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To our Readers & Friends

The invitation given month by month on this page to our readers to visit us at "Bryngoleu," as paying guests, has been responded to by a large number, and a very happy summer has been spent. As many who could not come in the summer are writing to know if they may visit us during the winter, we wish to state that we are open to receive guests at any time of the year. Ilfracombe is always beautiful, and its winter climate is exceptionally mild and balmy, and at the same time invigorating.

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THE LIGHT OF REASON.

VOL. VII. NOVEMBER 1ST, 1905. No. II.

EDITORIAL.

THE second edition of the book "Out from the Heart" is now ready.

* * *

Those of our foreign readers who wish to have the bound volumes of "The Light of Reason" at the low prices at which we are now selling them, should order at once, as, after December 30th they will not be sold under 3/6 each, exclusive of postage.

* * *

We would specially direct the attention of our readers to the articles by Christiana Duckworth and John D. Macdonald in this issue. They both deal (very wisely we think) with the principle of unselfishness, the comprehension of which requires much searching self-examina-

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enment, and peace; and those who undertake to walk the Path, and walk it faithfully, will in due time reach the goal.

* * *

For want of such a well-defined path as an aid to their endeavours, many who start out to find Truth, wander about in a chaos of vague emotions, ineffectual efforts, and ill-directed aspirations, and finally through lack of guidance and companionship, fall back into indifference, doubt, and self-indulgence.

* * *

The Brotherhood will afford such guidance and companionship. Guidance along the Pathway of the Law, as defined in the "Book of Discipline," and the companionship of the Brethren who are walking that Path towards the goal of peace.

NOTHING is ever done beautifully, which is done in rivalry, nor nobly, which is done in pride.—RUSKIN.

SEED time precedes harvest. Nature will not pay in advance. You must render a service before you can reap a reward. Go forth then into your chosen field. Do not hesitate; do not stipulate; but labor and hope and trust. What you anticipate may never materialize, but something will materialize. Whatever it be, accept it as your reward; for truly it is the result of your doing and thinking.—N. M. ZIMMERMAN.

HOW TO RECONCILE UNSELFISHNESS WITH ONE'S DUTY TO ONESELF.

BY CHRISTIANA DUCKWORTH.

The above title, so often put as question, deserves a thoughtful answer, more particularly because it is frequently put by truly unselfish people. Stirred to the depths of their being by the very noblest aspirations, these unselfish souls are suddenly brought face to face with serious difficulties when endeavouring to manifest their newly developed spiritual powers in the same environment that hitherto has proved amply satisfying for their life's full expression.

These newly evolved difficulties are partly the outcome of the spiritual awakening which inevitably takes place in any soul that makes a constant practice of unselfishness, and partly the result of the effect of that continued and habitual unselfishness. For these latter even though they may possess the just claims of natural ties upon that unselfishness, nevertheless are apt to become spoilt, as the world would say. In other words they are perhaps accepting all and giving too little in return.

The situation thus created by the more rapid spiritual unfoldment of one member of a community than the others, is really more

serious than a casual observer would realise. Such a condition of affairs not infrequently heralds an important crisis, a parting of the ways in a soul's development; for it springs from the working of the most fundamental law of the universe, the basic law of life—Love.

How old and how fundamental this law of Love is we rarely stop to think, but Henry Drummond in his beautiful work "The Ascent of Man," traces it back for us right to the very beginnings of life. He says "Take the tiniest protoplasmic cell, immerse it in a suitable medium, and presently it will perform two great acts—the two which sum up life, which constitute the eternal distinction between the living and the dead—Nutrition and Reproduction. At one moment in pursuance of the struggle for life, it will call in matter from without, and assimilate it to itself; at another moment, in pursuance of the struggle for the life of others, it will set a portion of that matter apart, add to it, and finally give it away to form another life. Even at its dawn life is receiver and giver; even in protoplasm is selfism and otherism. No matter that the process by which cell-life reproduces its kind is inevitable. . . . The bulk of the cell, by continuous absorption of matter, outgrows its absorbing surface, then waste begins to exceed the power of repair, and life is threatened; the cell must divide or die. But if it divides, self-sacrifice saves it, for it yields up its life as an individual. Thus nature in the remotest ages, and in its most primitive

form, was already laying wires on which one far-off day, the currents of all higher things might travel."

No wonder that a soul hesitates again and again at this parting of the ways when, to obtain a fuller development and greater opportunities of growth, it is seemingly called upon to relinquish its hitherto firm hold of the beautiful ladder of unselfishness. Step by step the heavenly heights have grown nearer and more accessible; little by little, strength, peace, and pure happiness have gradually revealed themselves to the ardent climber, much as the first golden rays of sunlight gleam brightly over the dark mountain peaks when dawn first disperses the gloom of a long weary night.

No wonder the soul that has already reached such a measure of discernment for things spiritual, hesitates before it violates a law upon which the whole fabric of life is increasingly built, from the tiniest atomic embodiment right up to the most perfect and glorious expression of human life which has ever been declared or may yet lie in the womb of the far-distant future.

And now as the soul brings the matter over and over again to that sacred inner tribunal for judgment, the decree comes forth finally in all beauty and clearness—that unselfishness and one's duty to oneself *are one and the same thing*. They can never be antagonistic or require reconciling, because the practice of absolute unselfishness, which may here be better expressed as the manifesta-

tion of Perfect Love, is the highest, quickest, and most effective route to that soul-development and spiritual unfoldment which comprises the whole of one's duty to oneself.

Long, long ago on an exceeding high mountain in Palestine, another soul, craving more ample opportunity and more effective means of placing His wonderful spiritual powers at the service of poor, suffering and ignorant humanity, fought out the battle of Selfism and Otherism on the highest possible plane. With what result we know. The ample, splendid life-expression, and the immediate and overwhelming influence which He might so easily have wielded and which would to all appearances have done such magnificent service to the human race, were unhesitatingly and for ever put on one side. The Divine Wisdom of that meek and lowly Teacher elected to sow the seed of the Kingdom of God in the hearts of a few humble followers.

But while there can be no question that there is positively *no deviation permissible* from the law of self-sacrifice if we would rise to all the opportunities of our high calling as spiritual beings, it is nevertheless of vital importance to make quite certain that the course of action about to be adopted really is unselfish.

Many and many a seemingly unselfish act is really not so. Sometimes it is a selfish yielding to the desire to please, irrespective of the moral effect upon the recipient. At best perhaps it may prove to be the outcome of thoughtlessness, and for a time may check the

development of the recipient's spiritual life. Albeit, an unselfish example can never be other than a seed destined sooner or later to bring forth a rich harvest of life's choicest fruit.

Perhaps the safest way to decide whether any given course of action be intrinsically unselfish or not, is to give the subject the gravest possible consideration from the point of view of the spiritual welfare of those whom it is destined directly to affect.

Not infrequently such a point will come up over and over again for decision. It will need continually threshing out now in this guise, now in that, until at last the ladder of unselfishness is successfully climbed to the height where the rugged places of life fall into true perspective. Then the lofty eminence of life's highest expression will break bright and radiant upon the view. Brilliantly illuminated by the effulgent rays of Perfect Love, Love then "becomes the inspiration of existence; from gods to atoms it thrills and trembles into Life. Therefore Life is Love. In proportion as we love we are spiritually alive.

"Love is the beginning—through Love was brought forth the world of forms. . . . Love is the turning point of all endeavour, of all aspirations. Love over-masters and gives knowledge. Love is Life and Life is love, and both are one, are God."

“A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.”

“Covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet show I unto you a more excellent way.”—1 Corinthians xii., 31.

It is not in the ready flow of words,
 The apt repartee, phrases neatly turned,
 Not merely in the cloven tongue of fire
 That pours out freely all the mind has stored,
 Nor yet in greatest knowledge widely gleaned
 That the high excellence of Truth is found.
 Secrets of science, thoughts of deepest things—
 Great gifts are these, but not in these alone
 Can power dwell to raise the hearts of men
 To break the barriers down, and let the light
 Shine in, and scatter dark illusion's gloom.
 Great gifts are these, and we do well to strive
 And covet earnestly to make them ours;
 Yet high above them show I unto you
 A way more excellent—the way of Love;
 For Love shall still abide when words are done;
 Love still remaineth after tongues have ceased;
 And when our childish thoughts are put aside
 Before the rising beam of Manhood's Light,
 (Dim mirrors of the Truth that but reflect
 Chance rays of light from Wisdom's Central
 Sun),
 When all are passed, and face to face we stand
 With the Eternal Secret, we shall find
 That Love, life's greatest gift, has conquered
 all:
 Wisdom and Love are One, and *here* is Power!

S.L.E.

WORDS which are simple, while their meaning
 is far-reaching, are good words.—MENCIVS.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

By J. S. AKEHURST.

Self-confidence is not to be confounded with self-conceit. The former is the outcome of a principle upon which a man may rest, when by experience he has entered into a realisation of his inherent powers; the latter, an effect of ignorance. To be conceited is to be the victim of illusion, unconscious of serious deficiencies; a football of fate egregious with vanity; immodest, and tenacious of foolish opinions; but to confidently perform one's daily tasks, and weave around them those conditions which are most desired, is to demonstrate that long since has all pretence been cast aside, and only simple truth is valued. Such a man is not vain, because he recognises that the power within is common to the human race; and he is modest, having learned how fierce the struggle with temptation is. Conceit must ever be coupled with inexperience and folly; but confidence is won by arduous labours.

The workman realises confidence as he acquires skill at his craft; and skill is only attained by patient effort. In the degree that he comprehends the intricacies of his work and gains control over the various tools that he uses, is the principle of confidence asserted by attuning the mind in that particular direc-

tion. And thus it is with us. By working honestly, and eliminating our imperfections, we shall enter into a knowledge of the principles of our being, and realise the power within which all possess, but few appear to assert efficiently.

We begin, then, by practising control of those tendencies, impulses, appetites which, when indulged, dissipate our manhood and result in moral and mental deterioration. Some of these faults are gross, and indicate the indifference of dense ignorance; others, when closely considered, are astonishingly absurd, and only given way to through want of thought; and yet others are extremely subtle, (illusions which can only be detected in the pure light of Truth), but all must be overcome before we may advance in a realisation of the Truth which alone can impart the confidence of which I am speaking.

Let us take a few examples. There is indifference by which a man yields up to blind fate the conditions of his existence. Caring not what may happen, he embraces the delusion that peace and satisfaction are only to be found in stupor; and the maintenance of this latter must eventually lead to spiritual death. But usually fate (being kinder to him than he is to himself) rouses the sleeper, and makes the darkness intolerable with hideous phantoms. Standing on the brink of a bottomless abyss, it occurs confusedly to his beclouded mind that peace and satisfaction were the objects of his search; and that to take another step will

mean oblivion. Therefore he begins to retrace his steps; but in the gloom many and grievous are the wounds and bruises contracted. The experiences through which he must pass ere ignorance be dispelled and the light of knowledge shine upon his path, are necessarily painful, but they shall end in bliss when he shall find himself.

Then there are impatience, discontent, and fretfulness—these three (pitiably futile!) are one. Their expression is not merely incompatible with self-confidence, but demonstrates the extreme opposite. That which they bring is loss of manhood, joy, and self-respect. The impatient have frantic convulsions for their reward, and the object they seek, placed farther beyond their reach. The discontented have heavy bitterness to sour the sweets of life; and the fretful, impotence and imbecility. And when the outbreaks have passed, when in more sober moments solitude defines their misery more clearly, then does shame take possession of their being, and, suffering from a sense of inharmony with its law, is keen in proportion to the state of individual development. This too is good if they shall use it rightly, for suffering leads to truth, and truth alone can set them free.

Of fear and hate it should be unnecessary for me to speak. With all his bitter lessons, man is fast awakening to the fact that these are suicidal; that there is nothing in the universe to fear, and that by hatred he can only reap destruction. The elements of death are in

these twain, and those who harbour them must pass to outer darkness. The Great Law of our being is Love, and "perfect Love casteth out fear" and hate. In the language ascribed to the Great Master, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbour as thyself"; otherwise, it is impossible to enter into a realisation of the Life eternal.

Then there are the more subtle faults which, desiring to indulge, we condone, and seek to justify by false intellectual processes. We satisfactorily explain that it is right and proper to endure all kinds of miseries here and now, in order that we may be rewarded hereafter; when perhaps what we call "endurance" is really laziness and fear which the "miserics" are punishing, and our attitude a direct denial of the living God. (Of course I use the word "satisfactorily" in a comparative sense, because the soul can be satisfied with nothing short of Truth.) We manufacture arguments with facility to prove that that which is more gratifying to the lower nature it is our bounden duty to do, and by reiteration believe in the false and reject the true. We cling to self and selfish cravings as though temporal things were immutable, and Reality but transient, when every fleeting moment would teach us the folly of it. So insidious in its workings and so deceptive is desire, that it is quite possible for a man to mistake it for aspiration, and live in a very fool's paradise. Then will he place con-

fidence in delusion, imagining it to be himself or God; and not until the delusion is shattered shall he be undeceived.

It will be easily seen that until the lower self is controlled, and converted into an obedient servant, until illusion is perceived to be illusion, and a man, recognising that he is master of himself on every plane of existence, asserts his authority with effectual power, it is impossible that he should have confidence in himself; because he has no correct idea as to what manner of man he really is. As long as he deems control to be in the hands of a power apart from and outside of himself, so long shall he be a stranger to the confidence that shall stamp him as a man and the master of his destiny; and of course he cannot realise this power while he is swayed by low desires, mocked by ungoverned impulses, weakened by selfish gratifications, and rendered the helpless victim of circumstance. It is only by resolutely purifying himself, by crucifying and transcending all selfishness, that he may attain the vision of the Son of God in whom he may confide.

(To be continued.)

WHY should we
Anticipate our sorrows? 'Tis like those
Who die for fear of death.—DENHAM.

THE path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote. The work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.—MENCIUS.

STEADFASTNESS.

O THOU who in the ways
 Of this rough world art faint and weary
 grown,
 Thy drooping head upraise,
 And let thy heart be strong for better days,
 Still trust that future time will unto thee
 make known.

In darkness, danger, pain ;
 In poverty, misfortune, sorrow, all
 The woes which we sustain,
 Still be thou strong, from idle tears refrain,
 And yet upon thy brow, in time, success
 shall fall.

Banish that viewless fiend,
 Whose harried presence men have named
 despair,
 Let all thy efforts tend
 Through life unto some great, some noble end,
 And life itself will soon a nobler aspect wear.

As the soft breath of spring
 Robes in bright hues the dark old earth again,
 So would such purpose bring
 Thee back to buoyancy of youth, and fling
 Joy on thy aching heart unfelt through years
 of pain.

SAMUEL STONE.

Look at life with far-reaching gaze ; refuse to
 be limited within the narrow boundary of
 conventionalities.—ANON.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

BY THOMAS W. ALLEN.

ALTHOUGH Richard Baxter lived in troublous times, amid "wars and rumours of wars," and persecutions from which he himself was anything but exempt, his words still echo again and again above the jarring sounds of sectarian strife and religious intolerance. A man of sterling integrity and purity of life, Baxter was utterly unselfish, and it may be truly said of him as of Another, "He went about doing good." Coleridge said he "would almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as Baxter's veracity," and Dr. Samuel Johnson classed Baxter with the most eminent theologians. Despite his bodily sufferings, which lasted nearly the whole of his life, Baxter was a most voluminous writer. Our quotations must of necessity be few, and are somewhat desultory.

"In my younger years, my trouble for sin was most about my actual failings ; but now I am much more troubled for inward defects and omissions, for want of the vital duties or graces of the soul."

"I less admire gifts of utterance and the bare profession of religion than I once did, and have much more charity for many who by the want of gifts do make an obscurer profession. I once thought that almost all who could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion,

had been saints; but experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; while I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet, blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. . . . , I am not so narrow in my special love as heretofore. . . . I can now distinguish between sincerity and profession."

"Many will study hard to preach exactly, and study little or none at all to live exactly. . . . We must study as hard how to live well as how to preach well."

"To have sinned while I preached and wrote against sin, and had such abundant and great obligations from God, and made so many promises against it, doth lay me very low: not so much in fear of hell, as in great displeasure against myself; and such self-abhorrence as would cause revenge upon myself were it not forbidden. When God forgiveth me, I cannot forgive myself; especially for my rash words or deeds, by which I have seemed injurious, and less tender and kind than I should have been to my near and dear relations, whose love abundantly obliged me. When such are dead, though we never differed in point of interest, or any other matter, every sour or cross provoking word which I gave them, maketh

me almost irreconcilable to myself, and tells me how repentance brought some of old to pray to the dead whom they had wronged, to forgive them, in the hurry of their passion."

Speaking of the severe persecution he suffered during the last years of the reign of Charles II., when all his goods and books were seized and sold, he said: "If they had taken my cloak, they should have had my coat also, and if they had smitten me on one cheek, I would have turned the other; for I knew the case was such, that he that will not put up with one blow, one wrong, or slander, shall suffer two; yea, many more."

"I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause than I did long ago. All worldly things appear most vain and unsatisfactory when we have [tried them most. I am more and more pleased with a solitary life, and though, in a way of self-denial, I could submit to the most public life for the service of God, when He requireth it, and would not be unprofitable that I might be private, yet I must confess it is much more pleasing to myself to be retired from the world, and to have very little to do with men, and to converse with God and conscience and good books. Though I was never much tempted to the sin of covetousness, yet my fear of dying was wont to tell me that I was not sufficiently loosened from the world: but I find that it is comparatively very easy to me to be loose from this world, but hard to live by faith above. I am

much more apprehensive than long ago of the odiousness and danger of the sin of pride. I am much more sensible than heretofore of the breadth, and length, and depth of the radical, universal, odious sin of selfishness, and therefore have written so much against it; and of the excellency and necessity of self-denial, and of a public mind, and of loving our neighbours as ourselves."

"I can assure you that your whole life, be it never so long, is little enough to prepare for death."

The contentions between the Greek Church and the Roman, the Papists and the Protestants, the Lutherans and the Calvinists, have woefully hindered the kingdom of Christ. I am further than ever I was from expecting great matters of unity, splendour, or prosperity to the Church on earth, or that saints should dream of a kingdom of this world, or flatter themselves with the hope of a golden age, or of reigning over the ungodly, till there be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

During his last days when in great suffering, he said to them who saw him in anguish: "Do not think the worse of religion for what you see me suffer. I bless God I have a well-grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within."

FAILURE is only when we cease to try.—
NEWBOLT.

'LOOK OUT.'

By L.

"Earth crammed with heaven,
And every common bust afire with God."
E. B. BROWNING.

THE autumn of this year has been unusually beautiful.

As one wanders in the fields and lanes of middle England, the words of Mrs. Browning are borne in upon the mind, for the finger of God seems to have touched bush and hedge-row with the lights of the Eternal.

We feel as we gaze at this wealth of colour that God is very near as, and that heaven is no far-off place. but that we are already citizens of the kingdom.

Many in these days of hurry and competition are weary and discontented. Why is this? Because they do not learn to look out, and make use of the beauty that lies at their very door.

In everyone's day, or week, there are moments of leisure—what we might term 'life's pauses—and to everyone some door in Nature's Temple is open.

Perhaps it is a stretch of green fields; perhaps a little winding lane; to some it may be only the changeful sky overhead, and the wind whose voice is ever bearing some new message

to us, the emblem of the Spirit, But whatever it may be, have the 'seeing eye,' make its beauty yours, let it speak to your soul, and hush the worrying, hurrying spirit with its message of calm and peace; then you will return to your labour refreshed, uplifted, strengthened.

When spring welcomes us with song of birds and budding trees, hope and regeneration are the lessons of the fields, borne in upon our spirits in the voices that whisper in the fresh breeze that fans the springing grass. Then when summer suns bathe the uplands, and flowers hang in rich clusters from the hedgerows, and the air is laden with the scent of the hay, we know, as George Macdonald expresses it—

"The love of God is warm upon the fields."

If autumn leaves are falling in showers of gold and copper, and our feet send up that indescribable rustle like the trailing of garments as we walk ankle deep in the glowing heaps, 'Peace and calm' is the message as from a mature mind that has ripened in knowledge of Infinite Truth, and is glad—one that would open the treasure-house to you, and lay its riches at your feet saying, "Here is the gold of pure knowledge, and the glowing hues of Celestial Love."

Winter has wrapped her snowy mantle round the green fields we love, and the storm has stripped the last leaf from our woodland friends. What now? We have read of the type being death and a loveless old age, but far different

is the message to the heart that loves. The earth waits in patience; beneath the cloak of purity is endless action, and the fruit of patience will be manifest with the dawn of the spring. 'In patience possess ye your souls.' Patience shall fulfil her perfect work we know, and we feel that we become part of the great waiting—but still active—Mother, until the time when all shall realise the Eternal spring.

Thus weariness and discontent vanish like a mist to those who live looking out joyously on the world that lies at their door. Never mind *where* you live, that is of no consequence, it is *how* you live that matters. See beauty in your surroundings however common they may be said to be. Let your earth, your street, your garden, your lane, be 'crammed full of heaven,' afire with God—cover all the rough places with the mantle of beautiful thought, then the love within you shines forth and illumines, like the sunshine, the path you tread, and blesses all you meet, so that goodness is shed around you like a halo. What was the halo of the saints? It was simply love radiating from their life, and blessing all they came in contact with. Thus Francis of Assisi blessed the wild beasts and conquered the fear of man, born of cruelty, which caused them to slay and devour.

Thus if we rejoice in the pure knowledge that all things are lovely—grumbling, discontent, weariness and worrying are cast out, and we understand what is the Peace of God that passeth understanding.

Rossetti in his wonderful pictures always has

an open window or a door leading out of the room or place depicted, and looking on some expanse. Very open, as in the Dante group or the Ecce Ancella Domini, a dove glowing with the hue of celestial love hovers between.

This feature makes the pictures bear a message full of exquisite symbolism and faithful thought. Do not look into the past of thought or experience which lies gathered in your memory, but open wide the door of your mind, let in the celestial messenger of glowing love, and it will lead you to the wide fields of the Infinite Truth by the pathway of the highest good.

Learn to look out, if you have failed, look out on the way of success, if you are worried, look out on the eternal peace and know you are a part of it; if you are weary look out on the restful face of Nature, dwell on that, and weariness is dispelled. You cannot be discontented or cast down if for one moment you open wide the door of your soul and gaze out on the Infinite possibility of Life, the vast unexplored plains of thought, the depths and riches of the wisdom that awaits you.

If you have any real mission, do not wait to do it on a large scale, in large places, and grand circumstances. When the grand occasion comes, welcome. If it does not, no place or opportunity or condition is too mean for you to accomplish the purpose for which you came.

P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

REFLECTION.

BY OSWALD GODMAN.

"WHAT you are so is your world. Everything in the universe is resolved into your own inward experience. It matters little what is without, for it is all a reflection of your own consciousness. It matters everything what you are within, for everything without will be mirrored and coloured accordingly."—JAMES ALLEN.

There is perhaps nothing which illustrates so well the manifestation of Truth in men as the reflection of light by objects in the form of colour.

Colours do not really belong to the objects which exhibit them as they appear to do; nor does life truly belong to bodies which live: all colour radiates from the light; all life emanates from God. Colour is merely the reflection of the rays of light by the various surfaces of objects, which absorb some colours in the rays and reflect others: so it is with human life and love, they are but reflections of the one true Life and the Divine Love. We,—our bodies, are the objects, whose minds or surfaces reflect back more or less the true Life, and whose love one for another is a ray from the Divine Love intercepted and thrown back to each other.

As objects when brought into the light reflect that same light in many different shades of colour, so men having perceived the Truth,

each forms a different conception of that one and only Truth. For men's minds have not all the same abilities, and no man's mind can control all other minds to cause them to think the same, any more than he can make all surfaces reflect the same colour: but woe to the man who thinks his colour the only one which is of the light.

Just as things in the dark show no colour at all,—for where there is no light there can be no colour,—so men while they remain in the darkness of sin and ignorance cannot manifest the Truth. Let us leave the darkness then, by breaking the chains of sin, and we shall enter into a knowledge of the Great Law, the true Life, and the Divine Love which is flowing the world although unseen by it.

When on a dark night we look up at the moon and the planets, we know that the sun is shining on some distant land, for we know that the light of the moon and planets is the reflection of the sun, whose rays reach them although we cannot see him, and we know he will come again in the morning.

So when the night of doubt and sorrow envelopes us in its darkness, let us look to those who far above us can see the Truth, and who reflect it in their every word and deed: and we shall know that Truth is eternal and unchangeable, and that soon if we look upward and continue to strive with the powers of darkness, we shall gradually rise above the selfish grasping spirit, leave our old dead selves for the true Life, and reach that

plane or state of life whereon may be seen and reflected to the world the life-giving Light of Divine Love.

"Let love's bright sunshine play upon your heart;
Come now unto your gladness, peace and rest;
Bid the dark shades of selfishness depart,
And now and evermore be truly blest."

SUNSET.

THE blue of Heaven pales to the crimson west,
Where glancing o'er the fields he late
possessed,
Apollo flashes back his burning rays
And sets one half the heavens in a blaze!
The farthest fringe fades to a softer hue,
Disseminates, and mingles with the blue.
The slow-progressing cloudlets catch the light,
To gild themselves awhile, till, in the night,
They pass away unsighted; while below,
Conglomerate against the reddened glow,
Spires, roofs, and trees appear one darkened
mass
Outlined in gold. Now through the distant
pass,
Beyond the hills, Apollo slow retires
While fades the glory of his crimson fires.
The shadows creep apace t'allure to rest
The busy world, while night o'erflows the west.
With gorgeous entry came he to his reign,
Held regal sway, is glorious in his wane.
He scatters wide his gifts on every hand,
Light, warmth and life as with magician's wand,

And, lavish in his bounty, us provides
 Sufficiency, until again he rides
 Victorious over his domain of day.
 See now the paling glow of his last ray,
 As, seeming loth to leave, he flashes back,
 Over the scarcely indicated track,
 A soft serene farewell, like a last word
 To cheer the hearts that grieve o'er joys
 deferred.

Our noon must pass, and nought can stay the
 wane
 Which heralds our life's sunset. O'er the plain,
 When we, by some fond memories stirred, look
 back
 And pass in quick review the traversed track,
 Shall we discern that others mark our tread
 And follow, by our ling'ring light-beams led?
 Or, shall we find that, mongst the many ways
 Which men have trod, one vast intricate maze,
 That ours is lost to sight? And, shall our
 skies
 Be glorious with the glow that shall arise
 From our unhidden rays? Shall our last
 glance
 Help some hard-struggling neighbour to
 advance
 Towards a brighter sundown? Or shall we
 Pass on into the grave's obscurity;
 Leaving no guiding light, no sunset glow,
 As o'er the near or distant verge we go?
 Man is the maker of his destiny;
 'Tis ours to say what shall our sunset be.

ALFRED J. ALLEN.

ALTRUISM.

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD.

INDISCRIMINATE alms-giving confuses itself with charity, and the momentary impulse which prompts it with altruism, and the true spirit is lost.

It is easy to give without thought—to pander to the self-sufficient sense of generosity, and an ignorant sense of a virtuous deed performed.

No underlying knowledge accompanies the indifferent bestowal, no certainty as to whether good or evil will result, and thus often is abused the noble virtue—altruism. This concerns not itself with the gift, but the giving—in this is depth.

It is the knowledge of why we give that uplifts the bestowal above the sense of pity. Grant a sympathetic understanding, and the acceptance is relieved of the dull weight of obligation—this is felt instinctively by giver and receiver, and the deed passes to fulfil the good intent.

An indolent handing out of alms is the skeleton of altruism—the hidden skeleton of secret troubles—a silent forerunner of degradation, making easy the path of parasitism, easing the material, though transient, difficulties of life, yet lowering the standard of individual existence.

The giving of alms is not charity—the giving of one's time to others is not altruism, unless the purpose is fully comprehended. To distinguish the true from the false needs discernment—a calm yet insistent investigation of motives—a knowledge of what we are about.

A too close reason for charity is a lurking thing—a despoiler of its worth—Altruism gives heart to the action and divines the right course.

Altruism begins at home. The endeavour to bestow gifts upon others without the force of personal character is ill-spent labour, the outcome of effete personality. The highest altruism is that which the development of personal character gives to society—combined with heartfelt interests in individual life. The pretended necessity of going far afield to good works (not seeing them at home) is born of ignorance, and is like throwing good food into the ocean, while hungry people await bread upon the shore.

Conscientious attention to one's personal duties, and right action in all that pertains to one's immediate sphere of life, constitutes the altruism which will establish society on a basis resulting in universal happiness—this being the fulfilment and desired end of perfect Altruism.

A MAN is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can be *relied* on, that what he says he knows, he really does know, and that when he says he will do a thing, he can do it, and does it.—ANON.

FINITE AND INFINITE.

BY HORACE COX.

Whenever the great and stupendous fact that the unseen is more than the perceptible is once grasped by any human mind, that mind undergoes a change of attitude towards all things never to revert to its prior condition. To once and for all realize that beyond all that constitutes the varied and varying field of human activity of life's hopes and fears, and all the multitudinous conditions which go to make up our daily round lies a boundless prospect the extent of which the highest imagination cannot compass, is to be lifted up to a higher plane of life from which we never step down. The limitations imposed on our physical natures vary in the individual, but the whole gamut of human mentality is as a cipher compared to the scale beyond us where men cannot yet tread, for they are still of the earth earthy.

There are limits to the pitches of musical sounds, the measure of the human eye is three primary colours: these things are apparent, but can we take such curtailments as finality? Inaudible sounds are proved to exist; the spectrum reveals the presence of invisible ultra-violet rays, and these two cardinal instances of sound and light serve to illustrate our limitations in other directions.

Were we not made a little lower than the angels we should see and know infinitely and not finitely; what then if we were a little higher than those celestial beings? We speak of the depths of love and hatred, of the heights of joy and imagination and beauty—all things to us have attainable limits, but beyond our ken lie unthinkable and immeasurable ranges of all that goes to make up our daily life as creatures of the earth. Wisdom, the highest of man's prerogatives, is based on his ability for comparison. He proudly steps to the verge of the Infinite, and imagines more or less lies beyond him, but his track is no longer than his chain allows; a microscopic item in a boundless, trackless immensity. It is in very deed a miracle that our minds may dare to dwell upon what we haltingly term "the infinite."

THE QUARRY.

Who by the Universal squares his life,
 Sees but success in all its finite strife;
 In all that is, his Truth-enlightened eyes
 Detect the May-be through its thin disguise;
 And in the Absolute's unclouded sun,
 To him the two already are the one.

So mount ye into purer, freer air,
 And find the roof that arches everywhere;
 That which but failure seems, shall build Success,
 For all—as possible—thou dost possess,

ADELAIDE REYNOLDS HALDEMAN.

THE DEVELOPING OF LOVE.

BY MARY HARRIS.

It is proverbial that he who is wronged may forgive, but he who has done the wrong never does so, and though the statement must be accepted with limitations yet it is in effect true.

There is another aspect to the proverb however, which is as true, indeed far more true in its working, but of which one hears less:—He who has received a gift, a kind thought, a benediction may forget, but he who has given the blessing never forgets it, not because he looks for gratitude, but because that kindly act, thought, or benediction which he has given has become part of his life, part of himself, though he be unconscious of it.

The working out of this law may be traced in many lives, the people one loves best are seldom those from whom one has received most, nearly always on the contrary those whom one has had the power and opportunity of helping.

The prodigal son is often the best loved by his parents, for to him have been given love, and anxiety, care, and help in larger measure than to his brothers and sisters.

This is the logical working out of the law that 'Like builds like;' the more our store of love is drawn on, the greater it grows to be.

Do a kindness to a man whom as yet you do not like, and the act repeated several times will eventually make you love him. On the other hand, persevere in your thoughts of dislike, and eventually love towards him will become almost impossible.

Dr. Bonar has well expressed this thought in the well known lines:—

“Is the heart a living power?—Self-contained its power
sinks low,
It can only live in loving, and by serving, love will
grow.”

He whose wickedness is very great brings himself down to that state where his enemy wishes him to be. He himself is his greatest enemy. Thus a creeper destroys the life of a tree on which it finds support.—BUDDHA.

It is well to put aside the annoyances of by-past time, dropping the remembrance of disagreeables; but it is better still to pass them by in the beginning without taking them up. Overlook them. Prevent the impression, and there will be no occasion to erase it. A mollifying ointment is good for a hurt, but better no hurt in need of healing. Do not dwell upon unpleasantness long enough for it to take a place in the convolutions of the brain, if nothing is to be gained by it save a disturbing memory. Keep the eyes at higher levels. These things in themselves, or in their consequences, are not vital. If no principle is involved, let them pass.—JULIA H. JOHNSON.

COVETOUSNESS.

COVETOUSNESS is the condition of being covetous. Its root is the same as that of cupidity, *cupio*, desire. It is used with especial reference to acquisition. It is generally used in an ill sense.

The word is akin to “avariciousness,” but worse in spirit; for the avaricious man desires to get and to hold all he can in the way of wealth, while the covetous man desires to obtain it from others.

In the commandment, “Thou shalt not covet,” the word comes from a Hebrew root, meaning “to delight in,” having all the faculties of the soul yielded to the one thing, so that others are secondary. In the New Testament, the Greek word signifies to set the heart upon, to desire with an all-absorbing passion. The very root of the word signifies to breathe hard. It means to desire with such soul-absorbing intensity that the thing desired seems necessary to life or happiness.

It means to stretch one's self, to reach out after, till one loses balance; to desire eagerly, greedily, so that the rights of others are not regarded. Thus the thing coveted becomes an object of worship, and covetousness is seen to be idolatry. Col. 3:5.—*Signs of The Times.*

REMEMBER that to-morrow's supplies are not needed until to-morrow comes.—TRINE.

OUR GROUPS AND THEIR WORK.

HOME GROUP, ILFRACOMBE, September 15th. — A social evening, when Miss Janet Weakley, A.R.C.M., again favoured us with music on the piano.

September 22nd. Dr. Perks, of Paignton, gave an address on "The Physical, Psychical and spiritual Aspects of Vegetarianism." It is a subject, he said, which is coming more and more to the front; newspapers publish articles on the question, and allow it to be discussed in their columns, whereas only a few years ago no Editor would have thought of permitting such a thing. But the most remarkable thing was that the medical profession was more and more advocating a fleshless diet, the importance of which, said the Doctor, could only be fully appreciated by one in the profession. Considering the question from the physical plane, many reasons were given to show that man is by nature intended to live on a bloodless diet; and it was a well-known fact that flesh-eating tended to feed the passions. Then said the Doctor, we absorb the psychic nature of the food on which we feed, and this more so from the blood, which is the life, and therefore contains more of the psychic element. The mind has so much power over the body that if vegetarianism is commenced from the highest ethical and spiritual reasons, so much less difficulty is there likely to be experienced on the change of diet. But if we are indeed temples of the Holy Spirit, how important it is that we keep our bodies pure.

The address was followed by a lively conversation; then a most interesting evening was concluded by Miss Weakley again favouring us with music.

September 29th. Mr. Allen read an article of his published in "Bibby's Quarterly," on "Little Children as Unconscious Teachers." We have so out-grown our early life and character that in the vast majority of cases childhood is practically forgotten. Few can go back to the feelings and thoughts of four or five years of age, though certain incidents may be remembered as

standing out from the usual routine of life. Some of the characteristics named by Mr. Allen, such as obedience, caused some discussion, as some children, even at an early age, are very disobedient. The most charming traits mentioned as characteristic of childhood were innocence, a trustful nature and forgiving disposition. And until, as the Master said, we can become like them, we can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

As the conversation turned chiefly on the subject of obedience in children, Mr. Allen read another article from the same magazine, written by a Mother, in which a very vivid description was given of her failure in training her first baby-boy through ignorance of the child-nature.—*A. S. Wormall, Secretary.*

NORTH LONDON GROUP—Ramble, September 16th.—Meeting at Theydon Bois Station, a small party of the Members and their friends made their way up the hillside through the quaint village of Theydon Bois, into the Forest. The afternoon was perfect, and the leaves were just beginning to don their lovely autumn colours. We soon found a bank forming a natural table, and here we prepared tea. After all signs of our al-fresco meal had been cleared away, there was all too short a time left for exploring the beauties of the Forest in this part, but such time as we had left was profitably spent in a pleasant exchange of thought, the while we rambled through moss and bracken and silver birch on a circuitous route back to the station.

Meeting, Saturday, September 30th.—A pleasant meeting was held on the above date at the home of our Chairman, Mr. Rist. Miss Gremmie read a very interesting paper from "The Magazine of Mysteries," by Fredrick Wm. Burrie, entitled "The Value of Growth." The writer drew attention to the fact that man cannot grasp all the truth, but must progress in steps. It is better, he pointed out, to take short steps, and take them surely and deliberately, than to take long steps forward and have to retrace them. The paper was followed by some original remarks by Miss Gremmie on mental and spiritual growth.

October 7th.—A few members and friends met at

Woodside Park on the above date, and although the afternoon was chilly, a very pleasant time was spent in the fields and lanes of Finchley and Mill Hill. After describing a circle of about 4 miles we returned to Torrington Park where Mrs. Walker had kindly prepared tea for the party.—*Harry J. Stone, Secretary.*

WEST LONDON GROUP met as usual on September 6th. A telegram was read from Mr. Harry Gaze, stating his inability to attend owing to a sudden call to New York. Mr. Smith, a visitor, filled the gap by giving us an address which he called "Truth Revealed," and from which we received much spiritual enlightenment. He showed that within and of ourselves we possessed all possibilities. He was listened to with eager interest by a room full of earnest seekers. Many questions were asked and answered at the close.

September 20th.—Mrs. Anna Mills again favoured us with one of her very helpful addresses. She took for her text, "The Light of Reason," and proceeded to unfold to us the many paths by which we can obtain and display this Light, each to the other and for the universal good. The meeting was small but most helpful to teachers and students, being full of earnestness and spiritual power.—*Louise Clow, Hon. Secretary.*

LIVERPOOL AND BIRKENHEAD GROUP.—On October 9th, letters from the Secretary of the N. London Group and absent members were read, also the Editorial in the October issue of the magazine re the formation of the Brotherhood. It was decided that the Secretary should send for the rules and that they should be read at the next meeting. A member then read a most helpful paper containing a vivid and inspiring account of a wonderful sunrise she had witnessed from her window one morning last June. The thoughts suggested by the beautiful panorama, which exhibited a faithful and glorified replica in the heavens of all the main features to be seen in the landscape, were most impressive and amounted almost to a revelation. Members will kindly note that the meetings will in future be held on the first Wednesday in every month. The next meeting will therefore take place on 1st. Nov.—*A. C. Duckworth, Secretary.*

THE EDITOR'S TOUR.

REPORTS OF MEETINGS.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Saturday, October 7th, at a private meeting of the T.S. Lodge, held at the Pitman Hotel, Mr. Allen spoke on the subject of meditation, explaining the necessity for it, the means of attaining to right meditation, and the self-control and peace to which it leads.—*J.A.*

SMETHWICK.—There was an appreciative audience on Sunday morning, October 8th, when Mr. Allen's address on "The Path of the Peacemaker" was listened to with the closest attention. The subject was dealt with in a masterly manner, and evidently appealed deeply to those present. A short reading was also included from "The Light of Reason." Mrs. Allen addressed a meeting of young people in the afternoon.

BIRMINGHAM.—MIDLAND INSTITUTE. A goodly number of thoughtful people assembled on Sunday evening, October 8th, to hear Mr. Allen's address, "The Search for Reality." The interest was sustained throughout, and at the close many interesting questions were asked, which gave the Lecturer the opportunity for some instructive and terse replies, which were eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Allen's next visit will be looked forward to with interest.

BIRMINGHAM.—"Light of Reason Group." A delightful meeting of members and friends was held on Monday evening, October 9th, at the Orchard Restaurant, Mrs. Allen being present. The subject was "The Way of Enlightenment," which our esteemed Editor handled in his best manner. In the course of the address he expounded the principles of the proposed Brotherhood, and described the necessary steps to the attainment of true spirituality. At the close of the meeting several copies of "From Poverty to Power" and others of Mr. Allen's books were applied for, and many other signs of interest were manifest. On all hands the hope was expressed that both Mr. and Mrs. Allen would visit our Group again shortly.—*Francis S. Blizard, Secretary.*

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Tuesday evening, October 10th, Mr. James Allen gave an address on "The Way of Enlightenment." After explaining the fact of there being many ways to different places, Mr. Allen proceeded to point out the "Way of Enlightenment." The Path of Enlightenment is a three-fold one, the three divisions being (1) Path of Discipline (2) Path of Purification (3) Path of Knowledge, or Attainment. Under the first head of Discipline, the need of having rules and keeping them strictly was plainly shown, several apt illustrations being given. Purification is the second part of the path. By purification is meant looking into one's own heart and ridding it of all evil tendencies, such as doubt, hatred, covetousness, &c. The third path of Attainment is the final part of the path, and when a person has reached Attainment, he has succeeded in finding and following the "Way of Enlightenment."—*D. Ritson Smith, Hon. Secretary.*

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India, by John Campbell Oman, published by T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, London, price 7/6. This book of nearly 300 pages is crowded with valuable facts and information concerning the wandering Ascetics of India, and its value is considerably increased by the excellent photos with which it is so profusely illustrated. It is described in the sub-title as "A Study of Sadhuism, with an account of the Yogis, Sanyasis, Bairagis, and other strange Hindu Sectarians." The book is written from actual experience, and the facts are first-hand, the author having come in direct contact with the Yogis of whom he writes. A more exhaustive and lucid treatise on the subject it would be difficult to find, and it is tastefully bound.

Divine Basis of Society, by Robert S. Gilliard, published by Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., price 6d., is an indictment of Society from the standpoint of a Socialist.

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