is the way one splendid stanza begins:

> "Labor is worship! the robin is singing;
> Labor is worship! the wild bee is ringing;
> Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
> Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart."

Excellent, is it not? But this is the way the stanza ends:

> "Only man in the plan shrinks from his part."

'Tis a cruel slander on the race, and I wish to enter a vigorous protest against all such talk. Man alone *is* at war with his conditions, and rises above them into the godlike. Of all imperfect things man alone is dissatisfied with his imperfection and commands himself to be perfect, as his God is perfect. The slow, plodding ox chews the cud of content and basks in the sweet apathies of his environment. Man hypnotizes his surroundings and carries on high converse with the Infinite.

Here is Dr. Josiah Strong, too, who tells us that "all Nature is obedient to the laws of the kingdom: only man is rebellious." Poor Nature is not so much as aware that there *is* a kingdom of God, to say nothing of having had a course

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of instruction in her laws. As for this kingdom, of which the Doctor speaks, man is himself the finder and creator of it. Man the only creature who disobeys! Then Emerson is right, and the wise man ought not to obey too well. For the only eye that sees God at all is the eye of the same rebel; and—I incline to think—it is only with this same rebel of a man-eye that God sees His child. Angelus Silesius put it this way: "The eye by which I see God is the same eye by which He sees me."

Had not a divine discontent goaded us out of animalism, we had never risen above the other creatures into the empyrean and grown an eye with which we could see God; and had not we grown such an eye he would never have found us—he will not find us now unless we possess the eye that sees him.

It is interesting to watch the wrestlings of the poet Shelley with our problem. His natural inclinations are all against the popular views upon the subject, but in "Queen Mab" he gives way to them and writes:

> "The universe,
> In Nature's silent eloquence, declares
> That all fulfil the works of love and joy,—
> All but the outcast, man. He fabricates
> The sword which stabs his peace; he cherisheth
> The snakes that gnaw his heart."

This, however, he says is all due to the very philosophy that asserts it. Man is told so often that he inherits vice and misery that he comes at last to think he inherits nothing else. Give a man truth instead of falsehood, and love instead of hate; make him feel his worthiness rather than his unworthiness, and the natural good now stifled by the rude grasp of fate would readily gain the ascendency. Left to his natural self, man finds in Nature a voice of God and a high incentive to progress. According to Shelley, man is not cursed by "the fall;" he is only cursed by the insane hallucination that he has fallen. He persists in dosing himself as if he were totally depraved, and so causes the very disease he is seeking to avoid.

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Not long ago I attended a conference of Universalists in New York City. After indulging for two hours in a dignified discussion of the progress of the race and the future triumph of good, the vast concourse with one accord arose and sang—

"Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

That Universalists, of all people, should sing a hymn like that! Perish the idea that human nature is ruined! Sin is truly a serious thing; but human nature has been made what it is, not by fleeing sin but by yielding to the wooings of the good. Duty is something positive, not negative. It is not lessening evil: it is creating good. It is not our business here —as Goethe maintains that Homer and Dante taught—to enact hell.

Some one has recently pointed out that philosophy rests upon the proposition that "whatever is is right," while morality begins by declaring that whatever is is wrong. In the one a whole planet is at the end of a telescope: in the other a gnat is under a microscope. In the long run things are right: in many details they are wrong. Looking at the domain of the telescope through the microscope, we find that man alone is grandly right and all the rest are sinners. Man kept in the main current of advancement; all the others grew weary, and at last became stagnant in wayside pools and eddies. In the beginning, the atom of star-dust had the same chance as the 879th anfractuosity of Shakespeare's brain. One obeyed the Divine behest, "Become an eye and see me;" the other refused, and has remained star-dust to this day. The tadpole and the sea-anemone started in the race even with man. For several millions of years the tadpole remained in sight; but he was distanced at last, grew discouraged, gave up the race, and floated aside in a green and fetid pool—where his croakings may still be heard. The horse and the dog remained longer in the race; but, poor sinners that they were, they lost nerve, whirled in an eddy for a few thousand years, grew four feet and a tail, and took to the bank. With several varieties of

monkeys it was a close race for a still longer period. At times the troglodyte seemed to give the most promise; but he sinned his opportunity away, and man won the race by head and shoulders. And the prize—how grand and noble!—"Have dominion over all the good left behind."

Just here I suspect some learned theologian wishes to interrupt me and point out that I am mixing things generally and confusing all his standards of judgment. Taking it for granted that he reads his Bible, I make my appeal to the sacred volume. I find that, in the original languages of the Scriptures, *to sin* is to "miss the mark." I find, too, that the reference is often to acts so low in the scale as to be beneath what is usually considered the ethical plane. I like this broadening of meaning; it rids me of my theological objector by carrying me at a bound out of the domain of theology into that of *life*. As so defined, the word *sin* seems to cover the whole ground and set the biblical doctrine of sin right with the age. Then, again, I find that in the Scriptures the sin of ignorance occupies as distinct a place as the sin of intention, and merits and receives as definite and severe a set of penalties.

The tadpole and the sea-anemone, the dog and the horse and the anthropoid, sinned in ignorance, I admit; but they missed the mark at which the Creator was aiming, and in the significant language of the old moralist, Ezekiel, "they shall bear their iniquities." What an awful punishment! They must remain tadpoles and troglodytes; they can never be men. They don't know what they miss, to be sure; but they miss nevertheless. How merciful is God in withholding from them reason and imagination! These possessions would plunge them into a hotter Inferno than that of which even Calvin dreamed. Over the door of that abode would stand written, not "Behold how beautiful it is for tadpoles to swim together in their murky pool," but this other awful legend, "These beings must stay tadpoles—they wanted to be men."

To be in perdition, and know you are there, is after all only the privilege of great souls. It is the goad that quickens

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our pace. God sends many of his best saints, as the world reckons saintliness, to this Sheol of remorse; by which, I take it, God intends to hold up to ridicule a practise (sometimes indulged in by us) of dividing his children into saints and sinners. As Keats tells us in his preface to "Endymion," "there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object;" and only great souls undertake great objects. It is always the highest in us that makes our hell for us. We are ever judging ourselves by the ideal, not by the real. Sin, we are told, is the transgression of the law. And what is the law? It is the rule for producing the perfect man—who, forsooth, with one exception, has never been produced. The sense of sin comes from judging ourselves by the standard of a thousand years ahead.

If, then, it is true that the kingdom of sin is within us, it is we who have put it there by a vigorous kicking against the *status quo* and an incessant struggle upward out of animalism into freedom—out of darkness into light; and no sooner does the good become possible through our efforts than the choice of the bad becomes grievous wrong and brings its sting. Life, then, becomes one long temptation—temptation to do better and be more.

The primitive stuff upon which we as human beings have to work is savagery, but one remove from downright animalism; as a little girl once explained to the late Professor Proctor, when asked the difference between a man and a brute: "A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast." The brute lied, stole, and was cruel; he broke the Sabbath and violated the rules of good form; he froze these every-day practises of his—which we will call the struggle for life—into instinct, and handed them on to man as his bequest out of the past. What we call the life of sin to-day is nothing but the recurrence of these habits and a willingness to rest content with them. When the first man appeared, God had a co-worker; and henceforward other eyes, besides the one all-seeing Eye, were fixed upon the mark.

It is no wonder, then, in the light of these facts, that some

of the most powerful gospels of our times have nothing to say of sin. The gospel of Emerson derives its power from the fact that it ignores absolutely "that horrid burden and impediment of the soul which the churches call sin." Emerson refuses to contaminate his mind with the old doctrine; he hates it too intensely to take its name upon his lips. Ernest Renan felt the same about it; Amiel once said to him, "And what does M. Renan make of sin?" "Eh bien!" said Renan, forcibly, "I think I suppress it." How far, after all, is the New Testament from being in agreement with Emerson and Renan? In its doctrine of "being dead to sin" it has reached what some one has called "the highest theoretical solution of the inner life." Would it not be well, therefore, to stop our raving against sin and try to get a clearer vision of the good? God makes sparing use of the thunderbolts: he has found that shining is more profitable. Until now all the saints have been hurling thunderbolts at sin. The liberals have taken the lead, hurling the heaviest and hottest thunderbolts of all—at the terrible sin of "orthodoxy." Is it not time to try shining?

> "We must steep our truths in sunshine,
> Would we have them pierce the crust."

To the four winds, then, with the popular superstition that only man is vile! Man alone has caught the secret of what God is aiming at, and has tried to help Him. Does sin bring death? Yes; God told Adam that it would, and it did, and has. Does sin make us like God—opening our eyes and acquainting us with moral standards? Yes; the devil told Eve it would be so, and so it was. It always takes both God and the devil to tell the whole truth—about sin.

"Go ahead," says the Deity; "if it's natural it's right."

"Yes," echoes Satan; "if it's natural go ahead."

God does not love best those who cringe before him—those who fawn and flatter. He loves best—sometimes—the men who maintain their cause to his face. The Jobs and Prometheuses of history are always to be reckoned among the saints. After all, who are the sinners?

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THE ESOTERIC ART OF LIVING.*

PART VII. SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS (*Continued*).

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

We may next note those experiences where there is first an independent manifestation of the two intelligences—the subliminal unperceived by the supraliminal, but followed by a complete usurpation of the field by the subliminal: as in the case where the subject was conversing in the normal state with A, and turns and continues orally the conversation carried on by signs with B, who was behind her and whose presence was unknown. The secondary personality had quickly emerged and controlled the field to the exclusion of the normal self. But it must be remembered that if there be other extraneous intelligences that may in any way act upon a person this same result would be possible and the manner of its occurrence would be similar.

Finally, in the phenomena of hypnotism we have abundant evidence of the possibility of the segregation of the personality, the apparent creation of one or more limited chains of memories, and of distinct and independent experiences, lying below the normal consciousness, that come into expression when the normal consciousness is submerged or inhibited. Neither the psychology nor the physiology of hypnotism has been satisfactorily explained. There seem to be in the hypnotic sleep a withdrawal of consciousness from the external attention and a concentration upon organic recuperation. In general there is inhibition to some degree of the normal state and a concentration upon others.

For my present purpose I desire only to mention hypnotism

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as one of the agencies that have disclosed the marvels of the subliminal self, from the "uprush of ideas and impulses, matured beneath the conscious threshold," to the emergence from the subliminal realm of states of consciousness so distinct from the normal self as to have earned the designation of secondary or multiplex personalities. Prof. F. W. H. Myers has said:

> "I hold that each of us contains the potentialities of many different arrangements of the elements of our personality, each arrangement being distinguishable from the rest by differences in the chain of memories which pertain to it. The arrangement with which we habitually identify ourselves—what we call the normal or primary self—consists, in my view, of elements selected for us in the struggle for existence with special reference to the maintenance of ordinary physical needs, and is not necessarily superior in any other respect to the latent personalities which lie alongside it—the fresh combinations of our personal elements which may be evoked by accident or design, in a variety to which we can at present assign no limit."

The questions, of course, arise: What is the nature of these personalities manifesting in the one individual (I do not refer to alleged extra-terrene minds controlling)? What is the degree of their separateness? How distinct and independent are they? And, finally, how are they essentially correlated, and how may that unity and correlation be fostered rather than their separation accented? In the first place, the evidence shows so gradual a transition in the cases—from the simple automatic actions performed with some degree of knowledge on the part of the objective self to the apparently wholly separated chains of actions and memories constituting these secondary or multiplex personalities—that it is fair to conclude that they are but differences in the degree in which the functioning consciousness is concentrated upon the one or the other plane, or upon both in varying proportions. The distinct line of demarcation between the memory of one state and that of another will most likely be found to be a result of the physical basis of memory, or a correlation of experiences perceived and associated through limited brain areas. For instance, hypnotism has been said to be the suppression of con-

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sciousness related with all or part of the frontal lobe; hence, there is lacking in the hypnotic personality the memories and characteristics of the normal self, that part of the brain being correlated with that self.

But if we analyze the nature of consciousness and memory, I think it will throw much light upon the question. Consciousness as a whole—as, for instance, the state of the self at any moment—must be the state of the subliminal self plus the sum total of experience impressed upon it. Thus it will be evident that in the essence of consciousness there may be no memory aside from the sum total of experience surviving as a result, just as the individual characteristics of a race evolved at different periods exist simultaneously, and not otherwise, in the individual. Now, memory arises when that consciousness is segregated and its divided parts relate themselves to the ideas of time and place and these become further related to each other. Thus consciousness becomes individually related to particular moments, places, and persons; and these individual states, which have become differentiated as memories, become related to one another by association.

The placid sea presents a homogeneous and unified surface, but when acted upon by the zephyr it is broken into many facets, each related to an external condition; yet they are all of the same sea. Thus if we conceive the ultimate Self as the original essence, expressed with the sum total of experience and existing as an undifferentiated state of consciousness, we discover an adequate explanation for all the perplexing phenomena of the apparent loss, the segregation, and the sudden emergence of memory. The waking or supraliminal self is a segment of this sum total of consciousness, specifically related as a distinct chain of memories with a certain state of environment and purposes. The hypnotic self, or the secondary personality, is another segment of this sum total of consciousness, specifically related as a distinct chain of memories with another state of environment and purposes. The same

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may be said of sleep. Ecstasy is more than any of these, for strictly it is not a personal or memory state at all, but transcends them, and is a degree of realization of that sum total of consciousness, unsegregated and unrelated to environment in memory states. Barring ecstasy, all these will be seen to be merely emergences of the true and unified self into memory states, bearing some relationship to external environment or to subjective conditions. No doubt this sum total of consciousness becomes the reservoir of the *effects* of all experience. Says Professor Myers:

> "Suppose that my arm is rendered anesthetic by hypnotic suggestion, and is then pricked without my seeing it—I shall be unconscious of the pricks. My normal self, that is to say, will be unconscious of them, and on the ordinary view my *whole* self will be unconscious of them. But I shall consider it as practically certain *a priori* that some phase of personality of mine must have been conscious of the pricks and must have registered them on some latent mnemonic chain. Thus, in a word, nothing which my organism does or suffers is unconscious; but the consciousness of any given act or endurance may form a part of a chain of memories which never happens to obtrude itself into my waking life."

The ultimate unity of all these states is indicated by many facts. There is a participation by the normal and the subliminal selves in many acts and memories, and, in cases where there appears to be no participation by the normal self in the memories or experience of the subjective personality, it would seem that the two have an actual basis of unity though not always evident in the experience. Says Professor Myers: "It sometimes happens, as Delbœuf and others have shown, that a subject who on waking from the hypnotic trance remembers nothing can be led by artifice to recollect all that he has done." This, if true in one case, must be true in all similar ones, and discloses the fact that phenomena that appear to constitute separate personalities have an underlying basis of unity; and to establish that unity in a state of consciousness it is only necessary to find the associational links, or to create conditions for their spontaneous interrelation.

The phenomena of dreams disclose the same truth. Dream-

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states are as independent as if no waking state had preceded them; that is, they are not related by a chain of memories, and usually they fade away from the waking consciousness almost as soon as they appear. But in many cases, and under proper individual conditions, they become clear and perfect in the waking consciousness, especially when a slender thread of memory can be grasped by association with which the other memories are enabled to emerge with it. It must be evident, then, that any practise tending merely to evoke the consciousness in distinct chains of memories, in limited expressions, is not the method we should seek; but if we find there is a method that will unify into one consciousness all the memories which may emerge from the sum total, that method will deserve our earnest attention. I will refer particularly hereafter to what I conceive to be such a method.

It has been hardly more than my purpose here to state a *prima facie* case for the existence of the subliminal self, without adducing an array of evidence or refining upon an analysis of its functionings, but seeking to state its existence and general nature in order that the activities of the normal or primary self may be intelligently conceived as connected therewith, drawing its most vital aid and support therefrom—hence to emphasize the fact that no Esoteric Art of Living can leave out of consideration its study and a knowledge of it.

* * *

It is now evident that the normal man—that ordinary waking state of consciousness related to the apparent world—is but a limited manifestation of a larger and profounder Self from which it may draw knowledge and inspiration. I have suggested that in truth there is, as a whole, one sum total of consciousness, parts of which become manifested in the objective life under such limitations and with such independence as to suggest the designation of personalities, though undoubtedly comprehended in that profounder Self which conserves all knowledge and memories of the several. "It is con-

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ceivable," says Professor Myers, "that there may be for each man yet a more comprehensive personality—or say an individuality—which correlates and comprises all known and unknown phases of his being. Such a notion can no longer be dismissed as merely mystical. Analogy points to it; and, though no observation could fully prove it, there may well be observations which make it probable." This underlying unity is the source of all the differing phases of consciousness. Its maximum emergence in the physical organism, which it builds and controls, is the normal or supraliminal self, whereby it undergoes the differentiating process of evolution.

To suppose, therefore, that this emergent point, the normal self, were all, or that it were the most important under all conditions, would be very faulty. Says Professor William Crookes: "Whilst it is clear that our knowledge of subconscious mentation is still to be developed, we must beware of rashly assuming that all variations from the normal waking condition are necessarily morbid. The human race has reached no fixed or changeless ideal; in every direction there is evolution as well as disintegration." It is no doubt true that the normal self is the phase of consciousness best adapted to the maintenance of the physical needs of the individual; but the physical needs are but small in importance compared with the larger needs of the individual thus known. Hence we can understand the origin of the higher qualities of the mind and the loftier impulses of the deeper nature, which find no relationship to merely physical needs. Music, art, and estheticism, altruism and universal love, are emergences of this higher consciousness, related to our particular plane of existence. All deep and profound impulses are surgings of this mighty undersea of consciousness. Genius is the harmonious synchronizing of the lofty states of the subliminal with the normal man. Ecstasy is the abidance for the time in those subliminal states, unmarred by any cognition of the normal and limited. Of this constant emergence, Professor Myers says: "In this very

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question of emergence of unfamiliar faculty from a subconscious stratum, our next step shows us faculty thus emerging which is of real use; products of subliminal mentation uprushing into ordinary consciousness which actually benefit the waking life. Does this emergence occur in the normal life? My answer is that it does, and when it does it constitutes genius."

It is evident, then, the highest condition of life for us is that one which effects the most perfect synchronizing of the subliminal consciousness with the normal and environmental self: that condition of life which recognizes the due importance and purpose of the normal and cultivates its healthy exercise, and seeks to incorporate therewith the processes and results of the subliminal consciousness. If it were possible to know the facts, it is probable that we would find the lives of the truly great, the spiritually enlightened, to have been of this type. If this be the highest condition we may presently attain, or the full measure of the immediate results of evolution, the question at once arises as to how it may be attained, or what course will conduce to its realization.

It is pertinent to suggest here the reason why such a method as the "hypnotic" is not the advisable one, and can never conduce to the desired end. The reason lies in the fact that the method severs or segregates the consciousness, creating and perpetuating separate chains of memories, and suppresses the normal state—two things, as I believe, we must avoid. If the end above spoken of is to be attained, the *self-consciousness* of the normal state is never to be lost, nor are new and distinct phases of personality to be created out of the subliminal consciousness; but the self-consciousness is to be preserved intact, and the subliminal consciousness is to be realized as far as possible and blended therewith—thus unifying all memory and consciousness in the one. This can best be attained through the evolutionary processes and results of living the higher life, as suggested in preceding papers, and by a proper and rational

practise of introspection (or meditation) and concentration. The reason for the former is found in the nature of evolution itself; for the latter, it lies in the fact that it is the only method of practise which retains the self-consciousness of the normal state and at the same time creates special facilities for the emergence therein of the knowledge and states of the subliminal self: nothing being relinquished, except at will, and all gains of conscious states added to and blended with the one in possession. But I will refer to this specifically in a subsequent paper.

We have found the subliminal self to be the source of the normal or supraliminal self, and have noted some of its faculties and characteristics as it emerges into the normal phase of life. What is the ultimate nature of this vast storehouse of the soul? Has it always been individualized, manifesting through successive states of expression, or was there a time when out of the Infinite Consciousness it took the limitations of personality? In any event, can it be other than the original essence which in the past has been evolving, by processes of adaptation to physical environment and to the ends of individual well-being, into the complex and marvelous being called man? And as nothing can be evolved that has not existed potentially, must we not ascribe to it the vastest possibilities—the attributes of divinity? Says Professor Myers:

"If, as we get deeper down, we come on even more definite indications of powers and tendencies within ourselves which are *not* such as natural selection could have been expected to develop, then we may begin to wonder on *what* it was that the terrene process of natural selection, as we have it, began at the first to exercise modifying power. To such a question no answer whatever can be given which is not in some sense mystical, or rather metempirical, as dealing with hypotheses which no experience of ours can test. But it should be remembered that there is no metaphysical or physiological answer in possession of the field. The competition is open; the course is clear."

Leaving the profounder problem of the ultimate nature of the real Self, let us consider that which immediately concerns us; namely, its possibilities with reference to the life we are

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now living. These are, first, its influence upon the waking normal self by emergence into and blending with it; second, its *responsiveness* to the influences of external conditions and thought and its *perfect memory*. Accepting evolution, I would expect, *a priori*, to find these characteristics inhering in the profounder self. The ability successfully to adjust and adapt the organism to environment presupposes a high degree of responsiveness and plasticity; while progress and unfoldment require creative or originative possibilities, coördinated with retentiveness, or memory. If these be the essential characteristics of the subliminal self that have played so important a part in the past of life, it is evident that they must be reckoned with in any attempt to understand the possibilities of the future or to facilitate the highest attainment therein.

The emergence of the knowledge of the subliminal self at every point of life has been noted; it remains for us briefly to consider the other characteristics. The subliminal self is exceedingly susceptible to suggestion; that is, it is inherently *responsive*. This is abundantly shown in all hypnotic experiments, where for the time being the normal consciousness is more or less suppressed and but a segment of the subliminal manifests. This responsiveness has played a large part in the causes that have produced the mental differentiations in the evolution of man; but, without the controlling guidance of the reason and will evolved in the normal or objective self (as in the case of hypnotism), it could become destructive of the higher interests. I believe it is the intelligent and understanding control and guidance by the will and reason that may utilize this faculty and effect far-reaching and beneficent results to the individual. When one can, in a small degree, unify his waking consciousness with the processes of the subliminal, and blend his voluntary thought with the recuperative powers of the subliminal self, he may heal himself when the operations of the vital forces are disturbed; he may keep them equilibrated, and himself calm and peaceful, and with the right philosophy and aspiration may enter quite a new realm of experience and life.

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The subliminal self has practically a perfect memory, and states of consciousness once fixed tend to persist or recur because of this faculty of retentiveness. The vast importance of this fact as related to our present life must be plain, and is the most ample justification for the insistence upon maintaining high ideals in thought and act. It explains how character is builded, and why it persists long after the experience which was the cause of the modification has faded from the memory of the normal or objective self. Thought does not only affect the momentary waking consciousness, but its effects sink far down into the subliminal and there modify the existing states—perchance to emerge again when the moment is opportune. How important, then, become our objective life and thought! And what a molding and constructive agency we have in our ability to select, to some extent, our waking states and thoughts; to engage in the building and shaping of the deeper and truer self for the higher expressions of consciousness, by using care and method in bringing into the normal state the true and noble and beautiful, and excluding therefrom their opposites! This I call selective mentation and psychism. Thus one may do for himself in a few years what the slow processes of evolution may require generations to do for a race.

(*To be continued.*)

MEMORY is not only subject to will, but it has a will of its own. It is like a looking-glass, because it reflects what passes before it; yet, unlike a looking-glass, it retains and at will reproduces any figure that is wanted at the very center of the plate. What the power is by which a subject is often unconsciously retained, through years, and is suddenly produced when needed, no one has ever been able to turn himself inside out quick enough to discover.—*Emerson.*

How difficult it is for the Present not to be unjust when it judges the actions of the Past!—*Louis Blanc.*

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THE METAPHYSICS OF MUSIC.

BY HENRY W. STRATTON.

(II.)

Once realize that the sevenfold principle of music is macrocosmic in scope, and that its various pitches are determined by an unchangeable tonic, and we become conscious of closer ties between the soul and the universe. A sense of musical kinship with God is awakened, and resulting breadth of thought invites larger inspiration for musical composition. The feeling that the Divine Mind, as a reservoir of harmony, may be drawn upon *ad libitum* lends an impetus to the composer not obtained by the narrowing of ideas of music down to the human mind and to mere instruments of wood or metal. The materialistic conception of music, the limitations imposed on it by supposition of its origin in material vibration, the dwarfing of its gigantic proportions into purely objective consciousness, and especially into instruments of fixed tones culminating in our equal temperament, must be regarded as a fall from grace—a descent into ignoble conditions. The musical paradise, the Eden of sound that is the cosmic or *Just* intonation, is lost.

Our system of equal semitones is a distortion of that natural system rooted in the cosmic order of tone-succession—distortion because the tempered scale is out of tune with the natural scale existing upon the inaudible plane. The intervals of tempered chords are imperfect, and consequently do not agree harmonically with the chords of unheard music, which, formed according to perfect intonation, are always in tune, maintaining the sweetness and wholeness of cosmic harmony. Perfect or cosmic intonation involves established ratios of vibrational numbers, and upon these the tone relations of the diatonic scale de-

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pend. These ratios are as follows: C 1 or 24, D 9/8 or 27, E 5/4 or 30, F 4/3 or 32, G 3/2 or 36, A 5/3 or 40, B 15/8 or 45, C 2 or 48. To show that tempered intervals are not in accord with these ratios, it is only necessary to contrast their vibrations with those of intervals in Perfect or Just intonation. Thus, *e. g.*, the intervals of the C major triad:

Just— C 264, E 330, G 396.

Tempered—C 264, E 332 61/100, G 395 55/100.

From this it is clear that the tempered intervals C E (major third) and C G (fifth) do not conform to their respective ratios—5/4 and 3/2. The major third is more than 2½ vibrations sharp, and the fifth nearly ½ vibration flat. These discrepancies make the tempered triad C E G out of tune with the justly-intoned triad ever sounding in the Cosmos, or Universal Consciousness. This inharmony is emphasized further by the beats that accompany such imperfection. The beats for the fifth amount to nine in ten seconds; for the major third, ten and a half per second; for the minor third (E G), eighteen per second. The roughness of the chord occasioned by these beats is very plain; yet musicians are satisfied, believing there is no alternative.

The construction of the natural or cosmic scale, indicated above, differs from the unnatural or tempered scale in the inequalities of tone values. In the former, E F is unequal to B C, and A B is larger than any other interval; in the latter, E F and B C are equal semitones, while A B has the same value as other whole tones. Thus the equalized series of tones constituting the foundation of our equal temperament, through false representation, fails to express the seven-in-one principle which is the diatonic virtue of the key. Seven can exist in One only where perfect harmony prevails, and a key whose parts are out of tune cannot be whole or centered in itself. Subdivision of the scale into twelve equal semitones is a further departure from the cosmic prototype, in that the very *equality* of the tones blunts their purpose, intensity, and efficiency, and

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imposes on each the double duty of being both sharp and flat simultaneously. Now, a tone that is, for instance, both C sharp and D flat, yet neither, is no tone at all—it has no direct force or meaning; hence, a succession or combination of such tones is unintelligible from the standards of true music.

The indefiniteness of music in general is largely attributable to blunted tone-meanings. The attempt of sharp and flat to tell two stories in one vibratory breath produces mental confusion. The point of the story is lost and the listener left in doubt. In the Just intonation, every tone is self-sustaining, clear, forcible; hence, a succession or combination of *such* tones can be understood. A musical phrase can have but *one* version; if several versions express it, then it is not a musical phrase, but simply a collection of tones—each doing duty for some other tone not heard except in imagination. The so-called enharmonic change is a libel on good music; it is a meager apology offered for transgression of musical law, or a trick of the theorists to deceive the musical conscience; it is responsible for melodic and harmonic ambiguity, and should not be tolerated. Composers who make use of it do so at the peril of their musical immortality, for no composition can survive that is not founded upon Truth. Hauptmann says, pertinently: "Where intonation is free, not fixed, there is never any reason for not making the intervals perfectly true; for inside a key, in the compass of three united triads, notes of the same name with different meanings do not occur. A key does not even contain two chromatically different notes, and enharmonically different notes lie so far apart that they cannot meet together in harmony."

Instruments of fixed tones, like the piano, do not, strictly speaking, produce real music, because the method by which they are tuned demands tempered intonation. Our equal temperament, for which the piano is directly accountable, leads the ear astray by fostering false judgments of intervals. It substitutes mere convenience for necessity, and tells a series of

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falsehoods for the sake of building up an *instrumental* art from which there shall be no escape. All instruments are practically adjusted to this systematic, musical lying—although horns, trumpets, and bowed instruments are *free* to produce tones in perfect intonation. In his criticism of the matter, Helmholtz observes:

"The principal fault of our present tempered intonation does not lie in the fifths; for their imperfection is not worth speaking of, and is scarcely perceptible in chords. The fault rather lies in the thirds. This error is not due to forming the thirds by means of a series of imperfect fifths, but is the old Pythagorean error of forming the thirds by means of an ascending series of four fifths. Perfect fifths in this case give even a worse result than flat fifths. The natural relation of the major third to the tonic, both melodic and harmonic, depends on the ratio 5/4 of the vibrational numbers. Any other third is only, more or less, an unsatisfactory substitute for the natural major third.

"It necessarily produces more disturbance to hear very falsely tuned thirds amidst correct intervals than to hear intervals which are all equally out of tune and are not contrasted with others in perfect intonation; hence, as long as it is necessary practically to limit the number of semitones within the octave to twelve, there can be no question at all as to the superiority of the equal temperament, with its twelve equal semitones, over all others; and as a natural consequence this has become the sole acknowledged method of tuning."

The preference for "intervals which are all equally out of tune," as against "very falsely tuned thirds amidst correct intervals," is equivalent to the acceptance of a large lie because it covers a small one, or acceptance of a cure that is worse than the disease. Better no music at all than that which descends to such mendacity; better no piano than a false musical education. Can fixed tones with their enharmonic duplicity inspire our lives and regain the lost paradise of divine harmony? The progress of music is toward the Eden of perfect intonation; and, notwithstanding "the superiority of the equal temperament," it must yield to the onward march of musical thought.

The duodecimal division of tones within the octave is not necessarily based upon an equal temperament—for twelve tone-segments exist, although *unequal,* in the Just intonation.

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Cosmic music, which is always Justly intoned, may be *twelved* without resorting to *equal* semitones; these latter are demanded only by instruments whose stiffness of tone-production prevents them from being accurately tuned.

In the case of the piano, another keyboard is really required to express enharmonic changes; but, as this is impracticable, the piano (until further perfected) should be excluded from the list of music-producing mechanisms. From an educational viewpoint its use ought to be discontinued, since the untuned sounds of its strings are detrimental to musical ethics.

As a solution of the problem of intonation Helmholtz remarks: "The only correct system of tones is that in which the system of tones generated by fifths should be separated from those generated by major thirds." Such separation actually exists in cosmic harmony; but fifths and thirds are there so nicely adjusted that they admit of combination in chords without what may be termed musical interference. Each Justly-intoned key is in tune with every other, because vibration is *free* and *unlimited,* and intervals are mutually adapted *by* this freedom. Vibration on the inaudible plane is not restricted to strings or pipes, so tuned as to form no smaller segment than a semitone. The Divine chromatics present a scale the interstices of which are so fine as to meet the minutest requirements in vibrational numbers of all intervals. It is lack of this flexile quality that renders our equal temperament so clumsy and inefficient. The tone-links of which it is composed are so coarse as to preclude a natural reciprocity between fifths and thirds throughout the duodenary chain of keys; therefore, it must remain a blemish on the escutcheon of art, a menace to musical development, until at least enharmonic changes become *actualized* in instruments of fixed tones by intermediary sets of pipes or strings.

The great distinction between Just and Tempered intonation is this: "In the first system, the *inequalities* of a single key-scale tend to counterbalance the inequalities of all the others,

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so that the twelve key-scales, by dove-tailing into one another's vibrations, present an *equalized whole* and unite *both planes* of sound in reciprocal harmony; whereas, in the second system, the *equalities* of a single key-scale producing *false* tone-relations compel *similar* conditions in all the others, so that the twelve key-scales, by overlapping and borrowing (enharmonically) one another's vibrations, fail to unite reciprocally *both planes* of sound, and present a whole which although *apparently* in equilibrium is nevertheless *unbalanced* and out of tune.

Of all musically designed mechanisms, the human ear most nearly conforms to the chromatic adjustments of cosmic intonation. The Corti arches are so arranged as to provide thirty-three and a third fibers for each interval of a semitone; and this fact proves a greater capacity to *hear* music than is required by the equal temperament. It proves, further, a greater capacity than is required even by the twelve major and minor modes themselves, as developed in modern art. The perception of minute intervals, extending as it does to the sixty-fourth of a semitone, suggests possibilities in chord-formation farther reaching and more comprehensive than can at present be conceived. Thus the ear, by its own construction and adaptation to fine enharmonic transitions, plainly indicates Nature's preference for the perfect intonation.

The human soul is never deceived by misrepresentations of tempered tones; it feels their deficiencies intuitively, and in voicing its own music follows the proper ratios of pitch. The song of the soul, when unhampered by instrumental accompaniment, is always cosmically in tune; and upon this innate recognition of vibratory formulæ the Tonic Sol-fa method is based. Helmholtz affirms that "all music began with singing, and singing will always remain the true and natural school of all music." The vocal cords, combining the qualifications of reeds, strings, and membranes, are peculiarly fitted to express infinitesimal distinctions of tone; and this capability ranks them at

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the head of all mechanical agents for the Just interpretation of unheard music. The sweetness of the unaccompanied voice is due to perfectly intoned intervals. God is in the song, and the singer is literally "in tune with the Infinite."

Would you reënter the Eden of sound? Then sing your way back to it; vibrate at the pitch Divine. Sing silently; listen for the Key-notes of the Cosmos, surging through the deeps of your being. How they sink or swell at the approach or withdrawal of consciousness! Permit yourself to become absorbed by their volume, and gradually a sense of your at-one-ment with them is unfolded. This sense finally crystallizes into identification of self with one of these diapason tones, and when this occurs your soul finds its true position in the staff Divine. To be conscious of your vibrational number, to know your own key-note, is to possess the secret of your nature and to unlock for *you* the gates of the Musical Paradise.

(*Concluded.*)

THE only way in which political power can be made to further the well-being of a community is through the establishment and maintenance of civil liberty. Experience has over and over again demonstrated, and it will infallibly continue to demonstrate, that a high degree of material prosperity can be attained only through freedom of enterprise and organization, and that the highest degree of personality can be developed only through intellectual liberty and individual responsibility.—*Professor Giddings.*

GREATER than the sun—that which is supreme above all—that let us adore; and may it guide our understanding!—*Gayatri.*

YOU cannot oblige a man more than by asking a light favor of him.—*George Macdonald.*

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HAPPINESS.

BY A. L. MEARKLE.

"True mystic philosophy is as clear as the summer sky. It is full of brightness and full of warmth."—*Max Müller.*

Every individual has a natural right to be happy. I can never quite forgive Carlyle for stating the opposite doctrine in words so fascinating and so hard to unlearn—words having all the charm of Stoic wisdom, but appealing to youth just budded into altruism even more forcibly than to philosophic middle age—as if there were a contradiction between happiness and the blessedness he promises in its stead! *This* is the Everlasting Yea—that we need not miss happiness to find blessedness. If my happiness involves your sacrifice, there is something radically wrong between us. The idea that there is not enough joy in the universe to go around is one we had better get rid of. It springs, like all our superstitions, from subconscious fear—the effect of evolutionary conditions now obsolete and long since forgotten. Since the "more life and fuller life" of the few no longer involves the misery and death of the many, a happy existence is the right of all. The weak need not be sacrificed by the strong, nor the strong for the weak.

In a free and natural state the happiness of no individual is in the power of another. Each pursues his own pleasure, and interests do not conflict. The illusions of wealth and personal power destroy this normal balance. Yet even in an artificial society no person has the disposal of another's happiness; that is inalienable. Epictetus, the prince of Stoics, gave this unfailing recipe for happiness:

"Seek not that the things which happen should happen as you wish, but wish the things which happen to be as they are. . . . Disease is an impediment to the body, but not to the will, unless the will itself chooses. Lameness is an impediment to the leg, but not to the will. . . . Is the

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oil spilled? Is a little wine stolen? Say on the occasion, at such a price is sold freedom from perturbation; at such a price is sold tranquillity: but nothing is got for nothing."

However, the ordinary person cannot lift himself above the disturbing vicissitudes of life by sheer will. In order to be happy it is necessary to find out what is worth living for. The diseased body, the lame leg, the spilled oil and stolen wine are not. Then what is? Ah, that every individual must discover for himself! A serene mind is not far to seek, when once the heart is fixed on something beyond the power of human hands to spill or steal. Mystic philosophy, which teaches men to live for eternity, in promising blessedness does not underrate happiness; on the contrary, it is the quintessence of optimism. It is not impossible for the *person* to become weary of the trials and disappointments of earthly life, and to wish not merely to pass out of existence but to be annihilated. But the *spirit* is never discouraged. Listen to it. It is the essential optimist, continually asserting that life ought to be happy, and that, happy or not, it is worth living. This inherent optimism prevents more suicides than the statutes, Paley, and the Bible —in fact, it inspired all three; for an intuitive conviction of the value of human life is at the bottom of all law, philosophy, and ethics.

Existence itself is one long and varied explanation of intuition to the intellect. The mind has an unceasing "Why?" for all the experiences of the body; and to the ultimate why—why must I exist?—intuition alone can make reply. The answer is not wholly intelligible to the mind at first; but that does not matter, for the spirit is master of the situation and compels obedience to its will. It says *live,* and the body obeys; and the most the mind can do is to make existence as disagreeable as possible to itself by its obstinate doubtings and rebellions.

To an enormous degree, but with ill-understood limitations, the mind of the mother can influence the subconscious mind

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of her unborn child, just as it can influence her own, by imposing on it the mistaken beliefs characteristic of imperfect evolution; or it can pave the way for a bright career of progressive spiritual culture. Happiness is greatly affected by prenatal influences. Our estimate of existence has been made far lower than it ought to be by the beliefs ground into the race through immemorially dwelling on its dark and evil side. Do not let us blame "orthodoxy" for this. If the beautiful earth seems a vale of tears—that it does seem so is itself one of the temporary evils incidental to evolution. But if all men understood the perfect, ideal harmony that subsists between man's nature and the rest of Nature, and the laws under which the organic world is destined to achieve its best, birth would never be looked upon as it is by the fatalist—whose "religion" is an endeavor, not to beautify and ennoble existence, but to be freed from its evolutionary vicissitudes.

Existence even at its worst, with the ameliorations furnished by the necessities of daily life, which seldom let the mind sink into a condition of absolute misery, is tolerable; at its best it is glorious. The doubt, often expressed by adult or aging persons, whether it is a boon to be born, arises from the contemplation of existence as their fears represent it, not as it actually is. "Life," they say, "is not so unquestionably good that we owe it to the individual child to bring him into the world." Oh, no! As usual, logic is on the side of the doubter; but the joy and hope that greet the birth of a son, and the parents' bitter anguish and heartbreak over the white casket, are facts on the side of faith. When a mother prays for her sick child she knows she is not selfish—the life that is a blessing to her is a blessing to it also. Any healthy child is a standing refutation of the doctrine that existence is an evil. Animal activities alone make life worth living. If the wild duck and the lamb have had in their unspoiled existence a sufficient surplus of pleasure over pain to make life desirable to themselves and to promote the general end of self-preservation, as

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they must have had in order to survive as species, their lives, from the individualistic point of view, have been worth while, irrespective of their post-mortem utility in connection with currant jelly and mint sauce. A child ingenuously asks, "Papa, what good are mosquitoes?" and is confirmed in his anthropomorphic bias by the man's answer: "Oh, they're a means of grace, I suppose, or perhaps they antidote malaria or something!" We should be broad-minded enough to see that even mosquitoes have their biological niche, and that their ephemeral existences find in themselves their value and excuse for being.

However, it is easy to recognize the truth that animals and plants have their lives to live and their self-regarding functions to perform, and that, in themselves, the pleasurable processes that conduce to life make existence a satisfaction to these creatures and constitute their *raison d'être*. Why not apply the same reasoning to men and women? Because our social and religious traditions make us look for some other object in life than individualistic satisfactions. The pursuit of pleasure may not suffice as a philosophy in the deepest and widest aspect of man's being; but when the talk is of existence the pains and failures incident to it should not occupy our minds to the exclusion of the satisfactions belonging to the normal discharge of functions. And when to the pleasures of animal existence are added those of the mind, a man seems an enviable creature quite apart from his eternal destiny. He may not be a very important member of society, nor the father of future important members of society, and his existence may appear to external view a problem to which there is no optimistic solution; but his life has a value nevertheless, in and to himself—a value not to be measured by any external criterion whatever.

The moral standard by which persons above mere savage selfishness estimate themselves is a superficial one. On account of the ever-present need to think of conduct, persons in the social state come to forget that there is anything else, and they live perpetually contemplating themselves in the mirror of

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their "representative feelings," dissatisfied if they find there a lack of material for public applause. They thus lead a shadowy life, dependent on the recognition of others, and never reach any real consciousness of their own entity. "Conduct is three-fourths of life," said Matthew Arnold; to many persons it is the whole. But this is a mistake. The happiest man on earth is not the one whose being is merged in his social relations—who lives on the esteem of others, though his altruistic activities may reach out in all directions from a rich, warm heart and a generous purse. Life is more than conduct. It transcends and outlasts relations. Altruism is the egoism of the well-bred social animal. Spencer has shown how it defeats itself, by imagining a society in which each member derived his highest happiness from sacrificing his own pleasure to secure another's—that other's happiness consisting not in accepting the sacrifice but in sacrificing himself in turn. Altruism, then, is not a finality: it is a product of imperfect evolution. Spiritual philosophy is essentially individualistic. Self-poise is a condition of happiness, and grows out of true individualism. The one who depends on externals is at the mercy of chance and change; but he that knows the eternal from the transitory, the real from the phenomenal, has his happiness in his own power. The objects of desire no longer elude him; while he finds a joy beyond expression in the vision of truth—the recognition and embrace of the eternal verities of the mind.

LET the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe. They who find America insipid—they for whom London and Paris have spoiled their own homes—can be spared to return to those cities. I not only see a career for more genius than we have, but for more than there is in the world.—*Emerson.*

"GIVE me matter and force and I will construct the world."

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TRUE WORSHIP.

BY INEZ G. BEARCE.

"I like the silent church, before the service begins, better than any preaching."—*Emerson.*

To different persons the word *worship* conveys different meanings. To many there comes a recollection of its signification in childhood days, when to worship meant to sit, uncomfortably, with bowed head and bated breath, decorously and formally adoring an intangible and fearsome "something," vaguely supposed to resemble the black-coated form in the pulpit. In later days this idea is varied in accordance with whatever form may be adopted. The advocate of ascetic devotion finds his truest exaltation in the "mortification of the flesh;" to him, worship means a religious adoration, barren of all outward show—the torment to come possibly averted by clamorous attacks upon the power of evil, and continuous appeals to the terrible Jehovah of his distorted imagination. Such paroxysms of so-called religious fervor fail to bring man any nearer to the highest conception of true godliness. Mere physical exertion and emotional ranting cannot attain to that "peace that passeth understanding."

On the other hand, we have the well-bred worshiper, who gathers, with many of his kind, Sabbath after Sabbath, in the sumptuous edifice where God is adored in a most irreproachable manner. The seats are spacious and softly cushioned, the choir the best that money can procure, the preacher the suavest and most cultured of his sect. The weary physical man is soothed by the soft lights and harmonious sounds; no "God of wrath" is heard of here; sin is quite to be expected, and therefore gracefully appealed for to One who eternally forgives. The rough places in the Word are artistically smoothed over, and the knotty questions lulled by specious arguments; yet the quiet is not enduring. The deadened craving for truth

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will assert itself once more—it demands something beyond mere luxurious surroundings to satisfy its needs. And this desire, which material comforts cannot assuage, is not a yearning for things of the earth—else such means would satisfy the craving. The sensuous satisfaction induced by lofty temple, glittering lights, gorgeous trappings, music, incense, and white altar succeeds in nothing beyond a temporary subduing of the ever-recurring longing. Physical transports are only too often mistaken for religious exaltation.

There is a need for something beyond a momentary respite from things that harass and perplex—a need for a religion to take into our every-day lives. Philosophize as we may, the fact remains that we are forced to be practical, as surely as we exist in the world of to-day. To be "in the world, yet not of it," is given to few; and, after all, it is not a condition to be fervently desired. To one who realizes the brotherhood of man in the fullest degree, the idea of isolation, mental or physical, is selfish in the extreme. What does one person possess that is impossible for others to obtain? Knowledge is merely a cultivation of that divine spark of wisdom inherent in all; whether or not it is cultured is a matter of individual responsibility. It is given to some to excel in one branch, while others surpass in other divisions. But the main truths of existence—all knowledge that is needful in attaining the utmost possible—are as easy of discovery by the least as by the greatest. Superlative excellence is a matter of growth and endeavor.

True, we must live to ourselves alone in a measure; but is it not more noble to contemplate bringing the world up to a standard of excellence than to repudiate it as unworthy the attempt? "Let your light so shine before men" was the command of one of old, meaning that in such measure as truth has been given to us we should impart it to others. Ridicule and misunderstanding are the penalty of advance in any line; but some seed may fall on fertile soil, and in that hope we should sow with a lavish hand.

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As to the manner in which truth should be attained, each one must be a law unto himself. All that earnest thinkers have deduced as truth should be carefully weighed; and in this pursuit it is well to bear in mind the words of Emerson: "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness." The words of Francis Parker may be judged the key-note of the test: "That religion, philosophy, or party that does not reach down to the lowliest home, and the most oppressed human being, was not born in heaven." Tried by long and practical application, accept what may survive; and for further enlightenment fall back on that naturally infallible power of Reason which each individual has within himself, and which, if undefiled, is our truest mentor. Once recognize the oneness of your soul with the all-pervading Spirit of all Good and all Love, and you have sensitized the plate that will receive and retain the impressions of Truth through the light of understanding. To him that concentrates his mind upon Truth will the true meaning of "worship" be imparted. All through the past, valuable discoveries and inventions have revealed themselves to the patient, earnest, tireless seekers—not new in themselves, for the possibility of their attainment had existed always; but the application was new and the endeavor single.

If this principle prove true in regard to material discoveries, why not equally true in the realm of metaphysics? When, after patient waiting and purity of intent, a thought comes to one, it should not be dismissed as fanciful. How many times we may have entertained an angel unawares! Says Emerson: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his." But this truth that is to come will not be imparted because of physical penance, or a surfeit of material luxuries. "The language of spirit is silence"—the silence born of reverent communion with the inner self. Away from the distractions of all that

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tends to draw us toward the physical, open to the silent influence of Nature, thrilled with a realization of inherent godliness and oneness with the all-pervading Power—thus may we learn to worship in truth. There exists no emotion known to man so inspiring and ennobling as that which arises from a knowledge of our inborn ability to become what we may. When we arrive at a perfect understanding of what this implies, who shall limit our possibilities? It was said of old, "Greater things than these shall ye do."

SUNRISE OF THE SOUL.

BY HENRY NELSON BULLARD, M.A.

It is the sunrise of the soul,
The moment when the mind's first thought
Sends its first ray where there was naught
But wondering acquiescence. Whole
Advancing bands come now where once
Thought was not known. And now, amazed,
The child-mind tosses almost crazed
By all the new. And then the dunce
Or genius finds his life. How strange
That first wee thought must be, without
Comparison! How tossed about
That mind, of yet unconscious range,
To solve the problem sudden thrust
Before itself when that same self
Is still unrecognized! But self
Is now alive, and now it must
Appreciate its powers and use
Them well, or else its life will pine
Away. O'er all now thought must shine,
Or every power that self will lose.

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DIVINE NECESSITY.

BY E. PATIENCE GARNETT.

The term *Divine Necessity* refers to the First Cause acting according to its nature as omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent, and not from *choice*. Power of choice is the prerogative of man alone. This may seem to characterize him as superior to God, but the thought only arises from a misconception of the purpose of and the necessity for choice. That there is a condition of being transcending that of man blindly feeling his way toward divinity readily appears from a consideration of what freedom of choice consists in and what it implies.

As a man receives stimuli from his own body and from his environment, there are awakened in him desires to respond in various ways. If only one desire is aroused by a stimulus, the desire is followed by immediate action. This is called an impulsive action; but if two conflicting desires arise in consciousness simultaneously or in quick succession, they check each other's pathway of discharge. At this juncture there is necessity for deliberation and choice; in other words, the individual desiring determines the individual acting. Ways or means to satisfy desires appear in consciousness, and only from these ways or means can a choice be made. There is freedom to choose between initiating movement of the whole body, or of its members, and restraining motions of parts or of the whole organism. There is, moreover, to some extent, freedom as to what ideas shall appear in consciousness—as is evidenced, for instance, in reciting a poem.

In the beginning of life the human body responds promptly to stimuli, because of lack of knowledge of the consequences

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of action. There is only one desire, and only one way of gratifying it; but as good and bad effects of action are registered in the brain, and quickly present themselves in consciousness when a desire formerly felt is reawakened, there ensue hesitation and finally choice as to whether or not the desire shall be realized. As life becomes more complex and experiences multiply, difficulties confront the individual; and these are so perplexing to some that the necessity of choosing what to do paralyzes effort. But to really great men there comes the clear vision of truth. One all-powerful desire animates the soul; one way is seen to be the *only* way of realizing it.

So from the impulsive action of the child to the impulsive action of the man of God there is implied a process that has developed the soul of infancy to the man of clear perception of righteousness. The process of growth involves innumerable mistakes in judgment as to the nature of the desire, which is to realize the potentialities of the soul and to supply the motive for definite action toward this all-inclusive end. Necessity has been the task-master preserving the life of the individual from stagnation and compelling action. Limitation is finally perceived to be lack of knowledge, for as knowledge increases limitation decreases—a fact not often wholly recognized until the ultimate destiny of man is conceived. When man realizes that he is the son of God, and feels the reality of the Fatherhood, there is no longer necessity for choice between good and evil, as the one desire to know that relation in its entirety resolves itself into a determining principle of conduct.

Power of choice seems of great value, as it makes of man a moral, responsible being; but it is a power necessary only to one who does not know the good from the less good. It is limitation of knowledge that results in the dilemma of conflicting desires among which choice must be made. It is lack of knowledge that veils the only way to gratify the desire that will most fully contribute to the growth of the individual.

As it is limited knowledge that necessitates choice, and as

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the power of choice involves uncertainty in man's movements, can we attribute choice to the Creator, or conceive hesitation and vacillation in the Power that compels integration and disintegration of matter in order that life may steadily progress toward the manifestation of God in the flesh? If we consider for a moment the nature of the Power that is eternally building up and destroying forms, and at the same time preserving equilibrium among worlds, it is evident we err in limiting this "infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed" by conceiving of a Necessity that would compel choice. To the All-knowing and All-powerful there is one purpose, one way—an action directed with absolute certainty and precision. Stability of purpose and certainty of action reveal the rationale of creation.

MOST of us remember only what we have remembered before; but deep thought holds in solution all facts. The best "art of memory" is to understand things thoroughly. New knowledge always calls upon old knowledge. Memory should enshrine principles instead of traditions.—*Emerson.*

A MAN'S actions are not the man, but may be separated from him; his character, even, is not the man, but may be changed while he yet retains the same individuality; whence it comes that, the deeds being his, all stain of them may yet be washed out of him.—*George Macdonald.*

DEMOCRACY that has rebelled against the traditional modes or forms of authority, and has become distrustful of the leadership of cultivated men, invariably develops that most preposterous and contemptible of potentates—the "Boss."—*Professor Giddings.*

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THE DREAM GOWN.

A SKETCH.

BY BELLE M. BRIDGE.

A little girl of seven was wandering about in an orchard one of those rare days in May, when the air is soft and warm, redolent with a thousand odors of springing life, awakened sap, and opening buds. The pulsating heart of Mother Nature was beating in rhythmic devotion with her eager children, who longed to burst the bands of winter and clothe themselves in leafy, flowering garb. The apple-trees were tipped with swelling white blossoms tinged with pink; the wind whispered gentle words to them, and the sun promised warmth, and love, and fruition. In the branches birds hopped about chattering merrily, while over all the blue sky spread itself like a protecting mantle, and here and there, over the blue, thin drifts of white clouds draped themselves in lacy festoons.

The scene of beauty, the gentle breezes, and the sweet odors filled the child with inexpressible emotions. She gazed through the sun-burnished branches of the apple-trees to the glorious sky. Tears filled her soft brown eyes; her little hands clasped themselves over her responsive heart; and her quivering, childish lips uttered: "Oh, it *is* so beautiful!" Had she been older the exquisite delights that filled her soul with beauty's transports might have distilled themselves into a poem, a picture, or a symphony.

As the sun began to reach the horizon, the little girl turned toward her home with the picture indelibly photographed upon her mind. She tried to tell her mother about it; but words failed, and she finished by saying: "May I have a dress like that—all shiny blue, with lace trailing over it, and a bit of gold, like the sun, and somewhere a little tiny bit of pink?"

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Her mother smiled at the fancy, and said: "Not yet, my child."

The years ran along at a rapid pace; the sweet child became a lovelier woman, with the warmth of the sun in her heart and the tinge of pink in her cheeks. The wedding gown was to be of spotless white, like her soul. There was a wish for the gown of blue; but again her mother said: "Not yet, dear."

She was a happy bride. She gave herself, woman's choicest gift, to *him*—of all mankind, to her the best. She took up the new joys and cares with a loving devotion that knew no stint. As the years passed she lavished on husband and children a boundless unselfishness. The first face to smile into the children's each morning was mother's; the last to press theirs at night with a "God bless you" was mother's, as she tucked them up and patted them gently when their heads were upon the pillows. Even after they were men and women grown, she stepped softly to their bedside with—"Is it well with you, my boy—my girl?"

There were so many to be taught the beauty of life—so many who must see the best pictures, hear the best music, and attend the best colleges—that, although a fair measure of prosperity had been hers, the time never seemed to come when she might indulge her fancy for the dress of blue, with its drifts of lace, the glint of gold, and the flush of pink, without taking something from the children or making it harder for "father."

By and by the wedding days came for her children, and she thought: "Now, perhaps, I can have the gown." Still, there were many things each child must have. There should be no withholding. As they unfold dainty linens they must see mother-love in every fold and stitch; in each corner of their new homes they must see mother-love. So she said: "Not yet."

Only once did she struggle over the self-made decision. It was when the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter became a wife. She wished she could forget the serviceable dark silk and have the blue. This fair-haired daughter, her baby, was different from the other children—more quiet and dreamy. Some-

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times she wondered why her eyes were blue, her hair gold, and her cheeks like the blush of the rose; for mother's eyes were brown, and father's like the raven's wing. Perhaps God had embodied her dream!

Swiftly but quietly time flew along. There were not only children but grandchildren, climbing into her lap, smoothing back the hair from a brow unseamed and fair as a girl's, and kissing lips that had never uttered unkind words. To the little ones there was no haven quite so safe as grandma's arms; to sons and daughters no advice and no encouragement quite so good and true and helpful as mother's.

Fifty years! The golden anniversary of a day when two souls promised before God and man to love each other through weal and woe. Never had two more truly kept their troth. "Now, mother, we must celebrate the crowning event of your life; never shall there have been such a day in your calendar." So said the eldest son—a father himself. "Isn't there something you want more than anything else in the world; some whim you would like to make a reality; something you would never get for yourself lest you should fancy you were depriving the rest of us? We want to do something that you and we can remember all the days of our lives."

With a blush on her cheeks she told her husband and son of her dream-gown of blue, with the drifts of lace, the glint of gold, and the flush of pink—the gown she saw in the orchard more than sixty years ago.

"Oh, mother!" That was all he said. He was a boy again —on his knee before his mother, his arms around her, laughing, crying, and kissing her.

He ran across the street to get his sister, and sent his children hither and yon to call the whole brood. Once again the little dream was told, the children listening with tears streaming down their cheeks; for they heard unspoken words, and knew why it had always been—"not yet." It had been for them that the sacrifices had been made, that they might have more pleasure, more beauty—never one thought of herself.

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Oh, how selfish they appeared to themselves!—but never to mother. "We thought you *liked* those old dark silks, Mamsie dear!" "No more 'not yets,' mother; you shall have the handsomest blue gown possible!" "And we will all lend a hand in the making, too!" they exclaimed, amid caresses.

On the morrow there was much laughing and merry-making over samples brought home from the city by the "big boy." Finally the one most closely matching the May sky was chosen.

Each child must help (?) the dressmaker; the men—grown sons—awkwardly smoothed the beautiful folds of silk or fingered the filmy lace; the daughters directed, designed, and sewed; the grandbabies took out the basting threads while mother sat smiling, placid and happy—her heart overflowing with love for them all as she watched the weaving of her dream into a gown whose web and woof were not more fair or true than her own life. Each stitch typified an event—the whole made more clearly visible the living garment of infinite love and wisdom.

At last the eventful day came. The house was filled with delightful confusion; the odor of flowers floated out from every room; soft music filled the air; and mother—so calm, so lovely, clad in her trailing gown of "shiny blue," with its drifts of lace—walked through the aisle formed by rows of children and grandchildren, more beautiful than any of them, her face expressing the soul's serenity. When the three-year-old grandbaby saw her she cried out: "Oh, my Nanna! You is *so* bu'ful!" Father, putting on a new wedding ring (for the old one was but a thread), said, "There is the glint of gold." The "big boy," tucking a rose in her hair, added, "And here the flush of pink."

After the guests had gone, and only the children lingered to say good-night, the oldest son asked: "Mother, why didn't you tell us before? Why did you give everything to us? You might have had the gown long ago!"

And the mother said: "What would have become of my dream, dear, if I had had the gown?"

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RIP VAN FOSSIL:

A Medical Tragedy.

BY FRED DEEM.

(IV.)

Experience is the dearest school,
But in no other learns a fool.
And what a fool a man must be
Who *does* not, *can* not, ***will*** not see
The lessons that his trials teach—
Whose mind experience fails to reach!
Long, long ere this should Rip have known
To let all medicines alone,
And change his useless, helpless course
And look for help to other source.
The poor old man had waited long
For Science wise to grow, and strong—
So it the secret might discover
By which 'twould make sick men recover.
Through all these years was it progressing,
And yet physicians still were guessing,
And what they called their "laws of cure"
Opinions and conjectures pure—
But which they hoped to prove true when
They tried them long enough on men.
Meanwhile they claimed their "laws of cure"
Were scientific—therefore sure—
Until a new view came along
With proof that seemed to be more strong.
These "laws," like fashions, have their day,
And after that are laid away;
And, as the old go out of style,
New "laws of cure" are given trial.

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Though men's opinions may conflict,
Though they may change and contradict,
Yet truth is truth, and fact is fact,
And Science real is most exact.
As men approach the Truth, will they
Not draw together day by day?
And are not error and delusion
The course of conflict and confusion?
But, the more progress (?) in doctors' art
The farther do they drift apart.
Of differing schools the number grows,
And each the other ones oppose;
Yet they are boasting long and loud,
And of their "growth" are passing proud.
They talk of great advancement made,
And wondrous knowledge they've displayed;
Yet after all they cannot tell
If patients die, get worse or well,
Because of what their skill has done,
In *spite* of it, or neither one.
No sickness has been swept away—
Disease and suffering still have sway.

And poor old Rip Van Fossil still
Is stiff, rheumatic, lame, and ill.
He always medicine is taking,
And yet withal he's always aching.
He hears men talking here and there
Of curing ills by faith and prayer;
But Rip, without attempting to
Investigate if it is true,
Declares it foolishness because
It would conflict with Nature's laws!
He understands these laws—so he
Knows just what can and cannot be!
And consequently he is sure

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That it's impossible to cure
Diseases, ills, and maladies
Without material remedies.
The Lord provides the means to heal,
He argues; and if we appeal
To Him to save us from our ills
Without the use of drugs and pills
Our prayers will never answered be;
For faith is, as a remedy,
Unknown in pharmacology.
We must have medicine, says he,
If from disease we'd be made free.
And poor old Fossil still feels sure
There's something somewhere that will cure
Each bodily ill and wrong;
And he will find and take the stuff
If he can just last long enough!
"How long, O Lord, how long?"

And so he plods along his way—
You, reader, see him every day.
You seldom go upon the street
But Rip Van Fossil you will meet.
If you're not sure that it is he,
And wish to make some test to see,
Just ask him how he feels to-day,
And he'll begin without delay
To tell you all about his aches
And how much medicine he takes;
Then ask him if he thinks that there
Is any efficacy in prayer
Or faith to heal those who are sick—
And he will answer:
"Heretic!
Without material means there can
No healing be for any man!

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I want no cure, at any rate,
Not orthodox and up to date.
All cures must have efficient cause,
And act in harmony with laws.
For every ill of every kind
Somewhere in Nature we may find
Material means, just rest assured,
By which the sickness can be cured."

"Does your experience prove it so?"
You ask. He'll answer: "Not yet, though
If I last long enough it will!
I'll always keep on trying till
I find the right thing. One's belief
Will not help him to get relief."

This is according to the teaching
That Rip receives at church and preaching.
A member of the church is he,
Where he attends most faithfully.
On Sundays he is always there
And oftentimes he leads in prayer.
He prays for all the wide creation—
Ten minutes pleads without cessation.
No answer he expects, because
Of his belief in Nature's laws;
Yet he the people entertains
And thus the actual object gains.
In "talking meeting" once a week
Old Brother Fossil loves to speak;
He always wipes away a tear—
Beginning with, "My brethren dear,
Long years ago a start I made;
I set my stake, and there I've stayed!"

In Sunday-school he works also,

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For well does Brother Fossil know
How not to make the lesson plain,
And how the gospel to explain
So that a half of it applies
To regions 'way beyond the skies—
And other half has passed away,
And leaving naught for men to-day
Except always to frown at sin
And bear their various ills and grin,
And be resigned to suffer still—
Because it is the dear "Lord's will"
To thus afflict—so be resigned
(Unless some medicine they find—
"Material means"—to put inside:
The "Lord's will" then is modified).

And when before his class Rip stands,
His teacher's journal in his hands,
He to the class the lesson reads
About the Great Physician's deeds;
Then he begins to talk on feeling!
To him the wondrous acts of healing
Of meaning are almost devoid.
His great desire is to avoid
The teachings plain; his greatest care
How not to teach the lesson there.
As this the most approved way is,
Much praise and reverence are his.
Although Rip Van is lame and ill,
Yet in his creed he's lamer still;
But he, not knowing his churchism
Is theologic rheumatism,
Seeks no cure for *that* disease,
But only for his aching knees;
And as that was his whole concern
To medicine we must return.

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A theory soon becomes a fad
About which men go almost mad,
And unto it they give all praise;
But soon comes on another craze.
They drop the old and take the new,
And swear that it alone is true.
And now the "microbe" theory reigns,
By which the cause of ills and pains
Is said to be bacilli. So
When Rip Van Fossil came to know
About this theory, he knew
(So he declared) that it was true—
And went to taking medicine
To kill the small microbe within.

He had endured in times by-gone
Great hardships, but he still lived on.
A hundred treatments had he had,
Each based upon a different fad;
A hundred doctors had in vain
Attempted to relieve his pain;
So much hardship had he endured
That Rip Van had become inured
To suffering at a doctor's hand
More than a common man could stand.
He'd take whate'er they had to give,
But, spite of all, he still would live.
While other men succumbed and died,
When such heroic means they tried,
Old Rip through the ordeal went
As if he didn't care a cent.
And treatments by the score had he,
Each on a different theory;
In turn these theories had gone—
But, strange to say, Rip still lived on.
He lived, though he was stiff and lame,

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Until the "microbe" theory came.
And now old Rip, who, in the past,
Survived so very much, at last
Almost gives up in wild despair;
For this is more than he can bear.

In fiction and in stories true,
Authors take their heroes through
Adventures that are very strange
And that are far beyond the range
Of probability. And yet
It would not do for them to let
Imagination get *too* bold;
For if a story is not told
So that it credible appears,
'Twill be with taunts received and jeers.
So we, compelled to tell what's true,
Can't let old Rip pass safely through
The microbe stage; for that would be
Too much for credibility.
Although we rescued him with ease
From humors of Hippocrates;
And from the displaced atoms too
Of Asclepiadean view
We rescued him; from Galen then
We saved him (with this new steel pen);
Through th' gantlet put him without halt
Of Willis's spirit, sulphur, salt;
And helped him through with tireless zeal
Full many a dangerous ordeal;
Though he was poulticed, blistered, bled,
And puked, and sweat, and starved, and fed,
And shocked, and physicked, scorched, and bathed,
We brought him through it all unscathed;
We let him doctor for his pain,
Heart, kidneys, liver, blood, and brain;

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One scarce would think he *could* survive,
But we delivered him alive.
Yet what does all of this compare
With having microbes everywhere?
Microbes in body, head, and feet,
Microbes in everything we eat,
Microbes in water, and in milk,
In clothes of cotton, wool, and silk,
And swarms of microbes in the air,
Upon the skin, and in the hair;
And doctors taking such delight
In always keeping them in sight,
And robbing men of health and ease
By showing how they cause disease,
And what disaster it might bring
To touch, or eat, or smell a thing
With microbes always on his mind
(And doctors trying more to find);
Microbes by brooding multiplied,
By dreams at night so magnified
That they appear as big and strong
As are their dreadful names so long:
Until the imagination warms
And hatches out the living swarms
As if 'twere meant by the Creator
To be a microbe incubator—
What wonder was it that Rip had
The microbes "in his boots" real bad,
Which ills, in science lore, become
Delirious microbium?

He doctored for the pests, but they
Seemed but to increase day by day.
He thoroughly was fumigated—
Was disinfected, vaccinated,
Inoculated, venenated—

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But this brought not the long-sought ease
To his rheu-microbe-matic knees.

Some story-tellers take delight,
Around the ghostly fire at night,
In telling tales uncanny till
The room's dark corners seem to fill
With specters lurking there for harm.
The hearer shudders in alarm;
His hair stands up; his blood runs cold;
A coat hung on the wall grows bold—
Takes to itself fantastic shape
And seems to raise a hand and shake;
And, as more weird the stories grow,
In spectral tones recited low,
The hearer fears to look around—
Is startled much at every sound;
His starting eyes he closes tight,
But fails to put away from sight
The frightful ghosts—the weird creation
Of overwrought imagination.
He wishes that he had not heard
Of this weird tale a single word—
But gives attention to the last,
While ghosts keep multiplying fast.
At nothing real is his alarm;
But *fear* is real, and there's the harm.
And like these story-tellers old,
The doctors have their weird tales told
Till everywhere we see the hosts
Of health-destroying microbe ghosts—
Until we see the lurking foe
On every hand where'er we go.
It matters little whether these
Are real microbes and cause disease,
Or are the offspring of the ill,

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And not the parent; whether still
They really exist at all
Except as airy phantoms small—
Whate'er they are they terror bring,
And that's a cause of suffering.
They stand outside with gruesome grin:
Fear opens the door and says, "Walk in!"

Small wonder that old Rip would sigh
For old microbeless days gone by,
And for the long ago would groan
E'er "germs" had made their presence known!
What wonder that he oft would yearn
And wish the old days would return
When sicknesses had other cause;
When in the book of Nature's laws
(By doctors edited) was there
A microbe to be found nowhere;
Ere men talked of disease's "germ"
Until their flesh would fairly squirm?
While trying frantically to drive
These micro-bees from him—their hive—
Again does brother Fossil hear
(Although he listens with a sneer)
About the Great Physician's skill
In curing every wrong and ill.
Too ortho-churcho-dox is he
To be fooled by such fallacy—
Too firm his churchianity
To favor such insanity!
He argues stubbornly and long
That faith has power to right no wrong;
That gifts to heal have been confined
To senseless things, and not mankind;
That matter's natural properties
Have all the healing power there is.

The outward form of godliness
Rip does without a doubt possess,
But, like a loyal good churchite,
Denies the power with all his might.
To speak in language plain and brief,
The following is his (dis)belief:
"Effects must have efficient cause.
The power that closed the lion's jaws
And cleansed at once the lepers ten,
And healed all kinds of suffering men;
That made a dry path through the sea,
That made blind Bartimeus see;
That gave the cripple strength to walk,
And helped the dumb to sing and talk;
That calmed the Galilean gale,
And rescued Jonah from the whale;
That razed the walls of Jericho,
And laid old Ananias low;
That turned to salt Lot's halting wife,
And raised the widow's son to life;
The power that healed the lunatic,
And cast the demons out so quick;
That from the fire preserved the three,
And lifted Peter from the sea;
That Paul enabled without harm
To shake the reptile from his arm:
That Power so mighty in the past—
At modern microbes stands aghast;
No longer an 'efficient cause,'
Nor recognized by Nature's laws!
And He who was wont to say,
'Thy faith hath healed thee; go thy way,'
Taught what conflicts with changeless laws,
For faith is no 'efficient cause!'
And when for rain Elijah prayed,
What old-time ignorance he displayed!

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If he had burst some bombs for rain,
'Twould 'scientific' been—and vain.
James was mistaken when he taught
A good man's prayer availeth aught;
And what he to the sick did say
Is poor advice for men to-day—
For, since microbes have come in style,
At all such methods we must smile."

And, seeing what a hopeless fight
To cope with such a mighty mite,
No longer have we power to save
Our hero from the yawning grave.
And now at last, with heavy sigh,
We'll have to let old Fossil die,
And bury him 'way under ground,
And let him sleep—sleep very sound—
The soundest sleep he's ever taken,
From which he never can awaken
Until the dead are risen all,
Just and unjust, great and small.

O Rip, when from this sleep so fast,
You are awakened up at last—
Oh, may the "proper means" be found
To make you healthy, strong, and sound!

(*The End.*)

THE ultimate basis for religion is to be found in that "inner voice" which should guide every man. There is nothing external that can be an authority over him.—*Archbishop Temple.*

I NEVER urge any belief of mine upon the acceptance of another person.—*George Macdonald.*

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND.

IN the early part of the present winter, a large number of clergymen (one hundred and fifty, according to the *New York Herald*) of the borough of Brooklyn became much exercised over the "lost" condition of a great majority of the people of the City of Churches. Church attendance had fallen off, and there were many other indications that the people were losing their hold on Christianity, at least of the orthodox brand. It was decided that something must be done to stem the tide and redeem the city from her wickedness; so these clergymen came together with one accord, and the decision reached was to have a "revival" of the old-fashioned kind—one that should stir up all the inner emotions, causing man to see his lost estate, and create in his mind "a desire to flee from the wrath to come."

Now, the peculiar feature of the case was this: individually, all these ministers, Sunday after Sunday, had been preaching to the people about their "lost" and "fallen" condition—when they were not engaged in denouncing the city government, or telling about the alleged immorality of the women typewriters and stenographers of New York (presenting the business men of the city in a far worse light than the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah), or declaring that "more souls are going to hell every week than the whole Christian Church is saving in a year." Notwithstanding these fervent appeals, and the comparatively harmless sermons on Tennyson, Browning, and others not so well known, people were not being "saved"—they apparently had no desire to be. In view of these sad facts, the clergymen felt that they had "lost the art of creating a religious revival." Having wisely reached this conclusion, they decided to call in a professional revivalist—a man famed for his wondrous power. What the combined force of more than a hundred and fifty Brooklyn

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parsons could not do, he could accomplish without fail. And so the battle against sin was begun.

The famous revivalist—desiring to begin, we suppose, at the very fountain-head of sin and iniquity—commenced at once an attack on the Unitarians. He claimed that they had crucified Jesus nineteen hundred years ago, and were still engaged in the commission of that crime. Unitarians were not Christians, and a Christian could not be a Unitarian; and so the fight against sin went bravely on. One or two of the ministers—having a lingering thought that Unitarians were not altogether bad, but were possibly, after all, children of the Great Father, even if erring and deluded ones—decided to withdraw. It is barely possible that they noted the fact that Unitarians were living the Christ life quite as irreproachably as the revivalists themselves; but we have reason to suppose that the great majority believed that the mere *life* did not count—that what John Calvin and other morbid and dyspeptic persons thought five hundred years ago was of much greater consequence, because from first to last the doctrine of eternal punishment was much more in evidence than the Christ life. The genuinely orthodox type of Christianity lays far more stress on having its adherents subscribe to and believe in a lot of impossible things, and to "tithe one's mint and cummin" for the benefit of the church, than to exemplify a life that stands for truth and righteousness. We are speaking now of the type; there are some, however, who think that the *life* is of more importance than the *belief*. Such men are considered dangerously heterodox—quite as much so as the friends of "higher criticism."

It happened that a few of the good Brooklyn clergy, when they learned the requirements of a great revival, as promulgated by the professional revivalist, withdrew and started revivals on their own account. But the great majority held together. The agitation went on. A number of persons that doubtless had hard experiences in this life, and wished to escape harder ones

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in the next, had their emotions so wrought upon that they went forward and took the penitential seat, where their numerous sins and delinquencies were presumably forgiven and they were assured a free pass at some future time to a place that the ministers seem to know all about but keep the secret of its location to themselves. Besides those already mentioned, a large number of weak-kneed and feeble-minded persons, who are ready on all occasions for a new sensation, were very much in evidence.

The revival is now at an end. A stranger going to Brooklyn, and looking in the faces of the people he met there, would find little evidence of what the ministers hoped to accomplish. Things seem to move on just about the same as before. We do not know that greater wisdom has come to the ministers or to the people, and have not observed that Brooklyn has become an earthly paradise.

We should like to offer one or two suggestions, in a friendly way, to the clergymen who engaged in this revival. Why not change your methods? In trying to reach the people, has it never occurred to you that a little of the gospel of Jesus Christ would do more good than all the merely sensational ways and means you can discover? What is this gospel, as proclaimed by the Master? Read, for example, St. Luke iv. 18, 19: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

People to-day, as never before, are hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Are you teachers of religion offering them the bread of life or a stone? If the former, why do they turn away from you? Stop your vain fight against sin and wickedness, which by dwelling upon you only increase. "Cast away all vain imaginations, which exalt themselves against a knowledge

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of God." Preach a gospel in which there is an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent God; a gospel of spirituality and truth; a gospel of glad tidings of great joy—one in which there is health for those who are sick in either mind or body. Why do the Christian Scientists increase and multiply with such rapidity? Simply because they offer something that is tangible here and now—because they claim that man may be saved in both soul and body in the present. Gentlemen, leave out your future rewards and threats of eternal punishment. Let the old creeds and all other useless forms pass away. They have no utility in our present-day world. Stop denouncing everything and everybody. Do not make life any harder than it is. Come out from under the shadow of the old and recognize that there is a law of the Spirit of Life which frees men from the law of sin and death; that Jesus of Nazareth taught and lived this, and that you have not found as good or as true a way as he pointed out.

A PARABLE.

A youth once entered a field where snowy daisies and golden buttercups grew abundantly. At the other end of the field was his goal. The youth was tender-hearted—so much so that he tried to keep from treading on even one tiny flower; but that was impossible, they grew so thick. Each crushed flower weighed upon his heart. Presently he lost sight of the goal. He had looked on the ground so long, in his attempts to save the flowers, that he had lost his way. Night came. Crushed flowers lay everywhere, and he had not reached the goal.

The following day another youth came to the field. He also was tender-hearted. He too saw the flowers and the goal. The daisies were as snowy and the buttercups as yellow as on the previous day, but the youth kept his eyes fastened on the goal. He too crushed the flowers, but his step was so elastic that they instantly sprang up again as fresh as before. Night came with brilliant stars. The youth had reached the goal; the flowers slept peacefully.

The field was Life. The flowers were men's and women's hearts. The goal was Truth.

DOROTHY KING.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"If I should hang back with my buds as our old Father Elm-tree does, I should miss a deal of pleasure, and people would miss a deal of pleasure from me. The children, dear souls! I'm always in a hurry to get out in the spring because it pleases them. 'Oh, here's Pussy Willow come back!' they cry when they see me. 'Now the winter is over!' And no matter if there is a little dash of sleet or snow or frost after that, I stand it with a good heart, because I know it is summer that is coming, and not winter, and that things are certain to grow better and not worse. I'm not handsome, I know; I'm not elegant; nobody thinks much of me; and my only good points are my cheerfulness and my faith in good things to come."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

PUSSY-WILLOWS.

Ho! pretty pussy-willows,
I see you peeping there
From out the leafless limbs so bare and brown.
Pretty little pussy-willows,
Pray can't you come to-day?
I want to see your little hoods of down.

O, pretty pussy-willows!
Why have you slept so long?—
Obedient to old Dame Nature's laws.
Pretty little pussy-willows,
Now hurry right along—
I want to kiss your soft and plushy paws!

Ho! pretty pussy-willows,
Come, tell us spring is near,
And let your fluffy, silken tassels grow.
Pretty little pussy-willows,
Pray hasten the glad time:
For many children long for thee, I know.

O, pretty pussy-willows!
I'm sure you're wide awake;
You're hiding in the poplar hedges tall.
Pretty little pussy-willows,
I'll haste, now, to my play;
But, on the morrow, thee again I'll call!

FANNY L. FANCHER.

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THE SPIRIT OF THINGS.

I am a great lover of every little growing thing. When I stoop down to pick even a little wild violet I almost find myself saying to it: "Now, dear, I'm sorry to hurt you so. I know you'd rather stay on your little slender stem, there among the sweet grasses; but it's because I want your dear companionship that I pluck you from the root." I somehow feel that the little spirit of the flower is as reluctant to be broken from the stem as I would be to be taken from my home. And why may it not be so? For, even after we have tenderly put some fresh flowers in a glass of water, see how soon their little heads droop, and they die. The spirit part, however, of which the flowers were only the expression, still lives—because we all are parts of the great, undying All-Soul.

Now, you and I sit down together and tell stories, or we sing, and you think you see *me*. But it's only my body you see. The spirit can only be seen through what the body does. The only way we can imagine what the spirit is, is by watching a person's face and noticing what one says.

My rubber-plant was growing in a very awkward way, so I had to cut it down; and it looked little better than a stick standing in a pot of earth. I did not know but that the spirit of the plant would feel hurt, and would not try again to show what it could do. But the spirit hiding in the roots and tree-stem loved the light, and before many days I saw it trying to look out. One, two, three, four little buds I saw, and by and by a tiny leaf unfolded. Then another unwound itself, and another, till my rubber-plant was alive with little green beauties—all because her breath was so sweet from down deep in the heart of her.

By and by, after a few more snows have melted and the sun has warmed the ground, what a multitude of little faces will peer out of the earth! Behind every blade of grass and purple crocus and yellow dandelion will be the spirit that breathed itself into beauty. If the spirit of the rose, my dears, can breathe from itself such sweetness and such beauty, why cannot you and I breathe ourselves into the sweetest of faces and the kindest of actions? This is the very reason why we were born: that we

might make ourselves just as beautiful as the lovely flowers in our garden-beds.

If we feel like getting impatient, or like saying something that wouldn't be kind, we must say to the spirit within us, "Won't you please breathe a sweeter breath?—because I want to grow sweeter and stronger." We don't want to be thistles and briars, so we must try to breathe just as the lily does, and as the rose. MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

THE BOUQUET.

When Yone was only nine years old he came all the way from Japan to America to study English and Western customs. When he was twelve years old he could speak English as well as his American play-fellows. He went to the public school, and the girls and boys there grew very fond of him. There were things that Yone could do that seemed wonderful indeed. He often gave the children such new and beautiful ideas that Tommy said to his mother, one day, "Mother, who are the more civilized, anyway—we or the Japanese?" And his mother said that when she compared her Tommy's manners to Yone's she should judge that the Japanese were. Tommy laughed.

One Saturday in March found Tommy and his sister Katy, with several little friends, in the kitchen, deep in molasses candy making. The front door-bell rang, and presently the maid appeared in the kitchen with a box for Katy. Katy opened it and took out a great bouquet of roses, violets, and maidenhair fern. Their stems were pressed closely together and wound round and round with fine wire. On a card attached to the bouquet was written, "To little Katy, with Uncle Ralph's love."

The children exclaimed in admiration, and Katy brought out a Royal Worcester vase with red chrysanthemums painted all over it, filled it with water, put in her bouquet, and placed it on the big library table. As the candy had been pulled and twisted and cut into short pieces, and was cooling out of doors on buttered plates, the children went with Katy into the library.

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Katy had noticed that Yone was silent when the children were expressing their delight over the bouquet.

"Tell me, Yone," said Katy; "why is it you don't like my flowers? You don't, do you?"

"I didn't say so," answered Yone.

"But," persisted Katy, "I feel sure you don't like these roses and violets and ferns. *Why* don't you?"

"I *do* like the *flowers*," said Yone.

"Oh, come!" said Tommy, with a laugh; "don't be so polite. You've *some* reason for not liking that bouquet, and I'm willing to bet it's a good one."

Then Yone laughed. "Well," said he, "if you really want to know, I think it's hideous. If you could walk with me, on a pleasant evening, through the streets of a Japanese town, you would see here and there little lantern-lighted booths; and should you stop to look in one of them you would probably find a vase with a single spray of flowers in it—perhaps a branch of plum-blossoms, or a chrysanthemum or two, or just a slender green vine—placed on a little table, with a pretty screen back of it, or a bit of drapery. Now, much thought would have been given to this background, and to the choice of a vase so that its color and shape would harmonize well with the flower or vine placed in it. And you would see that care had been taken even as to how the light and shadow would be most effective.

"Now, Katy," continued Yone, "suppose that instead of that bunch of flowers, all wired tightly together, you had three or four of those pink roses with their pretty leaves and long green stems loose. And suppose you put them in that slender, clear glass vase, up there on the mantel-shelf, and placed back of it that big, gray Japanese fan. Don't you think it would be pretty?"

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Katy; "how ugly those poor flowers look! Why, I've put them in a red vase and set them on a brown table-cover—ugh!"

"Let's take the poor, squeezed things apart," suggested one of the children. "Yone will show us how to arrange them."

"Oh, let's do it!" said Katy.

So, soon they were busy untwining the wire and separating the bruised stems. Some of the pink roses were put in the glass

vase and arranged as Yone had suggested. Some of the violets and ferns were nestled in a silver dish. Indeed, the children made a half dozen pretty flower pictures.

"Why," said Tommy, after they had been delightedly contemplating the change for several minutes, "it seems to me those flowers smell twice as sweet!"

"Of course they do," said Yone; "for they've room to breathe."

Yone looked out of the window into the garden, and said, "It's time to break off some willow branches."

"To *what?*" asked Tommy.

"To break off the willow branches and put them in water in the house. They'll look so pretty in a few days; for those things you call 'willow-kittens' will come out."

"You mean *pussy-willows,*" gently corrected Katy, while the children suppressed their smiles.

"Oh, yes!" said Yone. "Then, if you'll pick some sprays from your apple-trees and cherry-trees a little later, you'll have flowers in the house a long time before they blossom out of doors."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Katy.

"Let's get our willows now," suggested Tommy.

So the children hurried into their outdoor things, and were scampering down to the willow-bushes before you could say "Jack Robinson" ten times! F. P. P.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

Did you ever hear of the wonderful pigeons that carry letters just like messenger boys? They don't have to be taught how to do it either; but there is this curious thing about it: the only direction in which they will go is toward their home. So, when people want to send a letter by a pigeon they have to put the poor birdie in a covered basket and carry him to the place from which the letter is to be sent. Then they take him out and tie the letter to him by a ribbon or a cord and set him free—and away he goes! Away up, over the houses and trees, on across fields and hills, over

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rivers and mountains, if they come between him and his home, this little traveler goes, carried by his strong, swift wings.

How do you suppose he knows which way to go? We call this *instinct,* and it is taught to him by the heavenly Father who teaches every creature the things that it ought to know.

I knew a boy, named Ned, who had a great many pigeons; and he loved to feed them and care for them, and to watch them taking care of their babies. One day he bought a carrier pigeon, as they call pigeons that carry letters, and put it among his pigeons in their comfortable little house. But soon he missed it from among the others, and for some days looked in vain for it to come back. Then he thought that perhaps it had returned to its old home in the bird store, and went to see if he could find it. Sure enough, there it was, looking very well and satisfied with itself and not at all sorry for having caused its little master so much trouble.

Sometimes Ned would take several of his pigeons, after they had learned to feel at home in his pigeon-house, on an excursion down the river in a boat, and then let them fly home again. Sure enough, home they would go, and when he returned he would find them there before him.

Did you know that boys and girls are taught by God just as the pigeons are, and just as birds of all kinds are taught how to build their nests? Some things have to be taught to you in school; but there are other things that you can learn without books or teachers. There is a quiet voice within you that will speak to you and tell you what is right when you don't quite know whether something is naughty or not, or when you are angry or impatient, if you will only be still a few minutes and listen to it. And the one thing that this voice teaches is very much like what is taught to the carrier pigeons. It is how to go home; for our home is in heaven, and little babies before they have learned to be naughty live in that home. For heaven is not a place, but a state of feeling.

Whenever any one does a wrong act, or thinks a wrong thought, he takes a step away from that home; and when one is sorry, and does better next time, he takes a step back toward heaven, where he used to live. So you see we don't have to die to go to heaven. There are people living now who are in that home, although some of them have been a long way off and had to make a very hard journey home again. Don't you think it is better to

come home every time you find you have gone away a single step than it would be to go farther and farther away until you had to make a long journey back again. Perhaps you did not know that to be always good is to live in heaven; but if you notice how happy it makes you, if you have been naughty, when you decide to be good again, you will see that I am right and that heaven is the place where all people live who are always good.

HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

JIMMIE AND THE WILD-FLOWERS.

Jimmie was a mite of a New York newsboy—small for his age; for, although nearly eight years old, he was no larger in stature than most boys of five or six. The life he had been obliged to lead—having been an orphan from his fifth year—had stunted his physical growth, but it seemed not to have impaired or lessened his intuitive love for the good and beautiful.

One day the publishers of one of the papers that Jimmie sold daily gave notice that their newsboys were to have an outing in the country. They were to be taken in small batches, so as not to interfere with the daily sales of the papers on the streets. As it happened, Jimmie was selected as one of the first batch. So, one bright June morning, he, in company with nine other young merchants of the press, went gliding out of the Grand Central Station and speeding away toward the beautiful hills and dales of western Connecticut, there to remain a full week.

Upon reaching their destination—a grand old farm-house—they were given a bountiful meal, such as Jimmie had never eaten before. The fresh-laid eggs, the newly-churned butter, the sweet, rich milk, and the vegetables from the farm-garden were all revelations to the palate of a New York newsboy—revelations not soon to be forgotten.

After his appetite had been thoroughly satisfied, Jimmie, in company with the son of the farmer who owned the place, started out to reconnoiter. He marveled at the beautiful things by which he was surrounded; and, coming to a field that was bedecked with buttercups, daisies, and violets, he turned in ecstasy to his

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newly found little friend and exclaimed, "Ain't them pretty! Do y' hev t' plant 'em?"

"Naw," said the other, "they ain't no good; they's on'y a nuisance, Dad says. He makes me pull 'em up."

"W'y don't you sell 'em?" asked Jimmie, in bewilderment; for his true nature was rapidly coming to the surface, and he thought it almost a sin to see those common wild-flowers, so beautiful to his appreciative eyes, going to waste.

"Can't sell 'em; *they* ain't no good," replied his friend.

"Kin I pick some t' take back w'en I go?" asked Jimmie, shyly.

"All y' want. We're glad t' git rid uv 'em," was the answer.

* * * * * * * *

One week from that day a little newsboy displayed, on the sidewalk of lower Broadway, several baskets filled with freshly gathered violets, buttercups, and daisies. Stylishly dressed women stopped, with exclamations of delight, to make purchases of the little fellow. Spruce young men purchased his flowers to give "tone" to their appearance in the button-holes of their coat lapels. Staid old business men bought bouquets with which to gladden the atmosphere of their offices; for the very first sight of those beautiful wild-flowers sent their thoughts speeding back to happy boyhood with all its pure and sweet environment. The little fellow's supply was soon exhausted, and his pocket was fuller of coins than it ever had been.

Jimmie gave up the newsboy's vocation, and started into the flower business at once. His success was wonderful; and to-day he is the proprietor of a large florist establishment in New York City. And he is ever ready to tell the story of the ragged little newsboy, friendless and homeless, but whose heart was in the right place, and whose love for the pure and beautiful things of God's creation lifted him from the sidewalks of New York to an honored position among men.

FRED J. EATON.

FOR you must know and believe that people's souls make their bodies just as a snail makes its shell. (I am not joking, my little man; I am in serious, solemn earnest).—*Charles Kingsley.*

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

REINCARNATION IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By James M. Pryse. 92 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Elliott B. Page & Co., publishers, New York.

It is a common saying among superficial thinkers that "anything can be proved from the Bible." But this remark gains its only force from its application to the translated volume that has served the Protestant world for several centuries as the Authorized Version. When the interpolations are eliminated and the errors of translators and transcribers are corrected, a philosophy of life that suffices for all human needs, in all ages, is revealed in the sacred text. But its teachings are not uniformly easy of interpretation; and herein lies the value of scholarship, plus knowledge of the Eastern wisdom and of spiritual science. A person with such qualifications is James M. Pryse. A thorough Greek scholar, his original translations of certain passages render some of the "mysterious" obscurities of the King James version of active and vital import. They confirm, moreover, what is often claimed by the adherents of reincarnation—that this principle is taught in all Bibles, among all peoples: from the Vedas to the Old Testament, and from the Cabala to the Koran. This book should be in the hands of every theologian—indeed, of all who would "search the Scriptures" with an open mind.

THINGS AS THEY ARE. By Bolton Hall. 293 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Small, Maynard & Co., publishers, Boston.

This is a large collection of essays, fables, and parables, some of which have had prior publication in MIND and other periodicals. They are from the pen of one of the ablest and most aggressive of modern social reformers, and are preceded by an appropriate introduction by Prof. George D. Herron, who clearly grasps the author's spirit and teachings in his statements as to the real meaning of the "kingdom of heaven." Recognizing the many different types of mind that exist even among those having a common ambition, Mr. Hall presents a few fundamental but generally neglected truths in a variety of ways, some one of which should carry conviction to every thinker. He shows not only "things as they are," but conditions as they might be—nay, as they *shall* be when justice is numbered among the *ideals* of men. To the conscientious reader every page conveys at once an admonition and a stimulus, while from the book as a whole the practical sociologist may glean many hints as to the adaptation of means to ends. J. E. M.

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Special Announcement:

The many admirers of the writings of

Charles Brodie Patterson

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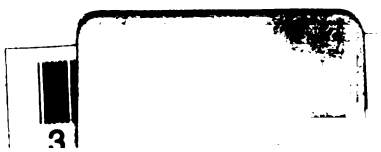
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