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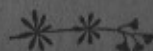
THE Light of Reason

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THE
LIGHT OF REASON.

VOL. VII. JUNE 1st, 1905. No. 6.

EDITORIAL.

SHOULD any of our readers, who may be visiting North Devon during the summer months, care to call upon us, we shall be glad to receive them on Friday afternoons. We shall also be glad to see any of our readers at the gathering of the Home Group, at 8 p.m. of the same day.

* * *

He who has acquired the true spirit of Religion, who has attained to pure insight and deep charity of heart, will avoid all strife and condemnation, and will not fall into the delusion of praising his own sect (should he belong to one) and trying to prove that it alone is right, and of dispraising other sects, and trying to prove that they are false. As

the true man does not speak in praise of himself or his own work, so the man of humility, charity, and wisdom does not speak of his own sect as being superior to all others, nor seek to elevate his own particular religion by picking holes in forms of faith which are held as sacred by others.

* * *

Nothing more explicit and magnanimous has ever been uttered, in reference to this particular phase of the practice of charity, than is to be found in the twelfth Edict of Asoka, the great Indian Ruler and saint who lived some two or three centuries previous to the Christian era, and whose life, devoted to the spread of Truth, testified to the beauty of his words: the edict runs thus:—

“There should be no praising of one’s own sect and decrying of other sects; but, on the contrary, a rendering of honour to other sects for whatever cause honour may be due. By so doing, both one’s own sect may be helped forward, and other sects will be benefited; by acting otherwise, one’s own sect will be destroyed in injuring others. Whosoever exalts his own sect by decrying others, does so doubtless out of love for his own sect, thinking to spread abroad the fame thereof. But, on the contrary, he inflicts the more an injury upon his own sect.”

These are wise and holy words; the breath of charity is in them, and they may be well pondered upon by those who are anxious to overthrow, not the religions of other men, but their own short-comings.

* * *

It is a dark and deep-seated delusion that

causes a man to think he can best advance the cause of his own religion by exposing what he regards as the “evils” of other religions; and the most pitiful part of it is, that while such a one rejoices in the thought that by continually belittling other sects he will perhaps at last wipe them out, and win all men to his side, he is all the time engaged in the sad work of bringing into disrepute, and thereby destroying, his own sect.

* * *

Just as every time a man slanders another, he inflicts lasting injury upon his own character and prospects, so every time one speaks evil of another sect, he soils and demeans his own. And the man who is prone to attack and condemn other religions is the one who suffers most when his own is attacked and condemned. If a man does not like that his own religion should be denounced as evil and false, he should carefully guard himself that he does not condemn other religions as such. If it pleases him when his own cause is well-spoken of and helped, he should speak well of and help other causes which, while differing from his own in method, have the same good end in view. In this way he will escape the errors and miseries of sectarian strife, and will perfect himself in divine charity.

* * *

The heart that has embraced gentleness and charity avoids all those blind passions which keep the fires of party strife, violence, persecution, and bitterness burning from age to age.

It dwells in thoughts of pity and tenderness, scorning nothing, despising nothing, not stirring up enmity; for he who acquires gentleness, gains that clear insight into the Great Law which cannot be obtained in any other way, and he sees that there is good in all sects and religions, and he makes that good his own.

* * *

Let the truth-seeker avoid divisions and invidious distinctions, and let him strive after charity; for charity does not slander, backbite, or condemn; it does not think of trampling down another's, and elevating its own.

THE WAYSIDE FLOWER.

There grows a little flower by the way,
And sheds its sweetness on the passer-by;
And many a tired traveller stays to rest
Where it is nigh.

It grows beside the dusty road of life,
And lifts a trustful face to God above—
Thrice strong the soul that breathes the sweetness of

The flower of Love!

“PEREGRINA.”

WHEN we are asked, what is the object of religion? let us reply: *Conduct*. And when we are asked further, what is conduct? let us answer: *Three-fourths of life*.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

BY W. H. GILL.

PART IV.

PROPORTION: OR, THE LAW OF PRINCIPALITY.

“This is Philosophy, to make remote things tangible; common things extensively useful; useful things extensively common; and to leave the least necessary for the last.”—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

MAN is essentially a creature of choice, and almost every conscious moment of his life is occupied in working out some problem involving a selection between two or more alternative courses of action. So far as our consciousness or our memory is concerned, life is a journey along a hitherto untrodden, and therefore unknown, road. Every time we come to a fork in the road the question arises, shall we go to the right, or to the left, or straight on; or must we retrace our steps? And here comes the *crux* of the life-problem, namely, that each one of us must choose for himself. But experience tells us that most people, to avoid the trouble and, as they fondly hope, the responsibility of thinking for themselves and choosing for themselves, follow the beaten track of conventionality like sheep through a gap, little recking what lies on the other side of the hedge,

whether a verdant pasture or a yawning chasm. Occasionally, as an exception, some bold adventurous spirit, despising the cheap and easy method of the multitude and ignoring the already existing roads with their well-meant but oftentimes misleading finger-posts, says "I will none of these; I will make a new road for myself; I will ride across country. The sun shall be my guide by day and the stars of the heavens by night." Such occasional departures from the beaten track the world attributes, now to genius, now to madness, and, measuring each adventurer by the standard of its own enlightenment, labels him accordingly. Little does the world know of those higher laws which these far-seeing pioneers of the human race have learnt to obey and are daily striving to master.

Now if life were merely a road, the kind of law we must study would be little more than geometrical and mechanical. Or if the daily choosing involved in life's transactions were confined to material wealth we must study arithmetic. But, be the subject what it may, study we must, and understand we must the laws of proportion and principality and the right methods of valuation. To use a simple illustration, suppose one comes to you and says, "Here is a large sum of money divided up into fractional parts, each in a separate bag and marked in plain figures. You shall have any one of these bags you like and shall choose for yourself. This bag contains $\frac{13}{117}$ of the whole sum; this bag $\frac{16}{72}$; this one contains $\frac{18}{54}$; this $\frac{50}{136}$; and this $\frac{55}{90}$. Now choose." But unless

you understand at least some of the simpler laws of arithmetic, you will be sorely puzzled to know what to do. You will first hesitate and then, trusting to chance, will probably take the first bag that comes to hand, fondly hoping that it may prove to contain the largest amount. If, on the contrary, you thoroughly understand the laws of number, you will go systematically to work and reduce all these apparently unrelated, but really carefully thought-out, fractions to what is called a common denominator, and you will get the following result as a key to the problem: $\frac{1}{9}, \frac{2}{9}, \frac{3}{9}, \frac{4}{9}, \frac{5}{9}$. With that key to guide you, how easy it is to choose! Such is the magic power of knowledge, method, order, and simplicity, as applied to numbers.

But life is not made up of money-bags, nor, as in our first illustration, is it a mere road. It is, rather, a complicated labyrinth of which the windings are so involved and intricate, that until the traveller has had long experience he is continually in doubt as to the next step he has to take. Life's problems must be thought out, and to do this one must study and master its laws.

In life, as in all the fine arts, the law of Proportion is paramount. Look at any picture by a great master. Such a picture reveals two notable facts, namely, first that the artist has selected from the infinity of nature a few only of the objects visible to his eye, and secondly that he has carefully chosen these with a view to their relative value as bringing out the

essential character and motive of the scene he has selected. Then, having chosen the leading features and rejected the less important ones, he proceeds, in obedience to the law of principality, to accentuate the former, and only slightly indicate the latter. The "vital" lines, as Ruskin calls them, employed by Turner in his famous *Liber Studiorum* are a splendid example of the artist's supreme mastery of eye and hand in clearly seeing and firmly laying down the essential lines of his subject and afterwards subordinating to these the less important ones of the afterwork or superstructure. On the other hand, one sees in the so-called Pre-raphaelite school of painting, and also generally in the Dutch school, a singular disregard of this principle. As in a photograph, there is no selection, each portion of the picture being treated as if all its parts were of equal importance. There is little visible evidence of the law of principality or of a sense of proportion. That other great English painter, Millais, who began as a Pre-raphaelite and after going through a progressive evolution became a brilliant exponent of the nobler method, once said to a pupil whose work he was criticising, "Why have you put so much detail into that chimney-pot? You know it is *only* a chimney-pot." And thus in life many of us waste much precious time and labour on trivial pursuits and outward observances to the neglect of duties which are infinitely more important, thus betraying a lack of that rare sense of proportion which, duly observed, makes of life a work of art.

Life is a proportion-sum in which we have to adjust the "terms" in accordance with the schemes prescribed by the higher laws of our being. Until we have mastered those laws we do not see ourselves as others see us, and yet how quick we are to see our neighbours' faults though blind to our own. The picture is too near. Let us hold ourselves at arm's length. How strange, how pathetic, this moral blindness! Some shrink from introspection and self-analysis as from something morbid. And yet, rightly considered, the value of self-examination as a means—the only means—of self-knowledge cannot be exaggerated. It is a simple method which can be easily applied. Every action has a motive. Is our motive self-interest or the interest of the community? That is the question each must answer for himself. Probably the answer will be "Both"—for most human motives are more or less mixed. The next step, then, is to ascertain the exact proportions—how much of one and how much of the other. Call in Reason to arbitrate. Let Conscience strike a balance and adjust the account. "But you cannot do it absolutely?" Of course not. Leave "the absolute" to the metaphysicians. Do your measuring according to your light though it be only roughly and approximately; intelligently though unskilfully; honestly though secretly. Put down the result in black and white; specify it simply and boldly in a few words on a slip of paper—a something definite that you can see and study at your leisure. Now look at the picture deliberately,

honestly, fearlessly, and if you have been true to yourself you will be surprised at the glaring inconsistency of the thing and its disproportion when thus reduced to a diagram. And what will strike you most of all is the prominent position that the selfish element occupies in the picture. Self-love is the intruder, the disturbing element, in life. A tenant of long standing, he seems to have established a right of perpetual tenure. You cannot evict him without a long and tedious process. But don't be discouraged or disheartened. Turn him out, not fiercely, but gently, by degrees, bit by bit. He is a blot on many an escutcheon. He is in your picture that insignificant feature which you have been elaborating and beautifying, as if it represented a main column in the architecture of your being, "a polished corner of the temple"; and now, lo! the Divine Teacher, Truth, tells you to your shame that it is "only a chimney-pot!"

In the school of Christ it is instructive and encouraging to notice with what consummate pity and tenderness the Master views the failures of his disciples to learn the almost hopeless task of self-conquest, and to notice His loving apprehension lest the weaker and more backward ones of His scholars should be discouraged by the supreme difficulty of the task. Knowing, as He did, so intimately the character of that desperate struggle between the spiritual self and the natural self, and that self-love is the essential element of our lower nature, He appears, in effect, to have divided

the lesson as it were into two grades, of which the lower one simply enjoined the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour *as thyself*." For it was only after having gently and lovingly and patiently led them up step by step to that high level of spiritual attainment that He pushed His teaching to that still higher degree of attainment implied, if not actually stated in terms, in the Sermon on the Mount, viz., the unwritten Commandment of which the sum might be expressed as "Thou shalt love thy neighbour, not only *as thyself*, but *better than thyself*." Here was the point of special departure in the new teaching—an appeal to aspire to a spiritual level far transcending the highest ideals of the national religion of His day. And one of the crowning features of that teaching is the constant insistence upon the law of Principality as summed up in that sentence: "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you"—the principle of *leaving the least necessary things for the last*. In that teaching one thing is always being balanced and weighed against another, and it is left to the individual himself to choose between the two; for example, "Is not the life more than raiment? the soul more than the body? the inside of cup and platter more than the outside? a man of more value than a sparrow or a flower? and so on. All through that marvellous teaching there is one consistent and simple plan dominating the whole—the ascent of man by orderly steps from the

Human to the Divine. And the principle of its operation throughout is equally simple. It is the gradual conscious displacement of the lower or natural elements of our nature by the influx of the higher or spiritual elements whereby the lower nature becomes coördinated and subordinated to its proper relative level by the superior Vital Power of the Divinity within. So that, without destroying individuality or violating freedom of choice, our humanity is sublimed, transfigured, and raised to a higher level by incorporation with the indwelling Spirit; and thus man, under the influence of the mysterious regenerative power of that Spirit, becomes "a new creature" preparatory to starting upon a still higher plane of manifestation in the great *HERE-AFTER* when we shall see all things in their true Proportions.

(Concluded).

A THOUGHT.

Sometimes in the dark,
 When stars in heaven their silent watches keep,
 While mother nature rocks the world to sleep,
 And all is strangely still;
 My soul awakes and vainly strives to see
 The why and wherefore of life's mystery,
 And why what was, and is, and is to be
Should Be.

Sometimes in the morn,
 When from the golden East another day,

With fleeting sunkissed feet, comes on her way,
 And passes out of sight;
 My soul turns back the leaves of memory,
 And thoughts of by-gone days return to me;
 Some filled with discord, some with harmony,
 Sunk in eternity.

Sometimes in the spring,
 When the young earth, o'erfilled with love and
 good,
 Wearing the holy smile of motherhood,
 Gives all her creatures birth;
 I close my eyes, and strive to answer, "Why
 Should all be born, and live awhile, then die?
 What is the end?" But there is no reply,
 And why?

Someday I shall *know*,
 And see with vision clear what now is veiled,
 And understand those things which I have
 failed
 To comprehend as now;
 And from the summit of the longed-for goal
 Shall see and understand the perfect whole
 Of all humanity, one pulse, one soul,
 One goal.

One hope for all—
 For all are little notes of one great chord
 Struck by a Master Hand in cadence broad
 And exquisitely grand;
 Each little note, in itself incomplete
 But blended into something passing sweet
 By the great Player's Skill, each measured beat

Striking the boundless shores of the *To Be*
 In widening circles, full and pure and free,
 Filling eternity with perfect harmony.

F. E. REDDAWAY.

THE CONSTANCY OF CHANGE.

If we have risen, we must still rise. Patient as we may have become, we must be more so; while if we have been self-sacrificing we must add to our deeds of self-sacrifice. It is the only way to remain in our exalted position, to be patient or self-sacrificing. For we must always be opening doors leading to virtue, and shutting doors upon vice, ready for new beginnings and endings.

We cannot afford to rest on our oars of increased strength, cannot remain as we are, cannot progress without effort.

In reality the only way to prevent ourselves falling is by always growing towards the ideal of perfection.

GEORGE WEEDS.

We reach the immortal path only by continuous acts of kindness, and we perfect our souls by compassion and charity.—BUDDHA.

LET us not lose ourselves in vain speculations of profitless subtleties; let us surrender self and all selfishness, and as all things are fixed by causation, let us practise good so that good may result from our actions.—BUDDHA.

SOUL-THIRST.

By TRUTHSEEKER.

We all know something of physical thirst by a common daily experience, and we read of the sensations of those who have explored the interior of the Australian continent or other waterless regions. Lady Burton describes the intense longing for water of those who have journeyed over the desert, when recording the arrival of their caravan at Damascus, after a journey of one hundred and eighty miles from Palmyra. She writes, "We smelt the water from afar like a thirsty horse; we heard its gurgling long before we came to it; . . . we felt a mad desire to jump into the water, to eat our fill of fruit, to lie down and sleep under the delicious shade." This intense longing, this vehement desire, is used as a figure of speech for all the great overwhelming cravings of our inner life. When the psalmist first cried in his deep desire for the highest he knew, "My soul thirsteth for God," he did but utter a great word hitherto unspoken.

And when, later, Jesus said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," He spoke from His own deep experience of soul-thirst, and its satisfaction in a life of self-sacrificing obedience to the laws of holiness.

We read of those who have gone through the agony of intense longing for water, as we read of, or repeat the cry, of those who have as yet an unsatisfied craving for something higher and better than the mere outward show of things, for some nobler destiny than that of the lower animal and sensual life, and the thought comes, "Why does man long for better things, for a higher life, with the same deep unsatisfied desire in his soul, as the weary sun-parched traveller longs for drink? Why cannot man be content to live the life of simple animalism? Why does he suffer all the pangs of thirst for another state when he is surrounded by circumstances which satisfy all his bodily necessities? What force impelled George Fox to leave his home and seek for light in silent lonely meditation, and then under the power of that "inner light" to go forth in the face of scorn, persecution, imprisonment, and possible death to proclaim the truth he saw? What roused in Francis of Assisi that passionate longing for holiness which led him to joyfully forego all claims to the worldly wealth of his father, and devote his whole being to efforts for the good of his fellow-men? Do we not get some clue to this great mystery in the unique account of that interview of Jesus with the woman of Samaria? Soul-thirst drove Jesus forward to ever-new fields of self-renouncing love. He sits thirsty by the public well. Perhaps, although we do not find it in the text, she gave him water from the well; this led to that wonderful conversation about

"living water" and spiritual worship; bodily thirst satisfied, soul-thirst still remains, manifested in this erring woman, intensified in the soul of Jesus. Everywhere the soul can worship; everywhere the life can spend itself in thoughts and words and acts of kindness and love.

The thirst cannot be quenched or satisfied by formula or externalism; the inner longing can only be satisfied from within. There is in every soul who will believe it, "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." We may remain in hum-drum, jog-trot paths of animal sensual life; we may even degrade ourselves below the level of many kinds of beasts, or we may obey the call of our souls, and our soul-thirst may lead us on to the very mountaintops of goodness. Soul-thirst is the great gift to lift us out of our low and sordid surroundings, and to set us in "heavenly places."

The right is always easiest, if we could only believe it, as has been well said by a wise writer, "Is it not self-evident that the right, that is, the straight path must always be the plainest and easiest? The idea contained in the words involves the thought of simplicity, a crooked, devious, winding way can never be so easy as the direct."

One of our greatest statesmen made an entry in his journal when an undergraduate, "The great end is that the love of God may become the habit of my soul, and particularly these things are to be sought. (1) The spirit of love; (2) of self-sacrifice; (3) of purity; (4)

of energy." His thirst of soul is destined to be satisfied by the real "water of life" which, when once we drink it, is enough for evermore, an eternal welling-up of "living water" within.

We cannot dwell on a theme like this without seeing that we live in a world where mankind are largely thirsting for things which never satisfy. "The true desire for betterness, means the love of it." We live too much among the lower conditions and conventions of selfish life, and are therefore like men toiling up mountain heights which seem inaccessible, because our feet are heavily encumbered with the chains of externalism and vanity. If we will only decide to strike off these self-imposed fetters of evil, then it would soon appear that the ways of holiness were ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.

The hardness of doing right lies in the fact that we do not wish to do it; but when an actual soul-thirst for righteousness takes possession of a man, no power on earth can hinder him from being filled. The love of holiness will consume everything else, and therefore leave the path to holiness quite open and simple before him. When Jesus said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," he indicated that most natural and beautiful truth that has been exemplified in every great progressive life—the truth that growth in goodness is the great end of man, and that there is no limit to the possibilities of the Divine Life in our race.

HOPE.

BY J. S. F. MILLER.

"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!"—ROBERT BROWNING.

OF the many elements which go to the make-up of that hyper-complex, subtle, elusive, incomprehensible something, commonly known as Life, hope is primordially the most essential, for, were the star of Hope to shoot out of our ken, our little being would be submerged for ever in the vague of the eternal night.

But it is never so. "There is a Providence" (call it God, the Great Soul, the All-Pervading—the name by which it is designated is immaterial) "that shapes our ends"—a Providence which upholds and maintains the glittering star, that lights up the otherwise unscaleable steep of life, to a something more high and noble than our imperfections of brain and of spirit will yet allow us to comprehend.

Hope is the antithesis of fear. The thread may be slender—so worn at times on the jagged rocks of life's journey, that our hearts recoil in horror lest that tiny, golden, all-important thread which links the spheres and binds them in one harmonious whole, may get whittled away, and . . . But it never does!

Even those who, apparently, have so little left to live for, still have a modicum of that richest possession—Hope.

When sweet peace steals over the soul, bearing love, beauty, peace, success : when the waters are blue and crystal : when all the world is flooded with the golden beams of youth and health : when the sweet-scented grasses wave 'neath the light o' the moon : when the birds with sturdy wing rise, and in rapturous joy cleave the sky :—ah, then, the serpent at the root lies hid, and, feeling alone the opulence of life, and the beauty of being, we forget that every attribute possesses its opposite ; we forget the shadows. But "Watchman, what of the night?" We must face facts—and face them boldly. Every man, who is at heart true, must intermittently have in his soul "the eternal note of sadness"—a note which vibrates every time we lose a loved one, every time a soul sins or lacks bread or grows hard.

Yet, he, being a thinker, is cognisant that

"A sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched,"

and thus Hope is inextricably knotted into the vital core of his being.

We do not ask for an easy life.

"Be all the world a wilderness,
Only let me go on, go on,
Still hoping ever and anon,
To reach one eve the Better Land."

There is no greater joy than the joy of con-

quest. The more intimately we come in contact with real, as opposed to superficial, life, the less selfish we grow. It is the realities alone from which Hope is born. The greatest men have been, and are, the optimists, and have added to the sum-total of the world's hope, for the amplitude of one's growth is directly proportional to it.

Our life means more to us this day, we stand on a surer basis, have a higher perception of the grandeur and beauty of things, have loftier ideals and choicer wisdom, because of our Brownings, Whitmans, Clifford Harrisons. A great man is indeed, "a living light fountain," a disperser of hope, by means of which we have the power to live our life and to shape it to our Ideal. With it the whole round universe shapes itself into one complete, harmonious whole, and believing where we cannot prove, we go on trying to increase the universal well-being, consuming our griefs and radiating our hopes.

The end of our journey in the flesh and out of it is good : behind the mystic veil lurks good—of this we may be sure. We, too, having broken all the fetters, having put an end to all delusions, and knowing the difference twixt good and ill, may become Asekhas and thus enter the unruffled peace of Nirvana—here and now.

THE sage governs by ridding the heart of its desires.—LAO-TZE.

TO THE WIND-SPIRIT.

Friend of my soul, thou Wind!
 I know thee when thou sweepst down the
 glen;
 I hear thee in tumultuous storms, and then
 In quiet voices whispering round the shore.

In some forgotten past;
 To which the memory slowly travels back,
 Thy spirit and my life will find the track
 Where we as one have lived and loved before.

And in that memory's life
 Enfolding as experience long, and vast,
 Shall be the full fruition of our past;
 The continuity of hidden years.

Soul of my soul, O Wind!
 Let me draw near to thee, that I may hear
 My own heart's questionings of doubt and fear
 Satisfied in a life beyond my own.

The spirit's storm and stress
 Changes to peace and joy in thy embrace;
 For thou art larger Spirit, and thy face
 Veileth the secrets of the Infinite.

The mystery of thy birth
 Is my soul's mystery, and my love for thee
 Deathless and changeless, holdeth fast the key
 Until I too may know the depth and height.

E. M. WREFORD.

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

By OSWALD GODMAN.

"And every little brown bird that doth sing
 Hath something greater than itself, and bears
 A loving word to every living thing."

RICHARD REALP.

ONE morning while walking in the fields, I
 heard a skylark sing a glad song, and it set me
 thinking.

Why should he sing? Because it was his
 nature. And what service was he rendering to
 nature by singing? He was filling a spot
 which would otherwise have been lacking
 fulness and beauty.

He did not contribute to the variety and
 colour, for he had only been provided with a
 plain brown coat, but he was full of song, and
 he let it go with all the force of his lungs,
 singing

"Thanks to Him whose gracious Hand
 Clothes with beauty all the land."

and I far below could only listen. Moreover
 he sang because his every need was supplied,
 and he was in harmony with his surroundings.
 A few fleecy clouds in the sky above, the green
 woods and fields beneath, everywhere an abund-
 ance of growth and profusion of colour, with
 the morning sunlight playing on the dew, these
 were his surroundings.

Could anyone in the lark's place, supplied with every necessity, surrounded with every comfort, and freed from every care as he was, withhold his tongue from revealing to the world the gladness of his heart?

A song of joy and gladness he sang, although he had no knowledge of that which had brought him into being.

He cared not who was below, nor what they thought of his song, for he knew he was doing right. He was fed, and was free from guile. He seemed oblivious to everything except his song, into which he was putting his best, for he was a thing of nature—like a flower—a part of the earth, with plenty of room for his nest below and plenty of space for his song above, and having no sorrow and no care he could afford to give his best to the world.

And my thoughts turned to the world around me, and I found it was sadly inefficient, and why? The inefficiency was within me, and I knew I was not singing as I ought. I thought more deeply, and I found that true prayer and praise and worship is not rendered to the Father in words alone, nor by cringing, but by a lowly and thankful heart, and a "beholding with open face the glory of the Lord"—even as the lark beholds the glory of the sun—which also sets the longing heart at rest.

There is a song of praise without words which can only be heard by those who have left the cares and attractions of this world; it is not a cry or lamentation, but the song of a heart that is free from guile.

There is a prayer which ensures a hearing, the prayer of a blameless life, and it must be answered, for the "Good Shepherd knoweth His own."

To lose one's individuality, to become in tune with the Infinite, to be at one with the Father, these are the greatest heights man can attain, and which can only be reached by silent thought, lonely study, and constant effort; and when these heights are reached, he will have become in perfect harmony with his surroundings, and his heart will join in the heavenly song, and all worldly cares will lose their power.

"While each grateful soul rejoices
Sweeter far than fading voices,
Let an humble, true devotion
Wake sincere and deep emotion,
True to Him whose gracious Hand
Clothes with beauty all the land."

NATURE'S VOICES.

I wonder hast thou ever heard
Nature speak softly to the heart,
And say, "Come thou with me apart,
And I will teach thee many things."

And thou hast told her all thy pain,
And how thy mind has been perplexed
With questions which thy heart have vexed,
Of all the mystery of life.

And she has laid upon thy head
Her cool soft hand, when thou wert sad,

And whispered, "Little one be glad,
Be strong, and brave, for all is well."

Love spoke to thee in sun and shower ;
In song of bird, and whispering wind :
And all the gloom passed from thy mind
As darkness flees away at dawn.

And all the past seemed right and good :
The present shorn of all its care :
The future very bright and fair,
And blessed peace was thine that hour.

The revelation of past good,
The faith that soared beyond all sight,
The hope that shone so clear and bright,
Thou could'st not put it into words.

But by the gladness in thy voice,
And by the peace on lip and brow,
Earth's weary ones said, "Now we know
That she is blest and satisfied."

MAUD MERSHAM.

THERE is a gift beyond the reach of art, of
being eloquently silent.—BOVEE.

THE dignity of truth is lost
With much protesting.—BEN JONSON.

GREAT souls are always loyally submissive—
reverent to what is over them ; only small
mean souls are otherwise.—CARLYLE.

DIVINE DIALOGUES

BETWEEN

THE MASTER AND THE DISCIPLE,

By FILIUS LUCIS.

VI.

OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Master:—Stand up, Son of Light ! and put on
the garment of righteousness ;
Rejoice ! and enter the glad way of holiness ;
Open thine eyes, and behold the glory of
Truth ;
For thou hast been faithful and obedient ;
Thou hast been patient and enduring ;
Thou hast conquered and overcome.
The Great Enemy, even self, thou hast slain ;
The Great Darkness, even the darkness of
ignorance, thou hast dispersed ;
The Great Veil, even the veil of illusion, thou
hast torn asunder.
Henceforth thou shalt walk in the way of
knowledge,
Thou shalt dwell with peace,
Thou shalt bask in the light of immortality.
Rise up, Son of Truth ! in thy divine dignity ;
Put on the shining life of righteousness ;
For thou art no longer self, thou art Truth,
Thy deeds will be according to the Eternal,
And thou wilt be a beacon to mankind.

Disciple:—Now, O Master! I see thee as thou art ;

I see thy ineffable beauty and glory ;
 How can darkness dwell where thou art ?
 How can sin and sorrow approach thee ?
 I am dazzled by the power of thy majesty ;
 Thou art Truth! Thou art the Eternal!
 And he who knoweth thee, liveth in thy light ;
 He doeth the deeds of light and not of darkness.
 Point out to me now, O Master! the righteous way ;

Reveal unto me the jewels of the perfect life ;
 Instruct me in the doing which is according to the Eternal,

So that I may be watchful, and fall not.

Master:—Unrighteous is he whose acts are born of self :

Righteous is he whose acts are born of Truth.
 The unrighteous man is swayed by his feelings ;
 Likes and dislikes are his masters ;
 Prejudices and partialities blind him ;
 Desiring and suffering ;
 Craving and sorrowing ;
 Self-control he knows not, and great is his unrest.

The righteous man is master of his moods ;
 Likes and dislikes he has abandoned as childish things ;

Prejudice and partiality he has put away.
 Desiring nothing, he does not suffer ;
 Not craving enjoyment, sorrow does not overtake him ;

Perfect in self-control, great peace abides with him.

Do not condemn, resent, or retaliate ;
 Do not argue, or become a partisan ;
 Maintain thy calmness with all sides ;
 Be just, and speak truth.
 Act in gentleness, compassion, and charity ;
 Be infinitely patient ;
 Hold fast to Love, and let it shape thy doing ;
 Have goodwill to all, without distinction ;
 Think equally of all, and be disturbed by none.
 Be thoughtful and wise, strong and kind-hearted ;
 Be watchful, that no thought of self again creep in and stain thee ;
 Think of thy self as abolished, dispersed ;
 In all thy doing think of the good of others and of the world,
 And not of pleasure or reward to thyself.
 Thou art no longer separate and divided from men,
 Thou art one with all ;
 No longer strive against others for thyself,
 But sympathise with all,
 Regard no man as thine enemy ;
 Thou art the friend of all men :
 Be at peace with all ;
 Pour out compassion on all living things ;
 Let boundless charity adorn thy words and deeds ;
 Such is the glad way of Truth ;
 Such is the doing which is according to the Eternal.
 Filled with joy is the right-doer,
 He acts from principles which do not change and pass away ;

Abandoning the personality, he has become a
power;
He is one with the Eternal, and has passed
beyond unrest.

The peace of the righteous man is perfect;
It is not disturbed by change and im-
permanence,
Freed from passion, he is equal-minded, calm,
and does not sorrow;
He sees things as they are, and is no more
confused.

Disciple:—Thou hast clothed me, O Master!
with righteousness;

The perfect life thou hast revealed to me;
Thou hast shown me the holy and the happy
way.

Self is abolished, and I am thine;
My thoughts are thy thoughts,
My words are thy words;
My deeds are thy deeds:
Thou art eternal, and all my doing shall be
from thee.

Allayed is the fever of life;
Dispersed is all the darkness of the mind;
Uncertainty and unrest have vanished away;
Sin and suffering are ended, and peace abides
for ever.

Master:—Thou hast opened thine eyes to the
Eternal Light;

Thou art no more self-deceived nor self-afflicted;
Enter now, O disciple! the highway of divine
knowledge,

And receive the bliss of immortality.

(To be Continued.)

TRUTH MADE MANIFEST.

BY JAMES ALLEN.

TRUTH is rendered visible through the media
of deeds. It is something seen, and not heard.
Words do not contain the Truth; they only
symbolize it. Good deeds are the only vessels
which contain Truth.

It has been frequently said that *being* must
precede *doing*. Being always does precede
doing; but being and doing cannot be arbi-
trarily separated. A man's deeds are the
expression of himself. Acts are the language
of Reality. If a man's inner being is allied to
Truth, his deeds will speak it forth; if with
error, his deeds will make manifest that error.

No man can hide what he is. He must
necessarily act, and every time he acts he
reveals himself.

In the light of Reality no man can deceive
humanity or the universe; but he can deceive
himself.

Deeds of purity, love, gentleness, patience,
humility, compassion and wisdom are Truth
made manifest. These qualities cannot be
contained between the covers of a book, but
only the words which refer to them: they are
Life.

Deeds of impurity, hatred, anger, pride,
vanity and folly are error making itself known.

A man's deeds are the publication of himself to the world.

Truth cannot be comprehended through reading, but only by correcting and converting one's self. Precepts are aids to the acquirement of wisdom, but wisdom is acquired only by practice.

If a man would know what measure of Truth he possesses, he should ask himself, "What am I? What are my deeds?"

Men dispute about words, thinking that Truth is heard and read. Truth is neither heard nor read; it is *seen*.

Good deeds are the visible embodiments of Truth; they are messengers of Knowledge; angels of Wisdom: but the eye of error is dark, and cannot see them.

HE who exalts himself does not stand high.—LAO-TZE.

To be pure in mind, you must be free from self-deception.—CONFUCIUS.

A GOLDEN mind stoops not to shows of dross.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT peace a man brings to himself, and what joy to others, merely by managing himself aright.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

As riches adorn a house, so does an expanded mind adorn and tranquillize the body. Hence it is that the superior man will seek to establish his motives on correct principles.

CONFUCIUS.

EFFORT IS THE LAW OF LIFE.

REMEMBER that the law of life is effort, that talk is valueless unless it leads to action, that the truth of opinions is to be tested by their practical efficiency. Prudence, patience, labor, valor—these are the stars that rule the career of mortals. It is the storm not the calm which tests the sea-worthiness of the vessel.

Men are not born equal; . . . but each is given a sphere wherein to work. The vessel that holds not water may still hold grain. It matters not so much what a man cannot do as what he can. . . .

It is not unusual to hear people lamenting that they cannot accomplish what they desire, that they cannot compete with others in this or that undertaking, that they can never become eminent or great in any direction; they regard this as a calamity, and sometimes use it as an excuse for not exerting the powers they do possess to the utmost.

No one can be sure of the exact limits of his own ability. He can limit it himself by not putting it forth, but he cannot tell how far it would extend by steady and persevering exercise. Many of those who have distinguished themselves have been men of moderate capacity, who have developed it by assiduous effort.

But there must be no wasted effort. Don't turn perseverance into a fault by doggedly going on in the old path. Use new scientific methods, utilize the experience of others. Depend upon it, however brilliant you may be, the tortoise of investigation, method and preparation will always catch up and overtake the hare which leaves everything to the inspiration of the moment.

HUGH T. WHITFORD in *Factors of Success*.

FOR out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air.—EMERSON.

THE opportunity of doing a work and the ability to do it constitute a call.—ANON.

THERE is no office in this needy world
But dignifies the doer, if done well.
A. AUSTIN.

FREEDOM is never to be reached by the weak ;
throw away all weakness ; tell your body that
it is strong, tell your mind that it is strong, and
have unbounded faith and hope in yourself.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

No great excellence in any department of life
is achieved without effort, without training.
Ability to run a mile in five minutes will
demand of a good athlete many months of
practice ; ability to hit the bull's eye four times
in five at a thousand yards will not be securely
attained till after years of shooting. And is it
to be thought that in spirituals attainment will
come by accident?—R. L. BREMNER.

TRAIN YOURSELF TO THINK.

SOMEONE has said: "The reason why most men do not accomplish more is because they do not attempt more."

Everything in the Universe is governed by law ; a man's life may be orderly and successful, or it may be varying and end in a wreck. Failure and success are the result of law ; the swiftly running train and the twisted, burning wreck at the bottom of a canyon are both the results of unerring law. An unsuccessful life is the result of deviating from fixed laws. When man learns how to use the fundamental laws of being he will not see poverty, wretchedness, or unhappiness. What we want is thought, power, education, wisdom. We do not find the wisdom of to-day in musty tomes of yesterday. Too many are looking backward for inspiration, guidance, and education.

Let us turn about and face the sun of wisdom and knowledge. Don't borrow your ideas. Break the shell of ignorance and grow. Expand. Nothing is more invigorating than a new idea. There are millions of bright ideas floating in the great universal sea of mind that are waiting to be chained in thought. Stop fishing for dollars and try for an idea. Coin ideas. Train yourself to think.

E. E. C. in *Suggestion*.

THE man of meditation wastes no time,
scatters no energy, misses no opportunity.

ANNIE BESANT.

OUR GROUPS AND THEIR WORK.

HOME GROUP, ILFRACOMBE.—April 14th. We had an excellent address from Mr. Allen, entitled "Yea and Nay," which dealt with the subject of truthfulness. He quoted the text—"Let your yea be yea and your nay nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." The simple truth needs no embellishment of adjectives or oaths. We should also trust other people, he said, and believe that they are equally wishful for the truth. Suspicion leads to untruth and deception, but trusting and believing to truthfulness. The Great Masters always spoke in simple language; than the Sermon on the Mount, for instance, nothing could be simpler in language, yet how deep the truth. Excitement, because of the loss of self-control, is often a cause of untruthfulness; it may be quite unconsciously so on the part of the speaker, but quiet thought afterwards will no doubt convince that it is untruth.

The interchange of thought after the address was helpful and interesting.

April 28th. Mrs. Shaw read an essay on "Hope," in which she gave many inspiring quotations from a large circle of writers, both prose and poetical, illustrative of the beautiful quality of hope. A very helpful conversation followed the reading of the paper which was an able presentment of the subject, and was rich in thought.

May 5th. Mrs. Allen gave us an earnest address on "Helpful thoughts for daily life." She spoke of Faith, High Endeavour, and Peace. We must, she said, have faith before we are capable of our highest endeavour; and the faithful performance of duty will give us peace.—*A. S. Wormall, Secretary.*

LEICESTER GROUP.—A meeting of this Group was held May 4th. The Secretary read a letter received from Miss Wilhelmina Walker as representing the North London Group, the purport of which was the Unity of "Light of Reason" Groups by inter-communication. The expressions of opinion were in praise

of the principle, and the good wishes of our future welfare fully reciprocated.

Mr. Wills read the article "Environment," by Harry J. Stone (April "Light of Reason"), which was very profitably discussed. The many ideas of environment were considered in the light of the laws of being. The true and complete recognition and application of law was seen to be necessary to the right conception of environment; as also Man's relation to it. Further, that happiness is commensurate with Man's moulding of his environment, and not with Man's moulding by environment. Man the Mind we saw as the Master-Craftsman, and just as

"He thinks in secret and it comes to pass,"

so

"Environment is but his looking glass."

—*John C. Chambers, Secretary.*

BIRMINGHAM GROUP.—The usual monthly meeting was held on Tuesday, April 11th, at "The Orchard" Restaurant, Martineau Street.

Mr. T. C. Corah gave a reading from "The Three Paths," by Mrs. Besant, which was attentively listened to and greatly appreciated.

May 9th. Mrs. Ridley-Smith obliged with a paper on "The use of Prayer," which was listened to with much interest. Several interesting questions arose out of the reading, and a discussion followed.

It is a matter of surprise to our members that so comparatively few of the readers of "The Light of Reason" in Birmingham avail themselves of the advantages of our Group, and the mutual sympathy and assistance which it affords. New faces will always be welcomed, and their presence will help to strengthen the bonds of Brotherhood amongst all readers of the "Light of Reason."—*Francis S. Blizard, Secretary.*

LIVERPOOL AND BIRKENHEAD GROUP.—Monday, April 10th. Several members contributed papers on "Intuition," this being the subject selected for thought during the past month. Many of the ideas presented were culled from Locke, Hudson, Dimsdale Stocker, and other thinkers. By the time the afternoon

closed, all members felt that "Intuition" was a reality possessed in some degree by one and all—that it was a God-sense awaiting unfoldment. At the conclusion of the discussion, the Secretary read a chapter on "Genius" from "Subconsciousness," by Dimsdale Stocker, which proved most inspiring.

On Thursday, May 11th the Secretary introduced the subject for the afternoon, "Will-power," by reading "Wonders of the Will," a chapter from "Subconsciousness" by Dimsdale Stocker. This cleared one or two confused points for several members, and acted as a foundation for an able discourse by Mr. E. Allen on "The Power and Development of the Will." The speaker touched on the necessity for holding the highest possible ideal of the human powers and destiny; for just as a high ideal held and constantly affirmed acts as an inspiring and creative energy, so the contrary acts in equal ratio as a belittling and impoverishing agent.

Another member read a most interesting paper introducing the group to Bunyan's Allegory, "The Holy War," in a most apt and refreshing manner, suggesting that "in the inner consciousness it would be wisest to maintain the Will in a sort of limited monarchy, allowing it to be supreme only when its dictates are supported and confirmed by "Conscience and understanding, and especially so, when these two dignitaries are in their turn recipients of enlightenment from the Supreme Mind." The next meeting will be as usual, Monday, 12th June. Selected Subject: Recreation.—*A. C. Duckworth, Secretary.*

NORTH LONDON GROUP.—Meeting, April 15th. As the speaker failed to arrive, a discussion was held on the subject: "Stamping out Desire." After an unconventional exchange of thought, it was generally agreed that desire was not an evil in itself to be stamped out of the heart, but rather to be constantly ennobled and purified, or raised to a higher level.

WEST LONDON GROUP.—At a meeting on April 19th, Miss Stacey kindly addressed the Group. The address was very much appreciated by all.

On May 3rd, Mr. Purcell Quinton kindly gave us a

lecture on "Maya, or Reality and Non-Reality." Life presented to us, he said, a duality—Spirit and Form, these in reality being one. By carefully training, first the body, or form, it would in time run automatically, giving us little or no trouble, and allowing us to concentrate all our energies and attention upon the Spirit within. Knowledge that had previously come to us through the medium of the physical senses, would then come to us by other means. Those things we saw by the physical eye were not the only things to be seen.

On Saturday, May 6th, the W. L. Group held their first ramble. Eighteen members and their friends met at Hampstead Heath and proceeded together to Golders Hill. The weather was delightful, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent in the charming Golders Hill Park—one of London's beautiful playgrounds. Everyone returned feeling invigorated by the healthy exchange of thought in the open air.—*Harry J. Stone, Secretary.*

ADDRESSES OF SECRETARIES.

Readers wishing to join any of the Groups, should apply to the Secretaries, from whom all particulars may be obtained. Their addresses are as follows:—

West London.—Mr. Cecil Cavett, 4, Grittleton Road, Elgin Avenue, W.

North London.—Mr. Harry J. Stone, 25, Marriott Road, Tollington Park, N.

Ilfracombe.—Miss A. S. Wormall, Western Bank, Station Road.

Leicester.—Mr. John C. Chambers, Glen Parva, near Leicester.

Birmingham.—Mr. Francis S. Blizzard, 213, Heathfield Road, Handsworth.

Liverpool and Birkenhead.—Mrs. Duckworth, The Heys, Eastham, near Birkenhead.

Bolton.—Mr. Alex. Gordon, 46, Castle Street.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

Extracts from the Writings of Clement of Alexandria, price 1/-, cloth bound, and published by the Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, London, W., is one of those rare little books which, beautiful outwardly to the eye, and, within, filled with sweet thoughts of consolation for the heart, come into one's life as permanent companions. The selection of quotations is very choice, and those who secure the book will find it a rich storehouse of spiritual thought.

Root-Principles in Rational and Spiritual Things, by Thomas Child, published by H. R. Allenson, 1 and 2, Ivy Lane, London, E.C., price 6d. This book deals with some of the problems of philosophy, science, and religion from a purely metaphysical standpoint. The greater part of the treatise is devoted to "An examination of Haeckel's 'Riddle.'" There are no less than 164 large pages of closely printed matter.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Man Who Was Afraid, by Maxim Gorky; cloth, 1/- nett. T. Fisher Unwin, 11, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

Robert Orange, by John Oliver Hobbes; popular edition, price 6d., T. Fisher Unwin.

The Hungry Forties: Life Under The Bread Tax; price 6d., T. Fisher Unwin.

Protection and Employment, by Harold Cox, price 6d., T. Fisher Unwin.

Michael: The Man-Child, price 6d. nett., Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Vivisection: Its Claims and Methods, A Plea for its Abolition; by George Black, M. B. Edin. A pamphlet of 32 pages, price not stated. George Black, Greta Bank, Torquay.

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"A book which, with careful reading, Christians of all shades of creed will find beneficial, for it inspires to the pursuit of the loftiest ideals of holy, happy living. . . . Moreover, the work is written in a terse, lucid, and forcible style, contains numerous clear-cut gems of rich thought, and is evidently the result of ripe experience and rare reflection. For these reasons, then, I heartily commend 'Byways of Blessedness.'"—*Christian Million*.

The book expounds those right states of mind and wise modes of action which, when adopted under trying circumstances, bring about results fruitful of blessedness. The principles put forth are applicable to the common circumstances of daily life, in which all are frequently involved, and upon the wrong or right use of which all our misery or happiness depends; and those who put these principles into practice will very rapidly prove for themselves that circumstances are subordinate to the human will, and as the potter moulds the unsightly clay into shapes of beauty, so the spiritual potter (he who has acquired the right state of mind) brings out of "adverse conditions" results that are precious, beautiful, and blessed.

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