

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE GAME



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FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

The Philosophy of Immortality and Immortal Life.

SYMPOSIUM.—EIGHTH ARTICLE.

THIS month we present the eighth installment of the Symposium, which will consist of twelve articles written by some of the leading writers in the new thought.

The contributors are WALTER DEVOE, J. WILLIAM LLOYD, HARRISON D. BARRETT, DR. OTOMAN ZAR-ADUSHT-HANISH, REV. GEORGE CHAINEY, HORATIO W. DRESSER, HELEN WILMANS, W. J. COLVILLE, HENRY WOOD, ANNA RIX MILITZ, JOSEPH STEWART, LL. D., GEORGE E. BURNELL.

[Mr. W. J. Colville was born at sea in the vicinity of the south-east coast of England, September 5th, 1860. When only five years of age he developed a remarkable gift of seer-ship, which greatly astonished his grandmother and aunt, with whom his earliest years were passed. Frequently he could accurately describe events that were occurring in distant places, besides revealing many secrets of family history. Without any suggestion from the people about him he developed what Spiritualists are accustomed to call the gift of "clairvoyant mediumship," to such an extent that he positively refused to believe that his mother was not still an inhabitant of earth, though she had entered the spiritual world when her only child was an infant in arms.

During his early years, which were chiefly spent in Brighton, England, he attended a preparatory school, but received no special training calculated to fit him for the lecture platform or the pursuance of a literary career. It was therefore an immense surprise to all who knew him when at the age of less than fourteen years he suddenly blossomed forth as a public speaker and impromptu poet, whose singular utterances soon brought him to the notice of all interested in what is now known as psychical research.

Mr. Colville is well known to the new thought reading public as a lecturer, author and magazine writer, his works in all three of these lines being phenomenally large.

For many years he has been voyaging between Europe and America, and has addressed large audiences in all the principal cities of England and the United States, and has also paid frequent visits to Paris, where he has an influential following.

During his recent tour of Australia and New Zealand, in addition to a vast amount of work of the usual character, he officiated for some time as regular lecturer for the Swedenborgian Society in Adelaide and the Unitarian Church in Sydney.

Mr. Colville as a reporter of what is to be found in the unseen realms of existence has for long years been a recognized authority, and his words are always most welcome, whether from tongue or pen.]

THOUGH no phenomenon is more widespread than the change of state in bodily expression, commonly called death, no subject has been shrouded in denser gloom than that of mortal dissolution. Great thinkers, profound philosophers and inspired poets have in every age and clime declared that death is but an illusion of mortal sense, a phenomenal appearance, but in no sense whatever a true reality. Longfellow's well known words, "There is no death, what seems so is transition," have been quoted times without number, and that quotation is a singularly favorite motto among

professing Spiritualists. Lord Bacon, in his famous essay on death, taught his readers not to fear it, and through all modern literature has run the hopeful strain, which has permeated even the agnostic utterances of Robert Ingersoll, that what we call death may be but an entrance door to a higher state of life's activities.

Though Spiritualists have, during the past fifty-four years and over, done their utmost to destroy old views concerning death which are still extant in many quarters, their propaganda has been largely hampered by the false sentiment expressed in much of their poetry, which in many instances discords rather than harmonizes with these broad outlines of Spiritualistic philosophy that commend themselves to all profound reasoners who admit that feeling as well as intellect has some claim upon the attention of the educated. Mental Scientists have done something to educate and something to becloud the subject by their insistence upon "immortality" in the flesh, whatever that phrase may mean, and it is certainly often necessary to take issue with depressing views of human prospects, even when such are put forward by staunch advocates of man's possible complete triumph over all limiting environments. No one can possibly discourse intelligently on death without a clear apprehension of man as a spiritual unit of consciousness, plus or minus a material shape. Bodies are not necessarily physical, therefore it does not follow that a man is unembodied because he is not manifesting at present through a physical instrument of personality. There are bodies celestial or ethereal as well as terrestrial or material, and those subtler bodies are far more real and permanent than the material figures which may represent them. We must first consider the probable genesis of an idea before we can deal intelligently with it. The conception of real life in a true body of finer texture than the physical is in the world to-day, and has been entertained by philosophers of high renown through countless generations. Whence came the concept? There are two logical answers to this inquiry:

First, the intuitive reply which amounts to saying that we have found out something about our interior nature by other processes than all the uses we can make of our five external senses. Second, the reply which argues spiritual revelation, which is tantamount to confessing what multitudes to-day hold to be demonstratable, that some people have actually held and are now holding unmistakable communion with some who have passed through the change called death, and have survived it in the totality of their conscious individuality. It is impossible to refute either of these assertions and easily possible to concede right of way to both of them.

THE dream of physical immortality is extremely nebulous, for we find that when all is said in favor of that theory we reach a conclusion that there are people now living who honestly wish to remain on earth in fleshly tabernacles as long as such will suit their purpose, but they all desire the principle of so transforming them when they desire to leave this earth and visit other planets that they can easily navigate interstellar ether, for which purpose such flesh and blood structures as we are now utilizing would be utterly unadapted.

The great mystics of all ages have employed the term death in an entirely gnostic or theosophic sense, the sense in which it is freely introduced into several of the epistles in the New Testament. The familiar phrases, "Ye are dead" and "I die daily," have no reference whatever to the casting off of the physical frame, but allude obviously to an interior transformation or regenerative process which, when completed, will prove the transformed or regenerated individual to have grown entirely superior to his old thoughts and affections, and therefore to the sway of their ultimated correspondences. All teachers of so-called "new" or "progressive" thought doctrine agree in a certain sense with the gospel declaration, that health flows in to every living receptacle from God, who is the Life of the Universe, while diseases all find their origin in disorderly states of finite consciousness, therefore no disease comes from orderly living, and such dissolutions of bodily texture, even in the lowest degree of physical expression, are disorderly and do not occur unless some error had been perpetrated. Building upon this very solid foundation many a school of mental or spiritual healing can be upraised, but it is very easy to drift into fanaticism and claim for the physique an eternity which it is by no means desirable that it should possess.

OUR real bodies are physical, while their representatives are physical, and because of the

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purely representative or subsequent character of the physical shape mental or suggestive treatment is frequently highly efficacious in restoring the physical frame to health when all external applications prove invalid. So long as there is a work to be done on the outer crust of this planet, so long is it desirable to hold on firmly to the instrument by means of which such work can be best accomplished, but when our work on this particular plane of expression has reached its culmination it would be the height of folly to seek by magical, medical or magnetic means, to force the human ego to continue animating a material organism for which there was no further rightful use. While utterly deprecating suicide, and while protesting also against euthanasia and all forms of capital punishment, we need also to raise our voices against those cruel and selfish attempts to unduly prolong the suffering existence of those who only desire to be permitted to pass in peace to the next stage in their existence, which they know is assuredly awaiting them. If a patient, when he feels death of the flesh approaching, earnestly desires to ward off its approach, it may be quite profitable on the part of physicians or others to employ all such restoratives as may be at their command, but when a friend is quietly and peacefully rising into the spiritual world, and leaving the husk of outer personality willingly behind, the utmost respect should be paid to the angel of transition and no violent or forcible means employed to stay the progress of those orderly changes which anticipate complete release. A materialistic view of human existence is most depressing in its effect upon all who entertain it, and we keep within the strictest limits of inexorable logic when we declare that many so-called metaphysical practitioners have greatly hampered their own good work and contracted the sphere of their healing influence by failing to grasp the larger than physical significance of individual human life. "This is a beautiful world and I do not wish to leave it" is not an unreasonable sentence, but what about those who have already left it and in whose welfare friends may be vitally concerned? and not only in cases where recent bereavement has occasioned bitter suffering to these kindly but spiritually unenlightened persons who can perceive nothing beyond the physical but in their own external life histories, these metaphysical agnostics have greatly cramped their own activities, for so fearful are they that they shall succumb to death, and thereby lose everything, that the very fear of the death they wish to evade robs them of their peace and renders them just as careworn and prematurely aged as the people around them who know next to nothing of "new" or "progressive" doctrines.



WE need a still newer and yet more progressive doctrine to take entire possession of us before we can show forth those mighty works we are so earnestly desirous of performing. Nothing so highly contributes to general present welfare as the sentiment embodied in the lines of a noble hymn,

"Lord it belongs not to my care
Whether I live or die."

In that sentiment serenity is perfectly embodied and such serene composure in the midst of perpetually surrounding strife and worry is the true antidote to all those degenerative mental or psychic processes, which result in the decay of the harassed and worried physical structure which is continually showing forth from necessity the interior state of its possessor.

A life which knows no care is the only healthy life and this ideal condition, sometimes designated "the higher carelessness," enables us to perform

vastly more beneficent and successful work than we could possibly accomplish were we to fret ourselves concerning our probable departure at some time from physical environments.

Granting the possibility of indefinitely, if not perpetually, continuing our existence on this material planet, the question incessantly arises what about those who have already cast off material habiliments? We instinctively shrink from our friend's death fully as much as from our own, and we certainly cannot be reconciled to a view of our existence which offers no crumb of genuine consolation to sincere mourners in times of dire bereavement. What is particularly needed at the present moment is a philosophy of life clearly presented to the populace which will definitely include the excellencies of current Spiritualism with the truths of Mental Science without pandering to the vagaries or limitations of either system as at present formulated. Spiritualists as a body are sadly lacking in practical application of those great teachings, which make of Mental Science a tower of strength to multitudes, but, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that very seldom do we hear clear views of the spiritual world enunciated by practicing metaphysicians unless they admit that they acknowledge the basic fact of spiritual intercommunion between those yet on earth and those so-called departed. The subjective mind which is now the acknowledged seat of the telepathic faculty is not fairly dealt with by most of its technical upholders, but when more is known about it it will clearly solve the doubts now hanging over the problem of our conscious individual immortality. Thomson Jay Hudson, despite his utterly unconvincing denial of spirit-communion, brings forth many forcible arguments to prove its rationality and in many places in his public writings, which are often valuable, he declares that the subjective mind simply continues to live on, for death is only the removal of our objective personality.

It should not be forgotten that one of Hudson's three celebrated books bears the title "A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life," and if such a title for any book be at all warranted, its author and all who share his views must hold that death is just what Shakespeare termed it—shuffling off our mortal coil. Students of Shakespeare, if they will read the plays with their mental eyes clear from the dust of prejudiced preconception, will behold as in a mirror in those immortal dramas a clear exposition of the subjective as distinct from the objective life of man. Hamlet's father appears clad in armor, and from his counsels to his son distinctly reveals how utterly unchanged he is in consequence of having parted company with his material counterpart. Revenge possessed him and he desires his son to execute it, therefore, though he was a good king while on earth, he suffers torments for a season in his postmortem state. So long as thirst for revenge continues so long will suffering be his portion, because all our joys and sorrows really spring from our interior states, and our external conditions at any time can only continue unchanged while our inner life remains unaltered. There is no excuse for withholding clear teaching concerning death, and what comes after it, when we have once grasped that our objective personality which appears in the material world is only a simulacrum.



DEATH cannot change us because it is we who cause our own death. Death is not a visitation from without but a result of causes from within. A man is not taken away by a mysterious dispensation of Heaven because he physically succumbs to an act of suicide, no more is he

providentially removed from earth by direct fiat of the Almighty, because he slowly wastes his vital energy and at length succumbs to fatal disease. All such deaths are evidences of our stupidity and they are clearly preventable, but when a work on earth is finished and a happy soul passes gently away from a no longer needed physical tenement such a transition should be hailed with gladness, not wept over as though it were some terrible calamity. Cremation has many advantages over earth burial, apart from those which are purely sanitary, and chief among these should be mentioned the effect it produces in disconnecting the thoughts of survivors from the now non-existent material body. The practice of wearing mourning is altogether hateful and should never be tolerated among enlightened thinkers, though beautiful memorial services may righteously be held and deeds of beneficence may be done as frequently as possible in loving memory of beloved ones passed from mortal vision.

We shall never emerge out of a limping philosophy and a halting mental practice until we behold with spiritual vision something of the reality of our human constitution. If we would make real progress toward fuller health and wider happiness we must banish all fear of death and all concern about it, for experience will clearly show that as long as we endow it with any real power in our consciousness it will continue as a king of terrors and a nightmare to oppress our race. Our views of life need wonderous widening; we are cramped in prison cells by petty theories and abominable conventionalities. Conventional people will never stir a single stone out of the path of ascending humanity. The spiritual universe contains us all immortally and the more we learn concerning its immensity the happier, healthier and more prosperous in all ways shall we be. Teach your children nothing whatever about death, and while you do not seek to force any special views concerning a future state of life upon them, let them grow into normal seership without restraint from either your teachings or your practices. Often and often do we feel that all that stands between us and knowledge of our life immortal is our wretched paltry materialism, our sordid over-devotion to all that is of the flesh transitory. Let the painter, if he will, write "Death, the Gate of Life" at the foot of his finest picture and let the artless child develop innocent clairvoyance and commune if she can with those who have passed over. We are stifled with our negations, strangled by our heathen ceremonies, and rendered utterly decrepit by our fears. Let us emerge out of these dark caverns of ignorant misbelief into the light of perpetual sunshine. Let fruits prove the tress on which they grow. Banish fear and introduce supreme confidence in life immortal into your own interior orchard, and watch the happy change in your condition. Then when you have been helped and blessed yourself by a grander theory of existence communicate it faithfully, lovingly and unflatteringly to your less enlightened neighbors, and thus increase manifoldly your own serenity by appreciably adding to the joy and peace of all around you.

W. J. COLVILLE.



Death is nothing. He who realizes that he is living in the Kingdom of God realizes that every other Soul in existence lives in the same Kingdom. And though many Souls are daily laying aside the body, they all continue, nevertheless, to live in the same Kingdom. They remain precisely where they were before—in God's Kingdom; and they are just as near to us as they ever were. They were always *One With Us*, so they are now, and so they shall continue to be for all time.—*Eternal Progress*.

THE HIGHER THOUGHT.

An Address to Graduates.

PRESIDENT Andrew Sloan Draper in Studebaker Hall, at the commencement exercises of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois, addressed 230 young graduates, among whom were twenty-five young women.

He was caustic, but honest.

Touching the matter of the close and necessarily confidential relation in which the physician stands to the family, President Draper said:

"The medical profession stands in exceptionally close relations to its clientele. The doctor knows the innermost secrets of our lives. He scarcely waits at the door until he pushes his way into the innermost chambers of our homes. He is admitted to the most secret recesses of human feeling and trusted with the hopes and fears, the loves and perils of family life. The man who offers himself for such relationship while destitute of moral genuineness is a dangerous factor in society."

Then on the looseness of the way of many of the profession, both in person and in practice, he said farther:

"The scientific knowledge and the mission of the doctor of medicine should combine to make him the best exemplar in society of physical, intellectual and moral cleanliness. Yet I see doctors every day who need a bath, whose very clothes should be burned, and if they were to go with the clothes the world would not be moved deeply nor sorrow long. Often the breath is foul, and evidences are not lacking of the grossest violations of all the laws of sane and healthful living."

"In view of all the things which modern scientific knowledge enables one to know with certainty," President Draper continued, "there is too much uncertainty, too much hideous blundering in medical practice. To trifle with human life in defiance of well-known scientific truths, to proceed upon mere guess, when the facts essential to competent and exact treatment may be easily ascertained, is an offense against decency, and should be made an offense against law which would land one in jail."

It is not necessary for those who have come in the "new" thought to condemn totally and "without recourse" the man who happens to be in the medical profession.

He may be well enough in his way, but we want no more of him. Not, however, because he is necessarily "bad," but because we have outgrown him and have come to know a better way.

Yet, all too apparent is the second fact mentioned by President Draper, that the patients—I was to say *victims*—are at the mercy of the ambition of the practitioner, practically the surgeon, to learn more of the human body. This is the worst feature of what President Draper calls "commercialism."

"A commercialist," he says, "is out of his latitude in a profession. Selfishness defeats its end in a professional life. The labor organizations and the professional organizations are each all right, but it must never be forgotten that they exist for very different ends. Uniformity of fees, division of territory, increase of business by artifice, supporting the brethren of the common bond whether right or wrong, are the last things an honest and reasonably capable professional man wants."

This spirit of ambitious curiosity to the point of risking the life of the subject, and the disregard of public weal that makes, or rather allows, the fraternity to cover the malpractice that grows out of it, is the worst feature and only essentially evil

characteristic in the medical profession, and it is encouraging to hear it boldly announced, in such a public way as at the graduating exercises in Studebaker Hall.

Field Notes.

Convention in Chicago.

THROUGH the initiation of the Prentice Mulford club work is being done to have convened in Chicago the last week in September, a convention of new thought workers. The particulars of the meeting have not yet been fully formulated, but will be soon, when fuller announcement will be made.

On The Hudson.

THE Summer School in the new thought at Up-land Farms, Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y., which last year particularly proved such a success, announces again for this season a valuable summer's work.

The program for the season is as follows:

Tuesday, June 30th—"Object and Aims of the Summer School of the New Thought," Charles Brodie Patterson.

Wednesday, July 1st—"Esoteric Mohammedanism," M. Baratullah, Maulavee, of Bhopal, India.

Thursday, July 2d—"The Merchant of Venice," Joseph Adelman.

Sunday, July 5th—Subject to be announced, Leonard D. Abbot.

Tuesday, July 7th—"Recital of Folk Songs," Walter L. Bogart.

Wednesday, July 8th—"Manual Training," Prof. Louis Rouillion.

Thursday, July 9th—"Old Louisiana," Clara B. Colby.

Friday, July 10th—Opera Recital, "Haensel and Gretel," Walter L. Bogart.

Sunday, July 12th—"The Gospel and Health of Healing," John Brooks Leavitt.

Wednesday, July 15th—Subject to be announced, Richard Le Gallienne.

Sunday, July 19th—"Select Readings from his Poems," Edwin Markham.

Wednesday, July 22d—"Healing through Musical Vibration," Eva Vesceilius.

Sunday, July 26th—"Reminiscences of Emerson," Charles Malloy.

Wednesday, July 29th—"Man's Latent Powers Made Actual Through Consciousness of His True Being," M. Woodbury Sawyer.

Sunday, August 2d—"The Religion of the Twentieth Century," Rev. K. Heber Newton.

Monday and Tuesday—New Thought Convention.

Wednesday, August 5th—"Vegetarianism," Ernest Crosby.

Sunday, August 9th—"Evolution, Re-embodiment, Immortality," Warren A. Rodman.

Wednesday, August 12th—"Bible Communism," Bolton Hall.

Sunday, August 16th—"Symbol Psychology," Rev. Adolph Roeder.

Wednesday, August 19th—"Nature Recital," Isabel Goodhue.

Sunday, August 23d—"The Religion of Whittier," B. O. Flower.

Wednesday, August 26th—"The Cliff Dwellers," Grace Hyde Trine.

Sunday, August 30th—"The Law of Compensation," Charles Brodie Patterson.

Monday, August 31st—Grand Musical Festival.

Six New Classes in Chicago.

MR. and Mrs. See will commence six new classes as follows: Classes taught by Mrs. See:

"The Spiritual Law of Attainment" popularly known as the "Prosperity Course," Wednesday and Friday night at 7:45, commencing Friday, June 5th.

The same study as above, Monday and Thursday afternoon at two o'clock, commencing Monday June 8th.

"Normal Course in Spiritual Healing," Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2 o'clock, commencing Wednesday, June 10.

The "Nature Course," being a private study for ladies only, commencing Tuesday, June 9th, at 3:30 p. m. One lesson a week.

MR. See's classes on the "Study Series in Attainment to the Delivered Life," being an "Announcement of the Way of Escape from the

Sense of the Bondage of Physical Existence," and comprising the study of "The Nature and Identity of God," and the "Attainment to the Delivered Life."

Evening class, Monday and Thursday, commencing Thursday, June 11th.

Afternoon class, Tuesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, commencing Friday, June 12th.

These classes are open to those who have not yet taken any of the studies, as also, of course, to any who feel that they would like in the interest of thoroughness to take again the foundation work.

All classes will be held at the Sarah Wilder Pratt Rooms, 87 Washington Street (United States Express Building.)

These will be the last classes that Mr. and Mrs. See will have during their present stay in Chicago.

Terms. Seven lessons in course; \$5.00 a course. Single lessons in class, seventy-five cents.

Mrs. Towne in Chicago.

MRS. Elizabeth Towne, of Holyoke, Mass., and editor of *Nautilus*, has been in Chicago, and a great day we all had of it. It was Elizabeth's day and no mistake, but such was the good will of all that everybody thought it was theirs too.

The Prentice Mulford club arranged that their Sunday morning service should be held on the seventh floor of the Masonic Temple in the large Assembly Hall, and here to a crowded house equal in spirit to any new thought gathering that has ever been held in Chicago, Elizabeth Towne told her beautiful story, with the response of frequent applause from the audience.

The meeting was presided over by Mr. A. R. Heath, president of the club. Other speakers at this great meeting were Mrs. Anna Rix Miltz, who has just returned from a trip in the east; Dr. Agnes Chester See, who is now teaching in Chicago, and whose home, as our readers know, is in Kalamazoo, Michigan; Mrs. Nancy McKay-Gorden, the authoress, from Denver, Col.; T. G. Northrup, Honorary Life President of the Prentice Mulford club; and last was William Walker Atkinson, editor of *The New Thought*, Chicago, and of whom the people of this city who know say he is a jolly good fellow.

Well, it was great.

But about Elizabeth, I see in the last *Nautilus* that she accuses me (you see I reveal myself here as the author of this particular squib)—she accuses me of being a woman. That is to say, she had accused me so, but on coming to Chicago she found that Evelyn was the *Mr.* in this marriage combination. Well, I forgive her all, but even if I could be such a sweet and much loved woman as Elizabeth is, I would be willing that it be so.

But it is not so, "that the scripture might be fulfilled," etc., for in Mrs. See and myself it seems to have been needed to carry out the demonstration *that husband and wife can come into this "new thought" and still not apply for a divorce.* As one good woman said in the Prentice Mulford club the other day, "This 'new' or metaphysical thought, seems to separate, I do not say the sexes, but husband and wife."

Well, in Chicago they call us "The Lovers." Be it so; be it more so.

Elizabeth Towne, I excuse you, bless you, and say to you as did others at your great meeting, when you come again, come yourself and bring William.

THE HIGHER THOUGHT.



Evelyn Arthur See's and Agnes Chester See's Publication.

A JOURNAL in exposition of the Essential Divinity of Man—his consequent dominion in physical health and material welfare, and an exponent of the New or Higher thought movement. Published monthly at fifty cents a year; in Kalamazoo sixty cents a year; foreign countries sixty-five cents; three months, \$1.50 in advance. Entered at the post office at Kalamazoo, Mich., as second-class matter, Sept. 4, 1901.

Mr. Henry Wood says:—"It is a real pleasure to read such refined and well conducted periodical, free from egoism and crudity. I only wish the public taste (and even that of many in the so-called new thought movement) were up to it. There is a great educational work to be done, and The Higher Thought is a fitting channel." Thomas F. Shelton, in Christian, says:—"THE HIGHER THOUGHT is a beautiful eight page monthly."

ADVERTISING in keeping with the general purpose of the journal will be accepted. Rate, One Dollar per inch each insertion.

The HIGHER THOUGHT, Kalamazoo, Mich.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE TO 241 DEARBORN AVENUE, CHICAGO, as the publishers of this journal are now teaching in Chicago and will continue there until further notice; all business is done from there, although THE HIGHER THOUGHT will continue to be published at Kalamazoo. Chicago Telephone No. 384, white.

A Call for Unity.

HERE should be in Chicago a unity of the new thought workers.

I have long held that this is so, and the great meeting Sunday morning, May 24, in Assembly Hall, Masonic Temple, is a demonstration that it is so.

At this meeting notices were read of the coming meetings of different organizations and of classes being conducted by different teachers.

Do you see the point?

The unifying of the work in Chicago in the new thought does not imply that there shall be an abandonment of the work as it is now done through the various associate centers, nor that all the members shall come to an agreement among themselves so that they shall teach the same method. Each teacher must be left to give his own message and each association must be left to do its own work and in its own way.

A unifying of the work does not mean a slump in which men shall all fall out of themselves or in which associations fall out of themselves into general mass.

The people will not have it so, and it could not be done so if they would.

Individuality is the corner stone of the new movement for freedom and individuality can not be ignored out of it, because that is the very movement itself, and if individuality perishes, we have not the new movement but the old stagnation.

Very well, you say so.

But I say more.

There must be recognized the individuality of the associate work as well as the individuality of the individual himself.

Let every man and every woman and every society be itself the same as ever, and once each month have one grand federated meeting where all, yet all remaining themselves,—where all come in recognition of the one purpose, the one brotherhood; and then when the meeting is over let all go back refreshed by all having been together, go back to their own private work—the

people individually to theirs and the various associations individually to theirs.

There is much that might be said in further detail on this proposition, but here is the general idea.

The Chicago workers are broad enough and liberal enough and free enough to take it up. I know they are. The question is shall we do it now?

What Chicago can do toward unity other cities can do.

SHALL CHICAGO MAKE THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE PRACTICABILITY OF A UNION OF THE NEW THOUGHT FORCES AND THUS TEACH THE WORLD?

THERE IS A WAY OF UNITY AND THAT WAY IS NOT PAST FINDING OUT.



Reading and Study.

SINCE teaching in Chicago, the subscription list to THE HIGHER THOUGHT has grown measurably. The reason is that since the light cast upon the problem of life by the teaching, the point of view of the writings has been gained and in that way the key furnished so that the messages from month to month are much more easily understood. Many have said, "I never could understand your journal until since I have taken your teaching."

The presentation of a Way of Life that can be lived free from under the bondage of material existence, is in its very nature so transcendent that it is with difficulty understood by whomsoever has not been let into the Light, so that thus they come into the proper point of view.

And strange as it may seem, the wide circulation of THE HIGHER THOUGHT, circulating as it does in nearly every state in the Union and in several foreign countries, is bringing to us calls from those who have come to see that in it is a message of real life, that we shall come to their cities to teach in order that they can more fully understand what is written in the journal.

The movement of affairs as expressing the All-Good will bring the proper teachers in due time to all such points. In the meantime we ask all our readers to earnestly meditate the truths given and let the Spirit reveal to them the inner meaning. Perhaps in time we can meet many of you.

This journal being a journal of Realization, cannot consider its work of each month done unless it makes an added contribution to the actual spiritual realization of its readers. And while there will be, we hope, much else in a lower, or simpler vein of thought, the highest must be the real message, the real service that THE HIGHER THOUGHT will render you.

Entering now upon the exhibition of the Way to and the Way in the Delivered Life, the life-giving value of what shall come to you, hence, will be multiple of what has hitherto been given.

That there is deliverance here and now is the foundation and real substance of the hope that has given you the courage to breast the storms of the world, and yet in face of it all, still believe.

That Way is not past finding out!



In this issue appears W. J. Colville's contribution to the symposium on Immortality of the Body and we call special attention to Mr. Colville's consideration of the subject, because of his thorough capability to speak with authority upon such a subtle and transcendent subject. The interest in these papers is growing more earnest as the symposium draws to a close. Mr. Colville is now in England on his second lecture tour in that country.

Sex Symposium Postponed.

FOR many reasons which are deemed quite sufficient, it has been decided to change the plan of giving the Symposium on the question of Sex.

This question will gradually settle itself with those who are seriously earnest to know its truth, and it is the part of wisdom under the present state of the public mind to leave more for a time to be adjusted in this way.

The columns of this journal will be given up to the consideration of the more general and all-inclusive question of the way of Deliverance, and it will be found in the end that the Sex question, together with all other questions, are in this comprehensive question of the Truth, fully met.

I feel certain that there will be a more general interest in the plan which we will pursue than in that which was previously proposed, and we invite the kind and earnest interest of all our readers.



We first let go of personality so that we can more thoroughly get into an atmosphere where we know that we are a part of the Eternal Power of the whole divine universe. The moment we put our mind in unison with the Supreme or Divine, that instant we not only partake of but are a part of the Spiritual Mind. We cannot be otherwise because we have merged into the eternal for the time being and just as surely as we do this, and in proportion as we see this clearly, we show it forth in power and expression in harmonious conditions of mind and body. When in this sublime attitude we see that it is the Father that worketh in us to will and to do all his own good pleasure.

A word for beginners on concentration. It is said, "Concentration is the key to all knowledge." Concentration does not mean to simply keep your thought through the power of the human will fixed upon some object, word or form of words, but it means that when you know the Truth, that is have Truth, you are firm, you are one pointed; you cannot be swayed, moved, changed or confused. This fixedness in Truth is the true concentration, is the true one-mindedness that is spoken of in the scriptures when it declares, "Be of one mind," also, too, "Have the mind in you that was also in Jesus Christ," and the opposite is that, "a double minded man is unstable in all his ways."

It would be a great favor if the friends of THE HIGHER THOUGHT would introduce the journal to their friends, and help to give them the point of view that will aid in understanding the message of Truth that it each month carries. It occurs to me now to say that whatever subscriber sends in two additional subscriptions, together with the subscription price for one year, we will extend his subscription one year, or if he sends in one we will extend it six months. Let us see who has the interest to do this good.

Mrs. Elizabeth Towne says in the June Nautilus:

"I met in Chicago, Mrs. Agnes Chester See, of Kalamazoo, who with her husband, is delivering very successful series of lectures in Chicago. Mrs. See is a charming lady and reminds me of O. Hashu Haru. I wanted to see her husband too, but had not time to return later. Mr. See's name is Evelyn Arthur See, and I always supposed him to be a woman. I heard all sorts of nice things about Mr. and Mrs. See."

Those who write us at Chicago should address 241 Dearborn avenue, not street. Some letters have been miscarried by being sent to Dearborn street.

Individualists and Patients. ❧❧

Strength Thoughts.

MONDAY.—The reason that the Strength Thoughts are such a comfort to so many is that they take you out of work into rest. People get tired *doing*, they want to *Be*; so anything that aids them in knowing how to *Be* is appreciated. Let the Spirit of Good aid you in all you do. This is the first step in Being. **AFFIRMATION:**—My mind is filled with good thoughts. My heart is filled with loving kindness. The Spirit of Truth and Love is guiding me. I live in peace. I am well and strong. ❧

TUESDAY.—Intelligence is everywhere. You are now in the very presence of Absolute Wisdom. Your heart does not beat because it is the organ for the blood, but because it is the organ of Life. Life can and does live independent of organs, but organs are depending upon Life, hence we must learn how to live by being at-one with Life. When you think, learn to think without things and then you will learn why the thing is and whether or not it is necessary. **AFFIRMATION:**—I will not willingly yield to discord and disease. I am wise with the Wisdom of God. I am in harmony with myself and all the world. I am free. ❧

WEDNESDAY.—Instead of searching in materiality and from human agencies for a remedy for your difficulties, why not search the realm of Spirit, Mind? You never will, by arguing for their existence and permanence, find relief from disease, sorrow or any of the disorders that have their origin and existence wholly in the human. **THEY DO NOT EXIST** in Truth, Life. Their existence is in the lie about Truth, Life. You believe them true because you do not know the Truth—the Truth that is ever ready to free you from the power to deceive. **AFFIRMATION:**—God never made anything that was not good, hence all that is not good is not God sustained. I live in mind not in matter. God is my life. I am happy. ❧

THURSDAY.—Your body is not you. It is of you. Learn that your thoughts have much to do with your conditions. This whole universe can be resolved into Intelligent consciousness. Because of this fact, we say, All is Mind and Mind's fulfillment, hence Intelligence is already everywhere, and whenever you think, something responds to your thought, and with thoughts as with people they attract the attention of their own kind. **AFFIRMATION:**—I will think only good, vital thoughts. I am willing to give up the past. I am at peace. I assist the good, just and pure. ❧

FRIDAY.—Because mind is everywhere you do not have to think in a particular place. Just think, that is all, and you will be surprised to find that your desire is realized from a place you would least expect it. Different kinds of thoughts act with and control certain portions of this great realm of intelligent Somewhat, but the God Thought or thoughts of God is of the Master Mind that is above all, hence all intelligence is in accord with it. When you identify yourself with the Truth, the Good, you make your environment what you desire it to be. **AFFIRMATION**—Teach me the Truth, Oh, God. I am at-one with Thee. I am happy. I am merciful. I am well. ❧

SATURDAY.—The body should be dissolved and rebuilt daily without disease. The mind is so occupied with the interests of the world that the self is neglected. Power is not made, but recognized and directed; you can find this power within yourself if you earnestly search for it. This power is God for all is God and ordained of God. This power does not force you to do, you must recognize it and work with it. You can turn against it and do evil; you can ignore it and suffer imperfection, or you can recognize it and live in peace with it and be happy, well, wise and successful because you know that all power is God. **AFFIRMATION:**—I have nothing to fear. All power is God. I will listen to the voice of the Spirit. I know it is the Spirit for it gives only joy, health and life. ❧

SUNDAY.—Only a word for to-day for we have learned that stillness is the secret of all there was, is, or shall be. I will read the ninety-first Psalm, the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer and then let God be God all day and I will be happy and kind. **AFFIRMATION:**—I am filled and thrilled with Infinite Love and Wisdom. I live in God and the Spirit of God is in me. I am well, I am free. I am free. I am free. ❧



❧❧ That when man knows and appreciates himself he is paying the highest tribute to God is true, because it is only when man truly desires to live the Truth that he knows God and does good to his fellow man. ❧❧❧

❧❧ The Spiritual way is not by process, but by revealing Truth. ❧

A Help Super-Human.

WHILE the great, infinite Truth of the Omnipresence of God with and throughout his world, saving it at every instant of time and in all apparent states and conditions of disaster, and while his constancy through Providence in all the affairs of men,—while this, I say, is true, yet as mind functions in ourselves, as we know ourself human, there is a continual fluctuation of the shadow of darkness across the consciousness so that we seem to lose the light of the brooding Providence and are thrown back on a knowledge, an understanding too limited to cope with the conditions that the world seems to put up about us. ❧

Acknowledging and feeling that the omnipresence of God is and must be true, yet it seems unavailing to us in our extremity and we are sorely cast down. ❧❧

Here is a letter from a young woman in Iowa:

"I am afraid to undertake anything as I do not know just what my business talents are. I am wanting in courage and am super-sensitive—always have been since a child and never expected to have to earn my living, but reverses took my father's money and with it his ambition or hope and I was obliged to do for myself. All my family, with the exception of a sister and two brothers, have passed to the beyond and I am practically alone. I only want help and direction through you and knowledge of this higher life, or a better understanding of it. I am weak. There will be days when I think I am progressing and then will come long days when I feel I know nothing; hopeless, discouraging days. I want to get my feet on the Rock and stand firm." ❧

THIS Individualist's page is not for the promulgation of, for instance, the advanced propaganda of the thought, nor for stirring you to any great ideals, nor for the exposition of any possible bright concepts in the hidden realms wherein the "new thought" is supposed to enter and pluck the deepest and most hidden secrets. ❧

On this page, we simply come together in a sincere and practical way to learn the truth of the claimed beautiful fact that there is in that which we call Truth a guidance and a power that will carry us on in this world and without so much hardness, so much struggle, and so much uncertainty. ❧❧

Ah, there is the bitter word, "uncertainty." Such is the human heart, particularly the Anglo-Saxon heart, that falter it would never, and grieve never, if it *knew* that even after all the struggle, after all the hardship, after all the darkness,—if it *knew* that in the end all would come right. ❧❧

That is a brave soul that says, "I can wait."

Well, here is a young girl in an Iowa city (and there are many of such in all the other cities) who feels that *in this world* she is "practically alone," because her parents have gone into "the beyond" past her ken, and so when the hardship comes, when the doubt comes, when the weary hours of "I do not know" are upon her, is it a wonder that a tear drop softens the eye lash, and is it not beautiful that in such an extremity the great prophetic heart of a pure and earnest girl sets forth its subtle and silent urge that there is a Way into which she can come that will be to her a fulfillment of all these things and also the fulfillment of her own earnest and true purpose to *be* and to *do* in this world as she knows it and lives it out there in Iowa. ❧❧

Let us see. ❧❧❧



IN the first place whoever has been truly united to his friends, his brothers, his sisters, his father or his mother will not come to Poise in himself after they have gone, simply because he sees

that he himself can succeed and come even creditably, apparently, into the fulfillment of his hopes. Why? Because he cannot, when they are gone, come into the fulfillment of his hopes. That what he may do, that it might be done *for them* is the fullness, and if they are gone there can be no fullness. ❧

Unless! ❧❧

Unless there can be an assurance that they are absent, but not gone. ❧

The heart can trust, the mind can wait, the body can work, if there is a knowing that the fullness and the completeness and the oneness is never at any time broken, but that in consequence of its *being so* will some day come to be known, and so the fullness of the realization wrought. Assure the soul, says Emerson, that it will again meet its friend and it will be content to wait a thousand years. ❧

Well, God knows. ❧❧

What does that mean? ❧

God does not convey the idea of a great infinite being capable of all things and that if we do so he will be good to us, and that if we do not do so he will be bad to us, or in other words that he will deal badly with us. ❧❧

No. ❧❧

God has not the power to deal with us thus arbitrarily if he wanted to, and more yet he cannot even want to. ❧❧

God is what there IS and the way there IS. ❧

This means that things are good because they *are so*, and that things are "bad" because they are not so. That is to say when we know things as they are we know good, but when we think we know things as they are not, then we have complaint against the world and say "bad." If people could only see that Reality is that which *is* and that it cannot be otherwise and would trust it and not give so much importance to the *appearance* of things, they would find at once a subtle Power working in the affairs of the world that as soon as their hands had been taken wholly off would set things right. ❧❧❧

LET us see. Nothing but good can come to pass in this world. If you cannot see that this is true instantly and continually, you can at least say that nothing but good can come to pass ultimately. ❧❧

Very well, God rules. ❧❧

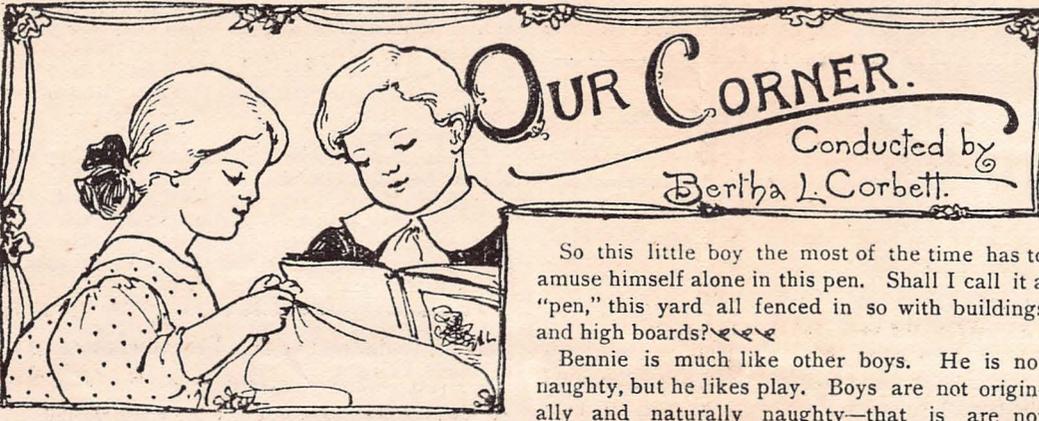
That is to say the IS-NESS of things is as it is and no other way can it be. That is what it means by saying that God rules. It does not mean at all that God is so powerful that he can and does make things go as he pleases, but that simply things are and do go so, and by good we mean this way and by God we mean that Totality, that Wholeness, which is never broken up into any of these parts, but which is the Constancy and Reality that keeps what is so, so. ❧❧

Hence, that of our dear friends who have gone beyond, that *was so, is so*: that is, what they were *real* they still are *real*. The *self* of them is still *self*. What they possessed, or what they functioned through, as the body and mind, may have been dissolved, but they *as they are in Truth* are constant and unchangeable. ❧❧

It is only the higher state of consciousness that can comprehend the lower. The lower cannot comprehend the higher. That they who have gone beyond may know us although we may not know them is clear, as we having gone beyond the animal can comprehend it, but it cannot comprehend us. So as we come more and more to know ourselves as we *are*, we come the nearer to know those who have gone beyond toward the fuller knowing of what they are and in that day we shall know even as we are known. ❧❧❧

SO we come into the knowing that that which is *cannot pass*, although its testimony of itself may, but he *who sees through things* knows that all things are well. ❧❧

So as in the great infinity of Being all continually is, we will not grieve that that as it is related in a particular way to us has for the total good changed the order and character of its testimony to bear witness somewhere else, but will abide our own fuller realization as the condition for the reunion, and be faithful to our present working out here, of the purpose that the Universal has to that end put into our individual heart. The continual security of every individual in the world is that the unity and oneness is never broken and that *IT will and must bring its own ends to pass*. ❧❧❧



A Playmate.

If you cannot find a boy
Who is ready to enjoy
Playing ball,
You can always have a game,
Little fellow—all the same,
With the wall!

The wall is always there,
Always has the time to spare
You will see,
If you throw the ball to it,
Quickly back again 'twill flit,
Merrily!

So, tho' off the others run,
You are always sure of one
Who will play
At a game of "Catch" with you!
Any time you wish it to—
Any day.

—M. J. H. in *Light of Truth*.



Little Bennie.

OUT of my back window I see a little boy who plays much by himself in a yard surrounded by a high tight-board fence which shuts off from his view all the activities of the street and the many things that make life bright in a great city like Chicago. Most of the children play in the front yards or about the curb, so when Bennie is in his little back yard he is all alone and bound in from seeing anything except the wall of the rear of the house and the wall of the barn that stands on the rear of the lot, and as I said the board fence on either side.

Bennie is only five years old and some friends say that he should be in the kindergarten, which my little ones all know has of late years come to be a splendid place for the training of children. And the kindergarten is more necessary in the life of the city child than in the life of the child of the country.

But Bennie's Mamma is not a rich lady. She has herself to support and Bennie also, so she has a position as housekeeper in the home that backs up against the yard that I have just told you about.

So Bennie's Mamma thinks it is not necessary yet to send him to the school and she does not want him out with the other children, because she does not know with whom he would come thus to mingle.

Bennie is a sweet little boy, with winsome face and pleasant manner. Often he will come to my window and look up and smile as much as to say, "Have you got any candy to throw down to me today?" Often we have this for him, but not always. Yet, he never obtrudes—will my little readers look up that one word "obtrude" and see just what it means—Bennie never puts himself in your way and never vulgarly teases for anything, and always says a sweet "thank you" when you are kind to him.

So this little boy the most of the time has to amuse himself alone in this pen. Shall I call it a "pen," this yard all fenced in so with buildings and high boards?

Bennie is much like other boys. He is not naughty, but he likes play. Boys are not originally and naturally naughty—that is are not naughty in *themselves*, but they sometimes become so when they are old enough to take an interest in things, and where they are not properly cared for and guided and instructed.

Now, the barn man who is very fond of pets and flowers—you should see how he gets flowers growing in every corner—has a fine family of brown pugs. Just one of the babies of the family was left, the others having by this time all been sold, and this little fellow not yet big enough to walk.

This puppy you can readily see was the most interesting thing there was for Bennie in his lone play ground. It was *alive* and so made a real companion for play; but Bennie was forbidden to touch it. We can understand how he would love the little baby friend and how much he would want to take it in his hands.

But this he did not do, but would stand over the box in which the little fellow lay and toss small chips in the box all around it, careful as I could see, not to touch it. These bright moments in Bennie's back yard play were when the barn man would bring the puppy in his nest out into the yard to live under the life giving warmth of the sun.

Well, one day a sad thing happened. Bennie was throwing rocks—I do not know what possessed him or whether it was an accident, but straight to the little puppy the rock went and the little four legged baby was—*dead*.

Poor Bennie. After that the barn man and the kitchen woman began to call him a "bad boy."

Do you think he was really bad? Would it not have been better to let him go to the kindergarten where he could have had play and made friends? Would not that have supplied an outlet for the activities of his life that would save his coming into such a trouble as he did.

Do you not think that it is better to let the children have some way to play, so that they can be their own natural selves?



By the Sea Shore.

I KNOW my little folks will be glad to see their page appear again, for I feel that "OUR CORNER" had come to be dear to many of the household children where THE HIGHER THOUGHT goes, and where from the letters which we occasionally get, we know, the intelligent homes of those in this "new thought," the older ones, appreciate and prize its coming.

And so, too, the children should have and now shall have their page again.

Today I am down on the lake shore at a point where the water comes up and rolls over upon the land, about two miles north of the center of Chicago.

Here the great lake stands out from me to the west, and as far as the eye can see—and farther, so that it is easy to imagine that I am sitting now

on the shore of the great ocean, which of course many of you have seen and which no doubt others of you have not. But then we do not have to leave here and go in imagination to the ocean to be present with grandeur.

I am going to be thus particular about my introduction of this great lake to you, because I expect to tell you as the months go by much about it and about interesting things connected with it.

Just now this great outlying area of water is quite well behaved, yet roaring enough so that children's voices who are playing on the green sward behind me and farther up on the bank are almost drowned by its duller, more droll and monotonous tones as it rolls over and again upon the bank and recedes again down the sandy shore.

Just now a wave, more bold than the rest, reached way out up the sandy bank and just put its tender and soft lips against my shoe and kissed it a happy greeting, and then as if shy and wilfully playful and inviting to play, ran away again down the bank, before I could get hold of it, and then lost itself in the great water as if to play hide and seek with me, saying, "Catch me if you can. I hide and peep out again at you, but you cannot tell me."

You see I like to play with them little wave children, and I have come way down to the water's edge as I write this little story to you, and am sitting on a rock that is half buried in the sand and up to which the water comes almost every time the waves come in.

I think it is because I show myself so not afraid of the waves they are so bold and so kindly toward me, don't you?

Away out to the south west I see a steamer coming in from some city across the lake, perhaps South Haven, which has come to be a great place for summer visitors from Chicago, or from Benton Harbor, farther toward the south end of the lake. (Look at your maps and see if you can locate these towns. And can you see me on this flat rock here?) To the north, again I see another steamer coming, perhaps from Milwaukee. The white caps are rolling along the shore; beyond this riled water that skirts the edge lies the wide breadth of deep blue, and then beyond that as far as you can see is the rich green of the deep water and which is the fascination of every lover of the sea.

Down here on the beach with me—that is near me—are many children, both girls and boys, youths, maidens, babies, with their loving caretakers, making houses in the sand, listening to the sound of the waves, and hallowing and romping together.

I will not tell you so much this time about what the children do here but you can see that they must have a nice time. Wouldn't you like to be here?

Well, what I am going to say is this: Make a sea shore right where you are. Maybe you have a lake, where mother or brother or sister can go with you, or if not, perhaps you have or can make a pond near by, or even have one on the grass marked out by strips of boards, and you can look out and make the great waves and the roar and the boats coming in, and have just a splendid time right where you are, for you know that God has been so good to us that he has made us so that we can be happy everywhere, and can always find right with us the things that will give us joy if we will look at them. Be thankful for them.



Sympathy is the acknowledgement of the presence of darkness. Love is the affirmation of the presence of Light.

THE HIGHER THOUGHT.

What is God?

By CHARLES HENRY WEBBER, in *Mind*.

What is God, and why and where?
 Is there a God to answer prayer?
 Just pause and think: Is not your thought
 Of what in nature has been wrought?
 What wrought it? Was it you or me?
 Or was it more than we could be?
 Do you think God is good and great?
 Do you think God is chance or fate?
 Do you think God is right or wrong?
 What is the burden of your song?
 What you think God is—that is He;
 What you think God is—He will be
 To you, my friend; but, unto me,
 He may be more than you can see.
 To you He may be more indeed
 Than ever I could have conceived.
 To you, my friend, God may be Love,
 Or Strength, or Will, or Power above.
 He may be "cruel" unto you,
 Or God may be to you most true,
 He may be "vengeance" or be joy—
 He may be but a mental toy:
 Just what you think Him—that is God;
 And as you think, you feel His "rod."
 'Tis you who make the God for you;
 And as you make Him, pray be true.
 But never make some other knee
 Bow down to what is your degree;
 For God to them is just as true
 For what they think as unto you.
 The strength of All-in-all is God,
 And your own strength is your own God.
 You did not make the strength you own;
 It is not strength to you alone—
 For you are but a part of All;
 You only can your strength extol.
 Beyond your strength you cannot know;
 Yet as you grow in strength you see
 That something more than you must be.
 That "something more" becomes your "rod"—
 That "something more" you know is God.



A Pleasant Evening.

WEDNESDAY evening, May 27, at the Chicago Home of Truth, we were entertained at six o'clock dinner by Mrs. Anna Rix-Militz, who has just returned from quite an extended tour in the east, Boston, New York, Brooklyn and other places. Others present at this dinner were Mrs. Nancy McKay-Gordon, author of "Woman Revealed," and other books, who also had just returned from a year's stay in Denver. Mrs. Frank Parmalee, Mrs. Franc Perry and Miss Slossen made up the balance of the company.

It is almost unnecessary to say that a most pleasant time was enjoyed until away on into the evening, which was well made up with reminiscences of recent eventful days.

But you ought to have been there to have seen the dexterity with which Mrs. Militz carved that lamb.



A Suggestive Prayer.

M. R. HAGGARD, President of the New York School of Primitive and Practical Christian Science, has drawn up a form of prayer in which in a suggestive way he inserts the following:

"Forgive us our sins in that we have this day talked about our backaches, that we have told our neighbors that our food hurts us, that we mentioned to a visitor that there was a lump in our stomach, that we have wasted our valuable time, which should have been spent in thy service, in worrying for fear that our stomach would grow worse."



The subscriber to THE HIGHER THOUGHT who sees by his label that he is in arrears will appreciate the value of remitting the small amount so that he may be paid up. Shall we not hear from you this month? We'll see.

Revelation and Intelligence.

There is no joy or bright radiance, as of the blue sky, sun, moon, stars, apart from Revelation in any life. Nor is there any certainty, strength nor foundation in any life on earth apart from the intelligence of the meaning of revelation."—
 REV. GEORGE CHAINEY in *Interpreter*.



To the friends in foreign countries in this "new" thought of divinity in humanity and who are subscribers to THE HIGHER THOUGHT, we say: When the paid subscription to your journal expires we pursue the same policy as with the friends in our own country and continue sending the journal, so you will know that unless we hear from you to the contrary we will consider that you wish the journal to continue to your address; although we will be glad to hear from you at any time. Here is our greeting across the water.

There are times in life when, from idealization and not from reason, should wisdom come.

It is not age that gives knowledge, but Truth.

Clubbing Rates.

Success, the monthly illustrated magazine, of New York, which has been, and now is the inspiration, from the experience side of life, of thousands young men and women, and older ones as well, is now offered in combination with THE HIGHER THOUGHT. It will make most valuable supplementary to those who are seeking success through the new thought. Success is a sixty-page magazine at \$1.00 a year. Success and THE HIGHER THOUGHT, one year \$1.25.

Mind, a monthly magazine of liberal and advanced thought, edited by John Emery McLean and Charles Brodie Paterson, 569 Fifth Ave., New York, \$2.00. With THE HIGHER THOUGHT, \$2.15.

Unity, a higher thought monthly, edited by Charles and Myrtle Fillmore, Kansas City, Mo., \$1.00. With THE HIGHER THOUGHT, \$1.25.

The Exodus, a monthly magazine devoted to the systematic exposition of the Science of Being, edited by Ursula N. and Harry Gestefeld, Chicago, Ills., \$1.00. With THE HIGHER THOUGHT, \$1.25.

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Helen Wilmans-Post, Seabreeze, Florida,

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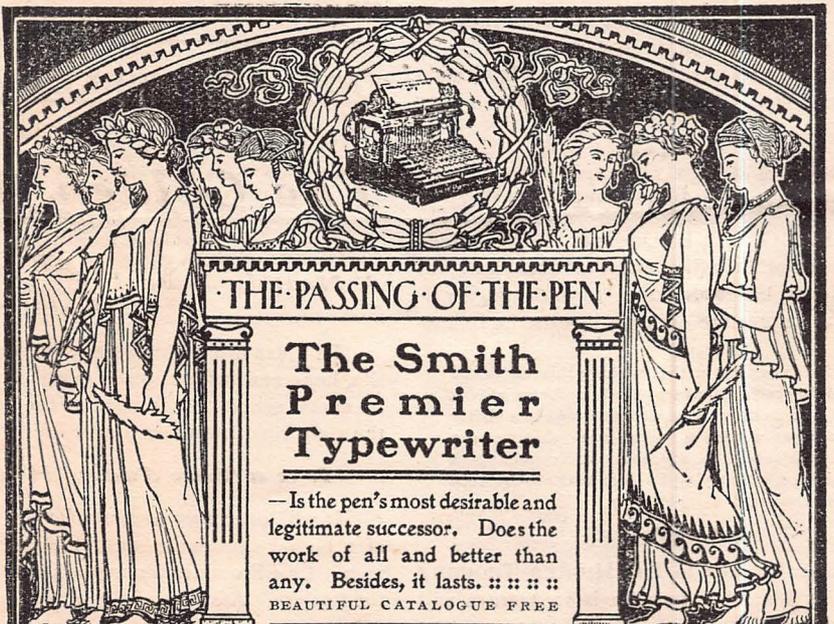
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