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DEVOTED TO

THE EXPOUNDING OF THE LAWS OF
BEING AND THE HIGHER LIFE

EDITED BY

JAMES ALLEN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY

THE SAVOY PUBLISHING COMPANY

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THE LIGHT OF REASON

VOL. V. MAY 2nd, 1904. No. 5.

EDITORIAL.

TRUTH can only be apprehended by the conquest of self. Blessedness can only be arrived at by overcoming the lower nature. The way to Truth is barred only by a man's self. The only enemies that can actually hinder him are his own passions and delusions. Until a man realises this, and commences to cleanse his heart, he has not found the Path which leads to knowledge and peace.

* * *

Until passion is transcended, Truth remains unknown. This is the Divine Law. A man cannot keep his passions, and have Truth as well. Error is not slain until selfishness is dead. The overcoming of self is no mystical theory, but a very real and

practical thing. It is a process which must be pursued daily and hourly, with unswerving faith and undaunted resolution if any measure of success is to be achieved.

* * *

The process is one of orderly growth, having its sequential stages, like the growth of a tree; and as fruit can only be produced by carefully and patiently training the tree, even so the pure and satisfying fruits of holiness can only be obtained by faithfully and patiently training the mind in the growth of right thought and conduct.

* * *

There are five steps in the overcoming of passion (which includes all bad habits and particular forms of wrong-doing), which I will call—1. Repression, 2. Endurance, 3. Elimination, 4. Understanding, and 5. Victory. When men fail to overcome their sins, it is because they try to begin at the wrong end. They want to have the stage of *Victory* without passing through the previous four stages. They are in the position of a gardener who wants to produce good fruit without training and attending to his trees.

* * *

Repression consists in checking and controlling the wrong act (such as an outburst of temper, a hasty or unkind word, a selfish indulgence, etc.), and not allowing it to take actual form. This is equivalent to the gardener nipping off the useless buds and branches from his tree. It is an absolutely

necessary process, but a painful one. The tree bleeds while undergoing the process, and the gardener knows that it must not be taxed too severely. The heart also bleeds when it first refuses to return passion for passion, when it ceases to defend and justify itself. It is the process of "mortifying the members," of which St. Paul speaks.

* * *

But this repression is only the beginning of self-conquest. When it is made an end in itself, and there is no object of finally purifying the heart, that is a state of hypocrisy; a hiding of one's true nature, and striving to appear better in the eyes of others than one really is. In that case it is an evil, but when adopted as the first stage toward complete self-purification, it is good. Its practice leads to the second stage of *Endurance*, or forbearance, in which one silently endures the pain which arises in the mind when it is brought in contact with certain actions and attitudes of other minds toward one. As success is attained in this stage, the striver comes to see that all his pain actually arises in his own weaknesses, and not in the wrong attitudes of others towards him, these latter being merely the means by which his sins are brought to the surface and revealed to him. He thus gradually exonerates all others from blame in his falls and lapses of conduct, and accuses only himself, and so learns to love those who thus unconsciously reveal to him his sins and shortcomings.

Having passed through these two stages of self-crucifixion, the disciple enters the third, that of *Elimination*, in which the wrong thought which lay behind the wrong act is cast from the mind immediately it appears. At this stage, conscious strength and holy joy begin to take the place of pain, and the mind having become comparatively calm, the striver is enabled to gain a deeper insight into the complexities of his mind, and thus to understand the inception, growth, and outworking of sin. This is the stage of *Understanding*.

* * *

Perfection in understanding leads to the final conquest of self, a conquest so complete that the sin can no more rise in the mind even as a thought or impression; for when the knowledge of sin is complete, when it is known in its totality, from its inception as a seed in the mind to its ripened outgrowth as act and consequence, then it can no more be allowed a place in the life, but is abandoned for ever. Then the mind is at peace. The wrong acts of others no longer arouse wrong and pain in the mind of the disciple. He is glad and calm and wise. He is filled with Love, and blessedness abides with him. And this is *Victory*.

THE true philosophical act is the annihilation of self; this is the real beginning of all philosophy; all requisites for being a disciple of philosophy point hither.—NOVALIS.

IS THERE ANY INJUSTICE IN THE UNIVERSE?

BY JAMES ALLEN.

Justice is not postponed; a perfect equity adjusts the balance in all parts of life.—EMERSON.

THE material universe is maintained and preserved by the equilibrium of its forces. The moral universe is sustained and protected by the perfect balance of its equivalents. As in the physical world Nature abhors a vacuum, so in the spiritual world disharmony is annulled.

Underlying the disturbances and destructions of Nature, and behind the mutability of its forms, there abides the eternal and perfect mathematical symmetry; and at the heart of life, behind all its pain, uncertainty, and unrest, there abides the eternal harmony, the unbroken peace, the supreme and inviolable Justice.

Is there, then, no injustice in the universe? There is injustice, and there is not. It depends upon the kind of life and the state of consciousness from which a man looks out upon the world and judges. The man who lives in his passions sees injustice every-

where; the man who has overcome his passions, sees the operations of Justice in every department of human life. Injustice is the confused, feverish dream of passion, real enough to those who are dreaming it; Justice is the permanent reality in life, gloriously visible to those who have wakened out of the painful nightmare of self.

The Divine Order cannot be perceived until passion and self are transcended; the Faultless Justice cannot be apprehended until all sense of injury and wrong is consumed in the pure flames of all-embracing Love.

The man who thinks, "I have been injured, I have been insulted; I have been slighted, I have been treated unjustly," cannot know what Justice is; blinded by self, he cannot perceive the pure Principles of Truth, and, brooding upon his wrongs, he lives in continual misery.

In the region of passion there is a ceaseless conflict of forces causing suffering to all who are involved in them. There is action and reaction, deed and consequence, cause and effect; and within and above all is the Divine Justice regulating the play of forces with the utmost mathematical accuracy, balancing cause and effect with the finest precision. But this Justice is not perceived—cannot be perceived—by those who are engaged in the conflict; before this can be done, the fierce warfare of passion must be left behind.

The world of passion is the abode of

schisms, quarrellings, wars, lawsuits, accusations, condemnations, impurities, weaknesses, follies, hatreds, revenges, and resentments. How can a man perceive Justice or understand Truth who is even partly involved in the fierce play of its blinding elements? As well expect a man caught in the flames of a burning building to sit down and reason out the cause of the fire.

In this realm of passion, men see injustice in the actions of others because, seeing only immediate appearances, they regard every act as standing by itself, undetached from cause and consequence. Having no knowledge of cause and effect in the moral sphere, men do not see the exacting and balancing process which is momentarily proceeding, nor do they ever regard their own actions as unjust but only the actions of others. A boy beats a defenceless animal, then a man beats the defenceless boy for his cruelty, and then a stronger man attacks the man for his cruelty to the boy. Each believes the other to be unjust and cruel, and himself to be just and humane; and doubtless most of all would the boy justify his conduct toward the animal as absolutely necessary. Thus does ignorance keep alive hatred and strife; thus do men blindly inflict suffering upon themselves, living in passion and resentment, and not finding the true way in life. Hatred is met with hatred, passion with passion, strife with strife. The man who kills is himself killed; the thief who lives by depriving others is himself deprived; the beast that preys on

others is hunted and killed; the accuser is accused; the condemner is condemned; the denunciator is persecuted.

Passion, also, has its active and passive sides. Fool and fraud, oppressor and slave, aggressor and retaliator, the charlatan and the superstitious complement each other, and come together by the operation of the Law of Justice. Men unconsciously co-operate in the mutual production of affliction; "the blind lead the blind, and both together fall into the ditch." Pain, grief, sorrow, and disease are the fruits of which passion is the flower.

Where the passion-bound soul sees only injustice, the good man, he who has conquered passion, sees cause and effect, sees the Supreme Justice. It is impossible for such a man to regard himself as treated unjustly, because he has ceased to see injustice. He knows that no one can injure or cheat him, having ceased to injure and cheat himself. However passionately and ignorantly men may act towards him, it cannot possibly cause him any pain, for he knows that whatever comes to him (it may be abuse and persecution) can only come as the effect of what he himself has formerly sent out. He therefore regards all things as good, rejoices in all things, loves his enemies and blesses them that curse him, regarding them as the blind but beneficent instruments by which he is enabled to pay off his moral debts to the Great Law.

The good man, having put away all resent-

ment, retaliation, self-seeking, and egotism, has arrived at a state of equilibrium, and has thereby become identified with the Eternal and Universal Equilibrium. Having lifted himself above the blind forces of passion, he understands those forces, contemplates them with a calm penetrating insight, like the solitary dweller upon a mountain who looks down upon the conflict of the storms beneath his feet. For him, injustice has ceased, and he sees ignorance and suffering on the one hand, and enlightenment and bliss on the other. He sees that not only do the fool and the slave need his sympathy, but that the fraud and the oppressor are equally in need of it, and so his compassion is extended towards all.

The Supreme Justice and the Supreme Love are one. Cause and effect cannot be avoided; consequences cannot be escaped.

While a man is given to hatred, resentment, anger, and condemnation, he is subject to injustice as the dreamer to his dream, and cannot do otherwise than see injustice; but he who has overcome those fiery and blinding elements, knows that unerring Justice presides over all, that, in reality, there is no such thing as injustice in the whole of the universe.

MEN labour all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated; but it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any but himself as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time.—EMERSON.

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

I KNOW as my life grows older,
 And mine eyes have clearer sight,
 That under each rank Wrong, somewhere
 There lies the root of Right.
 That each sorrow has its purpose,
 By the sorrowing oft unguessed ;
 But as sure as the sun brings morning,
 Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
 As sure as the night brings shade,
 Is sometimes, somewhere punished,
 Though the hour be long delayed.
 I know that the soul is aided
 Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
 And to grow means often to suffer ;
 But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors
 In the great Eternal plan,
 And all things work together
 For the final good of man.
 And I know when my soul speeds onward
 In the grand eternal quest,
 I shall say, as I look earthward,
 Whatever is, is best.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

LET us build altars to the Beautiful Necessity, which rudely or softly educates man to the perception that there are no contingencies.

EMERSON.

THE HILL DIFFICULTY.

BY W. H. GILL.

WHEN, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," two of the travellers come to the foot of the Hill Difficulty, they stop there and begin to seek excuses for not going any farther. How much ingenuity is sometimes expended in devising alternatives and shifts to avoid a difficulty! How true the common saying that lazy people take the most pains! Instead of surmounting the difficulty that lies before them, they try to evade it by going round it, and thus, instead of saving themselves trouble, as they hope to do, they make matters worse by substituting another difficulty which generally proves to be greater than the one before them. And so we read that there were at the foot of the hill, besides the strait path over its crest (which the pilgrims studiously avoided) two other paths turning off right and left, one leading to Danger, the other to Destruction ; and, of course, these paths led them astray and involved them in disastrous complications.

But virtue is its own reward, and to a healthy mind few satisfactions in life are greater than that of overcoming a difficulty.

Indeed, to some minds, so great is this sense of satisfaction, that unless the difficulty is really considerable they cannot, or rather will not, exert themselves to the utmost of their power. But true magnanimity is to do one's very best, be the task great or small. Duty is Duty. It is a sacred thing prescribed to us by a higher Power than ourselves, and we have no right to assume that, because the duty of the hour happens to be a small one, therefore we may do it listlessly and in a perfunctory way. Nor, on the other hand, if we find our duty to be a specially difficult or disagreeable one, are we justified in substituting for it one that is easier or pleasanter. In a word, we must not shirk our duty.

Neither, if we are wise, shall we complain whatever difficulties may arise out of our daily life, but submit to all with brave cheerfulness. When a man is beset with difficulties, too often the complaint is, "All these things are against me"; and commonly the blame is laid at heaven's door. In the realm of matter and motion, matter is the resisting element, without which there would be nothing for force and motion to act upon or against. The natural man is aware of this, and he also sees within him and around him a conflict of elements, one power opposing another; he can hardly conceive of motion without friction, of life without strife, of law without loss of liberty. He sees that every virtue has its corresponding, opposing, or correlative vice; that patience is opposed by impatience, perseverance by indolence,

humility by pride, good by evil, truth by falsehood, and so on. Looking at this general arrangement of opposing and complementary elements, man is apt to think, when things appear to go wrong with him, that it is the normal state of affairs, and he finds it more agreeable to his vanity to conclude that the universe is acting against him than that he is acting against the universe. The drunken man, falling helpless to the ground, imagines that the ground has risen in anger and struck his face. Thus, by clouding his reason, man stultifies himself and sees everything in a false light. In a spirit of retaliation he "turns the tables" against God and his fellow-man. To him adversity appears as an aggressive power, which is continually interfering and coming into rude collision with him, and so, following appearances rather than reason, he goes on blindly sinning against the Divine Order by opposing it. He does not see that the stream of Providence is the law of his own being, and that the tendency of that stream is invariably in the direction of goodness; that goodness and right means going with the stream of Providence, or obedience to the laws of his being; and evil and wrong means going against the stream of Providence, or violation of the laws of his being. And this is the common error of mankind, namely, the failure to see that the stream of Providence always tends in one direction, that is to say, towards God and Righteousness; that it does not veer about like the wind, or ebb and flow

like the tides. Although, indeed, even the wind is in one very important sense practically constant; and this in spite of our saying "the wind is 'against'" us, when the fact is that the wind is always our obedient servant, for in our navigation we deliberately set our faces and our sails against him in order that we may be driven in a direction other than his own and entirely to our own advantage. To all appearance the wind bloweth where it listeth, but it has its appointed laws unalterably fixed, and often when apparently most against us it is really most for us. Man's purpose alters from day to day; God's purpose alters never; and we all admit that it is an ill wind that blows no one any good—meaning that, though not bringing appreciable good to one man, it may, notwithstanding, bring good to another, and if so, why not to everybody? Certain it is that of man's difficulties a large proportion are directly caused by his opposition, whether wilfully or in ignorance, to the Divine Providence.

A singular phrase is that of "taking pains." Also we speak of "taking trouble," and "taking care." The unpleasant things of life are its pain, its trouble, its care. A man invariably derives pleasure from work well done, but the fact of its being well done means that its accomplishment was attended with a certain amount of self-sacrifice, pain, trouble, and care. Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains; and if we regard this definition in its deepest

spiritual significance, we shall wisely conclude that taking pains, that is to say, the suffering of pain, viewed in the aggregate and in all its manifold forms, is one of the essential conditions of Being, and therefore presumably of Well-Being and, in the highest sense of all, the price of the Redemption of the World. All good work is hard work, but the thought of its intrinsic goodness and the prospective joy resulting from a sense of its excellent accomplishment eases the burden of the day, and afterwards, in the evening of our life when the day's work is over, we joyfully admit that it was, in spite of all its imperfections, worth all the labour-pains involved in its production.

Nor let the least of us ever despair of success in spite of the smallness of our gifts. It is a mistake to suppose that success—even brilliant success—is attainable only by the great ones of the earth, and that the humbler workers cannot produce work of high quality. For example, in literature, witness the vast quantity of first-class work produced by writers whose very names have never transpired; and, if in the realm of art, much more in that higher realm the world of heroic deeds, have the greatest difficulties been nobly overcome by humble-minded workers whom the world has never heard of, but who have patiently accomplished their appointed tasks, each in his own quiet way, each in his own little corner of the universe. Again, every one of us, from the greatest down to the least, is entrusted with gifts differing

in quality, but all emanating from the same Divine source; and, therefore, all labour done for the common good of humanity, and to the best of one's ability, is a component part of the work of the universe, and consequently sacred in the sight of heaven. How prettily this idea is expressed in Emerson's little poem, in which the tiny squirrel tells the great mountain that it is all very well for him to boast of his strength and size, but although he can carry forests on his back he cannot crack a nut as he (the squirrel) can! The Higher Life is made up mostly of small accomplishments, of gentle and graceful acts, in which the least powerful and least skilful of us has as much chance of excelling as the greatest genius, because what is expected of each individual worker is precisely that which not only he can do better than any one else, and is therefore within the scope of his individual capacity, but perhaps such as only he alone can do in such a manner as in the great plan of the universe it was intended to be done. Such a task, therefore, can never be greivous, that is to say, it can never exceed the capacity of the worker or justify the charge that God is a harsh Taskmaster, exacting an undue measure of service. Our little troubles, irritations, worries, and vexations of every-day life must be overcome as well as the big troubles that occur occasionally; and if we cannot meet with fortitude these smaller troubles which occur every day, how can we expect to surmount the less frequent but more formidable trials that

sooner or later must fall to our lot? Therefore, when we meet with a difficulty, let us face it calmly, take its measure, and say, "I am determined to surmount it, come what may." Then, if it be one of the bigger ones, let us parcel out the work into small separate lots, and, beginning with the easiest, proceed to the more difficult parts in order of difficulty; and, in this way, as the hardship increases, so will our power to overcome it also increase. Thus shall we rise joyfully, step by step, from base to summit of our Hill Difficulty.

Of the elements required in the overcoming of life's difficulties—to say nothing of patience and perseverance, which of course are essentially indispensable—one of the most important is enthusiasm. Let us for a moment glance at enthusiasm as it is manifested on the three planes of man's life, that is, (1) the material, (2) the intellectual, and (3) the Spiritual—for the principle of its operation holds good in all three cases.

(1) On the world's great race-course, what is there that men will not do and suffer in their frantic struggle for riches and worldly prosperity? To obtain these they will go literally through fire and water. "If there be mountains which they cannot over-top, they will dig through them; and they will suffer days of weariness and nights of pain; they will make long pilgrimages, will expatriate themselves for years, and suffer banishment from their families, friends, and firesides, into strange lands; will cross oceans, and encounter perils of every name and shape."

And, after all, what is this material prosperity on which they have set their hearts? "A dream, a straw, a bauble, a flake of foam on the surface of a river. They pluck it, it is gone, and they are gone with it. While they snatch at it they pass into eternity, and death finishes their plans for ever."

(2) Let us glance next at the lives of the greatest men of science, art, philosophy—men whom the world calls geniuses—and you will find that their greatness was mainly due to their enthusiasm, and that this showed itself chiefly in the concentration of their whole being upon one definite object to which day and night without intermission they devoted themselves. That object and aim was the attainment of perfection in one particular line, and to this ruling passion of their lives all else was sacrificed—life, health, ease, sensuous pleasure, food—everything. In order to attain that one object they scorned danger, difficulty, even death itself. As Emerson truly says, nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm; and this applies to every department of human activity high and low. All success requires it and gets it; and if a man fails in his business it is generally for want of enthusiasm. As we say, his heart is not in his work.

(3) But of all the enthusiasms the most absorbing and the most intense is the soul's aspiration towards Righteousness—the highest of all human aims, compared with which all other enthusiasms are but mere phantoms. The one object and business of

the Higher Life is the attainment of holiness—*i.e.* wholeness or perfection—and this enthusiasm, when pure and genuine, is pursued without flagging or intermission day and night. It becomes the spiritual food and drink of the soul. Without it there is no blessedness, no spiritual life. Under its heavenly influence, self-denial, pain, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity, become transfigured into the bright forms of ministering angels who, standing on the topmost ridge of the Hill Difficulty, point us to God as a very present help in the time of our sorest need; for the Higher Life is a Life of Love, and Joy, and Peace.

"WHY WILL YE DIE?"

Why will ye die? I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves and live ye.—Ezekiel.

"TURN ye, oh! turn ye, for why will ye die?"

Tender, beseeching, and plaintive the cry:
Men pause, and list to the beautiful song,
Smile, shrug their shoulders, then hurry
along;

Objects of pity the singers they deem;
Truth is a fable, and Love is a dream,
Heaven a delusion, and God they deny:

"Turn ye, oh! turn ye, for why will ye die?"

"Turn ye, oh! turn ye, for why will ye die?"

Sorrow descendeth her power to try ;
Pain and Bereavement, Oppression and
Woe,

Mingle at times with the dwellers below ;
Oh! how we loathe and would thrust them
from sight,

Missing the truth that they're angels of light
Pointing us upwards whilst sadly they cry :
" Turn ye, oh! turn ye, for why will ye
die? "

Say, saith the Lord, in whose hand is thy
breath,

Say, have I pleasure in evil and death ?
Is it a joy that the souls I have made
Into the path of destruction have strayed ?
Is it a joy that My mercy they slight,
Loving the darkness and hating the light ?
Nay, for in blessing My glory doth lie :
" Turn ye, oh! turn ye, for why will ye
die? "

" Turn ye, oh! turn ye, for why will ye
die? "

Faster and faster time hurryeth by ;
Backwards or forwards according to will
Move the vast multitudes, none standeth
still.

Where does it lead to, the path thou dost
take ?

Know that each soul its own future doth make ;
Oh! then whilst the light of the world is yet
nigh,

" Turn ye, oh! turn ye, for why will ye
die? "

FLORENCE M. SOLOMON.

HEREDITARY PROPENSITY.

BY J. S. AKEHURST.

It is a common thing for man to shirk responsibility for his weaknesses, omissions, and failures ; to regard his self-made miseries as altogether unjust, and to blame hereditary propensity, fate, or circumstance. The sickly, morbid sentimentalist, the incompetent and the vicious, all have their favourite excuses (flimsy rags with which they seek to cover the naked shame of indolent indulgence), and constant reiteration at last causes a deluded belief in their correctness. Because parents had certain defects, untoward circumstances surrounded them from birth, and early impressions were baneful, they contend that their efforts to prevent low propensities from asserting themselves would be in vain. Thus, in extenuation of a man's inaction in the matter, it is necessary to assume that a low propensity has the power of immutable law.

This assumption is on its face preposterous and needs no refutation. Consider how awful it would be were the comment true—" Poor thing! he cannot help it." Yet will man complacently submit to be described as a " thing," and with the muck-rake of self-

pity gather together the worthless straws of ignorant condolences, while the glorious crown of manhood hovers above his head unheeded. In this sorrowful occupation his godlike power is lost, and the hideous terrors of darkness gather round his soul. The self-pitying thought of weakness attracts paralysis of heart and mind, and the impure desire returns with hateful brood.

Those who cling to their lazy indifference appear to ignore this fact, that the soul of man comes to its own at birth, and ever attracts its own by what it wills to be. So-called hereditary propensity is simply a process of thought drawn to the brain by a wrong mental attitude which the man himself determines. He need not give way to it, but it has been permitted so often that a habit has formed, and this habit can only be broken up and eliminated by constant and strenuous effort. It is worse than useless to whine about one's incapacity, to sanctimoniously quote "He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust," or to foolishly imagine that eventual salvation is secure because of the "finished work of Christ." Power to overcome can only be attained by use. No man can understand until he bestirs himself to conquer his lower tendencies, but when by pure and holy aspiration his soul drinks deeply from the source of power and vibrates harmoniously with the Heart of God, then is victory assured.

LETTERS OF A TRUTH-SEEKER.

IV.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF THOUGHT-CONTROL.

BY HARRY J. STONE.

WE often hear it said,—“I may think as I like; it doesn't matter what I think.” The first part of this statement, taken by itself, is true, and a fact of much more importance than we usually attach to it. We can think exactly what we chose within the present temporary limits of our own mental development. The freedom which we hold in our own thought-realm is surely the greatest privilege we enjoy. We can “let the thoughts wander,” as we say, or focus and direct them into any particular channel if we have some definite object in view. It may sometimes appear that thoughts come to us unbidden; but it is doubtful if we receive any thought that we have not at some time attracted. However this may be, one thing is obvious; we have perfect freedom to reject the thought, or to foster and encourage it. And you, fellow-seeker,—if you have pursued the same path with me in these truths we have been considering,—will know something of

the power of thought-control. In our progress together we have seen that the real heart-thoughts are forces; the thoughts of the present are moulding the future; the Ideal of to-day will become the Real of to-morrow if wisely developed. So that in the light of these facts, while it is gloriously true that we may think as we like, what we think *does* matter; in fact, becomes of *vital importance*. If we are seeking healthier bodies, healthier environments, or simply seeking to express a nobler manhood just where we are; if we are seeking to be of some use in the world through the medium of song, picture, or poem; whatever may be our method of expression, we need so to control, focus, and direct our thought-forces that we may realise the highest truth of the "kingdom" within. How best can we develop this control, and most economically direct the every-day thought? To a very large extent everyone must answer this question for himself in his own way, for in thought-culture, as in physical development, methods vary. Here some find the necessary health and strength producing thought in the daily use of dumb-bells, some in the morning swim, while others attain the same end by the practice of deep-breathing exercises. If we have truly realised the importance of thought-control, we shall quickly find our own means of development. However, the following method is suggested, not in any way as a hard-and-fast rule, but simply in the hope that it may help each reader who

is seeking the higher life to find and practise his own method.

Set aside some time at the end of each day for the careful analysis of the thoughts of that day.

Classify the thoughts under these headings:

1. Purposeful.
2. Aimless.

Now the aimless thoughts, however good they may be in themselves, may be dismissed as useless for real progress. Then take the purposeful thoughts and again mentally classify them, this time dismissing all except those charged with the very highest purpose. After this process of analysis the result may be very small, but like the residue of a precious compound to the chemist, it is very valuable. In this result, however poor it may appear, we have the purest and best of to-day upon which we can build the life. On these thoughts we should meditate, for they are just what we need at the present moment for our development. They are our present ideals, and though we may be conscious that they need improvement, the quickest way to accomplish this is to live them to their best. They are the good, purposeful thoughts, and our silent meditation will help nourish them into life.

Is it our purpose to make some friend the happier in some quiet and simple way? Just to make one soul the brighter is worth much effort. Let us realise just these simple purposeful thoughts, and all the others may die for lack of attention.

Having analysed the daily thought, we must proceed to control and *live* the result. Let us take these thoughts where the soft morning breeze moves the pines; where the quiet voices of the woods whisper in harmony to the music of the heart. Here, while the birds are singing their joyous song of praise, we can saturate the mind with beautiful thoughts. Here we can develop the necessary thought-control to accomplish our purpose, whatever it may be, or gather power that may help us through days of service. Or, if we cannot reach such ideal conditions, we may seek their counterpart within. There was never a voice in Nature, but whispers now in the soul, and only awaits our recognition; never a glorious landscape that the thought cannot picture. We will nourish these ideals into life in the garden within, and we shall live to see them bloom in the world-garden at the right season.

In thought-control, as in all other personal reform, difficulties meet us at the beginning. We may not at first be able even to recall the daily thought for analysis. Yet every time we try makes the task easier; every difficulty overcome means a corresponding gain in strength. The sincere seeker will always find, in this as in everything, attainment comes by development, and every sign of progress will cheer him on. We will seek only the ideal thoughts, and these will eventually express ideal health, and a well-balanced life of service.

AN "AFTER LIFE."

WHY on *this* life presume
To cast contempt and scorn?
Why should'st thou fret and fume
Because in matter born?

The noblest souls were ne'er
Content to wail and weep:
Earth gave them scope, to care
For much that some count cheap.

The flesh bemoaned they not,
For so was power attained:
Accepted they their lot,
Nor questioned what was gained.

The soul to God they left—
They knew that It was *near*.
So life was not bereft
For them of joy sincere.

Existence was for them
A Spirit-Life of Love.
The body could not stem
The Effluence from Above.

Thus, let us also take
The Present Life. That so
We strive henceforth to make
More perfect *The Below*.

R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.

THE fountain of content must spring up in
the mind.—BEN JONSON.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

BY J. S. F. MILLER.

AMIDST the myriads of forces which act upon us to evolve and develop our psychic powers, the chief is that of Nature. To her we owe our being; the more intimately we come in contact with her, the higher and more spiritualised we become, for—

“Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.”

Even the word has a ring of repose and trust which lingers on the lips, dissolving the flimsy curtains of levity, ignorance, and hypocrisy which too often obscure spiritual vision.

To every soul who desires, the natural world pours out her music in all its strength and majesty. Here, to seek is to find. If we love Nature she will love us; but from those who cannot value she withholds her priceless gifts, and such go through life unmoved to her beauty and deaf to her voice. They, having eyes, see not; and ears, but hear not. Yet the tonic we can receive, if we will, by placing ourselves under the right conditions for the inflow and the outflow of those vital forces, the mingling of which will

restore virility to the mind, vigour to the limbs, and spirituality to the soul. We must be quite alone and give ourselves with entire simplicity and perfect trust to the divine healing touch.

Then the chords within are touched by the influences without, and the mind and heart begin to sing in chorus to the great Divine.

Those who lead the true life, who baffle failure, conquer fear, eradicate self, stepping upwards from conquest to conquest, need have no fear that the Comforter will quit them in their hour of need. The peace of the soul is the “perfect peace which passeth all understanding.” “Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you.”

Every blade of grass, every flower of the field, and cloud in the sky, will be an inspiration and will absorb all taint and poison from our natures, giving in return this peace which “the world cannot give.” In the presence of Nature we are true to ourselves and are witnesses of the divine harmony which interpenetrates all things. The outpouring of the inner spirit connects the inner with the outer, blending all in one perfect harmony.

At last the world loses its hold. We are in the spirit, *in* Nature.

See! A blue waggon with wheels, red painted, and wisps of yellow straw hanging over its sides and waving to and fro across the blueness. Down through a break in the land I see the waters spread out like the silver lining of a pure fairy garment. There, a little house nestling in the hollow and

surrounded by protecting trees, which, too, makes a part in the landscape. Here we are at one with the grasses and the brooks and the sweet balled birches which we touch with loitering, loving fingers. These are the times when one's soul is lifted up to God and one longs for the permanency of such moments. But the sweetest things in life are the most transient. The beautiful souls with which we come in contact in passing through life come and go like a silver flash upon the water, for ever beyond the reach of our touch. Yet the memory, the influence, remains with us for ever: we can never be so little again!

How closely is Nature allied with Music—the most powerful of all the arts! The motion of the leaves, the swaying of the golden, tender corn-stems in the breeze, is music; to the eye as to the ear, for there is an eye-music and an ear-music. The rhythm, the cadences, the singing of the birds, the music sweet and shrill, or the low warbling of the rushing waters, the bleating of the young lambs, the sound of a stone falling from a height—all this can touch every fibre of the soul as almost nothing else can.

“And the sea?
Nothing could be purer than the waves which leap so
gaily,
Nothing could be brighter than the songs the waves are
singing;
So the sun he pours his light down
On the great, wide, seething ocean,
Glimmering white and shimmering light
O'er the curling foam.

Far away the dim horizon
Brings to view a white ship sailing—
Sailing, as it seems, from sea-home
Into cloud-home blue above;
There to sleep until the dawning
Of a fairer, sweeter soul-time,
When all evil low is shattered,
And the good is over all.”

To truly live is to be with Nature. In her presence no thought which is unbeautiful or unholy can enter: we are possessed by divinity.

“I am larger, better than I knew;
I did not know I held so much goodness.”

MANHOOD'S DIGNITY.

I AM no worm of earth, to crawl or lie
Upon the surface, deeming it my home
Or constant place of habitation. I
Have in my form a secret pow'r to roam
In mental fancy through the universe,
And feel a freedom in my reasoning mind:
Led on by Hope, I bid doubt's clouds
disperse,
For the Divinity is in mankind.

Why then should I, in actions like the worm,
Think my surroundings masters of my
way,
When I possess—if but the smallest germ—
The power to guide me to Eternal Day?
Thus life, with love in it, shall ever be
A proof my aims are for eternity.

JOSEPH THACKERAY.

HAPPINESS.

BY W. H. EVANS.

IF we ponder over the reason of our strivings and aims, we shall find that all are working towards one end—happiness. Happiness has been, and is generally considered to be beyond the reach of man. So strong a hold has this idea obtained upon the minds of men that theologians have postulated the existence of a future state where it will be attained, and where all shall reap the reward of their belief, as an antidote to the miseries of this world. Persecution has long held men in bondage, but is it not possible to be happy *now*? and if so, what are the conditions which are conducive to unbroken felicity?

There are two great causes of unhappiness—ignorance, and wilful disobedience to law. There are also two great causes of happiness—knowledge, and unquestioning obedience to law. The moral law is supreme, and only by seeking can we discover its operation in our life, and to discover and obey it is to find happiness. Nature makes no allowance for ignorance or wilful disobedience; the penalty is sure whatever may be the intellectual development of the individual.

If I were to briefly state how happiness is to be attained, I should simply say, "by living in harmony with law."

It is a strong argument for upright conduct that the deepest bliss inheres in the higher nature, so that to live self-governed and pure is a perpetual enjoyment. Living thus we shall have no need to cry out that our friends desert us in the hour of need, should such come, for all our relations with men will be the outcome of unselfishness, and in considering others before ourselves, we cannot suffer at their hands.

Thus the place to be happy is *HERE*, the time to be happy is *Now*. Why should we look forward to some future state for the adjustment of evils which can be remedied in this? Let us put our house in order for the guest—happiness. We shall not have to send out a long invitation, but shall find her waiting at the door of our heart. We have only to open it and bid her enter.

THE fields are damaged by hurricanes and weeds; mankind is damaged by passion, by hatred, by vanity, and by lust.—BUDDHA.

WHATEVER may be men's speculative doctrines, it is quite certain that every intelligent person guides his life and risks his fortune upon the belief that the order of Nature is constant, and that the chain of natural causation is never broken.

HUXLEY.

THE BLIND MAN.

(A PARABLE.)

A CERTAIN man lost his sight, and his heart grew hard, and he did not fail to complain of the injustice of his lot. And one day there came to him a stranger who had been blind from birth. And the stranger did not complain, but rejoiced, and glorified the Lord of all things. And the man who was stricken blind was astonished and said, "For forty years I had my sight, yet now I curse my fate, but thou who hast *never* seen complainest not but rejoicest." And he who had been blind from birth replied, "I rejoice, because having no eyes, yet I see." "How dost thou see?" said the stricken one. "I see," said the stranger, "with the eyes of the Spirit, the eyes of the high mind within me. I see that the stars do not fall nor fall, because of the just laws of the Lord of all things, and I also see that the souls of men do not fall though their bodies be afflicted, and die, for the Lord of all things holds them up. Therefore, I rejoice, because seeing not with the eyes of the body, I see with the eyes of the Spirit, and I see that all things are just and true. Thy bodily blind-

ness, brother," said he, "is not thy greatest affliction; thy *spiritual* blindness is an affliction great and deep, yet thou complainest not about this. Complain no more, but let thy heart rest in the knowledge of the Lord of all things." And the stricken one said, "I would that my heart could so rest. Show me the way to that rest." And the stranger said, "Complain no more of thy bodily affliction, but meditate in thy heart upon that which is good and true; be obedient and patient and gentle; remove thy faults and all thy hardness and impurity, and lo! your spiritual eyes will open, and you will see the wonderful glory of the Lord of all things; and the Lord will speak to you in your heart, and will give to you His comfort and peace, and then, having no eyes, you will rejoice because you have received your sight." And the stranger went away. And from that day the stricken one complained not, but became as a little child, peaceful and happy; and when asked what had wrought the change in him he said he had been visited by an Angel of the Lord.

THOUGHTS AT EVEN-TIDE.

THE twilight shades are deepening, and the
 night
 Comes swiftly down, and we—we turn to
 Thee
 In Whom no shadow is; be Thou our Light
 And give us eyes to see.

To see with clearer vision, oft we grope
 With feeble fingers, and with faltering
 feet ;
 Shine on us then, our glorious Star of Hope,
 And radiancy complete.

The gentle word that soothes, the touch of
 hand,
 The smile that cheers the lonely on their
 way,
 The sympathy that shows we understand,—
 For these, O Lord, we pray.

Show us our heedless, thoughtless ways—we
 find,
 When all too late, the harm which we
 have wrought
 By trifling jest, the word that was not
 kind—
 The unworthy deed, or thought.

And so we leave our weakness, want, and
 sin,
 While shadows thicken over heath and
 fen.
 When the last shadow falls, shed Light
 within.

Come near and help us *then!*

EDYTH S. BEVES.

To ruminate upon evils, to make critical
 notes upon injuries, and be too acute in their
 apprehensions, is to add unto our own
 tortures, to feather the arrows of our enemies,
 and to resolve to sleep no more ; for injuries,
 long dreamt on, take away at last all rest.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

INDIVIDUAL PEACE.

WHEN we speak of peace, we generally think
 of states and nations and their duties. We
 think of the strifes and bloodshed which they
 occasion. We forget that the wars of nations
 are only occasional, but there is another kind
 of strife which is incessant and which is more
 reprehensible, as it disturbs the peace of
 mankind more deeply. And for this dis-
 turbance of peace we are all responsible.
 Let us not judge the states and nations ; but
 let us judge ourselves. The Kingdom of
 God is really within us. Peace of humanity
 depends more on the disposition of individual
 men and women than on states and nations.
 We cannot, by our individual exertions,
 change or influence the counsels of nations
 to a very large extent. But we can do much
 to establish peace in our homes and neigh-
 bourhoods. And if the Kingdom of God
 be ever established, it will be established
 more by the way of individual peacefulness,
 than by large acts of national or collective
 charity. More harmful to the peace of our
 homes are the little jealousies, envies, greeds,
 and lusts of the individual hearts than the
 gigantic armies and colossal navies of nations.

For the peace of me and my neighbour what is necessary is the establishment of the Kingdom of God within me. Oh the smouldering fires of hatred, jealousy, and envy which are silently eating away the vitals of society and sapping at the root of domestic peace, how much more insidious and fruitful in the production of human misery they are! For the establishment of the Kingdom of God it is not only necessary that "thou shalt not kill," but also that "thou shalt not be angry with thy brother," and thou shalt not say to thy brother "thou fool." Sweet peace of God, which flows in kind words and kindlier deeds, in love and charity among neighbours, in the self-forgetful service of our fellow-men, mainly depends on our inner disposition. And the shortest way to the Kingdom of God is across the valley of individual charity, through love of our neighbours, and forgiveness of those that trespass against us, and living in peace with those who are around us.

Deeper still, and as the source and secret of peacefulness outside, is inner peace—living in peace with one's own self. There is no strife so fierce and so disquieting as the strife within, the wrestling with the unruly passions, with the undisciplined will and the unrestrained self. So long as the self has not been conquered, the passions bridled, and the will consecrated, there is no peace for you even in the Kingdom of God, if you can find one anywhere. There is no peace on earth until it has been established within you. And the search after this peace, which has

been everywhere considered as passing understanding, has been the everlasting work of religion. The establishment of peace within is the aim and object of religion. The prophets and saints of the world lived and died in the search after this peace for humanity and their message was the message of peace. What is religion but this search for and attainment of peace? Everybody, the worldly man, the devotee, the sage, all are in quest of peace. People variously think that they can have it in wealth, or in power, or in learning, or in the gratification of the senses. The problem which occupied the religious teachers of the world was also this—discovering the secret source of peace. They found weak and heavy-laden humanity blindly groping after peace; but where was peace? The sages of the world seem to have devoted themselves to the solution of this one problem. And the answers which they found are wonderfully identical. Buddha, Jesus, and the rest of them, give but one answer. Not in self-seeking but in self-surrender is peace to be found. When man can say, "not my will but Thy will be done," then and then alone can he have peace which knows no end. Peace is the fruit of self-conquest and self-surrender; and when man is at peace within himself he will find and give peace outside; he will be in peace at his home, in peace with his neighbour, and in peace with the world.

The Indian Messenger.

LIFE'S MELODIES.

AH, if we would but learn the harmonies that make life a glad song of thanksgiving and praise!

If we could but always realise what we possess, what a storehouse of wealth lies within this wonderful universe of ours. All around us are our silent teachers, in this beautiful world, God's garden. Attune your mind to this harmony, and you will hear sermons in every living thing. And being filled with this gladsome life, shall we hear the great song of mankind, and just as we attune our minds to the right chords, will they give forth the true response? and so we should try, each one of us, to add to this Harmony our own note, and not one can be left out, for it is the blending of the whole that shall make the beautiful chord—the masterpiece—the song of Love.

ROSE L. AMOS.

BE but yourselves, be pure, be true
And prompt in duty; heed the deep
Low voice of conscience: through the ill
And discord round about you, keep
Your faith in human nature still.

WHITTIER.

LET a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth!—BUDDHA.

HARMONY.

PRESERVE harmony in your own soul, and it will flow out to all others, for its effects are more powerful than you understand, and more far-reaching.

Sink all thought of self, all personal ambition, the small jealousies and suspicions that mar the heart's melodies.

Listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness, and, losing yourself in that, forget these passing shadows. United, harmonious, your power is limitless; without them we can do nothing.

See to it then, that your note in the great instrument be pure and clear, else discord will result. Back of all our pain and suffering there lie the divine harmonies of Reality. These seek, and, finding, lose not.—*The Theosophical Forum.*

THERE is a life which taketh not its hue
From earth or earthly things, and so grows pure,
And higher than the petty cares of men,
And is a blessed life and glorified.

LEWIS MORRIS.

LET us live happily, then, not hating those who hate us! among men who hate us let us dwell free from hatred.

Let us live happily, then, free from greed among the greedy! among men who are greedy let us dwell free from greed.—BUDDHA.

LOVE CONQUERS.

LOVE is a conquering force. A true life is a series of conquests. It is to him that overcometh that the crown of life is promised. The first thing to be conquered is self. Without self-mastery there can be no true manhood. Until one has learned to control himself he is not fit to be master of anything. Many methods of arriving at self-mastery have been tried. The best and only successful method is to be filled with love. A baptism of love every morning, noon, and night will soon bring self down and drown selfishness completely.

When one has mastered himself he may overcome his enemies. Who has not tried to overcome his enemies by force, by wrath, by stratagem? This we may do if we are stronger and shrewder than they. But when it is done there will be no advantage either to the victor or the vanquished. The man who has been crushed by violence is no better, nor is his conqueror better. Jesus taught men a new method of dealing with enemies: "Love your enemies." So taught the apostle: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Thousands of enemies have been conquered in this way. And there is no other way worth trying. If we fail it is because we have not enough love.

Christian Advocate.

CONDITION AND CONDUCT.

WHEN an individual is miserable, what does it most of all behove him to do? To complain of this man or of that, of this thing or of that? To fill the world and the street with lamentation, objugation? Not so at all; the reverse of so. All moralists advise him not to complain of any person or of any thing, but of himself only. He is to know of a truth that being miserable he has been unwise. Had he faithfully followed Nature and her Laws, Nature, ever true to her Laws, would have yielded fruit and increase and felicity to him; but he has followed other than Nature's Laws, and now Nature, her patience with him being ended, leaves him desolate; answers with very emphatic significance to him, "No, not by this road, my son; by another road shalt thou attain well-being. This, thou perceivest, is the road to ill-being; quit this!" So do all moralists advise, that the man penitently say to himself first of all, Behold I was not wise enough; I quitted the laws of Fact, which are also called the Laws of God, and mistook for them the Laws of Sham and Semblance, which are called the Devil's Laws; therefore am I here!

Thomas Carlyle's "Past and Present."

If in the least particular one could derange the order of Nature, who would accept the gift of life?—EMERSON.

OUR TALK WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Under this heading we are prepared, month by month, to give needful advice, and to deal with the questions and difficulties of our readers. To insure a reply in the subsequent issue, letters should reach us not later than the 7th.

Correspondents may choose their own nom-de-plume, but no letters will be answered unless accompanied by the full name and address as a guarantee of good faith.

AMBO.—The gist of your letter is as follows—“Through speculation I lost my position; since then . . . I have managed to make about £180 per year, and have a small private income besides of £80, but my domestic expenses I cannot keep down, and I am truly anxious to save for the sake of my wife and family, I being now fifty-two years old. My wife is very much against my speculating, but will not see that unless I make money we should soon get into debt; is, therefore, speculation wrong? The teaching of ‘New Thought’ is that if you set your mind on success you get it. Although speculation has been my downfall, yet I feel that I can succeed . . . Yet by speculation you do not follow the words of Christ, who says, ‘Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow,’ etc., for speculation is of the essence of the future . . . Your teaching seems to be sacrifice . . . Sacrifice is repugnant to most of us; we will give up something, but we expect more in return, and I cannot bring myself to sacrifice. The teachers of ‘New Thought’ vary so much that selfishness appears to me to be its great danger.”

Reply:—Speculation has been your downfall, ergo, don’t speculate. Surely your experience has proved to you the necessity of abandoning speculation for ever, and this is confirmed by your own doubts and scruples on the matter. When a man does not doubt any particular course of conduct, he should, and will, act it out; but when he doubts its soundness, he should avoid it, and seek another way of action. The fact that you are questioning the rightness of speculation makes it wrong for you, even if you had not proved it so com-

pletely by experience. You think you would succeed if you ventured again. This is the madness of the speculator. He always thinks, “This time I shall hit the mark; one more plunge, and I shall win,” refusing to learn by experience. You say you cannot keep down your household expenses, but this is what you can and should do. It is the only direct way out of your difficulty. True, to do this, sometimes requires great courage and great sacrifice, but better sacrifice luxuries, friends, and caste, than character. There is only one way of keeping out of debt, and that is, *live within your income*. Look where you will, you will find no other way, and having done this, exert all your energies to increase your income by useful and legitimate means. Give an equivalent for the money you receive. Earn it. Your family will not be deserted if you do only that which is right.

Whatever “New Thought” may say, it is no more true to say that “if you set your mind on success you will get it” than to declare that “if you jump over a precipice you will not be injured if you are determined not to be.” Confidence is only one item in success. There are laws to be reckoned with, and he who ignores them is crushed by his own folly.

It is true that the way of self-sacrifice is “repugnant” at its commencement, but it leads inevitably to surety and peace; whereas the way of self-seeking is very pleasant at its commencement, but it leads directly to confusion and unrest.

Finally, as to whether selfishness is the danger of “New Thought” is quite beside the matter concerned. What you have to do is to avoid the danger yourself. Do not rely upon “New Thought” or any other external prop, but look to your own heart; rely upon yourself; learn the lessons of experience, and trust to that which is not of doubtful veracity.

J. W. S.—We do not “insist” upon anything; but point out the way of *practice* which leads to wisdom, leaving men to choose whether they shall walk it or not. Have you not lost sight of the fact that we pre-eminently teach that complete self-surrender of which you speak?

THE EDITOR.

THE "LIGHT OF REASON" GATHERINGS.

BIRMINGHAM GROUP.—The usual monthly meeting took place on 12th April. It was opened with a talk on "The Decline of Dogma," and many instances were quoted showing the recent wonderful change of view of leading theologians, and the manifest tendency to lay aside traditional prejudice and narrowness of mind. A thoughtful article on "The Dawning of the Spiritual Era" from "The Herald of the Golden Age" was then read, and another reading from Tolstoi brought the evening to a close.

LIVERPOOL AND BIRKENHEAD GROUP.—The usual meeting was held on 16th April, when two members read papers on the subject, "What the new thought means to us all." It was proposed that a meeting should be held in Liverpool in the evenings about 7.30, on the alternative fortnights, to enable members whose business prevented them attending the afternoon meetings at New Ferry. Mr. Edwin Allen has kindly undertaken to try and carry out this plan. The May meeting is arranged for the 9th, when Mr. Allen will give an address on the subject "What can we say about evil."

WEST LONDON GROUP.—On Monday, 18th April, a social evening was spent at Mrs. Worley's, the first hour being devoted to conversation, after which Mr. Ernest de la Hooke gave a short address on "Happiness," which was followed by a discussion.

MANCHESTER GROUP.—The secretary, Mr. V. D. Nicholson, 60, Ashton Hill Lane, Droylsden, will be pleased to hear from readers wishing to join.

A Group is in process of formation at Brighton. Those wishing to join should communicate with the Editor.

If those of our London readers who wish to attend meetings of Groups, yet who cannot conveniently join those already formed, will write to the Editor, we will see what can be done towards forming other Groups in London. Those who are prepared to undertake the organisation of a Group should state so in their letter.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science, by T. Troward (late Divisional Judge, Punjab), published by Stead, Danby & Co., 10, Cheniston Gardens, London, W., price 2s. Mr. Troward possesses the rare and unique ability of presenting the most profoundly abstruse metaphysics in uninvolved phraseology. He accomplishes this difficult task largely by his use of apt comparisons, aided by a keenly synthetic quality. The book consists of thirteen chapters, which fit each other consecutively, like the steps of a ladder, the writer's object being to take his reader along by easy stages, and this he does with admirable skill. In the first chapter, "Spirit and Matter," he lucidly defines these terms, summing up his argument thus briefly:—"The distinctive quality of Spirit is Thought, and . . . the distinctive quality of matter is Form." In his second chapter he explains how "The Higher Mode of Intelligence controls the Lower," and the third chapter, "The Unity of Spirit," deals with the basic unity of all things. He then passes on to a consideration of "The Subjective and Objective Mind," which he deals with at considerable length in several chapters. Indeed, the whole book is really an elucidation of the self-transforming power which he regards as the distinctive quality of the subjective mind, its keynote being "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall receive them." The chapters on "Causes and Conditions," "Intuition," "Healing," and "The Will," are all highly instructive and equally good. The book is a storehouse of rich intellectual thought, and all its metaphysical statements have a directly practical and ethical application.

The Narrow Way of Attainment, by Hiram Erastus Butler, published by the Esoteric Publishing Company, Applegate, California, price 4s. 2d. post paid. For those who aspire to live a life of the loftiest purity, and who are striving after the highest apprehension of Truth, this will prove an extremely valuable book. Every page is charged with the deepest knowledge of the human heart, and with wise guidance and instruc-

tion. It is not a book for the timid, the fearful, and the half-hearted, but for those who are prepared to overcome the lower nature to the uttermost, and to frame strong and holy purposes. The chapter "Who is able to Walk the Narrow Way?" is particularly inspiring and instructive. There is much mysticism in the book which, however, is pre-eminently practical, and the instructions given are clearly and methodically laid down.

The Lyre of Lectulus, by Ramsden Buckley, published by C. W. Daniel, 5, Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., price 1s. nett. The reader is introduced to the original poems which comprise this booklet, in a little prose dissertation by the author on "Free Melody," in which he half-expresses a belief that a new era of poetry is about to be ushered in, wherein "Free Melody" (which consists in the spontaneous and rhythmic expression of thought apart from didactic rules) will be adopted as a natural result of the evolution of poetic art. One of his poems, "Gwladys and Glendawr," is a typical instance of the Free Melody metre. On the whole, the poems have excellent poetic merit, especially the blank verse piece, entitled "Eden." "The Vision of Peace" is one of the shortest and best poems in the book, the second verse of which reads:—

"An era of Peace is unfolding its Portals,

A Joy-crowned assembly ascends its approach,
And Science and Art in the Van of the Mortals,
Stamp out the barbaric that still dares encroach."

Lovers of poetry should find much that is good and valuable in the book.

Psychology, by Frank H. Randall, published by L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London, price 3s., by post 3s. 3d., is a book, as its subtitle implies, on "the cultivation and development of mind and will by positive and negative processes."

The New Science of Man, by Rev. Charles A. Hall, published by the Author at Meikleriggs, Paisley, and by The Systematic Publishing Company, 40, Warwick Lane, London, price 3d., is a pamphlet dealing with the application of certain metaphysical theories to life.

The Authority of the Bible, by Dr. Inglis, published by A. Bonner, Took's Court, London, E.C., price 6d., is a book of claims to supernatural knowledge.

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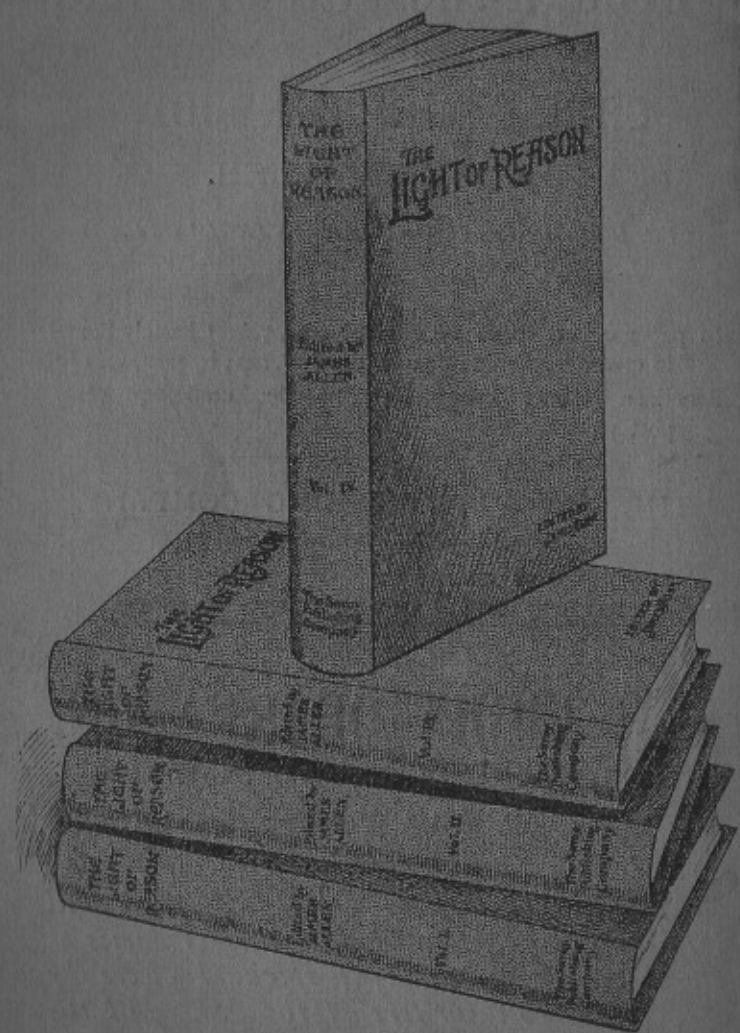
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