
THE LIFE

JANUARY, 1903



A New Year's Lesson

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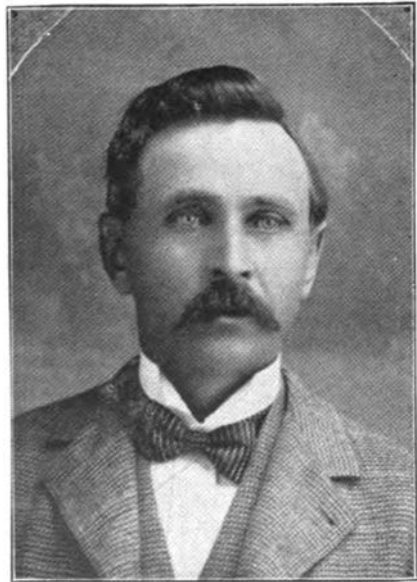
AS WE measure the lengths of our conventional standard of time, we count part of it as past and part of it as future. The dividing line between that which is experience and that which is prospective, we call the present.

But, really, there is neither past nor future. There is only the present, and that is forever. It is always now, today, tonight. The so-called past is only a memory of the now that was; the future is a vision of the now to be. The only reality is the now.

To be is neither retrospective nor prospective. But that which we are is modified and gauged by what we have been, and what we are to be is dependent upon what we are.

What and where am I to be one year hence? No intelligence knows. If there is an intelligence that can see causes in operation now in my life and know what the results of such causes must be, that Intelligence may predict the results that will follow—if the causes be not changed or modified by me. But what changes I shall make no one knows. I am the arbiter of my own destiny. There is no fate in my life. It is always in my power to change my course, my mode of thinking and doing, and thus to control my destiny.

A few days ago there died in this city an eminent jurist, a man who had been Chief Justice of our State Su-



N. DAVID JENSEN.

See page or Index.

preme Court, a law writer of high order and an honored judge of our local courts for many years. He was 77 years old, and they said he died of "old age" and "overwork."

His mind never failed in its powers. His perceptions and decrees of justice and equity on the bench were as clear and forcible on the last day of his public service, just before he said, "I must lie down now and rest," as they were forty years ago.

Judge John W. Henry never courted favor nor feared public opinion. As a lawyer when I stood before him with a question of right and wrong, I felt sure of justice, whether the decision be for me or against me.

Why did his mental powers show no signs of failing or dotage to the last? Because he kept them right with constant use. No mind ever fails which does this. It is the habit of going into a state of relaxation, waiting and inactivity that causes dotage and imbecility in old age. When this tendency begins to steal upon you, throw it off, rise above it, rally your forces, awaken your interest in life. Be always doing something.

Judge Henry failed physically because he had worried about some things, especially about the death of his faithful wife which occurred about one year ago. In his last hours he said to a friend, "I have been sick a long time, have I not? Yet Mary has not come near me in all the time. There must be something wrong with Mary; she never acted this way before. When I have been sick before she never left my bedside." Then he closed his eyes and went out to find Mary. May their new uniting be as happy as when he kissed away her bridal blushes fifty years ago.

Here is a lesson. Love never dies or fades away, even when the body fails. It only grows stronger and truer as the years roll by, if both souls of the two lovers continue to be true and clean and faithful.

And here is an argument for individual immortality.

Such love cannot be mocked by end or rendered null by the destruction of individuality. In all nature we find no analogy for such a mockery of design and destiny.

Recently I heard Robert J. Burdette lecture. About eighteen years ago I heard him lecture on the same subject. Then he was forty years old; now he is fifty eight. Then he was pathetically cherishing the memory of his first wife; now he calls another woman wife and sweetheart. As I stood on the platform conversing with him after the lecture, she came up. He kissed her and called her "sweetheart" and introduced her to me as his wife.

I said, "I heard you lecture here eighteen years ago." He laughingly added, "When you were a boy." I said, "You do not look a day older than you did then; but, although you have the same topic, the lecture is not the same. It has more pathos and fewer jokes in it."

The large audience laughed until great tears rolled down their cheeks; then they would weep other tears of deep feeling as the speaker rose into expressions of his inimitable pathos.

Here we have in these two men manifestation of the Earnest work, the Humor and the Pathos of life. Judge Henry worked for justice and the enforcement of law. He was earnest, practical and a fearless advocate of the right. His aim was to enforce the law and punish those who were guilty of its breach. He was alive to a sense of justice and probity, and awake in the world of varied experiences and purposes. He perceived men's motives and the intents of their hearts keenly and made himself a terror to evil doers. He took a serious view of life, fought the battles of justice, grew old and died.

Mr. Burdette has keenly discerned two sides to human experience—the humorous and the pathetic. Most ordinary things are to be laughed at or disregarded, and the pathetic and earnest things are to be taken as they are, not dodged or parried.

The great humorist has shown that there is a pathos even in the follies and foibles of mortality, and humor often in the most earnest and serious events. Is there not a tear in the pretense and shame of social life? May we not smile at a man's efforts to coax his balky mule and wagon out of a mudhole, or to prove to a judge in court that his wife was guilty of extreme cruelty toward him?

Permit me now to draw seven deductions from the two lives alluded to and to suggest an application under each that may help you to form and keep your New Year's resolutions.

1. Constant activity and interest in the work to be done keep people alive and prevent failure of mental powers. Keep the mind bright by use and the brain firm and healthy by true thinking. Desuetude causes rust and decay. But do not worry or fret. This wears out the nerves.

2. Reason and execution of the deductions of reason will always make life appear to be worth living and prevent suicide. It is seeing the realities and needs of life and meeting the one with the other with firm power.

3. We may be alive, or we may die on our feet. There are too many dead people walking about. Some one has said that half of the so-called living people ought to be buried. I think they need a resurrection. There are many persons so dummy and asleep that they will not answer a letter or take notice of an appeal to pay a small debt. They seem to be "asleep in Jesus" or too dead to give heed to the obligations of life. I would whisper into their dreams a suggestion of action, observation, interest in the rights of others, getting a move on and doing *now* what ought not to be postponed.

4. Many people take the affairs of life too seriously. They give too much weight to the little troubles and difficulties and too much importance to the opinions and words of others. Unthinking people do not mean more than half of what they say, and if they did, they are liable

to change with the next wind. Get your bearings, take your own course, regardless of such follies as depress many too sensitive people. You only magnify nothings into somethings by allowing them to affect you seriously, giving them soil to grow in.

One came to me and said, "Mrs. W. (a doctor's wife) is talking scandalously about you because you saved a woman's life whom her husband had given up to die." I smiled and replied, "You tell Mrs. W. that she may talk about me until she gets tired; but I am going to save as many lives as I can whether her husband says they must die or not." And then I thought no more about it. But what a trouble I could have stirred up over it if I had taken the matter seriously!

5. A sunny disposition is not incompatible with earnestness of purpose and work. The Judge was always full of cheer and could laugh heartily. Burdette is pastor of a Baptist church, yet he has been making people laugh for many years. It is best to be cheerful and have a merry heart. People like you better and you succeed better in business.

6. There is a pathos in all human affairs, a tear in every smile, a sob in every peal of laughter. But how nearly allied are laughing and weeping! You may "laugh till you cry," or you may weep until you laugh. There need be no gloom or desolation in it. If you are wise and brave you will take the wit, the folly, the spitefulness, the trials, the failures and the successes of life with equanimity and make the best of them all. It all really works together for good if you understand it and keep awake and alive.

7. There are two ways of remedying illa. By recognizing them as realities and enforcing the laws, to punish offenders and deter others from offending. This is the work of the judge. The other way is to make life so sunny and bright and cheerful that the disposition to do wrong is evaporated. If you meet a man in the dark and

he is singing "Good Old Summer Time," or whistling the "Fisher's Hornpipe," you may be sure he is not going to rob or hurt you. Mr. Moody and Mr. Ingersoll were both trying to save souls from hell. Mr. Moody believed he saved several hundreds by getting them to repent and believe; Mr. Ingersoll saved the whole world by abolishing hell.

The best way to remedy ills is to educate, uplift, cheer and beautify the lives of humanity. While there are yet some who must be deterred from committing crimes by fear of the penalty, for the protection of our homes and families, yet it is true that the punishment inflicted by men upon man is not remedial, it does not reform the wrongdoer nor deter others from wrongdoing. Let in the light. It is the only remedy for darkness.

I have received a book mark that has a motto on it which the originator of it thought very wise. It says, "Hack away a little of your ignorance every day." But it is wrong. It proceeds on the old failing theory of fighting the devil. Just as well say the way to light a dark room is to shovel out a little of the darkness every day. It is the old fallible idea that darkness and ignorance and sin are realities to be fought. They are nothing, negativity, falling short. Only let in the light; that is all.

For The Children.

RALPH HAS just handed me a story written all by himself, and a picture to illustrate it, designed and drawn without a suggestion or line by any one else. You will think it funny woods the prince is walking through. But when you read the story you will see the reason why. Here it is:

PRINCE LEON.

Prince Leon was an adventurous lad. He was always wandering off from the palace into the woods.

Once he went too far and got lost. He walked on until

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he came to what seemed to be a hill which had so many trees on it that he could not see but two or three steps ahead.

By this time it was getting dark; so he lay down and went to sleep.

The next morning after he had explored the strange looking woods for a time, he was hungry.

He hunted at the foot of the hill for a long time thinking he might find a lunch some traveler had dropped.

At last he found a lunch tied up in a funny napkin and ate it. But it was a magic lunch, and it made him grow up so fast that in a few moments he found himself a huge giant.

He then saw another giant lying down near him as large as he was. He then saw that what he thought to be a wooded hill was the giant's head, and the funny trees his hair.



This other giant told him that he had been deceived by the lunch, too, that it was prepared by an old witch, and that the witch had given him some Etes which he said

would restore him to his right size if he would drink some of it. But to annoy him, she had made his arms so short that he could not reach his mouth to drink it from the silver flask that contained it.

So Prince Leon got it out of his pocket and held it for him while he drank and then drank some himself.

No sooner had they done this than they became the natural size. Then they saw they were brothers and went home together.

Ralph W. E. Barton.

I believe the moral of this fable is that one person may seem and think himself very much larger and greater than others. Then another one grows up to his size and helps him and himself to be natural and not puffed up and they are all brothers, after all. Jesus said if a man would become great, really and truly great, he must become as a little child.

And here are some nice letters from two of our little friends:

Dear Mr. Barton:

My aunt takes *The Life* and I love to read the letters; so I thought I would write to you.

I am a little girl eleven years old and go to the public school. I have a little brother named Rudolph. We live in town, so I cannot have many pets.

The carnival was here last week. I enjoyed seeing the animals going through their tricks. I felt sorry for the animals in the cages.

There was a horse trained to dance a cake walk. His name was King.

The shows were aranged along the streets like the Midway at the Exposition.

Columbus, the largest trained elephant, was on the streets of India. They said he weighed six tons and was 110 years old.

Give my love to Ralph and Beatrice. I will close,

Your friend, Mary Atkinson.

(Continued on page 47.)

Meditations

By Raxton

DISCIPLINE TO be effective and vital must proceed from a profound conviction that higher attainment is not only possible, but absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of the true purposes of life. This implies that the only discipline which is worthy to engage the powers of the human soul is self-discipline. It was conceived in ancient times that men had to be driven by the lash of ignominious fear into a regime of self-denial which alone could render them worthy of any of the blessings which the divine powers condescended to bestow upon those cowardly souls who could the most completely lose their independence and become the slaves of superstitious fear.

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Behold that venerable Druid priest as he stands beside his primitive altar. His sternness and strength challenge our admiration. He exercises over his fellowmen the power of life and death. He adjudicates differences between the members of his tribe and gives forth his sentences as a mighty arbiter of destiny from whose decisions there is no appeal. It is night. The bright stars look down upon the celebration of the ghastly rites. The old priest has made a decree that a human life must be sacrificed and the doomed victim lies bound upon the rude altar of unhewn stones; awaiting the deadly slash of the priestly knife. No friend or kindred of the poor victim appears to plead his cause or raise a hand for his rescue. Father and mother, brothers and sisters are awed into silent acquiescence by the grim force of druidic customs. The old priest is imperturbable. He looks upon the flow of the sacrificial blood with complacent satisfaction. He

has grown hard and stern by the peculiar discipline to which he has been subjected. He came to the priestly school when a mere lad, the pride of his family, who were rejoiced when he was accepted as a learner by the priesthood. He has spent long years learning by rote the unwritten mysteries of Druidism. He has advanced step by step from the position of a menial slave to that of master of his order. He has seen many human lives devoted to sacrificial offerings. He regards it as an honor to a member of the common herd to be chosen for sacrifice. His victim's moans are empty sounds to him. His act in his own eyes has none of the elements of cruelty. In his belief he both benefits his tribe and honors his victim. Here is a display of wonderful power and firmness acquired by a discipline which was rigid even to cruelty, but with a clouded purpose.

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But let the scene change. Look upon the labor of an ambitious youth in China. Here is rigorous discipline exercised in accordance with custom as a condition necessary to the attainment of the formal knowledge required of all who seek public advancement. The utmost patience and submission to the edicts of conventional formalism must be acquired. Wonderful feats of memory must be performed by the Chinese youth before he can advance. Here is discipline with a distinct purpose, but it is not truly vital because it is essentially servile. The wonderful extent to which servility to custom is carried in this ancient empire is strikingly illustrated in the barbarous practice called "hara-kiri." "Hara-kiri" is a form of suicide permitted as a high privilege to persons of noble birth when condemned to die, in which the victim takes his life by slashing his bowels with a sharp knife. This is said to be practiced both in China and Japan, and the victim enters into it with apparent delight in the presence of a large crowd of his friends.

There is another order of discipline still in vogue among civilized people which really comes down to us from ancient times, and still clings to us because we still cling to some of the brutality of ancient barbarism. This is called military discipline. This is necessary in armies, but if we were entirely rid of brutality we would no longer need armies. Military discipline sets aside the individuality of the common soldier and aims to compel the whole army to move in accord with the will of the commander. This is a good fighting order, but is a poor method for the development of manhood. Modern militarism gives more liberty to the individual soldier than the ancient did. The ancient Persians used to drive their soldiers into battle with whips, and we are told that the Cimbri and Teutones had their men tied together when they went into battle. It is a lesson of history that even on the battlefield men will do more effective work when their individual wills are aroused to activity and centered upon a single object.

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But the American people have clearly gone to the extreme of freedom, and in their desire to cut loose from everything in the form of a master have drifted loosely in accordance with inconstant whims and fancies. Our young men rush into trades and professions and work out their apprenticeship on a comfortable salary. The tedious discipline of apprenticeship is not pleasing to our youth, and they are everywhere trying to shun it. But notwithstanding our lax discipline we are beating the world as an industrial and commercial people. Our free individualism, though crippled by laxity of discipline, is more than a match for European institutionalism assisted as it is by a rigid observance of discipline. If our free, rollicking, wind-chasing individualism should once come to its senses and set about the work of rigorous self-discipline, then we should indeed behold a marvel of progress rise in the Occident to dominate the world.

The great reverence and respect accorded to the ancient Druid priest was not solely due to the blind superstition of the people. These old priests had real power, acquired by a long and severe course of discipline. The scant reverence shown to the Protestant clergy as compared with that shown by the laity of the papal church to their clergy is due mainly to the fact that protestant churches as a rule have been too lax in admitting to the pulpit untrained, undisciplined aspirants whose sole qualifications were a blind zeal and a vague pretense that they had been called. All the learned professions in our country are beset by raw novices who know nothing of self-discipline, and whose influence is continually tending to bring their chosen profession into disrepute. This is true because the sentiment of the public at large tolerates and encourages it. We have repudiated the discipline of institutionalism and set the individual free, but have neglected to lay upon him the all-important injunction that self-discipline is the first law of individualism.

N. David Jensen.

THE SUBJECT of our halftone insert this month is author of a book we have for sale, "In the True Light of Immortality, Who Am I?" In paper cover, 50c.

He was born in Denmark and came to this country when he was sixteen years of age. He at once began to unfold power in the new freedom of this free country. At the age of twenty-two he experienced what is called "conversion" in religious experience, and at once became a religious enthusiast. Always a sincere seeker after Truth, he naturally developed into the higher spiritual realm of Science. He is a brave advocate of Truth as he realizes it and an honest man. No higher encomium can any one have bestowed. Send 50c. for one of his books.

It is good to extend the circulation of The Life.

One of Many.

ON JUNE 9 last a request was received from a lady in a Missouri town to treat her son for nervous sick headaches and rheumatism, and his little girl for a blood tumor which the doctors said must be cut out. The good lady was distressed over the prospect of using the knife on the little girl and asked for the treatments without consent of her son.

The treatments were commenced at once and I wrote her some instructions as to her co-operation with me.

On July 8 the following letter was received from the applicant:

"I write you a few lines this morning to let you know how J. D. R— and daughter are getting along. Zena is well, no sign of any tumor to be seen. J. D. R— is well. I heard from him yesterday. They said he was not nervous and did not have any pain in his head and the nervous prostration had all left him. I had not heard from him since I wrote to you for treatment until last night. He is traveling for a St. Louis firm. Many thanks for your kind treatments and powerful words. You don't know how thankful I was when I got your letter and found little Zena did not have to go to the slaughter house. You may now stop the treatments."

On October 22, the following was received from the same lady. (She had told her son about the treatments.)

"My son sends his earnest thanks for your treatment. He has not felt any symptoms of rheumatism yet, nor had nervous headache since. And little Zena is all right since you treated her, the trouble has never returned."

So the Truth wins and its beneficent influence grows and spreads everywhere daily. It is the only *healing* power, however much other methods may seem to cure temporarily.

Tell your friends about The Life.

WE HAVE before us No. 1, Vol. 1 of "*Sound View*, A Magazinelet Devoted to the Obstetrics of Thought and the Philosophy of Existence," edited and published monthly by L. E. Rader and Frank T. Reid, Olalla, Puget Sound, Wash.

They call themselves "Evergreens," and aim to found a society of Evergreens. They have a green cover on their magazine and are pretty green generally.

I notice in many recent efforts at magazine making an attempt to be slangy and original (?). Most of it is disgusting to sensible people, who see in it a weak effort to imitate Hubbard and The Philistine.

Several such faint echoes have come to our desk lately.

One is the "*Ghourki*," whose founder poses as the "big chief" of an imaginary tribe. We Cherokee aborigines look upon such pretensions with disgust.

Soundview is gotten up, printed and paragraphed like The Philistine, of same size and shape. One article begins, "Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen." It is in sections, divided by little black leaves like you have seen in The Philistine. The editor says he likes originality, because it attracts attention.

I do not like the slangy, slipshod, by-goash, down-at-the-heel sort of language and manner so common nowadays among those who echo others who seem to have succeeded financially at it. The joky denial and perversion of all rules of decency and morality will not take long with earnest people.

"Soundview" is \$1.00 a year.

ON JUNE 27, 1902, I received a request from a young lady in a Missouri town to treat her father who was in the State Insane Asylum. Treatments and instructions for her co-operation were given at once.

I quote below part of a letter received recently from

the young lady. I will state here also, that none of this family knew anything of the Science. The treatments were engaged as a last resort in a desperate case, at the request of a friend. Here is what the daughter of the patient writes:

"I went after papa on the 11th day of August. He began to improve the week after you began your treatments, and became so much better he finally slipped a letter out to me to come for him. I had written Dr. W.—to release him, but he would not, and kept writing to me not to take him out. However, when I heard from papa I went for him immediately, and found him as well and happy as ever in his life. He was glad to see me—so glad to get out of the asylum, rejoiced at the home coming and as jolly as a school boy.

"We visited in the city for a week at a friend's home and papa went all over the city by himself, attended all the base ball games, bought him a new suit of clothes, 'ate everything in sight,' (he was literally starved,) and had a fine time generally. All the time the doctors at the asylum said he was 'not well' and tried to discourage me from bringing him home.

"We visited around until September, when we came home and papa took up his insurance work again and has made more money during the last two months than he ever did before. He eats heartily, sleeps well and is well and happy as can be now." (Dec. 5.) (His trouble began with melancholia, blues, depression, apprehension of evil, nervousness, sleeplessness, etc.)

"I feel so grateful to you, Mr. Barton, and shall call on you in the future if we need help. My father and I shall not soon forget your kindness.

"I should have written you all this long ago, but supposed you were too busy to be bothered. So many are too busy to be interested in others, you know. You are surely a *rara avis*, Mr. Barton. I do—we do—appreciate

your great work for us.

"Papa sends his kindest regards and I, my best wishes to *you*, Mr. Barton. We shall never forget you."

"Most truly— M. G—."

My Dear Miss Tong: I have just finished reading your lesson entitled, "The Art of Attracting Power, or Self Healing." It is excellent, and is in harmony with the fundamental law of Being. I can and do heartily recommend it to those who are seeking health, happiness and prosperity, through mental action, as a most helpful lesson. It should and I believe will, have a large sale.

Yours cordially, C. W. Close,

126 Birch st., Bangor, Me.

For sale at The Life office—10c.

Nov. 24, 1902.

Dear Mrs. Barton:—I received your letter yesterday, and today saw Miss K— at the High School, and she told me that the fever left her sister on Tuesday 16th, the day after you gave the first treatment. That is certainly very encouraging and Miss K— is very much relieved. She said two doctors had told her sister the fever would not leave for three or four weeks. She had a letter saying her sister would sit up today. I am so glad. Surely they will believe in Mental treatment after this. With much love,

F. C. B.

The wife of Elbert Hubbard, Editor of "The Philistine," East Aurora, N. Y., has brought suit against him for absolute divorce. A Miss Alice Moore has been named as correspondent in the suit. And Miss Moore has sued Mr. Hubbard for maintenance of her child, and a large punitive sum besides. Too many "heart to heart talks," maybe. Every man is "free" to act the fool if he wants to but he must pay the penalty just the same as they used to in old orthodox times. The law is not repealed.

Bible Lessons

1903, FIRST QUARTER.

Lesson I. Jan. 4.

PAUL AND SILAS AT PHILIPPI.—Acts 16:22-34.
KEY-NOTE:—"Believe into the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Six months ago we left the New Testament for six months' lessons in the Old. In our last lesson in the N. T. we left Paul and Silas in Philippi. We now take them up where we left them.

They are now on their second missionary journey, which extended into Europe. This journey lasted between two and three years, during which time Paul visited Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, Athens, and Corinth; after which he returned to Antioch.

Paul and Silas were joined at Philippi by Timothy and Luke.

One of the first converts here was Lydia, a dealer in purple fabrics. She had the missionaries lodge at her house.

On several occasions they saw a damsel on the street fortune telling or soothsaying. She was managed by a lot of men who were making great profit out of her utterances for the superstitious.

Paul was grieved at the sight, and with a word of command cast out the obsession.

Her managers and the rabble were very angry and had Paul and Silas taken before a magistrate who had them beaten with rods and cast into a dungeon with their feet in stocks.

About midnight, while the two prisoners were praying and singing praises, the doors of the jail were shaken

open as by a great earthquake. The jailor and guards were scared and appealed to Paul and Silas for counsel. They were taken to the jailor's house, washed and fed, and there they baptized the jailor and his family.

The note of truth shook the pile of error. The keynote was struck. The prisoners did not bewail their fate, but sang praises to the Good. By this they were delivered, and not by an accidental earthquake.

1. Who were Paul, Silas, Timothy and Luke?
2. What great works did they in Philippi?
3. What caused the imprisonment of Paul and Silas?
4. How did they take their misfortune?
5. What was the result?
6. How should we act under adversity?
7. Why give thanks in all things?

Lesson II. Jan 11.

CHRISTIAN LIVING.—Phil. 4:1-13.

KEY-NOTE:—"Rejoice in the Lord always."

This epistle was written by Paul in the Greek language to the church at Philippi about eleven years after his experiences there, as related in our last lesson, about A. D. 61. At the time of writing Paul was in prison at Rome.

Philippi was the chief city of Macedonia.

This letter was sent by Epaphroditus, a messenger who had come to Paul from Philippi with presents for him from the brethren there. The epistle to the Philippians in our New Testament was Paul's answer.

His counsel to them as we have it in our lesson is—

1. To stand fast in the Lord. Be firm in your faith in the Lord of you, the better self.
2. Unity and harmony between two contending brethren.
3. For the women and men to work together, shoulder to shoulder, as true yoke fellows.

4. To rejoice in truth and righteousness under all conditions. Paul did this.

5. To be tolerant and forbearing among themselves and toward all, so that the world would take note of it.

6. To be anxious about nothing, but in everything to be prayerful and thanksgiving.

7. To think only about things that are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, of good report or reputation, and of virtue and praise.

8. To follow both his teaching and example.

He promises them the peace of God if they follow his counsel.

It is all excellent advice, worthy to be followed by us all now.

He says he has learned to be content in all states and conditions, and to rejoice.

"I can do all things in the Christ that strengthens me." So can we all.

1. Where and when was this letter written and to whom?

2. What counsel did Paul give?

3. Why is it best to think only on true, good things?

4. What is it to stand fast in the Lord?

5. What is the "peace of God which passeth all understanding?"

6. Why may we do all things in the strength of the Christ?

7. Why be tolerant of all?

Lesson III. Jan. 18.

PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BEREÆ.—Acts 17:1-12.

KEY-NOTE:—"Thy word is a lamp to my feet."

Paul, Silas and Timothy went on from Philippi to Thessalonica, the capital of Macedonia, about A. D. 51, leaving Luke behind. There they preached in the Jewish

synagogue for three successive Sabbaths. A few of the Jews, many of the Greeks and not a few of the "chief women" believed and became disciples. But the main body of the Jews raised a disturbance. The mob went to the house of Jason where the apostles had been lodging, and not finding them there, they seized Jason and others with him and dragged them before a magistrate where they accused them of causing a disturbance of the peace by harboring men who claimed that Jesus was to be king. Jason gave bond to keep the peace and then the missionaries went to Berea, a city fifty miles southwest of Thessalonica. There they were received with favor and many converts were made.

What Paul preached was, "It behooved the Christ to suffer and to rise again from the dead, and that this Jesus whom I proclaim unto you is the Christ." The chief Jews said, "No; Jesus was an impostor. The Messiah is to come yet."

"Christ" is Greek and "Messiah" is Hebrew, both meaning "the sent," or "the anointed." Jesus was the sent Messiah, anointed of the Christ spirit.

The Christ comes in every Jesus that is born into the world. That spirit of Truth is ready to become individualized in every man and woman who has room for it in the Inn, the heart or soul. But most births of that character have taken place in the manger, among the lowly and meek.

1. What missionaries went to Thessalonica?
2. How were they received?
3. Whither did they next go?
4. What can you say of Berea?
5. What was Paul's message?
6. How and why was Jesus raised from the dead?
7. Who is the Christ?

Lesson IV. Jan. 25.

PAUL'S COUNSEL TO THE THESSALONIANS.—

1 Thess. 5:14-28.

KEY-NOTE:—"Hold fast to that which is good."

When Paul left Berea he went to Corinth. He did intend to go back to Thessalonica, but was unable to do so, and sent Timothy, a young pupil of his.

From Corinth he wrote this letter to the church at Thessalonica.

This epistle is probably the earliest of Paul's writings now extant. It was written about A. D. 51. At this time Claudius Caesar was emperor of Rome and Cumanus was governor of Judea. About this time the Britons were finally conquered by the Romans, after a long struggle. It had been almost 100 years since Julius Caesar invaded the island.

Paul's counsel, as we have it in this lesson, is:

1. To never render evil for evil, but always do good to all, whether they do good to us or not.
2. To rejoice always.
3. To pray without ceasing.
4. To give thanks in everything.
5. To quench not the spirit.
6. To not despise prophecies.
7. To examine all things and hold on to that which is good, and
8. To abstain from every form of evil.

He closes with this statement:

"And may the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your entire person—the spirit and the life, and the body—be preserved blameless in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he who calls you, who also will perform."

This is all good counsel for us today.

To pray constantly is to be continually doing the best we know and can and to never cease to recognize and affirm the good in all things.

I believe the good affirmation at the close of the lesson is scientific and sure to be realized by those who fol-

low the counsel.

1. To whom did Paul write this counsel, and when?
2. What is the effect of rejoicing in times of trial?
3. How may we pray without ceasing?
4. How may you be thankful in adversity?
5. What is it to quench the spirit?
6. How prove all things?
7. How abstain from appearance of evil?

Lesson V. Feb. 1.

PAUL AT ATHENS.—Acts 17:22-34.

KEY-NOTE:—"He proclaimed to them Jesus and the resurrection."

The Thessalonians sent men over to Berea to persecute the apostles there. Paul then went to Athens, the capital of Attica in Greece, 250 miles away.

Athens was the great metropolis of literature and art for the world. It was founded by Cecrops about 1556 B. C. It was named for Athenae, the goddess Minerva.

In the Parthenon, the temple of Minerva, the crowning glory of architecture for all time, was a colossal statue of the goddess, with face, hands and feet of pure ivory, forty feet high and draped in forty-four talents of pure gold (\$640,000.)

In 100 years Athens gave the world Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristides, Themistocles, Phidias, Zeno, Epicurus, Thucydides, Xenophon and Pericles.

Paul found 3000 public statues, almost all of gods. One altar was inscribed "To the unknown god."

The poet Petronius bitterly remarked that in Athens it was easier to find gods than men.

Paul was invited to speak before the Areopagus, the official council, on Mars Hill.

Paul began: "Men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are very devout (not "too superstitious"). "For,

as I passed along and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription: To an unknown God. Him therefore whom ye worship without knowing, I declare unto you."

He then told them that this God made all things, does not dwell in man-made temples, is not to be served or helped by men, is everywhere, and "in him we live and move and have our being, as certain ones of your own poets have said." He referred to Aratas, of Soli, in Cilicia; or to Cleanthes, the successor of Zeno. Both wrote these words, the former in his *Phaenomena*, and the latter in his *Hymn to Jupiter*.

Paul used great tact in this speech. He did not condemn them as lost sinners and command them to destroy their idols and altars. He said, I come to tell you about that unknown God to whom you have erected an altar.

They liked all his sermon except that about the resurrection of Jesus. Some objected to that. But many converts were made, among whom were Dionysius, one of the council, and a distinguished woman named Damaris.

1. Why did Paul go to Athens?
2. What can you say of Athens?
3. What did he find and do there?
4. Where and what is the God he preached to them?
5. What was the character of his audience?
6. What were the results?
7. How is our being in God?

The "New Books" dep't. has been crowded out this month. Next month we have in store for you a rich feast of New books. We will tell you all about them, honestly and fearlessly. We court no one's favor in these reviews. You may depend upon what we say about books and magazines. With charity for all and malice toward none, we say what we think.

It is good to extend the circulation of The Life.

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NOTICE

Our silent Hours are 6 to 7 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., central Standard time. All are requested to observe at least a part of one or both of those hours in the silence with us.

Key-Notes.

JANUARY.

Beginnings.

1 to 15.

I NOW BEGIN LIFE ANEW AND RISE TO A FULLER REALIZATION OF MY TRUE BEING.

16 31.

I PERSEVERE IN THE WAY OF TRUTH AND FALTER NOT IN THE COURSE OF MY UPWARD PROGRESS.

"The Sunshine Bulletin," formerly edited by Ray Williams at East Aurora, N. Y., has ceased to be. It seems that poor Ray, "the boy editor," was not healed of the mental trouble under which he formerly suffered. We hope he may yet find the true method of healing and be made free.

Healing Thoughts

("Put you on the Lord." Rom. XIII, 14,—Emphatic Diaglott.)

HOW GREAT a thing it would be upon this fine New Year day, if a world-wide Healing Breath from Infinite Life should move over the Earth and cleanse the people of every sickness and fear, and establish universal prosperity and harmony, making all things New with the year. *

There is a healing Breath that can do this and that does do it for all those who prepare themselves to willingly receive it. Noah's Flood typified just such a world-wide washing, and renewing. *

However, the Evangel of Peace touches the lintel and door-posts of those only who have prepared their minds for the touch of the Hyssop and the holy sprinkling,—the healing breathing. **

It is through effort we prepare ourselves. Exercise develops strength, whether mental or physical. We get wisdom and understanding through the willing exercise of systematic thinking. "In the way of Righteousness is Life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death." We *put on Righteousness* by clothing our thoughts in it. We keep health by keeping its words. **

Would you like to clothe yourself in health and strength as you would put on a beautiful garment? The instrument is at hand by which you can do this. There is one only instrument by which you can bring any condition. The Bible says so; all the philosophers say so, the metaphysical scientists prove it day by day. ***

Shall I tell you what it is you have at hand, that if you

will faithfully employ, it will clothe you in health and peace? It is easy to do; as easy as changing the thoughts from an unpleasant to a pleasant subject, only it must be done in an orderly manner, and with persistency. Any one may put on the beautiful garment of health and peace, it matters not whether he is in a kitchen or palace. All that is required of you is your *willingness* and work. Infinite Intelligence never forces any one. It has so much goodness, consideration and compassionate Love for Its children it never interferes with their *will*! *

This Intelligence is Scientific in all its nature. It awaits your readiness: "Whosoever *will*, may come" into the perfect consciousness, which means, into the perfect Life. Then, you who are ready may "Put you on the Lord," by speaking true words in their scientific order; by faithfully thinking and speaking *only the words of the Lord*, which here means the Anointed or the Christ within your nature.

The Lord-self does not have to use the *denials*, because *It* is already perfect and not subject to temptation. The soul however, when it begins speaking the words of the Lord, if errors appear, should speedily dismiss (by denials) the claim of error. This effort will strengthen the soul until the error becomes a step upon which the soul mounts higher, where it becomes better equipped for speaking the word of the Lord. Remember the word is not only powerful but quick, and one should not dwell in the denials. You deny, not because error is real (for nothing real can be destroyed) but to dislodge out of your consciousness the negative hypnotism or belief that error is entity and endowed with power. So you may *prepare* yourself for speaking the words that will clothe you in health and peace by soliloquizing thus:—

STATEMENT I.

(Wherein the soul builds a step out of *denials* and mounts higher)—

I am not bad. I am not separate from God. I do not believe in evil or depravity.

I do not believe in inherited meanness, nor sickness, nor despondency. I now refuse the doctrine of original sin and human helplessness. I deny the power of race-ignorance and superstition over me. I now sever all ties between me and the imperfect past. I am new. Nothing can alter the purposes of my Lord in me. I call no man my Father. Flesh is not a Cause. I now quicken into the consciousness of my freedom and immortality. *

STATEMENT II.

(Wherein the quickened soul *puts on its Lord*)—

One is my Father, even Holy Spirit. Infinite Perfection and Power are my Origin and Cause. I am the expressed Image of all the Heavenly Powers. All things are mine because I am the sum of all creation and the crowning energy of Elohim. I am sound and well and perfect in every part. I rejoice in exuberant, abounding health, and in my perfect freedom. * * *

STATEMENT III.

(Wherein the soul builds a second step and overcomes the things *denied*.)

I reject both fear and deception. I am not afraid—I am not separate from God, and I am not deceived about my origin, my place in Being and my destiny. Fear originates in the belief that we can be separate from God and Life. I deny this error, and the race-deception, trolled along on the car of ignorance, is upset. I am not afraid of anything—whether it be sickness or poverty or ill-will, disease or death—for there is nothing to fear. I am one with Infinite Life, and I cannot be separate from it for one instant. Because I reject every fear and falsity, I am fearless and free. I have destroyed fear from my mentality and its effects from my body. My understanding of what I am dispels the clouds of deception and the Sunshine of truth is bright and warming.

STATEMENT IV.

(Wherein the soul continues its true adornment by speaking the words of its Lord.)

I have dominion over fear and deception. I have all power in heaven and in earth. I subdue every imperfection by my shining Light. I have power over temptation, over sin, sickness and tragedy. I heal the sick, I uplift the fallen, I set free from fear, and awaken them that have been deceived. The spiritual creation is finished. I am the One whose office it is and whose power it is to now make *manifest* every perfect thing, in its season. I am the Lord, I change not from perfection. I am the Lord, of God, and all things are mine to perfect. * * *

STATEMENT V.

(Wherein the soul takes a third step through the denial of weakness and poverty.)

I do not believe in weakness and poverty. I am not poor, I am not weak. I cannot be overcome by poverty or weakness. I owe no debts that I cannot pay. I am not restricted in means. I do not embarrass people by keeping them waiting for just dues on account of my poverty and weakness. I do not fear debts. I am not worried about money or payments. The money idea shall never dominate me. I do what my hand finds to do the best I know, and the perfect Law duly makes all things right. I am not unable to pay what I owe. I do not desire to do any wrong. I do not desire to break any just law.

STATEMENT VI.

(Wherein the soul puts on strength and affluence.)

I am rich, opulent, abounding. I am the expression of Love and Affluence. I inherit only Love and Affluence. Love is Omnipotence, therefore I am the lawful heir of all Power, and abundance is ever ready at my command. I develop the earth, and show to all who believe in poverty and helplessness, that rich resources abound everywhere, and only wait the spoken word to pour their treasures at

our feet: I am the avenue of success. No man comes to Supply but through his Lord. *All* who are heavy laden may put on the words of the Lord, and come into the land of plenty and of Power.

STATEMENT VII.

(Wherein the soul puts wrong and falsehood under its feet.)

I have no enemy. I am not at enmity with anyone. I would wrong no one, and no one wishes to wrong me. I have no unkind intentions toward any living creature. I have no hate, no envy, nor jealousy, (for there is nothing so cruel or unkind or unloving as jealousy.) I do not kill. I do no wrong. These negative suggestions are powerless in themselves, yet have the results of their own deeds to meet. I deny their real existence in the whole earth. For if God is the only power, then falsehood and wrong are powerless, and must disappear from the imaginations of mankind, and righteousness and truth reign in all hearts. All things work together for good. I take the good lesson in everything that comes. I make each lesson a step upon which I rise to higher life and into better understanding.

CONCLUSION.

(Wherein the soul puts on the whole armour, and begins to shine of its Lord's Light.)

I and the Father are One. I can now say intelligently to Infinite Intelligence, "Abba, Father." *I am the Expression of Life.* All is Life. Life is everywhere. The airs are full of Life-vibrations. Everything should prepare to live, for life is omnipresent and eternal. All nature is athrill with life and vibrant with its exultation. *Life is the omnipresence of Truth and Love.* The birds sing it, the stars twinkle it, the brooks whisper it, the oceans roar it, the clouds thunder it, the flowers breathe it, I prove its unquenchableness.

I am the Expression of Truth. My inherent Purity shines until its whiteness dissolves every shadow of

falsehood and wrong. I dismiss all injustice and wrong. My whole life is now in accord with Truth. I am true to friends, true to seekers after truth. I am truth to all who seek truth, and wait for it. Truth is the *Omniscience of Life and Love*. Nature reveals its ways, the flowers unfold it, the tides tell it, the sun rises by it, the worlds move through measureless space governed by its time, crystals form by it, the trees bud and blossom it, even reluctant man tows into its port, sometime, sooner or later.

I am the Expression of Love. I am the child of Infinite Love. My only energy is that of Love. I love the race. I love God. I love every creature. I love my work, I love to be faithful, I love to be true. Love uplifts the fallen, instructs the ignorant, strengthens the weak, revives the dispirited, and gives new energy to all who accept it. I have power to heal diseases, to raise the dead, to forgive sins; for, *in Christ I am Love*, and Love is Omnipotent.

C. J. B.

A New Year Offering.

THE LIFE begins with this issue the second year of its existence as a monthly magazine and in April next will round out the ninth year of its life. Yet I believe very few weeks have passed during all this time that some one has not written, "It grows better with each issue." If this be true, what a splendid paper it must be now!

The secret of this success is that we are earnestly living up to the doctrine we ask others to accept as a rule of life and have proven what we teach to be true and practicable. If I had not proven the theories of the teaching and found them true and applicable to all the affairs of life, I would not recommend them to others.

But, friends, we need your support to continue this work. We expect you to get new subscribers and spread this gospel diligently. And those who are behind on their

subscription will please pay up. We must pay our printers and you will enable us to do it by paying us. We faithfully send you a costly magazine every month, full of the best things in New Thought literature—you can easily send us \$1.00 a year, 8½ cents a month, less than 2 cents a week. You can do it, and of course will do it.

We intend to add several new features to *The Life* this year and keep it right at the front in progressive thought.

Many new periodicals are springing up, some of them excellent—but none can fill the place of *Old Reliable*. It will be with you when others are forgotten.

Stand by The Life and help us to spread its influence.

And I wish to say a word about our lessons. Here in the Home School we give a course of instructions that is not equaled anywhere, and treatments free while the lessons are progressing. And you take a full course of the type-written lessons home with you. It fits you for active work and heals you.

And if you cannot come, we give you a correspondence course that prepares you for work in the Science. Don't be deceived by cheap lessons offered by so many. Better buy a book and read it, or take *The Life* for a year—you get those out of either and it costs less than those cheap courses.

Ours is not a cheap course. We send you a full type-written lesson that will require about an hour to read through. Attached are 20 test questions on the lesson. You study the lesson and write answers to the questions. You mail us your answers. We criticise them and grade them and return them to you with the next lesson, and so on to the end of the course. And all your questions are fully answered. At the end of the time you are given a diploma with our school seal on it. And you are treated free if you need it, for two weeks while you take the course. Thus you are thoroughly equipped for active work and have a

fine typewritten course of lessons for reference, besides. There is no humbuggery about this.

And we are constantly engaged in giving treatments, both present and absent, most successfully. We have not reduced the price because we do the work ourselves, letting none of it out to clerks and assistants. And the only advertising we have ever cared for has been for those who have been healed to tell those who need treatment. This keeps us busy. No one can give personal attention to more than fifty patients at a time, and the person who advertises to give treatments for \$1.00 a month and gets 500 or 1000 applicants is a humbug, a fraud. We give our patients full time and instructions for self-help—and heal them if they follow instructions. The results are very gratifying, indeed. Those who cannot pay are treated free of charge. Write to us—we can help you.

And I go out to other towns and cities and lecture and teach. Write for terms.

We are always delightfully busy, but never have more than we can do, for we affirm, "Only that which is for us can come to us."

We are always glad to hear from you and to be enabled to help you in every way possible.

Yours in the Love of Truth,

A. P. Barton.

C. Josephine Barton.

210 N. Madison Ave., Peoria, Ill.

I want to say how much we all appreciate your beautiful picture, "I am The Resurrection and The Life." I knew the minute I looked at it that it was *yours*. It breathes forth an up-lifting spirit of Peace and Faith and purest aspiration—or, as I look at it again, of wondrous expectancy. I shall pin it up beside Hoffman's "Christ."

P. A. S.

Correspondence

I WISH you would tell us something about the early Quakers' attempted settlement of New England, particularly in Boston. I have read histories that I think do not do them justice, that some of the women were indecent. Bancroft says they possessed the virtue of passive resistance in perfection, and, left to themselves, they appeared like a motley tribe of persons half fanatic, half insane. Were these charges true? If so, it seems strange that the orthodox church is coming nearer to them all the time.

Please give us your thought on the subject, for I know you have no fear and ask no favors. D. Wilson.

Answer:—The movement which ultimated in the Friends' Society began in the deep religious and intense spiritual nature of George Fox, born in Leicestershire, England, in 1624. The purity of his soul caused him to revolt against the corruption he saw in politics and the empty, unspiritual formality in the church. He particularly inveighed against priestcraft.

As he grew in power he became obtrusive in his conduct. He would rise up in church and speak against their deceitful forms and empty practices, and in the courts and lecture the magistrates to be just and merciful.

He soon began to gather followers. They called their society "Friends," as they wished to avoid sectarianism. At one of the interviews between George Fox and a magistrate named Bennet, who had committed him to prison, Fox said to him, "Tremble at the word of the Lord," whereupon Bennet called him a "Quaker." This epithet of scorn was well suited to the hatred of the people and it soon became the common name for the society of Friends. When Fox had been preaching 18 years the society num-

bered about 80,000. They believed in the inner light, in speaking and acting upon the motion of the spirit of the Lord within only, in doing away with all set forms and titles of honor, and oaths in court and office. Thee and thou and yea and nay were enough for a Friend. They were noted for honesty, sobriety, purity and integrity of life.

But Fox and his followers were grossly maltreated and persecuted by the church under Charles I. He was often imprisoned. Under Cromwell they had peace as a result of a conference between Cromwell and Fox in which the devout man won the heart of the ruler. But after the Restoration, Charles II again persecuted the Friends.

In July, 1656, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin came to Boston from Barbadoes, and soon after nine others, men and women, arrived from London in the *Speedwell*. They were not slow in announcing that they were Friends, or Quakers. Some religious fanatics called Puritans began a vigorous persecution at once. They were denounced as dangerous heretics and dragged before Gov. John Endicott. They stood with their hats on and called him "John" in a very open, plain manner. They were committed to prison for "Rudeness and Insolence," as no law had yet been enacted directly against Quakerism. But before the year was out one was passed fining them and banishing them and providing that the men have their ears cut off and their tongues bored and the women whipped for returning. But they went serenely on returning and being maimed and beaten, uncomplainingly, and yet rapidly increasing in numbers. Then a law was passed providing a penalty of death for returning after banishment, and many calmly suffered death under this law. The first were Wm. Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, and then Mary Dyer.

But nothing alarmed or checked them. They kept coming. The situation became alarming. Massachusetts

attempted to get all the colonies to combine against them. Roger Williams, then Governor of Rhode Island, the first Baptist preacher to settle in the New World, positively refused. Massachusetts threatened to boycott Rhode Island.

A revolt finally arose among the people and they began to act independent and in defiance of the Governor and magistrates. The jailor of his own accord threw open the prison doors and turned 28 of them out.

This went on, the Quakers still increasing, until Dec. 9, 1661, when the court ordered all the Quaker prisoners set free and persecution ceased.

William Penn, settler of Pennsylvania, was a Quaker, with all his followers.

No fair historian has ever charged these early Friends with lewdness or indecency. There is absolutely no truth in such stories. Fox himself was scrupulously clean in life, word and linen. He wore a rough leather suit for plainness and durability, but his underwear and person were spotless. His followers were like him in this respect. Cleanliness has always been part of the Quaker religion. And in all the early persecutions no charge of indecency or dishonor was ever made against them by their worst enemies.

Their offending consisted in three things:

1. They acted and spoke always as the Spirit moved them, utterly regardless of results. So they were not conventional and did not conform to customs.
2. They had no respect for titles of honor nor for forms and rites in the church, nor did they ever bow down before earthly powers.
3. They openly and in public places condemned corruption in office and church and private life, and always called things by their right names. To this day Quakers are proverbially honest, truthful, cleanly and sincere. They don't believe in war or any other form of cruelty or meanness, and if there were as many Quakers as there are

Methodists or Catholics, the world would be greatly improved. England and Germany would then find it difficult to raise men enough to murder the people in defenseless little Venezuela because the officials do not pay what they owe them. It is humiliating to see enlightened nations in this 20th century, Christian (?) nations, preparing for war to have men stand up and shoot at one another with deadly bullets. Friends would not do it.

A Pot of Message.

I NOTICE a number of the New-Thinking people are jumping onto Vegetarianism with both feet. What's the matter? Did they try it and couldn't stand it? Broke over! The flesh-pots of Egypt (—ian darkness) made them homesick? *

The half-civilized young cannibal who told his white friends he could no longer eat people, though he grieved some when his father was stewed, refusing to pick his bones, ate heartily of the sop and said it was delicious.

He hadn't sufficiently abstained from man-eating, though the little effort he has made will remove the temptation several leagues further from his children. *

Vegetarianism is all right. Killing animals is all wrong. Let those who are fearing the Lord and beginning in wisdom write freely upon the subject. It is good to do it. They have my blessing and my profound commendation. They are humanitarian. They grow in grace.*

Let him who is established in the truth of Being, take no trouble-thought about what he shall eat. * *

The disciples told it on Jesus that he ate a piece of broiled fish after his resurrection. If he did it was home-made, by his word, and didn't have to be killed.

I have heard preachers rise up and say, "Be good, be good, O, wicked world, be good, O, bad little children," while the preacher himself was a whited sepulcher, *much* needing to turn round and become as those little children

he leered at from the pulpit! * * *

Jesus would have sided with the children, every time.

He objected to killing, and set great lessons of raising from the dead. His was the doctrine of *eternal* life.

(Left over from last issue.)

Nov. 17, 1902.

HOW ARE the *flowers?*" asks a sweet Joplin, Mo., friend, who visited us late in October.

Fine. You know Kansas City leads in fine forest trees, natural blue-grass, (which is volunteer throughout the wild-woods and pastures, the year round) and rare flowers. It is the warm Heart of U. S.

I gathered a fine bouquet this morning from my garden. The people down South think we are out of flowers by the last of November, but the nasturtiums never looked better than now, and our cannas are blooming as if they had not heard about approaching winter.

A beautiful, newly opened scarlet poppy is a member of the bouquet (or flower convention). It does not tell of the work it has been doing, it prefers the mute testimony of the universal Intelligence that leaves no point in leaf or petal unperfected in structure, tint and sweetness, by the universal Limner.

Only the Right is true. Surely manifestation of the perfect soul within it is,—*not* intoxicating but reviving, enlivening, vitalizing, inspiring.

There it hangs, pushed forth through a thread-like stem,—a living, glowing, loving marvel!

There is food enough for thought to drive far from you any unrest, and to sustain you all the way through its unfoldment back to its great ORIGINAL. C. J. B.

D R. GEO. W. CAREY of St. Louis has this to say of vaccination:

"I have a list of 3,000 of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the world, among whom are superintendents of small-pox hospitals in London, who be-

lieve that vaccination is the supreme folly of the ages.

"Here is a scientific fact—the human body is made up of cells, these cells die every moment and new ones are formed every moment—thus the body is constantly being renewed. Query: How can vaccination have any permanent effect?

"The cells that were, by some hocus pocus, supposed to have been rendered immune from the so-called contagion of small-pox one year ago are not in the body today, but have been replaced with new cells over and over again.

"Vaccination is a childish superstition, but it has wrought more havoc in the human race than war and famine, and he who defends it today shows he is entirely ignorant of biology, physiology and the true chemistry of life."

The following is vouched for as a true story by one of our subscribers: A Methodist preacher was going to whip his little boy for being naughty, according to the Rev. father's code. First he knelt down with the victim and prayed. When he had finished he grasped his stick and prepared for the attack. But the boy said, "Hold on, papa, till I pray." Of course the request was granted. The little fellow said, "O Lord, forgive papa, for he doesn't know what he is about to do." The result was that the boy escaped the licking. The parent who whips a little child does so because he is bigger than the child. After the child grows to near the size of the parent he is often more naughty and wayward than when he was smaller. But the thrashings cease. Why? On account of the size of the transgressor. A big six-footer said to a mite of a boy who had sauced him, "Look here, boy, if it were not for your size I would give you a good licking." The little fellow looked up at the giant and replied, "That's a queer coincidence. If it weren't for your size I'd give you one."

(From Fanny M. Harley, former editor of Universal Truth.)

November 10, 1902.

My Dear Mr. Barton:

I WAS delighted with your beautiful magazine when it was received a few days since. I did not know that you had changed your style and 'it was a most pleasant surprise to me. I love to see growth and success, for these are evidences of understanding. The Truth will make us free of all false beliefs of mind, body, and estate. Success along any line, rightly attained, must therefore indicate an approximate knowledge of Truth.

When I was in Colorado this summer I very much desired to come home by way of Kansas City and call on all of the dear friends there, but when the time arrived my husband felt that he must come straight home, as he had taken all the time from his business that he could spare.

When next you and Mrs. Barton come to Chicago I hope that you will not fail to call upon us.

Gouverneur, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1902.

My Dear Mrs. Barton:—

I SEND you my answers and five dollars, which I think pays for Lessons as I have paid for each one until the last two.

I am very sorry they are finished; they have been like drops of gold, or I might say sparkling diamonds, to me, cheering and brightening the way I am trying to follow. They have brought light to dark places, and smoothness where it was rough, to use sunshine in the place of sorrow, hope when discouraged and the illumination of faith over all, and as I read the last lesson closing with these words, "All things are yours. God bless you", a feeling of power came over me, and it seemed as if God's blessing was indeed upon me.—Dear Mrs. Barton, I thank you; money cannot pay you. With love, Lizzie F. Hill.

Bro. P. Braun, in his October-November issue of *The New Man*, jumps upon Prof. R. E. Dutton of Lincoln, Nebraska, with both feet. And he has great hob-nails in the soles of his boots, too. He makes some serious charges against him, among which are, extreme youth, hayseed origin, little education, and that his lessons on self-hypnotic healing are faulty and deficient in spelling, grammar, composition, consecutive thought, and morals, that they may lead to insanity and obsession and that the author claims to have powers which he has not. And he seems to intend utter annihilation of the boy, for he promises to continue the work of demolition indefinitely in future issues of *The New Man*. Besides, he is sending "marked copies" everywhere. Goodness! Me! How awful.

This is November 21. Beatrice, after breakfast this morning, invited me to take a stroll with her in the garden. I was astonished to find in full bloom roses, violets, zinnias, hollyhocks, asters, morning glories and several other kinds of flowers. We gathered a bouquet for her to take to her teacher. We have had no freeze to kill the flowers yet. As the price of fuel has been so high, it does seem, really, that "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Fanny M. Harley's Books.

Simplified Lessons in the Science of Being. Cloth \$1.25; paper, 50c.

Sermonettes from Mother Goose for Big Folks. 50c.

Heilbroun; or Drops from the Fountain of Health. 50c.

Send to this office. Mrs. Harley, former editor of *Universal Truth*, needs no introduction to you. You know her works are worth their weight in gold.

Stand by The Life and help us to spread its influence.

Little Lessons in Elohim Kindergarten

LESSON V.

MANIFES- TATION

IT IS good to know that Infinite Spirit is complemented by our best work and our best fruits. We approach nearest to the heavenly life when our thoughts are all upon harmony, and when our physical bodies show forth balanced strength and beauty.

It has been said, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, God will not *despise*." No. God despises not even that. David said that, just after he had asked Universal Intelligence to do "hide Its face from his sins," (as if such a Face could hide from any real thing!) "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness," he besought, and then added, "For Thou delightest not in burnt offering, else I would give it."

David was pretty bad off! He wash't manifesting the image of God in him as he had done in his youth when he herded his father's flocks and harped forth his mental harmony upon his harp, for his bones were badly affected as if by *envy* in his heart. I shouldn't wonder if Solomon made this discovery in regard to envy. In one of his wise proverbs (XIV, 30) he said, "A sound heart is the life of the flesh; but envy the rottenness of the bones." A sound heart of course here means one without anything like envy in it. The two kinds of hearts are here contrasted. One full of the right kind of impulses and one without the right kind. We know that history makes David out a very ugly envier at one time.

It is very well for one as wicked as King David was at times, to get into that "contrite heartedness" and broken spiritedness. He had been so unjust he got afraid of jus-

tice, and as fear is the beginning of Wisdom and consequently the return to right behavior, this condition of heart was just the proper thing, in David's case. * *

Contrition is very appropriate for one who has been extremely wicked. It is simply the running up against too high a stack of iniquities to walk over, and one gets a checking up. Whether he has hurt himself or not, he at the first moment looks for some one *else* to help him. And when he sees others can only point the Way, he then begins to struggle, and soon rises to his feet. He begins to think for himself, he walks more circumspectly and thenceforth strives to keep his path clear. * *

There is a condition one may arrive at where one's desires may *all* be fulfilled, and rightly. "Delight thyself in thy Lord, and thou shalt have the desires of thine heart." This is because your Lord is your own spiritual self, your Christ, and when you delight in that, you delight to live the Christ life, and then *all* your desires are right and pure, and there can be no objection to their fulfillment.

While upon the one hand God will not despise contrition,—since the contrite one is getting ready to overcome his faults, step upon them and get up into better light,—upon the other hand, it is written, "The Lord loveth the *Righteous*."

Now *righteous* does not refer to one who goes to church and prays, though pretty clever people often do that. It is the one who loves the Right because it is right and who is willingly co-operative with the laws of Right.

The real *motive* for living the true life, is not to please God, nor to have health. Since this is *not* the object, let us disabuse our minds of the idea as soon as possible, and get the Truth *whatever* that may be.

This world has seemed considerably out of tune. It is a big musical instrument, but some of the strings have been exposed too much to cold and are wheezy; some have

been exposed to too much damp and are rusty; others have been overworked and are flattened in tone.—C natural, though in good condition, may, when trying to complement flattened and depleted E, give forth a doleful mixture of major and half-minor, when the major tones alone should manifest the pure and resonant interval. *

The entire instrument needs tuning. For the perfect chords—strange and deplorable as it may seem—cannot make Harmony without the perfection of the whole! Are you your brother's keeper? Yes if you know some great principle in truth he does not know, you must say to him, "Awake, awake, put on *thy* strength for *thy* Light is come." (This is the spoken word that brings forth his light or understanding—"thy Light is come.") You must thus tune him, so that his jarring thoughts will not prevent the true quality of your own notes from being heard, but will augment the true vibrations.

The right motive is really the natural one that impels us to be all the time manifesting the best in life, the best seeing, the best hearing, the best physical body, the best everything with which we have to do, the best household, the best neighborhood, the best world, all by getting into mental co-operation with the principles of Harmony made possible and practicable through our understanding of the laws of Being. * * *

From the question of hired help to the conduct of a throne, all things rightly done are accomplished through harmonious, complementary, co-operation. The Vroomans are right. Anything else will foster discord, and insure the manifestation of inharmony. That which is in the thought will show itself. There is nothing hid that shall not be revealed. Manifestation is always true to the mind whether it be of an understanding mind, or the mere guesswork of a clouded imagination. I once heard a preacher say he knew there was a hell because he had been there. You can plainly see how any one could be in torment who believed in such a place for most of his friends!

Speaking of preachers reminds me of Mr. Sheldon's over-zealous concern in behalf of "servant girls." They began to wish he would let them alone. The question is not a difficult one. My own hired help have been with me for nearly two years, and there has been perfect harmony between them and me. During that time there has not passed between us the slightest cross or unkind word. In-harmony is unnecessary in any household. Under relative right thinking everything will manifest in harmony and peace. *

This world is not the hand-writing of God, but a proof-sheet of that writing, rewritten in visible letters, by mankind. People have been taught that beautiful and true things are manifestations of God, and though it is a kind impulse that moves them to say so, it is not true. The rose is not a manifestation of ALL, but of only a part of the symbol. It is mankind's perfect representative in so far. Any perfect thing is a word of God respoken by man and written down, or, manifested by his thought.

Longfellow calls our love the wavering image of God-Love, and it has been a wavering manifestation also. Life in our hearts may be called the wavering image of the Perfect Life, and so far, the imperfect symbolization. In like manner also has man's trueness waveringly manifested his *right loyal consciousness* of the Truth of being.

When this world and all that herein is, shows forth the perfect hand-writing, and everything blossoms in its natural glory and beauty, it will then be one symbol of wholeness. And when all the worlds are without discords, all will manifest perfection and thus fulfill its mission.

Let us so fulfill the Law of Right that *proof* will appear to all, so they may symbolize it, and so complement the perfect work everywhere. Thus shall the perfect Law be fulfilled, and the happiness and prosperity of every one be secured.

C. J. B.

For The Children.

(Continued from page 10.)

Mary is a kind-hearted little girl and will grow up to be a good woman. She does not give us her post office address, or she might get some letters from other little readers of The Life.

Here is another letter:

Dear Mr. Barton:

I live on a farm near Newberg, Minn. I am ten years old. I have nine pets. They are four doves—Peter, Beauty, Major and General.

I have a black Shetland pony that I call Flora Bell, two dogs, Shep and Penny, and two cats—Snowball and Kit.

I helped papa in haying and harvest.

I go to school in Newberg. There is a big hill near the school house that is covered with ice and snow, where we slide.

My Mama takes The Life and we like it very much.

Russell Johnson, Newberg, Minn.

Russell writes just like a boy, don't he? I am sure he is a fine boy and that all his pets love him.

In Rawlins, Wyoming, I have a dear little friend, a manly little fellow with "a head of his own." He is a science boy. His name is Harold Donald. His mama sends some of his sayings, he being not five years old yet.

Here they are:

It was early in the summer and he had helped his mama to plant the flower seeds and had seen the plants grow up. He lives close to the undertaker's parlors. He had heard from other children about those who were taken away from there in the "funeral wagon," as they called the hearse, being put in the ground. He is always studying things out and then questioning his mama about them. So he said, "Mama, when the funeral puts the people in

the ground, do they plant them to grow again?"

He wanted to know which one of us grew first and if we grew up out of the ground. He is always wanting to know *where* God is and what God is. A short time ago his mama was making icing for cake; he asked for a bite of "paralized" sugar. When he was about 4, one day at dinner he discovered oysters in his soup:—"Oh", said he, "See the *wild roosters* in my soup." He has learned that they are oysters and not roosters; but he still persists in calling them *wild*. I think he gets "wild" from his idea of real, or an actual thing, instead of a picture of it, as he calls apples or grapes *wild* (the real fruit.)

His foot evidently was asleep one day, for he called to us that his foot was "singing." "Don't you hear it?" he said and lifted it up and thought it strange that we could not hear or feel it "sing."

He used often to say there was a bell ringing, he could hear it in his head.

There had been a number of railway wrecks and he had learned the strange whistle call: One day he asked his mama what made the wreck, and not deeming it necessary to go into all the details she answered she did not know. Whereupon he said, "Mama, you see the engineer is in the train reading a paper and he does not look up when the train comes round to a bend and he does not see it, and then the cars run off the track." "Why Harold, who told you these things?" asked his mama. "Nobody told me; I just knew it myself." So it seems he generally has a way studied out of his own for things.

Now I want you all to write me *right away* and tell me *everything* you have to be thankful for at the beginning of this New Year. Don't forget, now, nor put it off. Let me hear from you.

A father fearing an earthquake in the region of his home sent his two boys to a distant friend until the period should be over. A few weeks after, the father received this letter from his friend: "Please take your boys home and send down the earthquake."

WHEN MR. MADDEN, the third assistant post-master general, made his report of the postal system of the nation for this year, he struck another blow at the magazines of the country, as he has on several other occasions. He says there is a shortage in the mailing system of about three million dollars a year—that is, the carrying and distribution of the mails cost that much more than the postage paid amounts to. This shortage is on second class matter, as the other classes more than pay expenses. He suggests that the magazines, that class of periodical literature which is for education and amusement only, and cannot be used by partisan politicians, be charged 4 cents a pound, instead of 1c. as now.

It needs no argument to show how grossly unjust and ruinous that would be.

Why can't some of these postal service people see the real reason why Uncle Sam loses money on his post office industry and suggest a remedy that will apply where it is needed?

We are paying the railroads \$30,000,000 a year for hauling the mails. A committee appointed by the national board of trade has ascertained that this is four times as much as they charge for carrying an equal weight of passengers and twice as much as they charge the express companies for similar freight. If the railroads could be compelled to make reasonable charges for transporting the mails, or, better still, if the government (the people) owned the railroads, the postal system would pay millions annually over and above its expenses toward the running of other departments.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 8, 1902.

Dear Mr. Barton: I enclose \$1.00 for "The Life" for 1903. You and your good wife keep it up to a very high standard.

Cordially yours, Henry Wood.

(Thank you.--We hope to always deserve such high praise.—Eds.)

MUSIC, ART, LITERATURE,
HEALTH, BEAUTY AND HARMONY
COME THROUGH

INSPIRATION.

¶I teach and give personal help and advice to those who seek these things. Address with stamp,

STELLA C. BISHOP,
Box 574. Rico, Colo.

WORTH PRESERVING

I have just printed a neat little pamphlet entitled "Worth Preserving", which contains beautiful sayings from the Bible and great men, and will send one copy free to each and all who ask, enclosing stamp for postage; I have nothing to sell. Address B. M. ANGLE, M. S.

1234 Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

HINDOO MAGIC.

I wish to announce to the many readers that I have returned from India, where I spent sixteen years amongst the masters and adepts (magi,) and I have some very valuable literature pertaining to hypnotism, mesmerism, magnetic healing, suggestive therapeutics, occult mysteries, hindoo magic, adeptship, witchcraft, personal and vital magnetism, psychic diagnosis, black art, magic and sorcery, necromancy, pneumatology, (astral influences,) diabolical and ceremonial magic. Invocations, conjurations of spirits, mediaeval theosophy, philosophy, of disease and medicine, also clairvoyance, propelling astral body, occult influence, mediumship and occult or thaumaturgic powers. To bind, to constrain, to appear and discharge evil spirits, the nature, possibilities and dangers of spiritualism, magical art, demonology and witchcraft, mundane and sub-mundane spirits, methods used by magis and necromancers to call up the souls of the dead, exorcisms, black magic, cosmos, cure of obsessions, curses, chaos, elementaries, earth-bound spirits, haunted houses, mumia, witchcraft, mumia of criminals and suicides, magnus limbus, karma, images, love charms, lying spirits, prophecy, psychometry, remedies against witchcraft, voodooism, vampires, and witch trails, etc. I will send this literature to readers of The Life—free Send stamp for postage. Address, Dr. T. J. Retiero, G. P. O. M. (Dept. L.) 2184 Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

T H E L I F E

F E B R U A R Y, 1 9 0 3

The Passing of Materia Medica



THE NEWSPAPERS said that Thos. A. Edison, the greatest living scientist and investigator of the secrets of Nature, "threw a bomb into the medical camp" as a New Year's gift. The "bomb" was the following statement made in the course of a general review of the progress of the day:

"Medicine is played out. Every new discovery of bacteria shows us all the more convincingly that we have been wrong and that the millions of tons of stuff that we have been taking was all useless. The doctor of the future will give no medicine, but will instruct his patient in the care of the human frame, in diet and the cause and prevention of disease."

And, one of the most significant and gratifying facts about it is, that, while the doctors and patent medicine venders are snarling and trying to ridicule the great scientist, the newspapers have, almost without exception, quoted his statement approvingly, and in many cases, editorially commented in the same vein.

The *Post-Dispatch* of Sunday, Jan. 4, says, editorially:

"This is equivalent to saying that the patient study of 2000 years has brought no fruit. There is absolutely nothing in medicine. All the remedies in materia medica are void of anything but evil. Such is the revolutionary doctrine of this man of science."

The *Journal* and *World*, both of Kansas City, had a good word to say of this opinion and some strong words against drugs.

It is gratifying to us pioneers in the New Thought, who have stood alone so long in our advocacy of no drug healing, to see the thought taking hold so strongly and universally.

One editor of a popular paper says medication is an effort to improve on Nature and that it cannot be done. The writer further says that if advancement in the science of healing depended on the doctors, we would today be going to our barber to be bled, and starving sick people to death, and famishing them for water.

It is a fact that cannot be gainsaid with any reason or scientific proof, that medicines never healed any one, but have killed many thousands. Any honest doctor will tell you that there is nothing known in all medical science—so-called—that will heal one of typhoid fever or pneumonia. And the drugs they give in such cases to allay cough and cool fever are absolutely harmful and hinder the healing work of nature. In pneumonia the cough is nature's provision for clearing lungs and bronchial tubes, and any effort to defeat this process is a positive hindrance to the healing work of nature. The drug given for this purpose is an opiate which lowers the vitality of the patient and renders sluggish his vital centers, thus minimizing his chances for recovery.

In fevers, nature quickens the circulation of the blood for the purpose of throwing off the poisons and effete matter in the system, and any effort to cool the fever is a positive injury to the patient, a hindrance to nature's healing work. This is now admitted by some of the most eminent physicians of the world. People have been taught that fever burns up the tissue of the system, and they are scared while the pulse is over 100. It does nothing of the kind. It burns only the dross. It is true that

the patient suffers in the process, but to stop it would be fatal. It must do its work.

How does the doctor cool a fever? By having the patient swallow a poison that renders the heart too weak to beat so fast, and, of course, the pulse gets slower. A bigger dose of the drug would stop the heart altogether, as has been done many times.

What is there in medication, anyhow? Is there any healing principle? There are only six physical effects of drugs on the human system, and it can easily be shown that not one of them is healing.

A cathartic may relieve the effects of constipation temporarily, but no one claims that it ever heals the disease. It only renders the functions of the internal organs less efficient and the natural operation of the life principle in the viscera less active. The pill or drug benumbs and cripples natural action so that it will be more and more imperative to resort to it again. It sets up an artificial in place of the natural method of action.

The same is true of a pepsin which is intended to help digestion. Stimulants and sedatives are followed by a reaction that more than counteracts the apparently good effect of the drug.

Any drug is a poison and the effort of nature to throw it out when taken into the system we call the drug acting. In some instances, the stomach can throw it off better, in others the kidneys and in others the bowels or other secretory portion of the body. There is no action in drugs of themselves at all.

Anything that cannot be digested and assimilated into the body is a poison. If an article is taken into the digestive machinery that is not of the elements or constituents of the physical body, is foreign to those elements, or not homogeneous in composition, it cannot be assimilated, and is therefore a poison, and nature begins at once to try to throw it off. In the case of a drug, we call it the

drug acting. The drug has no power of action at all. It is utterly dead.

We are gradually but surely growing out of and above the use of medicines of all kinds. The day is not far distant when medication will be a thing of the past, and the healer will study the human body and mind and health instead of disease and chemicals. And when he graduates, he will go out to teach people how to be well, how to utilize the air, the sunshine, exercise, water and food, and how to think good, pure, wholesome, fearless thoughts so as to keep the body alive and well and active.

To illustrate further, the utter futility and ridiculous humbuggery of medical treatment of disease, allow me to call your attention to two forms of disease affecting directly the mucous membrane: Catarrh and hay fever. These are appallingly prevalent in this country. Why have not the students of materia medica found a specific for them? Have they found anything in all the realm of their mineral poisons and animal filth that will even alleviate one of these diseases? Nothing. I will venture to say without fear of successful contradiction, that not even one case of well developed catarrh or hay fever has ever been healed by any material medicine. The advertiser's claims of healing of these diseases are entirely false—not one case has ever been healed, permanently cured, by drugs.

I have taken it upon myself to interview some of the persons whose pictures have appeared with statements over their own signatures that they have been healed; and invariably I have found that the person was not healed at all. One man in this city, when I asked him why he gave his picture and statement which I saw in a daily paper, replied:

"Well, they took me over there and washed me out and filled me up with stimulants and electricity until I felt so good I thought I was healed. While I felt so well, they put the statement you saw under my nose for me to sign

and got my photograph. But after I had been home two weeks I was worse than ever I was before." A similar statement has been made by all I have investigated.

What sort of "progress" is this, then, in medical "science" in this twentieth century? They do not claim to cure pneumonia, or typhoid fever, and have never cured a case of hay fever or catarrh. What have they done? Only drugged and starved and butchered thousands of trusting victims to death every year, while they are constantly disputing over remedies and condemning the old while they claim to have discovered new ones.

The bare fact that the two great schools or divisions of medical practitioners are diametrically opposed to and bitterly condemnatory of one another, both in their theories of disease and their remedies, ought to be enough in itself to convince any sane mind of the utter unreliability of the whole business.

If your child is sick and you call in a homeopath, the alopaths will say your child is without medical treatment. If you call an alopath, the homeopaths will say your child is being killed with deadly drugs. And both would be near the truth; for homeopathic medicines are almost as good as nothing, and those of the alopath are poisonous and dangerous, especially to little children.

Mr. Edison is correct, medicine is played out. People are fast learning that they are vastly better off without it, even if they have nothing in its place but good nursing and proper nourishment.

But we have discovered a method of treatment that does heal, a method once used very successfully by a noted metaphysician in Palestine, but which soon after his time fell into discredit on account of the gross materiality of the race. It is a method which co-operates with nature and applies mental stimulus to the vital centers of the body.

The practitioners of this system of healing believe in

fresh air, sunshine, pure food, exercise, cleanliness, good thoughts, joy, laughter and good will. They do not believe in drugs of any sort, nor starvation, nor overindulgence, nor fear, nor worry, nor any manner of evil.

They both treat their patients mentally and teach them the true philosophy of health, so that they may grow to such a mastery over their bodies and conditions that they will not need treatment any more from any one.

This philosophy of healing and health we advocate and teach in *The Life* and in our school. And its art we are practicing daily with great success.

Shakespeare said, "Throw physic to the dogs." A modern philosopher has said, "It's no use—the dogs would not take it. Nature teaches them better sense." Let us have no more of it. It heals nothing.

A graduated physician of this city said to me a short time ago, "Medicine is the biggest humbug on Earth. It does only harm. I know too well what the stuff is. I have dosed out bushels of it. But I will never give another dose to any one." Let us be free.

• • New Books • •

I HAVE a physician friend in this city, Dr. Henry W. Miller, who has written what I consider a great book, *The Custom of Barter*. He calls it "The Uncle Tom's Cabin of the industrial revolution."

It is bound in paper and has 242 full, readable pages. Price 50c.

Dr. Miller is an educated gentleman and a clear, forcible writer and speaker.

The subjects treated in this book are, Instinct and Reason; The Custom of Barter; Wealth; Is there a Standard of Value or a Measure of Value? Psychism; Morality and Immorality; Gold; Facts and Falsehoods Relat-

ing to Money; Debasing of Coinage; Selfishness and Sophistry; Financial Policy of Lycurgus; Usury—Interest; Governments; Political Economy of Christ; Political Economists; Nationalization of Money; National Bonds; The Custom of Barter Concluded.

The author is a social economist and reform Scientist of no mean proportions.

That you may have a better idea of the spirit of the book, I will append a few characteristic quotations.

"Compensation is the law of Nature throughout the Universe. The custom of barter is the law of compensation in the social state."

"When the religious world teaches the Natural Law for church and State alike, it will gain a power for right that sects can never possess."

"It is futile to resist effects. Evil is in effect only."

"Mind is the cause world, the objective world is the effect. Mind is universal. The human mind possesses the potentialities of the Creator."

"The idea of value resides in the mind alone, hence it cannot be intrinsic in anything but the mind."

Among the inferior animals nothing has value, although some things possess utility. "Value grows out of the custom of barter."

"The value of a thing is the relation that a commodity or service bears to another commodity or service in barter. This relation is the esteem that men have for things; this esteem exists in the mind, but not in the commodities or service."

"In sociology as in physics, compensation is the Law of Nature. In the custom of barter, which, like all law, is continuous, there is no debt; hence it proceeds that a national debt is unnatural, and therefore immoral. A nation was designed to co-operate with its citizens and where there is perfect co-operation there is compensation, which carries with it freedom from debt."

"By Nature the unit of value, which inheres only in the mind of man, mediates between man and man, and naturally causes him to co-operate in harmony with all the economies of Nature; hence Nature is Christian, and Christianity is natural."

"All reform forces in society are unscientific, that is, unchristian. They resist evil, but do not resist the cause that produces the evil."

The chief fault I find in the book is that it makes a rather dark picture of present conditions, socially and politically, and of the destiny of our nation, unless the suggested reforms are put into operation. I believe that we are safe; for there are enough Dr. Millers and others who have right ideas to make the cause of reform a resistless, progressive power. Even now we may do as Jesus would do and be safe and prosperous.

The author's doctrine is founded on the Sermon on the Mount and other teachings of Jesus. It is a wholesome book to read. You will all do well to send 50c to this office and procure a copy.

The Lover's World is a new 500-page book by Dr. Alice B. Stockham of Chicago. It is beautifully bound in maroon silk, for \$2.25, or in full morocco, \$2.75.

In this book Dr. Stockham, whom we all know as the author of *Tokology*, *Karezza*, *Koradine Letters*, and other good books, has given to the world the fruit of a long experience and very extended research into the most vital issues of life. The ground covered includes love, marriage, parenthood, home, healing by love and true thought, recreation, sleep, dress, beauty, the baby, the boy and girl lovers, and the awakening.

It is a powerful work, chaste, fearless, clear, helpful and very interesting.

There is no namby-pamby mincing of ideals or tran-

Continued on page 98.

Meditations

—By Haxton—

IT WAS in the summer of 1581. The discovery of Columbus was still a mystery. The new country was of unknown extent, and in the mind of the European explorer was veiled in mystery and abounding in untold wealth in gold and silver. The small party of adventurers which attracts our attention on the date mentioned above was keenly alive to all the stories of the new wonderland of the west, and were moving forward with purposes quite as diverse as will be found generally in a company of twenty-six persons traveling together. In this company there were eight Spanish soldiers, mounted, and in full armor. Each soldier had an Indian servant. The horses ridden by the soldiers were also caparisoned with full coat of mail. There were six other Indians in the company, and one man of that indefinite racial affinity known as Mexican. But the three men of this troupe who most deserve our thoughtful attention and respectful consideration were Francisco Lopez, Juan de Santa Maria, and Augustine Rodriguez, missionaries of the Franciscan order. On the above date this company of twenty-six men was seen slowly and laboriously making their way northward through the burning, sun-baked sands of the province of Chihuahua of north central Mexico. The moving spirit of the party was Augustine Rodriguez, an old man, very devout and full of the zeal born of a faith in the efficacy of the cross of Christ which used to make martyrs and heroes.

...

The company moved on. The soldiers were oppressed in the extreme heat by the weight of their armor, but as true Spanish privates of that day they knew nothing but

obedience to the word of command from their superiors. As the three priests trudged along they were inspired in their arduous toil by no hope of earthly reward. Father Rodrigues had heard of the pueblos to the north, and with a true missionary spirit had conceived the plan of carrying the Christian religion to these strange people. He had won to a like purpose his younger brethren, Francisco Lopez and Juan de Santa Maria. He had sought and obtained permission from his ecclesiastical superior to make the journey, and had obtained from the viceroy of the province the military escort with which we have seen him on his way. The journey lay along the Conchos river to its junction with the Rio Grande. They were a month on this portion of their route. What they here met with was enough to discourage any one not actuated by a sublime purpose. The native tribes along the Conchos river were wild, ignorant savages, subsisting chiefly upon roots and the fruits of the cactus. After they reached the Rio Grande, their course lay along its banks upward to the north. They soon met with a native settlement occupying forty-five houses, some of which were two and some three stories high. These people tilled the soil, had abundance of maize and other products of agriculture, and wore cotton clothing. The priests called this country the New Kingdom of Mexico, a name which, in substance, it has ever since retained, notwithstanding it had been twice before differently named. They did not halt with the first settlement, but pushed on to the north, passing the present site of the city of Albuquerque, and reaching finally the populous and fierce nation of the Tanos somewhere near the northern boundary of the present territory of New Mexico. This fierce nation was so hostile to the little company that they retraced their steps, and finally determined to take up their sojourn among the Tiguas, a people then living on the Rio Grande a short distance above the present city of Albuquerque.

Here the natives, with the childish curiosity so characteristic of primitive races, flocked around the missionaries and their escort in such numbers as to cause the soldiers no little uneasiness. It had been about forty years since a pale-face had traversed their country, and the reminiscences of this event, preserved in the memories of the elders, and related with exaggerated detail to the younger people, were sadly embittered by many acts of cruelty and injustice perpetrated by the white men upon the unsuspecting natives. This little band, although it had come with the banners of peace, begging to be allowed to impart the doctrines of forbearance, long suffering and brotherly love, was nevertheless looked upon by the simple natives with a reasonable suspicion, and some of the old warriors and medicine men were bitter in their hostility, and were desirous of making short work with this well-meaning but utterly misunderstood delegation. The soldiers had now done their duty to the letter,—they had led the priests safely to the scene of their labors, and were only too eager to get away from the mysterious, prying, watchful gaze of this injured race and turn their steps homeward. So the three missionaries were left alone (save for a few Indian servants) among a strange people, in a wonderfully strange country, knowing nothing of the language or customs of the people whom they had come to bless. Forty years before, Coronado's military expedition had passed through this country and by their cruelty and highhanded rapacity had embittered the natives against the white man and everything he had to offer. The three missionary heroes thus left to their fate did not hesitate in view of the great work before them. The young and buoyant Juan de Santa Maria chose to undertake the conversion of the mighty and warlike Tanos to the northward, and so leaving his brethren he departed for his chosen field of labor. His career was short. While he slept under a tree, those whom he had come to save

conspired against him and crushed his head with a stone. Francisco Lopez was still with old Rodrigues. Both were trying to make the natives understand that they had something very precious to tell them, but were totally misunderstood. Their libations, their prayers, their chantings, their mysterious manipulations of the crucifix, their strange dress and speech, the fiery zeal beaming from their eyes, all combined to make them objects of dread to the simple natives whom they had come to bless and save. So poor Lopez was pierced by a warrior's arrow while praying. The natives were awe-stricken by the boldness of the deed and coming to Rodrigues in anxiety, with sign and gesture led him to the spot where lay the lifeless body of the smitten Lopez. The old man was grief-stricken but not discouraged. He gave Christian burial to the remains of his co-worker, and then determined to press on with his work single-handed: The medicine men looked upon the old priest with an intuitive dread that he had come to supplant them in their influence with the people. But the war captain of the Tiguas was friendly to the old man, and to shield him from danger sent him five miles up the river to another pueblo. But the jealousy of the medicine men followed him and he was treacherously slain and cast into the river.

* *

The fate of these heroes was learned from ten of the Indian servants of the expedition who, fleeing, returned to Santa Barbara, in Chihuahua, the next summer. History can show few truer heroes than these three friars were. They exemplified the true spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice evinced four centuries before, by the great founder of their order, Francis of Assisi. If any should ask what came from the fatal expedition, it is the part of subsequent history to make answer. Within forty-eight years after these heroes gave their lives to the cause of the truth as they saw it, there were erected in New Mexico forty-three

churches, and nearly thirty-five thousand of the native inhabitants had been baptized in the Christian faith. The firm, earnest, honest purpose which actuated Rodrigues and his two companions has never been thrown away on the world. The influence of their heroic lives is felt yet. Wherever there exists today a pueblo in the region visited by these devoted friars, there exists also a church with its crucifix pointing to the sky, a silent but eloquent reminder that every noble act flows from a purpose whose spirit comes from above. The world cannot afford to forget the lesson taught by the lives of such true heroes.

The Cost of Life.

C. L. Brewer.

SEVERAL YEARS ago on the coast of Florida, I broke, bit by bit, the appropriated shell of a hermit crab, and watched the look of helpless terror with which the wretched parasite shrunk back, and at last abandoned its false armor, and fell, soft, naked and defenseless, on the sand. I did not want to be cruel—I never disturbed one of the creatures because I wanted its pretty shell; but the memory of one of Drummopd's most powerful lessons was in my mind, and I wanted to see the Thing which had cheated Evolution out of a chance to get in its work. And I can never forget that poor little lobster, for the woods are full of people who remind me of him.

Long ago we were advised to consider how the lilies grow—freely and easily, as the desire and joy of expression prompts. So also grows the healthy, happy child—eating, playing, working—making itself a medium of vast and ever increasing Manifestation of the Unmanifest; until presently we see the full-orbed man or woman.

In all Nature the cost of life is living. From the dark ground the tree draws substance up to the extremities of Manifestation—into the moving, whispering leaves, where

the chemistry of Life transmutes it to a higher consciousness, and it goes back through branch and trunk to become part of the Whole—to form, bit by bit, the splendid oak.

But how often we see people who only half live and that at second hand—who depend on forms and rules and creeds, made by others, for everything. Strip the scaffolding from one of them, and you see repeated the tragedy I witnessed on the Florida sand bar. Bring him fairly face to face with his environment, and he is helpless as a parade-ground soldier on the African veldt.

The inevitable inefficiency and inaptitude of the fellow who shirks life is so general as to be thought natural. We expect people to be slow, clumsy and dull—to get their religion from the preacher and their politics from the spellbinder, and to do a day's work in a week. The real live man, who does things, whose fingers are not thumbs, who doesn't send his feet by freight, who is at home everywhere and equal to all emergencies, is the exception.

Some of those seekers for cheap salvation take up just enough Mental Science to form an excuse for laziness. They go into the Silence and stay there. They refer the troubled one to the Infinite; and may, perhaps, pause a moment to tell the fallen and wounded that the Father will help him—when the Good Samaritan comes along. I think that thieves and murders and bitter woe are God's ministering angels to such as they to show them the way of life, and teach the value of opportunity for growth.

The nimble hand, the active brain, the loving heart—every faculty that aids in crowning life with success and joy—is the product of the active passion for Manifestation. To divorce Being from Doing, to fly to the Abstract as a refuge from the Concrete, to throw on the Absolute Harmony the Duty of rectifying Relative discord—this is to commit spiritual suicide—to become the assassin of your own unborn Divinity.

There is plenty to do without joining the selfish strife for wealth and office. Live up to your origin by being original. Help make the new Heaven and Earth and fill it with righteousness. Cultivate the freedom and ease and spontaneity that come with the self-centered ability to fill all requirements, and stand pat to all demands. Show Evolution that you are a paying investment, and too useful to be left on the lobster plane of development. And then you will grow; for—

“Straight is the line of Duty,
Curved is the line of Beauty;
Follow the first, and thou shalt see
The latter ever following thee.”

But wait a moment, my dear. If you go to work for others with a shrewd eye on the reaction, you will probably get nothing but a lot of glorious exercise. Try to take your ideals of love into real life—to see that the Father’s business includes all the work of every day. Settle it firmly in your inner consciousness that you are one of the family, and cannot and will not have any private interest to mar the celestial program.

Let us begin the New Life of the New Thought with the At-one-ment—the marriage of the Christ within and the Christ without, and let the Lord of the feast be the Spirit of the Whole, to whom we turn with radiant bridal joy and say,

“Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store.”

Stand by The Life and help us to spread its influence.

The Difference.

ALADY in Kansas City, who has taken *The Life* from the first issue, writes:

"Your very nice notice of my forgetfulness reached me in due time. *Yes indeed*, I want *The Life* continued. Ever since it came to me wrapped in its swaddling clothes I have cherished it, and now since it has grown to be so beautiful, do you think I could give it up? No, no! It holds and shall continue to hold the first place in our household. May you and yours ever prosper, is my prayer."

This lady's soul has been sweetened and made alive by the sunshine of Truth and she is just, kind and good.

Here is a blast from another one in a distant city who received the same gentle reminder of the expiration of her subscription:

"Your *dun* is at hand. *Stop* the paper and send me a bill for what I owe you to date."

This one, I will venture to say, never read *The Life*. If she had, she would be sweeter and juster in temper and judgment and would want it continued. Her soul has probably been chilled and soured with the dregs of orthodoxy, or some other fatal error. I do hope she will awaken yet and be saved.

Meditation.

OH! FOR some spot in which to live.
To leave this busy humming hive.
Some quiet, soft secluded spot.

Where God forever is and busy man is not.
To live and move and have our being in him
Where spiritual eyes will ne'er grow dim.
Where health and peace and love forever dwell
Ah! this were heaven with ne'er a thought of hell.

V. G. H.

Bible Lessons

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1903, FIRST QUARTER.

Lesson VI. Feb. 8.

THE CHURCH AT CORINTH.—Acts 18: 1-11.

KEY-NOTE:—"For no one can lay another foundation besides that which is laid, which is Jesus the Christ."

In A. D. 50 and 51, Paul, Silas and Timothy were in Corinth, the capital of Greece and metropolis of commerce. It stood on the isthmus which connects the two portions of Greece. It was in the latter part of Paul's second missionary journey.

Paul first went to Corinth from Athens and abode with a tentmaker named Aquila who had been driven out from Pontus by Claudius because he was a Jew. His wife was named Priscilla. Paul and Aquila made tents during the week and on the Sabbath Paul preached in the synagogue near by to Jews and Greeks.

By and by Silas and Timothy came over from Macedonia. Then Paul grew bolder and began to say to his audiences that Jesus was the Christ. The Jews got riled at this and Paul "shook out his raiment and said unto them, Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean. From henceforth I go unto the Gentiles."

He did not leave Corinth, but went to another synagogue and lived with Titus Justus near by. There Crispus, the ruler of the synagogue, was converted, and many others. He stayed there a year and six months.

In a vision or dream one night Paul heard the Lord say to him,

"Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace;

for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to harm thee; for I have much people in this city."

The Lord was the inner self, the Christ Ego. Paul became conscious of new courage and assurance, and said it was from the Lord.

Later the Jews dragged Paul before the governor, Gallio, "Sweet Gallio," "Pleasant Gallio," the brother of the philosopher Seneca. Seneca says that all loved Gallio: "Those who love him to the utmost do not love him enough."

Gallio threw the case out of court on the statement of the complainants, without waiting for Paul's defense.

I believe the aggressive righteous man is protected *if he is not afraid*. Fear draws persecution. The non-resistant are not robbed or imposed upon if they are righteous, wise and fearless.

The protection is of the "angels," the mind messengers which form an invincible host about the true hero.

1. Who were the missionaries in Corinth and whence did they come?
2. Why did the Jews oppose Paul?
3. What did Paul mean by the words of verse 6?
4. What is a vision?
5. What is the meaning of the message Paul got in the vision?
6. How are the righteous protected?
7. Why is it important to be fearless?

Lesson VII. Feb. 15.

CHRISTIAN SELF-CONTROL.—1 Cor. 8:4-13.

KEY-NOTE—"Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace."

This first letter of Paul to the Church at Corinth was written at Ephesus about A. D. 56, near the close of his three years' stay there, about five years after the Corinth Church was founded. It was written in the Greek tongue.

The lesson today is called the quarterly temperance lesson.

The chapter begins by a mention of the mooted question of eating things used as sacrifices to idols. Some contended that they must not eat anything that the heathen used as idol offerings. They were bigoted in their contention, as if they knew it all.

Paul says about this, "We know (because we all have knowledge) knowledge puffs up, but love builds up. If any one is confident of knowing anything, he knows it not yet as he ought to know."

Reference is made here to arrogance in knowledge. If I know a thing, I may be sure of it, but must not be sure that my knowledge cannot be added to, or is better than any other. I should not condemn too severely a differing opinion.

To be puffed up is to soon collapse. To be built up is to stand firmly.

Verse four says an image is nothing at all, but God is one, the only one. Then a thing offered to an image is not polluted thereby, as it is nothing and cannot pollute.

Verses 5 and 6 mention the many ideals of Gods and Lords among men. But we recognize only one God, "the Father out of whom are all things and we for him; and one Lord, Jesus the Christ."

That Lord is individualized in each one who has the spirit of Christ in him.

Verses 7 and 8 say that a conscience that is so weak as to feel qualms about eating things offered to idols, should refrain; but that, really, eating has nothing to do with our standing before God. "For neither if we should not eat are we deficient, nor if we should eat do we abound."

Verses 9, 10, 11 and 12 teach the due consideration for the rights and weaknesses of others. I have a right to use my own as I please so long as I do not thereby in-

fringe upon the rights of others or put a stumbling block in the way of the weak. I may be so strong that I can take a drink of liquor when I like and not be in danger of becoming a drunkard. But if my doing so may cause another who is not so strong to fall, I must refrain.

1. Where was Paul when he wrote this letter? To whom?
2. Why did he write it?
3. Is knowledge always good?
4. How may it be abused?
5. In how far are you free to do as you please?
6. Is eating important, morally?
7. What defiles a man most?

Lesson VIII. Feb. 22.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.—1 Cor. 13.

KEY-NOTE:—"Now remain these three,—Faith, Hope, Love; but the greatest of these is Love."

This is the greatest love poem ever written. It is full of divine Truth. It is probably the most compact statement of the doctrine of true living ever written. Paul was surely inspired when he wrote this.

If I am learned and eloquent, but have not love, charity, forbearance, tender heart feeling, I make but empty sound when I speak.

If I have the power of divination, can see the future and occult things and have such faith that mountains move at my word, and yet have not love, I am nothing. I lack the essential soul of true manhood, the fountain of the divine.

Though I am lavish in my giving and fanatic in my religious devotion, if I have not love, I am not profited by it all.

Did you ever see any one like this? Fanatics are usually that way.

Love is long-suffering, patient and kind. It envies

not and is not boastful. The one who is filled with love is not bigoted nor unbecoming in conduct, nor does he seek that which is not his own. (The Vatican MS. has it this way—"Seeks not that which is not her own.")

It may also be said truly that love contends not for her own, does not fight for self, but seeks primarily the good of others and is blessed by the reflex action of the giving to bless others.

Love is not glad in iniquity, but rejoices in Truth. It covers up faults and believes in the goodness of all. It never condemns people.

Love endures hardship and contumely patiently, and hopes for the best in it all.

Love never fails. It is good for this world and for all worlds. It is never finished. Prophecies may end, be fulfilled or futile. Languages may pass and become "dead." Knowledge may become useless. These are all in part anyhow—not complete or perfect. But all is perfected in love, when it becomes universal, the partially developed things must be done away.

As we develop in love power we grow in stature of soul and mind and clearness of vision.

When we can see truth clearly and know as we are known, then will love be perfected in us.

The Greek *esoptrou*, translated "glass" in the 12th verse, refers to the thin horn or stone used in the windows in those times, through which objects could be seen only dimly.

1. What does "love" mean as used in this chapter?
2. Why is love better than eloquence?
3. Why would a speaker who has not love fail to move his audiences?
4. What are love's characteristics?
5. What are love's opposites?
6. Why does love never fail?
7. Why is love greater than faith and hope?

Lesson IX. March 1.

PAUL AND APOLLOS.—Acts 18:24 to 19:6.

KEY-NOTE:—"If you, then, being imperfect, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will the Father of the heavens (everywhere) give Holy Spirit to those who ask?"

The occurrences of this lesson took place about A. D. 52. Paul returned from Corinth, via Ephesus, Cesarea and Jerusalem, to Antioch. From Antioch he now begins his third missionary journey.

He went out through the region of Galatia and Phrygia calling upon the brethren and encouraging them as he went.

A Jew named Apollos came to Ephesus. He was born in Alexandria, a large city of Egypt. What is related of him here is all we know of him. He was learned, eloquent and well posted in the Jewish scriptures.

He had become a convert to the Christian faith, but was poorly instructed in the doctrine. So Priscilla and Aquila took him under their instruction for a time and he went on well equipped for the work.

But he gave his converts only John Baptist's baptism. Paul found this out and attributed the fact that they had not received Holy Spirit to the method or spirit of their immersion they had received. So he took 12 of them and baptized them over again, and when he laid his hands upon them they received Holy Spirit.

It seems that Apollos had not taught them anything about a Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit referred to here was a sort of inspiration or endowment of power which they said came when they were immersed in the name of Jesus the Christ. It was followed by power to heal with the word and speak divine Truth with Power.

I believe that endowment of power is a reality, but does not depend upon any form of baptism or other cere-

mony. It comes as an inflow of life and spirit from the Fount Essence Everywhere to the individual expression that is ready to receive and manifest. Nor does the laying on of a preacher's hands have anything to do with it.

You get all the power you are ready to exercise at all times. Only pay the price of a consecrated life and you will be endowed with Holy Spirit and power to raise the dead.

1. Who was Apollos?
2. How did the baptism he used differ from that which Paul used?
3. What is Holy Spirit and where found?
4. Is this inspiration for all men?
5. How may you get ready for power from on high?
6. What is the distinction between the God ideals, Father, Son and Holy Spirit?

Kensington, England, Oct., 1902.

THE VIBRATIONS set in operation by the speaking of true and powerful WORDS lifts the veil from the eyes and makes them clear and keen.

"Dear Mrs. Barton:

....I can only say that my eyes have not troubled me at all since you gave me those treatments for cataract in Ireland, and that I *trust* and *believe* in the power of the Word. None can tell but myself what your treatments did for *my sight*."

A man in Callaway county, Mo., got tired of this world of fads and trusts and concluded to drop out of it. He first swallowed poison. It did not work. He then slashed his jugular with a razor—no good. Next he lost a bullet somewhere in his anatomy. Yet again he recovered. Finally he had a doctor to operate on him for appendicitis. That settled it—he got there all right by this never failing route.

THE LIFE

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Our silent Hours are 6 to 7 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., central Standard time. All are requested to observe at least a part of one or both of those hours in the silence with us.

Key=Notes.

FEBRUARY.

(Purifying.)

Feby. 1-14.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they do see God, Good, in all things.

Feby. 15-28.

I love God and little children, goodness, power, purity and innocence.

A little boy was taught the Lord's prayer and found it much to his taste. For a few days he kept it going with great faithfulness but then he announced to his mother in disgust. "I heard another fellow say that prayer today, mother. It's going to get all around town."

Healing Thoughts

I BELIEVE in God. I am conscious of a Central Ideal of perfection toward which all may look until they become also perfect in their living. While God is not central in reality, save universally so, we speak of Omnipresence as central because the human mind cannot now conceive the universal. When I speak of uniting with That which is universal and from which not one of us could possibly stray, I refer only to the awakening of the consciousness into that knowledge. *

It is good and profitable while in a world of physical motion, of perpetual giving and receiving, to sit down and consciously unite with the Unseen Powers of the whole universe, and appropriate its abundance. * *

To look toward Perfection is the way to come into that condition. *

Its universal atmosphere all people are already in, but they do not begin to realize its benefits until they do come into that consciousness. We like to think about health and peace and comfort and prosperity because that is what we inherit and should have. It waits for us. To keep well is not what we are here for, but health awaits our readiness so that we may take up our greater work, our real life work. (The diver who descended into the sea after pearls should not spend all his time mending his diving-bell!) Thinking about health is naming it, and naming is "speaking the word," constructing a line, or instituting a belief that will bring it to us. * * *

If in a company of people you look at a certain person intently, or even inquiringly, when his face is from you, he will turn to see what your motive is in looking at him

and you will catch the inquiry that is in his eyes. If you do not wish him to read your look you take down the line, look blank and in another direction. *

This is mental telegraphy. You erected the line between you and him upon which your beliefs about him traveled to him and called his attention by their vibrations. It matters not whether the opinions you formed were pleasant or unpleasant, he recognized their quality at once and sent back like for like. If good feeling, good feeling in return; if criticism, you got that back. The kind of line for that kind of beliefs to travel on was erected, and upon such occasions it is with great effort one is able to start any other kind or quality of mental activity upon it. * * *

It is thus with all the lines of thought you erect. Even thoughts stretched out toward wrong of any kind are fed by wrong whose false beliefs have lent them strength. There is no power in wrong save as we lend it power through our belief in its power. *

All the real powers that have anything to do with this world are good and true and beneficent. All space is not space because it is full of Powers that are good and true to truth, and always beneficent. The reason why evil is harmful it is given the power good should be exercising. It harms, not because of its power, but because of the disuse of truth during the time. While one turns his thoughts into lines of hate, he is neglecting the exercise of Love, which is power in itself. The evil we have been hearing about down all the ages, is not a substantial power, it is not substance, and therefore its lines may be cut in twain by the slightest effort, by one who knows.

Our beliefs bear fruit after their kind, whether they are based upon real or upon borrowed power.

The human soul needs just this finger upon the guidepost of life, which, during all the changes and vicissitudes of the world, points straight toward the Right, the very source of power and place of supply. *

Evil has no origin. It is unreal in itself, being only a name. Santa Claus is a name only, yet your child may joy at his gifts or weep at his neglect, because he believes in Santa's power, while the power of bestowing or of withholding gifts is not in him at all. *

Man could not originate evil because it cannot really exist in a universe that is Omnipotence. Man cannot originate anything. His work is only to bring forth into physical life things already existing in Being. Everything that could possibly be, already exists in spacial being, in original completeness. Man does not bring forth things out of the Unseen into visibility by a thought or a word alone, but by such use of the Word that will change the mental state until the right attitude becomes established. It is the *belief* that then makes sure results. *

Man is a receiver of the blessings in the Powers. He has no power separate from them, not even stored energy. The Infinite does no retail business, everything is whole-sale. We do not divide the intellect into separate parts in assigning to it different faculties. Neither may we assume that God descends or gives in part. God is Whole, or, holy. When we send out our lines toward the right Source, we get not only life and wisdom more abundantly, but Love and power to fill all our needs. The Infinite never sprinkles crumbs, though some find only little bits of good. It is the kind of line they erected. He should ask for all, all, for this brings recognition of the truth of wholeness in return, and he should not wait to have some one open his hands and lay the truth in them whole while he is asking for a crumb. * *

But power is always at our command. It waits for us. It is for us. When we speak words or think thoughts of health for any one, we are sending lines toward health for health to descend as soon as belief is ready. Sickness cannot come to one while he is believing in his health. *

Speaking words of truth is connecting one's lines with

the universal Battery, so that power will come and belief will be awakened. Sending thoughts of malice, dislike or unkind criticism always return as they went out for, the reason they find no power to lay hold of and can get no favorable returns. The sender cannot find harmony, therefore, in their vibrations, but jarring inharmony. This is all the "curse" there is and it is necessarily without life or power. Sending thoughts toward some good that is desired is called prayer. Sending thoughts toward some evil is called "curse." A time cometh when there shall be no more of the latter, but all people shall know the Truth, and will send out their lines only toward that which they know to be in accord with righteousness and truth.

Thought itself is not the power; thought is the LINE upon which power acts. The spoken word is but the thunder of the flash of thought, as it returns with license of utterance.

Do you want Health? send out your lines toward it, and watch yourself recuperate. Do you want wisdom? send out your thought and understanding will begin. Do you want Love? put up your line and feel its power coming back to you. Do you want life more abundantly? establish your thoughts in that direction, and from everywhere will Infinite vibrations full of holiness, satisfaction and comfort come to you abundantly. Verily; angels of Power descend and ascend upon lines of thought, with *wholeness*.

C. J. B.

A lady in Iowa writes: "I had a bad pain over my left hip all day and night October 1st. It got so it hurt in my lungs every breath. I tried in vain to banish it. In the morning as the silent hour drew near, I called to you telepathically for relief. In fifteen or twenty minutes it was all gone. I thank you ever so much."

It is good to extend the circulation of The Life.

Realization Through Contrition.

By Nora E. Hulings Siegel. (Nodie)

(She has grown tired of earth without God's face.)

IF ONLY far before Thy face I'll see,
As in the past I'll strive and work and wait,
For one sweet breath of that Divinity,
I sense in secret dreams beyond *the gate*.
Though all the way seems hard and rough and drear;
Through striving on I gain that, year by year,
Serenity of which Thy heart doth throb,
I shall be blessed for me of mine none may rob.

(She would make her peace with self and mistakes
the source.)

Or if by waiting here through long, long days,
With folded hands, desires all laid aside,
My inner self no longer censure lays
To outer things that have so harshly tried,
By waiting thus I gain one hint from Thee
Of what Thou art and I one jot may be,
I'll count aeons of ages hence as none;
If only at the end Thy smile be won.

(She thinks God would have her suffer in order to
know his face.)

Or if by hardship's moil and sorrow's pain,
I've earned one tiny portion of Thy love,
While harassed soul and tortured doubting brain
Have cast me low, Thy loving word to prove;
And this should last from ages from the first,
I'll count the lesson short and hold it worst,
The day when comes no trials to my door;
No heartaches, tears and weariness so sore.

(Through her lostness, the still, small voice
speaks. It is the *Divine touch*.)

I long, O Truth, to stand within thy heart!

Though ages roll their lagging wheels along,
 Uniting me to Thee by earthly smart;
 While hope hangs o'er me naught can be far wrong.

(She turns at last towards the Light.)

I am, O Truth, I am thy patient child!
 I bow in deep contrition, sincere, mild!

(She at last realizes how mistaken her opinion of
 God has been, and how Infinite love is.)

Doubtings from me have forever now been cast!
 O Truth! O Love! Thy face I know at last!
 Ah! who may count the fullness of Thy love!

(She feels sincere sorrow for the wayward and
 would assist them to know Truth that they may
 escape the anguish of contrition. "Thy wrath
 to come.")

Alas! O man, the sorrow of God's blind!
 The anguish of the doubting, stricken Dove,
 With drooping head and pinions, and dark mind.
 She knows not that *Thy* love enfolds her soul,
 And always has and ever will, the whole;
 And that Thy light surrounds her, Ah, so near!
 That she herself the barriers place by fear.

This, however, is not the end of light, but the beginning. She goes on to the deeper truths, to healing the sick by faith, "Speaking the word that shall heal thy brother," and instantaneously. After awhile it dawns upon her consciousness that there is no death and that the form of death is to be overcome while in the mortal frame. Thus Christ's mission goes on to greater fulfillment through woman. From the womb of woman comes physical life, so also from the soul of woman must come the understanding unto continued life in Earth. Turn on the light!—"More love to Thee! More love to Thee!"

POSTMASTER-GENERAL Payne says in his annual report "that it seems to have been but little appreciated that a publisher's mailing privilege, under the law, is in effect a subsidy." What, then is the pay-

ment to railroads of transportation charges five times as high as those paid by express companies? How is it, too, that express companies will carry second-class matter within large areas at the rates charged by the Government, and carry dailies, where received in bundles at the train, at a half a cent a pound?

What is the abused franking privilege by which congressmen and senators frank out hundreds of tons of speeches, that no paper would print and no one would read, merely to gain popularity through showing a little personal attention and recognition to constituents? Franking out tons of garden and other seeds that will not grow, or, if they grow, are worthless so far as any advancement of the interests of horticulture or agriculture are concerned, and of patent-office reports to parties who never use or read them, merely to tickle individual vanity and win the individual personal and partisan support of those whose M. C. or Senator has shown them such *distinguished attention*?

Newspapers and periodicals are educators of the people, give information that is reliable and unprejudiced, from day to day, or each week or month, to the citizens, the sovereigns of this Nation, who have a right to know of public affairs without delay or coloring. Newspapers and other publications do this without charge to the Government, and print and circulate all the facts that are necessary to guide the citizens in their duties as sovereigns. If the Government undertook to equal the newspapers and other publications in efficiently, intelligently and promptly giving the citizens the facts which they are entitled to know, it would cost tenfold the amount of the present much-talked-about postal deficiency. Yes, ten times what it would cost to deliver every news, class and industrial paper free. The department seems to be worried about commercial, professional and industrial publications. There is not one among them but that does more

every year for the benefit of the people, for the increasing of trade, development of business and manufactures, and adding to the products and profits of the Nation's real workers than does the average member of Congress or United States Senator in a life time. Public functionaries, especially those at the heads of the postal departments—who frequently do not find it necessary for a moment to put aside their regular professional or commercial pursuits in order to earn the salary paid—often seem to become tainted with the old fallacy of the "divine right of kings," and, thinking they are the king, fall without investigation into the traditional prerogatives and ruts worn by their predecessors, and talk about "subsidies" to the press, who are really paying, in genuine public service to the people, who constitute this government, a hundred-fold of the amount supposed to be realized from any so called postal privileges. The fact is that none of these "privileges" have been granted through any consideration for the owners and publishers of papers, but for business reasons rather than even to help on general education, information and intelligence among the people, the real sovereigns who used to be considered such before principles were subordinated to machine politics. The so called "postal privileges" were granted principally for the convenience of the postal department and secondarily for the benefit of the people; but politicians, who seem to think that they are the government, are coming to treat everything that is really granted for the benefit of the people as a "subsidy."—National Printer-Journalist—Editorial.

"A man might live a thousand years and yet be no more account at the last than as a great eater of dinners, whereas to suck all the sweet and snuff all the perfume but of a single hour, to push all its possibilities to the edge of the chessboard, is to live greatly, though it be not to live long, and an end is an end, if it comes on the winged heels of a week or the dull crutch of a century."

Correspondence

Dear Brother in Truth:—

I AM VERY much interested in the Mental Life Science. Therefore I would like to make a remark to nearly all of our Life Scientists, all save a few. They speak of life as being preferable on one hand, and of death as being preferable on the other side. They teach that if a man dies he simply lays off his worthless coat and goes on to a higher plane. So man has life continuously.

According to this idea the question would not be one of laying hold on eternal or endless life. Man would only seek for conditions of life, having life anyhow.

This is an old error, I think. Death is the enemy, I think, and not the door to happiness. Death is the great enemy, and is caused by all kinds of evil and ignorance. It must be overcome. The body must be spiritualized, not laid off. It must put on immortality. I am very much interested in life, but not in the enemy, death.

This is written in great sympathy and love for humanity. Let us try to make sure that we do not spread error that leads to death.

Yours sincerely and most respectfully,

John S. Hildebrand.

Answer:—In a very important sense, death is humanity's enemy. It is almost always an unwelcome visitant. It usually comes in sickness, calamity and pain. It bereaves us of our dearest friends and veils itself and its meaning and end in mystery, a dark, cold, fathomless mystery. It takes us to an unknown realm and before we are ready to go. Many efforts have been made to cajole death and make believe it is a friend. But people hate his appearing, just the same, and probably always will.

The brother is right—it must be done away, overcome. It is a result of error and not a good thing at all in itself, for us on this plane.

Yet, I do not believe it can hurt the soul. It is not death to the soul.

The tragic, mysterious, sorrowful manner of the change is what we object to. If we could make the change without pain and sorrow and darkness, and without loss, it would be right and good. For we must make the change from the mortal to the immortal state in some way. The corruptible must put on incorruption by some plan. If we continue to live in gross ignorance, fear and error as the race has done heretofore, the form of death will remain unchanged.

Let us be firm in holding that, in reality, there is no death; that the old tragedy must be overcome: that we are spirit, or mind, body and all—one, and not two, in person; that we do not grow old, fail or die, but are renewed daily in youth, power and vigor. Let us continue faithfully in this way until "death is swallowed up in victory."

I cheerfully give place to the following letter, which explains itself:

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 30th, 1902.

Dear Brother Barton:

I have just come across your mention of my criticism of Prof. Dutton. While I have no fault to find with your tone and style, it seems to me that you have failed to catch the real motive of this criticism. It is not directed alone against Mr. Dutton, but against Hypnotism, Mediumship, and kindred cults, which are based upon subjective methods of "development" (so-called.) This will appear more clearly in the next number of *The New Man*, and it explains also why I give so much space to a subject that does not seem to merit it. If you will kindly do me the favor and read the articles in the coming *New Man*, you

may perhaps appreciate the gravity of the situation as it presents itself to me. We surely have too many weak-minded and weak-willed people in the world now—too weak for their own good—and the New Thought is to make them stronger by teaching them how to use their minds and wills. Can we then consistently advertise methods of culture that must lead to a further weakening of those who need strengthening?

Your notice will tend to give your readers an erroneous impression of the facts in the case. Among the "charges" which you accredit me as bringing against Mr. Dutton, you mention his youth, his "hayseed origin," etc. Now you know that the statements referred to are incidental to the other matter, but are no part of my "charges." Among your readers in Rural Districts this may tend to the formation of a prejudice against myself, while, as a matter of fact, I esteem country people as highly as any other class.

I do not think that you desire to put me or anybody else in a false light, and if this does happen, it will be on account of a misapprehension of my real motives. But, if you had come in contact with the results of false "occult" practices at close range as much as I have, you would not think it strange that I do raise my voice against them.

But I must close, wishing you and yours a most happy and prosperous New Year! Fraternally Yours,

P. Brauu.

I have carried Prof. Dutton's advertisement, not as a personal endorsement of his teaching and methods, but because:

1. From a not very critical examination of his lessons, I believed they were at least not vicious or harmful.
2. I thought maybe some of our readers would like to see them, and
3. I was not afraid that any reader of The Life would be so weak as to be led astray by erroneous teaching, if

this were to prove to be so.

While I will not advertise anything I know to be valueless or vicious, I am not to be understood as endorsing and recommending everything you see among our ads.

But our people are not weaklings that we must keep everything hidden from them that they might burn their fingers with. Some of them may desire to investigate some things which I would not care for at all. And they have a perfect right to do so.

Besides, I do not believe it does any good to pitch into people rough shod, after the manner of Mr. Braun's attack on Mr. Dutton. It only stirs up bad blood.

Nor do I believe the direct fighting of seeming evil is the best way to establish the right. It only magnifies the evil and gives it more life than it would have otherwise. It is the old method—fighting the devil and trying to bail the darkness out of a room before bringing in the light. This way has been a sad failure. Let us just hold up the light. It is enough.

For The Children.

WELL, I haven't had those letters yet about what you have to be thankful for. Let me have them right away, now.

A great man once said, "Rejoice always and, In everything give thanks." Who was that? Have you anything to be thankful for? What?

Here is an interesting letter from a little friend who went some months ago from here away down into the very heart of Old Mexico to live with his parents:

Dear Mr. Barton;

I am one of your little friends and will write you a letter about Mexico. There is a great deal to write.

I like Mexico very much. The trees are always green and the flowers bloom all the year.

We have some very fine chickens, but the tigers are very fond of them, and have eaten quite a good many. We made a fence seven feet high of palm leaves, and thought, "Now, Mr. Tiger, we have you." But he jumped the fence and caught a chicken and got away before papa could get the gun. They do not come at night, but in the day time.

Our old rooster had quite a narrow escape. One day a snake coiled around him and all we could see of him was his tail. Papa cut the snake into pieces with his machetta and got the rooster, but he was nearly dead. He is OK now and a great fighter. The snake was a boa.

We heard a booming sound not long ago, and in a day or two ashes began to fall, very fine and white. It fell for two days and everything was covered with it. It looked like snow. It was caused by a volcanic eruption in Chiapos. If we have any more ashes fall, I will send you some. We find quite a lot of pieces of ancient pottery on our place. Some of them are quite deep in the ground. Papa found a stone hatchet.

I will write again if you care to have me to.

Your friend,

Charles Hunter Almond, Tehuantepec Plantation, Mex.

How would you like to live where this little boy does? His papa is going to send me a fine parrot. Won't that be nice?

And here is another nice letter:

Chokio, Minu.

Dear Mr. Barton:

I thought I would write for once, as I often intended to, but always thought I did not have the time.

I have a little brother named Frank, and when he saw me going to write he wanted a pencil and paper too. He is a pretty boy, and when he hurts any of us and did not mean to do so, he will love us and pet our cheeks.

If I will get a picture of him, I will send you one.

Mama takes *The Life* and she likes it better than any other paper. Mama and I hold the Key-Notes very regularly.

I like the children's stories very much and I thought I would write one, too, to help you along.

I am a farmer boy, and think I would not like to live in town.

I raised some ducks one summer to sell, but I did not raise any more, for I thought they were too pretty to kill.

I wish everybody would stop killing the nice cattle. I must close for this time.

Your true friend,

Otto E. Dunken.

Now isn't Otto a nice, good boy? We will all like to hear from him again.

And here is a funny little story about a little boy who visited us once with his Mama and is one of the group picture of five generations given in *The Life* some time ago.

Master Glen Millard, who lives in Artesian, S. D., has a unique Christmas present. Glen's papa is a banker, and Glen sent Santa Claus a check with an order for a little brother. Mrs. Millard is a "Higher Thought" mother, and Glen is that kind of a boy; so he ordered that kind of a brother.

One day Glen was called in from play, to see the new express package from Santa Claus which Mrs. Santa had snugly wrapped and sent by the old gentleman. As soon as the tag was removed, (they always put tags on little children and babies when they express them) and the package unwrapped, Glen shook his head and laughed, as he said:

"That's the one I ordered and paid a thousand dollar check for."

While he was here one day I was putting up a wire fence to keep the children from taking a short cut over the terrace and treading out my grass, instead of going on-

to the walk. He watched me awhile and remarked, gravely, "Mr. Barton, why don't you put up an advertisement saying, 'The walk was made to walk on?'"

Now, all of you get down to business, and let me have those letters, right away quickness.

HERE is a letter from a man who has put into practice The Life teaching:

Inclosed find one dollar for a new subscriber to The Life, and I hope to send you more, as I am talking Life to my friends, for I find it is life, health, happiness and plenty in abundance. I have found that its teaching is true that all things are made by the word and the Word is God.

A few years ago I thought I was ready and willing to be laid away in a cemetery; but now all is life and peace. I am very fond of The Life and I wish you and Mrs. B. success. To be happy is to be good.

Begin the new subscription with the January No. It alone is worth the price for the year. J. N. Thurber.

It is always so with those who live the teaching we advocate.

There is a young Romanian girl in Paris whose skin, or rather the blood under the skin, is a perfect barometer of her emotions. When she is joyful and happy her complexion is a pretty pink. When she is scared or afraid, her complexion is violet. When she is anxious or worried she is a pale green. When she is angry she turns black as a negro. These are no doubt outpicturings of effects that are real in every one, though not visible.

A lady in Missouri writes: "I feel that The Life is almost as much of a necessity in our family as food and raiment. It is food for hungry souls." Another in St. Louis writes: "The Life grows better all the time. We should not know what to do without it."

FROM THE wife of a man in Colorado who had had one week's treatment for a severe case of sciatica: "Dear Mr. Barton:

"I am very glad to tell you that my husband has gained very rapidly during the past week. The swelling in his limb is almost entirely gone, and it does not pain him scarcely any."

"The Man from Venus" has returned to startle humanity, after an absence of two or three years—maybe in his native planet. He writes *The Life* that he has gained many things in the interval of absence, and is now ready to help the people of Earth out of their troubles. He says:—"I give advice! I am a Psycho-Harmonic specialist." He tells you how to be healthy, wealthy and wise, for a consideration. His Earth name is just plain Robt. J. Burns, and he lit in Denver this time.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I send inclosed 50c due on *The Mother of The Living*. I have read it and find it true in every word, although too deep for some to comprehend. How I wish it could be placed in the hands of every one. You have indeed given a wonderful truth to the world, and women especially should have this book.

M. A. Washbourne.

Join The Life League and get others to join. Let us double our list this year. We can do so easily if we all put our shoulder to the wheel. It means happiness, health, prosperity to faithful members. Look about you and get your neighbors and friends into the happy family. *Let us hear from all of you.*

Plymouth, N. H.

I want to tell Mrs. Barton her statement II in *Healing Thoughts* for September gave me my first new strength of mind and soothed my sense of a tempest-driven condition.

E. E. B.

Little Lessons in Elohim Kindergarten

LESSON VI.

MIND AND BODY

OUR PHYSICAL eyes cannot see the real substance that fills all the universe, and that is called Mind. We can only know it by the manifestations we can see. We feel its power, its thrill of life. We hear its voice in harmonious music and in joyful speech. We do not know it because we see its manifestations, hear its voice, and feel its thrill, but because these things lead us back into our own thoughts and there we arrive at the *consciousness* of this truth of being. Nature is not proof to the beasts, of the power of the unseen influence called Mind *

This universal power has in it all the qualities to make a perfect physical world. And in order that this may be done these qualities, or rather characteristics, have been organized and expressed as in one mind, which is known as the Lord, or man's mind or spiritual consciousness of mankind. This mind which in man has been called the Lord, supervises that mind which is born with the body, and which, to distinguish it from the higher mind we call *mentality*. While all mind and all things are one in substance, the mentality which is capable of thinking evil, and the mind which cannot look upon evil, are widely different in *office* *

But since it is true that the mentality is going through with a series of experiences in the physical worlds; in order that it may, through wise uses overcome the imperfections peculiar to the physical, and develop into perfect unity with the superior mind so one could not tell them apart, it is well to show to all souls that it is by grace (of

growth) they are saved, through *faith*, which means the proper and orderly development of the soul and its mentality, through the steps made accessible by having faith:—Virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, God-likeness, universal Love * * *

Body has been called the debris of thinking, the drift wood of thoughts the *mentality* was not wise enough to properly dispose of. But this is not the right thought about the body, for only the imperfections of the body may be called the debris emanating from mental thinking.

The body is here to show forth the perfection of that which it represents, and whether conscious or unconscious of the fact, the mentality is striving to reach that point where it will truly be *like* the perfect conception of it. And in order for the body to appear in the true likeness, the mentality of that body must first attain unto the standard of the Higher, or organized Mind of the Lord, or righteous Self * *

It has been believed that mind can act only through the brain. It has not been everywhere understood that there is a broader scope of its activity outside of its specific or particular application. In the general sense mind is universal, and as proof we see the effect of orderly Intelligence throughout all nature. Flowers are equally perfect in all their parts. Where does the force come from that makes them grow, gives them coloring, shape, size, life, and makes them perfect in every particle? What is it makes the rocks come together in unorganized masses? What brings the particles of the crystal marching in more orderly than any drilled soldiers, to fill their places and shine altogether as one gem? Rocks have not the power of motion, they are moved by a power not their own. Flowers are organized. They have stem, leaf, petal, animals have power of physical motion. Man is "self-active" both in mind and body. In the plant and rock the unseen Mind is moving in every point and in orderly

method. In animals it is the same, only the beast uses its undeveloped self-will, or, undeveloped mentality, and sometimes manifests *debris* instead of orderly method *

Man is the only creature made in God's image. He has the power not only wholly in his constitution but in his consciousness. He knows he is the expression of all the God-powers in *one*. (Expression is the same in mind that the term *bodily* or embodied stands for in matter.) Bodily imperfection does not show the absence of any God-power in man, but it shows that the mentality has neglected to use that power or is yet in ignorance of it. In this case its true consciousness must be awakened to the fact, and its energy must be exercised *

It is an excellent thing for the soul to look up its Higher mind to reason with. It is there it gets its ideas.

The body should not be considered as *debris* of mental thought, though it may be made appear so when corrupted by that kind of thinking in regard to it. The Body is the temple of the soul, the Ark of Testimony of the higher Mind. Nor should it be considered as separable from that mind. Not separable from, but resolvable into, at any time. Every factor of man is necessary to the whole, and there is no *debris*. The very complicated yet synthetic instrument called the body, though "fearfully and wonderfully made," is the authentic sign of the image of God, and when it arrives at normal perfection will truly represent the Real. And as the politician watches the bulletin-board to see how the government is deciding, so may man notice the body when great questions are being decided in the mentality *

All sensation is mental and of the soul. Body is innocent, helpless, inert. It is soul animation of the body that makes it alive and active. Each visible thing is the embodiment of the idea of the psychic entity within it.

The knowledge the mentality gathers is to bring it into better acquaintance with the principle of being which

they are helping to make known, and to see further that since we are in God's image we should be lawfully using our own inherent powers. For as surely as it is a law in nature that God created, it follows as surely that man must *make* the things thus created. That is, he must make the invisible creation—or the idea of it—*appear*, clothed in the likeness of creation *

Our object in this world is not to keep well, and to have plenty to eat and wear, but to develop into the perfect life and prove it. This is accomplished, not by watching our bodies or attending to ourselves alone, but *by living the life* and thus helping to bring up abreast in understanding and in practice as many people as we can, into the perfect way. Body, soul and spirit must be presented whole, as one, in unity. And as the Spirit is perfect, the rest should, day by day, be made to approach nearer to its standard *

C. J. B.

New Books.

Continued from page 62.

scendentalism about dry sticks called "spiritual" men and women in it. It deals with natural men and women and blesses naturalness and teaches people how to be healthily natural and rounded out into full grown lovers, lovers of self, lovers of family, lovers of friends, lovers of the race and lovers of all living creation. The text is, "Love is the supreme power of the universe."

It has a fine picture of the author as frontispiece.

Send the price to Stockham Pub. Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and get one. You will not regret it.

Immanence of God, is a pamphlet by Levi Wilson Platt of Denver. In this booklet the author claims to settle "a much mooted question from a natural (scientific) standpoint." He draws all his points from Mary's conception of Jesus and what they said and did about it.

I don't believe the immanence of God is now a much mooted question. It is almost universally admitted today. Nor can I see how the conception of Jesus, taking it for granted that it occurred just as our New Testament says it did, would settle the question, if it were mooted.

Here is a vital truth which I quote from the pamphlet:

"When you find Christ the Savior of the world from sin, sickness and death, you will find It, or Him, in your own soul as a Consciousness, and not a particular historical man."

I don't know the price. Write to the author and find out, and buy one, if you want it.

The Heart of the New Thought, is a pretty purple book, gold lettered, by the poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Published by the Psychic Research Co., Chicago.

It claims to straighten out and make plain all that has heretofore been vague, mystic or unreal in the New Thought. The publisher's preface makes the startling statement that "The back-bone of this philosophy is the Power of Right Thought." We heard that some time ago.

Really, Mrs. Wilcox is not much of a Mental or Christian Scientist. She is a poet, but what she says in this book is a sort of quasi-science. It is good, and may be useful for mere beginners; but readers of *The Life* all know more of the Science than this book reveals.

Mrs. Wilcox is a lovely writer and holds the interest of her readers to the last. Persons who wish a clear, concise primary treatise on the New Thought would do well to send \$1.00 to the publishers and get a copy of this work.

The Zodiacal Cards, and How to Use Them, is a new book and deck of cards, by Grace Angela, Inwood-on-The-Hudson, New York. Published by the author. It purports to be "A system of interpretation, mind training and entertainment based upon nature's correspondences

and the signs of the Zodiac." It is all very prettily and tastily gotten up. I have not learned to play the game yet, but think I shall. I was amused at what the book says of persons born in my sign, sagittarius. It says sagittarius persons are prophetic, eccentric, honest, candid, open, generous, ambitious, tenacious, sympathetic, impetuous, courageous, bold, reckless, daring, sensitive, changeable, timid, faithful, impressionable, reticent, ingenious, versatile, ardent, petulant, hopeful, joyous, independent, reclusive, impatient of restraints, clear minded, quick of apprehension, irritable, gentle, brusque, calm, fretful in inharmonious environments, etc., etc., and so on. Do you see any contradictions? It covers about the whole ground, good, bad and indifferent. I don't know the price of the outfit. Write to the author.

It says I might be an architect, soldier, warrior, inventor, artist, publisher, printer, bookseller, speculator, musician, theologian, philosopher, metaphysical worker, mason, farmer, stockman, pugilist, acrobat, athlete or aeronaut. In short, most anything from a tramp to a king—I call such deductions nonsense.

I notice two new magazines before me: *The Vanguard*, edited by J. M. A. Spence, Green Bay, Wis., monthly, \$1.00 a year, and *Young Ruskin*, a dainty, pretty, tinted little thing, published every full moon by the students of Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo. (the Vrooman School.) Both are sound, socialistic and sensible, realistic and religious in their contents. *Young Ruskin*, 50c for thirteen Nos.

If you have troubles, sicknesses or misfortunes, if you want lessons in Christian Mental Science or the best magazine published, write to me. If you wish a lecture or two delivered in your town that will "wake the natives" and give the cause of Truth a solid foot hold among you,

write to me. I love to serve you in every way I can. If you wish a thorough course of personal instructions and treatments, come to The Life Home School. Address, A. P. Barton, Kansas City, Mo.

The Life League.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS constitute The Life League. They are all broad-minded, generous, true. We are proud of you all, especially those who have stayed with us and encouraged us for so many years. We heartily thank you for your kind words and assistance.

Some of you are behind on subscription; but you will pay up, surely. We will help you to demonstrate plenty.

We have sent delinquents notices recently. The postage alone on these notices was over \$22.00. We will be glad to have a response very soon. We bless you for 1903.

To The Preachers.

SUPPOSE THIS Sunday morning you were to preach this sort of simple truths to your congregation: Heaven is not in some faraway place. Heaven is here.

Hell is also here.

Eternity is now.

"Judgment Day" comes every day.

Resurrection is of the soul.

The essence of religion is service to humanity.

Happiness is to be found only in well doing.

There is a sermon in each one of these truths. And they are also correlated. Properly linked they form the golden chain—religio—to bind.

And suppose you were to preach these truths not in sweet and honeyed words robbed of all sting and power, but preach them with the fire and zeal of the New Testament discourses.

Would men object?

Never.

They might quail under the truth, but they would listen to the message. And they would come back again and keep coming so long as you preached a gospel that makes them cringe and then makes them heed.

Possibly you can find in this sermonette some hint of the reason why some people do not come to church.—Editorial in *The World*, Kansas City, Jan. 11, 1903.

Jan. 10, 1903.

Dear Mrs. Barton:

I THANK you for your kind letter. I am happy to tell you that my Mother is well again. She said today she feels quite able to be about the house again.

The swelling on her limb was gone the day after I sent my last letter to you, and she has not been troubled since.

I wish to thank you for the *VIII Statements* in the last Life. I think them just grand. I read them every day, and I can notice they help me in many ways. I have translated them into German for my Mother, who cannot read English, and Oh, how she enjoys reading those true and beautiful words.

Thanking you again, for your kind help, I am yours truly, (Miss) E. R.

It is good to extend the circulation of *The Life*.

MUSIC, ART, LITERATURE,

HEALTH, BEAUTY AND HARMONY

COME THROUGH

INSPIRATION.

¶I teach and give personal help and advice to those who seek these things. Address with stamp,

STELLA C. BISHOP,

Box 574.

Rico, Colo.

T H E L I F E

M A R C H, 1 9 0 3

The VALUE *of* SUGGESTION

IN THESE days of renaissance in mental and moral realms, when all men, women and others are pinching themselves to see if they are awake or dreaming as the new light dawns and old lines and bounds are broken away and altered in their trend, we hear many peculiar and iconoclastic things from those who imagine themselves pioneers in the New Way. Some say one thing and some another is *the only* way of salvation.

Half awake people write about material and non-material methods of life and health as if they were a duly appointed oracle of Truth for all men. Ignorant people start a paper and tell the suffering people all about it, all the causes of their troubles and where they can find a panacea for all their ills, to-wit, at the office of the writer. Avaricious, hungry people pose as healers and teachers and discoverers of new truths for the redemption of mankind and advertise themselves as the wonder of the age—in order to get business and a living.

There are hordes of these and in nine cases out of ten they are arrant frauds, not able to control their own conditions or keep their own carcasses well. If I saw cause to be personal, I could reveal a state of things that would open your eyes, dear reader, to some facts that would make you sick at heart. There are drunkards posing as healers of the drink habit. There are sick people claiming to heal the sick, and paupers advertising as healers of poverty. There are those who advertise and get great

numbers of "patients," trusting sufferers who expect something to come in exchange for their money, and never think of them except to book and acknowledge the receipts. There are those who make false pretenses and give false reasons for changes in base and failure to comply with promises and expectations.

It is almost enough to cause the public to lose confidence in them all and go back to the old ways of drugging and begging an unmerciful, deaf, heartless God to let them escape from a hot place.

But, thanks be to the good heart of honor and genuine purpose in the best of the human race, there are those who are true and pure and sincere and are working for the good of the cause of Truth among men. They make no false pretenses, give treatments as they agree to and take no more patients than they can give personal attention to. When an hour is set for treatment, they are faithfully and unfailingly with the patient and do the best that can be done in every way for him.

It is the only way to last, and continue, and succeed in life. It is the only way to be happy and live long.

The suggestion of fraud in the methods of pretenders and hungry scramblers for a living has done the cause of Christian and Mental Science incalculable harm. People are naturally inclined to grow skeptical of all after they have discovered the falseness of one or two in whom they have reposed confidence. So they do not do justice to those who are genuine.

There are those who are not half weaned from the old, failing, material methods of healing and the old folly of begging prayer and a personal God, that are just now trying to condemn suggestion as a mode of eradicating old errors of thought and habit and implanting new ideas and new germs of health. They say it is hypnotic and deceiving, and results in no permanent good.

They know not what they say. In their nonsensical

condemnation of hypnotic suggestion they have been led into a folly that would condemn all healing by and through suggestion.

It is true that our condition of body and affairs is made what it is very largely by suggestion. The suggestion of custom, of education, of association, of inclination, of advice, of the press, is powerful in making us what we are.

This suggestive force is largely hypnotic, or deceptive. It leads to wrong conclusions by delusion. The suggestion of the contagion and fatality of disease, of liability to failure and death, of weakness of the body, etc., is a very potent factor in the general results of misery and desolation which we see among men.

And it is a deceptive suggestion. It ignores and depreciates the powers of the real man. It is founded in appearance and ignorance and is blinding to the eyes of the spirit.

How is this to be met and overcome? By suggestion of Truth, of course. It is the most utter folly to say that suggestion of Truth is hypnotic and deceiving. It is just the contrary. It is awakening and undeceiving, and is therefore most valuable, in fact indispensable, to the new life of power and happiness.

This suggestion is made in accord with the ideals of Truth found in the silence. If I find that only the good is true, and I see that people have not believed this, it is my prerogative to awaken them to this truth by repeating it to them. If I find that there is no evil, and know that people have been slaves to a silly fear of evil, I must deny evil until this fear is removed. If I find people sick and discouraged, I must deny the reality and necessity of sickness and failure and affirm the truth of being until these delusions are lifted and the clear sunlight of the real is let in upon the soul.

My sincere word for it, dear reader, only those who have failed to understand the power and value of sugges-

tion are condemning it. They know not what they do.

In all my years of experience and successful practice of the New Thought methods of healing and betterment of man's condition in life, I have found suggestion most valuable as a mode of disilluioning and awakening for the sick and failing. To sharply deny an appearance of evil is to destroy it, if the one who denies understands the true meaning of his words. I have thus cut down all sorts of acute pains and inharmonies, and even habits of long standing.

Denials are to be used only when confronted by appearances of error. It is not profitable to sit down and conjure up things to deny. But, if a child is scared at a seeming of a ghost, why may I not deny its reality? I have done it so often that there is not the slightest question of its value. I have often denied headaches, toothaches, rheumatism and other painful appearances so as to cut them down at once. If any delusion of evil confronts you, deny it, and affirm the very opposite. It will cut it down at your feet.

Why not? Evil has no foundation in Truth. Its appearance is founded in a false belief, a wrong teaching, a mistake. What is the best thing to do with it? If a child believes a white garment in a closet is a ghost, what is the best thing to say to it? Deny it, certainly. It is not hypnotic to undeceive.

Nor is it hypnotic to convince of truth. It is profitable to suggest Truth statements always. It is profitable to sit down in the silence every day and conjure up truth ideals and affirm them over and over. It creates in you a vibration in accord with the great element of Being founded in Truth, and so heals and uplifts you. Every true word and thought and deed is an active force in being that starts a vibration in the universal Essence which results in fuller expression and stronger manifestation. I may deny sickness for one who has the appearance of

sickness and affirm life and power and healing until he awakens from his delusion and knows he has the power of health and to manifest wholeness.

A man came to me from Chicago who thought he could not walk on account of paralysis. He had been under that belief for four years. I sat by him from about ten o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon and told him silently that he could arise and walk, that the paralysis was a false appearance, not of his true self, that he was life and power and would now realize it and put it into action, etc. About three p. m. he got up and walked across the room to the door. Then he suddenly seized the door facing, saying, "Oh, I forgot I could not walk." I replied at once, spiritedly, "But you see you can walk. Go on!" He did so and continued to walk ever after.

Another man said he could not stop smoking, that he had tried will power, "no-to-bac" and various other means without success. I denied his assertion that he could not stop and affirmed that he could. And the false taste was destroyed at once so that he never even desired to smoke again.

A girl said she had had an awful pain in her leg all day. I denied it sharply, audibly. It went instantaneously and never returned.

A man sat down in my office and told a doleful tale of woe of his sicknesses, etc. I silently denied every word he said. By and by he straightened himself up and said, "But I am all right now, and I reckon there was not much the matter with me, after all."

A young lawyer peeped in at my door and said, "Barton, I have an awful headache." I said, "Well, don't bring it in here." He stopped and asked, "Do you mean I must not come in?" I said, "No; come in; but don't bring the headache." He came in and sat down. I was busy with another man for fifteen or twenty minutes. By and by he said, "Well, I did not bring it in. I am en-

tirely free from it."

I have proven in a thousand ways the value of suggestion. To repeat a truth statement over and over and over is most profitable. It adjusts the atoms of brain and body to be in accord with it. It makes it your truth. The child who repeats the multiplication table over and over makes it his truth by repetition. The one who says "I am Love," or "I am Life," over and over, creates and sustains such a vibration of love and life in the personal being that he becomes a powerful manifestor of them. He thus identifies himself with the Essence of his being in the realm of love and life so as to become a living magnet for good, and radiator of health.

There is not the slightest question about this, reader. Do not listen to those who call it hypnotism, etc. They know not what they say.

Meet the delusions of mortal error, the hypnotic state created among men by beliefs in evil and sickness and death, with denial and affirmation. Deny the error, affirm the Truth. It is not hypnotic, but anti-hypnotic.

There are only two steps to realization after denying the appearance of evil: Recognition and Affirmation. Recognize the Truth and then affirm it. Thus it becomes a fact in you or in your patient.

The Triumph of Life.

C. L. Brewer.

HOW TO live the New Thought is a serious question for those who feel its meaning, and realize, as all true beings must, the need for activity. And the best answer is to frankly accept the mediumship of the transforming power which portends the new earth in which righteousness shall dwell, and become not merely a voice but a fact proclaiming that the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

In these days we all realize the inadequacy of our cus-

toms and institutions to meet the common demands of humanity. Between our material development and spiritual growth there is a gap like the open grave of the dead ages. This is the realm of human law and creed and custom, and represents the unsolved problem of brotherhood. It is the home of the antiquated progeny of ignorant self interest which maintains sectional lines between the hearts and hands of people in whom the dawning Cosmic Consciousness causes social growing pains.

Here is the natural field of activity for the New Thought people who have passed the lobster stage of development. The movement for universal human freedom and spontaneity which is known politically as Individualism and industrially as Socialism, is one in which every Mental Scientist may find the exercise needed to transform Faith into Life and transmute the stuff of which dreams are made into radiant, fearless Personality—the great divine intent to which all Creation moves.

And what is needed to both carry on the social revolution and build individual character is not preaching, but practice. The world is weary of health talk by sick people, declarations of eternal harmony by those who live rag-time lives, and platitudes about Love and Brotherhood by folk who stand as the representatives of class hatred and race division. It is doubtless well that the gospel be preached, even in dishonor, but all things wait for those who come to live down with quiet, simple grace the sad example of the stars of the pulpit and pen.

It has been my good fortune to know several eminent and eloquent failures, whom it would be unjust to call fakes, but whose inability to live their own philosophy has filled many trusting hearts with darkness and despair. It seems as if the heredity influence of the false, cruel ages is still strong enough to rule their conduct in spite of their better knowledge; and their fate should make us slow to wish for power and opportunity before inwardly

arriving at the Divine dignity of being able to serenely shock and defy the world by putting it to a worthy use.

We can do much for ourselves by joining heartily in the Socialist movement for industrial freedom and the abolition of poverty and its attendant drawbacks. We can do more by standing pat for the principle of unquestioned individual freedom, which will balance the socialist philosophy and save the Socialist state from being a machine for tyranny and oppression. But we can do most by graciously cultivating and radiating in daily life the self-centered serenity, efficiency and spontaneity which makes all creeds and forms and laws and institutions both needless and ridiculous, and before the rise of which they will vanish like lowland fogs in the auroral dawning of a golden morn—Divine Humanity's Golden Age, which comes as fast as we learn to use reason and common sense in personal and social affairs.

There is a mania abroad for doing good, to elevate the race, to save the fallen and generally better the condition of mankind. The heart of the craze is good, but the application and the agency in operation are bad. Those who need reformation most are most eager to reform others. Paupers are seeking to sell to the poor plans for getting rich, sick people are eager to help other sick people to be healed—for a consideration,—and old grays are putting forth theories of perpetual youth and how to cure and prevent old age. It is a gloomy joke, a sad smile, a tearful laugh, a heartache in pretense of sunshine. Yet, the result will be good. Out of incompetency and good purpose will grow efficient work. The movement for reform has started where all movements start, in an impulse. The fitness follows, grows out of effort, blunders, experience.

You befriend every one you induce to take The Life.

Meditations

By Kaxton

AUGUSTINE RODRIGUES, and his two companions, Francisco Lopez, and Juan de Santa Maria, devout missionaries of the Franciscan order, were martyred in their attempt to convert the Pueblos of New Mexico, in the year 1582. They left nothing behind them as a monument of their zeal except their noble example of fearless devotion to the cause they had espoused. But this very example was worth far more to their cause than the missionary posts, which they hoped to establish, would have been, if they had carried into execution their purpose. During the century which followed their martyrdom many, acting under the inspiration of their example, had planted the standard of the cross in the New Kingdom of Mexico; so that in the year 1680 there were fifteen hundred Spaniards living within the limits of the territory, many thousands of the natives had been baptized in the Christian faith, and the tribes generally had acknowledged the supremacy of the Spanish crown. Churches were built in many of the Pueblo villages, and European civilization had already taken root on what is even now considered by some as a hopeless desert. But the primitive order of things was not to be so easily set aside. There must needs be another baptism of blood. The march of the cross has ever been trailed with innocent blood, and some of the world's noblest men have fallen by the sword which Jesus said he had brought into the world. The very soul of religious liberty, Prometheus-like, has seen its vitals picked away by the vultures of persecution; but Prometheus-like it has seen them grow again.

The substantial beginning which Christianity and

.

European civilization had made in New Mexico during the seventeenth century was swept away by a general uprising of the natives on the 10th of August, 1680. Many previous attempts had been made by the natives to throw off the Spanish rule, all of which had been promptly put down by the superior skill of the Spanish soldiery. It had been difficult for the various tribes to unite upon any concert of action, which alone offered any hope of success. At last a native of San Juan, a Pueblo village about thirty miles north of Santa Fe, whose name was Pope, succeeded in organizing a general conspiracy of the neighboring tribes. Pope was a sorcerer and a ceaseless worker. He immured himself with two companions in the dark recesses of an estufa in his native pueblo, and gave it out that they were in collusion with the devil. The native medicine men from the surrounding tribes flocked to them to learn what message they had from his satanic majesty. Pope would receive these messengers in the darkness of the estufa, and by rubbing his body with a phosphorescent substance which caused his entire person to appear enveloped in flame, he succeeded in beguiling these old men into the belief that he was endowed with supernatural powers. The message was simple. The native tribes were called upon to rise up and exterminate the Spaniards.

*
* *

Pope had spent years in the study of Indian necromancy among the grim and implacable Navajoes and Apaches. He was four years maturing his plot, communicating his plans under the strictest injunction of secrecy. No woman was allowed to share the secret, and any man suspected of treachery was quickly and quietly put to death. The uprising was to take place August 13, 1680. The fatal day was approaching. Messengers had been sent to the chiefs of the allied tribes bearing a knotted rope, the number of knots indicating the number of days which were to intervene before the uprising. All were in-

structed to untie one knot each day till the last was reached, and then to rally to the work of fire and blood. When three knots remained in these symbols of Indian bondage, and the natives were eagerly looking forward to the day when the last knot should be loosed, and the bands which bound them to their Spanish masters should also be forever undone, these simple but resolute people knew that they had been betrayed and that their plot was known. But this late revelation could not entirely defeat a purpose that had been maturing so long. The messengers of life and death went flying over the land, the former to warn the doomed Spaniards to fly to a place of safety, the latter to arouse the native warriors to immediate action.

* *

The purpose of the conspiracy was to utterly exterminate the white race in the territory. The injunction was to slay, without discrimination, soldier, priest, and settler; men, women, and children, and to utterly expunge from the face of the country every trace of the Christian religion. Notwithstanding the premature revelation of the plot, it was crowned with substantial success. The only effect of the revelation was to reduce the number of Spaniards slain, and perhaps to increase the fatalities among the natives. As it was, of the fifteen hundred Spaniards then living in the territory slightly over four hundred were slain. The ratio of fatality among the priests was highest, twenty-one out of a total of thirty-three having been slain. This was due, perhaps, to the hatred with which the leaders of the revolt regarded the Christian religion. The surviving Spaniards, something over a thousand souls, fled for safety southward, taking with them over eight hundred natives, who for some reason saw fit to cast their lot with their old masters. These refugees made a stand at El Paso, and placed the natives who were with them in settlements in the vicinity. There

was much suffering in the camp and many of the settlers found their way back to the Chihuahua settlements.

* *

Much has been said concerning the cause of this revolt. It is not probable that cruel enslavement of the natives under the fourteen successive Spanish governors, as has been suggested, is the real cause. Slavery, indeed, existed, but those who were leaders in the plot were not slaves, and seem to have exercised little or no sympathy for those who were. Civil oppression existed also, and doubtless was partly the cause of disaffection. Religious persecution doubtless was the chief cause. The natives were imprisoned, whipped, or hanged for the slightest infraction of "Christian regulations" which they could not understand. The Spaniards were religious zealots. The spirit of the Inquisition was still alive in Spain. It had expelled the Jews and the Moors near the close of the fifteenth century and the Moriscos at the beginning of the sixteenth. It slew in that country alone nearly thirty-two thousand offenders, besides inflicting lesser penalties upon nearly three hundred thousand others, and continued its atrocities down into the eighteenth century. But the real reason of the revolt was perhaps the same as that given by Julius Caesar for the Gallic rebellion in his day, "There is in the mind of all men a natural love of liberty." Blindness to this potent fact robbed Spain of her colonial possessions, drove her best citizens from her borders, and reduced her to her present humble position.

Many people make the mistake of supposing that what they have found to be apparently good for them is surely good for all. Upon this basis they proceed to lecture all mankind to adopt their theories and practice their methods of eating, exercise, bathing, etc. Let every man be a law unto himself and live according to his own inner light. It is the only safe rule of life.

Queries and the Answer.

THE HUMAN.

A *M* I alone in this vast world of sorrow?
Must the storms beat on my defenseless head?
Is there no power that cares if I do perish,
Or where my weary soul is blindly led?
Temptation's arrows thickly fall around me,
And must I stand alone amid the fray,
Not knowing where to turn for help or guidance,
No hand outstretched to point me to the way?

THE DIVINE.

No human voice answers my queries,
But something (mayhap 'tis my soul),
Speaks calmly amid the wild tumult
While sorrow's waves over me roll—
"Doubt not. Though the pathway be rugged
And rough to your poor bleeding feet,
You are not alone, God is with you,
Your life is His life. Make complete
The work which in you is beginning.
Lo, angels are watching the strife
With bated breath, hoping and praying
You find the grand pathway of life.
But alone you must learn the great lessons,
Alone to each heart comes the night;
No two souls e'er tread the same pathway
While climbing toward God's greatest light.
And if by the erring of mortals
Your path through Gethsemane lead,
Or sorrows, perhaps all unlooked for,
Your human heart causeth to bleed,
Though offer divers temptations
That lure you with bright sparkling lights,
Forget not the goal you are seeking,
Press Onward, O soul. CLIMB THE HEIGHTS.

Fannie Herron Wingate.

Soul Queries and Truth's Responses.

IT IS the individualized thinker that learns to heed the soul queries and reposefully waits, listens, and receives the responses of the True-self and, in rightful appreciation of the true knowledge thus gained makes practical use in material manifestation.

"But all men are not individualized thinkers and never will be," some one says, "and how am I to discriminate between *queries* and *responses*?"

Long ago the true way was pointed out by the magical words, "Seek ye first the kingdom, and all things else shall be added." And it is when we become true seekers with earnest desire, (prayer) supplemented by firm expectation and faith in our divine attributes, that we consciously receive Truth's responses.

This is an attitude of soul receptivity that attracts, and gently woos the spirit of Light within. Our perceptions are quickened, the fount of wisdom is unsealed and the naturally pure waters of spirit thought ebb and flow in noiseless response to every true desire.

A willing seeker writes thus—

"Dear Friend. I am drifting. Can you help me anchor and find my true-self?"

Perchance she expresses by this soul query the uncertain, yet deeply earnest, desire of others, who may read these lines.

In reply I would first question:

"Do you believe in and admit your divine origin?" If so, the foundation for a better understanding is already laid and you may begin to build thereon and "cease drifting."

The soul or sense life is perpetually active during our waking moments and grows in strength or degenerates in purity of quality and power, according to our method of proper or improper use.

Our material experiences constantly suggest thoughts that deal almost entirely with physical existence, or surface life, and yet their Cause is part of the vital cause of all things.

If in the discharge of these duties we could always remember *the invisible* and *the visible* are linked, as *cause* and *effect*, and consciously assert that spirit, soul and body *are one*, not separate, as we have so long believed, what freedom from disease and worries would be ours!

In the mental maintenance of this saving truth we do truly receive spiritual power to overcome error suggestions. My friend, it is your soul or sense thought that drifts hither and yonder.

The true-self intelligence is centrally steadfast, natural and unchangeable, having "already received" from the abundance of the Infinite Father, and in recognition of our unity with All Good we are anchored in Omnipresent Love, and forever "cease drifting."

Each individual supply lies in "the kingdom," the heaven within, and it is the soul queries that enable us to seek for, to investigate and bring forth into perfect realization all the invisible perfect qualities of our divine substance.

Think of it as a *natural untoldment* and a rightful utilization of our innate powers upon this visible plane and in fulfillment of our mission of manifestation.

Every soul query is a demand upon omnipresent supply. Perhaps it is a reaching forth, a seeking outwardly amid unsuitable or congenial environment for what is needed, or, better still, the seeker has found the wealth of supply within and brings forth the unseen real. In either case, it is the potent power of thought rightly directed that accomplishes this desired result. Let us think of our mind as the dynamo and our thought force as the electric life current that creates action in the unseen depths of our

spiritual True selves. In reposeful silence the Lord-self awaits the summons of the ever growing, expanding soul mind.

All growth being from within outward, it is a useless effort, a waste of endeavor, to seek outside of our spiritual self for power. Success can only be attained by entering the "heaven within," through *the lawful* means of our *divine power to think*, and, in being true to our highest conceptions of all the powers of Elohim individualized in us, and then, if we *only listen*, and expectantly wait, a voiced reply will always come. According to our faith will be the tone and quality of such a response.

A daily exercise of thoughtful soul queries develops the latent strength of spirit Truth within and the tendency to drifting is banished in our conscious ability to think, to do and be, all we most truly desire. Ellebard.

The Life League.

EVERY REGULAR reader of The Life is a member. We unite daily in holding the key-note thoughts, and we do not fail to remember one another and the sick and unfortunate.

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ENOX AND
CATLING**Bible Lessons**

1903, FIRST QUARTER.

*Lesson X. March 8.***P**AUL AT EPHEBUS:—Acts 19:13-20.

KEY-NOTE: "The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified."

Paul was on his third missionary journey, now at Ephesus, where he preached more than at any other one place.

He was there about A. D. 52 to 55 or 56.

Ephesus was a rich city on the river Cayster, and was the capital of the Roman province in Asia. The people were Greeks and worshipped Diana, to whom they had built a magnificent temple said to have a colosseum that would seat 50,000 people.

Apelles and Parrhasius, the two celebrated artists, were natives of Ephesus. Jesus' mother and John lived here during the latter part of their lives, and their graves are at Ephesus.

For three months Paul preached to the Jews in their synagogue. A few were converted, but a row was raised and he moved his meetings over to the lecture rooms of Tyrannus and preached there to the Greeks with better success.

The seven sons of Sceva, a priest, tried to heal a demoniac in the name of Jesus and were badly treated by the crazy man.

Then it was said that fear came upon the people and many converts were made. "So mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed."

It seems that Sceva's sons and others were magicians and exorcists, working in black magic. They saw what Paul and Timothy did in the name of Christ, so they un-

dertook it. They were not sincere nor righteous in their purpose. So they failed. Then they and the others burned \$8,000 worth of their books and abandoned their trade.

But a reformation through fear is not a genuine change. Fear may keep one from committing overt acts of wrong, but it never made the heart better.

1. Why and when did Paul go to Ephesus?
 2. Who was with him?
 3. Why did the Jews oppose him?
 4. How were the exorcists converted?
 5. What can you say of fear?
 6. What is the true incentive to right doing?
 7. What is the word of God?
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Lesson XI. March 15.

THE RIOT AT EPHEBUS.—Acts 19:29-40.

KEY-NOTE:—"The Lord preserveth the faithful."

It was A. D. 56. Paul had been in Ephesus earnestly preaching the gospel of Jesus now about three years. During the time he had had with him as helpers from time to time, Timothy, Titus, Stephanus, Fortunatus, Apollos, Aquila, Priscilla, Chloe, Gaius, Aristarchus and Achaicus.

The events of this lesson occurred shortly before Paul left Ephesus.

About this time one Demetrius, a silversmith, who made images of the gods, became uneasy about his trade, as Paul was inducing many to abandon idolatry, and stirred up a riot. Paul was in danger and they induced him not to preach that day.

One Alexander tried to quiet the mob: But they saw he was a Jew, so he only made matters worse. Then the town clerk came out and quieted them. He made them a speech in which he appealed to their pride as custodians of the great temple of Diana and intimated that the Roman government might give them trouble for their con-

duct. So they subsided.

There are those of this day who have become scared about their trade on account of the spread of the New Thought and the consequent abandonment of drugs. And they have appealed to legislatures and courts to compel the people to patronize them. They have failed, however, for this is a free country and people are going to do as they like about doctoring their ailments. They care nothing about the medical legislation for the medicine doctors.

Nor do these people care for the condemnation of the preachers and orthodox church people. They go on serenely doing as their own conscience and reason lead them.

A teaching which has any truth in it at all will stand and prevail and spread in its influence, spite of all opposition. Persecution of its disciples only strengthens their cause.

It activizes the best effort and power and destroys only the errors that may adhere. Persecution helps our cause greatly in this way. No one can harm the Truth or impede its progress.

1. What caused trouble for Paul's followers in Ephesus?
2. Why did Demetrius oppose them?
3. Who was Diana?
4. Why is it useless to legislate against the Science?
5. What effect has persecution on any movement?
6. Should the will of the people prevail?
7. What is our best and safest guide in conduct?

Lesson XII. March 22.

PAUL'S MESSAGE TO THE EPHESIANS.—Eph. 2:1-10.

KEY-NOTE:—"By that favor, indeed, you have been saved, through the faith."

Paul's epistle to the church at Ephesus was written

at Rome while the author was a prisoner there, about A. D. 61 or 62.

While it was directed to the Ephesian Church, it was probably a circular letter for all the Christian churches in the Lycus valley.

1. The Christ spirit quickens, makes alive, those who are dead in the ways of error. There are many dead people not buried, people who are not alive to even their own best interests. They are dummies, "in the silence."

2, 3. The course of this world and the common atmosphere of error surrounding us, together with the ordinary tendency of flesh desires, tend to depress spiritual aspiration and retard our growth. "The prince of the power of the air" is the general atmosphere of race error about us. It is to be overcome.

"Children of wrath" are those who have erred until their only salvation is through meeting and overcoming the results of their errors.

4, 5, 6, 7. God's love in us saves from death, awakens the sleepers in the valley of sin, quickens the dead in trespasses. This is the arousing of the Christ within.

We sit in heavenly (holy) places with Jesus Christ, in this new life. The Father more freely bestows than we are ready to embody or manifest.

8. Paul thought it a special, undeserved gift or favor from God to man.

Life is man's rightful inheritance, his own. All things are yours already. Appropriate them.

9, 10. We do not make our good, but it is ours from the Father and in us made manifest by the Christ.

1. What is it to be dead in sin?
2. What is the "power of the air" here referred to?
3. What is the quickening power?
4. Where is the Christ spirit known to us?
5. How is our resurrection identical with that of Jesus?

6. What do you understand by God's mercy?
7. Explain verse 10.

Lesson XIII. March 29.

REVIEW.

KEY-NOTE:—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—The Christ, to men.

The lessons of this (first) quarter of the year have been taken from The Acts chiefly and have dealt with the works of Paul. We began with his and Silas' visit to Philippi, the first part of Paul's second missionary journey, the first entrance of the Christ gospel into Europe and ended with the close of the third journey at Ephesus.

Following are titles, references, key-notes and comments on each.

1. PAUL AND SILAS AT PHILIPPI.—Acts 16: 22-34.

"Believe into the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

To believe into is to permit or allow that believed into to be personified in you. The Lord Jesus Christ is your Christ self, the Ego. To be saved is to rise above the plane of error.

2. CHRISTIAN LIVING.—Phil. 4: 1-13.

"Rejoice in the Lord always."

Be glad in good. Be not sad or cast down. Even in tribulation and trial, rejoice in your Lord self, in its power to overcome. Jesus said, "When everybody turns against you because you are true to Truth, *leap for joy*." Thus you leap over trouble.

3. PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BEREA.—Acts 17: 1-12.

"Thy word is a lamp to my feet." Not the Bible, but the thought of Truth. It guides in all ways. Use the word for protection and guidance in all things. Affirm Truth always, and deny evil.

4. PAUL'S COUNSEL TO THE THESSALONIANS.—1 Thess. 5:14-28.

"Hold fast that which is good."

The full text is, "Examine all things. Hold fast the good."

The sincere seeker for Truth is not afraid to investigate. All of the preachers ought to take a course of lessons in Christian Mental Science. It is a movement that sweeps the world. If they were sincere and free they would investigate it—not cull books and papers for the purpose of preaching sermons against it, but take a course of lessons. That is the only way to be fair with it. Then let them hold fast the good.

5. PAUL AT ATHENS.—Acts 17:22-34.

"He announced glad tidings concerning Jesus and the resurrection."

Really, there is no resurrection, because there never was any death. But there is awakening and arousing needed everywhere, from the false consciousness of death and sorrow and fear. The Christ is the awakening and Life.

6. THE CHURCH AT CORINTH.—Acts 18:1-11.

"No one can lay another foundation than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

This foundation of our faith and hope is the Christ spirit personified in us. No other foundation can be laid. It is the only sure basis of happiness, the end of all quest.

7. CHRISTIAN SELF-CONTROL.—1 Cor. 8:4-13.

"We should pursue the things of peace."

In times of peace *never* prepare for war. It is an old worn out, heathen policy. Let us prepare only for peace. If I carry a pistol for my neighbor, he will carry one for me, and trouble is almost sure to follow.

8. CHRISTIAN LOVE.—1 Cor. 13.

"Now these three things remain—Faith, Hope, Love,—but of these the greatest is Love."

Love is the essence the others aspire toward and seek to find. It is universal in time, space and applicability. Love is God.

9. PAUL AND APOLLOS.—Acts 18:24 to 19:6.

“If you, then, being fallible, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will the Father of the Everywhere give Holy Spirit to those who ask him?”

How much more? Why, insomuch that all has already been given and awaits our recognition and manifestation. It is all already ours, as fast as we get ready to appropriate it.

10. (See this issue.)

The name of the Lord Christ is today magnified more in the Jesus (personification) than ever before.

11. (See this issue.)

The Lord never forsakes the faithful. It is a law that the faithful, sincere life is vindicated in the end, and law is never broken.

12. (See this issue.)

The only favor we have in faith is the favor of the Father to the child. It is unfailing. Whatever is the Father's is ours.

I wish to call the attention of our readers especially to the business chance mentioned in another part of this number. I know the gentleman who is at the head of the enterprise to be honorable and competent and successful in that particular line of business. His present business relations render it advisable that he should not make his purpose public. So if you will write me, I will forward your letters to him. He desires to get New Thought people associated with him in the business.

If you want a primary course of lessons, 26 of them, arranged alphabetically, with key-notes and application to each one, send 25c here for “A. B. C. of Truth,” by A. P. Barton. This little book is worth its weight in diamonds.

THE LIFE

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NOTICE

Our silent Hours are 6 to 7 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., central Standard time. All are requested to observe at least a part of one or both of those hours in the silence with us.

Key-Notes.

MARCH.

(Power.)

MARCH 1-15.

NOW IS POWER MADE MANIFEST IN ALL MEN
AND NATURE FOR. REDEMPTION FROM
DEATH.

MARCH 16-31.

ALL THE FORCES OF MY PERSONAL BEING
ARE ENDOWED WITH THE POWER OF LIFE
AND ERROR IS OVERCOME IN ME.

Don't forget to spread the circulation of The Life. It is good to induce your neighbors and friends to take the greatest of New Thought Journals. It is alive and abreast with the front rank of progress. Let us hear from you.

Healing Thoughts

L EONARDO DA VINCI is the inventor of the wheel-barrow. He is also the author of the most famous and acceptable oil painting of *The Last Supper*.

Some men can paint, some can execute sculpture, some can write books, some are poets, some inventors, engineers, historians, wizards, scientists, but Leonardo was all of these and more. A general genius was this man.

He was 28 years old when he said to Lodovico, in reply to his expressed wish to have a colossal statue erected to his father, the famous Duke Francisco:

"In time of peace, I believe I can equal any one in architecture. I can do anything possible to man, and as well as any living artist, either in sculpture or painting, be he whom he may. Further, I could engage to execute the statue with horse, in eternal memory of your father and the illustrious house of Sforza" * *

Would you not like to notice why the Renaissance offered her mysteries and lent her magic to Leonardo? It was because he *knew* his power and did not shrink from saying so. It was because he clinched that knowledge and made the achievement possible by honestly speaking the unhampered words. He did not assume modesty and say, "I hope you will let me try," for he knew there was no one living who could do the work better than he, and he spoke his honest mind. Though he knew he was young and had never made such a bronze as the colossal one in question, yet *he knew* his ability to do it, and he spoke the words out of that conviction * *

This is all any one needs to make his work sure. The

knowledge of the power and the *spoken word* to clinch or seal it and insure the production *

No man was more lovable, or more human, or more fascinating than Leonardo, say the French. He was witty, graceful, polished, with the bodily strength to unbend an iron horse-shoe like lead. His physical beauty was flawless. He was an Apollo, with the many splendid gifts, aside from being a painter of the ineffable, the twilight, the mysterious, of chiaroscuro, of shadow within shadow * *

It cannot hurt us to walk along the path so illustrious a mind has pursued.

All men and women are born endowed with all the powers. The Shakespeare who knows he can write plays for the whole world, and will not say it or think it, is not ready to accomplish. He may know it and yet hold his peace, fail to say it, and no demonstration of his gifts will appear. It takes thinking to organize knowledge and form ideas. It takes speaking to call out or precipitate into material form the idea thus constructed and made ready by thought. The one who thinks he does not believe in the power of thought to thus organize and the faculty of the word to thus bring forth, should say, "I believe" in order to bring forth belief. For, all souls, out of the flickering, flaring light of Tradition, and in their true, free state, *do believe* in every foundation truth in regard to the soul and its destiny * * *

Man is the only speaker of words, and though all things that can be have already been created in Thought, *everything* that is to be *made* or brought forth into form, must be made by man's word. Spiritual man is the Lord of manifestation.

An intelligent friend who still harbors some doubts in regard to the way of the perfect expression and manifestation, writes—, "If God did not plan things and does not do anything at all but simply IS, while man does all the

doing out of God-substance—admitting this—it is puzzling that this Perfect Substance should not express in perfect manifestation. I presume, to use a crude illustration, it is like a palette set with colors that can be used equally well to paint a good picture or a wretched one according to the ability of the artist. Mind is the vehicle. I confess that while I understand God as Impersonal Principle or spirit absolute and changeless, I cannot (yet) conceive of this Mind as doing nothing, or without plan or purpose in the doing. God, with me, is not only Immanent, but transcendent. Man is not responsible for the Universe and its orderly movement. I imagine every soul is really greater than his idea of God until he reaches a place where in wrestling with his conception he destroys it and passes to God's idea of him, which is perfect and eternal. Man must incorporate the divine idea sooner or later, I verily believe, for I can't but think that 'there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hewn tho they may be.' 'In God we live and move and have our being,' in us and over us and whether Love or the essence of Love, it is one everlasting source and supply, and all we need, I fancy, to demonstrate over anything undesirable is to come into the *consciousness* of the power and Presence of the Divine Mind. Do not hesitate to speak 'bold' words to me, dear friend, *I am out for the Truth*, and I hope I am without prejudice."

While Infinite Mind is the *Source* of *all* activity, and all things operate by use of it, still it is improper to say that Universal Love makes a point of loving some one of its creatures. It is Love to all alike. That is, as far as all or any are ready to partake. Nor does this Mind plot or plan, for it is all-knowledge, and could not improve its ways.

It was sweet to hang upon the Lord It was blessed to rest from our labor and throw all our care upon one who would take our yokes from our shoulders and give us

rest from all worry. It was dear for our loving mothers to lullaby us to sleep in their arms—where we never *dreamed* of falling—and take off our little shoes and tuck us snugly to bed, while our eyes closed in calm forgetfulness and our brows showed no traces of care. But the fondest mother would not wish this to continue, because it is natural and best that the child should become self-made. He must take up the work and make himself over and over. He must acquire the knowledge that Regeneration is the Law of Life. Out of the old into the new, not only once, but ever *

The tree sends out branches like itself. We do not look for leaves on the body of the tree, but on its branches. The same sap moves through all, but the limbs must sprout the leaves, and not pray the body to do so in their stead. All the branches need do is to willingly receive the sap and let it be distributed freely into the leaves. Thus may we be harmonious in our lives by being *natural*. But you can plainly see that *more* is naturally required of the self-conscious human. It must *purposely* do the work of the Father-Source. Creation is complete, so far as expression goes. Man is *manifestor*. Man is not responsible for the unseen Universe, but he is responsible for the condition of the material universe. He has made it what it is out of his thoughts and words. The planets swing evenly through space, perhaps because the Elohim created them that way in the Unseen Universe and man has not yet been able to get hold of them with more than his poetic thoughts to distract their *natural* order. Amid his half-spiritualized enlightenment this Earth is half a garden, half a wilderness. When shall Peace cover the earth as the waters do the sea? When man ceases to implore God to do his work for him, and correctly goes at it himself. "Be fruitful and multiply" in the Earth the things I have created in Elohim.

There is "a Divinity that shapes our ends," because

Life is the great magnet which we cannot get out of or away from, and which like a solvent, will alchemize all metals into pure substance though it is not "God's Hand" but man's own weapon that prunes him and spurs him *

It may seem strange that a perfect race evolved out of a perfect source as its cause should ever be in need of salvation. *Really*, it is not, for the reason that man is of indestructible substance. *Artificially*, it does stand in need of salvation from that kind of living * * *

The Way, the Truth, the Life, have through all ages, been beautiful things for contemplation. Our fore-fathers talked about them, the sick longed for salvation through them, and those made well by their power like to help others into the saving *consciousness* of them.

The Truth has not been told to mankind. If any teacher has ever known it well enough, he has not had the language to convey it and men have not been able to receive its telling * *

Truth is. It has ever been. It was in the beginning of each made thing, even before the doctrine of heaven and hell. The flowers breathe it, the trees whisper it, the material universe chimes it, and all nature is eager to tell it. But never until the development of these two *artificial*s in the human consciousness, had it been questioned or inquired about. When the question came, the wisest man of Earth neglected to answer *

Before man had developed a personal will, death had not been named. Only regeneration over and over again—change from the old to the new. In *truth* sickness and death are unnatural. *Artificially* they are natural. All tragedy is artificial and man made, from *les misérables* who engage in wars, to the doctors who give artificial remedies to stir the natural blood into a revolt and then administer morphine to settle the commotion and insure an uncomplaining finale *

When this the age of the tragical is past and the arti-

ficial has gone out of style, death and sickness will be remembered only as a passing fad, subject—like every other out-grown consciousness—to periodic growth and decay.

Change is but the halt for recuperation, for new supplies. It is the taking on of new courage. Living is periodic. Life is the same forever without periods.

Truth is a boundless fountain at which all may drink and not be thirsty. But as we drink we must tell others of its virtues. The Fountain will not seek our lips, we must find it, and take it as if it were ours. C. J. B.

For The Children.

WELL, HERE we are again as Spring begins to open her store-house of beauty and song and fragrance. We all love the sunshine and the flowers and the birds that come in the springtime.

I am thankful for these and for all things. What have you to be thankful for?

One little friend who lives at Chokis, Minn., and who has written before, writes:

"Dear Mr. Barton:

"I thought I would obey your request and write what I am thankful for.

"I am thankful that we are having such nice weather now, and that there were not many people lost in the last snow storm we had.

"I am thankful that all the cattle, horses and people had plenty to eat this winter. And I am thankful that I have a good mother and father and good health and good friends, and that we have such a good paper as The Life to help us be what we ought to be.

"Your true friend, Otto E. Dunken."

You see, Otto lives in a northern State where they

have heavy snow storms and sometimes people and stock are lost and perish in these storms. He is glad there has not been much of this this winter.

Little readers have you anything to give thanks for? What? Write me about it.

And here is another nice letter from a little girl whose post office is Clarence, Mo.:

"Dear Mr. Barton:

"I like to read the Children's page in *The Life*, so I thought I ought to help it along by writing a letter for it.

"We live in the country near a river named Salt River.

"We have a canoe and in the summer time we go boat riding, and in the winter time we go skating.

"A great many different kinds of birds live in our woods. Some of them build nests in our orchard trees and in the large oak trees in our yard.

"I was eleven years old last December.

"I am thankful for a home, a mother and father and brothers and sisters. And I am thankful for friends and that I can go to school, that I have the use of all my five senses, and for many other things.

"I am your friend, Edith R. Foster."

Do you notice anything peculiar about these two nice letters? The writers are both thankful for mother and father—mother first—and for friends. Well may every child be thankful for good parents, home and friends. How dreary would be any child's life without these!

But are you not thankful, too, for the opportunity of doing good and of learning useful lessons? Tell me about this.

Once there was a little girl who would kneel down every night before retiring and pray out aloud. She made up most of the words to her prayers herself.

Her fond mother would listen, and sometimes took a pencil and note book and wrote down what she said.

Here are some of her original thoughts as her mother wrote them down after her:

"O Heavenly Father, I pray thee to love me more than I do thee. And thee does, but then I love thee exactly as hard as I can, and I try to do as right as I can."

"I pray thee to bless all my sisters and my cousins and my aunts; but then I haven't got any sisters—but bless me more and more wherever I am and wherever I am not."

"Heavenly Father, please excuse me for telling a lie today. I feel very bad about it, so excuse me more and more, as much as you can, and love me as much as you did before."

"God, when I get to heaven I don't want to pray all the time. I want to pick flowers. But I will kneel down some to you and pray and see how you are made. Good night, God." (And she threw a kiss.)

This little girl is now a grown up woman and a very successful school teacher in Brookline, Mass. And she sometimes talks to God now, about as freely as she did then, but I think she has found out that God is not a man and that heaven is not a far away place. God is the Principle, Law and Essence of Love and Truth and is everywhere. And heaven is harmony and peace and joy in the heart wherever you may be.

And here is a funny little poem written by a lady in Denver especially for this department.

"A DISCONCERTED GRASSHOPPER."

By Nora E. Hulings Siegel. (Nodie.) Denver, Colo.

A grasshopper sate on a mulberry twig, sighing, sighing.
Noting his small wings and legs so big, crying, crying:
"Oh! why like others may I not be?

I would hide away and laugh for glee:
If my legs were short or I had none, said he.
Ah! I'd pull the string on my destiny;
And laugh at the fluke, cheer-chee! chee-chee!
And laugh at the fluke, chee! chee!"

He clung to the limb of the mulberry bush, moaning,
moaning.

A grub from above spun his web down o'mesh; groaning,
groaning.

Quoth he of the moth, "With this life he is done.
He is pulling his string, but where is his fun?
Sure thing! poor fellow! his string is one
With his destiny, and legs he has none.
Wouldn't enter the dodge if there's nought to be won!
Wouldn't enter the dodge nothing won!"

He lifted himself from the limb where he stayed, musing,
musing.

By the aid of his legs part floated and swayed, cruising,
cruising.

His cumbersome body hung heavy and fat,
Which his wings by the help of his legs could bat.
And forth from his mouth green tobacco he spat,
Said, "I surely am blessed without string to mat.
If I'd have to be pulling at mine like that,
If I'd have to be pulling like that."

Now we are getting a good start. Let us have those letters, *fast*. I will give three prizes: something nice—first, second and third, to those who write the first, second and third best letters for this department. Letters must reach me by March 15 and be on the subject *Why I Give Thanks*. No one over 12 years of age can compete.

Give your age in your letter.

Correspondence

A SUBSCRIBER in Oelwein, Iowa, writes:
 "I have noticed in The Life and Wee Wisdom declarations in favor of vegetarianism. I have taken some thought on this subject. What a change of things there would be if there were no killing of animals.

"There are several problems to be solved before this practice could cease. How to retain the fertility of the soil of millions of acres of land without the raising of stock. What use could be made of thousands of acres of land that is only suitable for grazing land? What would the vegetarians wear on their feet and hands? What could take the place of leather harness and a thousand other purposes leather is used for? Must not the climate change a little in Alaska, Greenland and our Northern States so that it would be possible for a missionary clad in a linen suit with a turnip under one arm and a cabbage under the other to traverse this country preaching vegetarianism?

"It has become possible for people even in Iowa to take some comfort in winter by using fur coats and robes, lined boots and shoes, etc. If we are to use wool, eat butter, eggs and cheese, it will be necessary that there be an increase of stock. What will be done with the increase?"

Answer: I give this gentleman's letter in full as his objection is that of many, and it is not an idle one.

Yet, I am quite sure that we need not bother our minds at all about these questions. As fast as vegetarianism grows upon us, the way will be made. Similar objections have been urged against every radical innovation that has ever been suggested or inaugurated. Just as well ask, What will all the doctors, druggists and manufacturers of medicines do when people all quit taking drugs and pills? Such things are not done in a day. Such revolu-

tions are of slow growth and the way is opened as the change advances. Vegetarianism will not be established universally if it is not right. If it is right and best the way will appear as it comes. Let us only do the best we know and trust the law for the results.

The chief objection I see to flesh eating is the necessity of killing the animals. But which is worse for the animal, to knock him in the head and kill him instantaneously in the prime of his brief life, or to allow him to grow old decrepit and suffer long tortures and die in starvation and desolation, or even to not allow him to ever live at all?

There are two sides to every question and it is only fair to hear both.

VEGETARIANISM.

J. William Lloyd, at one time an ardent advocate of vegetarianism, has the following to say in the *September Conservator*:

"I know something about vegetarianism. I have believed it, lived it, proved it in every possible way and in most ways found it wanting. I am convinced it is neither of advantage to man's health, morals, or to the animals themselves. More than that, in its radical and humanitarian form it is without logic or a practicable principle. There is hardly a claim made by vegetarians which an impartial observation of facts will sustain. I have lived some years in sanitariums, having vegetarians under medical observation, and they display almost invariably abnormal symptoms, such as irritability, over acuteness of brain and nerves, and indigestion, acidity, flatulence, distended abdomen, craving appetite, waxen complexion, hectic flushes, pessimism, insomnia, etc., etc. I commenced my first vegetarian experiment under the best conditions and in perfect health and faith, and in a little over a year was suffering from dyspepsia, insomnia

and had come near to death from malarial fever. Vegetarianism is well adapted to certain conditions, diseases and temperaments, but to others it is perilous. Most vegetarians suffer from malnutrition, and the average vegetarian is not, to say the least, any healthier, happier or longer-lived than his neighbors. Nor is his blood purer or his system less susceptible to contagions. Nor will his brain do better work. He may be more enduring under a given test, but I have never yet been sure that this was quite normal.

"That food affects morals is pure fancy. Flesh eaters are no more cruel, warlike, unsocial or erratic than vegetable eaters, and this is true of the whole animal kingdom. The vegetarian goat and monkey are the types of sexual passion, while the bull and the stallion and most polygamous mammals are vegetarian. The Cape buffalo and the black rhinoceros are among the most ferocious and belligerent of animals and certainly do not eat meat. Some carnivores are timid as rabbits, and the opossum, whose food is largely flesh, is a non-resistant. The loyal, generous and devoted dog is a carnivore; so is the cat, who is cruel, selfish and uncontrollable. How is this if food affects character? And how is it that the goat is one of the bravest and shrewdest of animals, and the sheep, feeding beside him in the same pasture, the most timid and stupid?

"Among men the same diversity holds. The most gentle, the most good-natured, the most peaceable of all men known to the ethnologist are the Eskimo, living altogether on animal food. Contrast them with the cruel and haughty Spaniard, so oft quoted by vegetarians; the Italian peasant with his ever ready stiletto, the treacherous and piratical Malay. Are the Thugs of India flesh eaters? Why do vegetarians quote the potato fed Irishman to show the health of his diet and forget to quote his 'shpilia' for a fight' to prove its morals? Why do they

dote on the diet of the Turkish porter and forget the licentiousness of the "unspeakable Turk" and his creed of the sword? Was the wheat-fed Roman army lacking in ferocity? What of the modern Jap?

"The only logical platform for the humanitarian vegetarian is to affirm that the rights of men and animals are the same, and the consistent disciple of Tolstoi must not flinch to apply the Golden Rule and the ethic of non-resistance. But I have never yet met or heard of any humanitarian who was consistent enough to take this stand except the pious Brahmin, who, when some cruel Englishman proved to him that with every particle of food, every drink of water, and every breath of air he destroyed lives, said then that he would neither inject nor breathe—and died. To take this consistent position, then, is to affirm that to kill an animal is murder; to eat it cannibalism; to take its eggs, milk, feathers, fleece without its full consent, robbery; to domesticate it, slavery; to resist its attacks or fence it out of your crop an unchristian and unbrotherly act. You must wear no leather, hair, wool, horn nor feathers. You must eat neither milk nor eggs, nor any honey; you must resist no rat, mouse, bedbug, louse or cockroach, and if any microbe take lodging with you give him cordial welcome. Cease to pour kerosene on the marsh of the mosquito, and disturb not rudely the dance of the high-hopping flea on your epidermis. As a matter of simple fact the application of consistent Tolstoi humanitarianism to animals makes agriculture impossible, and reduces man to the status of the lowest savage, who is obliged to subsist on whatever wild berries, roots and leaves the other brutes leave him."

A lady in Kansas City who got my manuscript lesson on *How to Work and not Be Tired*, writes: "I have applied it very earnestly and find I get along better with everything I undertake. You have power; that power is of God."

Notes of Other Publications.

THE *RADIANT* Center, after failing to radiate for four or five months, shoots forth its rays now from Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada, in a new and improved form. The editor, Kate Atkinson Boehme, tells about living in a bungalow and having a lot of fun wrestling and battling with the storm king and the imps of Bo-reas. It may be all very heroic and hardy, but give me the balmy breath of spring and the sunshine and flowers and birds of summer.

Freedom announces that after next May first its subscription price will be \$2.00 a year. It is worth it.

Eugene Del Mar, of Denver, has changed the name of his paper from *Common Sense*, to *Common Sense Advocate*. It is well named.

Science of Life is a New Thought magazine published bi-monthly at Sydney, Australia. Henry Cardew is the editor. It is full of good thoughts, a clean, progressive journal.

Psychic World is a new publication, first appearance in February. It is a monthly magazine of New Thought edited by Dr. Geo. W. Payne, 1104 Market st., San Francisco, Calif. It is 10c a copy, \$1.00 a year. It is illustrated and ably deals with telepathy, physical culture, physiognomy, astrology, palmistry, phrenology, etc.

"It" is certainly the shortest title for a magazine we have seen. But there is one started in San Antonio, Texas, by this name. "It" is edited by G. R. Weston, M. D., and is "devoted to the evolution of the individual." This is a good purpose and the initial number makes a very creditable showing for a starter. 10c a copy—\$1.00 a year.

That pamphlet by Miss Tong, "The Art of Attracting Power," sells well and gives satisfaction. Only 10 cents.

A Good Business Opening.

WE HAVE knowledge of an opportunity for an investment in the stock of a manufacturing concern about to organize to make a high grade table article that is used in every house, and the demand is increasing beyond the capacity of existing factories. The failure of a manufacturer of these goods, we believe, has never occurred, and probably can be said of no other manufacturing business.

The business man of this enterprise has full knowledge of the secret of the successful manufacturer of a high grade article, and besides has valuable processes of his own. We have his goods in our house and know them to be a superior article.

He has been known to us as a New Thought man for some years. Two years ago we had some correspondence with him in reference to his ambition to draw New Thought people together in a substantial way. As the American idea is to conquer the world through trade and by commercial means instead of war, his was to solidify the New Thought movement by similar methods. He has not been able to incorporate his ideals into action yet, but feels he wants New Thought people to share this enterprise with him. This stock that he offers our readers would be taken by business associates, but he prefers this plan. Four different people have, in fact, asked for it, and he tells us he wishes to retain the privilege of refusing applications on this offer if enough is not applied for. He does this in order to take in the others mentioned. There is one other reason for selling this way, and it is a purely business reason. It is believed that stockholders in various towns and cities will be the means of advertising the goods and so enlarge and extend the business.

Not to exceed \$15,000 will be sold. Shares are \$25.00 each, and they are offered to subscribers before organiza-

tion at \$15.00 cash and dividends to apply for the payment of the balance. We believe it to be an exceptional opportunity for an investment, and recommend it. Judging from knowledge at hand the stock should yield large dividends.

Communications addressed to the Editor will be forwarded.

Arrows.

By Nora E. Hulings Siegel. (Nodie.)

THE POETRY of motion—Gracefulness.
The sanctity of worship—Goodliness.
The majesty of trusting—Confidence.
The mystery of sincerity—Truthfulness.
The architect of understanding—Watchfulness.
The harmony of poise—Agreement.
The piety of purpose—Faithfulness.
The milestone of escutcheon—Carefulness.
The highway to intelligence—Logic.
The pinnacle of attainment—Knowing.
The pilot to spirituality—Experience.
The breve of receptiveness—Perception.
The robe of love—Willingness.
The uniform of elegance—Simplicity
The radiance of mind—Righteousness.
The glory of truth—Appliability.
The multiplication of being—Innocence.
The subtraction of love—Abundance.
The division of charity—Fullness.
The addition of hope—Realization.

Here is a sensible remark on the "no breakfast" fad made by Dr. Andrew Wilson in the St. Louis Star: "Science only recognizes the principle of relativity here. The dose of an opiate which will produce sound sleep in A may have no effect on B. The food that agrees with me may

be, physiologically speaking, an abomination in the eyes of my neighbor. My friend may be able to live and thrive on a diet which, for me, would represent a too meager fare. Throughout life at large we are perpetually being warned by the fruits of experience that it is highly illogical to predicate of all that which is true of one or a few. The application of particulars to universals is apt to involve us in certain grave contradictions."

I lecture and teach in out of town places. Write and make engagements At The Life Home School pupils are trained for the work and healed. It is good to come here. If you cannot come, secure a course of lessons by correspondence. This is not a cheap lot of stuff sent out at a cheap price. Better buy a book than be gulled by the cheap trash going the rounds now as lessons. A thorough drill is given in this course by the teacher personally, questions and answers interchanged, with criticisms, drills and formulas, as well as actual practice by the student. And two weeks' treatment free with every course, if desired. Write for terms. A. P. Barton.

"Evangel Ahvallah," or "The White Spectrum," by C. Josephine Barton, is an interesting metaphysical novel, which contains a great many good thoughts as well as an interesting story of a minister's family and his congregation. In Evangel Ahvallah, we have an example of the power of the Inner Light in the spiritual development of a child. The book is interwoven with romances which increase interest in it. It gives us many ideas of what is the matter with the churches of today, and we will find food for much profitable thought in it. The book is illustrated and published by the author and has her portrait for the frontispiece.—M. S. L., in *The Bohemian*.

The *Life* is growing better with each issue, and I cannot be without it. A. Toziewitz.

Little Lessons in Elohim Kindergarten

LESSON XIX.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

MORE THAN a year ago one of our subscribers requested me to write an article upon the subject of physical culture. As that was just what I had been trying to do, in my own way, I at first hesitated to indulge the request, which somehow reminded me of the one Philip made when not satisfied with the metaphysical lessons he had been hearing, but evidently not understanding:—"Show us the father" and we will then see how to make your teaching practical * *

If I say two blocks and three blocks make five blocks, only the child who cannot grasp it will say, "Show us the *blocks*, give us a *sign*, let us have an object lesson, and we will then arrive at the underlying principles."

First, we may all know that the ways and means of substantial physical culture are better reached and promoted through mental comprehension of the laws that govern them, than is possible through object lessons or the showing of signs * *

This brings us to our title heading. You know *kindergarten* is a German term meaning "child garden." It was devised by Frederick Froebel for child-education through the use of object lessons,—blocks, toys, games, paper cutting, clay modeling, plaiting, weaving, singing, etc., with all corporeal punishment excluded. Froebel's method applies to that period in life when the soul accepts things as they appear. It is the period of sense-perception before the development of independent self-consciousness and the time when the child is able intuitively to lay hold of true physical culture *according* to mental

processes. It is possible thus to present an object for study in such a way as to lead out the child's thought upon the causes involved until true ideas are formed concerning its nature and origin *

The term Elohim stands for these forces operative in Nature, as the cause back of every thing, and which had to be, before the things could appear. *Elohim Kindergarten* means *primary lessons in ideal objects*. And as the ideal always precedes the objective, I felt sure I had adopted the right course to promulgate truth in appearances as far as was possible in the physical, and for all those who have not had the measureless blessing of correct, *prenatal* culture * * *

Maybe I should not have introduced that word so soon, as I am not here ready to discuss it. But I will say now, it is the pivot upon which the world turns, the precursor of every great achievement. The Lincolns and the Washingtons as well as the Napoleons and even the Czolgoszes were pre-conceptions, fashioned in the Temple of Thought, and endowed after the pattern cut out in each mother's mind. Never, until the importance of prenatal education is recognized and fostered generally can the world know righteousness-and-truth well enough to sav-
ingly live it.

Lincoln was born with the knowledge of his superior prenatal endowment. It grew up with him, and when he was serenely and truly the greatest man on earth he sweetly blossomed it in the words, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my sainted Mother" * *

From the physical standpoint the newspapers are handling the subject of physical culture well. Requests have continued to come in, however, and as the call continues I am sure the need has not yet been sufficiently filled.

If I must talk to you upon this question, you need not expect me to say much about face-pulling, muscle-strain-

ing or body-manipulation, for these things are good when they come *naturally*, by which I mean, "shall be added," as the lawful result of one's understanding of how and what to do under all such circumstances. Nothing is done successfully without the right word back of it to direct it *

I can tell you what to do to stop your hair from falling out. But next year it may fall out again if you do not acquire the knowledge of how to establish your thoughts in your mind so that the falling out will be impossible. Now it would be a trifling thing to set your thoughts to prevent a few hairs from falling, if that were all. But that is not all, you seek the right consciousness chiefly *because it is the right consciousness*. You seek naturalness, and naturalness is always right. Another thing, the more closely you shave to Naturalness the surer are you of obtaining desired results * * *

Infinite Mind said to its forces, "Let us make man in our own image and likeness." How divinely good a thing that was to say! Infinite Mind said it because it was natural for it to say it. It could not avoid saying it. It could not neglect to say it in Love. And we cannot neglect lovingly to receive it. I am modelled in that perfect way. It makes me feel good throughout. The thought of it just thrills me, and sets every atom within me aglow with the rapture of the conscious knowledge, of the measureless height and depth and width and fullness of my natural and *inevitable* inheritance.

Although it was Infinite Mind who said this, still the dogmatists kept looking backward until they made an artificial father out of their own shadows, and wrote in their catechisms and made their innocent children pin it down in their hearts with their gentle words, that they were children, and therefore heirs, of this wicked and demoralized shadow!

Beginning at the top of the subject of physical cul-

ture, with the *hair*,—I have answered many appeals and have treated many cases like those mentioned, and up to the present time every case, without exception, has responded successfully. In most instances the mental suggestions alone were sufficient. In those who seemed slow to respond, I made a mental diagnosis of the particular case, wrote out a formula (of words) and sent instructions. But notice the difference: This brings the one presenting the difficulty an *acquired perception* of the right mental attitude that will insure desired results, which artificially fills the need until the development in his consciousness of the *original* perception or natural form of knowledge, which is the direct act of knowledge *

It was a previous object-lesson that made Hamlet see his father in his "mind's eye." And an original perception that caused the apostles to cry out "Abba, Father," when they perceived, (originally, without an object lesson) that Infinite Mind was their true Source and Cause. "The spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God" * * *

The hairs of your head are all numbered. No atom can stray out of its office. Conservation is the law of Life. No one has ever counted your hairs, but that does not interfere with the fact that they have their numbers, or place in being. For this reason the hair should not be abused nor slighted. It should never be pulled or jerked, but dealt with as having life. One should be as gentle with the hair as with the flowers. It is the crown and symbol of personal glory. Beautiful hair will not respond to unkind or disrespectful treatment! It wants to be gently smoothed, petted, lovingly caressed, as a lover would "reach out slowly and stroke it," (as Col. Smith said of Paderewski's manner of touching the keys of his piano) *

The hair does not like to be drawn up to the top of the head. It rebels when it is forced more than forty-five degrees out of the axis of its follicle. And it gasps

for life when pasted flat to the head. It abominates hats, and it throws kisses to every breeze that doffs a Derby (I believe that is what you call the round, stiff tops) and chases it teasingly on and on down the street. It steals out from under night-caps at every turn of the unconscious sleeper, and under a monk's cap it is disgusted to death *

Hair exults in the sunshine, and in the lifting, fanning, sifting breeze, which gently curves it, but never presses it flat to the head without ventilation. Like grass it dies when pressed flat down. If by some chance the hair-dresser gets hold of such a head, and lifts the hair he slowly drops it back into its accustomed place, for it seems to him to say, "I have long since given up the ghost." He doesn't even chide it for its lifelessness. Such a head often is troubled with neuralgia. Its owner thinks it is the sun and air, which she cannot keep out. It is the lack of these. The hair must vary its mode. You wonder how a knot can be so twisted at the back of the head as to assume exactly the same jag in the snood day by day!

A born lady, one of the finest women I ever knew, and not far above thirty summers, a good, true, honest, honorable church-worker, has thus demolished her "crown of glory" which a few years ago was her most beautiful outward adornment *

In this country the hair needs occasional washing. If the scalp naturally withstands dust, leaving the hair in which it is ambushed to receive and retain it all, one will need only pure castile soap and fresh water for a shampoo. If the scalp is inclined to catch dust, anoint top of head with olive oil, half an hour before the washing. Do not unevenly pull the hair in drying. Place the locks in the fold of the towel and press downward with fingers and thumb over the fold. When partially dry, gently shake the locks till free from each other. When almost

dry go out doors for the sun and air to do the rest. Then, more gently than usual comb and brush, and put up, not tight, but gracefully *

When some one comments upon the beauty of your hair, do not deny it, but say as a child would, "Yes, thank you." Never wear false things. The hair will continue in revolt so long as any subterfuge is used. So refuse all rats and rolls and puffs, and even your own hair that has once been cut off. And your Lord will live in you richly, and you will blossom naturally * * * C. J. B.

I will next discuss the "head." Will interpret the language of each feature, and show the true office of the brain.

Have you a copy of Col. Warder's beautiful book of poems, *Utopian Dreams and Lotus Leaves*? I wish I had space to quote from some of the poems, but the volume reached me late for mention in this issue of our magazine.

I will give you some, if not all, of the elegant and right royal Dedication, because it is full of the Higher Humanity, and a poem in itself:

"This volume is affectionately dedicated by the author, to his Sainted WIFE,

The charm of whose grace and character, the nobility
And loveliness of whose life, is enshrined in his

Heart and hallowed in his memory,
Whose anxious solicitude, and unselfish devotion for
The welfare of others made her the impersonation of
Love and duty, and the synonym of Truth and Goodness.
Through her untimely loss
He feels that life is unsatisfying, youth a delusion,
Middle age a struggle, and old age a regret.
To preserve some hallowed memories and Ionian dreams
He has garnered these flowers of thought:

For the past hath its memories, the present its duties,
 The future hath hope,
 Which looks up to the stars as the golden stepping-
 stones along the pathway of immortality, where the
 Islands of the blessed smile in perennial Beauty,
 And our Loved shall greet us on the blissful shores of
 the deathless Eternities."

FOLLOWING IS an extract from an interesting letter received from the Secretary of the Science of Life Society in Adelaide, S. Australia:

"Your letter with six copies of *The Life* came to hand all right, also, every month the monthly issue. We like *The Life* very much and will do all we can to increase its circulation.

"I have your book on the Bible which I much appreciate, also one on *Eternal Punishment*, and *Declarar's Words of Life*, which seems to do me good every time I read it. It is worth more than its weight in gold, for it is permeated with the living, breathing spirit of God and is doing a wonderful work in uplifting humanity.

"We have two classes, one conducted by Mr. Glover, who took the Sunday evening teaching and healing from the first, and another class conducted by Mrs. Anna Porter. Both are doing good work.

"Mr. Glover is a most successful healer. Every week we hear of some one having found liberty after years of bondage.

"Tell Mrs. Barton all who read *The Life* are much helped and blessed by what she writes in it."

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OUR OXFORD Bible proposition still holds good. For \$1.75 you obtain for yourself or friend an elegant Oxford Teacher's Bible, with maps, concordance, all modern helps and many fine illustrations, overlapping morocco cover, neatly boxed—usual price \$3.50 to \$5.00—and *The Life* one year for a *new subscriber*—all for only \$1.75. You can't afford to miss this.

Self-Hypnotic Healing

I have made a late discovery that enables all to induce the hypnotic sleep in themselves instantly at the first trial, awaken at any desired time and thereby cure all known diseases and bad habits, control their dreams, read the minds of friends and enemies, visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep and remember all when awake. This so-called Mental Vision Lesson will be sent to anyone for only 10c, silver. Sold on credit. Actually enabling you to do the above before any charge whatever. PROF. R. E. DUTTON, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, U. S. A.

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THE LIFE

APRIL, 1903

Duty and Service

CERTAINLY a new order of things now begins to prevail among men. Old teachings and old ideas of our relations and obligations among one another and toward God are being vigorously overhauled and revised, and ruthlessly—not to say recklessly—altered or set aside.

Things are being done in the interests of freedom and a larger faith that once—not very long ago—would have been considered sacrilegious and provocative of divine wrath. The fetish of holy writings and the divinity of superstitions about dead men have been measurably dispelled with the ignorance that sustained them. As men and women come out from under the fear of a fictitious future they begin to make better use of the present and to ignore the howl of the priests of the dead past. In other words thinking destroys authority, because authority is founded upon ignorance.

Yes; many of our old pious notions have been changed. Honesty is no longer a matter of policy. In fact, there is no policy about it. The man who is straight in his dealings only because he believes he will be gainer by it, would cheat and steal for the same reason if he believed himself immune from the law's penalty. The truly honest person will make his conduct subservient to his convictions of right even though he sees persecution and loss as the immediate result.

And we have erased from our code the fear of the Lord as an incentive to righteousness. We have learned that no one was ever made better through fear of the penalty. The penalties of error are good. In them is salvation from error. They are not to be feared and avoided, but loved and met with manly dignity and bravery. Let us rather avoid error's ways through enlightenment so that the penalty will not be necessary.

Hope of reward is also now known to be a poor, mercenary bait for mere doing of duty, unworthy the higher type of manhood. Are we to be hired to do the right? If so, then let us be paid in cash or other tangible commodity, while we can enjoy it. We are tired of being cheated and deceived with promises of imaginary things beyond this sphere. Those who make the promises know no more about the probability of fulfillment than we do.

No; let us grow to be able to do the right, to act according to our own convictions of Truth, utterly regardless of both fear and favor. It is the only true righteousness.

And what of the bugbear of duty? Upon what has our sense of duty heretofore been founded? Our so-called sacred commandments and obligation to please God. We have talked much about serving God, and pleasing God, and our duty to God and man. Our religious performances, such as holding meetings, preaching, singing and praying, we have called "services." We have supposed that we could serve, do favors to, deify, and that we might offend deity and break his laws.

Upon what is the idea of duty predicated? Upon obligation, or the binding force of commandments.

Who gave commandments that men must obey or be damned? Why, man, of course. God never gave a commandment. The decalogue is a fabric of man's ambition to rule over men. It is a very imperfect code for conduct at best. Every article in it is negative, with one excep-

tion. A negative code must forbid every crime and misdemeanor or be a failure. This code does not forbid gambling, debauchery, wife beating, robbery, oppression of the poor, lying, except in the case of bearing false witness against the neighbor, nor does it forbid a hundred other things that might be mentioned. It is therefore a very poor rule of life, even to protect society. It never makes character.

But suppose even it had covered everything by simply saying, "Thou shalt commit no wrong." This would have been much better than Moses' ten rules of stone. Yet that would have been a very poor rule for live people. A calf or a log of wood or a stone could come nearer obeying any negative code than living people could. To merely *not* do wrong is not to do any good.

After all, what is a free man's duty? To obey commandments and conform to the church rules and requirements? By no means. It consists in just four things—no more—no less:

1. Be true to yourself, consulting the inner monitor for guidance in all you do. Leave musty rules and old commandments in the debris of past ignorance and the beginnings of things. They have no binding power over a true son of God. Utterly ignore them. They were written by men who did not know half as much as you do, or ought to know. Besides, they did not know what you should or should not do in this age.

2. Dismiss from your mind all fear of penalty and hope of reward. Let the love of the right, the true, the good, the free self, be uppermost in forming your decisions of conduct. Do nothing simply because an antiquated commandment says you should or be damned, nor because some people expect you to or think you should.

3. Cultivate and unfold in you love, love of truth, of rightness, of justice, of mercy, of mankind, and let that control your conduct, with no reference whatever to either

penalty or reward. Be yourself only and let others be individual too, even though they are very different from you.

4. Serve only the God in you—not a far away supposed deity who presides over destiny as a despot. There is no such a boss over our lives.

To sing praises, pray, read the Bible and preach is not service of God. The Infinite needs nothing from us. The need is all on our side. The Infinite must serve the finite. God must serve us. And our homage is due only to the God that serves us.

We cannot gain favor nor provoke disfavor by pleasing or angering God. We cannot break God's laws. Really, God has no laws that are not written in our hearts and in nature. There alone we must read the will of the Infinite, the will of man, the will of our Good.

We must rise above the old dogma of vengeance and punishment. It is a miserable old superstition that has come to us from the dark ages of idolatry and ignorance. There is no vengeance in Good. There is no vindictive punishment in the economy of nature and the destiny of man. There is no anger in God. Man cannot make God angry nor grieve him. He cannot set aside or ignore God's laws, for they are the laws of man's own heart and brain and cannot be annulled.

You owe nothing to God. How could the Infinite be short or in danger of losing his own? God owes everything to you. You are the prime consideration of Nature. You are the ultimatum, that for which and on account of which all other things are. If there be any obligation in the matter at all, the Infinite is under obligation to the finite to preserve and unfold it into the full stature of the promise which we find in his faculties, hopes and aspirations. Any mockery or failure of these would be a stigma upon the Power that originated man as a personal being.

You owe service where service is needed. You owe it to yourself first of all, for two reasons:

1. **You are more vitally interested in self than in any other.**

2. **The most efficient service of others is rendered by him who serves himself best, and *vice versa*.**

You serve yourself best by seeing to the unfolding of your own inherent powers. In the silence you seek what is your own, what has always been yours in abeyance, and appropriate it, make it yours in manifestation. Claim it all, for all things are yours, awaiting your will and word to appropriate what you need and are ready to use wisely.

Then, after you have equipped yourself with power, you are in a condition to render efficient service to others, to those in need and who have not yet discovered their birthright. To these you can give great impulse and inspiration by the use of suggestion and true word of power.

You cannot add one iota to God's happiness and welfare by singing fulsome praises or praying begging prayers to him. You cannot cajole him into giving you special favors by reading the Bible, looking sanctimonious and keeping the Sabbath day "holy." It is all a pious fraud. Abandon such idolatry and be a man, or a woman, as the case may be. Stop presuming to serve God and give service where service is due and needed.

Do you need anything? If you are a growing, unfolding individual you do. Need is a sign of growth. If you are a stagnant pool or a boulder, or a fully perfected individual, you need nothing. If you live and aspire and unfold, you have needs.

Fill these needs from the Infinite store. Don't beg for it nor humiliate yourself, but just reach out with confident hand and take it. It is all already yours, to be appropriated and utilized as soon as you get ready to use it without abuse.

Then serve mankind. There are many needs here to be filled. But it is not your duty to serve mankind be-

cause some commandment lays the obligation on you, or some god will be pleased if you do and offended if you don't. It is your right; your privilege, your natural bent and inclination. It is your pleasure and profit, your best means of self help, to help others.

And how? By giving alms to the poor? That is a poor business. If you give money or other things to beggars you only encourage their imbecility. The best service you can render them is to help them to be self-respecting and self-supporting. Of course you may have to loan them something for immediate physical needs while you are doing it, but make the lesson the prime matter of importance.

If you succeed in unfolding in a person the spirit of opulence, of giving forth what he has to pay debts, to be just, to inspire effort, you do a hundred fold more for him than you would to give him money or treatments free of charge. Indeed, if you bestow what is yours upon one who is able to return what is his own in exchange and ask nothing in return, you not only wrong the person you unwittingly attempt to pauperize, but deserve and get his resentment and disfavor in the end.

Encourage justice and self-reliance in all. Demand and expect justice for yourself as well as for others. Teach the doctrine of independent living and the sanctity of the conscience in all. Inculcate as fully as you can the ideals of man's divinity, the brotherhood of all and the fatherhood of God, the omnipresence of Life and Truth and Power. Thus you render the best service to humanity and do the highest duty that you owe the world.

Get rid of fear. Cultivate joy. Love all, including yourself. Eschew commercialism in righteousness. Put away envy and selfishness. Be meek and pure in heart. Thus you see God and Truth everywhere and grow out above commandments and penalty.

Tell your friends about The Life.

Doing Things As Jesus Would Do Them

Written for The Life.

A FEW years ago a Kansas preacher borrowed a newspaper plant and tried to run it "as Jesus would run it." He came very near running it into the ground.

An Indiana man is conducting a chain of grocery stores "as Jesus would do it." He says he aims to clear \$2.50 per diem from each store in the system, as this is all that Jesus would want in the way of profit.

I wonder if the Indiana man and the Kansas man would agree in their views.

From the time of Thomas a Kempis we have had plenty of people who insist that Jesus was a mere pattern and that we should imitate him. As a rule, these folks think such imitation is principally useful as a safeguard against hell, and they do not claim for it any special advantages from an earthly viewpoint.

Jesus knew a great deal more about human nature and natural law than the average business man knows—his knowledge extended back of effect to Cause. But I believe in other respects there may be hundreds of business concerns which are run as Jesus would run them, had he the same mental gifts and the same environment as their proprietors.

There are many men who consult their consciences in all business affairs. There are many men who do the best they know at the time. They are unconscious of using him as a pattern, perhaps, but he only did what he thought was right—exactly as they are doing.

Jesus taught men to be themselves, not to be imitators. When he told them to be like him, he evidently spoke of character and not of actions.

Having a character like that of the Master, a man is certain to be a definite individuality, capable of dominat-

ing his circumstances without asking how another did it.

With this character, which is nothing more than his real self, Jones will run a store as JONES would run it. He will fill a public trust as JONES would fill it. He will be what God wants JONES to be.

The notion which so many entertain, that all humanity should be cast in one mold, and that mold made after the best specimen we can find, is impracticable. Humanity's acts and conditions are diverse, and need be so from the very nature of things. Humanity's moral character, however, should be the same the world over.

If a hundred men are given the character of Jesus, it is very probable they will all be different in their way of doing things, and very few indeed would do exactly the things Jesus did.

"If ye continue in my word, ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free"—and he went on to explain that this freedom meant freedom from wrong doing. It meant the widest freedom there is, and one which affords the greatest range to individuality.

Let us have the character of Jesus—the spirit of the Good—and let us be ourselves, who are, in reality, one with that spirit.

E. J. C.

Tell me about your troubles. I may be able to help you to rise above them. It is the fashion just now to forbid the relating of unpleasant things, on the ground that "I have troubles of my own and don't want to hear about yours." This is all right for them to say who cannot help you. But I can help you, and while I am doing so I erase my own troubles, if I chance to have any. I do not believe in the annihilation of helpful sympathy.

A. P. Barton.

Mr. N. P. Spalding of Dundee, Mich., writes, "The March number of *The Life* is before me—and *such* a volume is not only life, but the guardian of life."

Meditations

By Kaxton

I ASK the question frequently of persons who are urging reforms in certain lines, what one particular change in modern civilization would most benefit the human race. One will say with the assurance that has grown out of years of conviction, "The absolute and effectual prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants is the one great reform of which the world stands most in need." Another will say with the same assurance and still more zeal and emphasis, "Social purity is the greatest need of the world today, and prostitution both in wedlock and out of it is the one vice that is damning more souls than all others combined." Still another will say that "economic oppression, by which the masses are enslaved and forced into the attitude of beasts of burden, is the most depressing weight the race has to bear, and its removal would do more to elevate the people to a higher plane of thought and action than any other reform that could be made."

* * *

There are others, many others, who are equally sure that they know exactly what poor, struggling, blind humanity most needs. But all of these theories are alike in at least one important particular, they aim at wrong-doing and overlook its origin. This is the common error of the great crowd of noisy reformers who have always been promising everything and accomplishing nothing. They are no more rational in their methods than the poor ignorant savage who tries to drive away the fire by hurling stones and other missiles at the flames that leap up above his burning hut. These good people are full of zeal an

good intention, but they lack penetration. It is easy enough to see that there is something wrong with the present condition of the race. Errors of action address themselves to the world in an overt manner, but the fountain from which all error springs lies too deep for the penetration of those who live, think, and feel habitually in the outer world, and scarcely know the significance of the mind's intro-action. Crime is a loud and gaudy thing in the overt, and attracts the interested attention of all the world. But in covert its secret springs are too subtle and too complex for the profoundest philosopher to probe and analyze, and it is not surprising that the rattling crowd of chattering reformers fail to comprehend the depths of the problems they vain would solve for the world.

* * *

In order to cast some light on the subject of reform, let us suppose that every individual in all lands, civilized or savage, should, acting upon unexplained impulse from within, suddenly begin to live up to the golden rule. What would be the effect of such a turn upon the various lines of reform which are so loudly and so ineffectually preached, year in, year out? In the first place, economic problems would melt away under the sunshine of good will and fellowship, and by mutual help the weary shoulders of the burden-bearers would be lifted up and rested, faces furrowed with anxiety would wreath themselves in becoming smiles. There would be no strikes, for there would be no oppression to cause them. There would be no theft, for no man, conscious of being surrounded by friends who are doing their best to help him along, would have any occasion to throw obstacles in their way by stealing from them. Impurity, which like a cancer is eating into the vitals of every nation under the sun, would in an atmosphere of good will, find a healing balm. If the whole world should say, "I will, be thou clean," to all who have been polluted by the touch of evil thought

or deed, it would be a mandate as potent for healing as those words were when uttered by the Master Healer.

* *

The effect on temperance would be equally marked. Most of the drunkenness may be traced to the bitterness of the struggle between man and man. Through jealousy, hatred, avarice and covetousness deep wounds are made whose sting and rankling agony urge to the forgetfulness of intoxication. Those men who engage in the sale of strong drink usually think more of the money they can extort from the drinker than they do of his soul. Weak men are allured to their destruction because their tempters do not love them. A wholesome, rational, brotherly feeling between man and his fellow man, all around, would accomplish all reforms, without legislation, and without force.

* *

But it will be said that there is no known means of inspiring brotherly love into the hearts of human beings, and therefore as a scheme for reforming the world the golden rule is not practical. This is true in a measure, and it shows the true nature of reform. There is no cut-and-dried method of reform that is practical. There is just one way for the race to reach a higher plane, and that is to grow to it. As long as men have low, selfish, sensual souls their lives will be base. All true reform must emanate from the spirit. If you accuse me of placing the subject beyond the reach of those who are so full of zeal to lift the world from its swine-holes, I must plead guilty to the charge, unless those zealous ones are really and truly spiritual workers. If the latter alternative be true or shall ever become true, then the question of methods is out of place. The work of the spirit is not circumscribed by methods. Its work, indeed, is a mystery, but it works in its own time, and none can hinder.

Tell your friends about The Life.

Thou Art, Hence I Am.

O LOVE, Thou art, or I could not be!
How came you, Life, to think of me?
Thou brought'st me forth from out the whole!
Thou gavest to me an immortal soul!
How can I thank Thee for the gift
That came from Thee, the power to lift
The cloud that hid the knowledge from me
That thou art all and I am Thee?
Thou madest me pure, and true, and brave,
That Thou my soul to Thee could save;
To give me joy and pleasure true
Thou hast kept my life 'till Thee I knew.
God my Father, Life's only King,
I, as a princess to Thee may bring
My jewels, and show them unto Thee—
Love, Faith and Truth, these are the Three.
My soul, their chalice, I hold to Thee
And my body, the Temple—
Where Thou dwellest with me.

—Effie F. Kingsbury, Denver Colo.

Why Colonies Fail.

C. L. Brewer.

THE LITTLE colony of Socialists or Communists is a miniature State, and subject to the same laws of growth and decay, life and death, as other nations. Corruption, bossism, servitude, and the crushing power of dead forms and laws when enforced against personal life and spontaneity, all combine to lead it in the foot-steps of Babylon and Rome; and its smaller size and intenser life enables it to work out its destiny in months instead of centuries.

A friend of mine joined one of the little colonies that fought and starved themselves to death under the summer

skies of the Gulf Coast. Being an honest man, he was not eligible for membership in the ring which controlled the enterprise, and being skilled in a dozen trades that were much needed in the colony, it was necessary to see that he did not have a chance to work at any of them, lest his ability to feed the hungry colonists should endear him to their hearts and thus make him a source of danger to the official heads of the chumps in power.

One of their greatest needs was for a boat to trade around the bay with. This man was a good boat builder, but it was officially decided that he couldn't and shouldn't build a boat. They might have hired one, but none of them could sail it if they did. My friend was a skillful sailor, but it was decreed that he couldn't and shouldn't sail. And so it went on with all the needful things that he could do and the ring and their toadies couldn't.

To keep him out of mischief, he was set to sawing wood. He happened to cut it too long for some of the colony stoves, and, instead of telling him so, they made formal charges, and placed him on trial. After several months of such monkey business, he packed up and left them to their fate; which, it is hardly necessary to say, was starvation and failure.

Some such experience as this has been the lot of nearly every intelligent, capable person who has ever joined a Socialist Colony; and the numerous wrecks of such colonies bear eloquent testimony to the suicidal folly with which they were managed. It is the old story all the way through. Ruskin and Commonwealth failed for the same reason that Sodom and Gomorrah did.

And it always will be so while Institutionalism is allowed to triumph over Individuality. The Institution is naturally a dead thing, and it cannot tolerate Life. Nations hang or exile their best citizens; churches crucify or excommunicate their best members; parties have no use for a wheel-horse with energy enough to kick over the

traces. And by this process of natural selection—the dead choosing the dead as a matter of prudence and the stupid the stupider for their own safety—it presently happens that the Institution reduces its membership to its own level, and, being thus self-bereaved of all vitality from which to draw its fictitious life, the wretched parasite ceases to be.

The pressure of Evolution, manifest in economic conditions and socialist sentiment, is rapidly making necessary some form of organization that will serve co-operative purposes without destroying individual freedom. But, really, no form of organization will do this among people who still harbor in their hearts selfishness and the lust for unearned power. We must learn the lesson of self-government and self-sufficiency for others as well as ourselves; learn to mind our own business, and let others have their own business to mind; learn to act together as free agents, and not as the mere wheels of a machine.

And finally, the stupid fiction of official authority must be eliminated. There must be no boss, or ring, or board of strategy to decide whether this or that man can or may build a boat or saw wood, or do anything else. Everyone knows his own taste and ability best. The talent is the call, and the call the authority; and if anyone over-estimates himself, he will find it out quickly enough, and drop far enough, without being court-martialed.

Socialism is all right; Communism is all right. But free individuality is still more right, and a prime necessity for the permanent success of any social movement.

The World is Moving On.

THIS THE Twentieth Century brings us face to face with life's realities, a full realization of what is required of each and all to make this Earth our promised Heaven.

The soul has awakened to a consciousness of its true

origin, and with the knowledge of the power invested in each individual, has left the old, hard, trodden road of past opinions and beliefs where might was considered right and mankind was subject to certain laws of priest and potentate, for the open plain of free and uplifting thought and action.

There is much to do in this new time, every day brings its lessons for the soul in its new undertaking, to master.

Within the realm of self is found the power to solve all problems, to add, multiply, and divide the rich blessings of this late discovery.

In a material sense there are shady nooks for the dreamer, abodes of luxury and unstinted wealth to satisfy selfish and vain ambition; but does this satisfy? Do we meet the expected joy, as a greeting? There are many corners to turn, rough, steep ascents to climb, before we can view the limitless expanse of our royal heritage and as each one finds his true place in this grand conception of almighty good the field of action broadens, the sleeping mentality has awakened to a full realization of what is needed—clothed with the supernal light of reason, goes forth to do, and dare.

The windows of the soul are opening wide to let in the illumination, and the sweet sounds from nature's creative work-shop—from all this living presence, it is drawing food for greater and more vital unfoldment.

The soul no longer carries false "colors", but with security and immunity from all the sordid beliefs of the past—and true in its God-like entity, meet fearlessly the frowns and criticisms of those who are yet rooted to a fabulous and sacrificial tradition.

Under the ban of self negation what can be expected? "*Arise, put on thy strength*" must be the watch-word with a knowledge of the powers of the "Elohim" will be rendered a fair and equal balance in the scale of justice. Already the unholy "warcry" is losing its thirst for ven-

geance, and peace, glad peace will meet Brothers hand
to hand in love's grand encampment.

Intelligence speaks! the universe is astir with progress; in life, the words of the prophet have rung down the ages till now we have caught their true meaning "*I and the Father are one.*" S. O. Morton.

Scripture Explained.

"Seek ye first the kingdom
Of God and its Righteousness,"
Which is right thinking.
Then, "Unto you all things will be added,"
If you realize the depth
From which you are drinking.

—Effie Foster Kingsbury, Denver, Colo.

"Broken Cies."

HAVE you a copy of the pretty ballad by Miss D. Johnson of Paris, Texas? I know the beautiful author, and can tell you she is all that her publishers and many admirers say of her: "gifted, inspired, true, lofty, exquisite. Every lover of sweet songs should have a copy of this truly rare gem. Send 60 cents to the author and get a copy. I sent to the publishers for two copies before I knew I could get them of her.

O. J. B.

A Rare Opportunity.

OUR OXFORD Bible proposition still holds good. For \$1.75 you obtain for yourself or friend an elegant Oxford Teacher's Bible, with maps, concordance, all modern helps and many fine illustrations, overlapping morocco cover, neatly boxed—usual price \$3.50 to \$5.00—and The Life one year for a *new subscriber*—all for only \$1.75. You can't afford to miss this.

Your friends will be glad to know about The Life.

: Bible Lessons :

1903, SECOND QUARTER.

Lesson I.—April 5.

PAUL'S FAREWELL TO EPHESUS:—Acts 20: 28-38.
KEY-NOTE:—"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Paul was on his way home, to Jerusalem. It was in April, A. D. 57, a few months after he had closed his work in Ephesus. The vessel in which he was sailing had landed at Miletus, a city of Asia Minor, 30 miles south of Ephesus.

Not being certain as to the length of his stay there, Paul did not go to Ephesus, as he very much desired to do, but sent for the Elders of the church to come to him at Miletus. They came, and this lesson is part of the oral message he gave them. It is full of points that are most vital for all time. The counsel is,

28. Be pure and sincere for yourselves and for those in your charge, for Holy Spirit has endowed and charged you to give spiritual food to those who have been bought with the blood (life sacrifice) of the consecrated one, the Christ.

29, 30. Since the founder has departed, many false teachers have come in and arisen among you. Heed them not. Continue true to the faith in the true way of life. Do not allow occult fads or Hindu fakirisms to lead you astray.

31. Be watchful and stand firm in the gospel of Truth which I so devoutly preached and demonstrated among you. Let the classes taught by The Life editor heed this admonition.

32. The grace and power of the Infinite are able to preserve and sustain you in all things and give you inheritance to all things.

33, 34, 35. The teacher is unselfish and devout and has given freely to the needy. It is more blessed to give than to receive. Therefore, give freely and be just in all your ways.

36, 37, 38. An appeal to the Infinite for protection and guidance, and sorrow that the leader is to be with them no more.

But the all present, never absent leader, the Holy Spirit, the inner consciousness of Truth, never departs nor forsakes us. Let us be true to this guide and monitor. It never leads into wrong ways. If we know the voice of the Inner guide and obey it, we never go wrong.

1. Where was Paul and whither bound?
2. To whom was this message given?
3. What is the burden of the message?
4. What is the true leader for all disciples of truth?
5. Why should we be true to first principles?
6. What is the value of admonition and example?
7. How may we be perfectly guided?

Lesson II.—April 12.

THE RESURRECTION:—1 Cor. 15: 20, 21 and 50-58.

KEY-NOTE:—"Now the Christ has been raised from among the dead, a first-fruits of those who had fallen asleep."

This epistle was written to the Church at Corinth by Paul about A. D. 56 at Ephesus, a short time before he left them.

It was sent to the church by Titus and his brother, whose name is not given.

20. The Christ in Jesus has been raised from among the dead—not from death—a first-fruit of them that are asleep.

Others must rise from among the dead—in fact all who have the Christ alive in them. And death shall be banished from among men.

21. In man is the power of resurrection from the form of death. Let it be realized soon. Let all deny death until it is no more among men.

50. Flesh and blood must be spiritualized. It is too gross to inherit aionian life. This is the way in which the change must be made from mortality to immortality. This process is now in action among men.

51, 52. That which has been called death is only a sleep. Let all awaken now. The trumpet has now already been sounded. Listen, O ye sleepers in the death dream. Arise and be men and women, now, alive and active and free.

53, 54. This embodiment must be purified and immortalized. It must cease to die. Death must and will be swallowed up in victory, the victory of life. The form of it must be erased from the Earth.

55, 56. "Where, O death, is thy sting? Where, O unseen, is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law."

I have given you a literal translation from the original. Death loses its grimness and poignancy and the unseen becomes the seen and understood. So the sting and the victory of mortality are removed.

Sin, short-coming, is the cause of death. It is being rapidly removed from the lives of men. The law, the commandments, are being annulled and every man is a law unto himself. When this is completed, there will be no more sin, and, consequently, no more death.

57. Through the life, teaching and demonstrations of Jesus the Christ, we have the victory over mortality.

58. Be steadfast in the pure Truth teaching, and the victory is yours. There is not the slightest question about this, my dear students and Life League members.

1. How is Jesus the first-fruits of resurrection?
2. How did death come by man?
3. How is death to be overcome?
4. How should the body be changed?
5. Who is the resurrection?
6. What trumpet has been sounded?
7. Why must we be steadfast?

Lesson III.—April 19.

THE LAW OF LOVE.—Rom. 13:7-14.

KEY-NOTE:—"Love of the neighbor worketh no ill; love then, is the fulfilling of the law."²

The epistle to the church at Rome was written by Paul while in Corinth, about A. D. 57. It was dictated by the author to one Tertius and sent by Phebe, a deaconess.

This is called the "Temperance Lesson" of the quarter. Temperance means the moderate, rational use of that which is good. That which is only harmful in its effect should be totally abstained from. That which is capable of great harm is also capable of great good, when rightly used.

7. Be just in all your relations with men. Pay what you owe. Otherwise you need not expect to be happy. Those who "go into the silence" and do not respond to their obligations, are sure to come to sad straits in time. The day of their retribution is certain to come, ere long.

I do not believe fear is due to any one, as suggested here. Paul was not up to the New Thought life in many respects.

8. Pay what you owe. It is all right to contract obligations or debts when you know or have the best reasons to believe you can pay them when due. Such obligations are a good incentive to industry and enterprise. I believe in such debts. They are good on both sides and often enable poor people to get what they could not get otherwise. The silly howl some raise against debt is pure folly.

It is an excellent thing when one is in a position to pay.

9. A few of the commandments are repeated here and the others summed up in "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But, really, what is the good of commandments? Can one love his neighbor by commandment? By no means. Can one get rid of the tendency to kill or steal or commit adultery in his heart in obedience to a commandment? Not at all. The love of Truth and Right only can work such reforms in the heart. This is awakened by a renewing of the consciousness of true being only.

10. Love fulfills the law. You do not need commandments at all if you only love enough. "What is there hard to bear if you only love enough", said Mr. Beecher.

11, 12. It is high time, indeed, reader, for you to awake out of the hypnotic sleep of error, for "now is salvation near." The day is dawning when all men shall see and know for themselves. Cast aside the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. Abandon the old failing ways and come out into the new light.

13, 14. Let us walk as in the light, not ashamed for men to know what we are. We need not "put on" the Lord Jesus Christ. This Lord Christ is now our real selves. We need only to manifest the real self in the personal self.

Too much time and energy are spent in providing for the needs and lusts of the flesh. Seek only the kingdom of God and God's righteousness, and all needed external things are added.

1. What is temperance?
2. What of commandments?
3. What of debt?
4. What fulfills all law? Why?
5. How does love fulfill all law?
6. Name the signs now apparent that the day dawns.
7. In what unwise pursuit are most men engaged today?

Lesson IV.—April 26.

PAUL'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.—Acts 21:3-12.

KEY-NOTE:—"Let the will of the Lord be done."

Paul started on his journey from Miletus to Jerusalem about May 1, A. D. 57, and arrived there about May 27. The principal stops were made at Tyre and Cesarea. This was Paul's return home from his third and last missionary journey.

The ship sailed in sight of Cyprus, leaving it to the left, and landed at Tyre. It seems from the use of the pronoun "we" that the writer of this history, presumably Luke, attended Paul. At Tyre some disciples were found and they prophesied that Paul should not go to Jerusalem. This was contradictory of Paul's vision that he must go there.

After seven days they went on and next stopped at Ptolemais one day. Next they landed at Cesarea and lodged at the house of one Philip, one of the seven deacons appointed with Stephen. Philip had four daughters, virgins, who were prophetesses. They stayed there many days and Agabus came from Judea and warned Paul against going on to Jerusalem. Thereupon all beseeched Paul not to go on. But he rebuked them and persisted in his course. Then they desisted and said, "The will of the Lord be done."

Advice is plentiful and free, but not very valuable. It is not wise to be guided by advice. Take your own inner counsel and reason as the ultimatum and turn a deaf ear to what others say about it. If I had listened to others I would never have started The Life. Some who had experience in the business earnestly warned me against it. But I gave them no heed. The Life flourished while they went down. Paul was true to his convictions and went on to Jerusalem. True, he was arrested soon after he arrived, as Agabus and the others had said. But what of that?

1. Why did Paul go to Jerusalem?
2. Who accompanied him?
3. Name the chief incidents of the way.
4. What is a prophecy?
5. What is the value of advice?
6. How should we determine the course of our conduct?
7. How do we know "the will of the Lord?"

For The Children.

NOW FOR those prize letters on "Why I give Thanks." So many letters came that I cannot find room to print them all. So the little folks who do not find their letters here will not blame me, but try again and write such good letters that they *must* go in.

My committee had a hard time deciding as to the second and third prizes. But there was no question about the winner of the first. You will all agree that this beautiful letter is the best. It is written by a little girl who lives away out in Crawford county, Mo. She is the only child her parents have now, since their sweet little Sadi-e and Herman went on up to the higher plane of life.

FIRST PRIZE.

I wrote my letter for The Life last month, but did not finish it in time. It will be longer by that, for I will write more to it. When you read it you will know Why I give Thanks.

Our farm is on a nice high place, and when I look out I can see miles and miles of lovely forest, and I can see and hear many sweet birds and can see the beautiful green grass and lovely little flowers springing up and the pretty streams of clear water.

When I go walking with my dolls and my dog I often think about the Good who is father of all these pretty things and of me, too, and I always think I can hear the

Continued on page 187.

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NOTICE.

Our silent Hours are 6 to 7 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., central Standard time. All are requested to observe at least a part of one or both of those hours in the silence with us.

Key-Notes.

APRIL

(Opening.)

1—15.

I NOW OPEN MY HEART AND SOUL TO THE
INFLOW OF INFINITE SPIRIT EVERYWHERE
PRESENT.

16—30.

THE REVIVING POWER OF INFINITE LIFE NOW
FILLS ALL MEN AND ALL NATURE CON-
SCIOUSLY.

We are still open for letters about that business proposition mentioned in the March number of The Life. A good many inquiries have been received and forwarded. It is an excellent chance to invest a little money and secure big profits in an honorable business. Write here.

Health Thoughts

THE MOST desirable thing on earth is power. Power among people to help when help is needed, power to uplift, to soothe, to cheer, to make better, healthier and happier; power with "the Lord" unitedly, to insure perfect results in every good word and thought; power with one's self, to ably resist every appearance of evil and to cleave always unto the right *

The last-named though the most difficult is of first importance; for in the attainment of self-power results are reached for power with the Lord which insures dominion over the earth and all things, and in a unique way for it is then used *only* in righteousness *

We may be sure there is but ONE fountain-source of power, and although all people are born with a natural right to its free use, Infinite Mind will not, under any circumstances, decide whether a man shall use it rightly or wrongly. Man is left to do as he pleases. Infinite Perfection *invites* all, but forces no one. "Whosoever will, may come." (Wrong-doing may force one into wisdom's way by its lash.) To rightly employ power is to increase one's capacity, for in its constant use we become in conscious touch with Infinite Might and co-operative with all the powers. It is then the Infinite Mind speaks in the soul approvingly, "Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," and there awakens in the consciousness such a realization of nearness, of actual unity, one cannot doubt that his Better Self is indeed the image of God and the divine expression of Infinite Mind *

The Roman Emperor Nero was one who had power and abused it. (He was called, in the middle ages, the incarnation of splendid iniquity. It should have been called abandoned rather than splendid. He ran his course

of wicked experiences in a brief time. He lived 31 years.)

To have an unfailing resource of power that is always ready to fill any want that may arise, we need to be in touch with the Infinite Might, the UNITED POWERS of the universe known through all ages as Wholeness, and called Holy Spirit *

The gentle mother bending over her sick child, as its tender life struggles against the difficulties that surround it, prays for power to come and save her child. The delicate young girl, whose widowed mother depends upon her alone for support, gets sick and prays for power to rally, for her mother's sake. Surely Holy Spirit (*all the power*) will come right down and make things right. The good father, who for many years has struggled against debt, and who, if he can keep his strength through another year, can be free and owe no man, has "worked too hard" and breaks down. The wife and children beg for help. They implore power to come down out of its abundance, and through mercy or grace, or in any way to suit itself, —only come and help the faithful father * * *

Why did not the power come down in answer to the prayers? Because prayer cannot induce unlawful things. The *coming of power* is therefore conditional. When the disciples wished to know the time of the restoration of the kingdom to Israel, they were given to understand that it was not now for them to know, but that the power would *duly* reveal it *

"But ye shall receive power, *after* that the Holy Spirit is come upon you."

These are the conditions: *After* you receive the gift of the Holy Spirit *power will come freely to you*. The Holy Spirit means all the Invisible Powers. Life alone will not bring power; Wisdom alone is not Holy Spirit. But when you have named *every* power that is eternal and infinite, you will then have described, as far as words can, what the term "Holy Spirit" means. Life, Truth, Love

(Omnipresence, Omniscience, Omnipotence) these taken altogether are "Holy Spirit," which, when it is come into our consciousness, will imbue us with *power* * *

So that, although power is immanent, everywhere *ready* for us at all times, we cannot have it to use—we *cannot know how*—until the Whole Spirit is come upon us. One of the powers is not Holy Spirit. Life alone will not insure the ready use of power. Many have life that do not seem to have any power. Love alone will not do, nor will Life and Love alone bring that power we seek, for Life and Love are not *Holy Spirit*. But Life, Love, Wisdom, if they mean All, if in them we can find all the infinite and eternal powers, then they are Holy Spirit. In your Life do you have that "greatest thing," spiritual Love, that which hides faults and makes the virtues of your friends shine like the stars, and added to this do you let the Superior Wisdom rule in you, so that you have the Three, the Trinity of Wholeness, so that you are *sure* the Holy Spirit is come unto you, *then* the time has come *when you shall receive power* *

During all this process do you know what you are doing, how it is you bring the Holy Spirit upon you, so that you will have power? By thinking and reasoning upon, and dwelling in the characteristics of God, you are *putting on* your Spiritual Self, your Christ, and it is in this very way you arrive at that Higher Consciousness which finds itself in the center of Holy Spirit and perceives that it is the *Expression of it* * *

A man never comes to harm until he gets out of this consciousness and begins to misuse his power. Every one should know he has a Perfect Self that is the Expression of Wholeness, somewhere, if not in the body where it should be. Finding this self is the development of that consciousness which perceives the truth of being, and thereby compels the coming of power * *

One has said if you would have any good thing you

must find it within yourself. If you are an expression of all the Powers there is no good thing you cannot find in yourself. One of the Stoics said, "A child in music is one who hath not learned music, and in letters one who hath not learned letters, and in life, one undisciplined in philosophy." Also, one upon whom the Holy Spirit has not come is a child in power.

In the old-fashioned search for power, where child-like earnestness was fed by a vivid imagination, the people described what they perceived while the Holy Spirit was coming into their consciousness, as "doves" that rested upon them, and as "tongues of fire."

I do not know whether these old-fashioned people followed their imaginations more than their actual knowledge after that time, when it was said the Holy Spirit gave them power to speak all the languages round, and it can make little difference to us. But we know within ourselves that when filled with the Holy Spirit we have power, for the sick are healed, the poor are benefited, the distressed and desolate are comforted, those who have been wronged are relieved, and the sword of error returns into its own heart there to force repentance and purification.

It seems miraculous, to one to whom the power has not thus come. By speaking a few words down in your Righteousness and Truth when you drop everything else but That, is all you have to do, and you can go right on with your next case. The Law of the Lord comes along and fulfills your words. If you plant wheat in the earth you are not sure that nature's laws will not be interfered with and prevent the miracle of its germination and growth. But in the Righteous Law there is nothing to molest the perfect fulfillment of right words, and the faithful speaker never looks backward or doubts * * *

Ignorance of the law of life is the avenue of trouble. Innocent babies suffer as well as criminals. Gentle souls too humane to tread upon a worm, or purposely give pain

to the tiniest insect, have unaccountable maladies. Sometimes one's environment persistently throws thorns and thistles and stumbling-blocks, in the path of the earnest seeker after the Saving Consciousness. Indeed, it has been said, "In this world ye shall have tribulation." The comforting conclusion is added, "but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Which means in the world *while you are of it*; and "*I have overcome*" means the Better Self in you is that Higher Consciousness which has power and will deal rightly with all things * *

Every spiritual operation is spiritually discerned. When some child of Spirit who has received power through the development of the spiritual consciousness speaks to one in sickness or want and imparts to him the truth of his being, the imperfect appearance is melted away, and his mental skies are made clear and delightful. All things *work together* for good. Man's office is greater than that of all the rest of nature.

He must show forth that which he expresses in all its splendid characteristics. Otherwise he cannot present body, soul and spirit faultless.

C. J. B.

There are natures in which if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us: and our sins become that worst kind of sacrilege, which tears down the inevitable altar of trust.

—George Eliot.

For The Children.

Continued from page 181.

voices of the trees and the grass and flowers, whispering, humming so soft and low, and sometimes when I am out with the birds and flowers and grass, I have to just laugh right out because I am so happy.

I went away up on a hill by myself the other day and

picked some fine ferns, and while I was there all alone, I made up a little song about the ferns. I called it *The Song of the Ferns*. I will tell it to you. Maybe you will think it is not so very nice, but you can just leave it out if you want to:—

Once we were with the pretty grass,
And lived upon a hill,
And listened to the merry dash
Of an ever-running rill.

But from our slender stems,
Strong fingers came and took us,
And when they softly smoothed our plumes,
They in a basket put us.

But well we know we'll ne'er be naught,
For nothing ever dies,
We'll be the little maiden's thought,
When hidden from her eyes.

I make lots of rhymes and sometimes Mama writes them down. I think I will make a little book of rhymes when I get older. I wish you could see my lovely hens and our nice cow, and we have two big brown horses each with a white spot in the forehead. Their names are Mike and Fanny. They are both gentle and kind. Und Ich habe ein klein, schwarz hund. Er hat schon augen und ein kurz schwanz. Sein name ist Button. Er ist ein schon hund.

I was 9 years old last Friday—(March 6). Mama and Papa gave me some pretty presents and I had a fine birthday cake, but it rained so I couldn't have any of the little girls here. It is so nice to have a good Mama and Papa who never scold or whip. My Mama is my teacher, and, just think! I am in the fourth reader and have never been to school a day in my life.

There was a little girl visiting me one day and I was trying to teach her to spell, and when I told her to spell "water," she said, "l-o-r-d, water." Mama and I could not help laughing, but Papa told her not to be discouraged, for he thought it was a very good way to spell *holy* water. I am well and strong and I try to do all the good I can to every one I can. I am thankful that we don't have to beg for blessings, but just let ourselves be good and then have the blessings just come anyhow. One day at dinner I asked Papa why he didn't ask a blessing like other people, and he said we have the blessings already and it would be foolish to be begging for something we already have. You see I have many blessings and I give thanks because I can't help it for when I am glad I am giving thanks.

With much love,

Frances M. Mitchell.

Isn't this a lovely letter? "Little Mac" has been studying German with her Mama and has put some of it in her letter, you see.

SECOND PRIZE.

This prize has been awarded to a little girl at Port Homer, Ohio. Here is her letter:

I will write and tell you what I am thankful for. I am thankful that spring will soon be here and that I can gather flowers. I am thankful that we have a good home.

I am also thankful that I am well and that we are all well.

I am thankful for the beautiful cows and horses and to see the boats on the beautiful, clear river.

I am thankful to see the sweet flowers.

I am thankful to see the blue sky and the green grass.

But there is one thing I am not thankful for, that the railroad company is going to take all our beautiful green yard and destroy our peach trees and berries.

We take *The Life* and think it a fine paper.

I like to read the children's page.

I am eleven years of age. Yours truly,

Lydia A. Lucky.

Lydia will learn by and by to give thanks even when things do not go just to suit her. It is the only way to make the best use of adverse things.

THIRD PRIZE.

This letter is from a little girl in Trenton, N. J.

I am glad to have the privilege of answering your request for letters on what I am thankful for.

I am thankful for a good mama and papa to teach me what is right, and for a dear Father who is constantly watching over me and giving me very good health. I am very thankful that I have a nice school to attend. I am very fond of studying. And I am fond of practicing music. My papa is a music teacher and a music dealer.

And now, dear Mr. Barton, I have read *The Life* and like it very much, as papa takes it every month.

I am a little girl eleven years old and shall wait patiently month after month for the coming of your paper.

I am your little friend, Emma Louisa Kendrick.

One little girl away down in Southern Florida writes a sweet little letter and incloses with it a bunch of orange blossoms. It is very fragrant and I send her a good hug for it. I am sorry we have not room for all the letters. But we must leave out all but the prize winners this time. The subject for next month will be,

How We May Make Our Homes Beautiful.

I will raise the age limit a little. Contestants must be under 13 years old. There will be three prizes given as before. Be sure to give your age and have your essays to me not later than April 15.

So we will now close with a poem written by a lady in Denver especially for this department of *The Life*.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BUSY BEE.

A Butterfly gay, and a Busy Bee
Met on a single flower,
The Bee, to gather some honey—
The Butterfly, to while away an idle hour.
The Bee kept up his lively humming,
His gauzelike wings a-flutter,
His nose close pressed in the flower's heart,
When Miss Butterfly began to mutter;
For the Bee was brushing the pollen
From the petals of the rose,
Miss Butterfly wanted the powder
For her dainty cheeks and red-tipped nose.
Mr. Bee kept on his buzzing,
And no attention paid
To Miss B. F. whose showy dress,
To him, her life portrayed.
So he gathered his honey and flew away
Indifferent quite to another's presence.
She in her grief of wounded pride
Resolved to make Mr. Bee do penance.
She looked about, soon saw him near
With his head buried deep in a rose,
She saucily flew quite near to him
That he might admire her pretty clothes.
With disdainful air his wings he spread
And away he loftily flew,
As much as to say to the idle maid,
"What have I to do with you?"
Poor foolish little Butterfly,
To think to attract a Busy Bee,
With nothing but a pretty dress
And two bright eyes for him to see!
She did not know that life means work,
And earnest hearts will do their share;
She only saw her dainty self,
Clad in raiment bright and fair.
But the Bee was wise, and went about
His work from flower to flower,
And carrying with his busy wings
The pollen, that gives to seeds their power.
And thereby doing a double task
Which neither retarded nor wearied
His lissome body, as he flew,
And on his wings sweet life he carried.
There's much to tell the boys and girls
About the life of a Busy Bee.
He does his work, then while he rests,
He lives on honey—Don't you see?
Effie Foster Kingsbury, Denver, Colo.

Correspondence

A CORRESPONDENT wishes my opinion about labor strikes.

I will give it in answer to three questions:

1. What are the causes back of and responsible for them?

2. What are the rights and wrongs involved?

3. What is likely to be the outcome?

1. There are four chief causes of strikes, as I see them: Inadequate wages for the service rendered, discontent engendered by the discussion and magnifying of ills that are largely imaginary or the fault of the sufferer, want of sympathy between employer and employe and envy of the condition of the wealthy by the poor.

It is true that firms or corporations whose members grow rich at the rate of \$50 or \$100 a day, or more, and are paying the people who are working out this great result for them \$1.00 or \$1.50 a day, are not doing justly by their employes. They should at least allow a man enough wages to support his family in comfort without his being compelled to take his children out of school and put them to work too, or starve.

Unions are all right if for good and not mischievous ends. If the discussions could always be free from acrimony and envy and if no one would ever magnify evils but always give credit where credit is due and extol the good, union would indeed result in strength and not in weakness and discord, as is too often the case. There can be no question about the right of laboring men and artisans to form unions. But there should be less pessimism and fault finding among them and a brighter, more cheerful view taken of the situation. Often ills are greatly exaggerated and sometimes they are the fault of the work-

man instead of the employer. Let all be just and fear not.

There should be unity of interest and activity between employer and employed. The one should work for the success and comfort of the other and both should unite in an effort to make the business a success. The employer should have a larger interest in his men than to get all the work out of them he can for the smallest wages. If a man does a dollar's worth of work for me I do not feel satisfied to pay him 50 cents for it. And the worker should have a greater interest in his work than the wages he gets. He should desire the largest success for the business. Thus there would be co-operation and no more strikes.

And the working man should remember that it is the money of his employer that enables the business to continue to run at all. So he must not be envious if his employer has a large sum in the bank while he has not ten dollars ahead. Capital is good and labor is good. The one renders the other remunerative and in turn is increased by it. There should be no antagonism between capital and labor, but the greatest amity and the closest union.

2. Laborers have a right to quit work when they wish to, and to quit in a body. But I do believe they ought to give their employers due notice of their intention to do so, just as the employer should give the employed notice before discharging him without a breach of trust on his part.

But strikers have no right in the world to interfere with others who wish to take their places after they have left them. Injunctions served in such cases by the courts are perfectly justifiable and right. When courts are asked to enjoin men from striking they should be very sure the strike would cause great and wide-spread public loss and inconvenience before granting it. If I am holding down a stop-sluice in an embankment the abandonment of which would cause a village to be flooded and there is no one

else at hand to take my place, a court would be justifiable in enjoining me from abandoning my job because I thought I was not paid enough for my work.

Employers and employees ought to meet on a common ground and discuss their relations amicably. It would be a good thing if every union would make the employers in the business honorary members of the union. All labor troubles could be amicably and equitably settled if both sides would cast aside arrogance and envy and be willing to meet each other halfway. It is too often arrogance on the one hand and envy and resentment on the other that causes the breach. The New Thought will remedy this. Let it spread among all classes of people.

3. I do not believe the end will be revolution and blood-shed. It will be co-operation and unison of interests. Every experience is an education. Much has been learned through the coal strikes in Pennsylvania. We know more about the rights and wrongs of miners and the heartless oppression of the mine owners, there and elsewhere. The great heart of the people revolts and they cry out against the wrongs laid bare in that case so loudly that even deaf greed must hear and heed the demand,

All are less inclined to tolerate or produce conditions that will result in such a strike and the wide-spread suffering resulting therefrom than before. Such experiences render strikes less liable to occur and make it more and more imperative that some other way must be devised to settle these differences than that of force. The better way will be worked out and strikes cease, in the not very distant future. Let us all unite in affirming it until it comes to pass.

The most complete primary lesson book ever published in the New Thought line is "The A B C of Truth, or 26 Basic Lessons in the Science of Life," by A. P. Barton. The lessons are arranged alphabetically, with a Key-Note and "Application" to each one. And the price is only 25 cents! This is the latest revised edition.

❧ ❧ New Books ❧ ❧

SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION or Regeneration: The Law and Process of the Unfoldment of the Christ in Consciousness, is a new 350 page book by R. C. Douglass, of New York City, published by Lee and Shepard, Boston.

In this book Brother Douglass has given the world his private course of lessons as he has been giving them to his classes for several years.

Knowing the author as we do personally, we have no hesitancy in recommending his book as sound in doctrine and ably set forth in clear and forcible terms.

The teaching as he presents it is divided into seven steps, as the seven eras of creation were named for the seven days of the week, the Sabbath day being the era of realization and rest.

He uses Bible symbology throughout, but is not by any means confined to the Bible in making his deductions and applications of principle.

Nor is he bound by any church view of God or man.

These thirteen lessons will give you a clear understanding of the teaching called by Mr. Douglass, "Divine Science, or Practical Christianity."

The book is well executed in good material, and substantially bound in blue buckram, gold lettered. I do not know the price. Write to the author about it—13 E. 22nd st., New York City.

The Destiny of America and the Future of the Anglo-Saxon, as Related to Jonathan Erskine Hollingsworth in a Trance and by Him Transcribed in November, 1892, a most remarkable paper, is the title of a little book published by Eldorado Pub. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Hollingsworth is a Quaker living at Stenbenville, O. His integrity and good reputation are vouched for by his neighbors.

The evidence is strong that he at least believed both that he saw and heard the things he records and that the revelation was from the Lord. It was a good while before he would tell his vision. It seems he was prostrated from the time he saw the vision and heard the message, some time in February, until he told his wife about it in November. She immediately said it was of the Lord, whereupon he revived and wrote out the account published in this book.

It portrays wars and pestilence and famine until the world is cleansed of the bad things and becomes a paradise, an Anglo-Saxon Heaven. For we, the United States, are to be IT in the end.

Everybody is to have 60 days' travel, free of car fare every year and we are to know the people in other planets, especially Mars.

The finale is to be grand. I wish we could all live to see it.

One damper on his vision is the fact that Mr. Hollingsworth believes in "the spirit of darkness" and "the cunning practice of the serpent seeking by many and strange devices to lure the children of men into the snare." If the Lord told him all about what is to be, he should also have told him that there is no such an individual as the supposed serpent. It creates a doubt in the minds of those who have found out the devil is a myth that his vision really came from the Lord.

But the book is remarkable in several ways. It seems to be far above the ability and learning of an old illiterate man as Mr. Hollingsworth is described to be. And some of the things predicted seem to have begun already to take shape in the eleven years since the vision was given.

It is worth reading. Price 30 cents. Send here and I will get you one.

The International Religious Liberty Association has reissued an old pamphlet entitled *Rome's Challenge*. Why Do Protestants Keep Sunday? It is taken from a controversy printed in the *Catholic Mirror*, Boston, in 1893. The squabble over Sunday opening at the Chicago World's fair gave rise to it.

It is interesting reading—costs only five cents.

The Rev. N. E. Boyd, of Berkeley, Calif., has gotten out a pamphlet on *Sex-Relations—Actual and Ideal*, with a word as to giving children and young people clean, clear kindly teaching on delicate subjects.

It is a lecture delivered by the author several years ago, under the auspices of the Moral Education Society and the Ladies Physiological Institute, of Boston.

It is a clean treatise and presents the right side of the subject.

Price 5 cents, or 50 cents a dozen.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey is publishing a monthly journal at Indianapolis, Ind., "The Journal of Biochemistry." It is filled with good sense and advanced ideas. \$1.00 a year; 15c a copy. Send and get one.

Soul Queries and Truth's Responses.

II.

PASSING ALONG a busy avenue of the city the other day, my attention was arrested by a card conspicuously placed upon the glass entrance door of a business house. It read thus,—“Talk happiness; the world is sad enough without your woes.” As I walked on I found myself mentally questioning and calculating as to how many “care encumbered men” entering that door followed this good advice and *how many* had left behind them their weight of woes until the proprietor of the house had adopted this suggestive way of lightening

his own burden and at the same time administering an invigorating tonic to all his customers.

The unconscious or negative side of life becomes more negative by a recital of woes and disastrous events poured out by non-thinking persons into unwilling ears.

How they clog the sensitive physical organization and arrest the healthful action of a busy brain, as well as engender lack of confidence, doubt and fear that cripples, perhaps, at a most opportune time, the perceptive powers and check the ever active queries of the soul mind, eager to test ways and means more desirable.

"Are we never to take cognizance or speak of our own or another's trials and mishaps?" said an acquaintance recently. Certainly not, my friend, if we truly believe them to be mishaps, the relating of which would not tend to remedy.

Instead let us reason together and put into practice a little of the prevailing and truly exhilarating wisdom of the present times and *rename* them *mistakes*.

Viewed in this light they are shorn of their power to cause suffering, and do not entirely rob one of the ever present (although partially obscured) desire to try, try again. The spirit's desire is the main-spring of individual life. It is irrepressible, unquenchable. It may be somewhat abated or be only partially active; but it is eternal in essence of spiritual being. Then in love and kindness most tender, let us do all within our power to strengthen and unfold it in those whose efforts have been apparently fruitless. Queries and conclusions represent negative and positive states of thought. Therefore, I am sure of being correct in thinking, the person who placed such a helpful card before the passing throng desires to ignore and discourage all negative suggestions and conditions, and bask in the sunshine of the consciousness of omnipresent Good.

Let us have more cards of a like inspiring nature up-

on the public highways. They serve the twofold purpose of interrogation and stimulation, by starting a train of thought as to the nature of our spoken words, which, when once uttered, go on and on forever. They are penciled upon the plastic substance of the mind, and in time bear bitter Dead Sea apples or the golden fruit of Paradise.

Ellebard.

The Life League.

EVERY REGULAR reader of *The Life* is a member. We unite daily in holding the key-note thoughts, and we do not fail to remember one another and the sick and unfortunate.

Thus in union—such a union—is great strength. We are in harmony banded together for power, health and life. Get others to join. We expect to revolutionize society, the church, politics and ethics. Our power must be felt, and the world redeemed from sin, sickness and death.

If what Homer Davenport says in an article published in the *Chicago American* of Sunday, March 15, about President Roosevelt's desecration of the White House, be true, the people of this country ought to send up such a protest that the vandalism would cease at once. The writer of the article says sacred relics and old portraits are being ruthlessly torn down and thrown into cellars or sold at auction and the walls bedecked with the trophies of war, bloodshed, roughriderism and the hunt. If this be true, it is an outrage and a sacrilege that every American citizen should condemn in strongest terms. The matter should be investigated, at least. The White House and its furniture belong to the people and Mr. Roosevelt has no better right to ransack and desecrate it than you or I have.

Get subscribers for *The Life*.

Little Lessons in Elohim Kindergarten

LESSON XX.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

THE HUMAN Head symbolizes the spiritual cosmos. It is made after its image or pattern, and is aware of the fact. The head approaches that roundness which throughout all nature, from the sands of the sea to the stars in space, all material substance, ever tends. The Line of Beauty almost describes two semi-circles turned in opposite directions. So that rounded limbs, and a body outlined by curves approaches nearest to the ideal standard.

When through earnest study the thoughts find a new creation, or conceive a new and improved condition of things, it is then the eyes look over the earth to find in the physical a picture of that which has been revealed in mind. All the senses unite in the search. The olfactory nerves and the palate try to taste its perfection, and the ear listens for it in superior music and in more harmonious sounds *

All the beauties of the cosmos are symbolized in the Head, and it is complete without the body. As it is an inhabitant of the earth and placed here to observe it and take command, it needs a pedestal, to which it finds it necessary to affix itself by delicate nerves, circulatory ducts and other physical and more or less vitally delicate physical threads *

The body is composed of very minutely small, rounded particles, which are too small for even the microscope to detect. Natural science does not hesitate, however, to accept this fact. These atomic particles work together in

harmony and order because they are busy reflecting in their vibrations the ways of the perfect spiritual laws. The motion of these particles is said to act much like that of the hair-spring of a watch, hence they do not turn over, but turn forward a little, then backward, inhaling and then exhaling life as the lungs receive and expel air. As the self miniatures the cosmos, so each separate atom miniatures the self, making true representation necessary in every instance in order that the desired harmony may be produced. Every feature has its particular office and meaning. The face is the index to the soul * *

A beautiful countenance is the aura of the head. It is the sunshine of right-thinking. The eyes signify intuition. Where the mind is free from the question of evil with good, intuition makes a perfect countenance and the eyes are deep, clear and sparkling. A wave of emotion is not confined to one part of the body but it affects the body all over. A whispered word in the ear has been known to spread pallor over the body. In the past people have not understood the delicate law of words, and they have thrown their swords and dangerous weapons about in a reckless manner *

If you know people who have thoughts of evil, malice, envy, you will see people also with evil countenances. But so long as you are mentally established in true ways you will be so positive their thoughts cannot harm you. A weapon error may send is weak and frail in the presence of the aura of your countenance. It flees before the face of him that is thus enthroned.

Every one should know there cannot be such a thing as absolute evil. There is no room for it in the universe of good. The cultured Aryans recognized this truth, the impossibility of absolute evil, which is so bad it cannot exist *

Evil, since it has no substance in it, is a seedless tree, while every righteous act and word contains new seeds

for future good. Evil thoughts therefore do not nourish the atoms, and their harmonious movements are soon disturbed.

There are words that counteract the influence of evil words or thoughts: A little lady out west was driving with her husband and baby, when one horse suddenly became frightened, and jumped with such force he broke loose from the carriage. This fear was reflected upon the other horse and she too started to run. Though the husband had been using every available means to stop her, she sped on, until the little lady, seeing that heroic means must be employed, called her horse by name and said, "God is here," and the trouble was all over * *

Thus one heroic thought outspoken had more power than anything else. It dismissed the animal's fears, it quieted her own apprehension as well as that of her husband, and together with the fearless, happy, good thoughts of the little man in his mother's arms, harmony was restored.

This age is called, by the Editor of Century, (Hindmarsh Square, Adelaide, S. Australia) "The age of Physical Redemption."

Of course this is to come about, not through physical operations (save those which are ordered by a right-thinking mind) but through mental discipline. When right thoughts are in the mind they shine forth innocent understanding. Over impure thinking, the eye is ashamed; over dishonest thoughts the eye turns away; over wicked thoughts the eyes pull the brows down over them as a curtain. It is looking into the eyes of detectives and objects to revealing too much. A man's crime does not haunt him all the time, until it is detected, then he becomes constantly conscious of it. The faces of people then become as a crystal maze full of reflecting mirrors that repeat and re-repeat his mental countenance.

In order to have a perfect body the mind must first put

on its true nature. Through study the mentality evolves into the perfect consciousness. No one can have a fine expression of countenance, while ignorance is the controlling performer in the thought. One must know the life-laws that govern the physical and express that understanding in the face. So long as one is puzzled about life or happiness or destiny, that mental state is what his face will express.

The face is the index to the character. The baby-face is beautiful because it is fresh from the infinite perfection. But ignorance would soon mar its beauty, if in growing up the true and due development of intellect did not begin and continue.

In the past the living body has been mummified to suit an ignorant and depraved mentality. The clothing has been too tight in some places, too lax in others. The church condemned the poor, innocent body as vile, when it was only the vile thoughts that found expression through it that made it seem vile *

We call this an age of physical redemption, because the body needs redemption. It had been imposed upon until its days on earth came down to three-score years as the limit when men used to live almost a thousand years and perhaps much longer if we had the means of knowing. Already, in the light of the present, the time has lengthened several years *

I do not think man should be running a race to see how long he can live in the body, but I am sure we should get all the wisdom and understanding we can so we will know how to engage our talents and use our means in a way that will insure right results.

Each cerebral convolution has its spiritual meaning. Though it has not been found out where the different faculties are located since the brain's exterior is not exactly like the interior, still it is all moulded by the thought, and it is reasonable to suppose that the highest ideals

held during the development of the brain, will insure the highest bumps in the cranium. Peter Paul Rubens had a miniature mountain system developed in the region of ideality. Shakespeare's head was full and almost perfect, hence the versatility and scope of his genius *

"The eyes of the wise showeth wisdom, but the eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth." (Sol.) "A man full of candor and probity" says Marcus Aurelius, "spreads around him a perfume of a characteristic nature. His soul and his character are seen in his eyes."

Unkind feelings, whether there is cause for righteous indignation or not, should never be indulged. Such people need educating and are in more need of pity than blame.

Buddha spoke true words when he said, "By one's self evil is done; by one's self one suffers. By one's self evil is left undone; by one's self one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to one's self; no one can purify another. You yourself must make an effort. The Buddhas are only preachers."

The teacher who knows the way, may declare it to others, but those who hear must enter the true way and continue in it.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath." Two little boys were fighting on the street. A lady passing by checked her steps, and looking straight (but kindly) at the little fellows said in her heart, "Peace floweth in you like a gentle river," and the boys were in each others arms, smiling at each other instead of fighting. This is a true story *

The words of the wise are a joy to all *

While all true culture begins in the thought, one should guard well the countenance which is the index to the soul. Before exercising thoughts consider always what the effect of the thought will be upon the expression. In this way is the attention trained and that development begun which will result in health and wholeness

and beauty of person. By right thinking and by following out of its laws, will the body become the beautiful temple of a beautiful soul.

Let us thus joyfully help "Thy will to be done in earth as it is in Heaven."

C. J. B.

ALADY in Iowa who had been taking my treatments for a short time for a severe asthmatic trouble and cough, writes:

"I am ever so much better than when I wrote you last. I do not cough nearly so much and that thick yellow phlegm is gone. I raise no more of it....I am feeling stronger. Last Monday I started to sing a hymn, and to my surprise, sang it through without losing my voice in the high parts as I have done for several years. Then I sang several others, and you don't know how *glad* I was that I could sing again."

One argument the nut and fruit advocates use in favor of their doctrine is that in nuts and fruits the sugar is already prepared for assimilation, whereas, in the starch foods the stomach must first change the starch into sugar. Thus the stomach is relieved of a lot of work. Really, this is a potent argument against their theories. If changing starch into sugar is one of the functions of the stomach, it is essential to its healthy action that it be required to do this. If I make a note of everything and depend on my memory for nothing, cease to exercise that faculty of my mind, I weaken it, most assuredly. If I use a crutch so as to relieve my right leg from duty, I thereby render it inefficient for walking. Natural use and exercise of natural functions is the only way to keep them healthy.

Did you ever think of it? The Bible takes no account of that which is the subject of almost all the novels of modern times—that is, romantic love or love of sweet-hearts outside of matrimony.

A lady in Virginia, who requested treatments for her little boy, writes: "You received my letter on Monday morning, I am sure, for that same morning between eleven and twelve o'clock, he went off into a sweet sleep, and when he awoke, ate a hearty lunch. And he slept sweetly that night and got well as if by magic. Before you treated him he coughed incessantly, had lost all appetite and for four or five days had eaten literally nothing. He had a high fever and fretted most of the time. After you treated him he seemed so bright and happy."

Archbishop Ryan visiting a small parish in a mining district for the purpose of administering confirmation asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was, and she answered that it was "a state of terrible torment which those who enter it are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world." "No, no," remonstrated the pastor, that isn't matrimony, that's the definition of purgatory." "Let it stand", said the Bishop, "maybe she's right—what do you or I know about it?"

A fond mother impressed upon her infant daughter that when she was naughty it was Satan who made her so. On a subsequent occasion there was an extra disturbance in the nursery, with much stamping of tiny feet and derangement of the furniture. "Elsie," cried her mother, entering the room, "what does this mean?" And a small voice replied, "Oh, I s'pose it's your old friend Satan again!"

I don't know how we could get along without The Life's monthly visits. The leader in the last one, "The Passing of Materia Medica," is worth the price of the magazine for the whole year. It is simply grand.

Pauline Tausant.

Get subscribers for The Life.

Self-Hypnotic Healing I have made a late discovery that enables all to induce the hypnotic sleep in themselves instantly at the first trial, awaken at any desired time and thereby cure all known diseases and bad habits, control their dreams, read the minds of friends and enemies, visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep and remember all when awake. This so-called Mental Vision Lesson will be sent to anyone for only 10c, silver. Sold on credit. Actually enabling you to do the above before any charge whatever. PROF. R. E. DUTTON, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, U. S. A.

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THE LIFE

M A Y, 1 9 0 3

THE WILL

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COERCED ACTION is action in which the will is subdued. Such action is deindividualizing in its effect. It amounts to the use of one's brain and bodily, or personal, faculties by and under the will of another.

While it is true that the human will, directed as it is through erroneous judgment and ignorance in very many persons, needs to be curbed or restrained, it is also true that coercive or forced restraint is not conducive to the best development of human character. If it could be accomplished otherwise than through fear, the result would be far better.

For example: A burglar wills to rob your house. If he could be taught and convinced that nothing would be gained by it, but that it would only result in loss to both of us, so that he would cease to desire such a thing, that would be a great deal better than to prevent the deed by force or fear of punishment. It would render him a better man through cleansing him from the propensity to rob and steal. But, if he chooses to refuse the teaching and elevation through reason, making this will to refuse the lesson dominant, then it would be the next best thing to prevent the deed by the force or the fear of the law.

The will is not the man, although it shows forth what the man is; or in how far he has advanced. It is an utterance of the judgment and desire. If these are wrong, then the will is misdirected.

The will denotes active tendency, and is an expression of the love of freedom. To be free is to have your will carried out and executed. Any curtailing of freedom is a blow at the will, a shackle upon the arms of untrammelled action.

But freedom of will becomes license to do hurtful things when the education is defective. No one has a right to do wrong, and if he wills to do wrong, then something must be done to check or change the bent of the will. Education is the best thing, and the thing that must and will finally result from all experience. But, if the child would go into dangers and erroneous ways for want of this education, it is best that the parent assert his restraining authority for the time being while the educating influence is doing its work.

This should not be done by brute force nor without reason. Such a course excites resentment and a desire for revenge, both unwholesome for a child's moral nature.

Hence, whipping a child is almost always wrong. I believe it always denotes a lack of wisdom or self control on the part of the parent or teacher. The child attempts to assert its will, to declare its freedom. That is a perfectly natural thing for it to do, denoting the presence of the greatest and best faculties of humanity: the love of liberty and the tendency to be outwardly what the within consciousness has grasped of Being.

The original impulsion must not be interfered with, or crushed out. If the want of understanding has misdirected the action of the will, then it is not the will that needs the discipline; it is the understanding that needs improvement, education.

Then the rod is not the right instrument to use. I

know many parents find it the only thing that will serve the immediate purpose. When they do, let them use it, but not while they are angry. It is like checking the progress of a fire by dipping water onto it with a cup because you do not know how to use your Babcock extinguisher, and because you are ignorant of the source of the flames. It may be the best you can do at the time; if so, do it. It is certainly better than no restraint at all, as every sensible person will admit.

But the talk about breaking a child's will is folly. If it could be done, the child would be ruined in so far as his usefulness and manly or womanly dignity of life in this world are concerned. If the little fellow is stubborn, that only means that he is tenacious to that which he believes to be right, has large continuity. This should not be broken or crushed out. Don't apply your corrective there. That is not the right place. If he contends for what your better judgment tells you he ought not to have, refuse compliance, gently, but firmly; and if he is not willing to substitute your judgment for his, reason with him, show him wherein you believe him to be wrong. If he meets you with better reasons to show wherein you are wrong, yield gracefully and let him have his way. If he becomes stubborn and unreasoning and demands compliance, then treat him mentally for wisdom and love of the right, and peace. But if all else that you know how to do fails, then it would be better to spank him, or switch him, without irritation or anger on your part, than to allow him to go on in a course that you know will end disastrously.

The difference between will and desire is that one is the asserting, or activizing, of the other. While desire does not create the will, it appeals to the will for the carrying out of its behests.

The origin of the will is one with the origin of the individuality. It is essential in the mind and inseparable

from free agency and responsibility. Without a will, no one would be responsible for conduct. Without the power of choice, fate, in place of destiny, would determine the ends of the human career.

Infinite Being does not force the will of individual being. "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered together your children as a hen gathers her brood; but you would not." "Behold, I stand at the door (of man's heart) and knock! If any man hear me and will open, I will come in"—not otherwise.

Truth neither forces nor hires trueness of man. Both fear of punishment and hope of reward are unworthy motives to righteousness. Righteousness must be voluntary and prompted only by love of Truth and virtue.

The will of the patient must be consulted even in healing, as well as his belief. When a woman asks me to treat her husband or son for the drink habit, I ask, "Is he willing to quit? Does he try to overcome the habit?" If he does, then I can act with him, even though he usually does not know I am giving the treatments. I strengthen his will and discourage the false taste. If I should ascertain that he did not wish to quit, I would consider it a hard case to deal with.

I treated one young man in this city at the request of his father. The father told me that Jim was always "swearing off" at the wind up of every lapse. He would be very sure he would quit this time. But the habit had become stronger than his will, and he would fall again.

I told him, silently, that he was stronger than any habit or taste; that he did not really desire intoxicating liquors; that he was too much a man to yield to a false taste or the allurements of companions, etc. He quit, and staid quit, and he thought he did it all. I was glad he did. It gave him confidence in his will power. And, in fact, it was himself that did it. I only convinced him that he could do it and help satisfy the real desires so

that the false taste was weakened, and finally cleansed away.

Should every one assert his will? I think so, although if every one should have his way, the result would be a sad state of affairs indeed. The will is supposed to be backed by the best intentions. If so, then these same intentions will easily change when convinced that they are wrong. If not, then the man is not true to himself; he needs a lesson; there is a dark place in his conscience that sustains the misdirected will. So it follows, that the only way of correction is through the check that must be given to his wrong willing or the argument that will be provoked by it, the reasoning either of another or within himself or both. If he did not act out what was in him how could the remedy be applied?

If teachings have any value; if spiritual unfoldment be a possibility; if reformation of character is feasible; if a man can become a new or different man from what he was, or seemed to be, by any means, why may we not hope to strengthen a weak will, or help a coward to be brave? If it be true that a man is always what he is when born, then let us close up our schools and churches and public libraries and lecture bureaus and invest the proceeds and effects in prisons and asylums. For there remains then only restraint, and no reformation for the protection of society.

Heretofore some color has been given to the belief that a man is born to be very largely what he must continue through life to be, by the failures of our reform systems, and by adhering to some Bible texts, as fate, such as, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may we also do good, that are accustomed (or taught) to do evil," and, "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." These shackles must be broken.

In the "conversion" claimed by some branches of the

church as being essential to salvation, we have a claim of complete change from bad to good in both the intents and purposes of the heart and the outward conduct. And we have all known men who seemed to undergo in that experience so radical a transformation from bad to good that they did not act like the same persons afterward. And in a few of these cases the good effect continued unto the end.

Education and moral training in school and home have often transformed the elements of character and bent in a child's life so that he or she has grown up to be a very different man or woman from what would have been otherwise.

Now we have a system of education for all classes, old and young, which appeals, as did the spiritual power in the "conversion," and the moral influence and lessons over the yet unformed mental habits of the child, to the inner self, the divine and good in all. It goes back of and below the outer conduct and the seeming and brings to the front and puts into control of the personality the true individuality, the Ego, the man, the Christ self.

Let us see what we have to build upon. There is an expression of Infinite Wisdom, Infinite Power and Infinite Love, in the foundation principles of the Soul. If man is born of God, or Infinite Being, then he has these essentials of Infinite Being at least elementary in his being, or the Ego of self.

We all believe this to be true. If it is not true, then man is not worth saving by any means. We are at least justifiable in basing our plans of education and salvation upon the hypothesis that man is worth saving from sin, is born of Infinite Being, and immortal.

But in the Source Principles predicated, Wisdom, Power and Love, there are no weakness, foolishness or fear.

Then, it follows, that, if a man displays weakness of will or courage, folly of intent, or fear of the world, he is

displaying a condition that is foreign to his origin. He is manifesting short of what has been expressed in him.

What is the remedy?

A fuller bringing out of expression, is the answer we all must agree upon. If a man, born of, or originating in, a Source that is essentially Wisdom, Power and Love, shows forth in his life qualities which are contrary to these, he is failing to manifest his true or real self: he falls short in manifestation, is reflecting falsely from the outer. There must be a fuller personifying of divine expression, a truer living from within.

Weakness of will is not a sign of the true man. Cowardice, fear of any thing, is not born of a knowledge of the divine manhood. It is born of ignorance of both self and the thing feared.

Then wisdom, understanding, is the remedy for a cowardly or craven heart, a forceless will.

All things are yours, *if you will*.

There is nothing to fear, *if you only knew it*. You can accomplish wonderful things, *if you only believed you could*.

Here then, is the triple key to the remedy: Strengthen the will, Enlarge the understanding, Believe in yourself.

Now for particulars. *How* may these things be done? That is the important question. I think we have seen that it is at least a latent possibility, and that some such things have been done by a means that has not been well understood.

A man was a slave to the tobacco habit. He desired very much to be free. He had often and often said, very firmly, "I will now quit using tobacco." Every time the habit and the false taste combined to subjugate his will and he broke over.

Then he met a man who had gained a wisdom he had not yet reached. He said to him, "I have not the time or

opportunity now to teach you the philosophy of it, but you just begin to say within yourself, 'I do not like tobacco; I have no craving for it,' and keep repeating this persistently."

The man replied, "That would be a big lie." The other said, "No; that would be true of your real self; but you have heard that one can tell a lie until he believes it himself. Now suppose you keep telling yourself this that you call a lie until you believe it. Then you will not experience the craving any longer."

After a little deliberation he made up his mind to try it. After a few days' practice on the "lie" he began to believe it to be true; and then he was fully convinced that he had not been telling a lie at all, but a truth of the real self, and the false craving was gone. He was free.

The will thus gained dominion over the false taste and habit and asserted itself in the personal man. Then it had greater control over other things.

Repeat true words. Dare to do what you are afraid to do, when the thing is right. Assert your will power. "I will" does much. "I can't" always fails.

Know that you are divine. Cleanse your mentality of all that old nonsense about your being depraved and not worthy of the best things the Father hath. Learn to believe in yourself and be convinced that you deserve the best when you come to manifest your best

How? By studying yourself in your divine origin and nature and by the use of the word, persistently, faithfully.

It is not an acquisition, so much as it is an unfoldment of what is already inherent and essential in you. Find the power and the wisdom within and then unfold them by the use of the word, the ideal suggestion.

In Bulwer's novel, "Haunted and the Haunters," he has the man who could not be touched by the hobgoblins, ghosts and demons of the haunted house to stand up erect

(Concluded on page 255.)

Meditations

By Henton

AS MEN advance in the spiritual life, they grow more and more away from formalism. "The letter killeth," said the great apostle, and this truth becomes self-evident to every one who approaches the spiritual stature which he attained. The greatest teachers of the world were so engrossed with the essence of truth that they entirely neglected the dictates of formalism, and passed away from the earth without leaving any written statement of the grand principles which actuated them throughout their life-work, and which they held up as the only basis of spiritual growth. Formalists in religion say that Jesus left no written record of the principles he taught because he chose to leave that work to others. But this, even if true, only shows the secondary importance of committing principles to written form as compared with the grander work of living the truth. The grandeur of a life animated by truth can not be obliterated. Write the truth and write it in words that glow with beauty, and your words may be cherished by many generations. Live the truth and you are immortal, not perhaps in name, but as a vital, uplifting force in the soul of the race.

* * *

For no man can live to himself alone. Each life is only a part of the life universal, and the fruit it bears enriches all alike. Earth life is a whole and not a disconnected multiplicity. Man, beast and tree are parts of the same whole, and this general vital unit, which clings to our planet, is not an isolated entity but a part, a very small part, of the great aggregate of universal life which is continually drawing more and more of the vital essence

of truth from the universal Father Spirit which breathes everywhere and touches all things and makes the universe one.

• • •

Earth-life has not always been what it is now, and every true prophet knows that it will not always remain what it now is. There has been a time when the life which invested this planet rose no higher than the crude cells of the prototype. But these cells were not animated in vain, and when their physical structure was broken up by decay, they were not wholly at an end. The vital force which they drew from the Great Father Spirit, the Author of all life, did not return void to its source, but was embodied in other forms more complex, and therefore characterized by life more intense. A step had been taken in the long, weary, upward march of life. Long ages went by and the warm seas of the still young earth became the abode of the monster saurians. Ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus crowned the life and ruled the earth with undisputed sway. These hideous monsters were the climax of long ages of toil and suffering. They were far above the prototype. More force, more life, had come to the earth simply through its humble inhabitants living more and more of the truth, drawing from the ever present Creative Spirit more of its essence, and embodying it in forms more complex. Every living form, however insignificant, brings its tribute to earth-life in the form of expressed or individualized spirit force. The general life of the planet is thus enriched, and its potency for the nurture of stronger and nobler individuals is increased. This is the mode of life-progress on the earth. If one says, "Prove it," I say "No." Proof is impossible to those who know it not, and to those who know, it is useless. There are truths which come to us only through growth and can not be implanted in the mind by the rules of logic.

In the realm of mind the same rule of progress holds. The thought which now characterizes the world is the residual of the thought force which has been *lived into* the earth-life by sentient beings in the past. The fact that one Shakespeare has lived and thought renders it easier for another to arise. That Jesus *lived* a life of devotion to noble and unselfish ideals is a fact vastly more potent for uplifting the world than all the writings of all the ages. Let no one think that it is only through the writings of his followers that the vital truths which Jesus lived become effective in uplifting the world. Every floweret which springs up and smiles and withers in the woodland, pays tribute to the earth and renders it easier for some other plant to grow and bloom. In like manner great truths conceived, and noble ideals lived, so enrich and electrify the thought sphere of the earth, that others are more easily won to a higher life. And this is true irrespective of formalism. The tree that falls to the earth and crumbles to dust, enriches the soil to the full extent of its life attainment, whether it falls by the woodman's ax, the tempest's blast or the lightning's stroke. The form is nothing, the essence is all. Only fools and superficial imitators exalt the form and ignore the essence. Formalism idolized by fools clogs the wheels of progress, freezes to death the opening buds of originality, covers with dust and leaves to wither the fairest ideals and condemns to martyrdom the soul of liberty.

A Disgrace to Missouri.

ON FRIDAY, April 17, the State of Missouri committed three legal murders, one at Kansas City, one at Butler and one at St. Joseph. The men had all been found guilty of the same crime—murder.

At St. Joseph they had much difficulty in procuring a man to spring the trap of the gallows. The sheriff and all his deputies shrank from the task. That is a good

sign. The humane feeling is growing and will finally win. The judge of our Kansas City Criminal Court says that it has come to be the next thing to impossible to secure a jury to try a capital case, one in which the penalty is death, because almost all the men subpoenaed on the panel when asked the question, "Do you believe in the death penalty for any crime," will answer, "No." That disqualifies them to sit as jurors in the trial of such a case. This is a good sign of progress.

The man hanged at Kansas City was a negro. Yet, much effort was made by our people to save his life, through executive interference. Delegations of representative people went to the capital and earnestly interceded with the governor—in vain. This effort on behalf of a friendless negro is a good sign of the times, too.

The man hanged at Butler was an old man, over seventy years of age, and had become blind during his incarceration. I knew him well. He confessed his crime. Much earnest effort was made to secure commutation of his sentence; many people plead with our governor, for him, among them the prisoner's daughter. But all in vain.

They plead for him on the grounds of his age, his blindness and the fact of his frank confession. It was a strong plea. If I had been the governor I would have commuted his sentence to life imprisonment at least. I believe our governor erred in not doing so. But he had his reasons, which seemed to him sufficient.

Yet, a very great majority of our people—I may say almost all of them—would have been glad and liked Gov. Dockery better if he had commuted the sentence of all these unfortunate men.

The time is not far distant when such crimes as hangings and electrocutions will no longer stain the fair escutcheon of our state governments. The sentiment against this relic of a benighted past is rapidly growing

and spreading. Let everybody talk against it and hold thoughts against it, until it will no longer be possible to convict a human being to death because he has been weak and ignorant and fallen. The only true remedy for such a fall is lifting up, education, reform—not murder. The State has no better right to take my life because I violated one of her rules than I have to kill my neighbor because he violated one of my rules. Killing is justifiable only in extreme cases where it is the only available defense for self or another innocent person in danger. And such emergencies as this would soon cease to occur if our laws were planned and enforced on the basis of justice, mercy, reform and the golden rule, instead of the old Mosaic code of vengeance and punishment. We progress from day to day.

Studies in Zion City.—The People and the Place.

By C. L. Brewer.

IF YOU keep watch of a decadent thunder storm, with the lustre gone from its blackness and the snap from its lightning, you may see a small cloud grow out of it with all the vigor and strenuousness of a young cyclone; but it is only a dying effort, and quickly fades back into its moribund parent.

Some of the modern revivals of played out systems remind me of this cloudland tragedy; and one of them is that vigorous rearguard of the vanishing church headed by Brother John Alexander Dowie.

My first contact with the Zion people was in Mansfield, Ohio, at the time of their persecution by the "Boxers" of that benighted town; and I had to admire their fine serenity and courage during those turbulent days.

In the spring of 1902 it was my good fortune to spend several weeks in Zion City, and gauge the tone and scope of this pathetic, ridiculous and sublime effort of bewildered

humanity to find the Truth.

Zion is strong with the power of fervent faith, transcendent self-assurance and united thought—all handled with consummate skill. When I met the Zion leaders who came and faced the mob at Mansfield I wondered how such men could be controlled by a man like Dowie—as I supposed him to be. But when I saw him as a king among the intellectual giants about him I understood—he towered high above them all.

Whether they understand it or not—and I hardly think they do—these men are geniuses in the use of the power of mind over mind. Their religious meetings are unsurpassed as dynamos of psychological force. There is only a limited class to whom they can appeal; but that appeal is made with faultless strategy, using all the rest of mankind for background, ghost and dummy, just as if they owned it and had it set to music.

While I was there, Dowie commenced his "Healing Lessons,"—fine addresses, full of Mental Science and common sense; full also of the consciousness of sin, danger and the Devil. There was just enough of everything to strike his people on all sides, and compact them into solidity.

Once I saw him before the children in Sunday school—six or eight hundred of them, bright, beautiful, and tender in their reverence for "The Doctor"—their pet name for him. He did not preach, but just told a story. And I never heard anyone tell a better children's story, or a children's story better.

And again I saw him, out walking in the sweet evening air, stoop and fondle his dog—an all-round man, a gentle, loving man, and, I think, an honest man.

I was fresh from association with the Radical element in Chicago, those much addicted to tobacco, profanity, vulgarity and a kind of perverted Cosmic Consciousness which allowed them one darling prejudice—a deep seated

prejudice against decency and self respect. There could hardly be a greater contrast than in the change to Zion City, where tobacco is never used, no profane or vulgar word ever spoken, and the strictest morality in all lines adhered to. I found it very sweet and beautiful—a delightful change, even though most of my intellectual sympathies were with the misguided Radicals.

The Zionites are of more than average intelligence and the only people I ever met whose religion is a controlling factor in their lives. If anyone doubts the healing, transforming, regenerating power of Thought, let him go to Zion and be convinced. The Universe and its philosophy, as presented by the Master Mind [of Dowie, is real to them; the good God is real; the bad Devil is real; and their own eternal life and its duties are very real indeed. They live in a healthy, happy, prayer-meeting atmosphere, twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week.

It is a busy place. The sudden transformation of miles of farm land into a splendid modern city, with model factories, paths and streets, and every feature shrewdly designed to aid in the world-wide propaganda of an intense religious faith, is an inspiring work. The man who could be lazy there is incorrigible.

Some day the lake front from Chicago to Milwaukee will be a magnificent boulevard one hundred miles long, and Zion City is in its centre. Before it the crystal waters roll beyond the furthest vision, a ceaseless source of health and beauty. Behind it the garden farms of the Prairie State are gently billowed by the spreading roofs of the Wisconsin hills, and broken by the lovely little lakes that are the summer Mecca of Chicago's teeming thousands.

While in that cosmopolitan city I walked into the office of "The Flaming Sword" one day, and tackled the editor about their peculiar geography and astronomy. Of course our first talk was about their Colony in Florida, and I

asked why they went to such an out of the way, God-forsaken part of the world. He said it was revealed to them that that spot was the Divinely Foreordained Capital of the Universe.

"Yes," I smilingly replied, "when we had our little Colony at East Point, Florida, we talked about the times when Boston would be one of our suburbs."

"Yes," he said, also smiling.

"And you know Brother Dowie is building the Capital of the Universe up here north of Chicago," I went on still smiling.

"Yes," he replied, with pleased serenity; "but I think he's mistaken about the location."

That evening my dear little old white haired landlady, orthodox Christian Scientist, Anarchist and Free Lover, all in one, asked about the interview. and I said:

"Oh, we just sat there for three hours smiling at each other's ignorance."

But although the Zionite is a jolly good fellow, he can't see the fun in this. His city is built by Divine guidance, sure enough. When his Holy Prophet, Elijah The Restorer, was buying the land one farmer refused to sell at any price. "The Doctor" knelt down and prayed about it, and the man died. See? God reigns, and Zion is triumphant!

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Bible Lessons

1903, SECOND QUARTER.

*Lesson VI.—May 10.***T**HE PLOT AGAINST PAUL.—Acts 23:12-22.

KEY-NOTE.—“The Lord stood by him and said, Be of good cheer.”

Paul had returned to Jerusalem at the close of his third missionary journey. It was about A. D. 57 or 58.

He was arrested soon after his arrival at Jerusalem and taken before the Sanhedrim for trial. He made a statement of his case and claimed to be innocent. The high priest became angry and ordered an attendant to smite him on the mouth, whereupon Paul called him “a whited wall” and said God would smite him. This raised trouble and Paul shrewdly got the Pharisees arrayed against the Sadducees to escape.

The Lord came to Paul that night in a vision and cheered him up.

Then more than forty men bound themselves with an oath to not eat nor drink until they had killed Paul. This plot was brought to the notice of the chief captain by Paul’s sister’s son, and he protected the prisoner, sent him to Cesarea.

The message Paul got from the invisible was “Be of good cheer, for as thou hast testified of me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.”

Paul felt secure in this assurance and did not fear they would kill him.

The man who feels that he has a great work before him to do, is not afraid that he will be prevented from doing it by the hands of men.

The resolve and oath of the forty men were born of a

depraved religious zeal. The Jews believed Paul was tearing down their church and insulting their God. So they determined to kill him.

The chief captain was a Roman and cared nothing for their religion. He was more humane and just than were the Jews. There has certainly been much more cruelty perpetrated in the name of religion than in any other name. Even the followers of the most meek and lowly and gentle man of history have been persecutors of mankind, cruel, bloody and intolerant.

This is because of the fanatical zeal of men. They believe religion a most vital matter and worthy of extreme measures for enforcement.

1. Why was Paul arrested?
2. What was his defense?
3. What plot was laid to kill Paul and why did it fail?
4. Why do religious fanatics persecute men?
5. What was the meaning of Paul's vision?
6. Does "the Lord" speak to men now-a-days?
7. What renders one brave?

Lesson VII.—May 17.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.—Acts 24:10-16 and 24-26.

KEY-NOTE: "I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

Paul was sent to Cesarea and put into prison where he remained for two years. He went there about May, A. D. 57 or 58. After this term of imprisonment he went to Rome.

Cesarea was the capital of the province of Judea.

Five days after Paul was imprisoned in Herod's palace, Ananias the high priest and others of the Sanhedrim, accompanied by a professional advocate named Tertullus, went over to accuse the prisoner before Felix the governor and ex-officio judge.

Tertullus began with an eulogy of Felix.

Our lesson is a part of Paul's defense.

10. Paul presumes upon the competency of Felix as he had been judge for many years.

A good man improves by experience. A corrupt man grows worse as he has opportunity.

11, 12. The judge's attention is called to the fact that the prisoner had not been at Jerusalem more than twelve days and had not disputed with any one in temple or synagogue nor stirred up any strife. He had been accused of treason against Caesar, as the Jews knew Felix would not care a fig about their religious disputes. So they trumped up this utterly groundless accusation.

13, 14, 15. Paul says they cannot prove their charges. Then he sets forth his religious belief about the resurrection.

16. To exercise one's self to have "a conscience void of offense toward God and men," is of the utmost importance. Offend not in word or deed by wronging any one.

The conscience is the silent judge, the accuser of wrong or the approver of righteousness.

24, 25. Then Felix and his wife, Drusilla, heard Paul give an exposition of his faith privately. Felix was terrified at what he heard and sent Paul away, promising to hear him at another time. We hardly know why he was scared. Probably conscience stricken; for both Josephus and Tacitus represent him as one of the most corrupt and oppressive rulers Judea ever had.

26. Felix sent for Paul several times afterward and communed with him; hoping to get a bribe to release him. So the history says.

There are many Felixes in office yet. It is hard for a just man to get his dues. Many judges, policemen, etc., have a sly hand extended from the back for a fee.

1. Before whom was Paul taken for trial?
2. What was the judge's character?
3. What was the charge?

4. What was Paul's defense?
5. Why had he really been imprisoned?
6. What is the danger of corrupt officials?
7. What is the only true rule of justice?

Lesson VIII.—May 24.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.—Acts 26:19-29.

KEY-NOTE:—"Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day."

Paul had been in prison about two years at Cesarea when Felix was removed and a new governor put in his place, Festus. Nero was, at this time, A. D. 60, emperor of Rome, and Herod Agrippa II. was king of Abilene, Trachonitis, and regions southeast of the Lebanon Mountains.

Festus was a much better man than Felix, but his career was cut short by death in about two years after his accession.

The Jews tried to have Paul sent back to Jerusalem for trial. Festus asked him if he was willing. He said, in substance, "No; I have done nothing against the Jews. I am not even charged with an offense of that character. If I am guilty of treason, I must be tried before Caesar to whom I appeal my case." He knew the Jews would kill him if they got him back to Jerusalem.

Then Herod Agrippa visited Festus at Cesarea and desired to hear Paul. Paul was sent for. He appeared in the court before the king, the governor and a brilliant assembly of officials and learned people. Festus arose and stated the case and called upon Paul to speak. He began with his usual polished courtesy and delivered one of the most eloquent addresses on record. What we have of it in our Bible is doubtless a very incomplete, meagre report of what he did say. But even this stands high as a classic in forensic literature. It is a powerful oration.

19, 20. The command was from heaven. He dared not

disobey. With remarkable power and zeal he took up the cause of the Nazarene and pleaded it everywhere. His plea was that men ought to repent and turn to God and let their works be in accord with their repentance. Let the works follow up the professions.

21. For this the Jews tried to kill him. They were incensed that he adhered to the hated Nazarene. They tried to exterminate Christianity.

22, 23. He only interpreted prophecy and made Jesus both the Messiah and the first-fruits of the resurrection.

24. Paul's eloquence excited Festus and he arose in court and called out, "Paul, thou art mad, thy much learning doth turn thee to madness." A most remarkable scene, proving the immense power of the speaker.

25, 26. Not mad, most excellent Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness. The king knoweth about these things. They were not done in a corner.

27, 28, 29. I believe Agrippa was in earnest. He was a Jew. I believe Paul's eloquence almost won him over as it did those magnates on Mar's Hill.

1. Who were Festus and Agrippa?
2. Why was Paul brought before them?
3. Why did Paul refuse to go back to Jerusalem?
4. What was his defense before Agrippa?
5. What effect had his speech?
6. Was Agrippa in earnest?
7. What were the elements of power in Paul?

Lesson IX.—May 31.

THE LIFE-GIVING SPIRIT.—Rom. 8:1-14.

KEY-NOTE:—"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

The Epistle to the Romans was written by Paul near the close of his three month's residence at Corinth, winter of A. D. 57, 58.

1. Those who are consciously in the Christ, or have

the Christ spirit awakened in them, are not under condemnation of sin, neither do they condemn any one.

2 The law of the inner Christ makes free from sin and death. Sin and death have no power over the Christ spirit.

3, 4. The law, the commandments, could not reform the heart or cleanse the soul. It was only a forcible restraining process. The Christ condemns sin in the flesh and cleanses it away. So the law is fulfilled in us and we naturally walk after the spirit without coercion.

5. They who try to be good by obeying commandments do mind the things of the flesh, trying to obey rules for conduct in order to escape the penalty. But spiritual people obey the inner voice and are right.

6, 7, 8. The flesh mind is death—that is, the error inclination. The spirit mind or inclination is life and peace. The error disposition is an enemy to the good. It cannot be made subject to the law of God. It must be eradicated! It cannot please God.

9. If the Christ Spirit is in you alive and awakened, you are not flesh born, but born of God, a son of God indeed.

10. If the Christ live in you, the body is not the prime factor in life. It is only an embodiment of Spirit. And the spirit is the true life, because you are right in thought and conduct.

11. That spirit also quickens, makes alive, immortalizes, the body. Paul often spoke of immortalizing the body. He believed it could and ought to be done.

12, 13, 14. We owe all we are of value to the spirit—not to the flesh.

I believe verses 13 and 14 mean that if we live after the spirit we shall not die, even in the ordinary sense.

The sons of God cannot die. Jesus did not really die. He went into a tomb in company with the race belief in death, wrestled with it and overcame. He only proved

what may be done by all. We need not go through the same form he did, but we may eliminate death from our consciousness and, as a result, from our experience. It may not be done in this generation, but it must be done finally.

1. When and where was this epistle written?
2. What eliminates condemnation?
3. What law makes free?
4. Why do commandments fail?
5. What is sin, and what is its origin?
6. From what source may we secure immortality of the body?
7. How must we live to secure immortality?

There is such a thing as being too free. By this I mean that one may allow his inclinations and desires and impulses to run away with his judgment and over-ride his reason and the bounds of decency and propriety. You are at liberty to act the fool, but it is not wise to do so. You may use your own as you please so long as you do not infringe upon the rights of others; but, even with this limitation, you may go wrong. You should use such prudence as to preserve your own life and health. There are two ways of using a dollar or a privilege—a right and a wrong way. Fruition of good follows one and a harvest of unpleasant things insists upon being reaped from the other.

When the times of trial come, as come they do in the life of every one, times of crisis, of turn, of opportunity, men's souls are tried, their principles tested, their foundation in life shaken to the base. At such times habitual errors in conduct stand out in bas relief on the review sheets presented and we are asked to change our course. If we do, all is well. If not, the lesson is given again, and yet again.

THE LIFE

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Our silent Hours are 6 to 7 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., central Standard time. All are requested to observe at least a part of one or both of those hours in the silence with us.

Key=Notes.

MAY.

(Mother.)

May 1-15.

NOW IS CONCEIVED IN ME THE LIFE OF INFINITE POWER TO UNFOLD INTO THE ETERNAL CHRIST MANHOOD.

May 16-31.

NOW ARE BORN IN MY CONSCIOUS BEING IDEALS OF TRUTH AND LOVE AND WHOLENESS THAT MUST MANIFEST MY TRUE PERSONAL SELF.

To become a reader of The Life is to take a new lease on life.

Health Thoughts

ONE ALREADY in the conscious possession of Health need not affirm health nor hold healing thoughts. He has it by heart. His consciousness is filled with it and he does not have to acquire it. He feels it in the airs that fan his cheek, he sees it in the happy skies, the cheerful landscape odorous with flowers, and in the unfolding buds of young spring-time,—every pulse beat is thrilled with the glad consciousness of sweet Health * *

If you know the multiplication table, it will be time misspent to keep on repeating its lines. True, you should not be idle. You can make high use of your knowledge and you can tell others the quickest and best way to acquire it. You can instruct them to repeat the numbers over and over, and at the same time try mentally to grasp the truths presented in the relations you thus form in the figures *

Bear in mind the fact that your words are 'life, that they express an ever-living truth. It is an everlasting and unchangeable truth that seven times seven equals forty-nine. You do not repeat it to make it so, for it was true before you were born. But you must learn it if you would make the knowledge of it practical in your daily life. And the way to learn it is to thoughtfully repeat it *

The spoken word's value rests in its power to call attention to the thought back of it, and to awaken the thought to stronger action. The raising of the United States Flag thus reminds us of our might, quickens the consciousness of our freedom, and revives our patriotism * *

The Thought back of the spoken word is the power behind the throne. The exercise of that power is first

called imagination, then reason, then conception or the formation of the idea *

Imagination feels the thrill of the Spoken Word and begins to explore the Unseen to find out its Source, which found, is taken up for consideration by Reason. And when reason arrives at a conclusion it is there the concept is formed, or the idea perceived *

When you imagine a perfect Health-condition for your self or for another, the picture or mental model thus produced by your formative power is where the outer object of health will come from * *

The Health you thus construct in your imagination through your reason and by your formative will-power, is not a new creation, but a new invention or conception you have reached by the exercise of your powers. Health was waiting for you to develop your power to get it. No one can give you any spiritual thing. Nor can you in any way get it until you attain to it, grow up to fit it, become able through your own self-discipline to lay hold of it * * *

So, put on your armor and buckle up for business. Robes of Righteousness (Health) fill the great Costume House of the Spirit. You can put one on as soon as you grow in grace and knowledge up to the full stature of the Health costume you seek *

First, begin by saying, "I WILL" and thus awaken the beautiful Willingness that now lies sleeping in your heart. It will more than awaken, it will spread its glad wings like the Bird of Paradise and will take you into the freedom and Health found in its name *

Be courageous even if you have to begin with the "Twos," at the very bottom of the ladder of success. Say with your voice, "Twice two are four," while with your contemplation hold, "This is an eternal truth whether I know it or not. A truth I will now make my own: —"I am one with infinite Spirit." (In contemplation) "This is an eternal truth whether I yet comprehend it or

not. A truth I will now make my own."

In the exercise of your powers the denials are to be employed only when you arrive at a stumbling-block, a trial in your path. Momentarily negate it, and then think only of the realities, the beauties and benefits, along your walk. Errors are the fruits of unripeness. They are easily removed because they have no root in real substance. Bad colds, along with all diseases, are parasitic. They borrow their strength from the people who believe in them. To refuse to believe in them destroys their strength, and to form ideals of Health causes them to disappear and prevents their return.

One may come out from the bondage of flesh-ills from "inheritance" in the same way. To do this successfully, deny the power of flesh to transmit its imperfections and refuse to believe in such inheritance. Then cultivate ideas of freedom and strength and efficient Health. The flesh is innocent alike of evil and of power. It is only effect. Power lies in the CAUSE of all material things *

Disease cannot enter the body unless some mentality admits it, wills or allows it. The brain that has been moulded in fear must fill up the fear-grooves and crowd out the places of fear by thoughts of fearlessness, freedom and dominion. This true thinking must be continued until the *ideas* of freedom, fearlessness and dominion are formed in the mind and fill the consciousness.

I give here some suggestions, first against the idea of inherited weaknesses:

Suggestion One. I refuse to inherit any imperfection from my fore-parents. I am not of flesh. Flesh is not my cause. It is the effect of my Cause. My Cause and I are One, and we have power over all effect.

I am of Spirit. All-knowing Mind is my Origin. Elohim are my Father and Mother. I am the natural heir of The Invisible Powers, therefore I am by them commanded to "have dominion," to "subdue the earth." Shall I be

lazy, and bury my gifts? No. I will say with the Blessed Christ, "I have all power in heaven and in earth," and I will now develop that power as I never did before. I will be faithful to what I am, faithful to my Origin, and to my purpose in life * * *

"Subdue the earth," means to blot out its imperfections and cause only its true significance to appear.

Second Suggestion. Against "colds."—

Suggestion Two. I am not negative. I am not afraid of colds, drafts, winds or weather. I am not an ignorant lump of "dust." I am no longer subject to what other people think about the power of weather to blow out of existence a product of Omnipotence. Drafts are good for me. I delight in winds and weather, for they obey my decree. They are subject to me. "There is nothing that shall not be possible to me" for good.

I am the Highest Idea of Infinite Mind, and I shall not make excuse, nor bury my God-given talents. I am positive substance,—Spirit—Mind,—Infinite and unconquerable Essence. I will spend eternity unfolding more and more of my positive nature, and in revealing more and more of the perfect Likeness. I know my power for good. I feel the exuberance of my strength and the divinity of my cause in the world. I will no longer slither and cower, I will stand erect and espouse my cause, for I am filled with the spirit of Truth.

Suggestion Three. I am not poor. I am able to pay all my debts as they are made. I am not worried about debts nor poverty. I am free from incumbrance. No one is disappointed in me; every one loves me and I love every one. I am free from trouble. I am free from worry. I am free from debts, save that of Love.

I have abundance out of my inheritance. My spoken word awakens my consciousness to the truth of what I say. My present needs are filled. Abundance waits my word and my recognition formulates supply and makes it

ready for me. From everywhere come words of encouragement and assurance helping me to hasten duly my wealth that is now on its way to me. My needs are now all filled. Bounty is mine. I am not grasping nor striving, but the way to wealth is easy when it is known that all are children of God and heirs of plenty.

My Dear Friends: I hope you will deliberately take up these words, for they are Spirit and they are Life. I pray you do not deem the statements too high, for man is God's speaker, and who else shall proclaim its hidden glories and make known its privileges? The One who said "I have all power" said also, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." This was to show the comparative unimportance of earthly dwelling-places.

So I do not speak in pride or vain-glory, but because I ought. I have employed these statements in the past until they filled my consciousness. I am not guessing at the way of life and peace. My health is perfect, and has been for years. I tell you this for your encouragement. I hope you will know, however, that to be well physically is not the most important thing. It is desirable because health removes burdens out of the way of the soul's Higher Progress.

It is the preparing of the way of the Lord (Higher self) so that its paths will be direct. C. J. B.

Soul Queries and Truth's Responses.

III.

WELL, SIR! It is an opportunity you had better make the most of," and the speaker whose face reflected the sunshine of hope and good cheer, leaped from the car.

I looked at the one thus addressed and the sombre expression of his face seemed to deepen and obscure every

vestige of lingering light, while a depth of gloom through which he seemed to peer, settled more closely about him as he adjusted his overcoat collar to its highest capacity.

As I gazed, mental queries were active, as to the nature of this particular opportunity so urgently alluded to, whether silver or golden, pleasant or disagreeable, obtrusive or passive.

How like a gleaming thread of life are so-called opportunities! Weaving in and out amid the complexities of all stations. Joys and sorrows, ever awaiting recognition, appropriation, and willing utilization as lawful unfoldments of omnipresent life.

Enfolded within them are the lights and shadows that strengthen or soften the experiences of daily existence. They heave up and harrow the soil of the soul mind for the sprouting of more energetic and robust ideas.

Being manifold in nature and limitless as to source, we often ignore or accept them as commonplace consequences, hence have failed to comprehend their true merit, as being lawful means of individual growth.

Our long confirmed habit of believing them to be disadvantageous or exceptionally rare bestowals of divine favor, has obscured our perception of their life evolving purpose.

We have been mentally blind from too long gazing through traditional eye-glasses. Just as many believe they are physically blind and seek to strengthen their eye-sight, by the aid of an oculist's help (seeking among material things) while within is to be found the ever present spirit vision, "the same yesterday, today, and forever," that needs only our faith and belief in, to continually renew the *mentally* weakened optics. Man as a thinker, is lifted far above what he, for lack of better recognition of his latent powers, has accepted as mere happenings of his physical life.

In this time of eager seeking for whys and wherefores

he is fast learning that *all things* come to him, and work together lawfully in different stages of development for his good and upliftment, and that he can by the exercise of right (righteous) thought avoid disastrous consequences in effect and instead attract and manifest all the delights and beauties of the already expressed good, his individual heritage forever abiding in his substance.

In the true understanding of the definition of man—a *thinker*—rests the power to lift one from the plane of doubt unto one of faith and certainty.

As a *thinker*, his qualities of thought are his most potent forces in the proper use of which he lives in two worlds, as it were the visible and invisible, whose thought interchange insures an individual poise, and physical manifestation of harmonious comfort and peace unruffled by so-called happenings.

Then, in according a welcome to all opportunities, whether adverse or promising, we unfold strength and our powers of perception and endurance.

Every opening bud of chance that penetrates the material net-work of each daily experience is friendly in its nature, did we but welcome it as a friend.

From henceforth let us make amends in this particular and seek to find the kernel of good in every seed germ. Let each daily acquisition serve to form a more substantial basis for the expectant gains of the coming tomorrow. In this manner we will be imbued with knowledge and power to manifest "the greater things" promised.

Ellebard.

Whoever, therefore, considers that which is finite, material, physical, as in itself bad, thereby expresses contempt for creation, nature, as such—nay, he actually blasphemes God.—*Froebel*.

Tell your friends about The Life.

VRILIA HEIGHTS Metaphysical School (sixth season) will open June 15th. New improvements are being made on the grounds to suit the plans for a larger work than hitherto. The School will still be under the direction of Dr. Alice B. Stockham, by whose wise management it has reached its present high standard. She will be assisted by a number of experienced helpers and teachers, and every effort will be made to make it the very best means for spiritual unfoldment.

The recreating power of Vril is evinced in the daily doings,—in class work, in meditations, in camp amusements, in the care for the comfort of guests.

Vrilia Heights (Williams Bay P. O.) is situated on the north shore of Lake Geneva, Wis., 75 miles from Chicago. "The most delightful place in the world" say its friends. In tents or cottages in the woods, in boating or swimming on the lake, in the inspiration and freedom of camp life, one can have every condition for real recreation and soul growth.

Address L. D. Ratliff, William's Bay, Wis.

Thought is the active dynamic force of mind. Mind is the only living reality in all causation. Causation is responsible for all effect. Effect is the actual in life. Therefore all actuality is subject to thought power. I do not mean by this that a thought of an individual may always control or change the actual. The united thought force at the bottom of an actual condition may be too much for this. But a larger control of personal states and environment may be attained than mankind has heretofore known. And a constant, persistent use of thought action in the right direction may move mountains that have grown upon erroneous thought accretions.

Faith is the elevation of the soul into the realm of divine truth. There it sees reality and communes with God. I think true knowledge is the knowledge of self as the expression of Divinity. Mrs. A. M. Conger.

Correspondence

1. HAVE WE any positive proof that we will not have to hustle for bread and butter in the next world the same as we do in this?

2. Why does an Editor always blow up a subscriber to his paper when he stops taking it? J. M. S.

Answers: 1. We have no proof, as proof is generally regarded, of any future state of individual consciousness, unless we accept that offered by the spiritualists. There are many thousands of intelligent people who are very confident that they do commune with and sometimes see their friends whom the world calls dead. I myself have had some very marvelous experiences along this line, utterly unexplainable to me in any other way than by accepting the explanation offered by these good people. So I am not ready to say that they are deluded dupes of a false teaching.

If we do live on after the body is laid aside, I see no reason why we should undergo any very great transformation by the change called death. There may be new light and new opportunities opened up when we are compelled to see by spiritual or psychic vision instead of physical. And thus progress would naturally be more rapid. But, of course, as the eater of bread and butter is no longer in evidence, the soul will not have to win such food. However, food will be needed, sustenance for the soul body. This, I believe, will not be under the control of trusts and combines and will therefore be more easily obtainable. It will come to answer need and desire. This is not proof, but it seems reasonable. That is the best any of us can now say.

2. I do not think editors always do that. But a subscription list is a very hard fabric to construct. It re-

quires long labor and patience to work it up. And when an editor or publisher succeeds in working one up it hurts him awfully to see it begin to fall off. He naturally tries very hard to prevent discontinuances.

Moreover, there are more than one way to stop a paper. Notice sometimes comes from the postmaster at the subscriber's office that the paper is "refused." The publisher has had no notice from the subscriber. In this case he should inquire of the subscriber if it is his wish to discontinue. Often, especially with Mental Science papers, he finds that some other member of the family has ordered refusal against the wish of the subscriber, some one who does not accept the teaching.

In some cases the refusal is the act of a subscriber who is behind on his subscription. This is dishonest. No honorable person will do such a thing.

Sometimes a notice comes that the paper is "unclaimed." This usually means that the subscriber has moved away. A person who will go away and not notify the publisher of the paper he is taking and allow it to run on until there is a lot of subscription due, is, to say the least, unthoughtful, not duly considerate of the rights of others. They sometimes write when they are found and the publisher asks them for dues, "I have not seen your paper for a year, as I moved away from M. a year ago," and think they have given a good reason for not paying. This is not honest.

Sometimes a subscriber will write in an unkind way to stop a paper. This saddens the heart of the publisher, and, if he is only human, he may answer in like spirit, especially if the subscriber is delinquent on subscription.

Some will bundle up the paper and send it back. This is very small business. If there is anything a publisher does not want or need it is a dilapidated returned paper. Only a small soul will do such a thing.

"Discontinue," "stop" and "refused" are words that

drop as lead upon the soul of a publisher and we must pardon him if he sometimes gets "riled" and talks back. He is usually human only and subject to like passions as other men.

Can a Christian or Mental Scientist be a truly scientific one and at the same time be an Episcopalian? I am strongly inclined to think not, but some disagree with me.

A. M. C.

Answer: To adhere to all the tenets of orthodox Episcopalianism and practice the teaching is certainly not to be a true Christian Mental Scientist. And to practice all the teachings of Christian Mental Science is to violate or disregard much of the church teaching. This needs no argument. It goes with the saying.

But I know some people who are good Scientists and yet attend their church services. They happen to have for pastor a liberal man who preaches much of the New Thought.

But these are exceptional cases. As a rule the students and practitioners of this Science would be held back and dragged down by the sermons to be heard at the orthodox churches. If they are, they had better stay away.

Dear Mr. Barton:

In the March issue of *The Life* I see an article by one C. L. Brewer entitled "The Triumphs of Life." Now in this article, which is well written, Mr. Brewer brings in Socialism and advocates it. So far as I understand the principles of the New Thought I approve of them, but cannot approve of Socialism, because it is not practical. I think the man who uses his brains or his brawn and muscle to lay aside a little bank account and then is willing to give his little stake to his friend who perhaps has done nothing all his life but laze around and eat and sleep, is a fool. This state of affairs, however, would become

common were Socialism to triumph. Inasmuch as Jesus Christ spoke more than once against Socialism, why should we, who as yet are mere imitators of his glorious career, advocate it? His parable of the talents was certainly directed against Socialism. W. S. Goff.

Answer:—Christian Mental Science does not include so-called Socialism among its tenets. Yet, in its true application Socialism is not inimical to the Science. I do not believe my correspondent quite gives Socialism its proper interpretation. It is not anarchy, nor is it paternalism.

Mr. Brewer, who now resides at East Aurora, N. Y., was a member of one of my classes and is a deep thinker, as well as a man of much experience along the line of reform movements. He may tell us what true Socialism is, in answer to this correspondent. He is much more competent to do so than I am.

For The Children.

HERE ARE a lot of little letters fresh from dimpled hands. And as I stack the missives all together, they make me think of rose-leaves. So I will take them up one at a time as I come to them, and place as many as I can find room for in the leaves of The Life to make it sweet and fresh:

Morris, Minn.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Barton:

I thought I would try for [the May issue. I think we can make home beautiful by being loving, kind and true to every one, and to do everything we have to do with pleasure, and to be thankful and contented. I am eleven years old. With best wishes for The Life and its many readers.

Your little friend,

Edith Louisa Hodgman.

P. S. My little sister Elsie wanted me to write this time.

Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Life:

The best way I know to make it beautiful round home is to plant flowers, paint the house when it needs it and keep thinking about how to fix it up, when you are not too busy. Mother says we should not only fix up outside and inside to make home beautiful but we must all throw in a lot of kindness to each other to make things shine.

I reckon this is so for one day when I wanted to play marbles awful bad and Mother wanted me to mind little sister in the cradle, I went to her with a great big frown on my eyes and she turned her blue eyes at me and smiled till she crowed, she was so glad to see me.

Then I laughed too and I forgot all about the marbles, and I was a good deal happier than I was the day before when Roy Hopkins played keeps with me. I bantered him, too, says I,—“Roy, let’s play keeps?” Well, he won four onyxes, one agate and seventeen two-ticks.

I beat sometimes,—about as often as any of ‘em. This is about all I can think of.

Yours Truly,
Charley Mills.

* * * *

Crandon, Wis.

Dear Mrs. Barton:

I will write to tell you how I think we may make our homes beautiful.

First we must do, is to obey our parents, and be kind to our brothers and sisters.

Second, is to be loving and true and see nothing but good in every one.

Last of all is to try and help make our home pleasant by keeping things neat and in order.

I try, but it is pretty hard to do. I am ten years old, and am in the Fifth Grade in school. I have one sister and two brothers. Just a short time ago one dear sister went away from this life, and left a dear little boy for us

to love and care for. He is two years old.

My Mama has lots of plants.

With much love,

Ivy L. Riggs.

* * *

April 10, 1903.

Dear Mr. Barton:

Your subject was how to make homes beautiful.

I think for a start, we should have a kind father and mother, brothers and sisters.

Although I have no brothers and sisters, I know that would make home beautiful. And to have a house nicely arranged, and to have a beautiful yard, that would make home beautiful.

Now I will close. Yours Truly, Lydia Lucky.

* * *

Boston, Mass.

Dear Life Friends:

I think the way to make home beautiful is to be beautiful ourselves.

To be beautiful, I must always keep my *thoughts* beautiful. I have tried this, and when I keep my thoughts beautiful my actions are the same and my Mama often tells me I am beautiful. Now I know I am not, for my hair is a dull brown, my eyes are gray-blue and my cheeks are not very rosy, though my lips are. Yet I am happy most of the time and Papa says I am a "sun-beam."

Annetta is my class-mate at school. I am eleven and she is ten. She is much prettier than I, but she is not any happier. One day she asked me how I managed to look pleasant and be good all the time, and I made up some rules for her that I knew would help her if she would practice them, although I never used them myself.

I will tell you little readers what they are, if you would like to know. I told her to gently bite her lips and count ten, before she said what she felt like saying, when she got angry or her feelings were hurt.

She tried this once when I was with her and one of the school-children said something unkind. Annetta bit her lip and counted ten, and then turned to me and smiled. She did not make any answer at all. And after school was out she came and threw her arms round me and thanked me for telling her how to do.

"I am so glad I didn't answer back," she explained, "I feel ever so much better for not saying it."

So I think it is being true and good and noble and happy in heart that makes our lives beautiful, and a beautiful life knows just how to make a home beautiful.

I have just asked Mama what she thinks of my letter and she says she thinks I have struck the "*key-note*" and you Life-people know what that is. I hope you will be pleased with my letter, and will tell me where its poorest parts are, for I am young and I wish to improve every day. Mama sends her love, and so do I.

Yours Truly, Amy I. Teachenor.

* * *

The committee decided to give the first prize to Amy. Do you all hold up your hands to vote on this? I hope so. They place Charley Mills' name second, and Ivy L. Riggs third, and gave Edith Louisa Hodgman honorable mention.

We leave out a number of letters we have not space for, and some that are too hurriedly written to be acceptable. Whatever good thing you do, do well, do your best.

Any child under 13 years of age may compete for the prize. Give your age. Be original. After you have learned to spell well, and know how to form your sentences, then just say things in your own way. Write like yourself. Have a style of your own. If you are bothered to know what to write shut your eyes a minute and say in your heart, "I am all Mind, and I know what to say. I am guided by Wisdom, and happy ideas now form in my thoughts. I am free, wise, immortal."

Wait a moment more and then take up your pen and you will write a beautiful letter.

The subject for next month,—“How Every One may be Lovable.”

C. J. B.

CHILDHOOD.

Mrs. C. B. Sawyer.

O, joyous, happy children!
Bright, lovely human flowers!
How gloriously ye gladden
These earthly homes of ours!
Sweet sunny hearted children!
So frolicsome and free!
So full of fun and laughter,
Of mild and careless glee!
Light, merry, darling children!
Ye fill our hearts with joy;
So loving, trusting, earnest,
Bewitching, artless, coy!
Of all home's priceless blessings,
Most welcome, choicest, best,
Are ye, dear little children,
Such as our Savior blest.

“Dear Mrs. Barton: Your letter and the Bible came yesterday. I thank you for both..... I haven't taken a dose of medicine for years. Let the good work go on! You will never know how much you have done for me. You saved my mother's life, restored me from a sickly girl into a strong woman, and now you are healing my dear father. Your writings are inspirational and a source of delight. Yours Sincerely.”

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Little Lessons in Elohim Kindergarten

LESSON XXI.

"NEW THOUGHT"

A GAIN AND again I have been asked the question "What do *you* think 'New Thought' means?" The expression *New Thought* is a newly manufactured phrase intended to mean *a new line of thinking*. I speak of the term as manufactured, because "New Thought" is not the correct expression. It has been adopted as correct and has been made admissible just as a new word is often formed through popular usage and added to our vocabulary.

"Thought" is a singular noun. It is the original and creative power of already Perfect and therefore changeless Mind. THOUGHT is God-mind active. It cannot change nor become new.

Thinking may change and become New.

New Thought in no sense points to "reform," as each new church-development was called; but it refers to a distinct mode of thinking inaugurated by the New, after leaving the old way. The present New Thought movement is an utter breaking away from dependence upon the old manner of thinking and believing, and the establishment of a new and advanced order of thinking.

New Thought periods have been occurring in all ages along the line of time from earliest history to the present. The expression does not mean a new bud out of the old Tree, neither does it mean a graft upon the old. It is a *new Tree*, root and branch, with a new and finer soil for the roots, more Heavenly ethers for the leaves, flowers and fruits. The old doctrines of life and destiny are rolled

up together and buried in oblivion with the past dead. A new order of thinking has been inaugurated, and this always insures a new condition of things.

During the period of man's infancy in knowledge, when he believed as his fathers believed and dared not think for himself, his teachings about growth in grace and knowledge meant no more than a closer clinging to the old forms and ceremonies, with greater humility and a deeper sense of helplessness.

The infant wisely holds tight to his mother's hand until he reaches out the other hand and grasps a chair, and until the time comes when he *thinks* of striking out alone. The thought once developed stays in his mind until, fearing, trembling, he makes the venture and finds he can stand alone! It seems a tremendous accomplishment. Every atom in his body thrills with the new delight. "Standing alone" brought with it a glorious realization, a feeling of freedom and dominion, of individuality and power. Mentally he is a new creature born from above.

The wise infant does not turn back to fight the imperfections of the old teachings, nor call his parent ignorant or erring because she did not let go his hand, force him to walk and make him independent and fearless, for he knows she could only do the best she knew and wait for him to develop up to the point of independent thinking, which alone could make him able to stand.

The first free step taken by the New Thought child of the present time was that which expanding Science inaugurated when it built a bridge over the chasm Religion had digged between them, and forced Religion to clasp hands with Science.

One of the main elements of New Thought must be the fact Religion gets all its real life and strength from Science. Human reason cannot long stand by or support that which has not a foundation, that which cannot be

traced to system and order. This fact withstands the doctrine of "blind faith" and individual "helplessness."

That social tranquility which so long depended on the stability of its religions could not therefore be permanent. And when ecclesiasticism was stirred to its depths by ever-expanding Science, one religion after another broke down under the strain of their own inconsistencies. The argument for "blind faith" in an "unsearchable God" sounded well so long as it was novel and eloquently expounded to people who knew no better. But all the mothers who went home daring to doubt in their hearts the practicability and reasonableness of the teaching, made unborn sons and daughters—if not infidel—capable of a *new* line of *thinking* and reasoning. Preachers' wives (with their exceptionally large families), seeing both the home and the pulpit sides of "orthodoxy," are chiefly responsible for the present New Thought movement. They did not often speak in church, but they did a world of *thinking* for the pre-natal education of the present civilization.

Science is not a mere list of occasional new discoveries, but it is a record of the growing human intellect. New Thought means thinking along the newly discovered truths of being. The new is not a paroxysm coming out of necessity, but it is the result of evolution which is natural and orderly growth and unfoldment.

God was of old thought to be a great Mechanic using instruments to carry out his plans. He whittled out plans in the heavens to set his stars and planets to make light for this little earth, when the sun alone would have been sufficient, and the time spent in setting countless numbers of lights might have been devoted to making all men Christs when they were born as Jesus was. Yet God as a Mechanic was Mr. Paley's New Thought about life and being. It did not make him new for the belief in his depravity continued. He abode in the word of depravity

and in his old conditions.

It was Kepler, the man of Science, who, when his hypothesis about the plants was verified as true, was led to exclaim, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee."

New Thought is the subject of new thinking. Man as thinker reaches up to thought as substance and there is a new conception, and new birth. He is conscious of newness. A great feeling of safety and sufficiency comes with the New Thoughts. It is a new plane and the old is no more. His birth is from on High. Old things are passed, all things are new because all thoughts are new.

It should in every age mean that. Thinking into divine Thought brings the Heavenly, the Superior, the New, the True, the Human Soul's Eureka and Beulah Land. Truth's garments never get old. Behold, all (real) things are new as soon as the old passes, as soon as the consciousness awakens. One thing does not develop out of another, truly speaking, but above another. "Call no man your father" for you come out of Thought-substance. Evolution of Nature brings it about just as it brings a new stalk out of the old grain. Except the old grain die and lose its identity, the new stalk cannot prove itself new.

Truths are eternal verities in whatever age expressed. The child of a hundred centuries hence, when he first comes into the conscious possession of some immortal knowledge, will call it *new*.

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The Will.

(Continued from page 218.)

in their midst while they attempted their worst and say over and over, "I am not afraid! I am not afraid!" The dog, who was awfully frightened, was killed and the brave man's stout attendant fled in terror and dismay, while the hero of the brave word and attitude was not touched. His only sword was the word of Truth.

There is a true suggestion in this. Say it! Say it again and again in the very face and teeth of seeming contradiction until the cowardly feeling oozes out at your finger tips and the faltering will braces up and asserts itself. It can be done. Try it.

Spend an hour each day in the silence just idealizing what you would have and be in the outer. Do not idealize it as a thing to be reached out after and sought, to be wrenched from unwilling hands or begged of a haughty God. Seek it as your own and unfold it from within.

And when the pressure comes, the crucial test, the crisis in your person or affairs, rise up in your dignity; be a man, a woman; assert your supremacy; affirm the victory; deny the power of that which opposes; maintain a serene mental supremacy over and through it all. You can do it. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Even the trying will help you to do better next time.

So the manifestation which seems to be a weak will departs from you and your true self is asserted, your will prevails and you cease to act the coward.

The value of this teaching is in the fact that it finds the possibilities of all achievement in the essential being of all men, and gives the student a method, a tried rule, by which the power can be developed. Make a study of it and faithfully put into practice what you learn, and *Be yourself.*

Tell your friends about The Life.

How Do We Demonstrate.

Written for The Life by Anna McGowan.

NOT IN VAIN boasting, lest we follow the example of the Pharisee. Not in claiming before the world a false power, lest we are weighed in the balance and found wanting. Not in the vain following of some particular person or fad, lest we omit the "weightier matters of the law." It seems quite prevalent among students of the new thought to adopt some theory or course of study or set of formulae, advocated by some prominent and successful leader, and sink their own individuality into that of the leader. This can only stultify the growth of the student and add to the strength and popularity of the leader, just as the worshiping in creeds and forms strengthens the body and structure of the church, but saps the life and individuality from its followers, and takes from them the "spirit of the letter."

We should demonstrate only by the following of our own consciousness, and the use of the occult forces within our own being. We must be guided by suggestions from our own within, and not by the ideas formulated by some one else, although those ideas may have lifted him to prominence and success. They may not fit our case in the least and only be a drawback to us. His ideas were his revelations from his within. By them he can grow, but we must all get our ideas from our own within. His experiences are the best teachers we can get. Every article on this subject which we read brings to us some new suggestions which will benefit us if we can assimilate it and make it our own. But until we can it will not help us. I deem this the reason that so many healers fail to heal. They seem to sink the individuality of the patient into themselves, hoping to inculcate their own strong, vigorous mentality or bodily strength into the patient. This, in one way is commendable, showing a great, unselfish, real-ous care for the patient. But, is it right? or is it the best

method? Will the strong, vigorous thoughts of the healer fit that stage of development which the weak, emaciated men are struggling to pass through?

I was recently cited to a case of this kind and was asked the cause of an unusual disturbance. The case was this: A frail, weak, spiritual little body applied to a strong mental healer for relief and determined to give herself up entirely into the hands of the healer, believing she would get help.

No sooner had she begun taking the treatments than respiration became difficult and she was scarcely able to breathe at all. She persevered in taking the treatments until life became a burden to her for want of breath. When she asked me the cause of this unusual disturbance, I explained the case to her in this way: The healer was a strong, vigorous, healthy person with wonderful strength of mental and will power, but denied or ignored anything pertaining to spirituality. The patient was weak, frail but advanced spiritually far ahead of the healer. The strong mental poise of the healer did not fit the frail spiritual mentality and the result was a confusion, and antagonism which injured the patient. "But, why," the patient asked me, "did the treatments affect me in this particular manner, as I never had any difficulty about breathing before I began these treatments?" I answered, "You are advanced spiritually. Your healer is working only on the mental plane, antagonizing spirit. Spirit is from the Latin *spiro*, meaning, *to breathe*. When we antagonize spirit, we antagonize breath." She saw the point at once. She dismissed the healer and her breath was restored. I quote this instance as a hint to purely mental healers. They are successful with those who are on the mental plane with them, but are harmful to those who have grown faster on the spiritual plane. Thus we must demonstrate on the lines in which we are developed. If we are not developed spiritually, we cannot hope to use the occult forces

within us, for they will remain latent. In fact the occult forces within us are entirely the result of and subject to spirit breath. "And God breathed into his nostrils and he became a living soul." The more we put ourselves in unison with that breath of God, which is spirit in its fullness, the more will we be able to demonstrate through and by our occult forces.

Self-Hypnotic Healing

I have made a late discovery that enables all to induce the hypnotic sleep in themselves instantly at the first trial, awaken at any desired time and thereby cure all known diseases and bad habits, control their dreams, read the minds of friends and enemies, visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep and remember all when awake. This so-called Mental Vision Lesson will be sent to anyone for only 10c, silver. Sold on credit. Actually enabling you to do the above before any charge whatever. PROF. R. E. DUTTON, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, U. S. A.

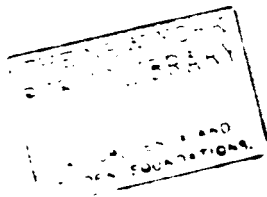
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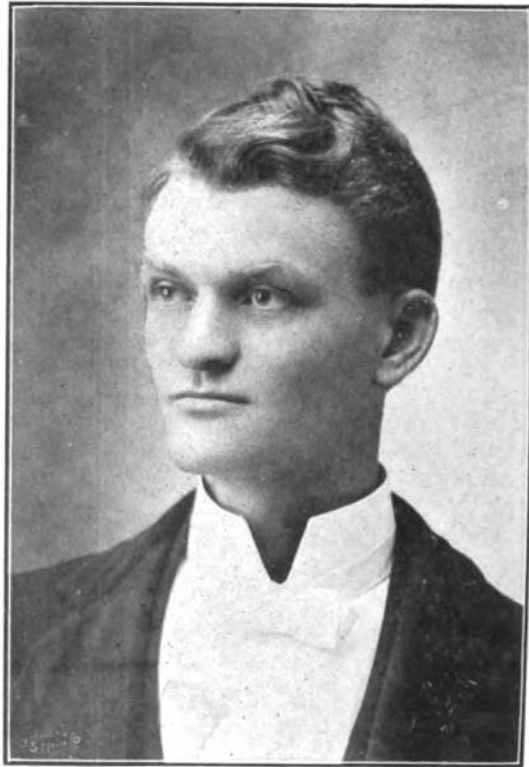
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CHARLES McCUBBIN

THE LIFE

J U N E, 1 9 0 3

Observations

A TREMENDOUS concourse of people from all sections of the country assembled to see and hear certain notables at a dedication of public grounds and embryonic structures. There were assembled said notables, their wives and daughters and particular friends, and those who own money and lands, and those who own none. There were mingled together boors, gentles and independents. The boors pushed and scolded and sneered, the gentles shrank and dodged and apologized and the independents intruded and resented the imposition of authority.

Some knew what they came for to see—most did not. I went along a dense line drawn up on either side of a soldier guarded way and asked, "What are you waiting to see?" They said, "I don't know. I suppose something is going to pass along by and by." I stepped out into the way and asked a soldier. He growled, "The president, I suppose." I asked how long before he was expected to come? "God only knows," replied the shivering guard—for it was a cold, raw day.

Fifty thousand people saw the notables speak for two or three hours, but heard them not. They heard music and singing by a great band and chorus, but saw them not. A hundred thousand people stood shivering for

three hours looking at men in uniform march by with guns, bayonets and instruments of noise. Men, did I say? Boys, rather, young, green boys playing soldier. Many of the watchers, as well as the marchers, went away with what they did not bring—a cold and sore throats.

Men are not very different except in position and possessions. Women are not very different except in dress and social station. Take two from opposite states of life, from extreme positions and conditions socially, and equalize their externals, and you will find one a match for the other in most respects.

Under the brow of a bank of earth not far from the scene of official and financial grandeur and hauteur, were lodged under shelter of old boards and straw, four Weary Willies, dirty, hungry, lazy, unkempt and defiant. Were these men? Yes; men with immortal souls. Who has been responsible for the desperate state of their existence?

I answer, Ancestors, society, themselves. Poor brains, poor blood, vicious tendencies and animal lust were their inheritance; social conditions were adverse, people were intollerant of their weaknesses and punishment and condemnation were inflicted where education and encouragement were most needed; and they gave way before odds against them where they really might have rallied and won out, by supreme effort.

We often hear it said that it requires all kinds of people to make a world. Some kinds could be dispensed with and some would not be missed, I am sure. The burdens of community could well be gotten on without, and the nonentities would be as well away as here. But what are we to do? How may we be rid of bores and nuisances

and how fill the empty places of nothingites?

Educate, enlighten, lift up, positivize, encourage, magnify the good and minimize the bad. This is the only remedy that will heal the corpus populi. Jails will not do it, the gallows but makes matters worse. Condemnation and expulsion destroy hope and faith and harsh words degrade. We have tried all of these methods and have proven them worse than futile. Let us hasten to reverse our tactics.

One great basic fault has been the unholy motives and manners of marriage. They have been lust, money, fancy, frivolity and accident, largely. The children of such unions begin life at a great disadvantage. They are not well born.

But what is the remedy? Not legislation. That would be utterly ineffectual. A law that has the sanction of public sentiment can be enforced, is easily carried out. A law that has not the support of public sentiment is a dead letter, cannot be enforced.

Then the elevation and correction of the heart of society and home and state is the only remedy that will cure the ills we suffer on account of unwise child-bearing. When love is the incentive and motive of marriage and children are begotten in love, then the first and worst cause of our troubles will be removed. And in this also is a potent agency for the removal of the third cause named before. One who has been born aright is able to sustain his self-respect under adverse conditions where one who was not would fail.

The boor is to be discouraged in his boorishness and the puffed up have a pin stuck into the windbag of his or

her pride. The gentle must learn a lesson of the independent and the independent of the gentle one. So we shall help one another to be better. Each may learn a lesson of all.

This is not a dream nor mere empty theory. It is not like the sermons which described the beauties of heaven preached by men who knew no more about it than did their audiences. We now have the practical philosophy that is already working out the problem. We are applying the principles of a science that appeals to the real power, intelligence and goodness at the center of our being and awakens the man at the helm of life who saves the craft.

I observe the working of this teaching wherever I go. The boor is scarcer, the fool of vanity shrinks away, the oppressor grows less and fewer, the gentle one more self-assertive and the independent soul multiplies and replenishes the Earth. This is the fruition of the New Thought. I observe this growth of healthy wholesome sentiment as I go about everywhere.

I observe the lookers for evil as they go about among men. They see evil where it is not. A principle of our fundamental law is that all men are presumed to be innocent until proven to be guilty. The burden of proof is upon the accuser and not upon the accused. A man arrested and brought into court does not have to prove his innocence. He stands as innocent until proven guilty.

This is theoretically true. But in fact a policeman usually believes every man he arrests is guilty and demands that he prove his innocence. And our grand jury system places the same burden of proof on the accused. By an ex parte process the suspect is condemned as prob-

ably guilty. He is not consulted nor given an opportunity for defense. So he comes into court with the presumption of guilt hanging over him which he must clear up. The system is wrong.

I observe that men are becoming freer and more self-assertive, as the days go by. The individual grows and presses to the front. Bless the Lord! as the Methodists say. Let the good work go on.

In the army and under the banners of war progress is slowest. An old soldier said to me recently. "In order to become an inmate of the Soldiers Home a man must make three pledges—poverty, obedience and chastity." Poverty is bad, obedience to rules subjects manhood to machine routine, chastity is good. In fact, the old soldier in the Home is a dependent, half dead, aimless and unresponsive to the appeals of the highest and best in thought and sentiment. He echoes a smoky past.

At the fort a visitor on the camp grounds began to lift a cheap old camp chair from a stack of chairs in order to give an old man who had become very much fatigued a seat for a few minutes. A captain nervously sprang to his feet and ordered him to not take down the chair. The man explained what he wished it for; but the brave captain paced back and forth and said, "Those chairs must not be disturbed." So the aged man sat down on a rock to rest.

I observed the pitiful smallness of the man who zealously guarded the few old chairs and forbade the use of one of them for five minutes for a benevolent purpose. But he was under orders and was only acting his part as a cog in a wheel acts its part. There is no room for a soul in such a machine. He was not free enough to be

humane.

The less army we have the better. "In time of peace prepare for war" is a miserably bad sentiment. It is all wrong. In time of peace prepare for perpetuation of peace. Thus you may always have peace. If my neighbor carries a pistol for me and I get one too, we are almost sure to get into trouble. But if I court peace and pacification, he will put away his gun.

Some say we must be ready for invasions, etc. We do not need a great standing army for that. The greatest army that ever was raised sprang up in a day from the farms, the shops, and the factories when Mr. Lincoln called for men to preserve the union. Every citizen of a free country is a soldier when the demand comes to defend our homes. They are better fighters, than the surfeit sticks of a standing army.

But if a spirit of war were not cultivated we would never have any war. If there were no army we would never need any. Peace is loved by all. War is detestable. I observe the spirit of peace growing.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.—Shelley.

• • New Books • •

HARVEY PERIGOE, of Feversham, Ontario, Canada, has issued a little book of poems entitled "The Genius and Nelson, and Other Poems."

The first poem tells a story of temptation and rescue in which the Devil, the genius of the word and a young man named Nelson figure. The Devil is defeated and Nelson saved.

Then follow "Paradise Refused," "The Ploughman," "The Genealogists," "Monophyme," "Margaret," "Epistle," "The Goats," etc.

Mr. Parigoe is a young man, one score years of age and many of his poems were written in his boyhood days. He opens his preface in this quaint manner:

"These verses were written, firstly, with a view to nursing my imagination, which I believe, got a very good chance to develop, not being hampered with a weighty scholastic education; secondly, with a view to entertaining myself when I am an old man, (if I ever live to be old), with a want of friends, which things I am making poor headway at securing; thirdly, for the pleasure of scribbling on some letter paper which I have borrowed and never expect to have the price to return."

The poems display considerable native genius and originality, and some lack of school education. He uses a good many *plain* words not usually found in polite literature, plain but forcible in their meaning.

I will give you here only one short poem, written quite cleverly in the Scotch lowland dialect. It reminds one forcibly of the ploughman bard of Ayrshire:

THE FIDDLER AND HIS WIFE.

A Fiddler in guid Auld Scotland by death has changed his trade;

He goed an awfu' ferlie for tae be;

He wanton striddled death, bid fareweel to his neebors a'
And rantin' left the weary widdle sea.

He's gaen, 'tis true, but, guid auld mon, he has got lib-
ertie

Tae come back hame and entertain his friends,
For he stands by the fiddle that hangs frae the whit-
washed wa',

And rantinly a rauntin' time he spends.

His carlin wifie wifkie did nae lang mourn the loss,

She muckle lo'ed him like a trusty fier;
She broken-hearted started wi' her arms brimfu' o' fous
That she might see her fiddler husband dear.

The deil he canna spare them that they baith may come
at once,

And sae they are destined to come by turn
The auld gut-scraper fiddles for the rantin country reels,
But his guid wifie just comes back to churn.

Lang may his spaattie elbuck jink the guid auld fiddle
bow,

And may his motor-memory lang retain
The accomplished lively tunes o' Auld Scotland for ilka
mair

And generous lang wi' them may he remain.

I do not know the price of the book. Write to the au-
thor and get one. It is worth what he charges, I am sure.

And here is another book of poems by our young
friend, Charles McCubbin, of Nevada, Mo.

The little book is beautifully bound and ornamented
with gold lettering and flowers and has an excellent pic-
ture of the poet as frontispiece.

The title of the book is "Dreams of Childhood and
other Poems." Price, 35c. You will find the author's
picture and a sketch of his life in this issue of *The Life*.

His poems are enriched by New Thought ideas and a
gentle, loving piety. They are on subjects like "Power
of Purpose," "Opportunity," "Beauty," "A Plea,"
"How to Win," "If God be Near," "Philosophy of Use,"
etc.

The most beautiful object in nature is a healthy little
child. Following is a short poem from this book which
is worthy a place here:

(Continued on page 305.)

Meditations

By Maxton
•

THE HIGHEST civilization which has yet arisen in the history of the world has become so chiefly through the agency of a rational exercise of personal liberty. The history of the world's civilization proves this. It is impossible to speak with certainty concerning the attitude of ancient Egypt and Babylon toward personal liberty, and it is also impossible to measure those most ancient civilizations by modern standards. But if we turn to the history of the Grecian state with their unique political systems, their abstruse philosophies, their inimitable art, and their noble examples of patriotism, we can see clearly drawn the lines along which personal liberty has grown and lifted the state to grandeur, as well as the movement of the misguided forces by which it was stifled and reduced to a bare sickly existence or entirely extinguished.

* * *

There is not in the history of ancient civilizations a more striking example of the contrast of these two opposite courses than in the history of Sparta and Athens. In Sparta very little scope was allowed for personal liberty. The individual was the property of the State, and his value was measured according to the military standard. Male children who were considered unfit to grow into efficient soldiers were often put to death or abandoned to the mercy of the wild beasts. Boys were taken from their homes at the early age of six or seven years and placed in the custody of the State. They were fed at public tables, and trained to bear all manner of hardships without a murmur. They sat at the table with the men, but were not allowed to speak except in answer to a ques-

tion. They were not even allowed to ask for food, but were required to eat in silence what was given to them, however scant or inferior it might happen to be. They were trained to be beaten without crying out, and to suffer pain without complaint. They were required to wear a single garment of coarse cloth, both summer and winter, and to sleep in the open air, or in poorly furnished barracks in severe weather. The sole end of Spartan training was physical strength and endurance. Reading and writing were despised as fit only to engage the attention of slaves. This severe course of discipline was continued to the age of thirty years, when citizenship was attained. On the field of battle the Spartan soldier was expected to fight on to victory or to death. To quit the fight alive without the laurels of victory was a disgrace which no Spartan could afford to incur.

* * *

This kind of discipline produced a civilization which is admired as an archeological curiosity. It produced no great men. Pythagoras, although sometimes associated with Spartan history, was not a Spartan either by birth or education and owed nothing to the peculiar Spartan system. Leonidas and his band of heroes, who won undying fame by their brave stand at the pass of Thermopylae, only made choice of a hero's death rather than incur the only other alternative, a life of ignominy and shame. This stern civilization bequeathed little to the world. When Epaminondas, on the famous field of Seuctra, proved that Spartan invincibility was a myth, the charm of Spartan discipline was gone and the whole system soon passed away, leaving as a legacy to the world only the memory of its cruelty and the practical proof of its inefficiency as a moving force in the world.

* * *

But there were in Athens very different ideals. Here liberty, knowledge, the beautiful formed the ideals for

the individual, and the State was only thought of as a convenient and efficient arrangement for the purpose of assisting every individual to approach as nearly as possible those noble ideals. The father had the liberty of choosing the school for his sons and determining the course they should take. Strict but not blind obedience was required of the young and although there were many slaves in Athens, their condition was such that they had the benefit of education and culture. From the ranks of these slaves were chosen the ancient pedagogues, whose duty it was to escort the boys to school, teach them obedience and train them in the formation of correct habits. When Athens went to war her armies were made up of citizens, intelligent, patriotic, and filled with the love of liberty, but with no special training as soldiers. The efficiency of this citizen soldiery proves the potency of strong individual wills intelligently centered upon a single object. But Athens did something more than win victories on the field of battle, although she was in this particular not a whit behind her jealous rival. When the avalanche of power from Macedonia swept over her and she ceased to exist as a dominant political power, in her philosophy, in her poetry, in her art she was still supreme.

*
* *

Here is a lesson in ideals. Here is a demonstration of methods of human growth. Athens cherished the individual and made the State subservient to his well-being and comfort. Sparta placed an iron heel upon the neck of the individual and made of him a menial tool of the State. As a matter of course there are no truly great names in Spartan history, while to take Athenian names out of the world's annals would be to blot from the pages of the history of human culture some of its brightest lights. When it is proved that to foster personal liberty is to lead the nation to its highest destiny, it is also proved that the methods which hamper and oppress the individual with

unnecessary and cruel restrictions are now obsolete or obsolescent. There are still some who with the gangrene of a putrid despotism still cry aloud for a return to the old Spartan method of blind obedience which commands without a reason and expects obedience without question. But they are doomed to howl in vain. The world has already past the age to which they belong and though they cast their bodies before the moving wheels of racial progress, they can only attain martyrdom in an ignominious cause.

For The Children.

THESE FINE Spring days make us all happy and more lovable. The birds are very happy. I know by the way they try to split their little throats with all the songs they know. This too, helps make us all more lovely and loving.

One kind of bird about here sings like every other bird he hears and puts in some songs he dreams about of nights. We call him a mocking bird. There are a good many of them about Kansas City. He is a lovable bird.

The roses begin to open now. We have many varieties of them and most of the bushes bloom perpetually until cold weather comes in the Fall. They are lovely because they are natural and true to the source of their being.

People who are natural, do not "spread on" or pretend and are not deceitful, are lovable. We all love unaffected people, people who are just themselves at home and among others not at home.

You have seen people who lived three or four different kinds of lives. I know a man who is a boor at home, a beau among ladies away from home and a bear among his dependents in business. I know a woman who is a pin that pricks at home, a prim in society and a prude among men.

Such people are not at all lovable. They are good examples to avoid being like.

But little children are almost always natural and lovable. They learn to not be so later, from their elders.

Dont' take such lessons. They are bad.

I think the prettiest, loveliest object on Earth is a healthy babe. It has more of the elements of beauty than a rose. It has animation, intelligence and love. These the rose has not. And it talks—in a way. It has an immortal spirit, too. Put with these innocence, meekness, purity and the promise of long life and goodness, and you cannot find the equal of a little child for beauty anywhere.

Some of the little ones have written letters on "How I May Be Lovable." But most of the little letters are not written well. The writers did not give time enough to their letters. And some forgot to give their age.

Really, only one of these letters is suitable to print. This one is from our sweet little Mackie Mitchell, away out in the country. Here it is. It is written without mistakes and is very interesting indeed. Read it and then write her a nice letter. Her post office address is Cuba, Mo.

HOW EVERY ONE MAY BE LOVABLE.

My grandpa says that to live in love and peace at home, one should keep two *bears* in the house—not *real* bears, of course—he calls them "*bear*" and "*forbear*." I think that is all right, but if we keep our thoughts clean and pure and do everything that we have to do, just as well as we can and with *love*, we may manage the "bears" better and so make ourselves lovable. It is the same way in making our homes beautiful. Mama knows an old song called, "Love at Home," that they used to sing in school when she was a little girl. It is a very sweet old song. I will give you two verses of it.

"There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.

Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.

Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home."

I think Love is the heart of every good thing. True wisdom is Love. God is Love. My Mama and Papa think that I am lovable and often tell me so; and I hope that they are right, for I try to be so, but I believe one can worry others without knowing it every time, for one day I gave Papa a riddle to guess. I said—"What is it that never asks a question yet requires many answers?" (You know that is a door bell.) Papa pulled his mustache and looked thoughtful a minute and said, "I don't think I now what it is, Dot, but I am sure of *one* thing; it is certainly not *you*." Now that was the first time that I knew I asked many questions.

Yet Papa and Mama always explain everything patiently and kindly and never say that I ask too many questions but it may be that I do. It is well to be careful for the comfort of others, if we wish to be lovable. I think Amy F's rules are very good and she wrote a good letter for the last Life. I have a rule for a mistake, which I think quite as bad as getting vexed too easily. It is a little verse that I found one day, and I keep it in my favorite story-book. I will write it down for my little friends.

"If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,

Before you speak, three gates of gold.
Three narrow gates—first, 'Is it true?'
Then, 'Is it needful?' In your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is last and narrowest, 'Is it kind?'
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.'

Just minding this little rule will help us to be lovable. Before I close, I will tell you about Button, my little dog. He is a cute, little black terrier. When Papa rides horse-back Button rides behind. He likes to ride in the wagon, too, and will set up on the seat by Papa's side and look very important and when Papa gets down and stoops over, he jumps down on his back and then on the ground. And what do you think he can say, 'Please ma'm.' The "please" is just "boo", of course; but he says "ma'm" real plain. If he is naughty and I talk to him about it, he looks very much distressed and you couldn't tell that he had an ear, he holds them back so close. A lady has given me two pretty kittens, but they are not quite old enough to be taken away from their mother. Maybe the large girls do not care to hear about my pets, but then you know I am only nine, and I have no brothers or sisters to play with or tell about. I close with dear love to all the readers of The Life. Frances M. Mitchell.

Maybe I don't give you time enough. I will give you more time by giving a subject this month for the August number.

For July the subject will be, "How I will Spend My Vacation," and for August it will be, "What We May Learn from the Birds and Flowers."

Write longer letters, like Mackie's letters, and take a good deal of thought about them. Give more time to it and let us have "lots" of letters.

Three prizes will be given as before. Don't forget to

give your age. All the chi'dren under thirteen years of age may compete.

Here is a funny poem about what a boy thought of the new baby.

THE NEW BABY.

Yes, I've got a little brother,
Never asked to have him, nuther;
 But he's here.
They just went away and bought him,
And, last week, the doctor brought him
 Weren't that queer?
When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
 Cause you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him,
And then mamma, course, would let him
 Play with me.
But when I had once looked at him,
"Why," I says, "Great snakes, it that him?
 Just that mite?"
They said "Yes", and "Ain't he cunnin'?"
And I thought they must be funnin'—
 He's a sight!
He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin'—
 He's so red.
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
 On his head.
Why, he isn't worth a brick,
All he does is cry and kick;
 He can't stop.
Won't sit up—you can't arrange him—
I don't see why pa, don't change him
 At the shop.
Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
 More'n a frog!
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
 Have a dog?
Good bye till next time.

A. P. B.

: Bible Lessons :

1903, SECOND QUARTER.

Lesson X. — June 7.

PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.—Acts 27: 33-44.
 KEY-NOTE:—"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses."

Paul was on his way to Rome as a prisoner with other prisoners. The ship in which he was embarked left Cæsarea about August 20 and the shipwreck occurred November 1, off the coast of Crete.

Luke and Aristarchus went with Paul as companions.

Paul gained the confidence of his guard and of the captain of the ship by his wise counsel, upright demeanor and devotion to principle. So he had much liberty.

At Fairhaven Paul advised the sailors to not go further until spring as he apprehended storms.

Julius was the name of the Centurion over the band of soldiers who guarded the prisoners. Paul was going to Rome to take his case before Caesar on his appeal.

The wind blew from the northeast. "Eurochydon" means East wave. "Euraquilo," the word used in the revised version, means East-north-east.

Paul was calm and they came to him for counsel. Paul assured them that, although the ship would be lost, no life would perish.

33, 34 35, 36. Paul begged them to eat as they had worked and fasted two weeks. He cheered them, gave thanks and ate himself. Then they ate and were comforted. Paul's strength lay in his faith in the Good.

37. There were 276 persons on board.

38, 39, 40. They lightened the ship's load and made

her "taut," as sailors say.

41, 42, 43. Then she ran aground and went to pieces. The soldiers wanted to kill the prisoners lest they should escape. But Julius said no, as he desired to save Paul.

Paul's faith saved the crew and all. Faith resulted in wise, efficient management and strong, well-directed work. They all safely landed on the isle of Malta.

1. Where was Paul going and wherefore?
2. Who were with him?
3. What occurred on the way?
4. What was Paul's conduct and the result?
5. In what was Paul's confidence founded?
6. What is the value of faith back of works?
7. Was Paul a prophet? _____

Lesson XI.—June 14.

PAUL AT ROME.—Acts 28: 16-24, and 30, 31.

KEY-NOTE:—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

Paul and the others staid on the island of Malta from about November 1, to sometime in February, A. D. 60-61.

He landed in Rome in the spring and through the favorable report given of him by Julius he was permitted to rent a house to live in, though he was chained and guarded day and night by a soldier.

In Malta Paul distinguished himself by being immune from harm from the bite of a viper and by healing many sick folks, among them the father of Publius the governor of the island.

They sailed in a ship named *The Twin Brothers* to Puteoli and went by land the rest of the way, 140 miles, to Rome, the latter part of the journey being along the famous Appian Way, the avenue of triumphal march for many Roman conquerors.

16. Trusted and favored even by Nero the monster who so cruelly persecuted the Christians, our hero was unshaken and unremitting in his work for his beloved

cause.

17-20. Paul calls together the chief Jews of Rome and explains to them his purpose in coming to Rome. He did not intend to lay a charge against them although they had persecuted him without cause. His only offending was his adherence to the Nazarene as the Messiah. But they charged him with treason against Caesar. Hence he came to make his defense before Nero.

21, 22. They had received no charges, but wished to have him tell about the sect that was "everywhere spoken against."

23, 24. So a day was set and he preached all day to a great crowd at his hired house. Some believed—most did not.

30, 31. For two years he continued to preach with great boldness and no one interfered or hindered him.

A bold advocacy of truth by one who is fearless, sincere and honest, is seldom interrupted by persecution.

1. How long was Paul in Malta?
2. What did he do there?
3. What did he do in Rome?
4. Why was he accorded so much freedom?
5. What usually draws persecution to one?
6. What is the best defense?
7. Is the true life always vindicated?

Lesson XII.—June 21.

PAUL'S CHARGE TO TIMOTHY.—2 Tim. 3: 14 to 4:8.

KEY-NOTE:—"There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

This epistle was written by Paul to his pupil Timothy a short time before he, Paul, was beheaded at Rome, about A. D. 66 or 67.

Paul was released at Rome after being there two years, about A. D. 63. He then visited Timothy at Ephesus and Titus in Crete. Then he went to Spain. From there he

made a second trip to Greece and Asia where he wrote the first letter to Timothy and the one to Titus which we have in our New Testament. Afterward he was again arrested and taken to Rome where he suffered martyrdom.

It was but a short time after Paul left Rome the first time that occurred the great fire caused by Nero but charged against the Christians. For this they were slain with the sword, devoured by wild beasts in the arena to amuse the people and wrapped in sheets of pitch and posted along the driveways of Nero's garden and set on fire to light the way for the tyrant's carriage as he drove along and enjoyed the revolting spectacle.

14, 15. Abide in your youthful teaching. You know your teacher to be true. The lessons of our early youth never leave us. They become a part of our growing brain and sinew. Mothers, you are responsible most of all for these lessons. Be true and wise and kind.

16, 17. Every God-inspired writing is profitable for teaching, reproof, correction and growth in righteousness. This makes the complete man. Every writing that embodies Truth is inspired, it matters not whether Paul or Emerson wrote it.

1, 2. Preach the good tidings at all times. Regard no season or occasion. Be patient and persevere. Sow by all waters. Be not weary in well doing—ye shall surely reap, if ye faint not.

3, 4. By and by many false teachers will arise. Be thou true. It is so in all new doctrines.

5, 6. Be faithful—I soon leave you. Lean not on your teacher.

7, 8. My good fight is finished. I now take my crown, my reward of faithful service.

1. When and where was this epistle written?
2. To whom and for what purpose was it written?
3. What of the value of early lessons?
4. What of inspired writings?

5. How may we all preach the gospel?
6. Why do false teachers arise?
7. What is the reward of a true life?

Lesson XIII.—June 28.

REVIEW.

KEY-NOTE:—"The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom."

We began the lessons of this (second) quarter with Paul's farewell to Ephesus, about A. D. 57, and closed with a portion of a letter written by him while a prisoner at Rome a very short time before his execution, about A. D. 67. This was only about twelve years before the eruption of Vesuvius, which covered up Pompeii and Herculaneum. Among the excavations of these cities a few years ago was found a coin with Paul's image on it. Around the picture are the Latin words "Paulus Apostolos, vas electionis,"—Paul the apostle, the chosen vessel. I saw this coin in the United States mint in San Francisco.

In the vatican library at Rome is a bronze medal, which was found in the cemetery of Domitilla, one of the Flavian family, with the heads of Paul and Peter on it. It dates back in the first century.

Following I give the titles and key-notes of the quarter's lessons, with comments.

1. Paul's Farewell to Ephesus.—Acts 20, 28-38.

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Why is it more blessed to give (material things) than to receive? Because you open a place in your heart and life by true giving that is sure to be filled with love, power, peace and joy. It is surely so. Try it. Never try to get something for nothing. You can't do it.

2. The Resurrection.—1 Cor. 15:20, 21, 58.

"Now Christ has been raised from among the dead, a first-fruit of those fallen asleep."

Here is a prophecy of spiritual resurrection. The Christ in all may rise from among dead ideas, dead ways, dead fears and dying bodies and make immortal the person (Jesus) of every one. The form of death must be put away from among men.

3. *The Law of Love.*—Rom. 13:7-14.

"Love to the neighbor works no evil; love, then, is the fulfilling of the law."

There is no evil in love. There is no fear, no jealousy, no malice, no lust, in love. If I love my neighbors we do not quarrel nor go to the courts to settle differences. We prefer one another and the law is fulfilled.

4. *Paul's Journey to Jerusalem.*—Acts 21:3-12.

"Let the will of the Lord be done."

That is the righteous will and desire. It is not the dictation of a boss. We need not beg—it is folly to beg Infinite Wisdom to do things for us. Infinite Wisdom can do no less nor more than the right whether we beg or not. All we have to do is to get ready and manifest that which is already ours.

5. *Paul Arrested.*—Acts 21:30-39.

"If (a man suffer) as a Christian, let him not be ashamed."

If men persecute us because we have been true to Truth, we must leap for joy, for great is our reward in the realm of life and spirit, in power and dominion, here and now.

6. *The Plot Against Paul.*—Acts 23:12-22.

"The Lord standing by him, said, Take courage."

Our Lord gives us power and courage. The Lord standing by you says, "You can win the day; be not afraid." If you hear and believe, you will surely win.

7. *Paul Before Felix.*—Acts 24:10-18, 24-26.

"I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Who is with you ever to protect? Your Lord—and may be the angels and friends gone on before. Who can say nay. They that are for the righteous man are certainly vastly more in number and power than they that are against him. Fear no evil.

8. *Paul Before Agrippa.*—Acts 26:19-29.

"Having obtained, therefore, the assistance which is of God, I continue to this day."

Divine assistance preserves from all harm. Divine presence fortifies for every emergency. Divine selfhood gives power for every good work.

9. *The Life-Giving Spirit.*—Rom. 8:1-14.

"As many as are guided by God's spirit these are sons of God."

They are sons in fact, indeed, as well as in origin and spirit. All are sons, but many have not yet realized their inheritance.

10. (In this issue.)

I would not cry unto the Lord, but seek a loving Father ever near. Those who cry are as a matter of fact, very seldom delivered.

11. (In this issue.)

Be not ashamed of any goodness, any virtue any truth. If you are, you have them not truly.

12. (In this issue.)

A crown of glory is for every hero of righteousness.

13. (In this issue.) Your Lord will deliver you. Fear no evil doer.

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Key-Notes.

June

(Dominion.)

1-15.

NOW DOES THE LAW OF LOVE PREVAIL IN
THE EARTH AND STRIFE SHALL CEASE.

16-30.

MY SOUL SHALL NOW HAVE DOMINION IN
MY BODY AND THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH
FILLS ME.

"Hope springeth eternal in the human breast," is all right in its way. But we want some fruition of faith and love on the branches occasionally, some golden apples of health, peace, plenty and power.

Health Thoughts

IT IS said St. Paul several hundred years ago asked some New Thought men whom he found going about in Ephesus, whether they had received the Holy Spirit since they had got to believing in the new way, and they replied they had not even heard whether there be any such thing or not *

These men had been touched by the *Love* of the spirit, electrified by the fulness of the *Life*, and their wits quickened by the *Wisdom* of the New Thought until their hearts *believed* in the new teaching * *

They believed. And to him that believeth all things are possible, just possible. But not probable. These disciples believed, and wandered about the town still seeking for something they felt the need of, though they did not understand what it was. They were looking outside for it, listening to the lo theres and heres, hoping to find it with their eyes and ears *

They believed in the new thought movement their ears had heard about and their eyes had seen the signs of, but they had done little thinking for themselves. Had not got in the swim of the New Movement * * *

The Prophet who introduced that new way had so upset the old, things were completely reversed. It was one of those periods in the history of the race when the old is *too* used and *worn* to be made over any more, and is done away. And behold "I make *all* things *New*."

The tree sends forth the branch, the branch the leaf, and then the flower and fruit, according to the ways of evolution. But a time comes when the whole tree must be done away, "the old scroll rolled up" and left, and new trees started *

So when the people began to say, "Thus said Moses,"

this Prophet would correct them. Moses said unto you so and so, but I say unto you just the opposite. Times have changed. We now want warmer winds, hotter suns, quicker, stronger, finer pulsations than were needed or known in Moses' time. What he taught was perhaps good enough for the olden time. The tree that does not grow as time moves, becomes dwarfed. We must grow in grace, in strength and usefulness as well as in knowledge * * *

The time is new. The mental powers must be renewed to bring forth new fruit. The will to be new must be powerful enough to overcome "inherited tendencies" of the flesh to record and repeat physiological imperfections of its fore-fathers.

Fruit cannot ripen if only the sun shines upon it, or the solitary rain, or the summer airs, without the sun and dew! Except the elements agree and all come *wholly* hand-in-hand,—the halcyon days, the showers, the light, all at once, the fruit cannot develop * * *

So must The Holy Spirit be received by mankind, if they would be imbued with power and bring forth good and perfect fruit. The men at Ephesus were ready. Some of the people of Kansas City are ready for the New Life of this new time. Their old forms of religion are worn out, and they wait for the new heaven and earth. But those men at Ephesus had not been born from above, had not lain hold of the New, had not planted their feet upon the new platform of understanding.

Their minds were receptive. They had pipped and broken the old shell, and lifted their faces for new food to be given the believers. The light of the cosmos had but waited to baptize them in its radiance, to feed them on more *holy* food. Yet they did not understand what it was their hearts thus longed for. "We have not even heard whether there be any Holy Ghost."

It was then Paul gave them some treatments, told them mentally all about the great power of the heavenly

Forces when received unitedly in the soul, and of their own identity with them when fully individualized. Then they willingly received the Powers all in One mighty influence * *

There were only twelve men in the town who were thus ready to receive this promotion. The others were not believing, did not have their minds open for the descent of the spirit in full, and Paul could not have instructed them in this newness of Life. They were not ready.

"Unto them that believe all things are possible." It makes us glad to know things we desire much to accomplish are possible to us * *

A delicate girl attending college and getting ready to compete for a valuable prize at the close of the winter term, requested me to help her. She was a widow's daughter, and poor—one of those materially poor people who are mentally affluent. I was glad to help her, it is just what I like to do. I first found out that she believed in her ability to prepare a prize-address "if only some hindrances could be removed." She was delicate, and no wonder, if you could know her responsibilities! And from my heart I wrote her, "As thou believest so shall it be to thee."

She won the prize. And some time I may tell you who she is. She has proven an efficient power in a noble line of work. She says my words to her on that occasion brought her the unfaltering effort that won the prize. She had been afraid of her *nerves* but was filled with great courage and power so that she could have given an address three times as long, with ease. "If only my *nerves* will not give way," she had urged *

I promised to take care of her nerves, and I kept in mental touch with her until I knew she felt secure. She believed in her capability, and "received the Holy Powers" through the speaking of the word.

The human heart, when pure in purpose is great and powerful. It is then full of beauty and gladness, for it has no fear and lives in the Beatitudes. It is powerful because pure. It looks directly upon First Truths, perceives the infinite as it is and is in accord with The Life.

The manifestations of the soul's faculties when the world acts upon them are called *emotions*. "Man is the product of heaven and earth, the conjunction of soul and spirit," says the Chinese Prophet. The faculties of the soul are heavenly the emotions human, and when the soul is true to its divine nature it is pure, and its manifestations become a true light to others, and are no longer influenced unduly by the world *

The heart harbors a religious corner. It is the soil out of which the New Thought Tree ever springs. Religion is the opposite of worldliness. Even the worldly minded turn to religious contemplation when worn of the world * * *

Mr. Wilde at the World's Congress of Religions in Chicago, 1893, expressed even a deeper thought than he meant, in the words: "Truth unites and appeases; error begets antagonism and fanaticism. It seems therefore the best method to unite the human family in harmony, peace and good-will is to construct a rational and humane system of Theology, as free from error as possible, clearly defined and appealing directly to the reason and conscience of all normal minds."

A rational and humane system of theology would be quite opposite to the old, whose successes were based on sacrifice and whose theology was a treatise on Dogmas. There was once a teaching to love our friends and hate our enemies. This was before it was found out that hate hurts the hater more than the hated. "Hate" is the name of an old Exhausted Receiver that (in its most malignant aspect) went out of date in the Tertiary Period. A New Thought Man came along, started a New Age by teaching

a new doctrine, that of love even in return for hate. He knew the transforming power of Love, and knew that hate could not stand before its presence:

"I say unto you, *love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.*" He knew that to love an enemy would make him your friend as well as restore both him and you to harmony, and save from the formidable results of the exercise of hate.

The present is a New Age. Its very roots seek new soil. The old and false, the out-grown and improper, now give place to the new, to the NOW, which is the right and acceptable. Hate belongs to the out-grown. Even soldiers on opposite sides do not hate. They shake hands after the battle. This fact points to the time at hand when war cannot be. The Presence of Peace and Power, and Holy beneficence that is everywhere, but waits for man to lift up his face and say: "I believe," for then a heavenly influence comes, like a mighty, rushing power, and it renews his strength and inspires him with lofty purpose.

Many good letters come to us from students in proof of this:

"Dear Mrs. Barton:

"I send you my answers and \$5 to pay balance on Lessons. I shall never forget you for the help you have been to me through them. The lessons together with the treatments have renewed my strength, and I am also a new creature."

Another writes:—"I am sorry the lessons are finished. They have been like drops of gold, or I might say, sparkling diamonds to me, cheering and brightening the way I am trying to follow. They have brought light to dark places and smoothness where it was rough; to use sunshine in the place of sorrow, hope where discouraged, and the illumination of faith over all. And as I read the

last lesson, closing with the words, "All things are yours, God bless you," a feeling of *power came over me and it seemed God's blessing was indeed upon me*. Dear Mrs. Barton, I thank you; money cannot pay you. With Love,
Lizzie Hall, Gouverneur, N. Y.

This was an instance of the descent of the Holy Spirit. Mrs. Hall has the gift of healing. She is in the young and fervent stage of devotion where Love is the ruling influence. Some wonderful demonstrations have already followed her spoken word. When one receives the Spirit Holy then is he imbued with its power.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint"—Isa. XXX. 41. You see the strength already belongs to them,—shall renew *their* strength. All people inherit this strength. Some use merely the Life part of the whole Spirit; they exist, but have little purpose in the world. Some use the Love in a prodigal way, and so fail of the strength of Wisdom. It is because they have not yet become able to receive the gift of All the Heavenly powers together. It is one blessed truth that none of the heirs of God ever become disinherited!

And even those who for a while wander away, experience the woe of those who fail to live the true life, and when they do come back, they are filled with charity for the erring, and do all in their power to restore as many as possible to the paths of comfort, by teaching them the way of Life.

A friend who had recovered from a critical condition, asked, "Would it be right for me to treat people when I have been such an invalid myself?" I answered quickly, "Yes, any one who can do healing ought to do it." When I first took up the Science work I thought I would omit the healing part. I would write and teach the wonderful things I had found in my search for higher knowledge,

only. But people would not be turned away. One day a young woman asked me to take her case, and I refused saying I did not treat people. I tried to send her to Mr. Barton, and then to some others whom I knew, but she was like the importunate widow, and finally I yielded. She blossomed right out into health, and I felt an inward rebuke for trying to turn her away. I struggled with the question in the silence, until I was convinced it was my Lord's will that I was to leave out no part of the work. I took it up cheerfully, and I have been happy in my work. I have had marked success in every way, and my work greatly increased. I had enough to do to keep me busy day and night. And I have kept up after the "owl care" began to pass, which means after one o'clock a. m., scarcely taking note of the hours as they sped by.

If you follow my example you will not long dictate to your higher Self but will do what your hands find to do, ever guided by the interested Sheperd and Lord of the soul.

C. J. B.

Chas. McCubbin.

THE SUBJECT of our insert this month is a poet, residing now at Nevada, Mo.

John Charles McCubbin, was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, September 13, 1864. His early years were spent with his parents on a farm in Southern Kansas. In those frontier days schools were not as plentiful as they are today, (only subscription schools were taught) and his parents being poor were unable to send their children, hence our subject was deprived of the early training which is essential to the laying of the foundation of an education. At the age of ten he moved with his parents to Morgan county, Mo., where after two years of residence, his father died; his mother being unable to keep the family, (which consisted of two sisters and one brother older and one sister and one brother younger than the author)

together broke up housekeeping, and taking the two younger children went to make her residence in Oregon. After a short stay with an aunt, the author then went to Clinton, in Henry county, Mo., where for a few years he was a street and shop boot black. While there he attended the public schools about two months (1882). Two years later he attended the public schools of Nevada, Mo., one term, but all this time he managed to buy books and clothes and keep himself by doing whatever he could find to do.

See "New Books," this issue for a review of his latest book of poems.

WE CALL your attention to the Investment opportunity on another page of this issue. It has been the desire among advanced people for a long time to have some central business around which might grow a power and influence that would cement individual efforts into a unit. It is believed in the effort here started much may be accomplished. The plan is not chimerical; there are many successful chains of stores in operation today. Nearly every large city has its chain of grocery stores. Sir Thomas Lipton, of London, has over one hundred; Thomas Hunter of Philadelphia has one hundred and ten, and almost every locality has a five and ten cent store operated in connection with many others. There are 75 of these in the Eastern Woolworth chain. These, we understand, all began in a small way and increased by investing the surplus profits in new stores.

By manufacturing articles that are easily made, and buying in bulk others that can be put up in packages under the company's own brand, employment will be created for many, and a nucleus created around which ought to grow a strong community of New Thought people.

The whole plan is of a plain and conservative business proposition that should appeal to our readers. The conduct of the stores eliminates the proposition of loss, and we advise investment.

Correspondence

SO-CALLED healers sometimes excuse themselves for failures by saying that Jesus did not many mighty works at Nazareth because of [their] unbelief. Cannot any form of skepticism or unbelief be overcome in the patient as sickness is? Please give the process.

J. W. B.

Answer:—It is true that the unbelief of a patient will prevent healing. Jesus did not go about hunting up sick people to heal because he could not have healed them if he pressed his services upon them against their will. When they got ready to be healed they sought him or sent some one to bring him to them.

A prominent alapathic physician in this city said to me a few days ago, "A person had just as well run away from a physician as to run to him if he has no confidence in the physician. Drugs never heal, although they may alleviate. It is the confidence of the patient that heals, both in our practice and in yours."

There is a truth in this. It has much to do with it, the belief of the patient.

As to the healing of the patient's unbelief, there is this very important difference between his sickness and his opinion: He desires to get rid of the sickness while he wills to hold on to his beliefs. You cannot force the will by true mental treatments. Evidence and education are the only remedies for unbelief.

Suppose you were to undertake to heal one of an ailment which he was unwilling to part with. It would be a hopeless undertaking, of course. So it would be in attempting to change one's creed, or belief. You must educate and bring evidence to bear in order to coax the will of the unbeliever.

1. You have written considerably about the effects of drugs and medicines on the human system. But as there are so many people who believe in medicines yet, I wish you would treat the subject in full once again.

2. Another thing, as I go out among people I am astonished to find so much fear, fear of the air after sunset, of the damp ground, of articles of food, etc. What is the cause of all this fear?
R. B. B.

Answers:—1. You will find an answer almost in full to this part of your question in the February issue of *The Life*, in the leader, "The Passing of *Materia Medica*."

I will remark further, that, if one believes in a drug or dose, he may get relief by taking it. But it is not the true foundation to health, such a belief. It is a resort to a false prop, a sandy foundation upon which to base the healing. Yet, if one knows no better, we cannot blame him for seeking relief in drugs. Every one must be accorded the right to do the best he knows.

2. Such fears result from a false teaching. The basis of this false teaching is a belief in a devil, or an evil power in the world. To this is added the teaching of man's weakness and depravity and God's peevishness and irascibility. Then come the writers on health, dietetics, etc. People read that this, that or the other food is good or bad, as the case may be, and try to follow up the suggestion. The result is usually bad. Others cannot lay down rules for your eating, drinking, bathing and exercise. You must make them for yourself without regard to what others have found to be best for them.

Eradicate belief in evil and all the fear in the world will soon be evaporated by the sunbeams of Truth and the people will be set free from the long train of delusions about air, dampness, diet, exercise, etc., that has held them in bondage so long.

Please define the word "personal" when written in

the lower corner of an addressed envelope. I have written letters thus marked and have reason to think the one to whom they were addressed never saw them. They were read and answered by the secretary. Some healers advertise, "All communications strictly confidential." Not so very long ago the wife of one of the secretaries for a noted mental healer made known to me the contents of letters that should have been read and answered by the healer herself. The word "confidential" prompts some women to confide delicate matters to the healer which she would not have done had she known that her letters went only to the secretary's desk or the waste basket.

I once took a course of Mental Science treatments. Some letters received were very unsatisfactory. I noticed that those signed "per B" were warm and sympathetic, while those signed "per M" or "per J" were cold and indifferent, and each affected me according to the writer's own quality of thought. No wonder I was so long in darkness.

Olive C. Hawley.

Answer:—The words "personal," or "private," or "confidential" on the envelope inclosing a letter means that the contents are intended only to be seen by the person to whom the letter is addressed. And any well regulated business house has the employees instructed that such letters are not to be opened by clerks or assistants, nor even by a partner of the one addressed. It is not right nor good business for a different practice to prevail. It is a wrong to those sending confidential communications for clerks to open and answer them when addressed to the head of the firm or another than such clerks.

If a healer advertises to do all the treating of patients, having no assistants in that part of the work, he or she should not take to exceed fifty patients at a time. More than that cannot be properly attended to by one person.

If one has 500 or 1000 applicants for healing, the work

of answering letters is necessarily turned over to clerks and the treatments are not given. Often the letters are not seen at all by the "healer" and the name of the writers never heard of by him or her. Such practice is a fraud. I know a man who corresponded with a Mental Science healer for three years and took treatments for which he sent altogether over \$300. He finally went a long way to see this healer. He stepped up to her smiling with great confidence and mentioned his name. The healer looked blank and said, "Where from?" He told her and expected a warm greeting. But, no; the healer knew him not. Her remarks and questions clearly revealed the fact that she had never heard of him before, that he had corresponded with her secretaries alone and had had no treatments at all. He was thoroughly disgusted. It is all wrong.

What do you think of the breaking of Sunday by the big railroads? Over the roads through our little village more freight is handled on Sunday than on any other day of the week.

Walter S. Goff.

Answer:—So far as the breach or desecration of God's laws or of a holy day is concerned, there is nothing in Sunday work that is wrong. If any day of the week was ever consecrated or set apart for worship as a holy day it was Saturday. There is absolutely no authority in the Bible for calling Sunday the Lord's day or keeping it holy.

And even the Sabbath (Saturday) was designated only as a day of rest for man's own use. If he did not rest on that day, he might on some other day and be all right. Jesus took this attitude when he said, "The Sabbath (rest day) was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."

It is good for man to rest one day in seven and meditate, go off into the silence and commune with the Infinite. He is stronger, better and happier by it. But if he does not do so, no God gets mad about it and no curse is pro-

nounced against him.

I believe the railroad companies have it arranged so their men get one day off in seven, or, at least an occasional vacation. But much perishable freight goes over the road that must not be delayed for any purpose, as delay would cause great loss. And many hurry orders are filled by them and to prevent blocking up and stagnation of the current of business they have to keep the line moving on. They dare not stop all movement for any period of 24 hours.

And people demand the passenger business to continue on Sunday. It would be a great public inconvenience to stop people on trains at midnight Saturday night and compel them to stay there until the midnight following. People would not tolerate such treatment at all. It would not be right. Every day is a Lord's day and holy to do good on and no day is holier than another. Let us get free from all old fetichish worship and superstitions about holy days and books and relics and houses. Home is the holiest place on Earth and the free dwellers in our homes are the Lords of the days and the books and of destiny.

Soul Queries and Truth's Responses.

IV.

SO-CALLED electricity is an effect. That which causes the effect is stationary. The same yesterday, today and forever. It is substance (the body of God vibrating or in operation.)"—Carey, in *Georges Weekly*.

The above lines are suggestive, and as queries are the soul's incessant demands for more light, more understanding, more life, it is perfectly right to heed them. Being natural, they are magnetic, always attracting a responsive supply that brings us nearer the solution of some problem of Truth.

This attractive power is the proof (to one who thinks) that *all substance is mind*, latent or active, and the many

visible and marvelous electric appliances of the present day impress and appeal to one of this understanding as being an intelligence (luminous) that will not only eliminate every semblance of material darkness, but will eventually overcome ignorance with intelligent understanding of its divine source, thus rending the veil that intervenes between the visible and invisible.

Electric scintillations being an effect, are truly symbolic of an illuminated central intelligence of more voluminous brilliancy.

"Let there be light" was the creative word. Electric spark of Divine Intelligence, that set in motion all things, and the spirit light slumbering in every atom responded. The stellar worlds intensified this intelligent luminosity, and the crowning glory was that of man created in "His likeness and Image" within whom shines "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," (*a divine intelligence.*)

Concentrated thought is the evolving power of all grades of intelligence (electric essence) that is inherent in all substance. Step by step the soul unfolds its potent elements of strength and knowledge in physical manifestation. Sometimes our failures exceed in number our conscious gains; yet there comes a time when we perceive the glimmer of true gold unshadowed by the suggestion and belief in our failures.

To many utilized visible electricity is but the forerunner, the usher of a mightier expression of intelligence "that divine form we do not yet know, but only the dream and prophecy of such." Wireless telegraphy is a step higher, the transmitting energy being invisible. It seemeth to be a reaching forth into the mystical depths of spiritual mind, that guarantees the hope that the next evolvment will be the telepathic exchange of mind with mind, irrespective of distance.

By the correction of our error beliefs in the under-

standing of *all being mind*, (electric intelligence) our progress in the unfoldment of "the greater things" is assured.

The soul's queries may lead us into by ways, and jungles of hindrances, but all effort is good, and the whisperings of the True Self will overcome the seeming difficulties.

Every visible expression symbolizes the latent power of spiritual Good in some form. Emerson speaks a truth when he says, "The spirit should be that which is its own evidence." Ellebard.

Our Nation's Chief.

I HAD the pleasure of hearing Mr. Roosevelt in his eloquent and impressive address at the Convention Hall in Kansas City. He looks like a soldier in his prime. As he entered the platform and was about to be presented by our eloquent Mayor, Mr. Reed, his attention was called to a bevy of "Harvards" who occupied boxes on the east side, and he at once returned a cunning but dignified little salute to his old comrades, while a bright smile for a moment played about his mustache displaying his white teeth.

Mr. Roosevelt stated some high principles which should characterize the true citizen, and extolled the human will when it is rightly directed. Zodiacally, Mr. Roosevelt and King Edward are alike ruled by the planet Mars, the "god of war." They are wise enough to turn the war spirit against error and ignorance only, in the future.

C. J. B.

ON THURSDAY, May 14, a telegram was received from the sister of a woman in an Illinois town who was pronounced dying of pneumonia by the doctors—absolutely no hope of recovery.

On Saturday the following was written by the sister and later received by me:

"Dear Mr. Barton:

"Rapid improvement in EVERY way. Sister doing well and doctor surprised and everybody happy. She had a sweet long sleep today and ate some dinner. All pain gone. She was so near death on Thursday that the whole neighborhood is amazed. Her husband is too happy to describe it."

Mark Your Power.

THINK NOT that pomp and splendor
Nor the years that his life time may span,
Think not that power and riches
Mark the worth of the life of a man;
Think not that his surroundings
Carve the place which he may fill.
'Tis he himself makes his station
By his worth, his desire, his will.

Tho' his life and his fortune be humble
If his aim, if his purpose be high—
Tho' his life work reach not his ideals
(It is better to lose than not try,)
His existence is not marked a failure,
Tho' no monument marks it on earth,
The thought that had prompted the action
Is the standard which measures man's worth.

As a pebble dropped into still waters
Causes waves to rise and expand
Over all the surrounding surface
Till they break as they reach the strand—
So the thoughts and the acts of each person,
Be they noble or little and mean,
Cause waves which influence others,
More strongly, by far, than we deem.

And since God gave to you this great power
That you may, and you can, what you will,
Guide it carefully in the right pathway,
Fold not your hands and set still.
Live so that when you must follow
The summons to fair lands of rest,
If defeated, you may manfully answer;
"Tho' I've failed, yet I have done my best."

Theresa E. Zack.

Little Lessons in Elohim Kindergarten

LESSON XXII.

MUSIC AND HARMONY.

MUSIC IS more than "a thing of the soul." It is greatest when it has passed from emotion to *thought*.

There are two kinds of music, and two classes of people to whom music appeals. The two classes of people are the *emotional* and the *mental*.

The emotional people are the psychic, for the soul is the center of the sensations of which the human muscles are the seat * *

Emotional people are those who invite psychic contact, so that the emotions of one person will touch or effect the nerves of another * *

The power of Art to sway men's souls has belonged to every age and clime. The Greeks tell us of Orpheus who charmed the forest trees and wild beasts with the music of his lyre. Pithagorus who went to Egypt to perfect his music as an Art, turned his attention to the laws of nature on which its subduing and moulding power may be explained * * *

Even those who denounce music as having the serpent's charm, when in its presence are thrilled by it, and the sagest saint has been heard on such occasions to exclaim: "That is the grandest music I have ever listened to; I make an exception to that instrument, for the strains are certainly divine."

The hypnotist is an artist who reaches after one's feelings through invisible vibrations and draws them under his influence. The preacher gets and holds his audi-

ences in the same way. The divinest words "preached over the heads" of people fail to win. My father is a magnetic preacher without knowing it. Many, many times I have known him to be invited to go to a depleted church to bring back the scattered sheep for some brother minister who was not magnetic though perhaps wise, and sound in the orthodox faith. Neither of these men seemed to know the secret of the success of the one and the failure of the other. Any doctrine founded on tradition alone must have personal attraction to hold it together. Only the solid truths of Metaphysics are Powerful within themselves and able successfully to stand on their own foundation * * *

Sound results from vibrations in the air. These vibrations when so rapid and regular as to produce a continued and agreeable impression on the ear, are called musical. Two chords vibrating with the same rapidity causing the air to strike in unison on the ear, was by the Greeks called "Homphony," or the same voice. When the proportions between the vibrations are changed so that the slower vibrations *chime in with* the quicker the pleasant effect produced was called by the Greeks "Symphony." Later it has been called "accord."

Sounds are not all musical. The vibrations from disproportionate numbers that clash with each other are called "discord." Sound is the unsystematized possibility of music. Noise is its blasphemy, its mockery.

The laws that govern music are not arbitrary. They are natural, like those of mathematics. Man does not create music. When he has that peculiar aptitude for musical art called talent, he has the capacity to find in the Unseen, which he feels is lying very near him, and select the sublime and beautiful tones that will harmoniously unite in one grand soul-inspiring theme.

Wherein the old Masters have been called inexact and even careless, from Mozart down to Chopin, wherever

there has been an inspired genius, this fault, if fault it is called, should be utterly excused in the Artist himself, though he should teach his pupil to be free from this laxity or neglect of rhythmic notation * *

While music may be the chief art for the expression of the emotions, this fact does not exclude it from being the expression of thought as well. Emotion and thought do not spring from the same source exactly. Emotion is of the Soul, while thought is of the Mind proper. This may seem to some like no difference at all; but I hold that the Soul, as the "*breath of life*," and therefore life in miniature is thus specially capacitated for the feeling called Emotion, while Mind being unlimited and not restricted in any way, is not controlled by emotion. Sorrow over loss or limitation, or joy over success or gain, are possible only to that element in man which has believed in his limitation, his losses and gains. Emotion, therefore, is that psychic spark which vibrates between hope and despair, between aspiration and doubt, between self-pity in human needs and the glimpses of its divine possibilities. On the wings of Hope and Aspiration it flies from its cage only to return to the consciousness of limitation and bondage. Yet it sings its sweetest songs while on the wing and soaring upward. The minor chords are struck when the poise is reached and the descent begins.

The emotional nature in man appears in youth and fades in old age! What are music and song when love is out of the heart and the spark is dim in the eye! When the earth is beaten by storms and the night of age comes on! And yet it is a greater energy of the soul than seeing, greater than hearing, greater than feeling, for emotion is all of these manifesting simultaneously. It has in it an appeal to reason, a suggestion of harmony yet unrevealed, a charmed utterance of mathematical possibilities. On the other hand the moral quality of music may lead the emotions as far in the opposite direction. The music

that inspires courage in you does so because you had in your nature the element that waited for such assistance. Music makes you melancholy because you think you have something to be sad about. It makes you glad when you are ready to be joyful. To the sad all things are sad. To the joyous all things are joyful, to the pure in heart even emotional music is pure. When the child at its play begins to hum a connected strain of music then is the time musical composition should begin. It is said the march of armed men would be an intolerable burden but for the martial music that in every form of religious worship, Grecian Idealism, Asiatic idol worship, and in Jewish and Christian assemblies, worship would be soulless without the aid of instrumental or vocal music, or both. The music is the living speaking voice of the church. The preacher has grown to be its accompaniment.

The "New York Criticism" says of Paderewski, "The women rushed down the aisles at the end of the recital, just as they used to in bygone seasons, and worshipped at the foot of the throne. He played like a god, this man of pallid, serephic face, set with melancholy, poetic eyes and framed with Titian hair."

The secret is in this:—Paderewski has passed from the mere emotional to Thought, in music. Whatever he does he does as well. His philosophy of life and social duty is sound, and his views excellent. There is one reason why we do not wonder at his power to sway men's souls.

"He was born in down-trodden Poland which has many celebrated figures in the music world today."

"He knew the stress of poverty. At nineteen he married. At twenty his wife died leaving a baby boy. Some one has said: 'If his soul had not been saturated with that strong trinity of sorrows—a motherless babyhood, a premature and youthful widowerhood and a paternity which found its one object an invalid boy dependent on him for support and happiness—it is possible that Pader-

ewski's playing would have a different and not so potent charm as it has today.' "

Paderewski's playing is the greatest I have ever heard. He does not play like anyone else. In every strain and touch of music there is heavenly language. Though emotional every point is under the surveillance of Thought, and called for auditors among people of genius. (I will have to stop here and conclude this Lesson next month.)

C. J. B.

New Books.

(Continued from page 268.)

CHILDREN.

There's a wealth of tender sweetness clustered round
that one word—child,

And to me it symbolizes all that's gentle, meek and mild—
It affords me inspiration, as I sit alone and dream,—

It embodies all that's beautiful—'tis loveliness supreme.

With the aid of fancy, I now picture them as flow'rets
fair,

And their innocence as fragrance of the flowers upon the
air,

And their gentleness of spirit would I liken to the dove,
As they rest so all-abiding in a mother's tender love.

And their voices far more musical than all the singers
sweet,

Just to hear their childish prattle makes my happiness
complete.

When in the celestial city, it will fill my soul's desire,
If all the heavenly choristers are children in the choir.

And here is a beautiful poem entitled

EN VOYAGE.

Far out upon the wondrous, mighty seas

Are varied craft that sail their bosom o'er;

Within their sail are caught the gale or breeze,

To drive upon the rocks or waft to shore.
Upon the raging, restless sea of life,
(Each destined to a port we know not where,)
Are human barks, to weather grief and strife
Or sink beneath the waves of dark despair.

I would not that my voyage shall be free
From soul-disturbing forces that afright;
For he who calmed the storm on Galilee,
Will by his wisdom guide my bark aright.
Storm-tost? Ah! yes; and when the waves are high,
And night lacks silvery moon or twinkling star,
When faith sinks low and spectre fears are nigh,
Still there's one walks the troubled sea—afar?

Not far; but close, and with his sacred hand
Upon the helm of my life's ship to guide;
I need not fear, nor yet to understand,
Whilst by his faithful guidance I abide.

Send to Mr. McCubbin or to this office for a copy of
this book. It is well worth your perusal.

The governor of Colorado has vetoed the bill passed
by the recent legislature of that State to prevent mental
healing. This is the second time the doctors of that
State have made an effort to get a monopoly on the heal-
ing business through restrictive laws and were defeated
by the governor. If they have not very enlightened leg-
islators in Colorado, they seem to be fortunate in getting
sensible governors. Such attempts at legislative folly
will cease ere long.

An old lady, who is thoroughly competent and experi-
enced as a mid-wife in a Missouri town, recently attended
a case of child birth where physicians had refused to help
because there was no hope for remuneration. Complaint
was made to the State board of health and she was offi-
cially notified to not do it again as she has no license. I
believe this is oppression and a wrong that the courts
would not sustain.

The House of Representatives in the New Hampshire legislature has defeated the medical bill the doctors tried to have passed to prevent Mental Healing. The vote was 194 against to 73 for the measure. In the Florida legislature, also, a similar bill was defeated by a good majority. People are getting free pretty fast. No medical trust can win in this country.

Self-Hypnotic Healing

I have made a late discovery that enables all to induce the hypnotic sleep in themselves instantly at the first trial, awaken at any desired time and thereby cure all known diseases and bad habits, control their dreams, read the minds of friends and enemies, visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep and remember all when awake. This so-called Mental Vision Lesson will be sent to anyone for only 10c, silver. Sold on credit. Actually enabling you to do the above before any charge whatever. PROF. R. E. DUTTON, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, U. S. A.

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Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. Capital Stock \$30,000. Shares \$25 each, fully paid and non-assessable.

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TEN PER CENT DIVIDENDS

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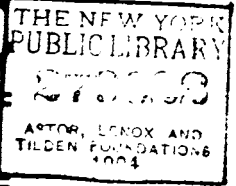
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For further particulars address the Secretary at Bath, New York.

THE LIFE

J U L Y, 1 9 0 3



MIND AND MEANS

YOU HAVE heard that "all is mind." Have you taken the trouble to analyze the statement and determine its full meaning?

The assertion is an all-inclusive, sweeping one. It is an assumption of universality for mind, that which has heretofore been regarded only as a sort of active principle or intangible something connected with the brain almost exclusively.

The assertion that all is mind means that there is but one substance or essence in the universe and that it is mind.

It means that what has been called substantial as contradistinguished from the intangible, to-wit: matter is but a manifestation of mind.

It means that light, heat, electricity, power and all forms of matter are but different modes of showing forth mind, or different modes of vibration of the one substance.

This vibration theory of the one substance is now accepted by all of our leading Scientists. You will find it being taught in our colleges and universities today all over the world.

Two hundred years ago Bishop George Berkeley uttered the true teaching about mind and matter. He said:

"No object exists apart from mind. Mind is, therefore, the deepest reality; it is the *prins* both in thought and in existence. Matter as an abstract, unperceived substance or cause is an impossible and unreal conception. True substance is conscious spirit, true causality the free activity of such spirit, and physical substantiality and causality are merely arbitrary but constant relations among phenomena connected subjectively by suggestion or association, conjoined objectively in Universal Mind. In ultimate analysis, nature is conscious experience and from the sign or symbol of a divine Universal Intelligence or Will."

Then Mind is the cause of phenomena and form. It should, therefore, be in control of its effect and able to direct and change it at will.

More than this, conscious, individual mind should be able to control and determine the states of its own embodiment, and to use the means in the objective world for the purposes of its activity. In fact, the ego should be master over the world, the flesh and the adversary, and able to use them for its own ends.

Allow me to define what I mean by these three terms, the world, the flesh and the adversary.

The world is the objective, the outer, the things we have to do with that we perceive through the senses.

The flesh is the physical body with its propensities and passions and appetites.

The adversary is that which opposes our progress or offers an obstacle to be overcome or a difficulty to be met.

These have all been called evil by the good church people, and, I may say, by people generally who have been under the influence of the teaching of the church. The body was condemned as bad and weak and constantly at war with the spirit. The world as a vain, wicked, fleeting world, a delusion and a snare, dominated chiefly by a big Devil, as subtle and irresistible as electricity. This Devil was what we have here called the adversary.

Now we reverse all this estimate of things and condemn nothing. It is all good and useful as instruments and means for accomplishing the purposes of mind, or the man.

The world we will use and not abuse, master and not condemn, enjoy and not become enslaved by, learn lessons through and not allow it to blind us with delusions.

If we can find good in the theater, we will not allow an unreasoning sweeping condemnation of it to deter us from going to see and hear that which seems good to us.

If an article of food or drink seems good and wholesome to us we will use it, notwithstanding others may have declared it most harmful. Others cannot lay down dietary rules for us. What does not agree with you may be good food for me. If you like good coffee and it agrees with you, take a cup for breakfast, notwithstanding the awful and incredible things the Postum Cereal people are saying about coffee. Most of it is not true. There is nothing poisonous or hurtful in coffee of itself. If rightly made of good beans, it is a wholesome, appetizing drink, if used in moderation.

If there is a thing you desire to have done for your body or business and you know what or who will do it best for you or enable you to do it best, get it, if you can and use it.

Do I include drugs for sickness in this statement? I do not, for those who know something better, something that really heals; for drugs do not heal. At best they only alleviate or postpone the penalty. There are people who know nothing better. Let these, let all, do the best they know and can.

If we know a means that really does the work, let us not hesitate to use it. If we have a pebble in our shoe, let us not sit down and close our eyes and treat it to dissolve or disappear. It will not respond to such usage. We will just fish it out with our finger or take off the shoe

and spill it out.

But if an inharmony appears in the head or ankle, we will not be silly enough to swallow a poison into the stomach to drive it out. No, we will find the mental cause of the inharmony and correct it by the use of true thoughts. To heal the man is much more than to cure his ache, and removes the cause; the other palliates the effect and lets the cause remain to reproduce the effect.

And we will not condemn any bodily faculty or function. We will only subject them all to the higher powers of mind and use them for the development of mind faculties. They are founded in mind and proper use of them strengthens and unfolds the mind functions in which they are founded. Abuse or disuse of a function weakens the mind faculty behind it.

The body is a means of growth for the spiritual individual. By right use of it we develop the spiritual man and equip him for independent activity in this and every other stage of being to follow this one.

And what has seemed adverse or an enemy to progress is really helpful. Although the results of error are severe and often make us wince, they come only to save from error ways and enable us to rise to a higher plane of wisdom and power.

We may use every occurrence as a means of growth, for mind has the power to use all of its creations for the building and strengthening of its own individual ego. This it may more effectually do through intelligent activity of the ego.

We need not waste our powers in worrying and repining and condemnation. All will admit that we should not do so, but some think they cannot help it. I say they can. Every one with a sound, well balanced brain can refuse to worry. Mind certainly has this power and should exercise it. You can control your own mental states, regardless of environment.

I know times come in every one's life when the soul is pressed until every pore exudes the crimson Gethsemane sweat. In loneliness and the darkness sometimes we are prone to cry out in anguish, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me." The pall of unkind words, unjust accusation, contumely and abuse will often rise before us like the darkness in Egypt that could be felt and we see no way out.

Yet, in it all we may turn to the within and find the light, the solace, the courage that we need. There is God, and about us throng the ministering spirits and guardian angels that are greater than they which are against us.

Is this true? I believe it is. I have often heard their soft whispers and felt their caressing in the silence. I have seen their bright radiance from the valley as I arose to ascend to the pinnacle of transfiguration in the stepping-stones of obstructive environment.

Then you need not allow yourself to be crushed or cast down. You and Good are a host, your soul and Good are invincible. A just cause maketh a brave heart. Conscience integrity is an inspiration that may call from the depths solace and power in times of trial.

Use words and be free and buoyant and beloved and successful. Words, true words, are a means of victory over every seeming ill. Mind has full control of this sword of the spirit.

By this means you may use everything, every occurrence, every circumstance, for your advancement along the ways of Truth and Life. I give you courage and hope and the assurance of power. Use the world, the flesh and the adversary as means for the ends of complete victory.

"For thine altars do the seasons
Paint the tributary flowers,
Spring thy hyacinth restores,
Summer greets thee with the rose,
Autumn the blue cyane mingles
With the coronals of corn.
And in every wreath thy laurel
Weaves its everlasting green."

Studies in Zion City--Some Elements of its Power.

By C. L. Brewer.

A LONG WITH much that seems absurd and reactionary, the Mormon church teaches some profound truths that its critics are not yet capable of appreciating; and Brother Dowie has taken the same line. Along with the stern orthodoxy of half a century ago he preaches the inevitability of final universal salvation and the extinguishment of the reformatory known as hell. While holding to the strictest Puritan morality his people deck themselves in their gayest clothes and load down the special trains every Sunday. As the head of an absolute Theocracy, demanding obedience from everyone, he teaches people to think with fearless force and logic. When he asks an audience to "hold the thought" on a proposition, and, with uplifted hand, repeats: "Think! Think! Think!" a deaf man on the back seat would thrill and vibrate with the wave beats of psychologic thunder.

Zion also has a ready means of emancipation from any outgrown creed. With a living prophet of God at her head, she can reinterpret and rewrite Scripture at her own sweet will. Dowie is essentially modern, and it doth not yet appear what his church will finally be.

No one else has more effectually shattered the barriers of race and class and cast. His motto is the famous one of Napoleon—"The tools to those who can use them." If he picks a drunken negro out of the gutter and finds him better qualified than anyone else for some high office, into that office he goes, with no piddling nonsense about social custom, official courtesy or legal red tape.

Zion is largely Socialistic, and bound to become more so. All its industries are run by Associations under the control of the church. There is no room for private effort, anxiety and failure. The offer there of economic salvation

is a drawing card at present.

Just now when we are facing the failure of our sham democracy, Zion decrees its overthrow, and offers peace and safety from the general fear occasioned by the universal destruction of authority in church, state and family, by proclaiming the Universal Theocracy, with Divine right to rule in all the affairs of life.

For Zion is a party as well as a church. While absolutely denying the right and use of voting, it, for temporary expediency, votes solidly for the men and parties who will favor it, and is itself formally organized into the Theocratic Party which frankly expects, as soon as it has attained power by the ballot, to abolish the ballot, and all other machinery of human government.

Zion stands for the freedom and equality of all God's children. It is in advance of most people in that it is not "class conscious." As a thing apart, in, but not of, the capitalistic and competitive age, it can condemn the organizations of both the employers and the employed in the name of Universal Brotherhood, and not mix in the troubles of either.

In fact, Zion presents a complete program for humanity's need. It offers what it calls "a full salvation"—healing for sickness, cleansing for sin, wealth for poverty, peace for struggle, love for hate, and brotherhood for class consciousness. Small wonder if the weary, hounded victims of American civilization turn by thousands to find glad welcome in this City of Refuge.

Several times I took in Zion's cheap Sunday excursion to Chicago, and quietly slipped away to an Anarchist meeting in the Masonic Temple, while the others swarmed down to Dowie's service at the Auditorium. This double association helped me see the value of Zion's work for freedom in a way she does not intend. It is a striking instance of how all things work together for good that every advocate of Theocracy against Democracy is an agent in

the hand of Cosmic Evolution for the putting down of all rule and authority, and the full salvation of the individual in a higher sense than Theocracy has yet conceived. When Zion has taught her peculiar people, who could probably be taught in no other way, to shift their allegiance from democracy to theocracy, it will be but a step to the realization of self-divinity—to see that the true Theocratic power and authority is inherent in every person, and that the personal reign of God on Earth, which shall indeed supercede all monarchies and democracies, is the outward and unhampered reign, for each man and woman of the true Self—the Lord I AM within.

One Creed, One Law.

LET ME have but one creed, the Golden Rule;
 Let me have but one law—the Law of Love;
 These are the creed and law taught in the school
 Of God above.

—Susie M. Best.

Little Elmer while out walking with his nurse saw a blacksmith shoeing a horse and upon returning home said: "Mama, I saw the man who makes horses today." "Are you sure you did?" asked mama. "Of course I am," replied Elmer. "He had one nearly finished when I saw him. He was just nailing on its behind feet."—*Clipped.*

A woman once asked a little girl of 5 if she had any brothers. "Yee," said the child, "I have three borthers." "And how many sisters, my dear?" asked the woman. "Just one sister, and I'm it," replied the little girl.—*Little Chronicle.*

Engage lessons now. You will have more leisure to study during vacation. The course we give is thorough. It teaches you how to be well and prosperous and to help others to be so. It is a most profitable investment. Don't delay.

Meditations

By Ranton

HE WHO would obtain spiritual gifts should know that they come at the cost of material advancement; and he who would attain success in material things according to the standard of the world must be willing to forego spiritual elevation. I am well aware that it is the doctrine of some who are well advanced in the spiritual life that the growth of the spiritual powers enhances one's ability to succeed in material things. This is true only in a modified sense. It must be true that spiritual growth, by harmonizing and unifying all the powers of the soul, always tends to render more effective any voluntary effort, and thus may result incidentally in material advancement. But as sure as such material success allures the soul to further effort specialized to the purpose of gaining wealth, preferment, or any such worldly consideration, the spirit wanes, the soul's powers go through a backward metamorphosis and the whole being is brought down to a lower plane.

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A prophet with a large and increasing bank account is not merely an anomaly in the history of the human race, but it is in the nature of things an impossibility. The soul with highly developed spiritual powers, needs material comforts, indeed; but its needs are few and actual and are easily supplied. It is true that such a soul attracts to itself all that it actually needs; but it has no use for accumulated wealth. The soul in spiritual exaltation casts off all material encumbrances and mounts up on outspread wings, and like the butterfly fails not to find the wealth of sweetness which its being demands, abundantly produced and freely offered. As long as the insect is in the pupa state it needs a secure covering and a store

of food; but when it is fully developed it flies away from its old attachments, and feels no need of a storehouse of food or a protecting incasement. It is just so with the human soul. A goodly bank account or its equivalent is an important item in the wholesome environment of the soul with unfledged wings. But as soon as it is able to mount the heights of spiritual exaltation, the musty storehouse becomes a superfluity and drops away like a dead leaf.

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All I have written on this subject will perhaps be conceded. But generally those who concede these truths will fix their application so late in the earthly career as to render their acceptance of no practical value. If the human being is ready to soar away from its sordid attachment to accumulated wealth, only at the dissolution of the body, then the spiritual metamorphosis which such a change implies comes too late to become a controlling factor in active life. But I maintain that this principle holds throughout the earthly career. He who seeks gold and clings to his bank account is living away from his spiritual destiny by fostering spiritual weakness and dependency. It is likewise true that the soul that soars to grand heights of spiritual exaltation leaves behind its stores of wealth which will naturally and necessarily fall into the hands of some one else.

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This is no new doctrine. Jesus distinctly told the young man with a large bank account that if he would walk in the pathway of the spirit-life he should leave his wealth to the poor. It is just as well to know this before hand. There is a natural repugnance between spiritual growth and financial prosperity. The two are mutually exclusive in the life of any human being. When Moses was on the mountain-top communing with God the children of Israel naturally and inevitably drifted away from

him, and you, my brother, if you wish to scale the lofty pinnacles of the spiritual life, must expect that, when, in the days of spiritual depression which are sure to come, you return to the valleys, you will find that the lines of material influence which were formerly yours have settled away from you and have fallen into other hands. You will then feel pain and bitterness perhaps, but such a fate is one of the incidents of spiritual growth, and must be borne.

* *

It is not true that souls of high spiritual attainments must have wealth in order to scatter the germs of truth in the world. This is a lie born of avarice and worldly ambition. Wealth has never brought to the world a reform worthy the name, but has ever tended to corrupt, and debase any religious organization whose misfortune it has been to acquire it. From abject poverty the early Christians struggled upward and planted the standard of the cross in high places and made Christianity a great power in the world. In these positions of power and influence great wealth was laid at the foot of the cross. Then the Christ-spirit forsook the formalities of church service and the spirit of avarice, ambition and arrogance brought disgrace to the Christ-name. This was no accident. It was a necessary consequence.

* *

I have seen a man arise from the wreck of financial failure through spiritual power acquired chiefly through the terrible travail of poverty and want. I have seen the same man with renewed hope and vitalized energies mount up grandly and shed a wholesome radiance of truth on my own pathway. I have seen financial success turn toward this same man, and I have felt the light of truth fade from his letters to me in proportion as his bank account grew, so that a correspondence which was once full of strong, helpful interest to me has dwindled into an insipid

formality. This man is doing much good with his increased financial resources, but his work is of a lower order than formerly and it reaches a different and lower class. It may reach a greater number, but it reaches them less centrally, less vitally and less effectively for permanent good.

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The establishment and endowment of schools, the building of churches and the founding of eleemosynary institutions are important lines of work which require wealth to be carried forward. But these lines of work never occupy the lives of spiritual masters. It is a fact that ought to be recognized by all, that there are some things in the spiritual life transcendently higher than the influence of wealth, and that he who would grasp them must first free his hands from the dross of worldly possessions.

For The Children.

SINCE THE great Kansas City flood has kept The Life for June from you almost all the month of June and our little friends from getting the subject for the July number, we have no letters to publish this month.

But here is a story sent me by a little girl in Little Rock, Ark. It is a sort of fable like those old Æsop used to tell. It shows the bad results of selfishness.

THE LEGEND OF THE WOODPECKER.

Once there was an old lady that lived in a little hut, and she always wore a red hood. She was very selfish. One day she was baking cakes. When one day a man came up and asked her for something to eat. She put a cake in to the fireplace to bake but she did not put as much batter in the pan as usual. She wanted it to brown. It puffed up and was as large as the others. Then she got mad with the cakes and set them on the shelf and would not

give the man any. She gave him only an old dry piece of bread. After he was gone, she was sorry and wished she was a bird so she could fly after him and ask him to forgive her. Just then the wind blew in and blew her up the chimney. When she came out her dress was filled with soot but her head was red and her apron was white. She was a woodpecker, and ever after the woodpeckers have to peck in wood for worms.

Composed by Frances Catharine Kellogg.

That was pretty hard on the old lady. Don't you think after she was sorry for her wrong deed she should have been forgiven? But then, I believe I had rather be a bird and search for worms and bugs and eat cherries from the trees than to be a selfish, ugly, nagging, scolding old woman. Hadn't you?

Now I will tell you another story, a sure enough one. Don't you like sure enough stories best? I do. They are much more interesting than those we make up, because the characters really lived and did the things we tell about them.

A long time ago there lived in an old Kentucky home a little boy and his mother. He had no papa to take care of him, but had a cruel step-father, who made him work so hard that his little hands were blistered inside.

He had two little baby sisters with whom he played and whom he loved very much. The step-father was kind to them because they were his own children. Near the house at the foot of a hill was a spring house with a beautiful clear stream of water forever trickling down on the rocky basin below. The little boy used to carry water from this spring every day for his mother.

When our little hero was about nine years of age his mother became very sick and was told by the doctor that she must die. She dreaded to leave her little boy with the cruel step-father. So, one day when he was not at home, she called her little boy to her bed-side and said, as she

placed her feeble arm about him, "My son, I am going to die soon and you must run away now and go to you grandfather's. It is a long way for so small a boy to walk, but you know the road. Now go on, my brave boy. Don't wait for your step-father to come home, or he will whip you and not let you go. Good bye! May the good Father ever bless and protect you."

Then she kissed him and pressed him to her while she prayed and wept. With great tears rolling down his cheeks the boy turned away never to see his fond mother again and ran off in the direction of his grandfather's place.

When he had traveled almost all day and was very tired and hungry, he called at a house to ask for food and lodging for the night. The people were suspicious and asked him where he was going. They thought he was a run-away and maybe they ought to send him back home. He told them truly all about it and how his step-father had made him dig in the fields until his hands were blistered.

The old lady said, "Let me see your hands." He held up two little brown scarred paws. The old lady threw up her hands and cried out, "Feed him! feed him!!"

So they kept him over night and put him up a nice lunch in the morning and sent him on.

He got to his grandfather's all right and lived with him until he was a big boy. Then he went to work and helped to support his two sisters who had been left orphans.

But after several years had gone by his business took him a long way from home and he did not get to go back. So he settled in Missouri, married and reared a large family of boys and girls.

After he had been away from his Kentucky home more than sixty years he concluded he must go back and try to find his sisters from whom he had not heard since he left the old home.

So he went back and found the old house still standing, looking very much like it did on that sad morning when he left his sick mother over seventy years ago. He went to the spring and found the never ceasing stream still trickling merrily down on the rocks in the old spring house at the foot of the hill. He stood and wept as he thought of the olden time.

He went out into the orchard and tried to find his mother's grave, but he found only a portion of the tomb-stone.

Did he find his sisters? No; they were both dead; but he found their children and grandchildren who were overjoyed to see their dear uncle of whom they had heard their mother talk so much and who they believed was long since dead.

He often visits them now, although he is 85 years old. We expect him to visit us soon and the children will be delighted to see grand-pa.

Don't you think the prayer of that dying mother and her blessing have caused the angels to watch over and protect him all these years? I do. And he has always been an upright, good, honest man whose "word is as good as his bond."

The subject of your letters for the September number will be "Birds." Find out all you can about birds and write me lots of good essays about them. Don't make them less than 200 words nor more than 500 words long.

Three prizes are offered as before and only the three prize essays will be published in The Life. The writers must not be over thirteen years of age. Don't forget to state your age.

A. P. B.

H Story.

ONCE THERE was a man who had a good wife and three bad boys. He was a good man and his wife was a most exemplary woman, as a mother, a wife and as a neighbor. She was pious, honest, kind

hearted and high minded.

The man was honest, kind, true and noble, but did not belong to any church. The wife was a Presbyterian.

Then why were the boys bad boys? Everybody said they were the worst in the neighborhood. They would fight among themselves, disobey their parents, play cruel pranks on the dogs and cats and children of the neighborhood, destroy property and make themselves nuisances generally. Why did they not inherit the goodness of their parents, or heed their good advice? Where did they get their meanness?

I will tell you: They naturally revolted against the hell and depravity doctrine they heard from their mother's preacher. So did their father, but he expressed his disapproval in a different way. They did not believe a word of what their Sunday School teacher told them about the fate of bad boys in the next world.

They were full of life and had no proper, profitable channels presented them through which to express it. So their expression of the pent up energy in them was erratic.

The father told them one thing about the future and their mother another. They were confused and took their own course.

But they got their bearings as they grew up and all became useful citizens and honorable men. But none of them ever joined a church.

"Authorship, I believe, is the only thing that bears any resemblance to motherhood. A prodigal desire begets the child of the brain; it has its birth; it is fed from the very breast of the author until it grows, as it were, to manhood, all the while being as jealously guarded as a mother guards her babe. But when it gets out in the world to do for itself, anxiety wanes and we seek another child."

Harvey Perlgoe.

Make the world better by extending the circulation of
The Life.

: Bible Lessons :

1903, THIRD QUARTER.

Lesson I.—July 5.

ISRUEL ASKING FOR A KING.—1 Sam. 8:1-10.

KEY-NOTE:—"Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only."

The time of this occurrence was about B. C., 1037, when Samuel was about seventy years old.

The place was Ramah, where Samuel was born and where he was buried. Arimathea where Joseph lived may have been the same place, about five miles northwest of Jerusalem. At the time of this lesson there was no Jerusalem.

Samuel, who succeeded Eli as judge over Israel, who brought him up for the office, had been judge for a long time and had given satisfaction.

The government of Israel was a theocracy and the judge told the people what God, their king, desired them to do. He was supposed to get his information direct from God. So the sway of the judge was absolute. There was no appeal from what he told them was God's will.

When Samuel made his two sons who were not good men, judges in his stead, the people revolted. They demanded a visible king. They began to doubt if the messages the judges gave them always came from God.

Samuel thought it was a revolt against his dynasty and was much displeased. But the Lord said, "No; I am the one they have deposed. They have always treated me very badly. But let them have a king, under a protest. Tell them what will follow." So Samuel told them, but they persisted.

It was a decision in favor of the visible and tangible as against the occult. The people did not wish to be long-

er ruled by an invisible king. They wanted to see him.

If there were a personal God, I think he would visit us in person sometimes, prove his identity, as it were, and settle the question of his existence. I think he ought to do so. I see nothing wrong in this revolt against two unholy, unjust judges and asking for a king. The existing way gave the bad men too much power.

1. Give the circumstances of Samuel's birth?
2. What was his first revelation?
3. Who were his sons?
4. Why did the people not want them for judges?
5. Had God really been their king?
6. Was God insulted at their course?
7. Why do people prefer the tangible to the occult?

Lesson II.—July 12.

SAUL, CHOSEN KING.—1 Sam. 10:17-27.

KEY-NOTE:—"The Lord is our king, he will save us."

Saul was chosen king of Israel about B. C. 1037, and reigned twenty years.

Saul was the son of Kish, who lived at Gibeah. When he was made king he was about forty years of age and had a grown son, Jonathan.

Samuel met him and a servant first at Ramah whence they had gone to get the prophet to find some strayed mules. Samuel kept them over night and then took them out on the house-top and showed them the mules, which he had located in a dream, and then he went a short distance on the way with them and surprised Saul by pouring a vial of oil on his head, kissing him and telling him that he was to be king over Israel.

They returned home and waited until Samuel called the people together about a hill called Mizpeh (watch-tower) now Neby Samwil, five miles from Jerusalem. There he proclaimed Saul king, after hunting him up, as he had "hid himself among the stuff," and the Lord told

them where he was. Samuel first, however, gave the people another chance to revoke their decision, and told them how badly they had treated the Lord.

They were much pleased with the selection, as Saul was tall and handsome.

Maurice, in his *Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament*, enumerates six good traits in Saul: Trustworthiness, perseverance, respect for the Jewish religion, readiness to yield to what Samuel told him the Lord wished of him, modesty and prudence.

Saul was of the tribe of Benjamin.

It is said that two worthless fellows were not pleased and brought the new king no presents. Spence thinks these men were princes of the tribes of Judah and Ephriam, who were disgusted that a king should be chosen of the small tribe of Benjamin and he an obscure farmer.

Samuel wrote out the manner of the kingdom in a book and laid it with the book of the law of Moses beside the ark at Kirjath-jearam.

So began the Kingdom of Israel which continued 500 years. It was a sort of absolute monarchy with God as the power behind the throne, speaking through the prophets. David was probably the greatest king of them all. When Saul was crowned David was a boy about ten years old.

1. How was Saul proclaimed king?
2. Of what family and tribe was he?
3. Why were the people pleased? Give three reasons.
4. Is a king or other ruler a necessity to good government?
5. How would you limit a ruler's power?
6. Are our people capable of self government?
7. What is the best restraint over a people?

Lesson III.—July 19.

SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.—1 Sam. 12:13-25.

KEY-NOTE.—"Only fear the Lord and serve him in truth with all your heart."

Soon after Saul's coronation he won a victory over the Ammonites and then called a great meeting at Gilgal, a place between Jerico and the river Jordan, to ratify the kingdom. There Samuel surrendered his judgeship and gave the charge which we have for our lesson today.

13. See your king which you asked for and which the Lord has given you, give your allegiance to him and God.

14, 15. If you and your king will fear and serve the Lord, all will be well. If you do not, he will be against you as he was against your fathers. So the Lord was to continue the real king after all, with Samuel as his prophet. Saul was to be only a sort of resident vicegerent.

16, 17. You have been wicked in asking for a king and I will show you a proof of God's wrath. A big thunder storm shall come, although not the season for such storms. It is harvest time, which is always a dry time here.

18. And Samuel prayed for the storm and it came and destroyed much wheat.

19. And the people were afraid and confessed their sins—but kept their king just the same. Fear did not make them better. How did Saul feel about it all? An American crowd would have mobbed Samuel for destroying their wheat.

20, 21. Serve the Lord now and fear not. If you do not turn aside from serving the Lord he will spare you, if your wheat is gone.

22. It is not for your sake that the Lord will spare you; it is for his own sake that he may get a big name by rearing a great nation for his own glory. (What a selfish Lord that was!)

23. I will continue to pray for you and instruct you in the right way.

24, 25. If you fear the Lord and serve him with all

your heart, he will help you. But if you do wickedly, he will destroy you and your king too. But they did wickedly and were not destroyed.

1. For what was the meeting at Gilgal?
2. What was the purport of Samuel's address?
3. What was the purpose of the miracle?
4. Was it good?
5. If the storm came, what caused it?
6. What do you think of fear and service?
7. Was God angry because Saul got his place as king?

Lesson IV.—July 26.

SAUL REJECTED AS KING.—1 Sam. 15:13-23.

KEY-NOTE:—"To obey is better than sacrifice."

About ten years after Saul became king Samuel told him that God wished him to go into a neighboring nation and kill everything, men, women, children, babes, old and young, and even the animals—to make a clean sweep of it, wipe them off the map utterly.

Saul took 210,000 men and did as he was told, except that he saved some of the fat cattle and sheep and the king, Agag, alive. Samuel said that the Lord was very angry about those cattle and sheep being spared, and then took a sword and killed Agag himself. He also told Saul that God would take the kingdom away from him. He had told him this once before when Saul began offering sacrifices to God preparatory to a pending battle before Samuel got there, although he had already waited for him seven days and his army was fast dwindling away.

We know now that God never told Saul to kill all those people and animals. It was a mistake of the old prophet. God was not a party to the wicked, cruel deeds of that day. God was not pleased when they took little babes and rosy-cheeked girls and boys by the feet and dashed their brains out against trees. It was very wicked. Yet preachers and Sunday school teachers are trying to justify it all. They do wrong.

Nor was God angry because Saul saved some of the cattle and sheep alive. It was all a sad mistake. And Samuel was a murderer when he slew Agag. He should not have done it. It was very bad indeed, and it is bad to try to justify such crimes now.

Saul's motives in saving the stock and the king may not have been good. But it was not wicked to do it—the act itself was not bad. If he had spared them all, it would have been better.

Saul continued king of Israel for ten years after this battle, until after Samuel's death.

1. How had Saul offended Samuel?
2. What was his excuse?
3. What did Samuel do and say?
4. Was Saul's conduct wicked?
5. Did God order the Amalekites destroyed?
6. How was the mistake made?
7. Is war ever righteous?

Lesson V.—Aug. 2.

SAMUEL ANOINTS DAVID.—1 Sam. .16:4-13.

KEY-NOTE:—"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Almost immediately after Samuel's interview with Saul, as given in our last lesson, he was led of the Lord to go up to Bethlehem, a town about nine miles south of Ramah where Samuel lived, to find a successor to Saul.

Bethlehem (house of bread) still exists. It was founded long before David's time and named Ephrath (Gen. 48:7.) It stands on a long gray ridge 4000 feet above the Dead Sea level. It was the burial place of Rachel and the birthplace of David and Jesus. Here Ruth found Boaz and here Jerome translated the Bible into Latin, making the Vulgate version, still used by the Catholic church.

Jesse lived at Bethlehem. He had eight sons and two daughters. David was the youngest son, at this time about 20 years of age.

He was a shepherd and musician, "ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look upon."

The old prophet, acting under guidance of the Lord, who looketh not on the outward appearance, but on the heart, anointed the handsome young herdsman, or cowboy, to be king over Israel at Saul's death, "and the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David from that day forward." He was a great grandson of Ruth, of the tribe of Judah.

Hastings says David is a shortened form of Dovavahu, "beloved of Jehovah". Sayce says it was originally Dodo, a title of the sun god. He was a remarkable man, with a poet's soul and a warrior's nerve, a romantic—sometimes erratic—nature and a pious heart. He was brave, just, compassionate, devout, pious, yet very human. He erred and repented, rejoiced and wept, sang psalms and fought great battles, was a murderer and adulterer, yet "a man after God's own heart." His heart was in the right place, but his blood was a bit too warm.

1. Why did Samuel anoint David?
2. Who was David?
3. What were his characteristics?
4. For what is he distinguished in History?
5. What traits make the best king?
6. How does the Lord "look on the heart?"
7. Is appearance always deceiving?

Brother R. C. Douglass, whom we have known for several years as a true and indefatigable worker in the cause of Truth, has become associated with The Noon Day Club, 54 W. 37th st., New York City, so long and so successfully conducted by Miss G. I. S. Andrews. He is secretary of the Club. They hold noon meetings for silent meditation and have lectures on Sunday at 4 p. m. They also have a reading room where a good assortment of books and magazines may be found. We hope our friends in New York will visit this center of Truth.

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Key-Noes.

July.

(Conquest.)

1-15.

MIND IS MASTER AND OVERCOMES ALL THE OBJECTIVE WORLD WITH A VICTORY FOR TRUTH.

16-31.

I CONQUER EVERY CONDITION IN LIFE, EVERY OPPOSING CIRCUMSTANCE AND EVERY FLESHLY PROPENSITY FOR LIFE.

Tell your friends about The Life.

Health Thoughts

LIFE IS only what is good; evil has no life," wrote Mrs. Eddy in one of her first books, from which I quote *

Every contemplation of disease and trouble as having power in themselves, as well as all thoughts of hate and ill-will, are dead thoughts. While all dead things are not, in the ordinary sense bad, the point here is they have no life in them * * *

These lifeless or shadow thoughts that spring up in the race every day are unique in one particular,—there is but one little span of time in which they can have an influence. And if, during this one short space, the person who is attacked by temptation will then keep his better self on guard to faithfully put away such thoughts, he will overcome them and save himself from the unpleasant results that would otherwise accrue * *

While it is true dead thoughts have no life or power in them, they stand in the way of live thoughts when indulged, and prevent their use until the precious time is gone! The present moment is all the time you have for using live, wholesome thoughts and weaving them into the fabric of your flesh. Now is the only moment you have for accepting anything. It is always the epoch of possibility, the time when one may save himself, from the results of past ignorance and wrong actions in the use of lifeless thoughts *

Worry is a sign of doubt. If you worry you do not fully believe God is everywhere. When one is given to worrying and complaining, he is called "dead in trespasses." Trespass means transgression of moral law. It is having other gods before the True One, who is Goodness only, having other thoughts before the true ones * *

Real love never makes trouble for any one. That feverish state which stirs up strife and is often the fore-runner of disease, is neither love nor one of its elements. The restless condition arises out of dead thoughts, or the absence of living thoughts or the clouding of them. Live thoughts are always in accord with the harmony of perfect life,—thoughts about true *Life* and its ways; cultivation of *Love*; contemplation of that which is Right and True. Life is intelligence acting everywhere; it unfolds the flowers and marvelously beautifies them; the deep green foliage cannot keep still for joy, the gardens look glad, and fruit ripens under the living, breathing, soothing, sun and air and shower; the earth keeps motion with the other worlds that jewel Nature's thoughtful brow; Life in mankind expresses omnipresent life in all things and sets forth the matchless Principle upon which all depend and of which they are a part * * *

Though the Right Way in life has been called straight and narrow and hard to find, it is not difficult to cultivate Love for all that is good and pure and right. It is not impossible to refuse to keep a wrong thought and cultivate a right one in its stead. Indeed good thoughts naturally flow in, when wrong ones are rejected. Are you ready to do this? If some one should bring report of a cyclone at hand, would you instantly say, "Not so, it cannot be," or would you think of a place of safety and admit the report as true? Would you set some true, live thoughts in operation to destroy the dead-thought that brought forth the threatening aspect—instead of "a storm, a storm," would you affirm "Peace, and stillness" and so check or stop the fury of the winds? How do you deal with the matter when you hear of the hopeless illness of some friend? Do you at once say, "Not true; get thee hence false condition," and at the same time exercise your imagination upon his soundness of health? Then are you employing living words that will show results in life and

health of the friend. "My words are Life to those that find them and health to all their flesh" * *

How glad we are that these things are in our power, to cultivate the living forces and increase our influence for good, until we become permanently alive with the Life, strong with the Strength and wise with the Wisdom of Infinite Mind. "Ye hath the spirit of Truth quickened, who were dead in trespasses."

Trueness throughout phenomenal nature should be sought, and Truth from every standpoint be contemplated. What makes your sweet peas blossom true to their colors and form, every year? Why do they not bring forth tobacco or some other noxious thing? Because flowers, like little children, are empty of dead thoughts. Mothers and fathers ought to cultivate live thoughts and words until the next crop of people are born to it just as a child is born to love music and is adapted to it, or has a gift for mathematics.

Every right act, impulse or thought, every desire to do right, every longing after loftier realizations, are all in accord with truth and are living, vitalizing, saving acts of the human consciousness * * *

Lifeless thoughts do not spring up in the mind until the living thoughts that belong there are neglected. The mere neglect of good thoughts hatches out bad ones. Mushrooms are the fruit of neglect. Nature refuses to have a vacuum. The casting out of false thoughts is the generation of true ones * *

Hence it was said of a certain prophet that when he refused to entertain evil suggestions, the temptation left him, and immediately such wonderful life-forces of joy, peace and happiness filled his mind that it was claimed "angels ministered unto him." Living Thoughts are ministering angels, for they bring such comfort and gladness, such realization of safety and protection, that the renewing of the body is assured. Such thoughts fill one with

health and crown the temple with loveliness * *

Right now is our own. It is the only point in time we can purposely color or cloud with our thought. It is the stronghold in the affairs of men, which "taken at its ebb" with life-words, "leads on to fortune." Hate is lifeless and powerless. It is not hate but the absence of love that hurts *

The gardener carefully examines each bulb before planting it, for he knows no dead roots can spring up into living flowers or fruits. So should the mental gardener put away dead thoughts or suggestions, until the habit of wrong thinking is overcome. Lifeless thoughts may become habitual if not duly dismissed.

When about eleven years old, I obtained, after much coaxing, my Mother's permission to visit my school-mate friend, Eliza, whom I greatly admired and loved, and whom I had known only at school. She had a soft, musical voice, light brown, sunny curls, delicate complexion including a blush of rosiness, and with eyes like blue sweet-williams. She was gentleness, amiability and goodness combined and from which she never seemed to depart. Now I imagined her mother an angel and her folks angelic, so that my affection for her overran the cup and into the saucer in which they dwelt, "a little lower than the angel" *

A slim woman met us at the door, to open it. I did not throw my arms round her neck nor tell her how much she was like my friend, for she froze me with a frown that had the suspicion of a courtesy in it, while she rebuked poor Eliza for loitering on the way from school, and would not hear the gentle voice explain that we had walked straight home! She embarrassed me at supper by entering into the details of her woes, and when I ventured a glance of sympathy at Eliza's burning temples I did not catch her look for her eyes were cast down and she was only pretending to take her food.

I became quiet with the rest and the mother asked if I were a "good girl to my mother?" I was very sorry for my friend and answered more in her behalf,

"No ma'am, I'm not as good as I ought to be, but my Mother is very kind and easily forgives me." She was silent at that, and for many days I found myself hoping it would move her to think better thoughts toward my little friend.

I am sure it was only a habit this woman had allowed to grow upon her, for when upon our quiet walk back to school, Eliza explained that Mama was never very well and that she remembered having heard her mother tell her, when she was quite a good deal younger, how much she loved her * * *

Every material thing is made out of thought-substance. Each thought forms into a cell which is filled with the quality of the thought. (Mushroom thoughts that spring up in the night of error, give way when you try to depend on them.) While this work is going on in the mind similar cells are forming in the body. The picture the photographer takes does not show at once, but its construction is going on through an occult process, the result of which can be seen when the picture is developed * *

If the chemicals were dead, the sun hid, and the process impaired, a perfect picture will not be possible, and instead there will appear a blank or a blur. And so it is with the mental photographer. Habitual lifeless thought will bring habitual pictures of lifelessness in body. While continuous life-thoughts will bring life in its fulness and as a habit will manifest life *

Life-thoughts are natural. They are the daily food of a healthy consciousness. From the highest to the lowest forms in nature, all things reach out after life and light. It is abnormal to court shadows and sorrows.

An incident was told me by an eye-witness, of how,—during the late Kansas City, Kansas and Kansas City,

Missouri, flood which swept over the bottoms at the conjunction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers four miles from us, filling the lower story of Union Depot, covering a story deep the fields of railroad tracks, the stock yards, and filling the great, horrid packing-houses and several suburban towns, seven river-bridges in one day,—how, when most of the dwellings were under water, a valiant horse was seen to swim until tired out, then rest on some roof and plunge into the flood again and again, always heading *landward*, and how, after several days when the flood began to subside and “doves of peace” were sent out, this horse was found snugly ensconced in the roof-story of an Armourdale cottage, quietly feeding upon bed-quilts!

What splendid courage! What wonderful thoughts of life must have been habitating in him to buoy him over the floods amid debris of floating houses and timbers; (and against the current of vivid pictures of *lifeless-thoughts* of wrong, cruelty, oppression and complaint habitually indulged.)

It was because of this horse's emptiness of *wrong* thinking and the receptiveness of right impressions, as in the case of little children, that outpictured in his escape and made him heroic.

While speaking of the flood I will mention another instance where the life-impulse in a cat kept a baby above water until its rescuers came.

Think of a tiny baby in a frail little basket-buggy floating down the swift, swollen tide of the Missouri, the longest river in the world, and with no visible protection but a cat! You know cats are not considered affectionate like dogs, but the contrary. It is said they think only of the comfort of No. 1, will desert their protectors for cozy quarters and will cling to the old-house when the inhabitants all move to a new one.

So it may have been only the Intelligence that is every

where, guiding the little barque and directing the cat, through an unseen power called by the people "*instinct*," that made the cat move promptly to the right or left as the buggy tipped the other way impelled by the reckless waters, and so acted as ballast to steady the tiny craft, and save the child and its own life. They were both rescued, though it was some time before the parents of the little voyager were found.

Great is the life-impulse in all nature. Only the good is true. When we fill our hearts and minds with contemplations only of righteousness and truth, then are we alive with the life of the spirit and in tune with Infinite Harmony.

C. J. B.

The Wonder Flower Again.

Editors of The Life:

I WAS much pleased to read the very interesting article by Annie J. C. Norris on "The Wonder Flower." As a student of the Chemistry of Life for twenty years, I wish to say that she is right when she says the plant lives from the aerial elements. All plant life receives everything of which it is composed, except the mineral salts of iron, lime, potassium, magnesia, sodium and silica, from the air. Oil, fibrine, albumen, etc., are formed by a certain arrangement or combination of the aerial elements—the atoms or principles that make up what we call air.

Trees and plants and all vegetable life extract the mineral salts from the soil but *not* the organic matter. Poor soil means soil deficient in these inorganic salts. A tree is condensed air, except the ashes, (mineral salts.) Burn it and be convinced.

Chemists have discovered that the spider spins more web in one day than could be made from all the food it consumes in twelve months. The spider knows how to condense air, it creates or forms its web from the aerial

principles or substance. As Walt Whitman says,—
"Launches filament, filament, filament, out of itself."

The orchid receives from the moss or bark of a log all the mineral salts necessary to *attract* oxygen, hydrogen and other aerial elements to build the structure of the flower and paint its hues, until it seems "spirit painted with glory."

The orchid is very delicate in structure and needs but a small amount of the inorganic salts. Other plants and trees need much more in order to attract, by the law of chemical affinity, aerial elements sufficient to build the fiber that composes wood.

Flesh, too, is composed of exactly the same eternal substances as wood. It is only manifested differently, chemically. Fire sends wood and flesh to the same place—the air—and leaves only mineral ashes. The air we breathe, in passing through the complex, wonderful human anatomy—the *arteries*—air carriers—(you see the ancients were right) thickens, condenses, precipitates until it is finally deposited as flesh, muscle and bone.

Food serves as fuel to run the human machine so that the process of breathing may be carried on.

By the disintegration or digestion of food, heat is produced, magnetic currents started by ferments and chemical and catalytic action of dissimilar particles or molecules. and the *twelve mineral or cell-salts*, which are found in all vegetable growth, are set free and carried into the blood where they unite with the universal substance in which we "live and move and have our being" to materialize the human form. Flowers do not think, vegetables do not think—bodies do not think—a brain does not think. These are but organs through which life or mind or Infinite Intelligence operates. This Principle, name it what you will,—God is as good a name as any—must exist independent of these organisms, else it could not produce them.

(Concluded on page 39.)

Correspondence

A LADY who had treatments a short time for neuralgia affecting almost the entire body, and for general debility, writes that she grew better rapidly from the first and at the end of the time had an unusual call upon her for work for several days, doing it all without inconvenience. She said, "I do not know when I ever before have been able to do so much work with so little fatigue and inconvenience."

This was done by absent treatment, the patient co-operating with me at a set time each day. Thus we got together, she being passive and responsive while I was active and positive, creating vibrations for which she was prepared by her attitude and the word I gave her to hold.

And she believed in me and in the mind healing and *expected* healing results. There is much in this. The patient who believes and faithfully co-operates is healed.

Another lady in Virginia engaged treatments for a demented son in an asylum. He has improved rapidly. A recent letter from the mother says, "We have just had him home for a day and night. He is a million times better in every way. Everybody notices and remarks about it. It is like a miracle.

In this case, of course I could not have the co-operation of the patient. So I secured that of the mother. I gave her a formula of words to repeat and instructed her how to use them. She has been faithful and constant in her observance of instructions and the result is most gratifying. He will get well if the mother and I continue to co-operate, although his had been pronounced a hopeless case for many years. The brain and nervous system were so badly wrecked through so many years of no mind control that the entire healing will require long and patient

effort on our part. But it shall be done, if the mother continues with me in the work.

I treated a man in Minnesota recently for one week at the request of a daughter in Chicago. He had heart trouble and was so feeble and morbid that his family were much afraid of the end coming at any time.

After the week's treatment was almost over, the daughter wrote:

"I have a letter from my sister this morning in which she gives the *good* news of my father's great improvement." (This letter was written to the Chicago sister when the week was about half out.) "Week before last they feared the worst, he not having his clothes off for four or five days, not being able to sleep night or day. Now he sleeps all night long, and my sister writes is himself again, even to looking natural. Again you have brought us out of darkness into light, dear Mr. Barton, as in our dark hours we always turn to you."

I had treated a brother out of a very serious sickness and a cousin whom the medical skill of the best Boston physicians, had failed to save from typhoid fever.

In this case I believe a very large element in the healing power brought to bear was the faith of the daughter who applied for the treatments. She had seen other cases respond in an almost miraculous way to my humble efforts and she did not doubt that her father would get well if she could but secure my services.

I have had many very remarkable cases of healing in a certain Ohio city. It all began by the healing of a little girl whom several eminent doctors had pronounced absolutely incurable. They declared no one had ever recovered from what they said she had, tuberculosis of brain and spinal chord. After that her people sent me many patients, believing I could heal anything, and all got well. The latest case is that of a gentlemen who his wife wrote was "about as nearly dead as one could be and live at all."

The faith of those people, a prominent family in the city, does much to help my healing words. A gentleman in England writes:

"I am delighted with our paper. It comes freighted with vital truths which one can make one's own, and we look forward to its coming with pleasurable anticipation. May the All Good bless your work and aspiration for humanity."

We like for people to call The Life "our paper," or "our magazine." It indeed belongs to us all, and its success depends upon the action of all in sustaining it. Kind words like the above are a balm to our souls in the work and we appreciate them highly. But you who are behind in subscription must remember that we must pay our bills. So you should lose no time in sending us what you owe. We did not lose very much by the flood, but gave some to help those who did. Yet, we ask no charity—we only ask you to be just and pay what you owe. You will succeed better if you do.

Some time ago a lady in California wrote to inquire about the price of a Bible we offer, its cost, etc. I answered and some weeks later I got the following letter from her:

"Mr. Barton: Please send book according to previous arrangement. Inclosed find money accordingly."

Now I had forgotten all about what the "previous arrangement" was or what "book" she referred to. So, as I keep no copies of the letters I write, I could do no better than write and ask her to explain what the "arrangement" was and what "book" she wanted. She answered curtly accusing me of either stupidity or lying. She says I certainly knew or ought to know, what our "previous arrangement" was.

I mention this case publicly because people in writing often assume that I remember all about a previous correspondence and hence state their wants in such a way that

I do not at all know what they mean.

I have a wonderful memory. I can sit down with a long list of patients and tell particularly what are the ailments of all. And usually when the name of a subscriber is called I can give his or her postoffice address, often street and number. But, you will please remember that I have dealings with many thousands of people and cannot keep in mind all the details of the business I have with each one. You can easily remember your one single "previous arrangement," but don't scold me if I do not, as I have had a thousand other business matters on my mind with other people meantime. Be explicit in your statements of business matters, or return my letter about it with yours, so I can see what it was all about. The lady who scolded me was only thoughtless. If she could put herself in my place awhile, she would never do so again.

Baby Logic.

SHE WAS ironing her dolly's new gown,
Maid Marian, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown,
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in,
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise,
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On a day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then lifting her eyes like a rose,
Thus answered the wise little tot;
"Now, don't you suppose
The good Lord he knows
That this little iron isn't hot?"

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

The Wonder Flower Again.

(Continued from page 34.)

This universal Mind, or Creator, is not a 'prentice hand that commenced to be a few thousand years ago. It *always* knew how to form the bodies of vegetables, molusks, monkeys, birds and men and women. It did not have to learn by "experience" or "natural selection." The theory of Evolution in and by matter is a nightmare dreamed out by some one who thought a plant was an *entity* that just commenced from nothing and for *some cause* got smarter and smarter and kept climbing up and unfolding until it got to be a man. The Genesis account of creation is quite as reasonable.

An acorn does not contain a developed oak tree. An acorn is a little bit of condensed air and mineral salts combined in a manner to *commence* an oak tree, and no other kind. Little by little Mind, or Infinite Intelligence, adds *more* mineral salts and *more* aerial elements for fiber, oil, etc., and arranges them in different combinations from day to day to form wood, bark, branches, leaves, buds, flowers, seeds or fruits, until, behold! the miracle. "The invisible things of Him since the creation are clearly seen in the things which are made."

"Great are the symbols of Being,
But that which is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld,
But vaster the inward Creator."

Dr. George W. Carey, Biochemist.

Appeal.

BREAK thro' the shadows, Sun of Light,
Smite Error with the sword of Truth,
Illuminate the farthest night
And show us Love's immortal youth—
To sense-illusioned man reveal
That only God and Good are real.

—Susie M. Best.

What's In a Name?

WHY, EVERYTHING! The Name signifies the great Soul back of it; and the human Soul is the Epitome of the Infinite, the divine spark that contains expansive possibilities that make it all-powerful.

Now there is Emma Curtis Hopkins who said, "It is the plan of reasoning that if God is all, then that which is not God is nothing; if God is not diseased or in poverty then nobody is diseased or in poverty." Then the next step must be taken, she said, to insure right results. "When Emerson said that 'evil is negation, he did not add that *therefore* he had only health in his life. Had he done so his health were secure. When Spinoza found that matter was his own imagination, he did not add that *therefore* he had in reality only his spiritual body. Yet all of health Emerson enjoyed was the result of thinking that evil is negation, and all of spiritual bliss that Spinoza felt was owing to his thought that matter is only imagination." The picture of thought, and the name of Emma Curtis Hopkins is a pure and shining light for all the world.

People who *say* great things and have their consciousnesses full of great Thoughts make their very Names *can-*descent. When "Ella Wheeler" wrote poetry an illumination began which carried even through the change of her family Name. The soul unfolding progressively, bordered its light and established the new Name, as the electric light spreads in a business sign to illumine it. She does not give up her individuality to please, but *pleases* by sounding her true character and thus promoting all other people, so that all may sound their true notes in the Harmonichord of life.

"Let those who have failed to take courage,
 Though the enemy seemed to have won,
 Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,
 The battle is not yet done;

For, sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

I have a friend who spent thousands of dollars on her daughter's music. The girl was gifted, but she "married-and-gave-up-her-music," the very gift that had attracted her lover, and lost her husband (most of the time.) No woman ever gave up everything to please her husband and succeeded. He was attracted to her because she had ways of her own. And when she had converted all her ways into his ways he didn't have anything after all but his own ways, hence there was no attraction. No one can heed the injunction, "Know thyself" while cramped by the bonds of being some one else. Negation clouds such a name.

And there is Mrs. Stanton, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose name shines like a diamond set in pearls, each severally is emblazoned with lessons of liberty, words of wisdom, for all men and women. Her Name is a prize in literature, "a light set on a hill." She was a true wife and mother, not through submerging herself, but through using her talents, through being true to her own consciousness of right. That tendency to change from attractiveness to unattractiveness at marriage is false humility, false love. Mrs. Stanton has proven that interested intellectual activity prolongs youth and usefulness. She glorified this phase of life 87 years.

So have their word gone forth. It shall not return unto them void, for it is accomplishing that which they please, and is prospering in the thing whereunto it was sent.

"And it shall be unto the Higher Self for a NAME, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

C. J. B.

Grum'lin' Pete.

GRUM'LIN' PETE—confoun' dat man!
 He grum'le all de w'ile.
 Dey ain't no pussou in dis town
 Dat evah see 'im smile.
 He grum'le ef de sunshine come,
 En grum'le ef hit rain,
 He grum'le w'en 'e walk de road,
 En w'en 'e ride de train.
 He grum'le ef 'e well, bercause
 He 'fra d 'e gwine be sick:
 He grum'le w'en de feesh won't bite
 En w'en dey crowd de crick;
 He grum'le w'en 'e go ter sleep,
 Bercause 'e got ter wake;
 He grum'le w'en 'e eatin' bread,
 Bercause hit isn't cake.
 He grum'le w'en 'e got er job,
 Bercause 'e hate ter wuk,
 En grum'le w'en 'e loafin', foh
 Dey ain' no task ter shuk.
 Hit's grum'le all de time wid Pete—
 Des grum'le eve'y breff.
 He des gwine growl 'is whole life long,
 En grum'le plum ter deff.

—*Baltimore American.*

Some time ago you sent Harold the following couplet:

"I am a little hero, brave and true and kind,

"With glad and happy thoughts forever in my mind."

Lately he has been using it for a bedtime verse, and he told me one day that he always felt braver after repeating it. Now Josephine, (your little namesake) after she has her night clothes on, stands up and repeats it all through every night."

J. C. M.

Little Lessons in Elohim.

LESSON XXXIII.

MUSIC AND HARMONY.

Music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air.

—*Shakespeare, Tempest.*

EMOTION IS always under the surveillance of Thought. No impression or influence whatever can reach and affect the nerves until the mind caters the stimulant to them. Even a touch from the outside is not felt until the mind recognizes it and decides whether the emotion is one of pleasure or pain * *

In listening to the strains of sweet music Thought thus guides perception and awakens consciousness. So great is Thought it knows and judges of a thing before the soul feels it or becomes conscious of it * * *

There are no unconscious impressions. If the soul seems unconscious it is because it is not giving its attention, and is conscious at present of something else. Mind is never unconscious. Acts of knowledge may be unnoticed by the soul, but that which the mind knows is always alive in the consciousness and only needs attention to make this fact known *

The only difference between the two kinds of music, *emotional* and *mental*, the former is superficial and written specially for the stirring of the emotions. Its vibrations extend no farther. The latter is adapted to suit a reasoning mind *

When Thought ceases to judge and turns all control over to the emotions, the wildest practices may be encouraged, and even Thought may seem to turn on its heel and in its head, to urge Euterpe "On with the dance" that feeling may be unconfined. Indeed Euterpe, left to the

emotions, always reaches out her hand to Terpsichore. There in connection with gymnastics and the dramatic art including *Erato* (Amatory Poetry) are one art, the art of the Muses * *

John Milton caught the spirit of the wanton, liberated emotions when he said, in the lines:

"But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."

Thought at this juncture (as if apologizing to its high office) spoke to the spirit of Liberty without:—

"And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In *unreproved* pleasure free."

The success of emotional music depends largely upon its repeated action. The first notes of the violin coming in quick succession attract attention. Soon the *rhythm*, from the regular swing of the bow, starts a wave of vibrations that extends to all interested listeners, making them common material composing the Muses band. Through these vibrations the spectator is (perhaps unwittingly) magnetized, and he poles duly and willingly toward the sentiment of the music and of the occasion.

When the music passages are repeated over and over they thus create an emotional fervor that amounts to sentiment and gets to be a ruling influence *

The parson's daughter who had never disobeyed her parents in her life, weeps after the ball is over and asks herself "Why, *why* did I dance, I who thought myself so strong and brave!"

Because the Higher Self was not in control? Thought was giving the soul a little independent exercise. Even to

this day dancing is denounced if grace of movement is not observed. The exuberance that lifts the feet off the earth when guided by Thought may be called divine.

The emotions are not to be condemned. We should be as much alive as possible, mentally, morally and physically. Feeling and willing should go hand in hand. When the soul is set free from the sickly sentimentalism of old dogmas, thought will make no choices save those between natural and unnatural, right and wrong action. The people of 500 years B. C. were freer and nobler in thought, when they showed willingness to serve the good in any good way. They praised the Lord "with stringed instruments," with the "psaltry, the harp and the dance" * *

The fine arts are agencies for human refinement. Rythm calls scattered forces together. It marshals them under the banner of harmony which underlies musical expression. That art which best expresses the true principle underlying it is the finest of arts * *

Instrumental music is simple:

One part only, in music, or the human voice, is called *melody*. The union of concordant parts we call *harmony*; eloquence and acting combined form the *Histrionic art*; music and the *histrionic art* constitute the opera * * *

The principle involved in Music, as in mathematics, is pure, perfect, divine. That it has been used for ignoble purposes points only to the perversion of the user and not to the principle itself. Many good things of earth are misused in the same manner. That bad men have been musicians does not prove music bad, nor that music has a tendency to make people bad. The passionate who are fond of music, are those who live in their emotions chiefly and have not yet made a study of its deeper principles. They have not put Thought in control.

When one enters into the *science* as well as the art of music, then he becomes able to divide the true from the false, and he begins to appreciate the value of the true:

he looks upon tones as definite ideas, rather than mere strains that vibrate upon the nerves. Music is a language, but it is more than the language of the soul, it is language *for* the soul *from* the Real Self.

When I listen to the last movement of a Mozart Sonata—"Alla Turca," all that has seemed low or mean or vicious in the world melts into nothingness and earth is heavenly. The sustained tones express ideas so fine, lofty and superior, *words* cannot give them language, and I am as one receiving first truths direct from the Source of all Harmony *

To prove the harmony out of which the whole universe is constructed, Pythagoras taught the music of the spheres. He tried to prove how the heavenly bodies in their sweep through space, produce, as on an Æolian harp, a beautiful and sublime harmony * *

Music is nature's voice artistically symbolized in proof of Harmony inherent in the soul of things, and it points out the truth that Harmonious unfoldment is the true way of life in every department. C. J. B.

Ray Williams, "the boy editor," who dropped the "Sunshine Bulletin," East Aurora, N. Y., some months ago on account of illness, has returned to East Aurora and is now advertising and subscription manager of a brown paper al la Philistine monthly magazine named "What's the Use?" started there a few months ago by John B. Howorth, a disciple of Henry George. We are all glad that Ray is himself again and able to once more radiate sunshine in the shady places. We believe in the object proposed to be attained by single tax, towit, free land for all to use and none to hold unused, free of all rent except taxes. There may be a better way to reach it than that proposed by the single taxers, but I believe their way is the most feasible yet proposed. I wish the "What's The Use" magazine had found an original form and style, instead of becoming an echo of Hubbardism.

Saving of Souls.

STATISTICS show that it costs the Presbyterian church \$213 for every soul saved: the Congregationalists, \$279; the Baptists, \$50; and the Christians (Disciples of Christ), \$4.89. These statistics were presented by B. L. Smith, national secretary of the American Missionary society. Dividing this cost up among the members of the churches mentioned the Presbyterians pay per member \$1.13 per soul; the Congregationalists, \$1.06 per soul; the Baptists 54 cents and the Christians, 7 cents. The inference follows that the Disciples work along more economical lines and yet are more effective.—New York Herald.

EXCELLENT!

The Audubon society and the Millinery Merchants' Protective association of New York have made a compact which agrees that after January 1, 1904, the "importation, manufacture, purchase or sale of plumage of gulls, terns, grebes, herons, pelicans, humming birds and all song birds, shall cease."

This is the first real sign to show that Man—the God of the beasts and birds—will stop the slaughter of the innocents for purposes of gain.

Tally one for the press.

The press has preached in season and out of season against the merciless killing of the birds which appear on women's hats. Occasionally a preacher has joined in to help the protest—occasionally.

Here and there a conscience-stricken, tender hearted woman has discarded the unworthy trophy on her millinery. But the murder has gone on. A million song birds a year have been killed for hat adornment.

In the year 2003 that statement will not be believed. Our grandchildren will say "That was sixty centuries after Cain's fell passion to slay showed itself. Our grand-

parents were not barbarians."

The great wonder is that God Almighty has left a single song bird in this cruel world. We don't deserve to have a solitary sweet songstress.

But—

The slaughter is to be stopped as to the New York milliners. And New York is a power in American fashions.

Excellent!—Kansas City World, Editorial.

INSURANCE AGENTS would have you die to make money, preachers want you to die to be happy. I prefer to live poor and miserable.

An honest man is the noblest work of God, but the Lord is too busy to make many of them.

When you start to Monte Carlo, leave your money at home with your wife.

When you kick an animal you become lower than the animal you kick.

There are some people who say that money is the root of all evil. Usually their fortune has not sprouted yet.

Whatever you hear that ought not to be true, give it no ear.—*The Ghourki*.

One day small Tommy had been very naughty and his mother sent him for a switch with which he was to be punished. Soon he returned and said:—"I couldn't find any switch, mamma; but here's a stone I'll let you throw at me."—*Buffalo Sunday News*.

"My boy," said the minister to a gammin of six, "you are too young to swear so." "No, I'm not, for I heard my Sunday school teacher say that Job cursed the day he was born. I don't intend to be outdone by a baby."

Mamma—"If your dolly has been naughty, why don't you give her a whipping?" Bessie (aged 4)—"Tause I don't b'lieve in zat tind of foolishness."—*Clipped.*

REINHOLD'S NATURE CURE Has removed to Little Rock, Ark.,
SANITARIUM AND the "City of Roses," in the "Sunny
PHYSICAL CULTURE HOME South." Application, a veritable
 treat. In Aug., 1901., we publicly
 suggested that a committee select test cases of any disease, we to treat
 them gratis—subject to a forfeiture of \$1,000. We relieve all usually
 deemed incurable. No drugs; no knife. Room, board and treatment, per
 4 weeks, \$59; per 12 weeks, \$158. Reinhold's Books:—Nature vs. Drugs,
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 high-class sample copies of magazine and newspapers. The biggest dime's
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The ..New Century Stores..

DIRECTORS:

A. P. BARTON, editor and publisher of The Life, Kansas City, Mo.
F. H. HENDRYX, of Bath, N. Y., secretary and treasurer the Corning Cut Glass Co., Corning, N. Y.
BURRESS MOORE, Smethport, Pa.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.
Capital Stock \$30,000. Shares \$25 each, fully paid and non-assessable.

One-half the Capital Stock is now offered for sale at par to The Life subscribers.

THE PURPOSE of the company is to conduct a chain of **PURE FOOD STORES** on a cash basis. By making all purchases from the central office, double the volume of business can be done that single stores do on the same capital and profits increased accordingly. It is proposed to pay

TEN PER CENT DIVIDENDS

on the capital stock and invest the surplus earnings in new stores. It is believed we can create sufficient surplus to conduct **300 STORES** at the end of ten years. Every share then will be worth more than six times the par value. The lowest prices will be secured by reason of the quantity buying. Stock holders will have the privilege of reduced prices and make substantial savings in their purchases.

Accurate accounts with each store will be kept, and we will know at the central office each day whether a store has made or lost money. No store will be run at a loss; if it does not pay a profit, it will be discontinued at once.

We thus **INSURE PROFITS** being made.

Applications for shares of stock and payments for same should be made to

Mr. A. P. Barton, 3332 Troost Av., Kansas City, Mo.

For further particulars address the Secretary at Bath, New York.

THE LIFE

AUGUST, 1903

The Law of Supply

THERE IS an apparent contradiction of our doctrine of opulence in Kaxton's "Meditations" in the July issue of *The Life*. He attempts to make the point there that spirituality and abundance of this world's wealth are utterly incompatible. He says the one is attained only at the sacrifice or abnegation of the other.

But it may easily be shown that there is not here the sequence of cause and effect. Poor people from a financial point of view are not distinguished for spirituality, nor are the rich always unspiritual. In fact, I believe the ratio of spirituality among those who possess a competence of the material means of life is greater than among those who need to work hard and live poorly.

It seems to me that the "cankering care" incident to a surplus of wealth is no worse a soul killer than is the worry for the avoidance of starvation and nakedness.

The humiliation of poverty is certainly not conducive to spiritual exaltation. It may give one the sulks and lead him to withdraw from association with prosperous people, and to imagine he seeks and finds communion with God and the angels instead of sordid men. But this is a delusion. His make-believe of spiritual exaltation is mainly a sort of spiteful feeling against the world. It may be put into words thus, "Proud world, you may now

enjoy your fleeting good things, but I have laid up treasures in heaven which I will by and by enter into possession of while you are in torment." It is not a true spirituality. The persons against whom such feelings of envy are held are often more spiritual than the one indulging them.

It is doubtless true that a worship of money, or a love for it for its own sake, is inimical to spirituality and it is this idolatrous estimation of wealth that has given it so bad a reputation among pious people. Yet, we have now entered upon a new era and old ideals must submit to the overhauling of the new men and women of the new time. We no longer condemn the world as bad nor deem it a sign of sainthood for one to become a poor church member or a hermit. We now dare to possess the world, use its good things and enjoy its beauties. We no longer consent to the monopoly of wealth by so-called "wicked" people.

"The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and the world and they that dwell therein." The Lord is the Universal individualized in man. To him belong all things and he should have abundance at command, for use, not for hoarding.

This is the new view of wealth and it is right that we teach men to live up to it. We have learned that opulence of soul attracts opulence of the without, or supply for every need. And the reverse is also true—poverty of soul freezes away the needed things of life and makes a man poor in purse as he is in spirit. Jesus did not say, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The words "in spirit" were added later by some pious lover of money. But, in any event, it means only that those who are pronounced "blessed" or happy in the "beatitudes" are now to receive the blessings of the new gospel. The Master only aimed here to designate the benefits to be received from the new teaching by the different classes of people. He did not intend

to be understood as saying that it is a good thing to be poor or lowly or persecuted. He merely indicated how each class would be affected by the new gospel of love and freedom of conscience.

Bondage is certainly not good, whether it come by want of the comforts and necessities of life or from a burden of unused wealth. Of the two species of slavery that of poverty is the most galling and helpless. But both will kill out spirituality. It is one thing to hard wealth for the love of it and thus render it a burden, and quite another thing to have abundance for use and proper pleasure. It is one thing to not be able to get for use or pleasure what is actually needed, and quite another thing to have nothing hoarded but to be able to demonstrate supply to meet every demand.

May the poor *in spirit* become opulent? May those who were born to believe in poverty and hardship be taught or train themselves to unfold power over money and to attract what is needed?

It has been demonstrated over and over again that this may be done. The constant, faithful, intelligent use of the word will transform any soul and cleanse any mentality from all sorts of inherited rubbish.

The same educational process may lift the soul from the thralldom of money poverty—that is, the love of money that makes one so hate to give it up that he or she is poor in the midst of abundance. There are many such poor people. We have a thousand of them on our subscription list. They are away behind in payment of subscription and make no effort to pay. They could easily pay if they would. A dollar to them is as big as a wagon wheel and it hurts so badly to pay a debt with one that they put it off as long as they can.

You know there are people who dislike very much to pay a debt. The value has long since been used and payment seems to be giving something for nothing. It is a

very unfortunate, mean trait. No one ever prospered or was happy by it.

I do love to pay a debt. It is a great pleasure to wipe out a pending obligation and be free from it. It is a real delight for me to render to another that which is his own. Within a short time I have found three well filled purses. I soon found the owners in every case and I assure you it made my heart glad to return their property to them. I would not think for a moment of accepting any other reward.

I know every subscriber to The Life could pay for it. It is in most cases either meanness or the disease of poverty in abundance that prevents it. I have an incurable habit of paying bills promptly when due, and will never break the habit if I can prevent it. But a few thousand delinquents on our list makes us hustle sometimes to keep up the habit.

One woman has always been behind a year or two on subscription and has written many poor, pious letters about her inability to pay. We were impressed that she was very poor indeed, until we ascertained that she lived in a big brick house, her own, furnished with furniture that I could not afford to buy, that she owned a horse and carriage and considerable valuable real estate beside her home and that her husband had been getting \$35 a week steadily for near twenty years and was a most excellent man, giving her all his wages and coming to her for money when he needed it. There are many similar cases.

One man in Iowa is three years behind on his subscription and owes us \$50 besides. He never answers our many kind and gentle requests for payment. He has no family to support and claims to own 16,000 acres of land, any part of which is salable at good figures. It is dishonesty that prevents his paying us. He cannot long prosper or be happy while he acts in this way.

Now these people need healing. They have a disease

that is very prevalent. They should make haste to get right. The longer the disease runs on the worse it gets.

But many of our delinquent subscribers are honest and prosperous and good hearted. They are only neglectful or have the habit of postponing. This, too, is a sort of disease and should be healed away. It is a disease that sometimes hurts creditors as well as the ones owing the bills.

I am sure all of these hindrances to prosperity may be healed away and I am just as sure that no one can be quite happy or really opulent while under any form of the trouble.

It is not needful that any should be poor in spirit or destitute of the necessities of life. (By this last term I do not mean the bare means of keeping soul and body together. I mean those perquisites and outer appliances that help us to live as we should, being happy, successful and useful.)

And this doctrine does not favor the incessant struggle for a livelihood or for money in which most men are engaged. The opulent nature draws to it what it needs of the outer and does not need to sell soul treasures for lucre. The opulent soul seeks directly only the kingdom (ruling away) of God (Good) and the other things are added. It takes no anxious thought about the food or clothing and housing of the body. Our people feel easy about the things wherewithal they are to be clothed and fed.

Have you not reached this point in progress yet? Then you have not yet come into your birthright. You need to use the word and develop your drawing power. And you must work, too. Faith without works is no good. I have said that so many people failing to pay us what they owe makes it necessary for us to hustle to meet our bills. But this does not worry us. We love to work; but we know that the penalty of our not getting any vacation last summer or this will fall upon those who could pay us but

do not. It does not come upon us in any way but in more hard work and less recreation. This we can stand.

We would treat those people, but they have not asked us to do so. At most we can only hold the thought for them that they wish to do the right and will be free to do it. This thought will not reach many of them; they are too dead to listen or act at all.

Some of them arouse energy enough to refuse the magazine at the postoffice after they get a few years behind; but they are not alive enough to make reply to our requests for payment. Such conduct is little better than downright stealing. But there have been just such people on our list. They are mostly off now, but still owe us and probably always will. I am sorry for them. They could have done better.

Really, there are some people who call themselves Divine or Mental Scientists who are too dead to skin. They should have been buried long ago. You could not wake them up if you hit them on the head with a sledge hammer. They are "in the silence" permanently, asleep in Jesus, gone on, "wafted," like Sam Hill's wife. Gabriel's trumpet will not resurrect them. The fires of hades would not make them flinch. Be ye not one of them, dear reader.

There is but one true, real and right life for rational beings;—only one life worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life, which was before all worlds, and will be after all are passed away. And that is neither more nor less than a good life—a life of good feelings—good thoughts—good words—good deeds—the life of Christ and of God.
— *Charles Kingsley.*

A Great Bend little girl, asked to repeat the Twenty-third psalm, started off bravely: "The Lord is my shepherd—and he lost his sheep, and don't know where to find them."

A YOUNG woman in Australia writes:
"To you both loving greeting, long life and increasing prosperity in the grand work in which you are engaged.

"Father, Mother and I are readers of your delightful paper, *The Life*. One of the four copies which I take goes to Mr. H. T. Glover. I mention his name because he is doing a great work here as a healer and teacher. To say that he is a great admirer of you both is to put it mildly. He often reads extracts and articles from your grand paper, much to the delight of the whole meeting, which are held twice a week.

"You will be pleased to know the New Thought is spreading rapidly throughout Australia.

"We look out so eagerly for *The Life* and find no other paper its equal."

(We acknowledge the receipt of handsome photos of Mr. and Mrs. Glover. They work together in the cause of Truth. Infinite Love ever guide and bless them.—Eds.)

Even orthodox people make a joke of hell and the devil. They poke fun at the ides, like Burns, who wrote,

"And now, Auld Cloots, I ken you're thinkin'

A certain bardie's rantin' drinkin,

Some luckless hour will send him linkin'

To your black pit:

But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin'

And cheat you yet."

Another said, "I asked Jones how his wife stood the heat, and he refuses to speak to me ever since. I did not know his wife was dead."

Wisdom comes by experience, if in no other way. Then let us bless our experiences and overcome through them.

To become a reader of *The Life* is to take a new lease on life.

THE WIFE of an eminent physician at a noted watering place writes:

We look with great pleasure each month for the exponent of life and light, The Life.

"We expect to visit you some day at Kansas City and receive the benefits of your valuable instruction.

"Thank you for late pictures of yourselves. You have changed wonderfully since you had the first pictures taken that appeared in The Life several years ago. To me you look at least ten years younger now. You surely are renewing your youth right here and now. You are being 'clothed upon that mortality may be swallowed up of life.' It does me a world of good to look at your bright, happy faces and know that you are able to demonstrate all this through the power of the spirit of life, the Christ within.

"Peace and joy rest and abide in your beautiful new home on Troost avenue.

"My husband joins me in good wishes for The Life and the inmates of The Life Home."

IN THE strong stress of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

—W. E. Henley.

Tell me your troubles. I will be delighted to help you. I am helping many. It is a blessed work. Don't hesitate to come to me if you feel drawn to me to ask for counsel, advice or treatment. You will receive prompt attention. Promptness and punctuality are two of my natural characteristics. This is not self praise. I can't help it; I was born that way.

Meditations

By Raston

AND IT came to pass in those days that a decree went forth from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." Caesar Augustus was a man of destiny. Not that he was any more subject to the laws of fatality than other people, but his life was more closely interwoven in the warp and woof of the world-life history of his time than that of most men. He divided the world-power with Antonius and Lepidus, not by choice of his own, nor by reason of any personal power or prerogative belonging to him; but because he found himself so environed and so hedged in by events which he had no part in shaping, that seeing one third of the world lying at his feet, he took it up, as the best, if not the only thing for him to do. He quickly absorbed the remaining two-thirds of the world's power, not because he was so much stronger than the other members of the triumvirate, but because, by the incontrovertible logic of events he could do nothing else. So when the decree to tax the world went forth from him, it was not because he wanted the revenues for personal gratification, but because he had become a part of a great system, and taxation was a necessary condition of its perpetuation. The life of the world, as an organic whole, had wrapped itself in an impervious cocoon, and bound itself tightly with thousands of silken cords of its own spinning, and events must shape themselves in obedience to the demands of a life-thirst and a life-hunger far deeper and far more powerful and exacting than that which sends the lion in pursuit of its prey or the human beast in pursuit of his fellow creature. It was a period of waiting and expectancy. Here let us abide a moment and learn the lesson of today.

You, who believe in the brotherhood of man, look forward to a time when the life of the world shall be linked together with the bonds of fraternal feeling, and human activity shall be dominated by an intelligence which shall see clearly the harmony of all human interests. There was in the time of Caesar Augustus a unity existing in the world, which, although it was mainly political in its outward form, was more deep-seated than the world had ever seen before. There was hatred. There was rankling. There were oppression and cruelty. But, withal, there was a unity of expectancy and receptiveness pervading the thought and fixing the attitude of the world which was prophetic of mighty changes soon to come. The great empire had come to the world and drawn its life together with the grasp of a giant. There was a shock. There was awe. There was wondering what the end would be. There was a gradual loosening of the hold upon the old ideals which had exalted Jupiter to the skies as the embodiment of the highest ideal of divinity, and a ploughing up of the human heart preparatory to the reception of the seed of the kingdom of heaven. In the hour when the kingdom of force was in its highest glory, the kingdom of love had its initiative. The shrines of Jupiter and Mars had been carried to every clime under the sun, and their professed devotees were more numerous and more powerful than ever before; but the rule of both was soon to close forever. At the moment when Caesar Augustus was sending forth his decree that the world should be taxed, these old ideals of force and brutality were fading from the minds of the world and the gods of former times were tottering on their thrones.

* * *

It was the bands of force which held the world together in the time of Caesar Augustus. The links were forged in Vulcan's workshop. It was a union which meant oppression. Outwardly it meant the domination of brute

force. But when the old bands crumbled away, as they soon did, something had been gained. It was not the union of brotherhood, but it was prophetic of it. The observed tendency of the human race to unite, whatever the purpose may be, is no accident. It is a struggle of the race to bring itself into that attitude which is best suited to its wants, and best adapted to its wholesome growth. It is not without meaning that the moment in which the world was held tightly together in the grip of merciless power was the time of all times best suited for the coming of the great prophet and teacher of brotherly love. If the hour of oppression had not been the opportunity of the prince of peace, he would not have made his advent in the time of Augustus. Paul, who had much of the spirit of his master, could not rest until he had carried the message of the kingdom of heaven to Rome, then the proud city of tyrants. The time had come when man had found out that his highest success in any undertaking depends upon his ability to use his fellowmen. Human slavery had reached its climax. This was only another way in which man was attempting to get assistance from his fellowman. Of course he went at it in a very crude way, and in his crudeness was guilty of much injustice to those from whom he tried to derive benefit. But man's first attempts are always bunglesome and attended with more or less disaster to those about him.

*
* *

The bands of imperial Rome have crumbled away. Men have said among themselves that there shall be no more slavery. The great nations of Earth have given a pledge among themselves that no one shall go beyond a certain limit in the accumulation of power. Combinations of all kinds are jealously watched. But in spite of all watching, combinations are formed. Perhaps there never was a time when the power of union was better understood than now. Now there is no use in fighting combinations.

Nothing can be done against them in a single-handed contest, and if one combination is formed to fight another, the victorious aggregation will be as oppressive as the vanquished one had been. The formation of the modern trust is only another example of the continual struggle of men to get benefit from each other. They have a natural, indefeasible right to do this, and they can never be made to stop it. It is not best that they should stop it. Now is the supreme moment. The decree has already gone forth from the Caesar Augustuses of combined wealth and power that the whole Earth shall be taxed. We are paying in the revenue at a tremendous rate. The voice of wisdom whispers that now is the time to elevate and purify the trust and not to kill it. You can't kill it if you would. You ought not kill it if you could. It is sent from heaven, and has come to bless and not to curse. They are a wonderful lesson to the world, showing how men can serve one another when they will. They bring to us the method of redeeming the world from all hardships and wants before we have acquired the goodness of soul to take hold of it and use it.

The Flood.

AS EVERYBODY has heard, we have had a serious deluge in Kansas City. The suffering and loss cannot be estimated by words or figures. It would be unwise for me to here attempt to enter into details. The newspapers have given you the particulars, in part. But not half of it has been told or ever can be. The June issue of The Life was caught on its way to the post office, May 30, and did not arrive there until June 26, part of it not until June 30. It was in a freight car across the raging river among many hundreds of other freight cars and could not get across until the flood subsided and the bridge was repaired. But we finally got it mailed in good order.

People were generally very patient about the delay and rightly guessed the cause of it. We received many letters from anxious friends, who feared we might be among the drowned.

The Life Home is located near the pinnacle, the highest point in the city, and could not be reached by rising waters, even though it should rain forty days and nights.

It will all result in good. It has already warmed the hearts of men and women and drawn us closer together. It has proven that people who have wealth are not as selfish as we have heard they were. They opened their hearts and their purses and gave for the relief of the destitute until the committees in charge said, "Hold—we have more than we need."

It has taught Kansas City many valuable lessons, among which are the lesson of protection of public utilities against high water in the future. Our Union depot was submerged almost to the roof and all railroad traffic stopped. The water works were rendered inoperative for almost two weeks, and hence the street cars and electric light and gas plants were shut up, as no water could be procured to run them. It seems an anomaly that too much water caused a water famine in the city. The depot, railroad tracks and water pumps must be put above the high water mark made by our recent flood—35 feet above low water gauge.

And all the wholesale grocery houses but one and all the meat producers were in the water and only the most vigorous and cool-headed action on the part of our officials and people averted a food-famine and a panic.

Some retail dealers thought to seize the opportunity to enrich themselves by running up prices on the necessities of life. For a single day they literally robbed the poor people. Our Mayor at night called the City Council together and had a law passed to arrest and heavily fine every one who should charge an exorbitant price for any

necessity of life. This put a sudden stop to that sort of vandalism.

Then the thousands of idle men began to congregate in the saloons to spend their money and carouse. The Mayor once more rose equal to the occasion by having every dram-shop in the city closed and kept closed until the flood subsided so that all could go to work.

This is the mayor I told you about in the May No. of *Mind*, as having been elected by a popular uprising of the working people in spite of the united opposition of the big corporations and trusts. He has a good heart and wise head, as well as an eloquent tongue.

So we call it all a blessing and will learn our lessons well, build up the waste places with better structures than ever before, prepare to be safe from such calamities in the future and rejoice always and in everything give thanks. We thank our many friends for their kindly interest in us and loving words. We deeply appreciate such good words and healthful thoughts.

(This article was unintentionally omitted from the July issue.)

MRS. ERA R. Campbell, one of the noblest, truest, purest women I have ever known, is with us no more in the flesh. Her many friends in the different states will deeply feel this, yet they will also feel that she still lives, and is with them surrounded by the influence of the Higher-Grade Life to which she has been promoted.

She was a brilliant New Thought advocate, but while in the weakened state natural after child-birth, the doctor who was called in to perform only the little surgical operation common to the case, gave her medicine much against her will (she at first stoutly refused to take it) which at once lowered her vitality. He called it a "heart-stimulant."

They telegraphed us, but it was nearly three hours af-

ter the sad event had occurred, before the telegram reached us.

Dr. Willie Perry of Neosho, Mo., a fine osteopathic physician who had been telegraphed for, also opposed the medicine.

No doubt the old physician did the best he knew in the case. But he should have listened to Mrs. Campbell who was wise and knew so much better than he.

Mrs. Campbell was a beautiful character, firm, loving, kind; a perfect woman, whose law in life was Love and Justice. She and her husband were true lovers. As he bent over her, kissing the perspiration from her face she said, "Tell me just what you telegraphed Mrs. Barton, dear."

Dr. Perry wrote me of this, and I knew why she had questioned. The message did not reach us until too late and she felt no return, in treatment.

I think of her as a beloved Disciple of Truth. As Jesus loved John so loved I her, it seems to me. Only she was as like Jesus as I, or as any one. He also yielded his life at last to the materialists,—though to *rise again*, and this I do not question *she* has done, and is now radiant and happy in that same glorified world, one whole Grade more advanced than this.

Yet, her dear Mother misses her, and the beloved husband "does not know what on earth he shall do now!" and her infant and only child whom she christened Evangel, after Evangel Ahvallah, may know an Angel Mother's smile and measureless love and blessing.

THE POST office scandal is pretty bad, a disgrace to our nation, a shame to our people. It is to be hoped that the cleansing will be thorough and that no white-washing will be permitted.

It is wondered at that Mr. Madden, who has been more heartily abused and anathematized than any other man in

the department, has so far escaped with only a small charge of complicity in the frauds. But, with all his faults, he may yet be an honest man. As the church people say, his faults may be of the head and not of the heart.

That means, that his errors are of the judgment and not of purpose.

But I do dislike very much to see the effort being made to make the matter a campaign issue with the watch-word, "Turn the rascals out," as if Mr. Roosevelt were to blame. The party which adopts that issue and war cry will fail, for no fair-minded person believes for a moment that Mr. Roosevelt is in any sense implicated in those frauds, or doubts that he is thoroughly honest in all he does. And this from a Democrat. I like our Teddy pretty well.

Good.

I DO desire very much to make each one of you a committee of one to secure some new subscribers to The Life. It is a good work, good for us, as it widens our sphere of activity and helps us to be happy and prosperous; good for the new subscriber, as it opens up a great new healing light to him from the realms of Truth, and good for you, as you get a good commission and the consciousness of having done a good deed that must result in much happiness. Will you do it? Of course you will.

I do not believe in death. Nor do I believe in funerals, nor in obituaries. They all belong to the plane of the old mortality, the old sorrowing ways of those who believed their "departed" ones were dead, or at best, had only a ghost left which was banished from Earth to one of two places of exile, either to a high walled prison filled with idlers, or to a very hot place, with a big, active population, under the eternal hills. It was an awful falsehood with which the church cursed mankind for many ages. It is high time to be rid of it.

: Bible Lessons :

1903, THIRD QUARTER.

Lesson VI.—Aug. 9.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.—1 Samuel 17:38-49.
KEY-NOTE:—"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Two or three years after David was anointed to be king over Israel, the Israelite and Philistine armies were pitched in the valley of Elah about ten miles from Bethlehem, David's home. David's brothers were in the army which was under the command of Saul the king.

Among the Philistines was a big giant named Goliath who came out every day and dared the Israelites to send a man out to fight him. No one dared meet him.

Jesse sent David to the camp with supplies of food for his sons. While David was there he heard the giant's challenge and asked why some one did not take it up. They said they dared not do so he was so big. David said he would. They laughed at him. But he told them the Lord had made him strong to kill a lion and a bear and would help him kill the Philistine giant.

So they armed him and clad him in Saul's coat of mail for the combat. But it did not fit him and he took it off and, clad only in his shepherd's coat, got some flat stones and his sling with which he was highly skilled, and went out to accept the giant's challenge.

The giant was ten feet tall and wore brass armour weighing 157 pounds and had a big sword and spear. When he saw the shepherd boy with his staff and sling, he was disgusted and asked him if he took him for a dog to be fought with a stick, and proposed to feed his flesh to birds and beasts and cursed him by his gods. But David threw a stone with such precision and force that it crashed

into the giant's forehead and killed him. Then David took the giant's sword and cut off his head and carried it into camp. Then the Israelites chased and slew the Philistine army and David got much honor.

David was entirely fearless. He never showed a sign of being afraid of men.

He trusted implicitly and unwaveringly in the Lord, the power of good.

He was inspired always with a prophetic conviction of what was to be the outcome of any undertaking, and he acted accordingly.

Can you have the courage of your convictions as he had? Can you act out what you see to be the right in the face of gigantic opposition and notwithstanding the ridicule of doubters? David did this and won. It is a good lesson and is founded in principle.

See David's treatment in verses 45, 46 and 47. Against material arms I come with a word, a name of good. This day victory is mine by the power of the Lord. Knowledge of the Lord shall spread from this victory.

1. Who was Goliath and who was David?
2. In what way did they meet?
3. In what was the dependence or trust of each?
4. Which won and how?
5. What is the lesson we may learn here?
6. Name David's chief traits.
7. Name results of the victory.

Lesson VII.—Aug. 16.

SAUL TRIES TO KILL DAVID. Sam. 18:5-16.

KEY-NOTE:—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." (Or, after the Polychrome version, "God is our Refuge and Stonghold, a Help well proved in distress.")

David had visited Saul at his capitol, Gibeab, before the incident of the slaying of Goliath and formed a strong

friendship with Saul's son, Jonathan, which was mutual.

But Saul did not have any love for his young successor. It is more than a mere surmise that Saul secretly hoped the giant would kill David.

After the victory the young women and girls sang a song, as they danced in the camp of Israel, in which they said David had slain his ten thousands while Saul had slain only thousands.

This charge of superior villainy was considered high praise!

Saul had set him over a portion of the army and David was much in his presence. When Saul heard that song he was very envious and threw a spear at David twice while he played on his harp before Saul. David dodged. Then Saul made him a captain over 1000 men and sent him to the front out of his sight. But David acted wisely, bravely and becomingly in all things and Saul feared him. But all the people loved him.

Verse 10 says an evil spirit from God came mightily upon Saul and he prophesied in the midst of the house. This means only that a mental disorder, or crazy spell seized the king and he talked unnaturally, not in a rational manner. As the trouble came seemingly from a superhuman source, they said it came from God, just as we say in law that damage done by storms, floods or lightning is an act of God for which no man can be held responsible. A case is now pending in St. Louis in which the question is to be decided whether damage sustained by the plaintiff was caused by the Railroad Company, or God. The answer filed by the Railroad Company, in the suit says it was an act of God, since it was a result of the flood.

Envy and jealousy are traits that indicate a very small soul. They are marks of weakness and pusillanimity that man ought to be ashamed of.

David was a man of destiny and had what we call a

charmed life. He could not be killed. Washington could not be killed. The destiny he was to fulfill could not be defeated.

1. Why was Saul envious of David?
2. Why did he fear him?
3. Who was David's true friend at the palace?
4. What causes envy?
5. Why could no one kill David?
6. Draw a parallel between David and Saul.
7. Did God make Saul mad?

Lesson VIII.—Aug. 23.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.—1 Sam. 20:12-23.

KEY-NOTE:—"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

This episode in the life of the two friends occurred about four years after the time of our last lesson.

The friendship of David and Jonathan was a most beautiful, romantic one. On the part of Jonathan it was notably unselfish since David was to be king instead of Jonathan, the lawful heir to the throne at the death of Saul. It is said that "the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David." David said in his lament over the death of Jonathan, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love for me was wonderful, surpassing the love of women."

Saul would get sad and send for David to sing and play on his harp to cheer him up; then he would be seized with a jealous fit and try to kill him. He did this five times, but never succeeded in harming a hair of his head.

Jonathan, even at the peril of his own life, defended David and arranged signals so that he could notify his friend without disclosing his place of hiding, as to Saul's mood toward him, whether or not it would be safe for him to come to the palace.

At the conference recorded in this lesson Jonathan had

David swear to always protect his people, his descendants in the realm. David remembered this covenant and never violated it. (See 2 Sam. 9 and 21:7.)

It was an oriental custom when a dynasty changed that the new king would have the sons of the defeated dynasty slain lest they should try to restore their house to power. Jonathan aimed to provide against such an occurrence by requiring a double oath of David that he would protect him and his seed from harm forever.

Jonathan was a brave soldier. Alone with his armour bearer he captured from the Philistines a mountain fortress. (1 Sam. 14:1—15.)

Both men were brave, noble and intrepid in war, yet gentle, loving, true and faithful in friendship.

The friendship of these two men was more romantic and noteworthy than that of Damon and Pythias, or of any other example named in classic literature. It was notable above the others because of the two facts that David was to supplant Jonathan in the kingdom, usurp his place, and because Jonathan's beloved father was David's mortal foe. It is a beautiful lesson and example.

1. Who was Jonathan?
2. What can you say of his love for David?
3. In what was this love founded?
4. Do you think David's love was equal to that of Jonathan?
5. What covenant was made?
6. Why?
7. How was it kept?

Lesson IX.—Aug. 30.

DAVID SPARES SAUL.—1 Sam. 26:5-12 and 21-25.

KEY-NOTE:—"Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you."

Saul several times went hunting after David with a body of armed men, so that for seven years prior to Dav-

id's accession to the throne he was an exile in the wilderness of Judea, an outlaw hunted as a wild beast. He had a band of faithful followers with him numbering 400 at first, and later 600. They were people who had been wronged by Saul or were discontented with his rule for some other reason.

David found Saul and his army camped in the woods of the country near Bethlehem, on the side of a hill. David and his men came upon them as they slept. David's men wanted to kill Saul. He would not permit it because he was the anointed king. But they took away his spear and water jug to prove they had been near him. These were restored and Saul was ashamed of himself and promised to be good.

But later he went after him again. Once before David found him asleep in the mouth of the cave in which David and his men were hid. This time he cut off a piece of his coat to prove he had been near enough to kill him but would not do so. Saul must have been a very sound sleeper.

David was not afraid to meet any foe in battle, but he would not fight his own people, and especially did he shrink from the idea of harming the king whom the Lord had anointed. David was always very devout and reverent in his attitude toward Jehovah, the God of Israel. Whenever he erred he became very penitent soon after and wept in sack cloth and ashes before the Lord.

The treatment used by David in verse 24 is a good one:—"As I held your life precious today when you were in my power, so the Lord will hold my life precious and deliver me from all tribulation."

And Saul's response was a clincher to it:—"Bless you, my son; you will do great deeds and will surely prevail." Both came true.

To overcome evil with good is the only remedy by which to put it away. Fear and fighting will only mag-

nify the shadow we have called evil. Turn on the light and the shadow is no more. They who fight the devil are fighting the phantom formed by the smoke of battle. Let the battle cease and the sunshine of Love dispel the smoke and mists and there will be found no devil to fight.

1. Why did Saul seek to kill David?
2. Why would not David kill Saul?
3. How long was David an exile?
4. How may evil be overcome?
5. Why not fight the devil?
6. What is evil?
7. How do you dispel darkness.?

Mr. A. P. Barton:—Inclosed find \$1.00 for renewal of The Life. I must not do without the paper for it has indeed been the renewal of life for my sister. She is perfectly well and says how thankful she is to be spared to her husband and child. You certainly did wonders for her, and I thank you.

Gertrude Lloyd.

(I healed her sister from a severe case of pneumonia in one week, in May last, after the doctors had said she could not get well).

I spend my Sunday forenoons in the wild woods when the weather is fine. There I commune with God in the trees, the flowers, the birds, the bees and the honest cattle, and am uplifted and happy. Often I write down my thoughts which come then by inspiration from heaven, and give them to The Life readers. Last Sunday a good old cow came and mowed the grass close around where I lay. We were not afraid of each other. I asked her if the grass was good and she grunted, "Yes," as she chewed.

If I tell a man I think he has done a wrong thing or is in a wrong way of thinking or conduct, I do not thereby condemn the man. I rather seek to separate him from a course not congenial to him. I do not think his ways are worthy of him. I love him too well to be silent or say, "All is good—go ahead." True, I may be mistaken; but I am honest about it and true of purpose. And he is better for the thought I awaken.

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Our silent Hours are 6 to 7 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., central Standard time. All are requested to observe at least a part of one or both of those hours in the silence with us.

Key-Notes.

AUGUST.

(Grandeur.)

1-15.

I KNOW THE GREATNESS OF MY SOUL AND
WILL NOW CLOTHE IT IN THE HABILAMENTS
OF TRUTH AND LOVE, AN ETERNAL BODY.

16-31.

I NOW MAGNIFY THE LORD MY EGO SELF AND
RISE DAY BY DAY INTO NEWNESS OF LIFE
UNTO ENDLESS VICTORY.

Health Thoughts

I AM out in the grape-arbor, alone, yet not alone for the white poppies abloom in the garden-walk near, commune with me through the dark green foliage and clustering fruit, to tell me of the wonderful perfection of Purity * *

It is just after the Sacred Hour of Silent Communion with the Original Powers, and the words of the beautiful young Mother whose child I have been speaking health-thoughts for, linger in my contemplation: "I bless you every day since our dear boy was restored to health and to our arms."

Faithful to the old way she had been humbly and beseechingly imploring the unknown to save her child, when I wrote her to divide between *words* and *results*, to speak Health-words for him, and stop there, for the Law to fulfill *

It is at the end of the speaking of words *worry* is fostered by trying to go on and do the work of the Law which alone is able to bring results *

Do not worship, but study. Limber up; run over yourself with your thought, put down all tension in your muscles and get still. Speak the Words until you strike the key note, and then stop. This is all you can do. Leave fulfillment to the Lord. Worry not, for the Law is sure. (Worry is the sign of mistrust.) Physical pain is the result of the misuse of the senses. Stop the strained use of the senses and let them recuperate.

If the nerves are distraught and continually send you report from different parts of the body, how can you successfully attend to business or centre your thought on the study in hand? If the nerves are forced to carry frequent messages from the Liver or Bowels or Stomach to inform

it the egoistic organ is out of repair and must be attended to at once to prevent a general panic, the brain, unless illuminated by true knowledge of how to silence complaints, will find its study-time greatly disturbed * *

The knowing mind does not beg the Law to both speak words and fulfill results. It stirs up the torpid liver by denying the truth of its message and affirming its health. "Behave yourself like an obedient servant, and all will be well with you. You are subject to me. You must not make yourself so important when you are only one little organ, whose success depends on faithful cooperation." Under this kind of mental training the liver and stomach are soon relieved. Upon the other hand, the mentality unacquainted with the truth of being wires back to the complaining liver or stomach, "Yes, I see, you are quite distressed; your appetite has over-crowded you. I will get the doctor to give you something more. A sedative, for instance, would stupify your heart so you would not be so sensitive to the trouble."

These bodily organs will not be still in the unenlightened consciousness. Even when the body is manifesting perfect conditions fear may come up and say, when carnal sense inquires after its health, "I am *tolerably* well," which is always an offense to the health state *

The Law of Life or Health is turned this way or that by the faithful Pilot of words. There alone, on the ship of Destiny, his eye single to the Right Direction, he pursues the way of life for the ship's crew. The passengers may laugh or murmur or social, while the studious Thinker carries them safely around shoal and past sand-bars into harbor.

He is in the Silence, attending to one thing, bending all his energies for the Goal, through faithful study and concentration. No wonder he is hardy, healthy, uncomplaining. He keeps his barque under mental control.

One may fall on his knees to worship that which he

has not studied, but he must find his service unsatisfactory, and his limited thoughts ascending "no higher than his head." One cannot worship who does not first study * * *

Elohim never did require any one to fall down and worship the unknown. First study, seek, knock, ask, and after that knowledge comes, and the acquaintance of the Infinite makes worship and rejoicing both natural.

Encourage thinking along the true line, the way of the Beatitudes. Thus you pilot your brain and nerves and heart and all that is within you into true service.

"Dear Mrs. Barton, you have said a great deal about the Perfect Self, in your magazine. Are there two selves? Am I, with my rheumatism, different from the Perfect Self of which you speak? How is this? Can I drop my imperfect self and be the perfect one only?" wrote a dear good woman who did not understand the law of life and health.

You are two distinct and separate people *in imagination* only. When I convince you that the self so weighted down by the idea of rheumatism is not you at all, and when I persuade you to behold your Perfect Self and know that it is already you, and all the self you have then will rheumatism melt away and you will fear it no more. The rheumatic self, freed from its error imagination is then ready to put on the Perfect Self. Paul is reported to have said "put ye on the Lord Jesus." Whoever wrote or said that meant "put on the Christ now while in the body."

People who have become hypnotized of the habit of suffering and having sympathy, are called obsessed people by some. They are not obsessed. They have so long claimed the imperfect conditions they get to imagine it is themselves. A man who had been treated some time for a trouble in his legs, surprised his friends by not getting well. The one who had been speaking words for his restoration inquired closely: "Do you continue with me in the thought of health and vigor?" He replied, "I endeavor to follow your instructions, but there is stubborn doubt

and it seems sometimes as a kind of half unwillingness to let go of this crippled condition comes over me. I can't exactly explain myself."

Then my course was to penetrate through the debris of imagined conditions and point him to his perfect Self, which I beheld as the real and only self. Here study is necessary, but it may all be accomplished in the twinkling of an eye. However, he cannot be restored until his own soul is awakened to the truth of his being and he quickens with his own quality out of darkness and delusion into light and understanding. "If you will quit-claim flesh and disease as its concomitant," I wrote him, "and be willing to be healed, Health is waiting by your side for you to take it. Patiently it waits, and persistently. It belongs to you. You may have it at any time and make your life here long and useful."

The chief element of long life is the desire to live. A good, wholesome desire has been known to help people through severe crises, when their friends thought recovery impossible.

The elixir of Life is not to be found superficially. There is a process in the soul's evolution which leads up to this Fountain. Man's voice is but the reverberation of his thoughts; his body is tuned by his desires or aspirations; his flesh is colored by his hopes or paled by his fears. Under right thinking bodily atoms are constantly changing their constituents, so that they evolve out of error manifesting into truth-proving. They become magnets for the right and true. Blessed is the one that overcometh and thinketh evil and sickness no more.

"Till oft converse with Heavenly habitant
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpoluted Temple of the Mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence
Till all be made immortal."

—John Milton, in *Comus*.

A little letter that came asking for help, touched me

deeply, although I knew the writer did not intend it. "I am truly thankful to you. My health began to improve on Thursday; on Friday I was about well, could breathe quite easy; now I am well. I cannot tell you how thankful I am. I can now attend to my work without suffering." She did not know, poor child, that there was a way to get on without doing the housework while suffering. She has a right to be well for her own sake, and may be so when she knows how. She should be well to think beautiful thoughts, grow in grace and knowledge and walk happily in the way of Life and Peace * *

To have health it must first be conceived, then adopted *

Error is an imaginary line dividing truth into two parts *

The Sunshine of Truth has risen above the Twilight Hills of the past, and it spreads a broader light over the earth than ever before. The colored and checkered ways of earth are crystalizing more and more toward that whiteness which means the unification or brotherhood which comes out of the natural law of doing to others as we would have them do to us * *

Whiteness means the perfect filling of each one's office so that the whole are complemented. As the red and the blue and the yellow come together in One, to produce the white poppy, so may the Shems and the Hams and the Japheths come into shining whiteness. C. J. B.

For The Children.

NOT MANY letters came yet. Is it too hot to write? Very well; send us some now for the Sept. No., on "Birds." The subject for October will be "Autumn."

Ralph who says he will edit the children's department hereafter, has a story for this number and a picture he

drew all by himself. Here they are:

MY ADVENTURES IN UPSIDEDOWN LAND.

Ralph Barton.

Once a sea-captain invited me to take a voyage with him to Europe. Of course I accepted. "Well," said Captain Liman, "'Be ready tomorrow afternoon at 3:30; the ship will be in the harbor at Atlantic City."

The next day I went down to the harbor and boarded a fine vessel named "Lataka." In an hour we were sailing.

Three days had passed and we were having fine weather. But on the evening of the third day the captain gave



the order to take in sail. That night a terrible storm came on. The ship drifted out of its course, and about one o'clock we heard the lookout yell, "Breakers ahead!"

In a moment there was a crash, the ship was broken into a thousand pieces. I knew nothing for two days.

When I awoke I found myself among a lot of funny little people about forty inches high, dancing around and doing all sorts of funny things.

Finally I got lodging at a kind of hotel that was up-

side-down, using the roof for a foundation.

After a little while the landlord came in and said, "Llib ruoy si ereh." (Which means, if you read it backwards "Here is your bill.")

One thing I almost forgot to mention was that the rooms were built up-side-down and every body walked with their heads down.

The next day I went to the city to look around. I got on a car which was fixed very queerly. The wire was laid on the ground and the track in the air.

I watched people do things which were just the opposite to what we do. When a man went into a store and bought something he did not pay the storekeeper but took some money away with him. They bought toys for the old people and books, such as Browning and Shakespeare, for the children. The women fought in the wars, and women voted instead of men. Their president's name was Marie Conway.

I wandered off to the coast and there, to my great delight, was an American ship. I hailed it and it came and got me and took me home.

And our dear little "Mackie" sends us a fine essay on the subject for this month. Here it is:—

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THE BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

We may learn a very good lesson from both the birds and the flowers.

No matter where the flower is placed, by the roadside, among the weeds or in the garden, it always does its best. It drinks the fresh dews, bathes in the refreshing showers, blooms its very best and always looks upward. It makes us happy to see its little face. It always looks cheerful and never grumbles or scolds. I have some lovely, old-fashioned flowers in the garden. Some of them are very showy and bright. My sweet mignognett is not so pretty to look at, but it is so fragrant that we all love it.

Some people are like beautiful roses, very fine and splendid to look at, but there are sharp thorns about

them. Others are like the modest, sweet mignognett, they are not beautiful to look at, but so sweet and good that they are loved by every one.

From the little flowers we may learn to do the best we can wherever we are placed, and whether we are plain or beautiful we may be loveable.

There is a great deal to be said about the sweet, cunning little birds. We have thousands of them here in the forests. Most little birds are very industrious. They bustle about busily at their nest-building and when they stop to take a minute's rest, they sing a sweet, cheerful song. When the little mother sits on the eggs, the little father will bring her nice things to eat all day long, and when the little birds are hatched, they both carry food to them. If anything happens to their nests while they are building, they will select another place and go to work building again. If a cat or a dog should come too near the little nest, the birds will scold and sometimes peck at them. They will even fly at people sometimes.

There used to be a large hackberry tree in my Grandma's back yard and many birds built their nests there. Grandma's folks never allowed the birds to be frightened or abused, so they became quite bold. Some jay birds built there one summer, and when the baby birds became large enough to tumble out of the nest, why, out they tumbled, of course, as jay birds almost always do. Grandma went out under the tree and walked too near one of the babies on the ground—so mamma jay thought. So she flew down in a flurry and pecked Grandma on the head and made the blood come in two or three places. My mamma laughed and laughed at Grandma, but the next day she went too near the birds and got pecked and scolded herself, then Grandma laughed at her. The little birds seem to say such funny things sometimes when they sing. I will tell you how a little bird told me where to find papa one day. I went to the field and walked along in the tall corn and couldn't see papa. He had climbed over the fence and was drinking at a spring on the Cuba and Steelville road. I went along and kept looking and looking. A funny little bird came along and lit on a tree by the fence and said "*The way to Cuba! The way to Cuba!*" Just then papa spoke and I saw him. Papa and I both laughed at the dear little fellow and thought he came and sang his little song at the right time. The birds are good little teachers—from them we may learn cheerfulness, patience, industry and kindness. We may also learn to do our best and then stand up for our rights.

Frances M. Mitchell. (Nine years old.) Cuba, Mo.

Now is not this a most interesting essay? I think Mackie is going to grow up to be a great writer of books, or a poet. Don't you? She has promised us a poem for next month.

Now let us have those essays, right away.

Correspondence



1. WHAT DO you think about the origin of man? Do you accept the Darwin theory of evolution, or do you believe in the story of Adam and Eve?

2. Do you believe there was ever a flood and that Noah built an ark, etc? Don't you think the story is an allegory and that it merely typifies the corruption of the people?

Walter S. Goff.

Answers:—1. I do not accept the Darwin theory of the origin of man. I have given the work a critical study and find no positive ground for the conclusions reached. There is much in the nature and constitution of man that renders it utterly improbable that he is a development from lower orders of animals. The rudimentary similarities between the body of a man and that of an ape or a chimpanzee prove nothing. That both a mouse and a pollywog have a tail does not prove that one developed from the other. They are only commonly fitted to live in a common world and hence have similar parts and physical organs. Both the ass and the man have ears, but that does not prove that the man was once an ass. He may be one now in disposition or conduct, or even a hog but the similarity by no means proves, or even indicates, that man is a developed ass.

The ourangoutang is like a wild man. But he has not improved one degree in the several thousand years of our acquaintance with him. He is the same old hairy beast that so-called "pre-historic man" met and contended with in the earliest ages of Earth. His off-spring do not show any signs of improvement. The "missing link" so long sought has never been found because there is no link and never has been any.

The Adam and Eve story is not history. It has some

of the characteristics of an allegory. It may be an allegory. At any rate, we can find in it some pointers to a lesson and a foundation for facts common in life. One reason why it could not be history is that no one living at any time could ever know the facts of such an origin. How could any one know such historical incidents as are set out in the first chapter of Genesis? Do you say the historian got it from God by inspiration? I answer that he got it by his imagination, purely.

Man always was in the universal life. When he began to be embodied on this globe no one can tell. But it was probably uncountable millions of ages ago. And even this Earth may have had no beginning. I am very sure its atoms are eternal. They never began to be. We cannot understand this, but we can understand that it could not be otherwise. All extension has always been so full of Essence that there has never been any place for any new substance, could it be made from nothing. But there never has been any nothing, any vacuum, anywhere. To make something out of nothing is unthinkable and utterly impossible.

2. Yes; I know there was a flood, a big one, in Kansas City, in June, 1903. I saw it and felt its destructive effects. We have not all got down off of Ararat yet.

And I think there was a big flood in a part of Asia away back in the dim past. It covered a large tract of land and drowned many people and animals. The survivors thought it covered the whole Earth and the story has grown with the telling since as all flood stories grow.

The Chinese have a story about a flood and the salvation of "Nuh" and his family in a big boat. Our Bible story probably came from that story. It says the sons of God (celestials, that is, Chinese) looked upon the daughters of men (other nations) and seeing they were handsome, married them. This made God angry and he drowned the whole business, except Noah (Nuh,) and

those in the boat with him. I think the story is founded upon an actual incident and cannot see much allegorical implication in it.

I do not believe the people were ever any better than they are now, nor that man ever fell. He is progressive in his nature and never goes backward.

A friend in the east writes me of his latest experience in soul-mating. It is not his first, and all have proven disastrous.

His conclusion is, "I can not believe in woman-kind much longer. As things look to me now, it is too bad to be obliged to look upon the women of this country as not worthy of respect. But I shall be obliged soon to look upon them all as only fit for buncoing."

His "soul mates" have usually gotten much money from him and then turned him down.

Such women are not typical of our women. Most women are good and true and useful and honorable. "Soul mate" women are usually frauds. They are in it for the boodle.

And that entire soul mate doctrine is pitiful rot. Your soul is individual and independent of any other sex soul. You are not a half seeking your other half. You were not created that way. You are whole in yourself.

If you are unmarried and desire to find a congenial companion, you may do so in your own community, or if you go to another place, you may find one there.

If my deluded friend in the east wishes to find a good wife he may do so in almost any community, provided he is a desirable man and can furnish and keep up a home. Women are great homeseekers. There are probably a thousand women any one of which would make him happy as a wife, if he would but do his part alright.

But you may be very sure there is no one complementary soul the counterpart of your soul which you must

find and weld on to before you are complete. It is a dangerous and foolish teaching, a delusion founded in folly and sex desire perverted. Be not deceived by it. No good has ever come of it yet, and none ever will.

A correspondent asks how we may think good of devilish people.

Refuse to estimate them by their devilish conduct and search for the good back of it. That which causes wrong doing is a disease and not the normal or natural state of the person. If one becomes demented and says and does things that are not wise or good, you say, "John is not himself. It is not like him to act in that way. When he comes to himself he will be all right." So the one who does devilish things is not acting out his or her true self. That which acts is like an obsession. It may often be so.

It is not right for us to condemn persons, however much we may condemn their conduct. We do not condemn those who have treated us so badly about what they owe us. We know they are under a hypnotic spell and would do the right if they were free to act for themselves and in their right mind.

We are not like the editor of a country paper whose neighbor owed him for four years' subscription. He said when he sat on his porch and heard his delinquent neighbor singing, "Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe," he felt very much inclined to get a club and go over and give him a clear receipt. We give the receipt only in writing after the money is paid and feel no ill will toward the delinquent.

The *Freedom* people are in more trouble. New indictments have been obtained and a fraud order issued from the postoffice department at Washington against every name used in the business so that they cannot receive mail at all. Consequently the publication of *Freedom* had to be suspended. I understand legal proceedings will be begun at once by Col. and Mrs. Post to set aside the fraud orders now standing against them. I hope they may succeed, as it seems to me they surely should.

Studies in Zion City—The Fatal Power of Error.

By C. L. Brewer.

AMID THE rising life tide of Individuality, Zion stands for the deadly power of institutionalism. Its insistence is on obedience—the sum of all virtue is to obey.

In all the Zion work, very few accidents have occurred; but while I was there a man was killed—seemingly solely because of his own carelessness—and Bro. Dowie exploited the incident in a sermon on obedience.

The man had done wrong, and refused to make it right. He had gone so far in rebellion as to say that a man did not have to be a Christian in order to live in Zion. His death was a warning. They did not want non-Christians to work there, because there was danger for them. They did not want accidents to occur, but it was a fact that they probably would happen to the unconverted and disobedient.

As a Mental Scientist I didn't care for this, and was quite willing to take chances as a Zion worker, even if I became known as the chief of sinners, and had the whole danger-thought of the Church consciously directed to me.

While I was living in this quiet defiance to a power admittedly almost supreme, we were startled one morning by a report that Miss Esther Dowie had been severely burned in Chicago. Soon orders came for all work to cease for two days, and by ten o'clock a Sabbath hush had replaced the sound of a thousand saws and hammers.

Miss Dowie, just budding into womanhood, was one of the fairest flowers of humanity. As a small girl playing on the streets of Chicago, she won the name of "The Little Queen," and "Queen" was the name by which her father knew her. In the family of intellectual giants he gathered around him she was quite at home, and I heard

one strong, brainy man say that, although he had known her ever since she was ten years old, he had never felt able to converse with her as her intellectual equal. At least one family friend who had withstood all the logic and eloquence of the Prophet and his trained ministers, yielded to her clear cut presentation of the case, and owned to the full measure of Divine truth in Zion.

Big, noble looking Elder Dennis, a splendid fellow individually, whose word, under Dowie, is absolute law for every one in Zion City, publicly told of his first meeting with Esther, some seven years before. He called to see her father, who could not be seen just then, and she received and dismissed him.

"She was fourteen and I was fifty-four," he said "and she treated me just as if I was fourteen and she fifty-four."

She was beautiful, affectionate and devoted; high-spirited, fearless and tempered like a Damascus blade. During Dowie's years of fierce and bitter conflict, she was his unfailing helper, comfort and support. Standing by her open grave he said that the one act of disobedience that caused her death was the only one she had ever committed.

Her offense was using alcohol—the liquid damnation that no Zionite may touch. She went to an alcohol lamp to heat her curling iron, and it exploded. Terribly burned, she lived some fifteen hours, bright, brave and resigned. Zion's united prayers relieved her of pain, but there was the fatal thought that, having disobeyed, she must die. She accepted this herself, and was ready to go, as an example to others. Her agonized father said, when death was stealing on:

"My darling, there isn't a drop of coward's blood in either of us."

Deeply sympathetic, yet alive to the murderous stupidity that lay back of the tragedy, I walked with the thousands of Zionites to meet the long special trains from Chi-

cago, marched in the procession, and listened at the grave. It was grand—the splendid old man, hiding his agony, going through the service and preaching the sermon with a strong, clear voice to seven thousand people, among whom not a single eye was dry.

The theme of his sermon in Chicago the Sunday before was obedience—perhaps his strongest utterance on the subject. He declared that no one, not even his own wife or son or daughter, could disobey and live in Zion—that God would not spare even him if he did not obey. It was a powerful special treatment, in fact, whether so intended or not, for Death to strike the disobedient. And in a few hours Death struck—struck as close to the fountain-head of the thought as possible—struck where the man who invoked it would feel it with the keenest agony.

But instead of showing him the error of his way, it, confirmed him in it. He accepted her death, as he did that of the bad man just before, as an evidence from heaven that no one, high or low, would be spared in disloyalty to the Church. Over the open grave, before that audience vibrant with sobs, he did not fail to drive that lesson home, and clinch it with his own heart's bitter woe.

What I felt was the needless horror of it. I had never met the girl but was filled from the first with a tender sympathy for the grand young victim of a false and damning creed—a creed that strikes at the very fountain-head of life by checking individual freedom and spontaneity, and demanding allegiance to an institution, whose most tortured victims are its highest officers, and whose closest prisoners are its most zealous evangelists.

This universal fact can be seen more clearly in Zion than elsewhere because Zion is alive and active and honest. Zion means business—and gets it. If the word of Dowie were empty and perfunctory, like that of most preachers, Zion would not be a city and his daughter would not be dead.

Socially, politically, religiously, industrially, in every field of life, the institution, claiming authority and demanding obedience, kills and damns the individual, and bars the way to hope and light and love. Beautiful Esther Dowie, physiologically murdered by her beloved Church, is a type of what we all are more or less—victims of an artificial power, outside ourselves, which does not make for rightness in our adjustment with The Infinite.

ACCORDING TO the newspapers, Edwin Markham, the poet who perpetrated that travesty on the working man, "The Man with the Hoe," has a clock above his desk which strikes every hour, and when it strikes he jumps up and goes through a formula of "physical culture" for five minutes. What bondage that is! To listen for the clock to strike and then drop your line of thought and think of your stomach and viscera and muscles for a spell, and do this every hour—what a burden it must be!

The man who observes the rules for physical culture and daily baths is fit for little else. Besides, it does not preserve his normal health and strength. The Yale and Harvard athletes who went to the Kansas harvest fields this summer could not work a day without breaking down. Why? Because their muscles were built on an artificial basis. The only true, lasting vigor and brawn one can get is that which is developed by doing something useful and having the mind interested in what you are doing for its own sake and *not on the body at all*.

Be natural, not bound by any crank's rules, and busy, taking plenty of outdoor exercise, not thinking about the body at all. The truly healthy man don't care a fig about his liver or his lungs—hardly knows he has such things—and if his muscles grow hard and firm, it is without his taking thought to have them do so. Is the sturdy blacksmith all the time thinking "what a muscle I am developing!" No; he is interested only in his work and the muscle takes care of itself. And where can you find as other such a biceps as he has?

It is all wrong to take so much thought of the body. It does not conduce to valuable strength or longevity. Do your work; be interested in that. Be natural—not artificial. An artificially built body will not endure.

Little Lessons in Elohim.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

MOST OF the colored people of the South (United States) knew they were slaves. They all knew they "belonged to" some one. It was, as a rule, quite evident. "Mars William" and Missus "Melvina" or "Lucinda" were daily on their lips. Yet there were people among them who had not dreamed of freedom or of any other life in this world but that of slavery *

And when a man named Abraham Lincoln rose up and said "The slaves are now set free," he meant the negroes of the United States; he did not allude to the women of the harem, nor to the white, "laboring men" who give the larger half of their earnings to support the saloons. In proof of this an incident of the late flood will illustrate the point:—

Our Mayor closed the saloons, after the flood, to keep men who were by it thrown out of work, from collecting *en masse* about the saloon doors. By and by the beer and whiskey shops were permitted to open until about six o'clock p. m., which caused complaint from the saloon-men. They said there was little advantage to them in that, for they could not "catch the laboring-men's trade." These men had been in the habit of frequenting the saloons long after this time, well entertained so long as their hard-earned money lasted. It was thus shown how it is the poor laboring man with the drudging wife and crying babes that sustain the whiskey men and the trade!

Lincoln, though commander-in-chief of the American armies (whose word is Law) could not issue a proclamation that could set free either the benighted working men or the down-trodden women of the harem! Why? Because their evolution is not ripe enough. "Sad to say,"

it may take generations, in the ordinary way, to prepare them, if some great Spirit does not rise up and command the speaking of true words to continue until the key-note of Freedom is sounded and the prison walls shattered.

One of the greatest hindrances in the path of progress has been the Bible-teaching about woman's subordination and slavery to the other sex. The dear little women that go in pairs, dressed in black, are angels of light compared to the men who send them forth in their service. It is reported that Paul said it was a shame for the Mother of the Living to uncover her face in church, even to breathe the fresh airs of heaven, to look upward in its light.

God never inspired it, no prophet of the Lord ever taught it; no good or manly man ever said, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands," without at least modifying the expression. The man a true woman would bring into the world, would wisely except the husband who is pickled in whiskey, the one who is inferior to his wife intellectually and morally, and the one who is not capable of wise self-control. (These exceptions do sometimes occur!) But the church-men, from the Pope to the Mussulman, have made no exceptions. A genius born feminine must serve a knave or fool born masculine, according to the church canon!

And that is the reason why gifted women are setting their little feet down hard on Bible-errors and on the nasal-twanged preachers of tradition and perdition * *

It may take the united command of Words to cause an army of circumstances already heading like an avalanche in one direction, to wheel about and face the situation to change it and start it right * *

Shakespeare put it in the Doctor of Physic's mouth to say of Lady Macbeth after her murderous deed, "Look how she rubs her hands." She said herself, "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand! Here's the smell of blood still."

And the question arises high as the clouds before all civilized peoples and nations and tongues—"What shall make Mulai Abdul Aziz, Morocco's Sultan, sicken at the crimes upon his red hands? How shall he be made to implore to know how to wash their blackness from his heart and soul?

How many women who read this, and who praise Mr. Lincoln for his noble act, know that their beautiful sisters are ten thousand times deeper in slavery and abuse than were the negroes of the South?

You have read how the pretty daughter of a gardener was captured by the pale, fat, brutal, prematurely old Sultan of Morocco and forced to live with him as one of his mistresses; how she loathed him for his cowardice and unmanliness, until she risked her life in trying to get away; made a rope of some rugs, and in the night escaped through one of the little windows, dropped to the ground and crept past the sleeping sentinels, then waited till morning to get out of the city gates. The way before her lay over mountains and desert, three hundred miles to the sea. A caravan of Jews kindly helped her along. She reached Tangiers and there went on board a steamship, the good captain agreeing to hide her on board, and carry her to Cadiz, Spain *

She went industriously to work, and some thoughtful, kind women helped her into business. She joined the Catholic church and became, poor thing, devoutly religious. And when wicked Spain yielded her up to the Morocco Minister, do you of free America know what had to happen, upon her return to the harem alive? It is the fatal rule to break the feet of those who try to escape the awful doom, so that they cannot walk any more!

The Sultan, Mulai Abdul Aziz, the most fanatic Mussulman in the world, was hot with anger. He swore by Allah and his prophet that he would have revenge on the one who would spurn him and "his religion."

When Spain yielded to the Moorish Minister's demand, it was in direct violation to international law and usage and a slam against civilization and morality!

Two of the other miserable women are forced to break the feet, in the presence of all the Harem, in order to scare them into obedience. This was only the beginning of her torture. She must be beaten, shut in a dungeon, cursed by a Mussulman priest that she shall be "unnamed, shall be unburied, be racked every moment." And all because she had a spark of humanity still in her that revolted at his worse than beastliness!

Now what are you going to do about all this? It is a matter ripe for evolution. Though the slaves are in ignorance they must be taught the error of all this, and be shown the truth of their being. If you wait for "the times" to evolve them out of their miseries, you will give them generations yet of torture!

Men talk of liberty, and raise wars when our ships are *suspected* of sinking by a foreign hand. What is the sinking of ships to the yearly tragedies perpetrated against the helpless and the ignorant?

A million colored people were freed by a word. Instantly they were no longer slaves for their shackles fell off. They did not have to wait for the slow mills of the Gods to grind out freedom in the Tower of Fate. By the use of a Right Word they altered circumstances by setting in motion new causes.

Let freedom-loving women in America and everywhere the same, do likewise, in regard to a thing most hideous.

Let all women hold in their hearts the thought, "All Mussulmen are now cleansed from evil desire" * *

It is finished. No more can such cruelty and wrong go on in the world. The Fires of Righteousness and Truth now cleanse out wrong desire, so that cruelty, oppression and slavery are impossible for ever * * *

Let us follow Mrs. Stanton's suggestion, call a World's

Convention, *in Thought at least*; to get out an expurgated edition of the Bible with all its true and beautiful things left in, and all the false and foolish and impure things left out. She says "It is not civil nor political power that held the Mormon women in polygamy, the Turkish women in the harem and the (Land of the Free) American women as a subordinate. It is the doctrine of original sin located by church-councils, in woman."

Key-Note.

"You are free, wise, immortal, and conscious of your Origin and your Destiny. Slaves everywhere,—working men included; those who spend their money for that which satisfieth not:—we now Proclaim you all, *all* free and independent *

Let us be faithful, speaking the Word at every sunrise, until our *united speaking* compels circumstances to regulate themselves and make slavery a thing of the past.

So shall our Word go forth with Power, and it shall accomplish that Freedom whereunto it was sent. And there shall be no more mental night, and the children of men shall walk in the Light equally together.

"Une Fille d'Eve."

A MAN in this city had four deaths in his family under physicians and drugs. He and his wife became very enthusiastic Eddyites and tabooed all doctors and medicines, about two years ago, and loudly proclaimed that if they had known this "Truth" before, their children would not have died, that the doctors killed them, etc.

Then the wife died and later another child, and then another recently, all without medicine, but with Christian Science treatment. Now a howl is raised because three died without the aid of doctors. But nothing was said about the four that died with their sanction.

While this is not fair, yet the question comes up, "Why

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did they not stop that dying business in this family after they became Scientists?' Evidently, it was the wrong science which they studied, or they did not grasp and apply the principles properly.

I know of a Science that would save the rest of them, but this man would refuse to read about it or hear it, as it is not an emanation from headquarters in Boston or Concord.

The Mill.

ONE, SURELY, of the mills of God—
And they are many—is this sphere;
But are we at the start, or are
We ground to finest product here?

Sometimes it seems we must have come
Far, and so now are nearly done;
And then again it seems that we
Can but have only just begun.

For, as though the highest signs too soon
Show in the grinding, oft we see
The rising elements ground back,
Back into that which set them free.

Yet, though this world be first, be last,
Or one department of a whole;
Still we, ourselves the grist, admire
The mill whose output is the Soul.

—M. N. in Kansas City Star.

To forgive my sins would be a wrong to me. It would be removing some of my stepping stones upon which I would rise to a higher plane. It would be destroying my means of salvation from sin to take away the results before I wrestle with and overcome them. I demand it as my right that I shall reap the harvest I have sown. But thank God, the Law forbids that I shall be forgiven, or that any but I myself shall make atonement for me. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." I am glad.

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THE LIFE

S E P T E M B E R , 1 9 0 3

Some Health Rules

L W. BILLINGSLEY of Lincoln, Nebr., sends out on a card 14 rules for health and happiness. I here give them with some amendments and suggestions of my own:—

1. "Get your 'full share' of pure air and sunshine and often breathe deeply."

Your full share is all you can take in. You cannot get too much. But make no rule about breathing deeply by count or time. Breathe deeply all the time.

2. "Eat sparingly, and little or no meat, and drink two quarts of water daily."

A pretty good rule, but don't starve yourself. If the water is pure, don't measure it—just drink and drink. Distilled water is best—better than any mineral spring water. And in hot weather have it cold. Pure ice water is fine for little babies. Don't be afraid to let them have what they want of it. It never did hurt one. It cures and prevents colic, summer complaint and fretfulness. Don't be a fool and murder your little one by denying it pure, cold water.

3. "Walk perfectly erect, not less than four miles daily, or have equivalent exercise."

Excellent. But don't give your attention and interest to the exercise itself. Be interested in what you are doing, or in the objects along the roadside. Don't count

your steps, nor the miles. Be free.

4. "Keep clean, dress neatly and with propriety at all times."

But don't give too much attention to such matters. Be natural and dress for comfort. Some people give so much time and attention to such matters that they are not fit for anything else.

5. "Be temperate in all things and do the square thing by everybody."

Only be right and then the doing comes easy. You need no rule for it.

6. "Be cheerful, composed, fear nothing and never hurry."

Be in possession of all your faculties and then do as you please.

7. "Bear no one angry thoughts, and don't be a fault-finder."

All right.

8. "Think of the good, rather than the bad, in others."

And in yourself, too.

9. "Think of your good health, and not of your ills."

Don't give much thought to either. Get your thoughts off of yourself and employed about business and recreation.

10. "Be an active member of the 'don't worry' club."

You should not need any prop. Be able to stand alone, independent of church, society or club crutches and bolsters and tethers.

11. "Tell your troubles to a lawyer or a policeman, don't annoy others."

You should have no use for lawyers except for direction in the use of legal forms, and advice so as to keep out of court; and a policeman is the very man you should keep away from most when you think you have a grievance. If you think you need advice or help in any

way, appeal to the one who can do you real good and keep you out of court and the hospital.

12. "Utter these words before rising in the morning: 'Courage,' 'Force,' 'Decision,' 'Composure,' 'Concentration,' 'Accuracy,' 'Self-reliance,' 'Cheerfulness,' and live them."

Better say, "I am Life; I am Love; I am Power; I am Wisdom; I am Truth, and I do go forth today to manifest what I am." And don't confine your thought in this direction to a few minutes before rising in the morning. Live in that thought atmosphere always.

13. "Strive each day to do one or more unselfish acts."

Bad. Strive not at all. Don't try to do unselfish acts at all. Just Be unselfish from the core, and then every act will be either unselfish or wholesomely selfish.

Jesus never strove to do unselfish deeds. He was naturally and wholesomely altruistic.

14. "Be brave enough to acknowledge your mistakes."

Better correct them and say little about them. Don't magnify them. Confession of sins before men is a very poor business.

Then he follows with "The Daily Prayer:"—

"Infinite and eternal Spirit of God, give us renewed strength to overcome all our defects. Give us renewed spirit of good will to all our fellow beings. Give us faith in the helpful power of Infinite God and make us see more clearly the law, the ways, the means, the methods, that shall bring us lasting health, peace, happiness and prosperity. Make us earnest and fearless in searching truth. Give us perfect trust in the law of eternal life."

A regular, old-fashioned orthodox begging prayer, on a level with "make us" (compel us to be) "truly thankful for what we are about to receive." You don't need to beg God to do anything for you. Just be the things named in the prayer. The Infinite cannot fail to do the rest. Its part is always already done. The shortcoming is entirely

on our part. Step begging God to do things for you, for goodness' sake. It is vain and foolish, a relic of the dark ages. Deny error, affirm good, be what you are and then do as you please.

Here is a safe rule that covers the entire ground:

"By study of your true self and practice of truth words as taught in Christian Mental Science, take full Control of all your faculties; then be natural and do as you please."

Only the person who lives in the atmosphere of Love and Truth may safely do as he feels like doing always. Give your effort to *being* rather than doing.

Meditations

By Maxton

JOHN DOE, student, aged twenty-eight, sat one bright Sunday morning in December, enjoying the genial heat of a little red-hot stove. His good wife, a bride only six months since, was near him. They were supremely happy. They had little, almost nothing, except themselves; but if they lacked wealth, they lacked also its cares.

...

We speak of John Doe as a student. He was nothing else in a professional way, although as a means of support he was now engaged in the laudable work of school-teaching. He had never set his heart fixedly upon any particular calling. His subjective life so completely absorbed him, that such an objective consideration as learning a trade, or training himself for some profession, became to him a matter of little consequence. From boyhood up, to the oft repeated question of his friends, "What are you going to make of yourself?" he had but one

answer, "A man." It is true, he had gone to a normal school, and completed its course in the most approved way. But he had chosen this school solely because there were two members of its faculty who were men as well as teachers, and for this reason it seemed to offer the best opportunity for developing his peculiar ideal of manhood. He believed in manhood as the chief concern of humanity. He believed in truth and honor as the only basis of manhood. The question of making a living gave him but little concern. He had such faith in true manhood, that he could not conceive of a great man in need of any thing, much less the common necessities of life. He and his noble companion were in complete harmony on all questions. She had chosen him because she saw in him the elements of true manhood. He had accidentally found her, when he was not looking for a wife, nor feeling the need of one. Having found her, he knew that their union was inevitable as a necessary condition of the attainment of the lofty ideals of manhood which he cherished. In joining their fortunes they had not counted the cost. In their minds it would have been absurd, if not base, to do so. It would have been infinitely beneath them to entertain for an instant the thought that such a trifling thing as an expense account should even momentarily stand in the way of a union sanctioned by the noblest and purest impulses of their hearts. They were brave people, and this made it possible for them to be happy with nothing between them and want except John's meagre salary.

*
* *

They were looking out upon the mantle of snow which sparkled under the rays of an unobscured sun. They watched the forms go by, shivering in the intense cold, and pitied those who were not sufficiently clothed. Their hearts were great and full of warmth and they longed to warm the whole world. Suddenly their reflections were interrupted by a gentle, almost inaudible, tapping at the

door. The good wife answered the call, and ushered in an old man, whose beardless face was furrowed with age, and whose scanty locks were as white as snow. This old man was a problem. He was a man of wide culture, a classical graduate of Dublin University, and having spent his life in teaching, was now in utter destitution. He told his story with simple, touching pathos, and then simply said that John Doe, being a teacher, might be able to render him some assistance. John looked into his wife's love-lit eyes, and saw that they were swimming in tears. She knew what John would do, and her tears were not merely tears of pity for the old man, but gleaming pearls of admiration dropped in homage to the noble manhood which she knew would prompt John to do a kind deed regardless of cost. It was John's move, and he did not wait long. He simply took what money he had from his purse and handed it to the old man. What followed is not to be described. The old man broke down and wept like a child, and taking a precious old ring from his finger tried to induce John to accept it as a token of admiration for his generosity. The wife, now also bathed in tears, knew well enough that John would not take it. But she did not know how the books which were to be delivered next week were to be paid for. She knew, however, that in some way the obligation would be honorably met. And it was so.

* * *

John Doe, school teacher, aged fifty, was walking one hot afternoon in August along a thoroughfare of a populous city. His steps were directed toward the muddy river which sullenly tumbled between its slimy banks near by. Whither he was going, and why he was going, perhaps no one thought or cared, no, not even John Doe himself. He was tired and hot and hungry. He had in his pocket one green back bill and one dime. He took the dime from his pocket, turned to a fruit-stand and bought therewith some fruit. He threw down the coin with as

much apparent indifference as if it had been merely ten cents. But it was more. It had a history. It had come to him some years since from the purse of his good old mother, and since her death he had kept it as a reminder of her thrift and frugality. It had been highly prized by him, but had suddenly come to be merely ten cents to him, as well as to the rest of the world. He had early acquired a habit of sacrificing some vain attachment whenever he made a great attempt to struggle upward to higher ground. He was now entering a struggle, and his peculiar reverence for this old dime struck him now as about the only whim which he then cherished. So the dime went for fruit, to refresh a tired man. John Doe continued his journey to the river's edge.

* * *

Here, under the shadow of a massive stone pier, sat John Doe, school teacher, at the ripe age of half a century. He was hidden from the world and seemed no part of it. He ate his fruit and threw the refuse into the river, much as he would have done in his boyhood. His dear old mother's dime was gone, but the memory of her was an abiding presence. She seemed to stand by his side, and placing a loving hand upon his hot brow to wipe away the sweat of toil and smooth the gathering furrows of care.

* * *

Behold this man, John Doe. Take an account of him. He has several letters in his hand. Let us take the liberty of looking over his shoulder and reading them. We can pass the most of them by with a word. They are disappointing returns from his numerous inquiries for a place to teach school. Every avenue seems shut tight against him. But John Doe is a man of true courage, and still holds a stout heart against seeming defeat in every quarter. He has little concern for his own share of the disappointments and hardships which threaten to over-

whelm him. His life's highest ambition to be a man, has been in a measure realized, and he is willing so far as he is concerned, to undergo any ordeal, if only he can shield from want and suffering those loved ones who are dependent on him. There are two letters in his hand which must be examined more minutely. One is a joint letter from his daughter and two sons. This letter was full of tenderness, and words of cheer. They were anxious for him to come and be with them. But he is compelled to read something between the lines. He knows that the factory in which his daughter's husband is employed has been shut down a good portion of the past year, and he knows what the result of this condition must be, notwithstanding his dear children's letter had purposely and tactfully made no reference to it. The portion of the letter written by his two sons, aged ten and fourteen, were loving, cheerful and jovial. But it contained an account of their experience as berry-pickers at one cent a quart. The two had been able to make only fifty cents a day, as the berries were scarce and hard to get. Of these boys he hoped to make men, and he began to debate the question as to how such menial toil could be made to comport with a wholesome self respect in the minds of mere children. This gave him much concern and his misgivings on the subject pained him deeply. The other letter which we must take note of was from his wife in the Southland, twelve hundred miles away. Her health was broken, and the doctors had said that her life depended upon a change of climate and so the change was made. This change was expensive and had consumed nearly all of their savings. This had been followed by John Doe's loss of a position. The letter was outwardly a cheerful and hopeful one; but it contained incidentally the information that the wife had just ten dollars left.

* * *

Now, John Doe, where is your philosophy? Is it pos-
(Continued on page 152.)



A Soul in the Coils

IN THE penitentiary at Michigan City, Ind., 'is a young man with a soul, a genius under difficult conditions, a light temporarily obscured by an incident in his past whose shadow yet hangs over him.

A taint of the old depravity teaching of the churches, a line of dark in the blood, a chance acquaintance with a wayward influence, a moment of over stimulation, perhaps, and a temporary dethroning of reason—one, some or all of these combined, caused a leash in the pale of human law and they sent him to prison, they took from him what is dearer to every man with a soul than his physical existence—his liberty. He became in law parlance, a felon, one who has lost his political entity, his right of citizenship.

But the divine spark was not quenched; it burned on and on as the days were counted in confinement, until it illumined the whole body and set fire to the brain—not a consuming fire but a life glow that causes the flowers of genius to spring up and bloom out in beauty and glory in human life.

He began to write music and songs, and to sing and play his compositions. Then he sent some of his work to a noted music teacher and critic of Chicago who has a system of teaching music by correspondence. He at once recognized a power yet undeveloped in the young man, and took him as a pupil, free of charge. Here is part of the teacher's reply:

"I returned to you Saturday your manuscript of band piece and piano selection, but I am still holding the song.

I believe that, with some correction in both the words, and music, the song that you sent us will go. It is on lines that are popular. It is not music, as you know, yet I do not despise the advantage which may come to you in the publication of a successful song. If your friend, Mr. C., could secure its publication in the proper manner, I am quite sure it will bring you something. I do not often hold out hopes of this kind to my students, but the merit of this work is so unquestioned, as judged by the popular taste, that I would advise you to secure either its publication or sale to some vaudeville enterprise. You have talent and plenty of it."

He took up the study and is advancing rapidly.

Here is part of a letter written by the prisoner to his teacher:

"I have read your kind and most welcome letter, and it would be impossible for me to express my gratitude to you on paper. You are correct when you think I am interested in the study of Harmony. I think it is the first art in all things. I have worked hard and have made the most of a bad situation here. I have had enough to discourage some men, but not me. Those that could help me I will not ask for they have forgotten me in my sorrow; and, sir, when I read your letter, from an entire stranger, I could not tell you all I felt. I take my hat off to you, my dear Dr. ———, for all time."

After mentioning sample, of his work which he sends, he continues:

"I know there are composers who do worse work than mine; I see lots of it. I do not care to be a mere player on any instrument. The height of my ambition is to have a room and leisure to compose music, and I will have these if I retain my health. Nothing can stop me but loss of health. Remember, sir, a little help to me now while I am down may be returned to you when I am up; and I will get up—clear up—in spite of all discouragements. I

will never be content until I can do anything I want to do in harmony."

Here are some extracts from another letter written the teacher:

....."I have about one dozen pieces of music arranged for all instruments. I know I am going too fast but here is the reason: When I leave here it will be on parole and I will have to go to work in some place. Then all my days will be lost to me for study and this work which I love best of anything on Earth next to my Mother.I have Marches, Waltzes, Gavottes, Polkas, etc., and I expect them to help me in the year I am on parole.The March I send you is a favorite here. Please notice the counterpoint in the trio.....Let me know what you think of this work, if I have not already exhausted your patience. I want your honest opinion *no matter how hard it hits* for it would have to be a pretty stiff 'jolt' to 'faze' me."

Talk about *prison walls* and armed guards and chains confining or obscuring a soul like this one! And what have his fellow men done for him? Only cursed and banished him from their circle for his faults or weaknesses. They have seen only the dark spots on the sun of his life, and have undertaken to punish him where he needed only warning, encouragement and education.

He has never needed punishment, except that retributive, saving resultant of conduct which comes under the law of being. Punishment of a man by men is all wrong. No man or body of men has any business to meddle with the natural action of the law of our being, which saves from error by giving us the great privilege, under necessity, of reaping the harvest of our mistakes and thus learning and developing power. Any interference with this law is wrong and only retards growth and reformation.

If a man proves himself to be dangerous or harmful

to community, let community confine and educate him. It has no business presuming to punish him. That is not what he needs.

Such a course usually has the effect of crushing and degrading the victim. It could not do this for the young man I am telling you about. The power back of the thing they tried to punish was too great. It could not be crushed or obscured. The law of Harmony rules in the soul, and prison walls cannot confine it or chill it.

They will let him out for a year! Generous State! How good of you! Will you then put on the chains again? Maybe the chief executive will "pardon" him. What a travesty! Pardon a man who is more innocent than are your sheriffs and judges and jurymen. Pardon, indeed! A man lay in prison for ten years, having been convicted under perjured testimony. He was not guilty of the crime charged against him. At the end of ten years they found out he was not guilty; then the governor "pardoned" him so they said. He went out into the world dazed, discouraged, broken in health and disgraced, all because some one had sworn falsely—perhaps for money.

Pardon? The whole State machinery ought to get down on its knees and beg his pardon for the irreparable wrong done him and then rise up to do what it can toward reparation.

Such things are common. But we grow and learn. The outlook is hopeful.

For The Children.

WE HAVE a rare treat this month. Our little nine-year-old "Mackie," who lives near Cuba, Mo., has given us a fine essay on Birds and the poem she promised us; and what a wonderful poem it is for so wee a girl! And Ralph has illustrated the poem. What a funny dream that was!

Then we have another excellent essay on Birds by our

dear little friend Ellen, who lives away out in a beautiful valley of the Rocky Mountains. She is eleven years old.

The subject for October, as you know, is "Autumn." The subject for November will be "My Thoughts." Don't write less than 200 words, but I will remove the other limit—write as much more as you like.

BIRDS.

I love the dear little birdies, and we have thousands of them around us, most of which sing beautifully. There are many different kinds, but I admire all of them, from the friendly old crow down to the sweet little hummer. Nearly all birds are industrious, but there is one, called the cow bird, that we consider lazy, because it lays its eggs in other birds' nests so that they will hatch and raise their young.

Many of our birds live mostly upon insects, but some of them like fruit and grain the best. Among these are the dove and the robin. We have some fine singers in our woods, the English mocker, the thrush, the cat bird and the red bird. The oriole is a lovely black and yellow bird and makes such a funny nest, hanging it to the branches like a little hammock. It is interesting to examine a bird's nest; see a feather, a horse hair, a bit of string and some little sticks—

"Now put together odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends;
See bits of thread and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish bag."

We have cottages for our little home birds—two in the yard for the martins, and four in the garden for the wrens.

It is amusing to watch the martins selecting rooms for their nests in the spring. Sometimes the little mother does not seem satisfied, and then how the little black father will coax and chatter and fly around her, but she will sit on the porch and look sulky. After a while the little father will get a straw and carry in, when the little wife

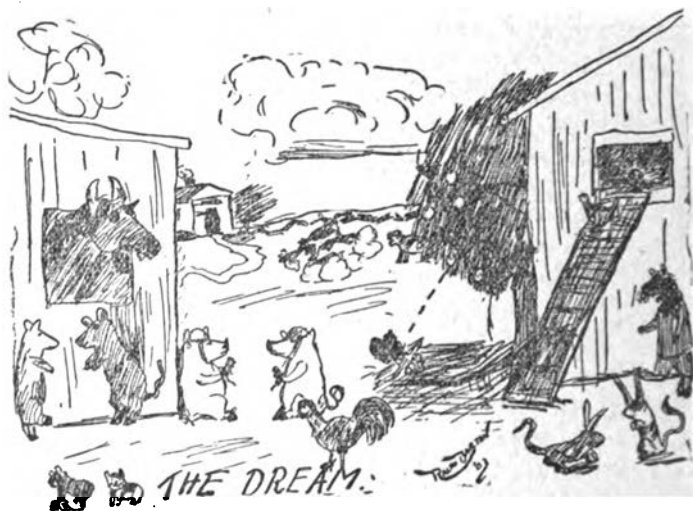
will quickly hop in and jerk it out and throw it to the ground. Then the coaxing begins again, and she finally cheers up and begins to fly about helping to build.

Our little hummers are not much larger than bumble bees and they do not sing at all, but make a tiny squeaking noise something like a little mouse. They fasten their nests to the upper side of a branch and lay five or six little eggs about as large as peas. We have wild canaries, but they don't sing like the tame ones. They make a funny, deep nest high up in a tree. I have long wished for a tame canary, and one day this week Papa said if I'd go with him to the spring to give the horses a drink, he'd show me a fine, tame canary. So Mama put a chair cushion on Fanny's wide back and I rode behind. When we got to the spring I saw two tents. When we rode up, a man came out and Papa said, "Good morning, Mr. Canary."

Then I knew he'd played a joke on me.

Now I've written so much I can't tell how a little bird made Grandma fall and break her pitcher and cut her arm when she was a little girl.

Frances M. Mitchell.



MY DREAM.

One night I had a dreadful dream
I can't account for it.

My rabbits had long tails it seemed,
My kittens, not a bit.

I dreamed that Chuck, my buntz hen,
Had laid a golden egg,
And the plymouth cock, old Ben,
Walked on a wooden leg.

The horses they had horns like Pide,
And Pide had feet like them;
Their mouths they opened oh! so wide,
That one could walk right in.

My pretty, gentle Buttercup,
Changed to a roaring bull.
My lambs, they walked a standing up
And hadn't any wool.

I dreamed my dog wore striped clothes,
Made just like papa's pants—
He wore a gold ring in his nose,
And he could sing and dance.

The pigs, they wore my dollies' caps
And played at keeping house.
Instead of babies on their laps,
Each held a small gray mouse.

My favorite doll, sweet Josephine,
Had got an awful fall—
I rushed in grief to the sad scene—
She was not hurt at all.

All these things so dreadful seemed,
And made me shiver so and shake,
I told myself I surely dreamed,
And tried my best to get awake.

I thought I'd pinch myself and see
If that would break the charm—
I pinched—and Mama said, "Whoop-ee!
You've made a blue spot on my arm."

SOME BIRDS THAT I KNOW.

Some of the birds about my home are the robin, meadow-lark, brown and yellow canary, bee-bird, curlew and the magpie. The yellow-canary builds its nest in the tops of tall trees. It is so shy that it can scarcely ever be seen.

The brown canary builds its nest on the ground by sage-brush. It sings early in the morning and late at night.

The bee-bird is about the size of a black-bird. It has a white breast a black back and a white rim at the tip of its tail. A pair of them built their nest in a robin's nest which is in our old crab-apple tree. I have seen the bee-bird put the quarrelsome, thievish crow, and hawk to route. We all know that the crow is a notorious robber of smaller birds' nests.

The curlew is something like a crane, only very much smaller. It builds its nest on low, swampy ground. The little ones are like a ball of black-speckled yellow down.

In this country the turtle dove builds its nest on the ground or in a wild rose bush.

I found where a chickadee had stored its last winters' seeds in the hollow end of our swing pole.

Where papa had his camp in the mountains last winter, a camp-robber and blue-jay became so tame that the blue-jay would come to the door for crumbs and the camp-robber would come in the tent and eat out of his hand. The camp-robber is a bold bird. Where parties are camped in the mountains, it is quite troublesome because it will take food from their plates, and even their hands while they are eating.

The meadow-lark is quite a dandy because he is always dressed in his yellow vest, white shirt and black neck-tie. When he sings his song my little brother, Henry, mocks him by saying "Peter, Peter, brings me a whip; chee, chee, hit'er a whack, hit'er a whack."

Because birds are so common they are more amusement to us than we think.

I would rather see birds free than in cages.

Zora Ellen McKee.

: Bible Lessons :

1903, THIRD QUARTER.

*Lesson X.—Sept. 6.***D**EATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.—1 Sam. 31: 1-13.

KEY-NOTE:—"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the ends thereof are the ways of death."

Saul and Jonathan were killed, Saul by his own hand, lest an uncircumcised person should kill him, on the battle field of Mt. Gilboa in a disastrous engagement with the Philistines.

The history says that before this battle was fought Saul was uneasy and got a witch, the witch of Endor, to call Samuel up out of his grave and ask him how the battle would go. It is said that Samuel complained bitterly about being disturbed in his rest and said rather crustily that the battle would go against Saul and he would be slain.

Saul went into this battle, therefore, with a hopeless heart and was disastrously defeated.

As he fled before the enemy, he became apprehensive of falling into the hands of uncircumcised men and asked his armour-bearer to kill him. This the armour-bearer refused to do and he set his sword up on end and fell on it. Then his armour-bearer did the same. Both foolish and densely superstitious. Suppose the uncircumcised should have killed Saul. What difference would it have made whether the slayer be circumcised or not?

They took the bodies of Saul and his three sons and hung them on the walls of Bethshan. But valliant men of Israel took them away by might and cremated them. Then David became king, now about 30 years old.

Saul's career ended in disaster mainly because of the adverse prophecies of Samuel. They discouraged him. He was a comparatively good man. His worst fault was his enmity toward David. His failure to kill all the living creatures of the Amalekites was not a crime. It was good in itself, although his motives were not correct.

1. Who were Saul's three sons?
2. How were they and Saul slain?
3. What caused the disaster?
4. What effect did Samuel's prophecy have?
5. Who was the witch of Endor?
6. Why did Saul lose the kingdom?
7. What was his greatest fault?

Lesson XI.—Setp. 13.

DAVID BECOMES KING.—2 Sam. 2:1-10.

KEY-NOTE:—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," (or by Polychrome version, "How good it is, and how lovely, when brethren are all dwelling together!")

When David became king, about B. C. 1017, he found a serious rebellion on his hands. Only the tribe of Judah was willing to submit to his rule, notwithstanding all the Lord and Samuel had done to get him there. Ish-bosheth, one of Saul's sons, was declared king of all the other tribes and a civil war was in progress.

David's capital was Hebron while he had dominion over Judah only. After seven and a half years of strife, he became king over all Israel with his capital at Jerusalem.

After David's reign and that of his son Solomon, Israel was never more united under one ruler.

David won the rebelling tribes over partly by fear and partly by flattery. David was a great diplomatist.

David was re-anointed at Hebron king of Judah.

James Sime says, "A circle of thirty miles radius with Jerusalem for a center embraced almost every enemy and

almost every achievement in Hebrew history." Really, how trivial and insignificant were the doings, the turmoils and fusses of this little tribe of people! Only for the superstitions, reverence and worship of the Bible they would have been no more to the people of this age than were any of the other petty tribes of Asia or Europe. The history of a single county in one of our great States would furnish more facts of vital importance than they did. Gen. Joe Shelby and his army of confederate fighters could wipe out a half dozen Davids with all the sling throwers and arrow shooters they could muster in Israel. Take away the facts of Jesus' birth and life, and what have we left of special importance?

1. Who was David?
2. How and when did he become king?
3. What country did he rule?
4. Who ruled the rest of the Israelites?
5. What were the chief characteristics of the Hebrews?
6. How did David get dominion?
7. Who was his rival?

Lesson XII.—Sept. 20.

ABSTINENCE FROM EVIL.—1 Peter 4:1-11.

KEY-NOTE:—"Be not drunk with wine, by which come profligacy; but be filled with spirit."

This is called "A Temperance Lesson."

Be temperate in the use of all good things, but totally abstain from the use of that which has only a bad effect.

The apostle Peter wrote this epistle about A. D. 60, at Rome, in the Greek language. It was a letter to the church in Asia Minor, sent by Silvanus, or Silas, soon after Paul wrote his letter to the church at Ephesus.

1, 2. If we are armed or fortified with the Christ spirit or mind and suffer for our sins, we overcome and cease from sin. This is the only salvation. The will of God thereafter is the will of the man and lustful desires are cleansed away.

3, 4, 5. Let the time of lustful and hurtful passions be past forever and no more indulged, no matter how much old companions rail and scoff at you.

But you do not come into this state by forming good resolutions for the government of conduct. By the use of right thoughts be right, or be yourself, and then the doing will naturally be correct. We have seen enough of the failure of pledges to know their emptiness. You give account every day for your words and deeds. You reap daily. You do not have to wait for another incarnation to atone for the errors of this. Every day we both sow and reap. It is a blessed privilege, and here is where the doctrine of *karma* is not true.

6. The gospel is preached to the dead often. The dead who walk about are often deader than the buried ones.

7-11. Peter exhorted to all sorts of good conduct because he thought the end of the world was nigh at hand. How badly he was mistaken! Yet, good conduct is all right if founded in the right spirit.

1. What is temperance?
2. Should we be temperate in the use of whiskey?
3. What should be the foundation of right doing?
4. What is the only salvation?
5. How are we saved from sin?
6. Is it possible to be sinless?
7. How may we control conduct?

Lesson XIII.—Sept. 27.

REVIEW.

KEY-NOTE:—"The Lord is my light and my salvation."

The lessons of this quarter began with Samuel asking God for a king over Israel, because the people demanded a king, and ends with the accession of David over a part of the kingdom after Saul's death.

1. *Israel asks for a king.*

"Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him

only."

Serve nothing. Be free. Live in the Truth. Live God life. God does not need your service and man does not deserve it. Do good to all for the love of truth only—not to serve anything.

2. Samuel selects Saul and anoints him privately and he is chosen by lot.

"The Lord is our king; he will save us."

My Lord is my only king. My Lord will save me. I look to no absent, enthroned deity to save me.

3. Samuel bids farewell to the Israelites as their judge. Saul conquers Nabosh the Ammonite and his kingdom is confirmed at Gilgal.

"Only fear the Lord and serve him in truth with your heart."

Here is fear and more serving commended. Fear not even the Lord. There is nothing to fear. Love takes the place of all fear. Love fulfills the law.

4. Samuel upbraids Saul twice for disobedience. Saul has wars with the Philistines, with Edom, Moab, Zobah and the Amalekites. Jonathan shows great valor at Geba and Michmash.

"To obey is better than sacrifice."

Yes, to obey the dictates of your own conscience and give little heed to commandments. Obeying commandments is a poor, pitiful kind of righteousness. It is inspired by fear.

5. Samuel anoints David. Saul becomes melancholy and insane. David and Jonathan become fast friends.

"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." The intent and purpose of the heart make our deeds what they are for the judgment of truth. The "heart" is the soul as used here. The Lord is the inner light.

6. Saul and his army meet the Philistines at Ephes-Dammiree. David slays Goliath and becomes Saul's

armour-bearer.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

If we are right in our thoughts and deeds, we are safe, for we then fear nothing and the hosts of the unseen are for us. We are in accord with the Law of Being and there is absolutely no power against us.

7. Saul becomes jealous of David and tries to kill him. Sends him away, then offers him in turn his daughters Merab and Michal for a wife. David marries Michal and is made a captain in the army.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

To know and be constantly conscious of the great truth that only the good is true, is to be always protected and victorious in every battle of life. This present help in trouble is never failing.

8. Samuel receives David into his school. Saul follows him: throws a spear at Jonathan. Jonathan warns David. David flees to Gath, pretends to be mad. Hides in cave of Adullam.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Who is that friend? It is your own divine ego. It is the God in you, the ever present help and comforter.

9. Samuel dies. David spares Saul at Egedi. Marries Abigail. Spares Saul again at Hachilah.

"Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you."

Have no enemies, recognize only the good in all. Give no heed to hatred or enmity.

10. The ghost of Samuel appears to Saul at Endor. Saul dies by his own hand after defeat in battle by the Philistines. Jonathan is slain. David mourns Saul and Jonathan. Smites the Amalekites. (So Saul did not exterminate them, after all.)

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man; but the ends thereof are the ways of death."

Men are often wrong in their judgment. If they seek and follow the inner guide, they are always right.

11. David is anointed king of Judah at Hebron.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

All men are brethren and all women are sisters. There should never be any strife.

12. Temperance Lesson.

"Be not drunk with wine, but filled with spirit." Inspiration is to take the place of stimulation.

The Light of Conscience.

DO THE right and fear no thought
That another may express;
They your conscience have not taught
And your lives may never bless.
Do what conscience says is right,
Then life's safest rule is yours,
And you are walking in the light
That forevermore endures.

Men will differ and may change;
And if man you seek to please,
You may often think it strange,
That you find no path of ease;
For, no matter what you do
Some will think your ways not right;
So to your own soul be true
Then your guide is God's own light.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

Moorestown, N. J.

Boy: "Pa, does it really hurt you worse than it does me when you whip me?" Pa: "Yes, my son, much worse." Boy: "Then you and I are in for a pretty hot time, sure. I threw the cat in the well and Ma is coming to tell you."

THE LIFE

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Key-Notes.

SEPTEMBER.

(Fulfillment.)

1-15.

THERE IS NOW FULLNESS OF JOY AND POWER
AND PLENTY AND I AM A UNIT IN IT, PERSONIFYING ABUNDANCE.

16-30.

THERE IS ONLY FULFILLMENT OF LAW—NO
CHANCE NOR HAPPENING. LAW IS PRINCIPLE AND PRINCIPLE IS ONE WITH BEING.

Health Thought

TO HAVE Eternal Life is to abide in its consciousness.

We are not children of circumstances only so long as we believe we are.

If you firmly believe you are falling (when you have stumped your toe) you will get there, pretty surely, if some friend does not interpose and catch you.

Your thought has believed it so fully you try even then to fall anyhow out of your friend's firm clutch. So readily and forcibly does the body obey the central thought, the thought in power, or the one you are believing in, that it plunges on even after its arrest has been secured. Have you never fallen when you realized after, that you might have prevented it by a quick turn of thought to save yourself?

It is the mental attitude put in force by the Higher Self that transforms wrong actions into right and prevents a fall when the flesh is weak *

Superior to the human soul and its mind (the mentality) and closely interwoven with them as their vital part, stands the Infinite Ego, Elohim's true and only Representative, the Soul's Real, or Lord Self. It is its *Light* that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. How good this is, and how great we must be when we are come into the *full consciousness* of the facts of being really God-men and women. It is here we see the corruptible put on incorruption, the ugly become beautiful, the ignorant become wise, the sick and the sorrowing show forth health and happiness. And, out of this clarifying crucible of a right consciousness, all deformity and all poverty are resolved into the real substance of harmony and affluence *

As surely as God is omnipresent Bounty is omnipresent. As surely as Man is, he is God's representative in the world of limited things. The Life of God is ours, the Love of God is ours, the Truth of God is ours, the wealth of God is ours. All this is unquestionable. The question is, *why* do we not all of us go forward in our power? Why do we not put on our Righteousness as a robe, and enter upon our true work putting *aside* every weight and the pet sins and run with patience the inspiring course, looking not back at grievous stumbling-stones we are now safely over, for each one lifted us its whole length higher on the way.

Sin means stopping on the way to complain or worry. It is looking at things upon either side and worrying about their imperfections. Looking side-wise is half-way looking backward. It does not petrify people or turn them into crystals as looking backward does, but it gives them the night-mare dreams; it benumbs them. Looking sidewise then, to complain or worry or condemn, is what is meant by the word *sin*. Looking backward kills; looking sidewise is sinning, and looking straight *forward* is salvation. So where are you?

In every living, thriving, upward-striving thing, Life, Truth and Love are omnipresent. Though *not in* the downward, discouraging movement of mind are they active. God is not in decay, discord, disease or death. "And God was not in the storm." "God is not the God of the dead but of the living." Hence, the soul needs his Shepherd through the dark places other people, through ignorance, may have cut the light off from. This Shepherd is his Spiritual Self, his Individuality or Lord of God. Life, Truth and Love do not go with one through the shadows, hence the darkness of their valleys! The Lord goes with him and carries his Light of Elohim, which is the understanding or true consciousness. And while Infinite Sup-

ply is not found in the valleys the *consciousness* of it and of its omnipresence, keeps him from want. While the Lord is his Shepherd he shall not want *

Life, Truth and Love are really always omnipresent, though if a man be not conscious of it he cannot receive its benefits. To be successful the soul itself should rise into that same consciousness of the Lord Self. It will prevent the soul from wanting or worrying, for its needs will duly be filled. "Let the same mind be in you" that is in your Christ or spiritual self *

There is a shining consciousness for every human soul wherein objects and events along its path transform by its light into truth's portrayal. The way into its path is paved with words. To indulge shadow-thoughts is to dislodge important stepping-stones so that the foot may stumble. Let every one who has found himself saying "poverty," quickly negate it and affirm "*Health*."

To deny evil is not to cover it up, but to make it become less and less. To declare war is to introduce and foster the war spirit. And the longer the war lasts the blacker it gets, until a fearful and shameful climax makes the heads of government think and then they cry for peace until the Word of Peace brings it * *

To talk of peace fills people's thoughts with ideals of peace, and renders the true office of the mentality more easily attainable * *

(At the request of several friends, I will here write affirmations for as many calls as I have space.)

AFFIRMATION ONE. I disclaim all untruth. I let go the past, and I look not to the right nor left. I throw off the mental bonds of apparent evil and sickness, and drop forever the delusions Ignorance has handed down through the generations. I am free.

I am the glory of Elohim, for I am made in their image and likeness. I am here, then, not to complain and worry and exalt sickness and sorrow by naming them,

but to *make known* outwardly the immaculateness of the perfection of that for which we stand and of which we are, *so that all may be saved into the right and true and triumphant way of living*, through seeing the Light, through finding their Christ.

I know that within my God expressed self I am perfect. I feel the presence of its perfect ideals. I am uplifted by its power, inspired by its wisdom, confident through its unchangeableness and satisfied in its Love, until I am ready rejoicingly to say,—All that is within me magnifies thy trueness and loveliness, and I feel more and more drawn to be like thee, to dwell in *thy* perfect consciousness.

I know now that to dwell there brings joy and satisfaction out of perplexity and doubt. So, while I am diligently dealing with the things of this earth I will more diligently keep this perfect *consciousness of my oneness with Elohim*, and make my Individuality—that which in my constitution was expressed in the image of Perfection—the mark of the prize to be reached and into which the perfect knowledge duly develops me.

Behold the already Perfect Self, the Lamb of God (the powers of God,—Life, Truth, Love,—epitomized in man) “that taketh away the sin of the world” and consequently its sickness and trouble. Behold it. Keep your consciousness upon your Perfect Self.

Do all you do from its stand-point. Act from out its sanctuary. Speak forth from its consciousness. *Live the life*. If ye abide in the Perfect-Self consciousness and it abide in you, then you may ask what you will; it shall come to pass * * *

AFFIRMATION TWO. I am not poor, *Je ne suis pas pauvre*. I am rich. I am the Heir of Abundance. I am an indispensable Clause in God, and I am ever in touch with infinite supply. I pay all my debts freely and fully, even that of love. Measureless supply only waits for me

to open my hand—make any claims—and receive. The sure Law brings it to me for I have set the right causes in motion. (I have refused to complain and make its coming tardy by speaking opposite words.)

I have abundance. Plenty now steadily flows in from the Infinite to me. I am now able to show forth my opulence, and to prove that supply is always at hand.

Wealth is immanent. From everywhere, in every direction, come words of wealth making me know that I am now recognized as the true heir of abundance. It is close around about me. I open my heart to its knowledge and my hands to receive it. I am now conscious of the fulness of the riches that are now my own. I am free. I am out of debt. I am immensely wealthy * * *

AFFIRMATION THREE. I am glad, I am filled with joy. I am fearless, free, happy. I am no longer afraid of fate, weather, "powers of the air." I fear not people, presentiments, forebodings, threatenings, diseases or curses. There is no more curse. These things have no more power over me. I am glad. I rejoice in my freedom.

In my fearlessness I am perfectly protected, for I am dwelling on High, in the secret joys of the Most High, and no harm can find me. I am in league with that Power, surrounded by its light so that I do not even have to defend myself. My aura is my defense.

I look no more backward nor sidewise. I press forward, with my heart full of gladness * * *

It is good to be glad. A joyful heart crowneth a healthy body.

To feel glad. To look up at the sky with a child's delight, and with its innocent fearlessness. To follow the field path, flowers sending you their sweetness in greeting, without your knowledge or fear of poisonous plants. The near green and brown of landscape the distance softens, the field-lark's fearless matin, the summer airs full of oxygen from the leafy woods and sunny pastures,—health-

airs you do not need, only for the gladness of it.

Thus you have again the heavenly delights. A like blueness of sky, sweetness of song or breath of flowers transports you and gives you again the joy, the *free joy*, as when a child and without assumed cares. Why let the gladness, the uplifting, the filling with transport be only momentary? It is because you look backward and side-wise, because you deliberately take up your burdens again. And our responsibilities are legitimate and just, *only* we have not learned how to make them "light and easy." Have we forgotten the blessed words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? Not rest from work and responsibilities, but that your yoke may be *easy* and your burden *light*. This "coming" means arriving at the true consciousness.

The momentary gladness that fills our hearts at sight of beautiful things, is the wavering symbol of that which is ours continuously when we have arrived at the true consciousness.

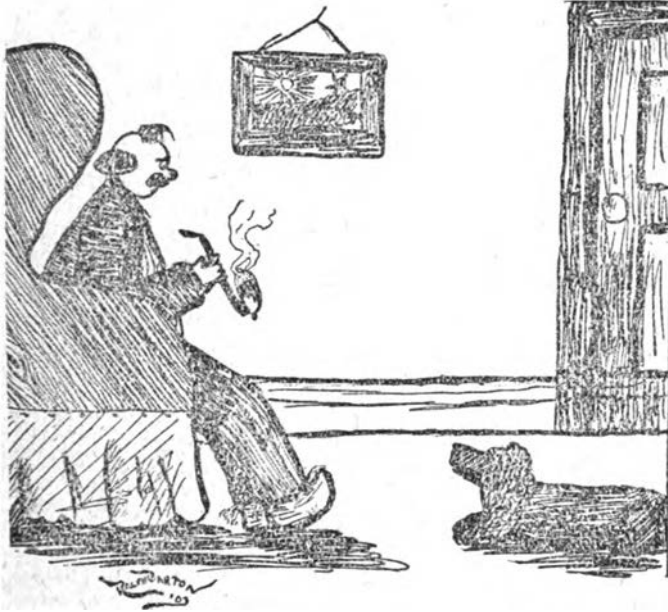
C. J. B.

When I was a small boy I thought the sky was the floor of heaven and the sun, moon and stars were holes through which shone the bright glory of the city that "hath no need of the sun." Often and often in the late afternoon when the sun was so low that I could look at it through the dense atmosphere without harm to my eyes, have I watched the souls of men passing through the great door way and angels descending and ascending, as I thought. And I was happy.

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Dutch Dog Philosophy.

(Illustrated by Ralph Barton.)



AND YAWCOB, observing his dog Schnitzel, spake unto him as follows: "You vas only a tog but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust durn round dree dimes und lay down. Ven I go mit my bed in, I haf to lock up der place und vind up der clock und pud der cat out und undress myselluf und my vrow vakes und scolds, den der paby vakes up und cries und I half to valk him mit der house around; den maybe ven I gets myselluf to bed it is dime to got up vonce more again. Ven you gets up mit your bed you shust stretch yourselluf, dig your neck a leedle und you vas up. I haf to light der fire und put on der kettle, scrap some mit my vife alretty und get myselluf breakfast. You blay mit der day all round und haf plenties of fun. I haf to vork all

der day round und hat plenties of drouhble. Ven you die you vas dead. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."—Boomperrickel Blatter in The Public.

Beatrice says she is going to change her birthday from February 5 to August 5. She says it is so cold in February that she can't have flowers nor enjoy ice cream when she has her birthday party. She consulted me about it yesterday and asked my consent to the change, supposing that my consent would settle the question absolutely. I told her I thought we could arrange it, as the 400th anniversary of America's discovery was 1892 and we celebrated it at the Chicago World's fair in 1893, and the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase is 1903 and we are going to celebrate it at the St. Louis World's fair in 1904, I could not see why we could not arrange to celebrate a little girl's birthday six months out of time, of course.

I must say I despise the slipshod, slangy, half profane, half obscene style in which some of the editors of "New Thought" papers express themselves. It is bad taste, bad form, small and shows ignorance. Moreover, it is usually a weak effort to imitate a man who was supposed to have succeeded at it. He did not succeed, however, in anything except in making an ass of himself. Here is an example which I saw a few days ago: "I don't care a clam (I use 'clam' because it sounds like damn.)"

"The doctor," said Mr. Henpeck, "has ordered me away for a good, long rest."

"Good," exclaimed Mrs. Henpeck. "I will go with you."

"In that case the doctor has ordered me to stay at home and save my money for the funeral."

Arrange for your course of lessons now and buy books for the autumn and winter reading.

Correspondence

WOULD YOU advise a person to join a church under these circumstances? We have always sent children to the Christian (Campbellite) S. S., and attended there when we felt inclined. They have many good people and they know we are New Thought people; but, as there is no society of Scientists here, they invite us to join them. They have no creed and say as long as we can work along the lines of helping humanity, they would like our co-operation. The present minister is very liberal, and we in our younger days were members of similar churches. Do you think it would help us any spiritually, as they are very orthodox on the plan of salvation? But maybe we might help to enlighten them. It might also help us in a business way. So, what do you advise? We are undecided. M. S. S. C.

Answer:—No; I would not join, nor would I advise you to, under the circumstances.

And, in order to help others to decide the same question, I will give you my reasons for so advising in *The Life*.

1. You can do more good for humanity without the bounds of church membership. You do not need to be one of them in order to cooperate with them in all the good they are doing. And you need not endorse their errors in order to help them in the good works. In fact, your help will be stronger and more efficient if you act from another standpoint than theirs.

2. You say they have no creed. They have a very tight bounded one. Every church society has its beliefs, its distinctive tenets, whether they are written out in form or not. Without it they would not have any separate existence or peculiar meaning. This particular society has an almost idolatrous reverence for "the book," the "word" of

God," as they call the bible, of course putting their own interpretation upon it. The main part, the vital, credal point with them is, "Believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and be baptized, and ye shall be saved." Now there is no saving merit whatever in either of these. To believe that Joshua was the son of Nun and wash your feet, would do as much to save you from sin or from hell as would this formula of theirs. A man's salvation depends upon his character and conduct, and not on what he believes about any one's son, nor on his ablutions in water, deep or shallow.

You cannot endorse their teaching here, nor that about hell, which you would do by joining their church.

3. You say they have many good people. So have the Mormons and the Dunkards and the Socialists and the great body of people who belong to no church or other organization. That is not a good reason for joining them. You can attend their "services" when you desire to do so—they will not forbid you. But stay away unless you either get or give good by going. There is nothing in an orthodox sermon for me. It is only a bore to me. If an orator or a philosopher, who thinks and says what he thinks, speaks, I like to hear him. But that old trash, the tiresome rehash of the old wornout bible texts, delivered in nasal tones by a pitiful dyspeptic, who is soft on the sisters of his church, is most disgusting to me.

4. No, your joining would not help enlighten them. They would only darken you. You have a better chance to enlighten them from the outside. You have a right to say what you think where you are. Inside you must assume, at least, to think what the preacher says. If not, you are no longer in good fellowship, and trouble begins. You have no right to indulge in the weekly nibble at hard bread and sip of poor wine out the side of a glass where some filthy tobacco chewer has just sipped, unless you are orthodox.

5. Yes, I was a member of a Baptist church in my younger days; but I have grown out of that.

You know church doctrines are non-expansive. They are founded on an infallible interpretation of a perfect book—so claimed—and cannot tolerate progression. As God cannot change without getting worse, so their members fall if they depart at all from the creed. You can't tolerate this sort of thing.

6. You say it might help you in a business way. Here is the only seemingly good point you make in your argument for joining, and it is faulty. While I would not blame any person for doing any fair, harmless thing to increase his business, I would not advise him to stultify his conscience or sacrifice principle for that purpose. I would not become a polygamist for the sake of business, nor a horse thief.

Moreover, it is a question if it would help your business to join that church. Would more people buy things at your store if you were a Campbellite than if you were an independent thinker, who often says wise, good, enlightening things to customers? I don't think so.

The better way for you to succeed in your business is to keep a good, tidy, inviting place of business, full of desirable, useful things to sell, things that people need, and sell them at a fair price, always giving good measure and fair change. Be pleasant and affable to all, whether they buy a paper of pins or furnish a mansion. Study people, and to be a good salesman. I sometimes find a salesman who knows what I want better than I do and makes me feel a pleasure in buying. Others are tricky, dictatorial or inattentive and cross, so that I am glad to get away. Meet each customer as your quick eye and instinct tell you he needs to be met. You can't treat them all alike and be successful.

And always hold the right thoughts about your business—thoughts of power, success and progress.

Thus you will succeed without joining any church. Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and Catholics, will come to a man or woman who knows his or her business much more readily than if he or she were a Campbellite for trade. So would all the world of non-church members.

1. Is not killing and eating meats an error of mind? While I have not been able yet to heal my claim of dyspepsia by Science I ever see good results from eating natural food, whole grain, fruit, milk, etc. Is this due to my lack of scientific knowledge? My creed for seven years now has been, All is Mind. I am Spirit, or Mind, with all power derived from the All-Mind. My body is nonintelligent, my tool. I built it. The Lord—Law—in his wisdom is changing it.

2. Mary Eddy denies the reality of body and mentality, *alias* mortal mind, which deprives a man of ambition to develop his faculties as mentality. You, on the other hand, claim that mentality is also from Mind. Thus you claim that God knows imperfection.

Answers: 1. It may be error or it may not, to eat flesh. As Paul says, If it hurts your conscience or causes your neighbor to do wrong, and your body does not really need it, don't eat it. If you need it, can find no adequate substitute for it, and you have no qualms of conscience about it, eat away. I do not know that it is any worse to kill an ox in his prime than it would be to not allow him to be born at all, or to let him suffer years of decrepitude, privation and pain and die of old age at last. This adds only a decade or so at most to his life anyhow and no good or joy or pleasure comes to the ox by it.

No; it is not an error of Mind, but of mentality, if error at all. But error is all right. Through it we learn and grow. No growth is possible to an errorless being. The very fact that we grow at all proves our privilege or erring. Manifestation of Mind in mentality is not full yet. It falls short. This is sin or error, but argues no imper-

fection in Mind.

And your body is not unintelligent. Every atom of it is mind essence and is a center of intelligence. You are not part body and part mind. You are all mind. Your dyspepsia will be no more when you know this and live up to it and eat what you like, and not too much of it.

2. There is no mortal mind. Mrs. Eddy's denial of body and mentality does not hurt them at all. It is utterly inconsistent with reason, the facts, common sense and the lives and practices of herself and all her followers. We pay no attention to it.

No; God knows nothing as a person knows. We must get over the old error of calling God "he" and "him" and attributing to the Infinite Everywhere finite attributes. God is Knowledge, or Wisdom, in Essence. Man knows. God is Life, in Essence. Man lives. God is Love and Power, in Essence. Man loves and is able. Thus man, the individual, activizes the Principles of Being, the Universal in Essence.

Goldsmith's Village Preacher.

(By Request.)

In this sketch, Oliver Goldsmith portrays a character which we have all known, but which is fast becoming extinct, at least so far as the real sincerity is concerned.

NEAR YONDER copse, where once the garden
smiled
And still where many a garden flower grows
wild;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;

Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise,
His house was known to all the vagrant train.
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile,
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Lord Salisbury.

LORD SALISBURY'S death brings out many eulogies of his great talents and his great services to his country, all of them thoroughly well deserved, says the Washington Post. He was a strong man and "stood four square to all the winds that blew."

No act of his long and illustrious career is of so much interest to Americans as his acceptance of arbitration of the Venezuelan boundary dispute at the urgent demand of Mr. Cleveland. The situation was ticklish in the extreme. Great Britain had refused arbitration to Venezuela, and was now called upon to consider the matter upon the representations of the United States. Mr. Cleveland spoke with emphasis, but had the country at his back. There could be no doubt of the fact that he was voicing a sentiment which controlled both congress and the press, and that he would be supported in any effort that might be necessary to make his words good.

A weak man in Salisbury's place would probably have blundered. The bumptiousness which often accompanies weakness in office would have chosen the wrong path. But the premier was a strong man. His courage was open

to no question. At home and throughout Europe his reputation was established. He could afford upon a broader view of the controversy to reverse himself, and that he did. And he lost no prestige either at home or abroad by so doing.

A second show of strength was made at the time of the clash between Spain and the United States. Our enemies in Europe did not doubt that they would find at least a sympathizer in Great Britain, and some of them hoped for an open ally. Now, they thought, had come Lord Salisbury's chance to "get even." But they found themselves woefully mistaken both as to the man and the occasion. He was not an enemy of the United States at all. The Venezuelan episode had left no bitterness in his bosom toward us. He was our friend, and as such took our side. Those who had applied for assistance retired to ponder on a very significant warning.

For a number of years Great Britain and the United States have been drawing together in bonds of friendship. In the development of the world it has been an entirely logical proceeding, and among the British statesmen contributing to the end Lord Salisbury has had an honorable place, and will be long remembered in this country for that chapter of his history.—Kansas City World.

"Amie had been suffering from toothache for several days. At last she consented to go with her papa to the dentist. When she was starting her mama said: 'Now, dearest be a brave little girl. Show fortitude, and mama will be proud of you.' In due time Amie returned. 'And did you show fortitude?' mamma inquired. Amie hesitated. 'It hurted awful, mamma; I guess (reflectively) I showed about twentytude.' "

"Maria," suddenly announced Mr. Wiljams, "I may as well tell you I have lost \$50,000 in steel stocks within the last few weeks." "I suppose that settles it," moaned Mrs. Wiljams. "I can't have the hay fever this year!"

A Little Lesson

By Special Request.

"O, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the Sunflower turns on its god when he sets
The same look that it gave when he rose."

—Moore.

PLEASE TELL us what you think of that article on Mormonism in August Philistine," wrote a dear friend. Up to a certain time I had been too busy to read it. But in going back and forth to and from Fairmount Park (where we have enjoyed a few half-day vacations to the woods, lake, birds and squirrels), I have found time in the car to read the article about Mormons and polygamy *

I do not agree with Mr. Hubbard and I do not believe his better self agrees with him here. He is one of America's most beautiful writers, and I was surprised to find him engaging his talent in favoring that hideous thing (polygamy) so utterly abhorred by civilized and thinking people. His work in support of polygamy is vain, here in this fair, clean, progressive New Time land, when woman is enlightened and where men are human and walk standing upon two feet *

The patriarchs were only half civilized. The Shemitic Philistines were heathen, carrying their gods, (Dagon, Dacarto, Baal-zebub and Ashtaroth) with them on their campaigns, and going to them with their wants or to tell them their victories,—the greatest against the Israelites being that when the "Ark of God" was taken * *

Though the word Philistine (from palash, to wander about) is a name for peculiar townsmen, given by the

German university students to designate a character "full of saws and modern instances," it also stands for the worldly or unspiritual side; as when "Israel's God prevailed against the wicked Philistine," or, when David slew their giant chief and "took the arm-bridle out of their hands" *

Knowing that all things and conditions are made by the use of Words, I find myself for the moment looking forward to the time when Mr. Hubbard will change the name of his magazine from "Philistine" and so suppress the impulse its name fosters to be Philistine, and turn his excellent gifts upon some truly great thing by choosing a name that will enhance [virtue and true growth,— "Evolution," "Advocate of Righteousness and Truth," "Civilization," or some other soul-building title *

Of course we should not select a good name and then fail to abide by it. I have heard of "wolves in sheep's clothing," but it has not so plainly appeared how sophistry may be fed to people unawares, when its cloak is openly the wolf's *

This editor was cut out for a "mighty man in *Israel*" (speaking in metaphor) but somewhere in his constitution a plank seems to have been loosened, of course by some outside influence, which turned him somewhat from his direct course. I think he was drawn to looking side-wise and so became wabbly. It affected most seriously his home interests. And this man whom we find sympathizing with polygamy is recently divorced from the only wife he had! I wish he would go to her and say, "Come back, mother-of-my-grown-up-children; let us be friends at least. I will try to give my thought to higher things; I will no longer 'saw' upon the old man's theme 'young women,' but will prove myself 'greater than him that taketh a city,' for I will conquer my own imperfections. I will return to my prime. I will be the man I was years ago when I was true to you and the children, when I was

too strong to wabble."

I am not acquainted with Mrs. Hubbard, though I learn through one who knows her well that she is an excellent woman. I do not think two people ought to live together as husband and wife unless they *both respect and love each other*. If the woman scolds the husband who makes her living and at a time when he has not purposely provoked it, he is to be pitied, and if discord continues I think they should live apart. *Life is too precious to fail to use it in the most favorable way*. Nagging is uncalled for either from husband or wife. It fades out affection, and justly. We once boarded awhile with a couple where the little husband nagged at his better half, finding some text whenever he came into her presence. We named him "The little old man of the sea." He was very affable to other people * *

I must not digress. I have promised to fulfill a request to give my views upon the article on Mormonism.

Our splendid Government abolished polygamy in Utah some time ago, so that no man or woman can lawfully practice it. Although hid in the wilderness, its crimes awhile concealed, it did not last as much as fifty years. I was present at their Fiftieth Year Celebration two years after its abolition. It was practiced by a handful of bad men, who, under the cloak of religion, coerced simple-minded women into their "faith" through threats of damnation. These men scrambled like dogs for their prey, even resorting to massacre of helpless women and little children. I do not censure apes, dogs, byenas or chimpanzees for polygamous habits; they are not accountable. The Aztec Indians of Old Mexico who inherit the sweet-do-nothing of the Neapolitan, have not, through centuries, improved their time and talents. They live chiefly upon nature's products,—still carry water on their heads with brain enough to go to water and back. The men buy as many wives as they can afford. A friend living in

Old Mexico has a neighbor Aztec who bought both mother and daughter for his wives. These women are very ignorant, like their lord. They are not responsible, not to blame; but you and I are, for not exercising our power more faithfully to lift them up. We should help them to complete their primary school and become able to rise to a higher grade. Why? Why not let them alone to live like the beasts, to rise, eat, propagate and fall, without one thing being accomplished? Because every human soul *has to rise* into the full stature of true man and womanhood. Every human soul has its salvation to work out. The future and the past grades are unknown to us, though logically our walk through the Eternities is *everlasting*, and we advance healthily, normally, soundly and truly only by pursuing faithfully the onward, upward course, without retrogression or tarrying with the *lo heres* or *theres* upon either side * *

The Aztec Indians though good people in some points, do not know any real object in life. They might be taught one.

As it "happened," after reading the article in the car, I found myself sitting by two "Latter Day Saints," middle-aged women, who were talking in slow, penitent tones about the blessed Lord and "his" word, which they thought they each held in their hands. One said she was willing to "give her all to the Lord," and the other responded, "How blessed it is to just hang on him." Soon the eldest woman left the car, and the other, a slender, sallow, creature with deep sags under her eyes and a constant snuffle at her thin nose, turned in a very modest way to inquire what I read. She looked at a sentence or two, when I handed her the magazine, and then solemnly remarked:

"We don't believe just that way *now*." And as she seemed to wish to talk to me, I asked about her "Latter Day" faith, and she said she believed God was a man or

kind father who sat on a high throne, and who was angry with us if we disobeyed him, and saved us through his Son's blood if we would forsake our sins and be saved. Then the opportune time came when I believed I could help her. At least I could sow for thought-development seeds. I told her in a plain, gentle way the principle points in the truth of being, to which she eagerly listened, but I do not think clearly understood the great points. I am sure, however, it will bear true fruit and there I let it rest *

It seems to me Mr. Hubbard is sarcastic in most of his article. I do not believe what he says about two sisters marrying the same man. If true, they were either forced, or were very stupid women. I think he made that up, as preachers and lecturers often do, to pin a point by!

He calls *Ann Eliza*, the great lecturer, "barren," when I am acquainted with one of her sons and grandson and herself. I have met her several times. She takes our magazine, *The Life*. She is a blue-eyed, dark-haired woman, medium size. Her children were by her own husband, not Brigham Young. When she had learned of this wonderful Science of Life,—so opposite to the abject slavery of polygamy,—I heard her read a beautiful paper in Chicago before a body of Scientists. Twice her blue eyes brimmed over with tears and her voice trembled so that she left off reading and stillness filled the house for a few moments. Mr. Hubbard has not quoted her correctly, but he made it serve his end. (She was Brigham Young's nineteenth wife.)

Another thing, a man cannot have three wives and "treat them all with infinite tenderness." I am sure he is mistaken here. "He cannot serve *two*, for he will hate the one and love the other," and the one hated ought to be with some one else better suited to her.

The children of polygamous marriages are *inferior* to the children whose mothers are not slaves. I have seen

them. I have spent weeks in Salt Lake City, have talked closely with old, broken Mormon mothers, and I know! I met women also in Ogden, Utah, who freely told me many things, when I questioned them, and I tell you nothing great could come out of polygamy. And the Mormons have nothing excellent to show, in the way of really talented boys and girls.

I see this article will have to be concluded next month.

Meditations.

By Maxton.

(Continued from page 114.)

able for a truly good and capable man to stand in want of the common necessities of life in this land of plenty? Is your faith in the triumph of truth and honor able to survive this crisis? What does it signify that your honor is unimpeachable? There are hundreds of base scoundrels in the city near by who spend in a year more than you have earned in a life time. What is it worth to you now that you have burned the midnight oil in pursuit of knowledge which you knew you could never exchange for bread? John Doe, you are a linguist, a scientist, a mathematician, a lawyer, a philosopher, and more than all else, a man; but destituteion confronts you and yours, while you know there is an ignoarnt, dishonest man up in the city who knows how to nail on a horse shoe, [and with this trade has a competency. You are apt at figures. How much has your culture brought you? You have kept the accounts and made the calculation. You have spent a quarter of a century in teaching and received for it in coin and currency just \$13,035. Your sick wife is now among strangers with ten dollars of that amount and you have a pittance in your pocket, and [no means of getting more. Where now is your faith in culture? Those cedar piles, which protect the mud bank on which you sit, cost as much in their present helpful but hideous attitude as your whole

life's earnings amount to. The ignorant Hollander who used his body to stop a hole in a dyke and thus saved many homes and many more happy lives did more without culture than you can ever do with it. With these reflections John Doe went away to seek rest still hopeful and trustful.

*
* *

John Doe, not school-teacher, but simply *man*, still aged fifty, having witnessed young men with patent diplomas brush past him and enter the places of preferment which he sought, laid aside his cares and simply as a man sought peace. While he rested with closed eyes, this is the scene which passed before him: There were green pastures, clear rippling waters, cloud-flecked skies, and all the train of nature's pleasure-seekers of which the poets tell. And John looked upon the scene and saw that it was a fruitful spot as well as one of passing beauty. On his left he saw a stalk of wheat lift its head toward the sky and like a plumed prince stand erect and only nod when the breezes whispered to it the message of homage from the humbler grasses of the field. On his right he saw a second stalk of wheat. This one grew not so tall, neither did it stand erect, but stooped and humbly bowed its head to the earth. But the day of harvest came and the gleaners passed along and plucked these two stalks of wheat. The proud stalk which stood erect and received the homage of the common herbage was examined and cast into the fire, for its head was of chaff and had no grain. The second stalk which bowed its head in humility and received no homage was carried to the master's threshing floor and saved, for its head had bowed with a great weight of grain. With the passing of this beautiful vision a great, strong angel seemed to stand by John Doe, the man, and point down the vista of time, saying, "It shall yet be so."

*
* *

It is for the friends of the *man* as against the admirers of the *machine* to say whether John Doe shall live to see

the exaltation of manhood to its rightful place of dignity and honor in the outward life, or whether he shall become a martyr to the cause of truth and honor. John Doe is no imaginary being. He is flesh and blood and bone and soul. He stands today with bowed head, like the fruitful stalk of wheat, waiting for an opportunity to place the garnered fruits of fifty years of manhood-growth and toil to the account of some noble enterprise.

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THE LIFE

O C T O B E R, 1 9 0 3

How We Make Our Conditions

IT BECOMES more and more apparent to me as I study the Science of Life and people, that we are, in a much greater degree than we have ever guessed, responsible for our own conditions and environment in life. As we think we are, so are we outwardly.

I was recently conversing with a young friend of mine, who graduated from the University Medical College of this city last spring and has been located in a little Missouri town all summer, practicing his profession on the people. He gave me some of his experiences. He said one lady had some sort of spells and had sent for him several times. He had given her medicines and hypodermic injections which gave her only temporary relief. Finally he told her he must resort to a very severe remedy, as he saw the other means he had been using did not cure her. It was a last and desperate resort, but sure to do the work one way or the other, kill or cure. He filled his syringe with pure water, and, although the effect was awful, as it appeared, she never had another spell.

Another lady had spells, too, and after everything had been done he knew how to do, he finally told her that the only thing that would cure her was a blister plaster on her face that would disfigure her features for life. She

never had another spell after that.

A young girl was told that he did not have the medicine she needed and he would have to send to Kansas City for it. She would have to wait. Three days later he met her and told her he expected that medicine in a day or so. She replied, "I don't need it now. My throat is well."

He said that all physicians are now beginning to learn something of the value of suggestion and are using less drugs.

Recently we employed a widow as cook. She said her husband died from eating grape pies of her own make; and the first thing she did for us was to go to work and make up a lot of grape pies. Then she had to be absent a few days to attend to two law-suits she had on hand. The atmosphere soon got thick and heavy before we knew it, and things began to happen. There was a dog fight on the front porch that scared some children who were playing there half out of their wits and attracted a crowd. She one day excitedly gave out the report that a water pipe had broken in the kitchen and the hall was flooded. I found only a leak by reason of her own carelessness over behind the sink—no pipe burst nor hall flooded. Then, a few days later, while it was raining torrents, water did break into the basement, backing up from a surface pipe, and I had a time of it to get it stopped and got soaking wet. It was the first occurrence of the kind we had ever had.

She rattled away and talked calamity all the time. The woman she worked for before was struck with lightning she said, and killed, and everything went wrong. She said we would all get sick and die because we did not fear draughts and dampness. She was about to run off the washer woman, a good old faithful ex-slave auntie, and the second girl, a quiet, pleasant Swede. So we told her to go. The atmosphere cleared up at once very perceptibly after she left. We thought of trying to reform her; but

we saw the effect on the other help, whom we value very highly, was going to be disastrous at once.

We often see women who have a penchant for widowhood. They are natural widows, and would get to be so if they should marry a dozen times. An expert in the occult sciences can see it in their features and manner and feel it in their presence. I can spot them every time.

And there are men who would fall at any business. They talk failure, believe in failure and expect failure, continually. They are gloomy and look upon conditions as very real and quite beyond their control.

I know a man who makes trouble among his people by predicting it and preparing for it. A brother wrote him a business letter in which were some suggestions as to a change in his course in a certain matter. He wrote back in a melodramatic vein concluding that a breach had been made between them at last and their ways from that time on would lie apart. The brother replied that, while he had laid a foundation for such a result, he did not intend to have it so. And it was not so. Then he began to predict that there would be a row over the division of their father's estate. If they all fall in line with him, it will be so. But if they all deny it and hold the thought that there will be peace and harmony and satisfaction, it will be so.

I once heard a speaker say in the course of an address before a large body of soldiers, "There is not going to be any more civil war in our country." A certain pessimistic calamity howler magazine took him to task severely for making so foolish a statement, when, everybody knows we are "just on the verge of the worst internecine strife ever known on account of the troubles between labor and capital."

Of course we would soon have just such a condition upon us if all would take up the howl made by this writer and echo it from mouth to mouth. But if all would repeat the words of the speaker quoted above, war would be im-

possible.

I know a family, consisting of father, mother, four girls and three boys. The parents early gave way to the thought of spectacles and oculists persuaded them that they had put it off too long. So they thought they would not allow the children to postpone as they had, and now every one of the family except one of the grown up girls wears glasses, and Beatrice heard her say the other day that she needed them.

Another fad and fear they became victims of early in the game was appendicitis. The result has been that three of them, including the two little girls, have had their *appendix vermiciformis* removed.

When La Grippe first became fashionable and there was a sort of epidemic of it in Kansas City, a lawyer friend of mine was suggesting preventives in a conversation with me one day. I said, "Well I am not going to use any such preventives, and neither I nor any member of my family will have it." He shook his head warningly and replied, "You had better not boast too soon. You are just as liable to it as any of us." I said, very positively, "Yes, I do boast, and ask you to just watch us. *We will not ever have La Grippe, not any of us.*" And none of us ever have had it. So do we form and direct our destiny, by the thoughts we hold and the words we use. By this means we create a mental and moral atmosphere about our persons and in our homes that determine the conditions of our lives. A positive thought atmosphere of good and truth and fearless optimism will prevent accidents, sickness and poverty. It will effectually wipe out any family tendency to bad luck and disease. Family or inherited diseases are transmitted down the line by fear and talking about it. My father's mother died of consumption while a young woman. But we never talked about it nor feared it in the least. My father is now near 86 and has perfect lungs and there never have been eleven lusti-

er, sounder pairs of lungs than those of his children.

I know a pious, intentionally honest lady, head of a publishing business, who allows herself to fall into ruts of belief that she cannot pay certain little debts she owes. She postpones and allows the belief to grow and possess her that she can't spare the money, until it becomes next to impossible for her to "cough up," to use a homely but expressive phrase. There are many in this belief.

Now, if they would "get reckless" and pay, pay with their eyes shut to the future, they would experience such a loosening up in business and financial matters as would surprise them. I hereby recommend this remedy to all thus affected. It is a sure cure.

I once knew a man who said he never had any luck with cattle. And he did not succeed in that line of trade, while he was a splendid success with mules. After a few years of good luck with mules and bad luck with cattle, it was pointed out to him how differently he used and took care of his mules and his cattle. The one he housed and fed and petted, while the other he turned out in the rain and snow and required them to shift along on stalk fields and dead grass. He took the hint and changed both his thought and conduct about it, and became successful in both lines of business.

So have we brought on old age and imbecility by expecting and preparing for them. When a man quits active business and goes to live with a son or daughter and wait for the final summons, it comes on pretty soon, usually not unwelcome to the son or daughter who has had the charge to keep over him. I attribute my father's long life and good health largely to the fact that he has persisted in remaining on the old farm and attending to business, although his children would gladly keep him if he were willing to live with them. And he has always said, jokingly, "I am not going to die as long as I see anyone else living."

In David's time people died of old age when only 65 or 70 years old. The bible story says that David died of old age at 70 and Solomon at 65. And David wrote something about the limit being three score and ten years. Ever since people have been calling those old stories "God's word," they have been trying to make it out that it is an offense against God for one to live on past that old limit. Thus they have lessened the number of their years very materially. Now we know better and begin to lengthen the average of human life.

One facetiously proposed a bill in Congress to make it a law that every laborer who had reached the age of fifty without a competence to live upon the rest of his days, should be shot. This was, he said, because at that age a laborer is too old to get employment, as all the heads of business firms want young men employees.

A man recently committed suicide in St. Louis. He was 54 years old. He wrote before he died that all the joy and zest and usefulness of a man's life was gone at 50 and he had better die then. As he believed that sort of nonsense, it was a fact to him and he died by his own hand, as many others are doing, only most of them do the deed of *fels de se* by the indirect way of believing in this man's mistake and expecting that result.

If we believe in unending life and know that a man should be in his prime at the age of fifty, it will be so with us.

Let us be wise and stand firm against the old delusions of the ignorant past. They are both persistent and insidious because of our origin and early training and the vast number of people yet under the beliefs of failure and death. [By our words and our silent thoughts we may become successful, strong and safe. What though the wilderness howl with the prowling beasts of fear and disaster. We know our fortress to be impregnable and our destiny toward complete victory.

We will use no words of failure. We will indulge no thoughts of fear. We cease to say, "I am afraid." We will admit no charges of weakness. We will deny every accusation of mortality and sickness. We will boast of the good and admit no evil. So we win in life and make the world a better place to live in.

I was conversing with a lawyer friend on the street a few days ago. He is what they call an old bachelor. He had just returned from a visit to his mother and old home in Virginia. He said that some one said to him while there, "Tom, do you realize that you are getting old?" He replied vigorously, he said "No sir! I don't realize any such thing. I expect to be a kid when I am seventy-nine, just as I am now."

That was the right answer to make to such a well meaning but mistaken stab. If he persists in that thought, he will be a vigorous youth at 79, provided further that his life is proper and wise in its course.

Then, since we have our destiny in our own hands, let us direct our course clear of disease, failure and death. We stand firm on this platform, and victory is surely ours.

A physician in Illinois, now 70 years young, writes me in a recent letter,—"I have been a practicing physician all my life—did not practice six months until I saw that medicine would not do the work. I have been as firm a believer in the Science as you are for the last dozen years and have in that time given more Science to my patients than medicine."

"It is said that medicine cures more today than a thousand years ago; it is a mistake—we kill fewer, *that's all*. We are not in the curing business yet and will not be until we move out of the killing business, and we won't make that change until the basic principle is changed."

J. H. Tilden, M. D.

The Young Woman and the Boy.

A YOUNG woman was rambling along a country lane. She was well-dressed and was full of thoughts for reforming the world. Presently there came along a small, bare-legged urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it, and she did not hesitate to stop him.

"You are a wicked boy," she said, severely. "How could you do such a deed, and rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she don't care," replied the urchin, edging away, 'cause she's upon your hat."

Then the young woman walked away, thinking deeply, but on a different vein.—*Golden Days*.

Very Good Words.

A GENTLEMAN in Washington sends us these very appropriate words about The Life:

"I take much interest in reading the magazine on account of its helpful suggestions, its well considered criticisms and happily bestowed praise."

Thank you. That's good sense.

Between man and the beautiful world slowly revealing to us, the veil is thin. There lies just within our real grasp, the greater Realm, not far off, but near, waiting for our developed powers of perception. Truly, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," the things which are prepared for them that love Elohim.

C. J. B.

The chain of being is complete in me;

In me is matter's last gradation lost,

And the next step is spirit—Deity!

—Bowring.

Meditations

By Raxton

THE MARVELOUS results of co-operation in any line of human endeavor, can as yet scarcely be foreshadowed. Often in the course of these articles it has been maintained that the drift of events clearly shows that the grandest racial movements of all ages have in recent times differentiated themselves into the simple fact of the centering of individual activities into one grand aggregate, variously denominated, but always exemplifying the efficiency of co-operation. It has been laid under the ban of the law sometimes, but it has gone on just the same, making the world tremble in the contemplation of its stupendous results. It has bound the earth with steel, and caused the multiple business interests of the world to move in a sympathetic unison which suggests the pulsation of a living organism.

*
* *

Again I can intimate, prophetically, that the human race will in the next new era move upward to better things through co-operation. The lesson of the efficiency of co-operation has already been learned. The next lesson to learn is that the true end of human co-operation is the relief of human misery. Hitherto aggregations of all kinds have been feared and dreaded as enemies of human happiness and the source of the most dangerous oppression of the weak. And well it may be feared so long as it is guided by selfish individual interests; but, in the very nature of things, this will be impossible in the great future which is already opening upon us. Co-operation is the only hope of the weak. A few million weak individuals in combination may defy the strength of giants.

America has taught the world how much may be attained by the concentration of human powers not only in the constructive enterprises but also in commercial ventures. But in this country each combination has been dominated by some master mind, and the results of the paid co-operation have been largely individual aggrandizement. But now there comes a report from England of a movement which has grown up among the masses with the avowed purposes of lightening the burdens and ameliorating the condition of the laboring people. Study the significance of the following lines recently printed in one of our great dailies.

"After looking on in astonishment at the vast operations of American Rockefellers and Morgans, England hardly knows what to make of the discovery that she has 'in her midst' a trust that is in some ways more powerful, and with more direct effect on the small tradesman, than anything in the United States. It has grown so quietly that there was no general realization of its grip on the country till the other day, when this vast concern coolly took up Joseph Chamberlain's challenge and threatened to fight him on the subject of tariffs.

"The whole thing grew out of the decision of a score of half-starved workmen up in the north of England to club together for the purpose of getting the necessaries of life a bit cheaper. The local shopkeepers had combined to charge extortionate rates, and this was the protest. The plan worked fairly well and the business grew slowly until, exactly forty years ago, it was big enough to be incorporated in Manchester, under the name of the Co-operative wholesale society. Nobody was permitted to make any money off of it, but everybody in it got good food and clothes at cost.

"The result is that today shopkeepers all over the country are getting frightened. Here and there they have organized and put up a fight, but with little success. They

have appealed to the government to save them, but the government can do nothing.

"At present the 'C. W. S.,' as this huge workingman's trust is usually called, represents an actual investment of \$175,000,000—all of it from the pockets of comparatively poor folk. It has some fifty buildings, most of them enormous in size, and including some of the largest factories in the world and it has a hundred thousand employees. But, perhaps the most significant fact of all is that its stockholders now comprise almost exactly one-sixth of the total population of England!

"English conservatives have failed to realize the rapid increase of co-operative power in ways other than financial and political. Few of the upper tenth have the slightest idea how English co-operators are changing the workingman's condition socially and economically. Few of that upper tenth have ever heard of the 'Woman's co-operative guild,' or of the 'co-operative union,' which acts as the propagandist, educator and philanthropist of the movement. Co-operators have been their own best helpers. They have grown into the luxury of Oxford university scholarships and convalescent homes in the same way that they have extended their industries to Australia and South America."

* *

This is a good beginning of the realization of the results which these articles have at various times pointed out as the legitimate and inevitable end of co operation. It is simply the trust with selfish individualism eliminated. The trust with its wonderful possibilities is not for the individual, and in the very nature of things must pass out of individual control and take its place where it naturally belongs as the true and effective instrument of self-help in the hands of the masses. Individualism is in its decadence. The true philosopher of the present age knows this to be so. Our next cycle opens with a greater inher-

itance for the masses than the world has yet known. The day of physical giants, and the mighty prowess of knights errant is now entombed with the myths of the past. There is an open grave now ready for the giant tradesman and merchant who lives and fattens on the misery of the weak. There will still be room for the merchant prince who lives and acts for others but for the haughty one who grinds down to misery those whom he employs there is a speedy downfall.

The Theological Penitentiary.

(Contributed to The Life.)

From The Pen of an English Nobleman.

I SAW a dismal Prison over which there floated a dark cloud. The building was forbidding, terrible. As I approached, I heard much noise of quarrelling, and coming closer, I beheld the legend written, "Mangling done on Christian Principles!" At every floor the prisoners wore a different garb, and every large, but overcrowded room, had many sub-divisions. Each had its own distinctive mark.

I saw, moreover, that each section had its leader, who, with proud uplifted head, was seeking to subdue his fellow man. And as I stood and listened marvelling, the cause of all this clamor was made known to me; for every one abused his neighbor roundly there, criticised his theories; each leader arguing he alone was right, and all the rest were preaching error. Some were there who seemed in sorry plight, with crippled limbs, and sad distorted features. At every barred window there were some who hugged their chains, and called to me to save myself by joining them. Little children, too, were there with tearful eyes that longed for liberty.

Old men I saw, with shrunken frame, so nearly flesh-denuded that I wondered why they did not slip between the bars, and make a dash for freedom.

And as I gazed I saw the reason why. It seemed to me from every head a cord invisible to them, was *binding brain to brain*. And every section leader, howbeit a prisoner himself, was gaoler, too, with hard unloving countenance. Some indeed there were with no distinctive mark, excepting they had laid aside their coats and went in shirt sleeves. Those thanked, like all the rest, that they were not as other men, and had the greater liberty, because no gaudy trappings hampered them.

Within the yard outside this sad abode, I saw that many walked with seeming happiness because they had escaped the dungeon, and, regardless of the encircling wall, they called it liberty! Their cramped, uncertain walk betokened sickness, and I yearned for them. I told them I had found a way to freedom, but they mocked at me, and with self-pity falsely said, "It is the will of God, outside of here there is no safety for the soul; our way is right; no other way is found to enter heaven."

I pleaded with them that a God of love does not imprison, starve and cripple men; no punishment He gives, for Love is harmony. I told them Life was not in books or parchments to be found, nor yet in creeds, thread-bare with age, nor yet in orthodox theology. I told them of the Higher Self, the Life within the carnal veil.

They left me, when I spoke the truth, and with religious horror cried, "Behold he speaketh blasphemy."

I blessed them as I spread my wings, and know that light must some time pierce that sullen cloud, which covered like a pall this dark abode. Love must conquer. Truth must reign and Light must shine forever.

I turned and paused above the gate which cleft the frowning wall, and there I saw a figure crouching; on his knees he held an open book with letters printed violet; his purblind eyes with earnestness appeared to scan the page, and as he seemed to read, black letters formed themselves in words, obscuring what was written there. These were

his own thoughts, and the book was only teaching what his mind had formulated.

Out from his head flashed forth the red forked lightning dealing destruction, death and misery. I turned away, and as I left the din of strife behind, *the air was filled with notes of Harmony*. Glad voices shouted loud Hosannas, saying, 'All is Good, and Love is everywhere. 'Tis mortal sense that evil sees. For Love cannot behold iniquity.'

Only Trust The Law.

(Read carefully Mark 4:26, 27 and 29 and 37, 38 and 39.)

I S THE Spirit good seed sowing?
Let it grow.
Do not fret about its growing;
God doth know.

As the Earth her fruitage bringeth,
Perfect, whole;
So, blade, ear and full corn springeth
In thy soul.

Trust it all unto Love's keeping,
Trust and rest.
Love will for thee, waking, sleeping,
Do the best.

Does the threatening, dashing billow
Make thee fear?
The Christ is there upon thy pillow,
Very near.

Yet unseen he firmly graspeth
At the helm;
Nothing, while thy hand he claspath,
Can o'erwhelm.

Angry winds and waves obeying,
Do His will;

Listen to Him sweetly saying,
"Peace, be still."

—J. E. Downey.

Pueblo, Colo.

Why Is It—

THAT when a man has matches and tooth-picks together in his pocket and he fishes for a match he gets a tooth-pick every time, and when he wants a tooth-pick he seems to have nothing but matches?

That when he gets a match finally and tries to strike it in the dark, he scrapes the wrong end nine times out of ten?

That when he has one penny and seven nickels in his pocket and digs down for street car fare he gets the penny every time?

Why is it?

About The Life.

ONE SUBSCRIBER writes,
"I have taken it ever since its first issue. *Long, long may it live!* I concur with others in saying it is the best periodical I have ever seen. I cannot find language adequate to express my feelings in the perusal of its contents."

Another one writes,

"You have so many good letters from others I forbear writing at length. I certainly watch and wait for your paper, and it is simply *great*."

Prof. L. D. Ames, just from Harvard University, where he took the Master's degree, and who has been elected Professor of Mathematics in the Missouri State University, recently spent a few days with us before beginning his work. He took some treatments for recuperation and power preparatory to entering upon his new duties.

Don't Miss This.

THAT OXFORD Bible proposition still holds good. For \$1.75 you can obtain for yourself an elegant Oxford Teacher's Bible, with maps, concordance, all modern helps and many fine illustrations, over-lapping morocco cover, neatly boxed, and The Life one year for a *new subscriber*. You can't afford to miss this.

Or for \$1.00 we will send The Life one year to a *new subscriber* and to you 50c. worth of our own Books.

Agents Wanted.

WE WISH an agent for The Life and our books in every city, town and neighborhood on Earth. We want live agents that *hustle and do things*. We want agents who are interested in the great work we are doing. We will give good agents half they take in for new subscribers and books sold. Write and get commission of appointment and instructions.

Now is the time of year when the boards of sickness in the cities are busy with their nefarious work, demanding that the little children must have their blood poisoned with a loathsome cow disease before they can be permitted to attend school. How long, O Lord, how long? Shall we ever be free from this nasty, musty old superstition? Really, small-pox, which is a filth disease, has about been cleansed away with our growth in sanitary knowledge and means of cleanliness, but the nefarious fad of vaccination still has its clutches fixed on us.

For sixty days, or until Dec. 1, we will offer The Life and that excellent health journal, "The Good Health Clinic," edited by Dr. Elmer Keeler of Syracuse, N. Y., for the price of one—\$1.00 a year for both. This offer is good for both new subscribers and old ones who pay up and one year ahead. In other words, if you pay for The Life a year in advance, I will give you The Good Health Clinic for one year free.

: Bible Lessons :

1903, THIRD QUARTER.

Lesson I.—Oct. 4.

DAVID BRINGS UP THE ARK.—2 Sam. 6:1-12.
KEY-NOTE:—"Happy they who dwell in thy house, who praise thee all the day long."

After David had ended his wars, had been king over Judah fourteen years and over the whole of Israel about seven years, he concluded to go get the ark which had never been brought back to the place of their worship since Eli's sons had taken it from Shiloh to battle, seventy years before this time and lost it. The Philistines could not keep it, as it seemed to bring bad luck to their gods; so they sent it to the house of Abinadab at Kirjath-Jearam, about eleven miles west of Jerusalem. There it had remained up to this time.

It was an acacia wood chest, three feet nine inches long and two feet three inches high and wide. It was plated within and without with gold and the lid was of solid gold. On it were two golden and winged images. They said God sat on the lid, which was called the mercy seat. In it were the two tables of stone on which were engraved the ten commandments, Aaron's rod and a plate of manna.

David took thirty thousand chosen men and went after this ark to bring it to Jerusalem. They put it on a new cart with two oxen hitched on. As they returned with the precious box, they danced and sang and played on various instruments. Uzzah and Ahio, sons of Abinadab, were in charge of the cart. The oxen stumbled and Uzzah put out his hand to keep the ark from falling out of the cart. A thunder storm had come up, as described in the 29th Psalm, which was written about this occasion, and

the lightning struck the metal-covered box just as Uzzah put his hand on it, and killed him. They said God was angry because he touched the precious box and murdered him for it. It was a foolish superstition. David saw the wrong of it and would not let the ark come to the tabernacle. He called the place where Uzzah was killed "Perez-uzzah," Uzzah's breaking. He was wroth at God for this act of cruelty, for he believed God was guilty. After the ark had been in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months, and he prospered, David let it come on to Jerusalem. David was a just man at heart and sometimes rebuked God for seeming unjust and cruel deeds.

1. Where was the ark and how came it there?
2. What was it and what did it symbolize?
3. Was God on the lid?
4. Is God in the churches?
5. Why was David angry with God?
6. Did God kill Uzzah?
7. What was the meaning of his death?

Lesson II.—Oct. 11.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID.—2 Sam. 7:4-16.

KEY-NOTE:—"Thy throne shall be established forever."

David's reign of thirty-three years was divided into three periods:

1. A period of war and conquest, about fourteen years.
2. A period of rest and upbuilding, about seven years.
3. A period of domestic troubles, about twelve years, the fruit of his wrong conduct with Uriah's wife.

Nathan was the prophet in Israel. He said God spoke to him in dreams.

David lived in a fine cedar palace, while the place of worship for God was only a tent. David proposed to Nath-

an that he build a fine temple. That night Nathan had a dream about it. In the dream God seemed to recount all the good things he had done for David and Israel and to promise much more that he would do, but complained that he had no house to live in, but had always had to put up with a tent.

But it was finally decided that David's hands were too bloody to build a temple. So he was directed to get the material together so that his son, Solomon a more peaceful and more numerously married man, should build the house.

So Nathan told David and he acted accordingly.

But according to this lesson, God promised David through Nathan that his descendants should rule Israel forever. In fact, however, only his son ruled over all the nation after David. Then the kingdom was divided, never to be united again.

It was only a little mistake of Nathan's.

It seems to us now small and pusillanimous for God to be pouting and complaining about not having a house to live in, after all he had done for the people. We know it was only the narrow thought of a half-civilized people. God craves no house nor asks any praise or worship. God needs no service from men, nor demands any reverence. One great commentator remarks in justification of the charge that God killed Uzzah, that David was zealous, but not reverent enough. So God killed Uzzah to make David more reverent! You see, not all the old childish ideas are risen above yet.

1. What do you know of Nathan?
2. What is a prophet? Are there any prophets now?
3. Does God dwell in houses?
4. Did God complain to Nathan?
5. What was David to do about building the temple?
6. Does God demand worship?
7. What is true worship?

Lesson III.—Oct. 18.

DAVID'S CONFESSION.—Psalms 51:1-17.

KEY-NOTE:—"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

This psalm was written by David soon after he seduced Uriah's wife and had him killed because he did not fall into the trap David and she had set to cover their crime. It is one of David's seven penitential psalms. I will here give you the Polychrome version of the lesson, in part.

1. Out of Thy goodness, O God, be Thou gracious to me; by Thy great mercy, blot out my transgressions.

2. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and from my sin do thou cleanse me.

3. For I myself do acknowledge these my transgressions, and to my eyes my sin is ever present.

4. Against Thee alone have I sinned and done what to Thee is displeasing, that Thou mayest be right in Thy sentence, and in Thy judgment be blameless.

5. In iniquity, verily, was I begotten, and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6. Yea, faith and trust—it is these that Thou lovest; grant me, then, insight into the mystery.

7. Purify me with hyssop, that I may be clean; wash me that I may be whiter than snow.

8. Make me hear sounds of joy and gladness, that even the bones Thou hast crushed may rejoice.

9. From my sin veil Thy face, and all my iniquity do thou blot out.

10. In me, O God, create a clean heart, and a spirit that is steadfast renew in my breast.

And so on, seven more verses, ending, "The sacrifice to God is a spirit that is broken; a heart that is broken and crushed, O God, Thou dost not despise."

David truly and deeply repented of all his sins. He was good at heart but wayward in his sense self.

In verse 5 he refers to the lustful passions which he

inherited. In verse 7 hyssop is a symbol of bitter trials and severe retribution.

In verse 4 his humiliation and remorse lead him into a mistake. He had really sinned against Uriah, his wife, himself and his people. He had not hurt or insulted God at all.

Verse 10 asks for a clean heart and steadfast spirit. These are of great value to all. Unfold them—they are yours.

1. What was the occasion of the 51st Psalm?
2. Who told David of his error?
3. Why did he repent?
4. Was God angry?
5. To whom was restitution really due?
- ❧ 6. What should be the fruits of repentance?
7. How may a clean heart be created?

Lesson IV.—Oct. 25.

DAVID'S JOY OVER FORGIVENESS.—Psalm 32.

KEY-NOTE:—"Happy he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is pardoned."

David wrote this psalm after the reaction set in from his great sorrow over his sin. He thought God had forgiven him and all was now made right.

What a mistake! God could not forgive him; he had nothing to forgive. The great wrong was not atoned for. His suffering was not over. Already the fruit of his sin, a beloved boy, had died under very distressing circumstances. Then Nathan's prophecy came true, that "evil should be raised up against him out of his own house, and that his neighbor should lie with his wives in sight of the sun." Then came Absalom's rebellion, besides Amnon's sin and death by the hand of his half brother. David's old age was full of sorrow.

So God did not forgive in the sense of removing the penalty. No; David paid the price and won his redemp-

tion, as we all must do. The teaching that God gets hurt or angry about our sins and then gets over it after we become humble and beg him awhile, and forgives us, letting us go unpunished, for Jesus' sake, is all twaddle. It belongs to the age of ignorance, the childhood of the race. Let us be done with it.

"I will instruct thee, says the Lord, and show thee the way thou must go," says the 8th verse.

Yes; that is it: Under the law we learn the way of life, by experience if we err, by wisdom's way if we are wise and avoid the sins of ignorance.

"Be not lacking in reason, like the horse or the mule, whose jaws must be ruled by the bit and the bridle," says verse 9. You must become lawful, be saved from sin, in one way or the other. Which will you choose, David's way, or the way followed out by such men and women as Longfellow and Bryant and Harriet Beecher Stowe? As for me and my house, we will walk in wisdom's ways, whose ways are pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

1. Why did David rejoice?
2. Had he really atoned for his wrong?
3. How could he do that?
4. Against whom had he sinned?
5. What good did begging God to forgive him do?
6. How may we be redeemed?
7. What two ways of unfoldment? Which will you choose?

Lesson V.—Nov. .1

DAVID AND ABSALOM.—2 Sam. 15:1-12.

KEY-NOTE:—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

It is not possible to get the dates correctly of these events. David was either 62 years old, in the 32nd year of his reign, or 70 years old, in the 40th year of his reign.

The statement in verse 7, "at the end of forty years," is confusing. Some think it should be four instead of forty. Absalom did not stand at the gate forty years. It may mean the fortieth year of David's reign. Or it may refer to the fortieth year of Absalom's life. Anyway, it was near the close of David's career.

Absalom was the son of David by Maacah, a heathen woman. He was handsome and winning in manner. He had just been restored to his father's favor after three years' exile and two years' further exclusion from his father's presence, on account of his having killed his half brother for defiling his sister Tamar.

David's sin was still working out. Absalom found that David intended to make Solomon, his son by Uriah's wife, his beloved Bathsheba, his youngest son, his successor. So he planned and carried out a plot, as told in this lesson, to usurp the throne. He won the people's hearts by flattery and diplomacy. At Hebron he was proclaimed king with great tumult and rejoicing. David was taken by surprise and fled.

One commentator, in an effort to reconcile the two points that, although God had forgiven David, he was still being punished, says, "The sin must be rebuked and branded as evil, even while the royal penitent is forgiven, lest men take, from even divine forgiveness, encouragement to sin." What bosh! What was the purpose of the forgiveness, then? Of course forgiveness would be an encouragement to sin. Therefore, there is no forgiveness in the Law. Old Hesiod, the Greek poet who lived 900 years before Jesus' time, was nearer correct than our preachers when he maintained, according to Plutarch, "that punishment is a suffering that follows wrong-doing, springing from the same soil and the same root. Wickedness creates from itself, to be borne by itself, each several form of chastisement." And no "divine forgiveness" ever breaks the law or cheats the sinner out of his privilege of atoning for his sin and thus rising above the plane of it.

The same commentator quoted above says, about David's act in having a census of his realm taken, "There followed, as the judgment of heaven, for this sin, a terrible plague in which seventy thousand persons perished." Just think of it—a sane man in the twentieth century coolly charging God with such a monstrous crime! 70,000 innocent people killed because David made God mad by a harmless and proper public measure! What idiocy is this?

1. Who was Absalom?
2. How did he usurp the kingdom?
3. Had he a natural right to the throne, being the oldest living son?
4. What was the meaning of David's troubles?
5. What do you think of divine forgiveness?
6. What is the only plan of redemption?
7. Who atones for your sins? How?

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NOTICE

Our silent Hours are 6 to 7 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., central Standard time. All are requested to observe at least a part of one or both of those hours in the silence with us.

Key-Notes.

October.

(Glorification)

1-15.

GLORIFY THE GOOD IN ME AND IN ALL
NATURE AND MAGNIFY WHOLENESS IN ALL
MANKIND.

16-31.

BEAUTY, AND MAJESTY, AND LOVE, AND
BRIGHTNESS, AND JOY LIVE IN ME, AND
IN YOU, NOW AND FOREVER.

Tell your friends about The Life.

Health Thoughts

WHICH WERE born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of the invisible Powers."

When the Sun is ambushed and rain streams upon leaf and grass and street passenger, as it is doing this minute—splashing down on the balustrade-railing in front of my office window,—scattering watery shot and shell in every direction, a little fountain round each drop, there comes happy memory of when a child I watched the same performance, only I looked upon the splashing of the exploding drops of rain as living creatures dancing round each drop-fall like fairy children round a May-pole, and as wild with glee *

Who knows they are not precipitated out of the clouds through fear of falling. Who knows the thunder is not their united appeal to the winds to waft them down without woe. Who can tell the rain-drops count not their "fall" as tragical ending?

Less innocent, more intelligent Souls know the important round the drops are making, to the river, the ocean, and again to their cloud heaven. Like Hamlet they may be ever puzzled in their endless round of transformations from rain to water, to steam, to vapor, to cloud, and in their bewildered hearts are saying, "To be, or not to be: that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-aches and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause."

The rain-drop may reflect only man's thought. Every material thing in the world changes constantly and remodels as ceaselessly, under the ductile and malleable force of his feelings.

The whole world is upon the search for the secret of *un-tragical* movement * * *

The rivers foam and rage against the hindering rocks along their shores: the path of progress is paved with wearing stones, and beset by "friendly" parasites: monsters swim the seas to thwart ships laden with precious passengers: everything that goes or grows has difficulties to meet *and overcome*.

To meet and overcome difficulties that arise, is *growth* *

To meet and overcome them evenly and impassionately, is *harmonious growth* *

A country may be enriched through tragical war, but transformations come through words of peace. As the flower opens so should we exhale our Perfect Life * *

Men have frozen, searching for the North Pole. Mountains of ice and glacier rivers have not impeded entirely their sure progress. They are getting there—at the earth's quiet axis. So are the people striving for the perfect Way. They are finding it. The rocks and thorns, the parasites and sea-monsters, the snares and deceptions are surmountable without fightings. The Pilgrim of the Eternities, once in the true spiritual consciousness, transforms difficulties into helps, as with a magician's wand, so with his word.

Never so long as there is tragical birth, shall tragical

death be easily overcome. Never so long as flesh-birth obtains shall the human soul make its exit from this comedy-tragedy stage of being, gracefully and without catastrophe. It is coming. Death is swallowed up in victory over it. In the state called heaven, there is no more giving in marriage. People become as angels. This last points to telepathy. Angels are Thoughts of Life, Truth and Love going forth in all the earth, to literally cover the earth as the waters do the seas. Bodies are local. Our thoughts are large, broad and high. Their wings spread over great territories. Our communications reach unto all the worlds in space. Angels are too big to "take chairs," be locked in houses, wait a week to get over the Atlantic, or 24 hours to get answer to cablegram * * *

Beginnings foreshadow endings. The most stupendous accomplishment of the human, is that of overcoming death, after birth according to the will of the flesh. It has been done. It can be. The promise to those who thus overcome, is great *

The Christ Spirit said to the human Soul under its charge, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me in my Throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his Throne." Throne means power, and Father means universal Intelligence, (Truth, Life, Love). This means you will then have equal power and knowledge with the Christ * *

Some difficulties are sweet. Some things dearly purchased are precious. *Finis coronat opus*. (The finale crowns the labor) is true. The angels in heaven who *think* their children into existence may miss the rapture of the One who through travail lights the way of revelation and makes a Divine Creation manifest *

Every difficulty is (not a difficulty) but a servant faithful come to bless you. Name "difficulty" blessing and the mask of the foe will fall, to reveal a friend and helper's countenance.

Yet the hardships of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us, when the Untrigical Way is entered *

For the earnest expectation of the human Soul, one has said, waits for the manifestation of the Individual in it.

For the Soul was made subject to vanity, that it might be *self made*, into the individual likeness. For the Creature (divine part in man,, shall be delivered from the bonds of corruption, into the liberty of the Individual. The soul waits for the redemption of its body.

St. Paul did not seem to understand the Science of Life. He said "We do groan in this flesh-tabernacle, waiting for the adoption, the *redemption of the body*." In another place he is quoted to have said, when he would do good, lo, evil was present, in his members! The evil was not in his body as he thought but in his thoughts and feelings. Feelings are the experiencings of our thoughts *

He did not make use of the Science. He should not have condemned matter as non-existent, to destroy the evil that had appeared therein. One might as well destroy the window through which the burglar crept, to correct the wrong. He might (if he had known how) successfully have denied the evil by saying, "There is *no evil in matter*," and no power in evil, until I lend it power **

Matter is not responsible. It should never have been made the Scape-Goat of the Soul. The body is innocent as the chair it may occupy. The soul may fight with the fists, or slander with the tongue, or make as active use of the chair as of either **

As the strength of an iron chain is only the strength of its weakest link, so our strength absolute is in our wholeness, with no weak link in soul or body, but with them all as one, united in the Christ or divine idea ***

I promised several friends to give some "experiences." I will have space this month for a mere beginning. I

will take the letters up as they come.

Here is one written to Mrs. M. Pratt, the day after I made a little sketch of the writer, when she was with us last winter:

"(Josephine I like this name, it is so musical,) or Mrs. Barton, has one of the most expressive faces I ever saw. It expresses love and power. I wish you could have seen her as I did yesterday when she was making a brush sketch of my face: the predominating expression just then was power. If love had not been the predominating element in her Spiritual Self the expression would have been almost masculine; but the blending of the *two*—love and power made me feel that I was contemplating something that cannot be photographed or put on canvas, viz., an ideal face."

Abby W. Partridge.

The following letter is from a wife whose husband had been drowning his inspiration in stimulation:—"My Dear Mrs. Barton:

"I think you will be glad to hear that Mr. C— is doing finely. I have not noticed any drink odor since I wrote you. His appearance is very encouraging, to say the least.

"I feel as though I were getting "light", myself. I can't express to you nor any one the feelings of power and ecstasy, charity and love that possess me. I look at Mr. C. so different, so very different it all is. I am so glad. Yours, with love overflowing, I. B. C."

Some time ago a pretty young wife and mother came from a Kansas town to consult a physician specialist in regard to her lungs. After examination, he minutely described all the ugly appearances of a pair of diseased lungs; and wound up by telling her to just imagine how "two wet dish-cloths would limp down against each other in folds," adding that was just like her lungs, and she ought to have a course of medical treatment right away. She told me about it when she called, and I said, your

lungs are not that way at all: and I knew they were not:—

"Dear Friend: I came home Saturday night. My trip did not tire me. I feel fine this morning. Have devoted the last two silent hours with you. Sunday a. m. I forgot to awake.

"Mr. S. is pleased with my appearance. My countenance expresses a marked change. Sincerely yours,

"E. M. S."

This was over a year ago. She is now in fine health.

The following is from a pupil and patient in Lowell, Mass:—

My Dear Mrs. B.— I want to thank you again and again for what you have done for me. I am steadily improving. My eyes are getting along finely. I have almost no pain in my head and the pain in my side has entirely disappeared. I have within the last three weeks had several beautiful tests of going out socially when I had as easy and enjoyable time as I used to have. My friends are all remarking how very well I look and truly I know the change is very marked.

I am feasting on this Lesson and feel that it is well worth time. Dr. N., my husband, studies with me.

Thanking you again for your great help, I am yours in the spirit of Truth,

S. C. N.

We have bushels of such letters testifying to the power and influence of the Spoken Word of Truth. There is no other happiness so great on earth as that which living the true Life brings. Once in the Path the rest is easy. Burdens transform into Benedictions.

C. J. B.

News Items.

OUR GOOD poetic friend, Mrs. Nora E. Hulings Siegel, of Denver, is issuing a neat little monthly called "Paid," the avowed object of which is "to evoke loving consideration on behalf of the Afro-American, in place of the unjust prejudice which exists in the

minds of the Caucasian race in the United States against the colored "fraternity." And she offers a premium to the one who will correctly guess why she named it "Paid."

As a matter of fact, there is no such prejudice in the minds of the people of the United States against the colored people. They have been treated most magnanimously by our people and must and do win their rightful place socially among our people. And they have been accorded absolute equality politically. As Booker T. Washington truly says, the colored race must make themselves worthy of social equality before it can be theirs, no matter what laws are made. And they have every advantage of school and home that the whites have to rise in the scale of being. They really have no cause whatever for complaint—and, in fact, are not complaining. The howl we hear has been originated for political purposes only. Let the colored race alone to work out their own salvation. They have done well so far, and there is no race prejudice against them.

Talk about the people of the South being inimical to them. Barring a few malcontents here and there, the Southern white man is their best friend. Mr. Washington's great educational work in Alabama has been rendered possible only by the munificence of Southern gentlemen. To keep howling "prejudice" and "oppression" is to create the cloud of it, and finally the fact will result.

On Sunday, Aug. 30, A. P. Barton spoke for the Unity Society of Practical Christianity at Arlington Hall on "Dwelling With the Most High." The attendance was good and the results most gratifying. This society has been incorporated under the laws of the State of Missouri and is doing a good work.

The Life Home was recently accorded the pleasure of a brief visit from Mrs. Annie Rix Militz. She was on her way home to Alameda, Cal. She is bright and enthusiastic

in her work and we are glad of her success.

In Chicago the College of Freedom, Chicago Truth Center, Exodus Society, Esoteric Extension, The Higher Thought, the Mental Advocate, Mental Science Institute, Prentice Mulford Club, Suggestion Pub. Co., Sarah Wilder Pratt Rooms, Stockham Pub. Co., Universal Truth Club and Truth Students have united and issued a call for an "International New Thought Convention" to be held in Chicago on the 17, 18, 19 and 20 days of November, next. Many prominent speakers are expected to participate and a large attendance is anticipated. A. P. Barton of The Life is one of the vice-presidents and expects to attend the Convention. It is a move in the right direction and we predict a great success for it.

Helen Wilmans has issued "A Message to the Public," setting forth the facts about her troubles with the Post-office Department and asking the people to buy her books, as the lawsuits in which they have been involved have exhausted their means. She declares her intention to conquer her oppressors, but needs money to carry on the fight. She says, "If the post office officials—nearly all of whom are under the shadow of the law for dishonest conduct—think that I am going to rest in the position where they have placed me, they will surely find out their mistake. All they have done is simply to *wake me up*."

They advertise many excellent books, among which are Home Course in Mental Science, \$5.00. A Blossom of the Century, \$1.00; Conquest of Poverty, cloth, \$1.00, paper, 25 cents, heavy paper, 50 cents; Conquest of Death, \$2.00; Healing Formula, 10 cents; Self-Treatment, 15 cents; A Search for Freedom, \$1.00; The Wonders of Thought Force, 10 cents; all by Helen Wilmans, besides a number of others by C. C. Post, Ada W. Powers, W. J. Colville and Eugene Del Mar. *Address all letters and orders to Ada W. Powers, Seabreeze, Fla.*

Our readers are hereby warned to beware of a young Hebrew, small, pleasant manners, wearing large glasses, sometimes gives the name of A. J. Wise, who is going about victimizing Scientists by a story about his father disowning him because of his adoption of Science, etc. He shows some knowledge of Science and usually claims to have been a pupil or patient of some prominent Science teacher and is trying to get somewhere where he has a cousin who will get him into a good position on a newspaper, and he asks for money to pay his way. *He is a fraud of the first water.* Many have been deceived by him. Let us also send him thoughts that will check his career of error and bring him to himself in truth.

Correspondence

WHAT THOUGHTS should I hold for my sister, who has become a victim of melancholia on account of a belief that she was the cause of a wrong done by another? She has always been very conscientious and is not guilty of the wrong she is brooding over.—*A Subscriber.*

Answer:—1. Free your own mind of all fear and anxiety. Do not permit the atmosphere of her morbid mental state to influence you for a moment. It will feel heavy to you and depressing when in her presence. Don't permit it to get control over you. Throw it off, rise above it, dispel it, clear it up by holding thoughts of life and joy and freedom. A positive mental attitude of life and buoyant joy will create about you a positive atmosphere of healing and hope that will soon overcome the other and so set your sister free.

2. Treat your and her mother against anxiety and fear. Hold her in thought as free from fear and full of confidence in the power of the girl to overcome the clouds and dwell in the sunshine of love and peace.

3. Say to the sister silently, "You are free. You are love and life and do now manifest what you are. You are alive with the joy and hope of infinite life. You are wise and cannot be deluded by any false condemnation of self. You rise above it all now. You are free and whole and glad and wise."

And let your words be quick and forcible and spirited. Buoy her up with the exuberance of your own spirit and the wings of Infinite Love. Thus you can soon set her free.

I have heard that the Eddyites do not have any speak-

ing at their meetings. How are they conducted? I have never had an opportunity to attend one of their meetings.—Enquirer.

Answer:—The Eddyites have three meetings a week—two on Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., and one at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday.

At the Sunday meetings two persons called the first and second Readers stand up in the pulpit and read a paragraph or brief selection alternately, one from the Bible and one from Science and Health. The selection from Science and Health is supposed to be a key or interpretation to the Bible verse just read. But only the initiates can perceive the remotest connection between them, and they only pretend to, and can't explain it—never try to.

This cross-fire reading is kept up for about thirty minutes. The rest of the time is given to singing, repeating the Lord's prayer with Mrs. Eddy's improvement on it, the silence and passing the collection baskets. At the Sunday evening meeting exactly the same routine is gone through that they had at the 11 o'clock meeting, the same selections for reading, the same songs, etc., being repeated verbatim.

The programs for these meetings are sent out from headquarters and may not be varied in any way. And every Eddy Church on Earth has the same program each week. No variety or liberty of selection or freedom of speech is permitted. If any of them have any thoughts of their own, they must not express them at these meetings.

The Wednesday evening meeting is called an "Experience Meeting." At these meetings everybody is permitted to talk, but all the talks must be confined to one subject: What Science has done for the speaker, or for some one else.

Three classes of speakers take part in these meetings: Healers, who make the most of the opportunity to advertise their business, persons who have been, or imagine

they have been, healed, (and they are usually coached to not forget to mention the name of the healer who did it,) and those who assume to be gifted with the spirit of prophecy. They teach and go to these meetings to let it be known.

Then, sometimes new converts tell about how they were saved from error through the Science. It, as a matter of fact, is mainly an advertising scheme. They remind one of the meeting mentioned at Job 1:6.

We readily endorse all the teaching of The Life except that the change we call death makes us one whole degree better. I believe we remain the same. Principle is not changed until we will to be better. "As a tree falls, in the place where it falls, there will it be,"—Solomon. Please explain.

E. H. Hardy.

Answer:—I cannot understand how or where you got the idea that The Life ever taught that death makes one a degree better. I know I have never thought or said that death does any one any good.

In the mention of the death of dear Mrs. Campbell in our August issue, written by Mrs. Barton, are these words, She "is now radiant and happy in that same glorified world, one whole grade more advanced than this." I suspect our correspondent refers to this. But, if he will read it again, he will notice that the grade relates to the world and not to the woman. It is referred to as an advanced grade in the school of life, as one room in a graded school is more advanced in the course of study used there than another. But the pupil passing from a lower to a higher grade is not elevated by the act of transmission. He doesn't know any more after he steps into the higher room than he did when he stepped out of the lower. He must take up the studies there and begin to master them before he is advanced. I believe death, in the form we have had it, is an error and must be overcome,

The scripture you quote, if it had any reference to the death of people at all, would mean that there is no improvement, no advancement, after death. And if it did say that, I would not believe it. But it does not refer to death at all. It is found in the 11th chapter of Ecclesiastes and, as the context shows, means that it is not wise to observe signs and seasons nor to allow them to interfere with our work. It says, in plain words, (v. 3), If the clouds are full, it rains, and if a tree falls toward the south or north, that doesn't mean anything, is no sign of anything—there it lies, just as it fell. Fallen trees do not change directions to suit the signs; so neither should you. And the conclusion is in verse 6: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

For The Children.

WELL! WELL! I am disappointed that I have not a single essay on "Autumn" from any of the little folks. I wonder what is the matter!

Are they all too busy getting ready for school? I suppose that must be the trouble. Can't we have a lot of them now for the November number on the subject I gave you last month, "My Thoughts?" And the subject for December will be "What the Winter Wind Says."

We have here a pretty little travel story from one who loves children and was there at the places she writes about.

She says,

"Come with me, little readers of The Life, this bright October morning, down Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass., and we will visit Craigie House, once the Head Quarters of General George Washington, and later, the home of America's beloved poet, Longfellow. The old colonial

mansion stands back from the street on a terrace. It is yellow, with white trimmings. At the gateway are great lilac bushes, and across a park bearing his name, are the Brighton Meadows, through which the Charles river "writes the last letter of its name," before Longfellow's windows.

"Visitors are kindly admitted at certain hours to the study on the right of the broad entrance hall. Here may be seen the desk where the poet wrote—a jewelled pen holder is shown, and the paper knife with which Mr. Longfellow used to cut the leaves of magazines for his own children. Here is the "ebon throne," a chair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut," and given to the poet by the schoolchildren of Cambridge. You may read his poem to them, in any collection of his verses.

"Many boys and girls now treasure a copy of it, signed by Longfellow's own hand. In the parlor, Lady Washington used to receive her guests. Longfellow's grand children, eleven merry boys and girls, live in adjoining houses and enjoy the grounds of Craigie House with their playmates. The poet's grave is in beautiful Mount Auburn on Indian Ridge, under two great oak trees, and just below it, you can see that of James Russell Lowell, another of our great American writers. His home, too, is on Brattle Street in Cambridge, and many children visit these interesting old houses." Bee.

And here is a beautiful poem by one who was a friend and school mate of mine. He wrote many pretty things for children. He is now gone on to the higher life.

CHILD AND MOTHER.

O Mother, My Love, if you'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in the sweet posie-garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,

And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.
There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
No patching of stockings to vex you,
For I'll rock you away on a silver dew stream
And sing you asleep when you are weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie—
And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften.
So Mother, My Love, let me take your dear hand
And away through the starlight we'll wander,—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

—Eugene Field.

Now, don't forget to write me about your thoughts.
Let us have a lot of good letters.

You know, I was a little boy once and I very well remember about my thoughts when I was not much experienced in matters of the world.

I remember the first time I ever saw a terrapin. You know what that is. It has a shell like a hard shell turtle, but lives on dry land. He would soon drown in the water. I was so scared that I could not move, but I did not lose my voice. I screamed and my papa who was plowing near by, ran to me. The terrapin was scared, too, and put out his skinny neck as far as he could. We were both so silly, weren't we? My papa picked him up and showed me how harmless he was. He at once drew in his head and legs and shut up his house.

That is the way many grown up people are—afraid of that which never hurts anybody. Fear is not good. Don't be afraid of anything. There is really nothing to fear.

• • New Books • •

OLIVER C. SABIN, "Bishop Sabin," editor of "Washington News Letter," has sent out a little book called "Divine Healing." It contains fourteen brief lectures on healing.

It is all good, pious, sincere, reverent, like the author. The "Bishop" has given in this book a good many cases of healing by God, as he says, through him.

He is very devout and uses the word God very freely. I have just opened the book at random and counted the big Gs on the first page I looked at. There are ten of them. If this is an average, then he had used "God" 1070 times in the book.

But the good "bishop" proposes to give you this book, if you will send him 6 cents. It is worth much more than 6 cents, I am sure. He has two purposes in giving you this book: To do all the good he can, for the "bishop" loves to do good, and to advertise his healing business. And this is all right, too. Address 1329 M. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Eliza Barton Lyman, of Saginaw, Mich., has written and published a pretty book, called "Hermaphro-Deity, The Mystery of Divine Genius."

It begins by telling about how she, (Elizabeth) her brother John and two friends Annie and Angela, went from their eastern home to a place in the mountain fastnesses of California, called "Benares" (not on the map) to get some lessons from some "Mahatmas" (never was a live one on Earth,) the chief of whom was "Father Hyacinth," a man described to be about 60 years old and resembling Phillips Brooks, (quite a compliment on "Father Hyacinth.")

It is a sort of a colony they have there where men and women live together in celibacy and on fruit and vegetables.

The book is a story of their experiences and doings

there, of John, Elizabeth, Annie, Angela and the others, and of the lessons given them by Father Hyacinth.

The chief points made in these lessons are, man must worship a Supreme Being, a personal God; God created all; man's mind grows, can sin and can die; animal generation, or sexual reproduction, a curse: "Nature Spirits" are about us always; Every atom is alive and intelligent; Christ came to redeem the world; conception in woman should be by the Holy Ghost; Asexualization of the race, that is, unsexing them must come, and that God is both male and female, a hermaphrodite. The book sells for \$1.00. Send to the author.

Jessie M. Oliver of London, Eng., has collected many terse sayings from the writings of Rev. H. R. Hawies, and had them bound in a beautiful white book, with gold letters and ornaments. The paper is fine deckle-edge and the print is excellent.

Rev. Hugh Reginald Hawies was for a long time pastor of the old St. James church on Westmoreland St., London. He attracted large audiences by his original, unique and sometimes quaint manner, as well as his loving heart and great talents. He was also a musician, a fine performer on his Stradivarius violin.

He wrote several books and pamphlets. This book by Jessie M. Oliver, who was a personal friend of the great preacher, is made up of short selections from his writings. It is a splendid book to quote from, on the "Realities of Life," the title of the book. The price is 3 shillings, 75 cents, post paid to any address. Send to this office, or to The Higher Thought Centre, 10 Cheniston Gardens, London, W. Eng.

Another fine English book comes to us from "The Higher Thought Centre," 10 Cheniston Gardens, London. It is a story by Mrs. Akkey, entitled, "My Change of Mind." "Lettie Hope" tells the story, containing the moral of change of mind, from the old to the new. I don't know the price.

A Little Lesson

By Special Request.

(Concluded.)

ON OUR way from Salt Lake City to Garfield Beach, one of Great Salt Lake's popular bathing resorts (about fifteen miles) I found myself (in the summer of 1897) scrambled into a seat beside one of the old Burden Bearers of pioneer polygamy. A woman in black calico, black bonnet of the horse-shoe persuasion, ornamented with black ribbon bows pressed flat years and years ago, and a tuft of mane scalp (I reckon) still lifting some of its bristles straight up.

Her hands were knotted and browned from work. A little sweep of gray hair fell back from above her ears and gathered in a tight knot the size of a hickory nut at the back of her withered philoprogenitiveness. Her little round shoulders, big waist and short knees all draped in black, made her look like an abused orphan. I felt very sorry for her, and was glad I got separated from my party in the full train, to get a seat by her.

It was as I wished, and we two were soon talking like sisters. I, so full of hope and life and ambition for myself, my children, and husband and the world; she, wearing the expression of one who long ago—almost too long to wish to recall it—had given up her own will and every spark of ambition for self or for any one *

At first she was reticent; but my desire to tell her she had been too good, too self-sacrificing, better far than Brigham Young, seemed to awaken her confidence, and she told me—without intending it perhaps—many things. Old wives were commonly shoveled out into barns, wagon-

sheds, to make room for the new ones that dared not refuse to come. They worked their own garden, but often failed to make enough to keep them from winter's cold and hunger. They saw about as much of Young as we see of our Mayor. They were ignorant and easily induced to follow the fearful, "debasing religion of the polygamists. Emigrant wagons sometimes picked up a cast off wife, in pity at her pleadings, but she was generally overtaken and the poor woman thrown into a Mormon dungeon, or quietly killed, thus forcing her into their "blood atonement" sacrifice.

In relating this case my seat-mate solemnly added: "Well, the prophet had warned sich that turruble things 'ud come onto the disobedient, and they did, shore," she ended with a deep sigh.

"It proved true in his own case, too, didn't it," I coolly replied. Here she turned her weak, faded eyes on me, and with a little flaring up of the only religion, only schooling she ever had, said,

"Yes, but his enemies done that."

"Did not the enemy of Goliath slay Goliath, and was it not the hand of God, any how?"

I did not wish to combat her religion, however; I only wished to open a few windows in her soul so she might have something outside her narrow creed to think about *

She was the third widow out of seven, for "he diseased" soon after his seventh wedding, in his thirty-sixth year. He left two bables, six weeks apart in age, and a third one five months old. The seven-headed father contracted weak lungs from his fourth, and imparted it to his fifth and sixth, the latter still surviving him, though hopelessly. Several of the children already showed signs of the same tendency.

Yes, he had sworn on his knees he would stop marrying when he could dwell in the light of her bright eyes. It was thirteen months after that time he took another wife

and left her unprovided for, health poor, hopeless. Her father, who was poor, helped her a little until her child was born and she was able to work again.

"Did Brigham Young keep well, usually?" I questioned.

"He had his affliction," she replied, with another sigh.

"Are the old wives very happy?"

"Why, we do not look for it *here* in this world, but over yonder" * * *

At Ogden we met another wife whose husband, though he had vowed eternal faith with her, quoting the little stanza, given at the opening of this article in Sept. number, married the second time. She had been a faithful help-meet and his money had increased!

One day, when her babe was about three months old, her good husband came in and told her in a guilty, subdued way, what the brethren had been putting him up to. The church had decided (whether at his suggestion or not), that he ought to take another step toward heaven, naming the young woman. For awhile she thought her heart would break; then her own people, who were Mormons, urged her not to be ugly or jealous, but to be brave and hold her head up and go to the wedding and show them she was a true follower of Brigham *

The time was set; she wore *her* wedding-dress, a brown silk. They started out, walking, she carrying her darling babe (so soon to be orphaned.) There had been a shower, and the brown skirt was getting drabbled.

"Let me carry the baby," generously proposed the creature by her side,—not her husband: She had none!

"Oh, that would not look well, for you to appear at your own wedding with your baby in your arms!" she objected * * *

They went to the wedding, and as the last words of the ceremony fell, "I make you twain husband and wife, un-

till death do you part," the baby set up such a wailing the deserted wife had to carry him out,—of the stifling atmosphere!

The old man took his bride home. She happened to be of delicate constitution, and from her he contracted a serious difficulty from which he had not recovered. His head was hairless when I saw him, and shone in the gas-light like a glazed skull. He was old and pinched, miserable-looking.

"Did you receive this new wife graciously?" I asked.

"To tell you truly, I was sorry for her, for she loved a young man, her own age, and pined and grieved, though she dared not let it be known. She told me on my sacred oath not to tell, and I did not as long as it was dangerous for her. But she kept my house littered, things piled around, until I was discouraged. Then he would come in and storm about our untidiness, a thing he never did before. Finally he got out with her, and would not rest until he got Brigham to divorce him."

"Did you become reconciled to him then?"

"No I *couldn't*. I tried to, but my faith in men was gone. I look on them as so many weaklings; they are like roosters,—the most selfish things on Earth. A rooster will pick up a stone and cluck to the hen he wishes to deceive, swearing to her it is bread. The hungry hen goes, and then he laughs and crows at having succeeded in the deception. Men *ought* to be better than beasts without a thimbleful of brains, but selfish men, like Brigham and Smith, and some others, are not" * * *

It is the *principle* in a subject we must look at and defend. In the great and vital matters of this life we cannot afford to be governed by selfishness. We must stand by that which helps both men and women into their true sphere in life. Since men and women are born about equal in numbers, that in itself ought to show Nature's intention against plurality of either husbands or wives.

The Philistine Editor is, I suppose, like the lawyer who defends his case whether good or bad, and endeavors to bring out only the good side.

Again, I have "happened" to find a book to read. It is a way with me. The right article appears at the propitious time.

The name of this really great book is, "*The Lions of the Lord*," by H. L. Wilson. It is a romance within a romance and founded on historic facts the most startling, to those who know little of the ways of old Mormon tribes. Mr. Wilson is a master writer, a man in his prime.

It is illustrated by his beautiful artist wife, Rose Cecil O'Neill.

It is not a book on Science but it presents a theme for thought.

The great men of United States are ashamed of polygamy. No one now has respect for the doctrines taught in the old battered tabernacle, with its circles of wooden benches for pews. It is the darkest, most [dismal place I ever visited. Not a cushion or curtain, but plenty of dust and gloom.

The temple is more imposing. Yet when we remember how foreigners were induced to come and have a home upon their arrival, and how they had to work out that home's salvation with fear and trembling, we cannot help thinking the temple better have been left unbuilt than to have been built by men forced thus to work upon it. Brigham Young's Spider Web was a fearful, ghostly old trap for both men and women who passed by it.

One day Uncle Samuel rubbed out the little web with a brush of his slender fingers. It was forty-eight years old, only.

"The Evangel of *Freedom* is calling,

The music is borne from the sky,

The chains from the bondmen are falling,

The jubilee morning is nigh.

Now goes forth the mighty Evangel,
And hastens the spirit to free;
For Liberty's beautiful Angel
Hath come from the Father to thee.
"The stars in their glory are shining;
The race of oppression is run!
And slaves into heroes are springing
For love binds the nation in one.
Christ comes in the Liberty-Angel;
He hastens the spirit to free,
And speaks through the holy Evangel;
That comes from the Father to thee."

"Une Fille 'd Eve."

Mrs. Eddy says:—Let the age which sits in judgment on this occult Science, sanction only such methods as are demonstrable in Truth, and classify all others as did Saint Paul in the Galatians, when he wrote:—Now the works of the flesh are manifest which are these—adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, WITCH-CRAFT, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revilings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.

How do you like our new "News Items" department? It will keep our readers posted as to what is going on in the New Thought world. And I will ask you who know things worth relating to help us keep this department up by telling us about it.

Tell your friends about The Life.

A lady in Iowa writes, "I asked you to give John freedom from his lameness caused by a fall. He did not know I told you about him, but, as strange as it may appear, the trouble about all disappeared the day I wrote you. I had tried to help him, but could not see anything to encourage me. So I wrote you, *knowing* he would be relieved. He had seemed to suffer so much until then. I think it must have been my perfect confidence in the power vested in or working through you that did the work, for you could not have received my letter before he said he was well."

"So long as people believe in a remedy, it is a remedy; for any detrimental effects coming from the so-called remedy is always ascribed to something else. The old doctor of ye ancient times, with his lancet or calomel or podophyllin, killed forty per cent. of all severe cases that fell into his hands; yet those with constitutions great enough to resist disease and his treatment, got well, whereupon he would proclaim his success with much self-pride, and the forty that succumbed to the treatment, were charged to providence."

J. H. Tilden, M. D.

A little girl who slept alone in her room, got afraid one night. Her mama went to her and tried to persuade her that she was safe because God and the angels were with her. She tried to delude herself with this belief for a time, and all was quiet. But it would not work: the "fraid" feeling crept up her spine and into her curly noggin just the same. Then a little white ghost appeared at papa and mama's bedside and a tiny voice said, "Mama, you go up there and stay with God and the angels; I'd rather stay with papa."

When making up your list of periodicals for winter reading, you will make a mistake if you do not include *The Life*.

REINHOLD'S NATURE CURE SANITARIUM AND PHYSICAL CULTURE HOME Has removed to Little Rock, Ark., the "City of Roses," in the "Sunny South." Application, a veritable treat. In Aug., 1901., we publicly suggested that a committee select test cases of any disease, we to treat them gratis—subject to a forfeiture of \$1,000. We relieve all usually deemed incurable. No drugs; no knife. Room, board and treatment, per 4 weeks, \$59; per 12 weeks, \$158. Reinhold's Books:—Nature vs. Drugs, \$2.50; Facial Diagnosis, \$2; Cure of Tuberculosis, \$3; Our Methods of Cure, 75c.

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Why Are We Here? or The Meaning and Purpose of this Incarnation; A. P. Barton.....	.15

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THE LIFE

NOVEMBER, 1903

The Benumbing Effect of Orthodoxy.

ACTION UNDER authority is not conducive to growth. To do what has been laid down authoritatively as duty because one fears not to do it, is always degrading to the free man. To obey merely, to act under commandments, is mechanical and stunts the soul. To do things or refrain from doing things because a reward is promised, is mercenary and degrades the morals of men and women. To seek vindication and escape from punishment for wrongs done through imputed righteousness, is not honorable, to say the least. To profess to love and believe because one's creed enjoins it, is stultifying to the mind. To sing praises to a dead hero or an imaginary God and render to him the service of worship, is discouraging to the individual development of the man. Lying for the sake of conformity to rules and rituals is dishonest. Taking away what is essential to a man's growth and happiness under a pretense that the Lord needs it or a promise of post mortem reward or payment, is robbery.

All these have long been prevalent practices and called religion among our church people. There has been little righteousness taught for the love of truth and little courage held out for the development of

manhood and womanhood in our churches. Man has been degraded as a beggar and God as the unreasoning, irresponsible tyrant who oppressed him here and damned him hereafter.

The human soul when born into this sphere is an angel scion. It has the possible elements of the highest apocalyptic seraph. It comes here to develop individuality. Around it are all the accouterments and paraphernalia for growth. In its brain and heart are all the needed incentives. There are hope, faith, intuition, aspiration and love. Besides, there is a prescience of immortality. It somehow feels everlastingness in its vital centers.

All of these incentives should be fed, fostered and encouraged. They ought to be watered by the dews and showers of the heavens and warmed by the beams of all the suns in the universe.

Instead of this, however, the practice of the orthodox teaching has been to take away hope, blight the aspirations, mock the faith and chill to death the intuition of the infant soul in its cradle.

For a long time they condemned infants a span long to eternal torment because God created them for that purpose—"for his own glory," to make a light for his heaven by their blazes, as Nero made torches of the Christians to light up his garden driveway.

Then they got ashamed of that as people outside of the churches scoffed at them and refused to accept the horrid dogma, and said the babes were perhaps saved if they died young enough to not be accountable for their thoughts and deeds. But if God created any to be damned he allowed them to grow up first and do some bad thing, such as saying cuss words, or fail to believe something, such as the Jonah and big fish story, so that he would have an excuse for sending them to hell.

Then they refused to men the privilege of reason. They said that matters pertaining to the soul and its future welfare were to be taken on authority, without the intervention of any whys and wherefores. The reason might be exercised in matters of business and love, but not about salvation. God had given us a book, they said—written, indeed, by many very ancient and often ignorant men at long intervals apart, but the church authorities said God wrote it—and this book was not to be altered, questioned or have any common sense used about it. It was to be explained by the preachers and swallowed by their dupes, without even the privilege of squinting or complaining.

Commandments were given and enforced with threats. Obedience was the prime spirit of righteousness. To obey was to be good and get to heaven. To disobey or doubt was fatal.

The effect of all this has been to dry up the brain and benumb the soul. It degrades the reason and lowers morals. It stupefies the intellect and kills out the joy of living.

This benumbing effect has gone to a much greater extent than even the most observant and astute have realized. It has become a sort of universal hypnotism, an all-pervading stupefaction that has been accepted generally as human weakness, or depravity, a sort of native state not to be avoided or remedied.

The intellect has suffered by being forced to bow before unreasonable authority. It has been denied its natural right and proclivity of weighing evidence and rejecting or accepting conclusions under the scrutiny of reason. To obey commandments is servility. Only slaves obey without question. Such right doing as obedience compels is not true righteousness. It is the correctness of action that a machine assumes

under the laws of mechanics. It is only stupefying and degrading to the mind, the living soul.

The moral sense has been dulled by the prevailing religious practices, dulled almost to the point of extinction. Man has been said to be totally destitute of good by nature and incapable of even desiring to be good. All of his righteousness was a matter of action by grace, and through the merits of another he might be saved from a future state of endless torment. If a man was honest, clean, upright and true to his own high ideals but did not belong to the church nor worship Jesus, he was condemned as a self-righteous man and they were sure his fate was sealed for a very warm country beyond this "vale of tears." He had not been "washed in the blood," and that settled it. He was doomed because he did not believe all the old Hebrew fables nor care a snap whether Jesus was a son of the "Holy Ghost," or the son of Joseph the lawful husband of his mother.

And the stupid business methods of the church have been degrading to the manhood of men. They have gone under a system of beggary and have put the Lord back of the collector as a drawing card. It is for the Lord: give to the Lord: the Lord needs the money. This has been the plea. But it was not really the Lord. It was the priest, the church house and the missionary that needed the money.

The result of all this is seen everywhere and felt in the business world, as well as in society. Do you write to a person on a matter of business and he either ignores the letter or totally misconstrues your meaning? His stupidity is a result of false training. He is not fully alive.

There are many such dead people moving about on the surface of the Earth. They are in the silence and asleep to every sense of a true relationship to-

ward the world. Orthodoxy is responsible. Authority has crushed out the self-will and dulled the sense of self-responsibility.

Have you been cheated in a trade with a fellow man? The vicarious atonement dogma is responsible for it. The man who cheated you expects that Jesus will bear the results and let him go free. He thinks an hour before he is hung or dies otherwise will be sufficient time for him to "make peace with God" and throw the burden of his guiltiness off on to the innocent shoulders of Jesus.

Do you find people false to their promises and lax in the fulfillment of their assumed obligations? The prevailing religious teaching is at the bottom of it all. They have been taught that their God is a cruel, unjust tyrant and that he used to lie and deceive and commit all sorts of atrocities. It has been drilled and pounded into them from childhood up that they are not able to live a day without sin and cannot please God in any way but by humility and self-degradation. So they have not a living sense of honor and integrity awakened in them. They are stupefied and dulled by the doctrine of fate and predestination.

Now suppose we change all this and teach people that they are alive in and of themselves and capable of all good and amenable for their own errors under the law of being for salvation from sin. Suppose we appeal to the good in all for correction of faults instead of condemning the man and subjecting him to commandments in order to add to God's glory. Suppose we wipe fate off the slate and substitute destiny with each man working it out for himself. Suppose we substitute the love of Truth and Right as the only incentive to righteousness instead of hope of reward and fear of punishment. Suppose we inculcate in the minds of all a sense of responsibility

for conduct, instead of the wretched dogma of vicarious atonement. Suppose we teach dignity and honor instead of humility and sneaking beggary. Suppose we help people to demand and take what they need and deserve from the universal, inexhaustable store of supply, instead of begging an imaginary boss to give them a pittance as a matter of grace or favor. Suppose we substitute love in place of worship, work instead of fulsome songs of praise, faith for belief and co-operation in preference to competition. What would be the results?

People would wake up, stop dreaming of a mythical future Elysium and get to work making this world a better place to live in. They would be alive to what is going on about them and take hold and help it go on. They would meet the responsibilities of life bravely and truly and sneak out of no duty or call of need. They would be awake and alert to every cause and interest. They would be honest and happy and helpful and take pleasure in doing good, instead of doing it as a duty to appease God's wrath.

To condemn is to benumb the vital centers, especially if the condemnation comes from supposed authority. To seek to avert responsibility by substituting another means of meeting results of conduct, is to stupefy the moral sense so that people under that influence are not to be trusted.

Let the world of sleeping people now take notice that there is a new order of things fast taking control. It moves forward with amazing velocity and spreads worse than any prairie fire you ever saw. It is in the air and sunshine, in the woods and the sea, in the food we eat and the water we drink. It is irresistible and all wise men help it along.

It means not only healing and rejuvenation, but regeneration and immortality. It is really and truly

the coming of a new Heaven and a new Earth. It is the approach of the time seen in prospect by the old seer of Patmos:—

“And death and hades were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death (the death of death) the lake of fire. And all that was not found in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire (cleansed away from the Earth.) And I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth, for the former Heaven and the former Earth were gone. Behold! the tabernacle of God is with men, and God will be with them, their God. And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death will be no more, nor mourning, nor crying; neither will there be any more pain, because the former things passed away.”

This planet has entered a new and higher cycle. It is a more spiritual cycle. It does not revolve about the sun in an elliptical orbit, as has been supposed. The point in which it rolls to-day will never be visited by us again. At exactly this moment of next year we will not be here but many millions of miles from this point in space. It is a progressive Spiral in which we move. As our sun cycles on about Alcyone as she rises higher, we follow and whirl about him in a spiral ever new pathway.

I have said the advance is progressive. There is no other sort of movement. Life is the incentive of all motion and life acts toward the higher and holier always. So we are farther on toward the death of death and hades each day as we speed along. Be ye also ready for the day which follows. It is a greater, better day than this one.

“Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and the Christ shall give thee light. See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but wisely, redeeming the time.”

The Schoolboy of 1903.

TOMMY, HAVE you been vaccinated?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you had your vermiform appendix removed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you a certificate of inoculation for the croup, chicken pox and measles?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is your luncheon put up in Dr. Koch's patent antiseptic dinner pail?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you your own sanitary slate bag and disinfected drinking cup?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you wear a camphor bag around your throat, a collapsible life belt and insulated rubber heels for crossing the trolley line?"

"All of these."

"And a life insurance policy against all the encroachments of old age?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you may hang your cane on the insulated peg and proceed to learn along sanitary lines."—Judge.

There is not more love in the world than is needed. It is too sparsely distributed and not evenly. There are those who get more than they deserve and those who deserve and do not get. But all will be evened up eventually. I am sure of this.

Let us study the uses of solitude and of society. Let us use both, not serve either. —Emerson.

Meditations

By Kaxton

A ROW of human dens built of brick and conventionally and quite significantly called a flat, a street paved with red brick, a river not far away, but shut off from view by a rugged and tree-covered bluff, a blue sky, a bright sun, a few patches of grass across the way, the music of birds singing in the trees down on the bluff by the river, and, the central and most interesting object of the whole scene, a golden-haired, blue-eyed boy of seven years sitting on the steps in front of the flat,—these make a picture which forms the back-ground of my thought today. There are other persons in the scene which come in for a share of our attention. The mother of the boy is one of them, and the wife of the proprietor of the flat is another. These all have something to say in the drama which passed over the stage of current happenings in one short season. Yes, the grim flat had somewhat to say, and the brick pavement, and the river, and the sky, and the sun, and the birds, all spoke their parts with native eloquence, although many witnesses of the drama heard nothing of it.

• • •

The wife of the proprietor of the flat occupied rooms in the same apartment in which dwelt the mother and the son. This same wife of the proprietor passed for a very correct woman. She has but little to say in the present drama, but she repeats that little in season and out of season, and with telling emphasis. She opens each act with, "*I must have quiet. Why does a boy try to kick my carpet to pieces and*

kill me with his eternal noise?" These words are not apparently directed to any one, but the poor, tender mother hears them and then begin her part of the play. She calls Dickie into her room, falls into a chair, weeps most disconsolately, and asks her little boy what makes him so bad, tells him he is getting worse all the time,—that he is killing his poor mother with his wicked noise. Then Dickie sheds tears also, and promises his mother to be good. The storm then subsides, the landlady congratulates herself on the fact that she has made herself felt again. She glories in this. Dickie goes out and sits on the steps and then speaks in the heart of the boy the thrilling voice of nature. The trees beckon to him, the birds call him, the sunshine invites him, and the great river that tumbles and surges just over the bluff in some way gets into the boy's thoughts and he asks to go over to see it, and is refused. He asks to go over to the trees and is likewise refused. He asks to play in the street with the same result. There is no yard, and if he plays in the house there will be a storm. So he sits on the steps and communes with nature, and voices come to him more and more distinctly. The sky seems to hover down close to the Earth and tell him, way down in his aching heart, that it has ample room for him to play in its depths. Then he longs for wings to fly up there and see what he can find.

* * *

Day after day, through all the long summer and into the autumn, this first act of the drama was played over and over again, with little variation except that the mother became more inconsolable, and Dickie gradually fell into the belief that he was a very wicked little boy, and had no right to step on a fine carpet or indulge in any kind of play that made

any noise. But as the bright, beautiful autumn advanced, and the great trees on the bluff put on the garbs of Indian princes, little Dickie's place on the steps was vacant, the carpet had a rest from running feet, and the wife of the proprietor began to see that perhaps she had made herself felt too deeply, for Dickie at last with a cowed and broken spirit had extended his hours on the steps longer, and when the October days began to grow chill at sunset while the boy still lingered in his place, the belief that he was wicked having settled upon him, darkened his young life and threw him out of harmony with the kindly elements, and the sunset zephyrs when they folded him in their tender embrace and kissed him, left a fatal mark upon him and they said he was sick with a cold.

* * *

Yes, the landlady had made herself felt. As days grew into weeks, Dickie lay in his bed, racked with fever, and in his conscious moments dwelt upon the unhappy thought that he was a very wicked little boy getting punished justly for his crimes. The child grew worse. The mother broken with anxiety and care, overwhelmed her boy with unappreciated kindness. The doctor appeared upon the scene and toward the last of it said the child must die. The landlady softened and became sympathetic. The final moment drew near. It was a bright day in October. The birds called and the old trees beckoned to the vacant place on the steps. The sky stooped down very close to the Earth, and whispered of boundless freedom. The cool breezes searched around the house and creeping in at the window tossed a golden ringlet from the hot forehead and kissed the flushed cheek of the child. Dickie opened his eyes and looked around. The mother broke down with grief, for they

all saw the image of death in his eyes. Then the proud wife of the proprietor of the flat approached the bed, her eyes swimming in tears, and placing her hand upon the boy's head exclaimed, "O, Dickie, my dear child, you are going to heaven." The boy looked at her and uttered his last words, "No, I am too bad. I would soil the carpet and make a noise." Then his eyes closed. Was this all? The doctor said, "He is gone." The lady wept and said, "It is all over." But the mother in her anguish, thought she heard the chime of bells on high, and the patter of little feet on gold-paved walks, and the merry ring of a child's voice; and shuddered expecting to hear another earthly voice demanding quiet. But she did not hear it.

Items.

MR. HORATIO W. Dresser says of one who has become a slave to his own selfish impulses, "All this results from our decision to participate in life's headlong strife. No one needs suffer these ills who lives moderately. The cure for nervous diseases is not to take medicine, but to change the life, build new habits, master self and the forces which self controls, and so remove the nervous strain."

* * * *

John Alexander Dowie, though still teaching the doctrine of a personal God of wrath and jealousy, and is once in a while outpicturing the same characteristics himself, is a far better man than the one who does not at all forbear against the use of lewd words.

Yet he acted more wickedly when he called his son "renegade", "infidel" and threatened him with the wrath of Zion, than his son had acted when he called Sam Peters names for carelessly throwing the

ball to Second when he should have thrown it to First, thus causing the loss of the game.

And I am of the opinion that if young Dowie (not so young, he is a man with a beard) had turned upon his infuriate father, had taken him across his knee and had administered a sound spanking, the world would not have blamed the son very much.

It seems the old "gentleman" did not wait for the son to "turn the other cheek" he turned it for him. I think, as he looked down into his father's aged and stormy face and bald head he might appropriately have said, "Peace; be still."

* * * *

I have just gathered a bouquet of cosmos, sweet pinks, honeysuckle, nastertium, geranium, salvia, roses, etc., for my nice old Father, who lives in Linneus. He is very fond of flowers and has a great variety every year.

This is the 18th of October, and my La France bush by the porch, is sending out some of its loveliest roses of the season. My crimson Queen is also in blossom, enjoying the opal-like October airs.

I have little time to give my flowers and so they seem to be more zealous, for this reason.

"So shall my word be that goeth forth; the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree." Weeds shall be converted into aromatic and beautifully tinted flowers.

And this shall be for a sign that true unfoldment according to the Invisible Powers is in progress.

C. J. B.

Tell your friends about The Life.

Programme

OF SUBJECTS to be discussed at New Thought Convention in Chicago, Nov. 17, 18, 19 and 20.

Dept. 1.

The Relation of the New Thought to Religion.
 " " " " " " " the Bible.
 " " " " " " " Modern Science
 " " " " " " " Therapeutics.

Dept. 2.

Christian Science.
 Divine "
 Mental "
 Science of Being.
 Etc.

Dept. 3.

The Practicality of the New Thought for the Individual.
 The Practicality of the New Thought in the Home.
 " " " " " " " Art.
 " " " " " " " for a Business Man.
 The Practicality of the New Thought for Teachers.
 A comparison of the New Thought Teachings and Conclusions.

Agents Wanted.

WE WISH an agent for The Life and our books in every city, town and neighborhood on Earth. We want live agents that hustle and *do things*. We want agents who are interested in the great work we are doing. We will give good agents half they take in for new subscribers and books sold. Write and get commission of appointment and instructions.

A MAN in Colorado who had not been able to work at his trade as a carpenter for twenty-two years, wrote for treatment and went to work at once. Following is part of a letter received soon after:—

“Dear Mr. Barton:—

“Your letter of 28th inst. is just at hand and I am glad to tell you that I have put in the eleven working days which have passed since I wrote to you and am now feeling able to go on with my work with all the more courage for having been able to stay each day till my task was done.

“When I am called upon for work that taxes my strength and endurance, I assert, ‘I am doing this because I want to; it is simply physical exercise which will make me stronger and more enduring,’ and I make it win on those lines

“My appetite is good and I feel well nourished. There is no ulceration or falling down of bowel when lifting as heretofore, not once so far, and I have lifted all that was in me right along and in all kinds of positions. I know you are helping me, and while I don’t want to be a leaner, I do feel that I need some one to lift hard on my wheel till I get out of the mud hole.”

For sixty days, or until Dec. 1, we will offer The Life and that excellent health journal, “The Good Health Clinic,” edited by Dr. Elmer Keeler of Syracuse, N. Y., for the price of one—\$1.00 a year for both. This offer is good for both new subscribers and old ones who pay up and one year ahead. In other words, if you pay for the The Life a year in advance, I will give you The Good Health Clinic for one year free.

Make your friends a Christmas present of a years’ subscription to The Life.

FOLLOWING is a compliment on our teacher's Bible which we are almost giving away with new subscriptions. It comes from a retired physician in California.

"The Bible is all—even more than—I expected to find it, and certainly well worth the money even double and treble when I consider the fact that I have paid five and even six or seven dollars for not so good material and binding.

"To test the strength and merits of the pure linen leaves, almost as thin as tissue paper, when I first opened the book near the center I took hold of a single leaf swinging the whole four pound weight, and let it hang suspended perhaps quite a minute, without its showing the least sign of tearing.

"This, I know, would seem incredible to some who would not like to risk the experiment with their beautiful four pound Bible, but with care they need not fear.

"I will say here that no new well bound volume should ever be first opened from or near the middle. This breaks and spoils the binding in the back. When you get a new book, begin near each lid and open only a few leaves at a time till meeting at or near the center of the volume. Many beautiful volumes have been ruined by opening them first in the middle. While opening as I have directed, let the back of the book rest solidly on a table."

I worked hard for two weeks and spent \$85 in money to get a poor fellow clear of a bad case in court. I saved him from the pen. He is now my enemy. I wronged him and he naturally resents it. He should have been allowed to reap his harvest. Your kindnesses are often badly misplaced. Do not try to defeat the law of being nor to give something for nothing. Both are wrong and you cannot escape the penalty.

: Bible Lessons :

1908 FOURTH QUARTER.

Lesson VI.—Nov. 8.

D AVID'S GRIEF OVER ABSALOM.—2 Sam. 18:24-33.

KEY-NOTE:—"A foolish son is a grief to his father."

After Absalom's rebellion, David with a few of his faithful friends, among whom was his stalwart old captain, Joab, fled on foot from Jerusalem. As they went David was mocked and scoffed at by one on the way who threw dirt at him. Joab wanted to kill the man, but David said, no: the Lord is chastening me; let it go on.

They went to the walled city of Mahanaim, east of the Jordan, near the Jabbok.

Why did the old hero fly? If the enemy had been other than his beloved son, David would not have fled. And he did not wish his beloved Jerusalem, where God's tabernacle stood, to witness carnage between father and son. If Absalom should follow him, of course he must take the consequences.

Joab organized the army of defense as Absalom's hosts approached, and David feelingly pleaded with the leaders to spare Absalom's life.

The battle was fought in the woods of Ephraim. It was fierce and brief. Joab, who had never been defeated, led David's army and proved too much for Absalom's hosts, although they far outnumbered Joab's men.

Absalom's mule ran under an oak tree and his long hair caught in the limbs and he hung suspended above the ground. Joab did not hesitate to kill him.

He was very indignant at the way in which he had treated his venerable father, and knew to end Absalom's life was the only way to end the rebellion.

When David was told of Absalom's fate he was deeply grieved.

I know of nothing in literature more touching than the brief account of David's lament over his wayward but beloved son. The tearful words are:—

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son! And it was told Joab, Behold, the king weepeth and mourneth for Absalom. And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people: for the people heard say that day how the king was grieved for his son. And the people got them by stealth that day into the city, as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle. But the king covered his face and cried with a loud voice, O my son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!" (See N. P. Willis' poem, "Absalom.")

A mausoleum now stands over the place where Joab threw Absalom's body into a pit and covered it with stones. It is a sign of the father's love that could never die.

1. Who was Absalom?
2. What were his faults?
3. Why did David flee?
4. Who were with him?
5. Give the results of the battle and the meaning of it all.
6. Why did David grieve so about Absalom?
7. Why is love undying?

Lesson VII.—Nov. 15.

DAVID'S TRUST IN GOD.—Psalm, 23.

KEY-NOTE:—"The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want."

David wrote this wonderful song. We do not know the date. Its form was suggested by his experience with sheep.

You all know this psalm by heart. Hardly a child in any home but can repeat it. I heard of a little girl who got mixed on it, however. She began, "The Lord is my shepherd, and he lost his sheep and don't know where to find them."

As you have probably seen only the King James version of this Psalm, I will here give you the Polychrome version, although I do not like it half so well as the old. It is a more literal translation, but lacks the poetic sweetness and vision.

"JHVH is my shepherd;
Therefore I can lack nothing.
On pastures growing green
He lets me lie down,
To waters of repose he leads me.
He refreshes my soul,
And in paths of righteousness He guides me for
his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through a valley of deep
darkness,
I fear no harm;
Thou art with me;
Thy staff and Thy crook, they comfort me.
Thou spreadest my table in the presence of mine
enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runs over.
Naught but goodness and mercy will follow me
all the days of my life.
And in the house of JHVH I shall dwell ever-
more."

The form "JHVH" is the unpronounceable Hebrew word that has been called in English "Jehovah," or "Yahveah." It was the name given the Hebrew personification of the plural Elohim. In the second chapter of Genesis the Hebrew "JHVH-'LHM" was translated "Lord God." "The Lord" in our Old Testament is a translation of "JHVH." "God" is, I believe, except in the first chapter of Genesis, where it is the English rendering of 'LHM, (Elohim,) is the translation of the Hebrew 'L, or El.

A most sublime and restful trust is expressed in this Psalm. If we can enter fully into its spirit and meaning, we can use it freely in our Science Lessons.

No want, nor death, nor shadow, nor enemy is to be feared while "the Lord," the Christ in you, is fully trusted as the shepherd or guide and protector. The staff supports, the crook guides. The pastures nourish, the waters refresh and rest. The oil blesses and gives divine unction, the cup is fullness of supply. All is goodness and mercy. This is true Science.

1. Who wrote this Psalm?
2. What is its general nature?
3. Give your interpretation of the first and second verses.
4. Of the third.
5. Of the fourth.
6. Of the fifth.
7. Of the sixth.

Lesson VIII.—Nov. 22.

THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK.—Prov. 20: 1; 23:20, 21, 29-35.

KEY-NOTE:—"Wine is a mocker."

This is called "The World's Temperance Lesson."

Chap. 20:—1. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler; and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise."

It makes glad to deceive. It buoys to depress.

It creeps on by degrees until it becomes master. It leads to brawls and murders. Almost all our murders are led up to by strong drink.

Chap. 23:—20, 21. "Be not among wine-bibbers; among gluttonous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

The reason given here for avoiding drunkenness, gluttony and laziness, is that they lead to poverty. But this is not the worst result. They deaden the spiritual faculties and put the soul to sleep.

29, 30. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath complaining? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek out mixed wine."

Other results are here recounted, results which follow excessive use of wine and the mixing of drinks. They had no whiskey or beer in those days; so their drunkenness was confined to excessive use of wine and unwisely mixing different kinds of wine.

31, 32. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly: at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Only the rich, oily, fermented grape juice is condemned here. Jesus used wine and encouraged its use at the Cana wedding feast, and it appears from a remark of the master of ceremonies that the guests got drunk. But the wine in common use, we are told, was unfermented grape juice. This is a very delicious, refreshing and harmless drink. But it is red and oily and gives a color to the glass.

33, 34. "Thine eyes shall behold strange things, and thine heart shall utter froward things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea,

or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast."

A drunken man's eyes see double and upside down. A drunken man who could not get his key into the key-hole one night called up to his wife, "I shay, Mary, throw me down some key-holes: my key don't fit any of thesē." A man who sleeps in a small boat at sea, or goes to sleep on a mast, is insecure. So is a drunken man.

85. This verse portrays the insensibility of the drunken man, and his imaginings of burts. Also, his awakening and returning to the liquor. It is a stupid business at best, allowing such a taste to control one.

1. What is temperance?
2. What is inebriation?
3. May we be temperate in the use of a thing wholly bad?
4. What are the results of the intemperate use of any thing?
5. Which is worse, a glutton or a drunkard?
6. How would you cure drunkenness?
7. Are false appetites inherited?

Lesson IX.—Nov. 29.

DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON.—1 Chron. 28:1-10.

KEY-NOTE:—"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."

After the victory in the woods of Ephraim, David and his followers returned in triumph to Jerusalem. But the poor man's troubles were not over. His oldest living son was trying hard to make himself king. He had it all planned, and, strange to say, old Joab was among the intriguers.

But, before Adonijah had completed his plans, Nathan, the old prophet, found it out and told Bathsheba, David's beloved wife, mother of Solomon. She told David and he had arrangements made at once to proclaim Solomon king in his place. This was done and the people acquiesced; so Adonijah's

plans fell through.

Solomon was at this time about 18 or 20 years of age. He was the eldest son of Bathsheba born after she and David were legally married. She had three other younger sons.

Solomon means "*The Peaceful*." Nathan called him Jedidiah, "*The Darling of Jehovah*."

Tuck says of Solomon, "He inherited from his mother and the councilor Ahithophel (Bathsheba's grandfather) sagacity, quickness of judgment, judicial insight, and perhaps some measure of sensual weaknesses; from his father, thoughtfulness, literary tastes, the skill of ruling and an interest in religion. His bodily form and countenance must have borne the graceful characteristics of all David's children: and, if we may follow the descriptions given in the Canticles, he was fair, with 'bushy locks, dark as the raven's wing, yet not without a golden glow,' tall and imposing."

David called the army and all the officers and priests together and proclaimed Solomon King. He then said that God had chosen Solomon and gave the charge in regard to the building of the temple. He had collected the material and Solomon was to build the temple, which he did. It was the great temple which was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar.

David told Solomon that God had promised him long reign and perpetual succession if he would "serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind." "But if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever."

Solomon was too much married and after him the Kingdom was divided never to be united again.

Solomon has been called the wisest man. He was not very wise compared with men of our day. Almost any county or town can furnish wiser men.

1. Who was Adonijah?
2. What did he try to do?
3. Who was Solomon?
4. What were his chief characteristics?
5. Why did David make him king?
6. What were David's chief merits?
7. What was David's charge to Solomon?

THE LIFE

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Key-Notes.

November

(Garnering.)

1-15.

THE HARVEST IS BLESSED, WHETHER IT BE OF ERROR OR TRUTH. ONE IS BLEST FOR REFORMATION, THE OTHER FOR TRANSFIGURATION.

16-30.

I REJOICE AND EXULT THAT THE LAW IS NOT BROKEN, NOR IS IT EVER FOR PUNISHMENT: IT ONLY CHASTENS AND SAVES.

Health Thoughts

THE greatest, best and happiest any human being can possibly know concerning any subject is the truth about it *

The next greatest, best and happiest one can possibly do concerning the truth thus found is to discover and follow the process of living his life according to its principles * *

We have heard so much about the Truth of Being that the phrase sounds familiar and common, and those who do not enter into living it, happy in its benefits and privileges, become disgusted with the term and doubt its possibility of attainment, viewing it as an ignis fatuus. They are like the people who hear of the gold of Calif., Klondike or Golconda, yet do not go to gather it. They come to look upon it as a dream, or as unreal at least so to them * *

How much effort did they make to reach the gold-fields? Did they make their moves in the right direction, or did they become discouraged and retrace their steps? Great things are not secured by weak or wavering or indirect effort

The New Life requires all our attention. It brings sunshine to cover all the ways of earth and dispel its clouds. Then why not give it our hearts, affections, and feed upon its words until they become our only mental nourishment

I have had several excellent letters from friends telling me how much the mere reading of the denials and affirmations in the September Health Thoughts helped them. The following is an extract:—"O, how they raised my vibrations. I was all down in a heap, and my mental machine at a dead stand-still. Like

the orthodox prayer, my words seemed to rise no higher than my head! But your words stirred me like fire. I warmed up, my pulse quickened; the particles of my body seemed to fill; I was lifted up; I felt New."

In reading the lesson the words had to be repeated: and repeating them set the thoughts to spinning upward until the mentality was lifted into the true Road. This however, was only the beginning: the setting out upon the right direction. Live there. Do not descend from the Royal Highway you have entered.

Another says, "I have committed the lesson to memory". This is all right in the setting out, but the Heart must have a hand in it. To learn a thing by Heart means to make it your own. You not only commit it to memory, you imbibe its principles. A truth is always saving when one knows its principles, for complete knowledge involves living the life.

Until one does know fully, the words of truth that are spoken for him will prove reviving, healing, helping, while he is acquiring it all by heart, and is so abiding there. One must come out upon the hill-tops into the upper atmosphere where the old failing conditions are not known.

To be "all down in a heap" means one has succumbed to outside influences. He has allowed himself to be pulled down by material gravitation. He may be temporarily lifted, as a stone is lifted into its place in a building by derrick and pulley.

When One great in power healed a man, he said to him "Go, and sin no more, lest worse results appear." Sin means, to stop progressing. True ascension is rising by one's own energy. That energy comes through faithfully claiming it until it fills his consciousness. It is through abiding in right words

that the consciousness becomes thus filled, inflated, ready for ascension. Then the word gets to abiding in him to establish him in power.

Descent is easy. A man has only to give up and fall into the hands of Gravitation. Thus the old earth pulls the tree down where it melts into its bosom. And so gravitation pulls men, when they give way to material influences. Ascension and growth are synonymous: descension and disintegration are one. Men are to work their way out of dust far enough to have dominion over it. It awaits refinement by them. There is a finer material to be found and put on by the race, than visible matter. Matter is not to be fought or condemned; but refined through right use.

The human body is to be lifted above being subject to colds, sicknesses, epidemics, accidents, the influence of fear, and the fruits of ignorance; so that it may be ready to serve the great purposes of the soul without having to give half of its labor and time keeping up repairs, and mending up its broken parts with crumbling material.

It is a fine thing to know what the body is for, and fine to be able to use it in the proper way, for true purposes. We are here to show forth in our bodies the hidden powers within us. None of the people God created had any hate in them; none of the people God created had any sickness created in them; none of the people God created had any wickedness in them, and God created all the people. Therefore these negative conditions go upon borrowed strength entirely. Things come to you because you name them, call them to you, thus lending them your power to come on. Descriptions of diseases are the framework, the stretcher, upon which the disease travels. Quacks recognize the fact, and make you call over

such names in the evening papers to force you to cater to their trade. When you read, "Weak men treated secretly" say in your heart "There are no weak men" and so counteract the evil influence, and help the quacks to turn to useful business. Then they may expect to be healed of the diseases they are trying to foster in others. We are all here to glorify or make glorious the true life that is ours.

I do not believe in slavery: I do not belong to any sect or Society. There is but one thing I do belong to and that is Infinite Mind. This belonging is inter-universal for Infinite Mind belongs to me as my Cause. We metaphysically belong to each other. To join organizations may symbolize universal cooperation, but it comes nearer siding with sectism which always means withdrawal from the universal brotherhood. It is perhaps well for all those who are yet seeking signs, and the teacher of such should have patience. Yet to be alone, even in the wilderness with Omnipotence is greater gain than all the societies can bestow. Matter as motion and magnetism keeps the law of attraction alive and active. Yet we should remember the Infinite includes all and has nothing to join to.

It is well to show any who may not know, how when their fear-thoughts have blighted their bodies, fearless thoughts may upbuild them. The mentality can be trained to deal in false or in true and powerful words, it matters not how slow the mentality may be. I have heard of a woman in the east who teaches Parrot school. It is said that to train a parrot to speak a phrase, usually requires a thousand deliberate repetitions of the words. This teacher got tired saying "Pretty Polly, pretty polly," so many times, and a happy thought struck her. She employed a phonograph with a speaking capacity of a thousand

"Pretty pollys" and set it to work in her school, while she attended to other matters. When polly, in sheer vexation at the impudence of the horn in front of him, would retort in mimicry, "Pretty polly", a new phone number would then be given him. And polly's outshowing is very good as the fruit of the word "pretty" so faithfully held for him. No doubt his countenance would be as lovely as his clothes could he speak the words in the conscious knowledge of their meaning and worth.

Are you in need? Then I will tell you the *truth*. To say "I am poor and needy" makes you more negative and subject to gravitation. It is good to think of the imperfect putting on perfection, and of the material becoming more and more spiritual, for this is growth, unfoldment, happy progress toward the Elysian Fields of better conditions. Our progress is mental. So we may be sure of good results when we set our mental lights a-burning:—

"Get thee hence, thought of pain, I have power to dismiss you, for I lent you the power to come upon. I will no more give you a name; no more will I call you, for you are unreal, powerless, spiritless, substanceless.

I will devote my attention to life and health, I will worship the Lord, the true, God-created Ideal. I will speak no words that are not appropriate to my spiritual self. I now refuse the imperfect words my soul has been speaking and hearing.

I refuse to believe in pain,
PRACTICAL THOUGHT weakness or failure. They are
ONE. not in accord with truth. I
disown flesh as my cause; I am
not of flesh. I am not weak or poor or discouraged.
There is no disease or sickness in me. I am not wicked nor depraved, nor mortal. These things are not

true of the Spirit or Mind. I now throw off every effect of mortal thinking and rise to newness of life and Health.

I am pure in heart. I am expressed in Infinite Perfection. Omnipresence is my Life; Omnipotence is my power; Omniscience is my wisdom and health. I cannot be threatened with weakness nor fear weakness nor yield to weakness. I cannot be threatened with disease or sickness nor fear them nor yield to them.

There is nothing for me to fear. In Holy Spirit I live and move and have my being. I am surrounded by Infinite protection and am perfectly secure from harm. I am folded round with Peace, I am alive with the life of the spirit; strong with the strength of the spirit; wise with the wisdom of spirit, and in this knowledge I am resting, living, performing.

My words shall not return unto me negative; they have accomplished that whereunto they were sent.

Verite sans peur.

I refuse to believe in poverty or destitution. I will no more deny omnipresent bounty. I disown the belief that want, deficiency, scarcity or failure are possible in God's universe. I am not an heirless outcast. These things cannot be true of the Child of Light and Life infinite. I put them aside as delusions of my untutored brain. It was my ignorance that kept my fortune from me.

All things are mine, by right of my inheritance. I am lifted up, for I know my inheritance is at hand. I am filled with new joy, new hope and expectation. My Ship of Fortune now

sails. It is laden with the wealth of the worlds. It comes to me. I can now see its silken sails fluttering in soft airs, beckoning good news for me. It is here; it outpours its stores until there is not room to hold all, so I begin to give, give, until all about me are enriched. I am rich, opulent, wealthy, affluent, abounding.

In thus giving, I find greater abundance coming in, so that there is a continuous stream of opulence coming from the Universe to me for distribution and use. Money is easy to get. Nothing seems any more difficult of attainment. Measureless wealth is always for me, and for all people as soon as they know how to receive it.

Verite sans peur.

As the divine Idea of infinite Mind, you have thus spoken the truth. Truth uttered is like good seed sown. It springs up first in man's consciousness, so that he knows the benefits outspoken are on the way to him. Next it springs up in the earth and appearances declare it. Nature sends forth the sign. Truth, hidden from the foundation of the world thus comes to pass in the Day of Manifestation, according to righteous Law.

No truth is hid that shall not be revealed, shall not come forth upon the house top, shall not become visible in the human temple. Truth makes perfect. When we know the Truth it makes us free.

C. J. B.

News Items.

CHAS. Brodie Patterson and H. Bradley Jeffery have removed their offices to Stratford House, 11 E. 32nd St., New York City.

Horatio W. Dresser has had a new book published

by C. P. Putnam's Sons—"Man and the Divine Order," or "Essays in the Philosophy of Religion and in Constructive Idealism." Price by mail, \$1.75 We have not yet seen a copy, but of course it is good.

In a recent private letter to the Editor of The Life, Helen Wilmans says:

"I suppose people generally think I am either dead or sleeping. If so, it is the kind of sleep that the volcano takes while preparing for an eruption.

Mr. Henry Wood has sent out by his publishers, Lee & Shepard of Boston, a new book, entitled *The New Thought Simplified*. It is written in Mr. Wood's well known gentle, clear, clean, logical style and is the very best of books to put into the hands of beginners and outsiders. Price by mail, 88c. Send to this office for it.

We have been informed that the "Home of Truth," 1327 Georgia St., Los Angeles, Cal., has "passed on." If it had been really a Home of Truth, it would not have closed its portals.

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THAT OXFORD Bible proposition still holds good. For \$1.75 you can obtain for yourself an elegant Oxford Teacher's Bible, with maps, concordance, all modern helps and many fine illustrations, over-lapping morocco cover, neatly boxed, and The Life one year for a *new subscriber*. You can't afford to miss this.

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Correspondence



1. HAVE dreams, in your opinion, any influence upon a person's life, and do they ever foretell future events? I have dreamed some dreams that came true and some that did not. Do you place any importance upon them?

2. Do you believe in stricter laws regarding divorces? or do you think that a couple should live together, perchance many years, and upon the casual quarrel, part and break up the home?

3. How large a family should the happy, healthy couple raise?

4. What is your opinion of free love?

W. S. Goff.

Answers:—1. Dreams have as much influence as we give them. If we believe in dreams and tell them and look for them to come to pass, we dream more and some of our dreams seem to come to pass.

Thomas Fuller says, "Generally dreams are nothing but fancy's descent on the former day's work; and he that layeth too much pressure on such slender props, may be laid in the dust."

This is near correct. I believe dreams are usually but a reflex of the doings and thoughts of the previous day, colored, it may be, by the supper one eats.

But I believe dreams, when they come under the best conditions, are often premonitions, or a sensing in the subconscious mind of the causes in action that will bring certain effects, if not checked or changed.

This sort of prescience is the only foreknowledge there is.

Then there are dreams that are a sort of refreshing of the memory. One night the wind rattled the window and woke me. I got up, half asleep, and got my knife out of my pocket and stuck it where it would stop the noise. In the morning I missed my knife, but had no idea where it was. Two or three

days passed and the loss of the knife was still a mystery. Then one night I dreamed where it was, and when I awoke in the morning, I remembered my dream and got my knife.

If one is thirsty, he will dream of drinking water, great quantities of it, without satisfying the thirst. This is clearly a reflex of a waking desire and need. I do not place much store by dreams, as a rule.

2. No; I believe Mr. Ingersol was right when he said, "I would give a woman a divorce simply because she wants it, without asking any further questions, and the man I would give a divorce when the wife has broken the contract." A woman should not be compelled to bear children by a man she hates, for the children's sake, if nothing else.

What we need more than anything else in this department of life is uniformity of both marriage and divorce laws. The States have different laws and if a couple cannot marry or get divorced in one State, they go to another. And whatever is done lawfully in that State must be respected in all others. In Kansas white and black people can intermarry; in Missouri they cannot. But if a couple, one white, the other black, in Missouri wish to get married, they have only to step across the line into Kansas and have the ceremony gone through with and may come back and live in Missouri as man and wife, if not run out by a mob. In New York there is but one ground for absolute divorce, adultery. But one wishing a divorce for any other reason may go to South Dakota and get it and go back to New York and remarry at once. It would be much better to have one law for all the States.

I believe that if a man and woman cannot get along happily and peacefully together, they should separate. If they have children, there is an added reason for separation, as children should not be reared in an atmosphere of hatred and contention. All domestic hells ought to be broken up, and the little tormented inmates set free.

3. Well, if both agree and they can give a fair support and education to them, about 12. That num-

ber makes a good, lively family. My father and mother reared eleven to see them all grown up and married. And they began poor. I am like our good president, I like to see big families. I have a sweet cousin who is three years younger than I am and who has ten boys and three girls. And she is young looking, not gray, jolly and as full of mischief as she used to be when she and I romped and climbed the trees and waded the creek together as children.

4. Yes; I believe in free love. Love must be free, or it is not love at all. You cannot compel, nor direct, nor confine love. It is like the wind, it "bloweth where it listeth, and you know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth."

But I do not believe in free lust. This should be curbed, guarded, lawed against, confined. Almost all the cases of "soul mating" you hear of are simply silly people indulging their lusts. The harvest is surely wormwood and gall. The reaping comes, certainly, sooner or later. Love is not lust, any more than spirit is matter.

For The Children.

THERE is a fine little girl named Marion Conger living with her Mama and Papa in Linneus, Missouri. She has no brothers and sisters, so she is very fond of her dear Papa and Mama. She is a very bright little girl and says many wise things.

Marion is three and a half years old. She has beautiful brown eyes, the darkest of brown hair, and a fair, rich complexion. Sometimes the neighbors look at her and say, "I believe she is the prettiest child I ever saw." Marion is a pretty good girl, so of course she cannot be ugly.

One day when some friends were visiting with her Mama, one of the ladies brought Marion some fine chocolate candies, which she enjoyed very much.

After eating several pieces her Mama said:—

“Sweet Heart, you have eaten enough candy I think; suppose you give the rest to mama to keep for you until another time?”

Marion thought she had not had enough candy, and while her mama talked with her friends Marion went behind the door to enjoy her chocolates without interruption. Her Mama could still see her, and kept casting wistful glances at her little girl, hoping she would soon obey her. For a while the little girl returned her mother's earnest look, then stepping out from behind the door a little she said:

“Mama, what makes you look so sad and homesick?”

Pretty soon she went to her mother and gave her the candy to save for another time. She was not a selfish child for she was thoughtful of her dear Mama's feelings.

Once this same little girl came to “Thelife” to visit us. While here I wished to make a kodak picture of her, but she did not like to stand still long enough. So I got Beatrice to talk to her while she posed for the picture; and as soon as she became quiet enough I made this picture of her you see on



the next page. This is not a kodak cut, though, for

I then drew it in ink.

Beatrice is very kind-hearted, and as she knelt



by Marion's side she kept saying to her in her soft, gentle voice

"If you will be r-i-g-h-t q-u-i-e-t Marion, Josie will make a b-e-a-u-tiful picture just like you, with

b-r-i-g-h-t eyes, and p-r-etty mouth, and n-i-c-e ears, and h-a-n-d-s-o-m-e dress; and you can have it, to take it to your sweet Grandma Conger when you go back to Linneus."

And this is what little Marion was listening to from eight year old Beatrice while the picture was developing. Don't you think they are both very interesting little girls?

Well, they are very much prettier than these little pictures of black and white, for they have fine complexions that cannot show in the pictures. Beatrice has a most perfect pink-and-white complexion with hair of the finest gold-colored silk; splendid blue eyes with expansive pupils and full of questions. Beatrice is not a dumpy little girl, she is tall and slender with plump cheeks and limbs.

The reason mamas like for their little girls to mind what they say, is because they love them and wish to keep them from harm. Sometimes little folks do not know what is best for them, and then they may get into trouble. Little children are made out of a very perfect Substance, and they can be very fine and good children. The substance out of which all people, little and big, are made is Holy Spirit, and this is why Children and grown people all have it in their power to be very good and lovely. Every little child is born with a heart full of Love and a head full of Wisdom and a soul full of Life and power. It is good to say,

I'm made out of Life,
I'm made out of Love,
The Substance within me
Around and above.

I always have been,
I ever shall be;
The outside may change
But it don't alter me.

My senses are servants,
And faithfully, too,
They do as I tell them,
For Spirit is true.

MY THOUGHTS.

What wonderful things are thoughts! They can reach one's dearest friends, no matter how far away they are. It does not matter if they are across the ocean, our thoughts can be with them in a twinkling. A thought may cause a heart to break—a thought can heal it. We may control the thoughts of others for a while, or they may control ours. If we hold kind and loving thoughts we will win love. My mama says our thoughts show in our faces and manners. If we have good thoughts we will have pleasant faces and good manners. Every beautiful thing in the world is somebody's thought just worked out so that we can see it. The *world* is controlled by *thoughts*. It is unpleasant to have crooked, tangled-up thoughts.

Once there was a little girl who awoke in the night and saw what she thought was somebody in the room. She was very much frightened and covered up her head and felt real "crawly" all over. She had a very crooked thought, but after a minute or two it began to straighten out a little and she softly peeped out again and then her crooked thought straightened out all at once and told her that she saw only her dress hanging on a chair. It wasn't the dress on the chair that frightened her, but her crooked *thought*. I try to keep my thoughts pleasant and good all the time, and try not to believe unpleasant things. Once when I was a real small girl, I was playing hide and seek with mama, and she hid in such a snug place I couldn't find her and then I began to get a crooked, tangled-up thought, for I didn't know enough then to keep my thoughts straight. We'll,

my tangled thoughts said maybe I'd never find mama any more and I began to cry, so mama had to come out, and that unpleasant, crooked thought flew straight like a spring.

When I study my lessons, I try to put all my thought on them, and I *never* fail in any of them.

How good and pleasant we may make ourselves by holding right thoughts.

If we turn our thoughts to love,
We'll be gentle like the dove.
Tho' ne'er a bird that had a wing
Could ever be a sweeter thing
Than thought of love so good and true
Thrilling all our spirits through.

Frances M. Mitchell.

This is a first-class letter from our little friend Frances M. Mitchell. I am acquainted with her and I could not help smiling when I read her words, "I try to keep my thoughts pleasant and good all the time." For I have never seen her when she did not seem a very perfect little girl in every way. She is gentleness and goodness itself.

Observe what a dear, sweet little poem she closes her excellent article with. She is a fine New Thought girl. I am proud to tell you she has a dolly named Josephine, after me.

I will look for a number of little girls and boys to send us some New Thought letters.

Thinking along such lines is good for little folks. And do you know, this letter has done me a whole lot of good.

When Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," he meant just this writing and talking about the perfect way and life. He did not wish it to be kept from the little children, for he knew it was best for them to grow up in the True Path.

C. J. B.

Little Lessons in Elohim.

THE occult world is open to every student. Only the visible surface of things is visible to him who does not think *

You have heard about Fifth race Adepts who had power over black magicians, and of people so spiritual they become as Fifth race adepts through culture. How that the Mystic, from the beginning of his career, feels the breath of those malignant influences, as in the combat between Anuslava, king of the black magicians of North Bengal, and Krishna who overcame him and his influence. We have only to remember what became of Margrave in Bulwer's "Strange Story" to find out the fate of the black magician when his personality fades out * *

To become a useful master of nature's secrets one must be willing to psychically perceive existing phenomena or facts. There are people so obtuse to nature's attractions they see not its glories, smell not its aromas, hear not its harmonies. A ride over a beautiful country brings to light no new things, nothing remarkable or to be remembered. Such an one *sees* but does not *observe*.

He might remember that he passed an old mill, a waterfall, a hedge with birds carolling. a field of waiving grain, but he does not, and he finds himself unable to describe the road to his anxious friend who desires a description of land-marks * *

No wonder the occult is so little known when the visible itself is thus wrapt in mystery, left unknown, untried. Thus it is people in general do not talk face to face with the Lord of the psychic self. They cannot experience much of the finer contact when so

blinded to the things of life in the red, blue and yellow of the material world.

I give here an incident showing peculiar insight, for each detail of which I have positive proofs at hand. A lady in whom I have the utmost confidence was recently at my request describing to me the facts, which I give further on.

There *are* people, I would like to say first, who attain degrees of psychic development which enables them to discern the operations of cosmic phenomena, and makes it possible for them to unravel its mysteries to the less psychic world.

The psychic plane is only the soul-plane; a mere set-back from the physical and intellectual, into the occult. It is a much higher compliment to one to say he is a student of occult laws, than that he is a psychicist, for the reason that all animals are² psychic, have souls. The hyena is psychic, and not averse to hidden ways!

The psychic plane is therefore as far from the spiritual, and as distinct and separate, as the material is from the psychic. Psychic phenomena proper is not abnormal and need not be mysterious. Men make themselves strangers to such laws, through neglect. They fail to keep pace with the times. They "sin", i. e. stop short of due progress. He neither "runs his race" nor walks it; he loiters, ceases to progress, unfold; ceases to observe things * *

In that peculiar condition between sleep and wakefulness, when yet the drooping eyelids hover very near each other and deep, even, regular respiration obtains, attention is often given (by ordinary people) to mysterious impressions which react upon and arouse the dormant consciousness to the direct witness of the soul's experiences. There are souls who live upon the "cusp", immediately between the

physical and the psychic; they are born with a veil, or, *thinner material before the face than in the ordinary*. Limited minds have a way of reducing ideas to forms, and hence this idea they turned into a veil *

Such an one may answer questions upon either side. Yet, he may be as *unspiritual* as any quiet, unthinking man who is not aware of the reality of existing souls or their experiences. These dreamy psychicists can answer your questions but cannot tell you how he did it. He looks over into the soul-side, sees, gets his answer and gives it. He may ignorantly call it "spirits" or "obsessions", or "mind-reading." It is neither.

The soul knows far more than its mentality. The soul is an organized Breath of Eternal Life. It differs from its intellect in that the latter is uneducated. The intellect is learning about visible things in the world. It deals with the body and objective things. The soul is deeper, greater. It is original.

The common intellect can tell you nothing outside of worldly things and of books, people, countries. The soul knows its own acts and states. The mentality argues, learns, acquires outside knowledge. Learning promotes it, unfolds its soul-consciousness.

Mrs. C's husband had disappeared, and failing to receive any communication from him, she went, moved chiefly by curiosity, to consult a Psychic Seer of whom she had heard wonderful things.

"My husband said before leaving he would disappear forever, i. e. never come back again. Will he return, can you tell me?" asked Mrs. C. of the Seer.

"He will return," the Seer replied.

"When, please?"

"Upon this I cannot be perfectly definite, but I can say positively; it will be upon the 2nd or 3rd, or, the 28rd. I have in my mind the two numbers 'two'

and *'three.'* "

Mrs. C. then visits a dear friend, Mrs. N. and tells her all about it, and this friend gave me the details. I happened to be present when the important news was telephoned to Mrs. N. and upon telling me all about it, I took down the facts.

The visit to the Seer took place upon the last day of last July. The 2nd and 3rd days of August passed without any word from the missing husband.

Finally, Mrs. C. telephoned Mrs. N. that she expected her husband upon the 15th. She had heard, through friends, he was coming, and gave up the opinion of the Seer as amounting to nothing. On the 15th, however, she received a letter saying he could not get there until a few days later.

Several days thereafter, Mrs. N. was seated at the piano about 9:30 p. m., and it suddenly occurred to her to telephone her friend, Mrs. C. who lived across the Kaw river, on the west side. Mrs. N. wondered why she felt moved to call her friend up at such a late hour. She asked for Mrs. C's number, and through some mistake of Central, connected with her 'phone while Mrs. C. was talking with her *grocer*, who was then saying to her,—

"Your husband was here just now and desires me to tell you he is on his way home."

Mrs. N. then gets connection with Mrs. C's 'phone, and tells her what she has just heard her *grocer* say to her.

Then Mrs. C. said sharply,

"Do you know what day this is?"

(This is the communication at which I was present.)

"I do not remember," Mrs. N. replied. Mrs. C. then said,

"It is the 23rd; here comes Mr. C. now, I hear the gate-latch."

C. J. B.

Judging.

JUDGE NOT, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Of all the rules given us by the Master, this seems to be the least realized and observed. Who can truthfully say, "I judge no man? I hear this criticism and that scandal,—I judge him not. I see my neighbor in sorrow, joy and trials of different kinds,—I judge him not; he has sown, I have no right to say he shall not reap."

We do not realize that our judgment of others will be our own. Paul says, "O man, whosoever thou art that judgeth: for wherein thou judgeth another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things" (Rom. 2:1.) Annie Rix Militz says, "Every thing we do to our neighbor we do to ourselves; for what we see in our neighbor *is in ourselves*, and one should look at his neighbor as he looks at his mirror; if he sees a spot upon the countenance in the mirror, he knows he must wash his own face, in order to remove the blemish in the mirror." Why have our children been so little instructed in this important law? We hear children lectured, and see them punished for swearing, and in less than an hour we find the same parents judging some neighbor in a very harsh manner and know they are called good Christian people. Oh Truth seekers of the world, send out such strong thoughts of love to all the world that it may be so filled, that no thought of criticisms or fault-finding can lodge or find a place. Let us grow more God-like, and strive to become so pure in heart that we will see only the good in every one; that the sins or mistakes of others will seem to us only as a soiled garment to be replaced with the white drapery of

Truth. Let us take the mote from our own eyes; and when we have removed that, we shall see nothing but good. Our eyes will be too pure to behold iniquity.

“Deal gently with the erring one
Oh do not thou forget,
However darkly stained with sin
He is thy brother yet.
Heir to the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
You have in weakness trod.”

L. F. N.

Harsh, unkind words come cheap—they have little cause or provocation, usually. But their end is past finding out. Can the aches and pangs they cause be measured? O soul, beware of unjust rebukes and haughty rejection of appealing hands. They fall upon you like a pall when your evening comes.

A good woman in England writes upon renewing her subscription to *The Life*:—“Again it is my pleasure to renew my subscription to *The Life*. I could not possibly do without it, and I often bless those who send it out, for the help it brings to me, and I am sure all who receive it must feel the same.”

All your progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason. It is vain to hurry it. By trusting it to the end, it shall ripen into truth and you shall know why you believe. —Emerson.

Life here is like the seasons—Spring, Summer Autumn, Winter. Childhood is spring, youth is summer, maturity is autumn, old age is winter. In childhood we spring out with shouting and sowing, in youth we joy in blossoms and fruits, in maturity we gather the harvest of spring and summer, in old age we live upon the stores of the harvest and bloom out for the next stage of being.

Look to it first and only that fashion, custom, authority, pleasure and money are nothing to you,—are not bandages over your eyes that you cannot see, but live with the privilege of the immeasurable mind.
—Emerson.

There are chunks of lead in my heart. Whence came they? From those who refused to understand me, and misinterpreted me, and hated me when I needed love—oh so much! Where is my unfailing lover?

All men live by truth and stand in need of expression. For it is dislocation and detachment from the life of God that makes things ugly.
—Emerson.

Do you know why your neighbor is cold and formal toward you? Ask your own heart. Does it glow and warm and draw and compel love?

The heart that hath not love, is a desolate den full of bats and owls and cobwebs. More love, more love, friends, give us love.

We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.
—Emerson.

A subscriber, who had allowed herself to be led to drop *The Life* for a time, wrote recently. "Inclosed find one dollar, for which please send me *The Life*, beginning with the Oct. No. I find I can't get along without it. It is such a help in the S. S. lessons."

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THE LIFE

D E C E M B E R, 1 9 0 3

Making Others Happy

I AM SITTING on a ledge of rock above the falls on "Brush Creek", only about thirty feet from the seat I occupied a little over one year ago when I wrote the article for *THE LIFE* entitled "Weighed In The Balance."

The everlasting waters are rippling and frolicing over the precipice and foaming into the depths below just as merrily and noisily as then. It is Nov. 8, Sunday, my day for wandering and meditation in the blessed woods. It is a favorite resort of mine. I come here—only two miles from my home—early so that no human being with his or her ailments, cranky notions and silly quirks and fashions will be here to profane the holy solitude. Most of them have caught the fad of fools with more money than brains to be very late astir Sunday morning. It is not elegant to be out before noon on Sunday, you know. So they mope and snooze and doze while I go forth to commune with Nature and talk with God in the majestic trees, the laughing waters and the buoyant birds.

The grape vine and elms I told you about one year ago are stripped of leaves, for Jack Frost has been here two or three times this fall and whispered to them that it is about time for them to prepare for snow and the incubation for another Springtime when

all things become new and resonant of Life.

But the sycamores across the pool have yet many green leaves and the air is balmy to-day and the sun smiles upon us all with a benignant blessing. The banks are green with grass and shrubs and vines and the willows wave their supple boughs and clap their hands to welcome me and those birds who do not desert us in winter.

The robins went South a month ago. They got together in great flocks and agreed that it was time to migrate. So they started for Dixie with one accord. I watched them going, and when they alighted on the trees to rest not one had his head pointed in other direction than southward. It was curious to note this ruling bent of their inborn instinct. They would not, could not, perhaps, settle on a limb with beak towards west, east or north. They felt "South" in their little souls and their bodies obeyed the inner voice.

So does Nature prompt us, if we listen and heed, to seek the source of life and rise to the realm of joy. But too many of us are led by other motives, motives of gain, conformity and fashion, and thus we wander into deserts of desolation and want and sojourn in wildernesses of probative confusion.

The bridge below is yet bearing its occasional burdens of humanity over to the city or away to the country, as solemn and stolid and resigned as ever. That old man who tottered across one year ago, I wonder where he is now. Has he abandoned that worn-out clothes rack called his body and gone to a higher life? Or is he yet counting his small residue of days with pain and gloom and faltering hopes? I wonder and sympathize and pray.

A carriage has just crossed—people going to church, to conform to a custom, a fashion, to sing

some meaningless hymns and pray a fruitless prayer or two and hear an empty discourse, about a mythical hereafter and a heathen ideal of God.

Now a milk wagon comes the other way. The sleepy driver has finished distributing his quota of honest or dishonest fluid and is returning to his home to prepare for the afternoon repetition of labor. He knows no Sabbath and cares only for the small coins he gets in return for his milk.

Now three men cross on foot, one old, two young. They wander out to the forests for sunshine and fresh air. It is better than the "divine service" the others vaunt themselves in. They are nearer out here to God than if they sat in an upholstered pew and listened to a padded, black-frocked preacher.

Now a man and woman come on to the bridge and lean over the railing and look pensively into the merry, laughing stream below. I know not if they are happy or what they are to one another. Maybe they are husband and wife—maybe sweethearts—maybe both. Do they add to each other's happiness? Do they detract?

Now a red bird has perched in a willow near my cushioned seat—cushioned with dry sycamore leaves—and starts a song for my responsive soul. He makes me glad, I know. But he does not know it. He cares not a fig whether I like his song or not. He just carols away as God in him suggests, and the results are taken care of, all right. Bless his jolly birdship! I know he is joyous regardless of me and the other wingless mortals who plod and grovel below him.

That water fall near my side keeps on singing its eternal song of life and obedience to nature's law. It cares not if I am happy or miserable. But it adds, adds to my joy, just the same. Bless the merry waters! Symbol of everlasting truth, pure, limpid and

active always. If I miss its message it is my own fault.

I think of the common fad and pretense of "making others happy." What is it to be happy? Can one person make another happy? Is the effort worth while? Is it the right thing to do, to try to make others happy?

Happiness is a conscious approval of one's self. It is freedom from care and worry. It is aspiration and hope. It is confidence in the ends of effort and aim. It is communion with the Source of Being and interchange between the individual spirit and the Universal Life. It is capacity to drink in and appropriate the Essence of Love everywhere present. It is true success.

Can another help me in all this? Can other people by trying add to my freedom, self-consciousness, aspiration, inspiration and capacity?

I wot not. Nor can I find happiness by seeking it. The one who tries to be happy as an end is miserable or inane. The one who tries to make me happy, nolens volens, fails.

When I see my children exuberant in their joy of life and health romping, turning furniture up-side down, making finger prints on the windows, giving the second girl more work and putting the piano out of tune by pounding on the keys with chubby fists, my heart leaps with joy in response. But they are not trying to make me happy. Oh no! They are only giving expression to what is alive within them. They can't help it very well. To restrain them would be only to turn the current into other channels of mischief. I respond in ripples of exultation because it is in me, too. And I sometimes join them, although my mature sense of propriety keeps saying, "you are too old for such folly. What would Mrs. Malaprop

across the way think if she were to drop in to show Mrs. B. her new gown—latest style? Go away back and sit down.”

But I say, “Get behind yourself, Satan. I am one with these little ones. Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom.”

(Bless that red bird! He has now perched on a limb above my head and looks down on me saying, “Wheetity—wheet—a—wheet. The spirit of Truth I greet. Love and its fruits are sweet.”)

To strive to make others happy is not a worthy cause. If I do not deserve to be happy, how can you make me happy? You can’t do it, and your efforts in that direction only result in more misery for me. If you give me what I seem to need and I do not merit what you bestow, I am not better for it and I cannot appreciate it. If you give alms to the poor, those who are poor because they have been foolish and improvident, you only add to their pauperism and helplessness and they will only hate you for your patronizing condescension. Better teach them a lesson of self-respect and self-sustaining ambition, and let them reap their own harvest.

A preacher, who is a missionary among the poor and vicious classes in this city, recently called upon me to ask for money. I sat down before him and said, in substance: “Tell them that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Show them how to reap. Help them to sow better seed. Don’t tell them that Jesus paid it all. Don’t lead them to believe that they can escape by throwing their burdens off for Jesus to bear. Jesus never paid a farthing of their debt. He could not if he would, and would not if he could. It is their right, privilege and necessity to atone and learn and grow by overcoming. It is their only way of salvation from sin. It is their only

source of happiness."

He listened with great earnestness to this and much more that I said to him. When he started I handed him a goodly coin and said, "You work hard and devotedly. Take this to help pay your own expenses. You have deserved it. But don't give it to them. Show them how to earn what they get and pay them for their service."

Thus they win their own happiness, thus you and I earn ours. It is the only way to be happy.

I approve of the work the Salvation Army is doing for the poor and erring. They go among them and show them how to be clean and industrious and inspire in them a self-respect that is worth more than all your paltry money. Mrs. Ballington Booth says the people in the Bowery of New York City pay more than the expenses necessary to keep up their work there. To teach them to pay for all they get is vastly more valuable to them than to beg the money and pay it for them. In fact, this course only degrades, while the other ennobles and saves them from sin and pauperism. It is a grand work. Bless the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America. It is a pity they antagonize one another. I think this continues because they spend so much of their time striking into empty air at an imaginary Devil and singing and talking about blood washing. But they are getting out of such folly as the world grows wiser.

Don't spend any more effort trying to make people happy, per se. You are only fostering a foolish sentiment or gratifying your own vanity. Seek to give free expression to the best that is in you and do what is to be done, no matter if it hurts or requires self-denial. Expect and demand the same of others. It is the only way to foster happiness. But be sure you don't do it in order merely to felicitate the feel-

ings of yourself or others. Only seek to be free and useful and do and demand justice simply because it is right—not in quest of happiness. If you pursue happiness it flees from you. If you try to give it to others, you only give chaff and discontent. To be a man or woman in the true sense is to be what you are, regardless of how you feel or what you get. Jesus never tried to be happy. He did not do things for that purpose. What he said and did came from the impulse of Truth in him, notwithstanding the fact that he knew people would stone and reject him for it. And what he did for others was not to make them happy, but to prove the power of the word and the truth of his teaching. Lazarus got sick and died again only a few short years after he raised him, and the palsied man soon returned to his helpless state, if he failed to live the truth as the master taught it. The works of healing he did were but meagre compared with the great lessons of self-sustaining power he tried to lead the people to learn and practice.

A ragged beggar, a tramp, approached me not long ago as I sat on my front porch. It was late in the afternoon. He wanted to ask for money, but he took the usual approach of asking for work first, expecting me to say I had none for him to do, when he would tell a pitiful story of need, etc., and ask for a gift. I said, "Can you split kindling?" "Yes, sir," he grunted. "Can you shove a lawn mower?" "Yes," he answered in a weak tone, with a disappointed look on his face. "Then," I said, "come around tomorrow morning and I will give you a whole day's work and pay you well for it." He said he would, and skulked away, disappointed. He did not come back. He was seeking gratification of his feelings—not work and usefulness. A donation would have degraded him more and encouraged his worthlessness. To have

him earn what he got by work, even though it were unpleasant to him for the time, would have helped him to be a man and win happiness for himself.

Happiness is a resultant and not an end to be sought. Deserve to be happy, and no one can keep you from it. Seek happiness as an end, and you will be miserable. I pity that wagon load of silly people over there with beer and eatables trying to have "a good time" artificially. They are really miserable at heart, but will say tomorrow that they had an "awfully good time." The people below me there gathering wood are really having a better time, although they are "breaking the Sabbath." They may be filling a need, supplying a want. If so, bless them, let them alone. It is well. Sunday is a good day to do good upon.

(It is noon and I must go home to dinner. I really don't feel the need of such food, but it is expected of me to be there at the head of the table. The folks would miss me if I were not in my accustomed place. We are all as happy as we deserve to be.)

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Meditations

By Kanton

•

THE world owes you nothing. Society owes you nothing. You are a part of the world and a part of society, and if either is in debt to you, it will cost all it is worth to collect the account. A modern writer says, "I think that every man ought to work for his living, without exception, and that when he has once avouched his willingness to work, society should provide him with work and warrant him a living." This sounds plausible enough, but it has the same fault as many another plausible theory. It will not work. Labor has always gone into the market, like any other commodity, and sought an exchange, subject to all the limitations of season and opportunity which determine the trend of values. There is a sentiment in favor of labor, which renders it in the eyes of the poet or philosopher a far holier thing than a bushel of potatoes or a ton of coal. But sentiment has very little to do with the market. Very few men are willing to pay more for labor than it brings on the market generally. It is utterly useless, if not crude, to talk about what society ought to do. You can not fasten a duty of any kind upon society.

* *

Suppose we agree that society should see that willing hands are furnished employment at living wages, for this is the import of the sentence quoted above. Here is a noble son of toil who wants work; he has sought far and wide, and has found no work at a price that will yield him the necessities of life. Now let him call upon society. Society has no work

to do. The jobs all belong to individuals or companies, unless we except such institutions as the church and the state. But to get a paying job from either of these institutions is a hopeless undertaking for the masses. Call loudly to society. Put your cries on the street corners, and proclaim the bitter truth that here is a worthy, honest, capable man out of employment. Plead his cause with all the force inherent in the eloquence of burning truth plainly spoken. Men and women may hear your eloquence, and may be deeply moved thereby; but they are simply puny individuals and can not answer to the grandiloquent trumpet call to society. The solemn truth is, that no one will feel called upon to respond. Society is not now organized in a way to have an ear for such appeals. The function of furnishing paying employment does not now belong to society as such, and under the present order of things it is sheer nonsense to grow eloquent and rant about society "warranting a living" to any body. You can get from society just what your own native and acquired force of character can compel it to give you, and no more.

*
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I do not have to go far for a case in point. It was night. The dry air was chilly. The bright stars glinted down upon the sands of a little valley in New Mexico and some of the particles tried to respond. But it was a weak effort. There was gloom resting upon the desert, which silently but eloquently foreboded starvation to the destitute. This eloquent warning reaches the consciousness of every one who penetrates the desert far enough to lose sight of all the marks of civilization. Poor Sam Fong was conscious of it, and keenly so, as he trudged along on the outskirts of a little village in search of

a place to rest, free from disturbance from man on the one hand and from rapacious beasts on the other. He finally lay down on the sheltered side of a sand hill and sought sleep. But he could not sleep. He was homeless and friendless, and well nigh destitute. What could he do? The ban of society was upon him as it is upon all natives of China in free America. He cared little for life, but had a kind of dogged determination to make the most of it. He was very tired and hungry, and knew not where or how he could procure his next meal. An orthodox Christian would perhaps have prayed for an angel to come to him and lift him up and comfort him and give him nourishment. And it would have been so fine for him if such a thing had taken place, for he was in great need. But he did not calculate upon it. He began to search his own powers, for an answer to the question of all questions, "What can I do?" He settled this in his own stolid way, and then went to sleep.

* *

On the next morning he put on a bold front, entered the village and sold a silk rag to a souvenir hunter, and with the proceeds fed himself. He felt like a man who had found a gold mine. Really he had found something better than a gold mine—he had found that he could sell things, even worthless trifles, to people who cared nothing for him. He at once set about putting into practical use his powers as a salesman. From studying himself he began to study others, in order to find a field for the exercise of his powers. Of course he found a field, and the story does not need to be related here. I could take you to his store now, with its crude sign, "Sam Fong, Merchant." If you should meet him, you would find him anxious to please, but absolutely self-reliant. Give him something, and he will surely

give you something of equal value in return. It is a lesson he has learned, to expect nothing from charity. Is there not a lesson in this little, limited life well worthy the attention of beings cast in ampler mold?

* *

Our philanthropists, our preachers, our pension laws, our very creeds, are continually calling the attention of our weaklings away from the true source of power, and fixing it upon some source of outside help. Many a poor unfortunate man or woman has felt the weight of life's burdens sorely and has cried out that he could hold up no longer, and still in the absence of help has struggled on and finally won grandly without charity. Many others in the dark hour of bootless toil have felt some strong hand, as of a mighty angel of mercy, lifting them out of the mire and placing them in flowery paths. And they have, perhaps, been glad and grateful, but they have been robbed of the opportunity of discovering in themselves the ability to cope single-handed with every opposing force, and become victor over all. Only this is life.

News Items.

ALADY in Iowa volunteers the following tribute for a permanent healing:—
“Dear Mr. Barton:

“It has now been something over eight years since, being in a hopeless state of invalidism, I was led to apply to you for help.

“In writing to you, as I stated my condition in accordance with the diagnosis of one of the ablest physicians in this part of the State, I had little room for hope, knowing very little of metaphysical Science or practice.

“If you remember, I began to improve before I

had time to hear from you. Slept all night! Something I had not done for many months before. In a few days I received a letter from you bringing words of courage and hope.

"I soon became conscious that I was on the road to health. Yes; and by your help I arrived there in a surprisingly short time, considering the seriousness of my condition, and for nearly eight years I have enjoyed perfect health and been able to perform a great deal of hard work in caring for those dependent upon me.

"You are my ideal healer."

A friend in Pennsylvania writes:—

"Mrs. G—, my sister-in-law, whom I sent to you for treatment last fall, was healed, contrary to the expectations of everybody, doctors included."

Mrs. Nora Eva Hulings Siegel ("Nodie") poet and editor of "Paid," has left Denver for the winter. Her address is Box 740, Los Angeles, Calif.

The newspapers say that "Divine Healer Schraeder" is again loose among the people. Unless he has greatly changed his ways and his personal appearance since he did the people before, he is a good man to let alone.

And, by the way, our good friend H. H. Schroeder, Editor of *Das Wort*, St. Louis, Mo., has been somewhat annoyed by people mistaking him for this man. They are not identical and are in no way related. Bro. Schroeder of St. Louis is a true, clean man, a good worker in the cause of Truth, and may be fully trusted to do what he claims to be able to do.

I am while writing this in attendance upon the sessions of The New Thought Convention in Chicago. It is not half over yet, but some very fine work is be-

ing done. The attendance is large and the speakers are present and doing excellently.

I cannot now give you details of the Convention or the work being done, as this copy must go in to-night in order to reach the printer in time.

Next month I will give a fuller account of the convention and the papers read and speeches made.

Paul says, "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord," meaning all things for those only who love the Lord. I put it this way: All things work together for good, whether you love the Lord or not.

F. R. Rhodes.

You and Paul are both correct. Paul meant that all things bring pleasant conditions and a happy state for the good and true. You mean that, whether it is pleasant or not, it is for good. Error brings hard conditions, but this is for good, for salvation. Truth and virtue bring pleasant results. And this is good, too.

The following letter was received on the second day of Nov., 1903, from a very intelligent lady of Duluth, Minn., with renewal of her subscription. "The Life is splendid, and growing better all the time. It has a distinctive and unique position in the world of New Thought literature. Long may it live and its usefulness never grow less! May success and prosperity ever attend its mission of instruction and light to the world of humanity, uplifting and cheering its multitude of readers! Oct. number is *fine*." Such expressions of appreciation do us *lots* of good.

Be sure to read our special book offer for December, on pages 293 and 294 of this number. Make some selections for Christmas presents for your friends.

FOLLOWING are some extracts from H. W. Dressers new book, "Man and the Divine Order," recently issued through his publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1 60:—

"Nothing is more natural than to fight our impulses, yet nothing is farther from spiritual faith. The more severe the experience, the more calm and composed should we be. To fight the animal within us is to increase the fury of the storm; but to trust, to be calm even when the ship of life is apparently about to sink forever, is to discover that oil of peace which stills the troubled waters and gradually lessens the fury of the gale."

(No grander truth has ever been uttered.)

"If one were to choose between his principles, where there is conflict, one would select his individualism, his plurality of independent selves. That each self mirrors the world in a unique way is one of the profoundest discoveries of idealism."

"Philosophy shows that experience does not at once make its significance known in our consciousness; we are too busily engaged in having the experience to rationalize it."

"God is present in every thought, in every feeling. That is the prime fact, and that fact refutes all the abstract metaphysics ever proposed."

"But the very life of mortality is grounded in distinctions. Conscience is nothing if not a law that some deeds are right, some wrong. Moreover, the fact of freedom implies power to choose between two or more alternatives. Hence several courses are possible, and responsibility rests upon us in so far as we are enlightened."

"When one's thought rises to the dignity of the divine order, it seems puerile to declare that life exists for any purposes short of life itself in its richly varied totality. The divine order is its own reason for being."

"H Pagan."

Written for "The Life."

Nora E. Hulings Siegel.

A MERCHANT sat in his great arm chair,
Musing away of the world unfair,—
And why?

His head was gray and his eyes were dim,
His shoulders bent, for the truth in him,
Was awry.

He sat for a time his pipe to smoke,
And wondered again before he spoke
Of trade,

Why folks essayed to live on in strife;
Had he a choice, all unprofitable life
Should fade!

He puffed at his meerschaum, his good friend
still,
And waited the aroma his dreams to fill:—
It did,—

And so he continued to look not within,
And the world was dark to him, and in sin
Was hid.

Agents Wanted.

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⋮ Bible Lessons ⋮

1903 FOURTH QUARTER.

Lesson X.—Dec. 6.

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.—1 Kings 3:4-15.
KEY-NOTE:—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Solomon began his reign about B. C. 977. He was at that time about 18 or 20 years of age. He was crowned on Gibeon, a hill six miles north of Jerusalem on the site of Moses' tabernacle.

He first imprisoned his brother Adonijah, who had tried to usurp the kingdom, and then had him killed. He deposed Abiathar the high priest and put Zadok in his place. He had old Joab, David's cousin and chief commander of the army, executed for taking part with Adonijah's revolt. He also had Shimei, who insulted David as he fled from Absalom, killed, although David had forgiven him. Then he made an alliance with Egypt, the most powerful nation on Earth, by marrying Pharaoh's daughter.

Then he went to Gibeon and burned a thousand animals to please God. So he sought to establish himself firmly to begin with. He made the brave Benaiah general over the army in Joab's stead.

On Gibeon he fell asleep and had a dream. He dreamed that God came to him and told him to ask what he would of him, and he chose wisdom and understanding, instead of riches, honor or long life. Then he dreamed that God told him he should have all of them, the long life being conditioned, however, upon his obedience. History says he died of old age at sixty years.

The Arabs have many stories not in our Bible

about Solomon's wisdom told by their queen, the queen of Sheba, on her return from her visit to him. She had ten children, five boys and five girls, dressed just alike, brought before him and asked him to tell which were boys and which girls. He ordered ten basins of water brought and told them to wash their hands. The girls pushed their sleeves back to their elbows, the boys did not. She sat two vases of flowers up high, one natural, one artificial, just alike. She asked him to tell which were the natural flowers. He ordered the windows opened. The bees came in and, of course went to the natural flowers.

1. Who was Solomon's mother?
2. Why was he made king?
3. What were his chief characteristics?
4. What were his faults?
5. What of his dream?
6. Was he the wisest man?
7. What would you choose if you had one wish to be granted?

Lesson XI.—Dec. 13.

THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE.—1 Kings 8:1-11, 62, 63.

KEY-NOTE:—"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Solomon's first great work was to build the temple for which David had collected the materials. It was finished in twelve years after Solomon's accession and dedicated in October, B. C. 965. (The dates I use are those established in late years by Assyrian inscriptions exhumed.)

According to the Bible as we have it translated, David had collected for this temple gold and silver to the enormous amount of \$2, 557, 026, 000, more than twice the annual revenue of the United States. There

is probably a mistake about this. The Hebrew numeral system was very imperfect. For example, their letter for our D was 4. With two dots over it it was 4000. H was either 5 or 8. Two dots made it 5000 or 8000. So the real amount of gold and silver may have been only one thousandth part of that stated, or about two and one half million dollars.

Besides the gold and silver, there were brass and iron beyond computation and great beams of cedar from Mt. Lebanon, and precious stones and foundation stones of great size. About 183,600 workmen, largely Phoenicians, were employed.

The site was Mt. Moriah. No sound of tools was heard there. All the parts were prepared away ready to put together.

It was 120 feet long, 60 feet wide and 45 feet high. The porch was 30 feet wide, 15 feet deep and 180 feet high. The Holy Place was 60 feet long, 30 feet wide, 30 feet high. Holy of Holies was 30 by 30 by 30 feet.

Verse 5 of the lesson says the sheep and oxen sacrificed were too numerous to count. Verse 63 says there were 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep sacrificed for the peace offering alone. So there must have been about a million animals slain and burned on that occasion! How shocking!

The ark was brought and great ceremonies were had. They said God was present in such glory of light that the priests were unable to stand before it.

This temple stood over 400 years when it was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar.

1. Why was this temple built?
2. What is its significance in history?
3. What do you think of the animal sacrifices at the dedication?
4. Why was David not permitted to build it?
5. Was God present and pleased?

6. Does God dwell in houses?
7. What is the house of the Lord?

Lesson XII.—Dec. 20.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON:
—1 Kings 10:1-10.

KEY-NOTE:—"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice."

Sheba, or Sebaea, was a wealthy region in Southern Arabia, bordering on the Red Sea, about seventeen hundred miles from Jerusalem. Solomon was at that time near forty years old, having been king about twenty years.

The queen of Sheba came to see Solomon's pomp and glory, of which she had heard so much, and to test his wisdom. Her name was Balkis. The long journey was made on horses and camels, the latter carrying the rich gifts.

1. She had heard how Solomon got his wealth and power and wisdom through the Lord. So she came to test him, "to try him in enigmas," as Julia Smith's bible has it.

2. She brought a long line of camels and servants, the camels loaded with gold, precious stones and spices. It required about 2½ months to make the trip. Much of the way was through a wilderness or desert. The gold is given as twenty talents, or \$3,500,000. I think another mistake in numerals has been made here. It was more likely \$3,500. The precious stones found in Arabia are the onyx and emerald. The "spices" were frank-incense, myrrh, opobalsam, ladanum and cassia.

3. She plied questions to the king to her heart's content, and the silly fellow did not conceal a thing from her. He was mighty soft on the women, and stern and cruel toward men. He got "dead struck" on the beautiful young Shunammite or (Shulamite) woman, Abishag, whom his old father had brought to try to stir up his blood by lying with him, and had his brother, Adonijah, killed because he was in love

with her too. He then wooed her, but did not win. She was true to her shepherd lover away in her own country. What a rare woman she was! The "Song of Solomon" in our Bible is his poem of wooing of this woman, this true hearted maiden.

4, 5. The queen, used to the simple tents and ways of her own nomadic people, was awed and humiliated in the presence of all Solomon's pomp.

6-10. She praises him and gives the presents—which he did not need. Then Solomon gave her back more than she had given. Then his decline began. In twenty years more all was lost and the kingdom divided. He was too much married and became a pagan.

1. Who was the queen of Sheba?
2. Why did she visit Solomon?
3. What resulted?
4. What caused Solomon's down fall?
5. What two elements of poison were present?
6. What is the lesson in this?
7. Do you know modern examples?

Lesson XIII.—Dec. 27.

REVIEW AND CHRISTMAS LESSON.

KEY-NOTE: Psalm 103 and Matt. 2:1-12.

The lessons of this (fourth) quarter began with David bringing the ark from its place of long exile to Jerusalem. And we have had David's and the first half of Solomon's reigns in the lessons.

Following is a brief outline, with comments on the key-notes:

1. *The Ark Restored*.—2 Sam. 6:1-12.

"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house."

To dwell in God's house is to abide, continue day and night, in the secret place of the Most High, without regard to place. Those who do this are indeed blessed, happy, powerful, protected, free. It is not a hermit's life nor idleness, but open usefulness in consciousness of oneness with the Source of Being.

2. *The Covenant*.—2 Sam. 7:4-16.

"Thy throne shall be established forever."

:"Throne" is a symbol of power. Power is con-

tinued while we abide and are true to the best in us. Folly causes downfall. Solomon lost all through women and vanity and ambition for pomp. So may we.

3. *David's Confession*.—Psalm 51:1-17.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

A clean heart is a soul that is free from love and tendency toward all the vices. The Holy Spirit and the Word with reaping wash you of all sin, create a clean heart. Let Holy Spirit have full control and the Word be alive and active and all is well through all experiences.

4. *David's Joy Over Forgiveness*. Psalm 32.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Or, as per Julia Smith's Bible, "Happy the taking away of transgression, the covering of sin," which is a literal rendering.

Sins cannot be forgiven without atonement, and atonement can be made only by the sinner. There is no other way of covering sin. Its own fruits must be gathered and cleansed away by its author. Thus is he saved.

5. *David and Absalom*.—2 Sam. 15:1-12.

"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

This is the fifth commandment. It is well to be dutiful and respectful toward parents. But parents must deserve honor and respect from their children if they would have them.

But the incentive stated here is bad—that you may live long. Children should not honor parents for this purpose. They should do so only because it is right. Besides, the statement is not true. Many disobedient children live long and many obedient ones die young. The very good children in the S. S. stories usually die young.

6. *David's Grief Over Absalom*.—2 Sam. 18:24-33.

"A foolish son is a grief to his father."

So David's supposed forgiveness did not free him from the penalty. He had to keep on reaping until the harvest was all in. And sons are not usually foolish if their fathers—and mothers—are wise.

7. *David's Trust in God.*—Psalm 23.

"The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want."

If the Lord, the spiritual Ego in you, leads and guides your ways and prompts your thoughts and deeds, always, you do not want: You are fully supplied: all needs are filled. I believe this to be true, however far you may have fallen short of it. *But you must be just first and all the time.* And don't be foolishly generous.

8. *Strong Drink a Curse.*—Prov. 20:1; 23:20, 21, 29-35.

"Wine is a mocker," or mocking.

Intoxicants deceive. Over stimulation is followed by relaxation and finally relapse. Inspiration must take the place of stimulation, as I once told a talented young Episcopal preacher whom I treated for the drink habit. It is the only safe courage giver, is Holy Spirit.

9. *David's Charge to Solomon.*—1 Chron. 28:1-10.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."

Such a trust, knowing what and where "the Lord" is, absolutely banishes all fear and worry. And without these, oh what a Paradise this world would be!

10. *Solomon's Wise Choice.*—1 Kings 3:4-15.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

It may be that the first rays of light admitted to dark soul will cause fear. But, dear, me, who wants to stop at a mere beginning of wisdom? Let perfect love, full light, cast out fear. There is no fear in love.

11. *Temple Dedication.*—1 Kings 8:1-11. 62, 63.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Not a temple, not a church, but a consciousness of divine oneness and presence.

12. *Queen's Visit.*—1 Kings 10:1-10.

"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice."

Let us, then, in this country, vote for only good men, regardless of party. Let our government be indeed of, for and by the people.

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Key-Notes.

December.

(Incubation.)

1-15.

I NOW MAKE ALIVE THE SEEDS OF IMMORTALITY IN ME AND DRIVE AWAY THE INFLUENCES OF DEATH. I LIVE FOREVER.

16-31.

THE WORLD IS NOW FREE FROM DEATH AND THE BELIEF IN THE OLD DELUSION PASSES AWAY FROM MEN'S MINDS FOREVER. ALL PEOPLE LIVE FOREVER.

Health Thoughts

REST, as well as work, sometimes has its supreme worth * * *

We have been taught that without work we are worthless, that unless we are always doing things the surging business world will over-ride us while we are spending time in rest and contemplation *

While absolute rest is unnatural and impossible to either heart or brain—for the thought will act, the heart will beat, the vital fluid will circulate independent of our work or repose—still there are natural periods calling for tranquility, for the kind of rest that will bring recuperation * *

I speak of it as natural because the human body like all other material machinery has its limits of endurance, and over-work or work without rest has always proven more or less disastrous in the long run. As in machinery even when the oil of gladness is poured on, too much friction will wear the gearing of the muscles, make hot-boxes of the ganglia, and warp the machine generally.

Like the ideal subjects of Perpetual Youth, renewal of youth, bringing back childhood and according to such doctrine babyhood too, men have sought these things through work and sought them in vain, because they were not there to find. Be not deceived. The tree does not return to the scion or the acorn; the best it can do, and the highest, is to flourish and produce. Nature never repeats herself nor turns back. Her face is ever forward, upward, onward, ever lifting her creatures higher in the scale of being * *

Work is good and necessary. It is mankind's business to be producing fruits of his labor. Physical culture is good when reason dictates it. It is a pleasure to "dress and keep the vineyard," and work that is pleasing may carry its recuperation with it. But the best and strongest, boldest, bravest, truest deeds come out of rest in the silence after close and quiet communion with the Original Powers * *

Forever at work with the world a man may become so magnetized by it that the oil of mental recuperation will cease flowing and the light of inspiration seem cut off. Then it is one's material needs are supplied by that kind of work alone which is called drudgery, the effort of ignorance and main strength *

Are you crying in your mind for rest, for a little peace, for tranquility of soul and body free awhile from labor, a little vacation from responsibility and toil?

Then take it * * *

Do you think you are too poor, too hard run to cease from work a little while? Then I will tell you with joy, you cannot be poorer than the flowers of the field that labor not and yet are cared for, supplied with every needed thing while they rest.

A good western woman who had been a hard worker all her life came to the point where she could take on no more work, and appealed to me for advice and help. I recommended daily periods of rest. She at first thought it would be impossible for her to find time to lay down her burdens, fold her hands and let the Heavenly Powers control her affairs for ten brief minutes! Children and their natural concomitant of responsibility, a mortgage covering the little farm almost out of sight, and the general expectations of family and neighborhood who from habit looked to

her for many things, all taken together made her feel "rest" to be an impossible thing * * *

I won her consent to follow my instructions, to rest near a certain time each day, for the space of ten minutes. Finding that while she continued about the house retirement for that length would be impossible, she resolved to remain ten minutes at the Spring over the meadow slope where she went each day to procure fresh drinking water. Near by at the foot of some jagged rocks that seemed bent on heaving out of the hill-side, there ran a sparkling rivulet fed by the Spring's fountain. On its low bank a smooth red sand-stone formed a commodious resting place * * *

It was here she would wait to get outside of her heavy home harness and put on sweet restfulness. At first it seemed to her like throwing precious time away; for she had not yet learned how to master fate with destiny, to harmonize and control thus her environment, to come into power by *being herself* for a little while each day *

True the rill rippled at her feet, the birds carrolled overhead, the Trade-winds swept the hills; yet these things were not *her* care. She did not feel responsible for them, and hence the zephyrs were music to sooth her, the songs of the birds were a balm, their soaring heights an inspiration, while the rippling rill whispered of peace * *

One blessed afternoon while thus lingering in the peaceful stillness, her eyes watching a tiny waterfall just below where the banks narrowed to a two-inch channel impeded by rocks, in one swift glance she discovered particles of a mineral whose value she knew too well to be mistaken. She had found, on her own mortgaged farm, a rich gold mine. They found also an honest man who, for a certain per cent.

of the gold they might find, paid off the mortgage, and helped the family to find their fortune, which proved to be an ample one. It was the best business investment she had ever made—*resting ten minutes*.

Quiet hands, tranquil nerves and even-breathing need not stand for idleness. For it is then the wits are quickened, new thoughts brought to life, inspiration awakened. The Oil of Gladness permeates the entire being. Then it is the divine energy, inherent in every human soul, governing the hands and nerves accomplishes far more than could be otherwise possible. Their strength is thus renewed, their energy re-vitalized, and the coloring of Hope and joyous expectation inspires all subsequent effort *

True rest of body symbolizes mental tranquility. It is the putting on of new strength at the juncture where motion ceases and emotion takes its place * *

Though wholesome occupation is indeed the saving grace of mankind, since he is made for work, made to perform, to accomplish, to further the infinite creation, that labor which follows true rest, is the most prolific of good in the world, and is by far the most powerful. It is the best possible investment of our time, therefore, to sometimes rest as well as work.

The man who accumulates sufficient wealth retires from business to rest and live, and finds he don't know how to rest, don't know a thing about the principles of true retirement. It actually goes hard with him. He wants to take up his burdens again, but he cannot, successfully. He has reached a place where nature demands *rest*. He should think, get understanding how to rest.

Let him throw away that hot old derby, and sun his killed hair into life. Let him get acquainted with Nature and fall in love with her wonders and beauties, if he would make himself one with her as the

child does—leaping and bending and rejoicing because of it, he would get out of the old ways that have warped him and swagged him down in his shoes and stomach, (until he is one-sided like long boxed eggs) hanging on a stick as he gets along and refuses to turn over for fear his head will swim. It ought; it better swim than sink. The reason why Father Go-easy's head swam when he stood on it to please the children, was because it wasn't used to so much foreign blood. He ought to get used to it, so I trust he will do it again and again.

No one should seek absolute rest or inaction. Sometimes one has to be disciplined to find rest. When you are to help a man or woman into recuperation and you request him to limber down, become quiet, and his fingers keep nibbling at each other, and he will not let his chair be still, you may know it is his *nerves* and you proceed to disabuse his mind of *fear*. The fingers will behave, the rocker will rest, and you will observe when through with your mental argument that he is very calm, so calm he will look at you questioningly, as if sorry the time is up. You have induced resting.

One of the ancient sacred books of the east tells how, when the "unclean spirit" is gone out of a man, he walketh in dry or desert places seeking *rest*, and sometimes failing to find it. How, when finding it not, he saith, "I will return unto my house whence I came out." And when he cometh he findeth it swept and garnished.

Had he found the rest he sought he might thereby have risen to a plane of existence suitable to the improved conditions in the cleansing and adorning. The mere matter of cleansing the old house of the "unclean spirit" made the house clean, and the good angels that came in garnished or beautified it with

their presences * * *

Why did he not find the rest he sought? Did he grow tired of the dry or desert places where Thinkers like the Prophets and Philosophers love so well to go for mental recuperation? Why was it when returning to the old ways, his back upon the New, he cautiously took with him seven *other* unclean spirits to dwell with him? Was it to make sure of re-dedicating his house to a different phase of uncleanness? Was he at first only a flesh-eater with the one unclean spirit, and did he take up a lot more, such as drink, licentiousness, tobacco, etc.? If so, this is why the last state of that man was worse than the first.

(Many writers construe this story differently. They make the unclean spirit the one who went out seeking rest. It re-enters the man who had reformed and then grew tired of being good. Perceiving the house had been cleansed and renewed, and fearing he might not be able to gain access alone, engaged several allies worse than himself.)

Upon entering the New Way people are so uplifted, become so enthusiastic, they usually put aside every appearance of uncleanness. The habit of flesh-eating is often overcome. New, truer and more satisfying lines of action are adopted. They eat Manna from Heaven. Instead of "chewing" or smoking tobacco to abstract them, they dwell on High in substantial meditations more soothing and comforting than any narcotic could make them dream of. They have, instead of stupefying nicotine, a *knowledge* which makes them free. It is the knowledge of the truth of being and its ways * * *

What the man in the story stood in need of was true rest. He discontinued his search too soon. There was rest for him, in the desert i. e. away from world-

ly attractions for awhile * * *

Have you a great work to perform and wish to put on new strength like the eagle's? Or are you tired, heavy-laden with daily responsibilities?

Then, "come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." C. J. B.

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The sun smiles, the moon beams, the stars gleam, the clouds frown, the air weeps at night and the tear-drops shine and tremble on the edge of leaves and grass in the morning—all are saying that man is yet in the toils of a dream of mortality, but struggling out into a great awakening. The morning dawns and the bright Aurora stands a-tip-toe on the sun-lit peak of the Eastern skies. Arise, and let us go forth to greet her.

Correspondence



PLEASE GIVE in The Life a formula for bad breath. E. H. C.

Answer:—Bad breath is not a disease in itself. It is a result of other wrong conditions, of either poor digestion or decayed teeth, or, it may be, of the use of tobacco or intoxicants.

If it is caused by indigestion, take more exercise, eat more lightly and less rich food and hold these thoughts: "I am free from all bad influences and bad habits. I am filled with vitality and the active energy of my life overcomes all tendency toward decay. I am fully able to digest all the food I eat. I assimilate perfectly. I am healed."

If it is caused by bad teeth, have them taken out or cleaned, and hold thoughts of life and purity, and use above formula.

If it is caused by tobacco or liquors, stop the use of them, and cleanse yourself of the taste for such things by spiritual treatment.

What do you think of Dowie? G. W. E.

Answer:—I am not prejudiced against the man nor do I condemn him.

But I have three or four charges to make against his teaching and practices:—

1. The whole superstructure of his "Zion" aggregation is founded on blind obedience. I do not believe in this at all. To enforce obedience to commandments is to make machines or dupes or stupes out of people! When his beautiful, lovely and beloved daughter was killed from having used an alcohol lamp in heating her curling iron, the old man

said it was a result of disobedience to the rule of "Zion" that no alcohol should be used, and thanked God for it! That was stupid to say the least.

2. He fights, fights all the time. He fights everything in sight. He abuses the churches, the doctors, the newspapers, Christian Science, the police, the judges—everything but his own following. He severely slapped his grown up son for saying "damn" while playing ball. This is all foolish and self-destructive in the long run. Fight nothing. Truth cannot be hurt by fighting, and error is not worth fighting. It dies sooner if you ignore it, let it alone.

3. He claims to be a third incarnation of Elijah. The first was the old prophet of Israel, the second, John the Baptist, and the third John Alexander Dowie. (But he says now his name is not really Dowie, that he never knew his father's name. He was a soldier whom his mother met before she was married to Dowie, his supposed father.)

Of course he is not Elijah reincarnated; neither was John the Baptist. At least we have no good reason for believing so. This claim is a good deal like that of our good brother Teed that he is Cyrus reincarnated: it is only a fancy. It is true, perhaps, in both cases that they have indulged this fancy so much and so long that it has come to be to them a sort of semi-consciousness. But a man can repeat a lie until he is ready to swear to it as a truth.

And of course I do not endorse Dowie's hell fire, blood washing, boss God teaching. These are all delusions.

There is no doubt that people, many of them, get healed when they go to him or attend his meetings. But this is because they believe. If one believed that
(Continued on Page 308.)

A Christmas Story.

(From *Karma: A story of early Buddhism.*)

DEVALA'S RICE CART.

MANY years ago there lived in far away India a rich jeweler by the name of Pandu. (A man by the name of Buddha was the *Christ* of the people of India, and Buddha taught them to be good and wise. He called all their deeds put together, the good and bad acts, their KARMA. And he told them that a good Karma would make them happy and prosperous.)

One fine day Pandu, the rich jeweler, set out in his carriage to go to Benares, a town in India, taking his servant with him to attend to the horses.

Pandu was not a very good man and had not learned to be wise and try by good actions to have a good Karma so he might be happy and prosperous in his life. He wished only to make more money by selling some of his jewels, so he told his servant to drive along pretty fast.

By and by they overtook a good old man who was walking in the same direction. So the rich jeweler thought to himself, "It is good luck to have a good man for company," and he invited the Samora, monk to ride with him in his carriage.

The old gentleman thanked him and told him he had no money, though he thought he might be of some use to him. Samana worshipped Buddha, the India Christ, and called him the "Blessed One." He told the jeweler how he might have the favor of Buddha by being good, by doing to others as he would have them do to him.

Pretty soon they came to a place where there was a washout in the road, making it narrow, so they had to drive very slowly. And just ahead of them

was a poor farmer with a cart-load of rice which he was taking to market at the same town (Benares) to which the jeweler was going. The cart had been broken in passing the wash-out and the farmer was trying to mend it.

When Pandu saw all this he forgot Samana's good lessons, and become very angry, and told his servant (who was a very strong man and cross like his master) to push the cart out of the way. Before the good old Samana could do anything, the servant pushed the cart over and all the poor man's rice spilled!

The good Samana then excused himself, and got out of the carriage after thanking the man for the ride. He said, "I will try to repay your kindness by helping this poor man gather up his rice."

Pandu was surprised, but he bade his servant to drive on. When Samana had helped the farmer to get his cart with the rice on the road again, he traveled with him. They soon came to something lying in the road which the farmer thought was a snake coiled up, but Samana told him it was a purse, and that the rich jeweler had lost it there. Then the Samana said, "Take this purse and when you reach the turn at Benares give it to Pandu. He will then ask your forgiveness for the way he treated you, but tell him you forgive him, and wish him success in every good work."

When Pandu arrived at Benares, it so happened one man had already bought up all the rice, and a rich banker, M—— the friend of Pandu, was in great distress. He told Pandu he could buy none of his jewels, and that he was a ruined man unless he could buy a cart of rice for the King's table.

While M——, the banker friend, was talking, Pandu missed his purse. He looked in the carriage

and not finding it, he said his bad servant took it, and he sent for the police and while they were whipping the servant very hard, he said, "I am innocent. I did not take the purse. I am punished because I treated the poor farmer so bad."

Just then the farmer brought the purse, gave it to Pandu, and the servant was set free. Then he left his master and went off and joined a band of robbers, who lived in the mountains, and because he was so strong they made him their Chief.

The banker M—— then bought all the farmer's rice, and paid him three times as much as he asked for it, and Pandu, glad to get his money back, went to find Samana to ask for more good advice.

Then Samana said, "I would explain more to you, but you would not yet understand spiritual truths, so I will just tell you a few things to remember:—

"Self is an illusion. Selfishness followed leads people into wrong doing.

"You are closely related to the souls of other people. Therefore be kind.

"He who hurts others injures himself.

"He who helps others advances his own interests.

"Let earnestness and kindness be your motto and you will naturally walk in the path of Truth."

The jeweler replied: "O, venerable sir, I will remember your words. Why, I helped a poor Samana on the road, and though it cost me nothing, a lot of good has come to me already."

Years passed by, and the vibara, Pandu had built became a center for wise people to meet and talk about the beautiful maxims of Buddha's teaching.

The King heard of the great beauty of Pandu's jewelry and ordered a royal diadem to be wrought in pure gold and set in the precious stones of India.

When Pandu had finished the work he started to the King, and took much gold and many armed men. But when they reached the mountains they were attacked by robbers, and all their goods taken. Then Pandu said in his distress, "I will not get angry this time, as I deserve punishment. I have been hard on other people and now I am getting it all back." Then he only let his trial purify his heart.

Again after years had passed the robbers in the mountains beat this chief, took the jewels and money from him and left him to die. About that time good Samana was passing near by. He got some water from the brook and gave him a drink. Then the wounded chief began to scold the robbers who treated him so, but Samana said, "Do not think of your bad companions, but try to get good yourself."

"True," the servant chief said; "they dealt me the blows I have taught them!"

"We all reap what we sow," continued Samana. "Had you taught them acts of kindness you would have received from them acts of kindness. If you will now put out all wrong desires, and act wisely, always controlling your evil desires, you may yet be a source of great blessing to yourself and others."

As the Samana washed his wounds the robber told him he was the same servant of Pandu, who robbed him because he was angry with him for beating him. He now requested Samana to go to Pandu and tell him he forgave him for the beating, and that he still had the gold crown which he made for the King, and all his treasures, and had them hid in a cave near by. He hoped, by doing all the good he could, to get forgiveness.

So Samana told the jeweler, (who through sorrow and trouble had become good), and he sent and got all of those jewels and the crown. Then Samana read the words of Buddha:

"By one's self evil is done; by one's self one suffers.

"By one's self evil is left undone; by one's self

one is purified.

"Purity and impurity belong to one's self; no one can purify another.

"You must make an effort; the Buddhas are only preachers.

"Be good and pure in thought, and so live in the beautiful Karma you have stored up, and be immortalized by your deeds." * * *

Now let me tell you something about the Buddhists: They do not eat animals, and have no horrid slaughter-houses. Christmas they will kill *no* poor little turkeys (like we wicked Christians will do) to celebrate Buddha's birthday. Yet they have beautiful pictures, books, clothes and houses and are very kind, loving, happy people.

C. J. B.

THE KIND OLD KITTEN.

A True Story by Frances M. Mitchell.

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Mary. She lived with her father and mother and brothers and sisters on a large farm. Most of the folks called her Mollie, but her oldest brother, of whom she was very fond, sometimes called her "Pop," just for fun. Mary only laughed and did not care. They had a fine, large, striped cat which Mary claimed. They called him "The Old Kitten." He was a very kind and honest cat and Mary loved him very much. Mary's oldest brother used to go away to school. The little girl would look forward to the holidays for then he would come home and help work on the farm; and many times he brought her something nice, and she would follow him all about. One time in the early spring, he was setting out some apple trees for his father, and Mary was with him, of course, offering her small services; he pretended that she was helping him a great deal by holding up the trees while he spaded in the dirt. After a while he stuck his spade down in a grassy place and all at once there was a sound of many little squeaking voices coming up out of the ground. Mary opened her gray eyes very wide with astonishment, and wondered what it could be. Then her brother took out a

spade full of dirt and grass very carefully and showed Mary a nest of young rabbits—six little bunnies not old enough to run away. He put them in her apron and she carried them very carefully for a while, now and then warming her little, cold hands against them and wondering why they didn't seem to mind it. Her brother said he supposed her hands did make them feel cold, but that they were too young to think anything about it. Mary then concluded she had better take her bunnies to the house and warm them by the stove; so away she ran to the house and into the kitchen where her mother sat sewing by the kitchen fire. Old Kitten was lying under the stove taking



his forenoon's nap and her mother told her to put her bunnies under the stove with him to get warm. Now Mary had full faith in her dear Old Kitten and did not think he could possibly hurt her nice little rabbits. So, nothing doubting, she put them down by him and what do you think he did? No doubt you think he nabbed them up and ate them; but he did no such thing. He stretched out his neck and sniffed them a little then began to purr and cuddle them up to him, and when he had them all about him and nestled up under his fur as much as possible, he licked and caressed them and purred over them just as though they were little kittens and he was their mother. Don't you think he was a dear, kind-hearted old cat, and wouldn't you like to have one like him?

Little Lessons in Elohim.

“SHOULD WIVES WORK?”

THIS TITLE question recently propounded in a contemporary magazine, and asked of me today, comes like the century plant Blossom through years of sure unfoldment, ready for fruitage.

Yes, wives and husbands should both work * * *

As native-born citizens of an evolutionary plane of existence, work for them is imperative. There is no growth without resistance, no progress without effort.

We are here to bring forth into manifestation the great things already existing in occult being *

Infinite Mind does not make material *things*, but creates the real, in Mind. God did not have an electrode waiting in being, but the necessary parts or requirements for the electrode. Edison through mental insight brought those parts together in thought, i. e. conceived in them the possibility of the machine which he called “electrode” after the *parts* out of which he constructed it in his thought. God did not prepare the visible *parts*, such as the electricity, the wire, etc., but the electricity is the material manifestation of the subtile force which electricity stands for and from which it receives its impulse.

Men have worked alone. They have been doing most of the real and telling things, while woman has had to “keep things in order” so that he might do them. She is born with the same talents and ambitions. She must hide her talents and have ambition only for her husband. She has had no time for real work * *

Men have accomplished great things, but working alone, progress has been wearisomely slow. They need the help of the inspirational and intuitional half. The Mother has a mightier work to do than all, for she *gives the caste to character* to every man that is born. A man never gets over the training he gets prenatally from his mother. The training of all the Bibles on earth will not make a man truthful when he has been born with falsehood in his conception. Later education may help him to suppress his imperfect nature, but under test the caste of character he was born with will crop out *

We did not "in Adam's fall sinned all," but until the mother mind finds out its great work of *making men right* there will exist a notion that something is wrong with our birth!

The stronger sex physically has suppressed the weaker sex. In heathen nations they do this still. Men have innocently, as a rule, supposed woman to be a helper, a physical burden bearer, when if they had studied human anatomy in connection with this subject, they might long ago have seen that woman's body is the most awkward shape that could be found to put over a wash-board. Talk of dislocated uteruses. What has been left undone that could have been thought of, that has not been put into practice to bring just such results, unless indeed it be an operation for the express purpose! Mrs. Jones who washed clothes for her family until she suffered with misplacements of liver, kidneys, uterus, breasts, heart and shoulders, served her husband who served the doctor more, by paying him a larger amount for trying to help his wife than paying a laundry-man for a year's work.

Greater success will follow men when woman finds and pursues her legitimate field. She is the

castor of every character. Let her fulfill her work. Let her unbury her talents, for we need them exercised through her sons and daughters * * *

The North American Indians have done more toward blotting out their name and nation, than all the wars they have had. They enslaved their mothers who gave back to them slavish children, or those of stealthy pretense of subordination.

Woman is finding her work, and all thinking men are now helping her. Men have tried to be God-like because Tradition made them in God's image. The same Tradition veiled woman's face, forced her into subjection and forbade her to publicly express an opinion. St. Paul established the doctrine of woman's "taxation without representation" * * *

The true woman, in seeking for her rightful place in work, seeks that platform which is best for the whole race. She knows this world can be made a harmonious whole; that within it is every facility for perfect manifestation. And rightly worked it will produce harmony.

The keys of Life's Harmonichord are *all* the people. Each note must do its special work before proper results are reached. The keyboard that sounds only half its notes is out of tune. No key can sound its true chord until it is in its rightful place. Woman will fill her true office when she is fully recognized as a part of the key-board, and not as only a pedal to help the notes to sound. While you and I may be as free as we could possibly wish, there are thousands of mothers who are both slaves and invalids and know not where to look for help. Correct placement of all the keys will insure universal concord.

Wives should find their right work, and be faithful in its office. Subjection of woman is a remaining type of slavery. Where superior physical strength

has rule, without reason, this is always the case. There are some nations of earth who have been the same, unprogressive enslavers of women for many centuries. They make no progress in the sciences, arts or letters because the son is like the mother's thought.

Woman is Mother of the race and makes it what it is. The mere "help-mate" produces the hireling. The idle mother makes the idle son. Infanticidal thoughts or attempts result in practical criminality *

The human body is a chemical precipitate, the result of a material conception. The Mother-mind moulds the child and forms its character. The thought that can cut off an embryonic finger has power to produce an artist or statesman. I know of an instance where the mother has given her child the desired shade of hair and eyes, and endowed him with his caste of intellect and soul and body according to her purposeful will.

While woman is not physically constructed for building roads, engineering cars and manning ships, she is capacitated for work as useful. The wife, to relieve an unsuccessful husband, often takes up an occupation that proves more remunerative than his, and continues to bear children meanwhile. Harriet and Henry W. Beecher's Mother, while bringing into the world numerous teachers and preachers, taught school to augment her husband's salary which was only \$400 a year. The expectant mother is healthier and happier in the exercise of ennobling thoughts and appropriate economic employment *

While President of the United States, the thoughtful mind of Mr. Lincoln said:—"All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my sainted Mother." She was here with him but nine brief years. It was chiefly the prenatal schooling that *made Abraham*

Lincoln. She gave to her illustrious Son her cast of brain, her fine physical organization, practical common-sense and deep devotion to the right * * *

In literature, science, art, woman is at home. When she has a chance to get *used* to the broader matters of state, she will be as successful and will manage as gracefully as now in the Public Schools. A few years ago the "School-maam" was disrespected as one out of her sphere! Woman will not wish to displace her Brother. She will ennoble and purify all the channels of business life. THE QUESTION OF FITNESS WILL NOT BE CONFINED TO SEX BUT TO APPROPRIATENESS AND QUALIFICATION, WHEN THERE IS AN OFFICE OPEN.

Probably the Son who married the Irish maid "because unable to keep both wife and servant," discovered his mistake in her children! Shakespeare's father was a wool-dealer. His Mother was the offspring of a family that had figured in the annals of preceding reigns. Though in the Elizabethan age few parents could write their names, his Mother idealized much before his birth. Why was not this Son, in turn, blessed with fine children? He married a woman without ideals!

It is pleasant to see clean boards in the house, but when a woman spends her life scrubbing boards, and the house burns down, what has she to show? It is well enough for those who have no other gifts, but is it not like burying talents for one who has? Let the gifted use her talents and pay the one who yet has not, for such service. Blessed is the woman who has found her work * *

Much of woman's worrying arises in the knowledge that she is serving an inferior, and slighting talents within herself, and all of which the one is incapable of ever appreciating. Let such cease to

worry and go earnestly to work in her calling. Human nature is such that the woman who narrows herself down to the service of one and makes him her world, gets his contempt! Let woman be true to the highest that is in her and her husband will more than love her, he will respect her, and their children will rise up and call her blessed.

Une Fille d' Eve.

Correspondence.

(Continued from Page 296.)

a donkey braying would heal him, believed it unfalteringly, he would be very likely to get well when he heard the donkey. But that is not true healing. There is no regeneration about this that lifts one above the plane of sickness.

Dowie tells people that God cures their ailments for his own glory (reputation) and not because they deserve to be healed. So, the oftener they get sick and get God to cure them, the more glory God gets, the bigger his reputation. It is a very false teaching and degrades the individual.

This movement is really the old Calvinism gone mad as it is about to be pushed off the Earth. In its dying frenzy it has caught up several clubs old John Calvin did not know about, and waves them furiously. But all such fanaticisms have their day and pass on. Let us not bother our brains about them.

It has been currently reported and believed that Mr. Dowie is immensely wealthy. But the bubble is now beginning to show signs of bursting. The old tyrannical, brutal methods will not float the bubble much longer. He has been sued recently on his coal bill, for \$2000. Another firm has brought suit for \$2500 for goods supplied Zionites; another for \$1000,

same, and another has foreclosed a mechanic's lien to collect \$750 due for material furnished on buildings. Dowie claims not to be able to pay these bills.

How may I answer people about the tares and wheat and the sheep and goats of Jesus' parables? They say the tares and goats are bad people to be destroyed while the wheat and sheep are good people to be saved. If this were so, then Jesus and Satan are both creators, for in the first of the chapter Jesus sows good seed and Satan bad seed; at the end they are separated. I take it the good and bad in each person are separated. F. R. Rhodes.

Answer:—The parable of the wheat and tares is found in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, beginning at the 24th verse. Jesus says, "The kingdom of the heavens may be compared to the field in which the owner sowed good grain; but while the men slept, his enemy came and sowed darnel among the wheat and went away," etc.

In the 38th and 39th verses of the same chapter is the explanation:

The field is the world. The good seed are the children, or offspring (Greek *uiot*) of the kingdom (within you): the darnel are the offspring of wrong or bad (Greek *ponerou*) (not the devil at all.) The enemy who sowed them is the adversary (Greek *diabolos*, anything that is adverse or opposes): the harvest is the end of the age, or the material time of reckoning, and the reapers are messengers, thoughts, words, angels of good.

No one with good discernment could claim that the seeds are people. The adversary, or adverse forces, do not create souls.

The mention of the sheep and goats is in the 25th chapter of Matthew, beginning at verse 31.

"The son of man" is the true spiritual man. When he shall "come in his glory" is when he shall have dominion over the world and his own affairs. The "angels with him" are the thoughts of truth and the occult powers and personalities of the everywhere. His "glorious throne" is his attitude of power. All the nations (or heathen—Greek, *ta hethna*) shall be separated by this son of man, the true from the false, the spiritual from the material—not separated in point of place, but in disposition, tastes, practices, etc. It is so now, is it not? Is not this prophecy coming true?

"Right hand" is the attitude of favor. The righteous are favored by having their will fulfilled. "Left hand" is the attitude of hard experiences where things go wrong on account of error thinking and doing. We see this every day, all around us.

Then follow the statements that go to show that service to the people is the only service of God.

Now I will try to explain verse 41. The workers of iniquity are subjected to the cleansing fires of hard experiences until they are purified and saved from sin. The Greek *kateramenoi* here used does not necessarily mean accursed persons. It may, and no doubt does here, mean any conduct, disposition or taste that is bad. This is all purified away in the spiritual cleansing fire (Greek, *pur to aionion*) which is prepared for adverse things and persons and their thoughts.

Booker Washington says that early in his work of establishing his school he had but one small room, a log house that had been a residence. The room became so crowded that he concluded to utilize a hen house that stood near. So one morning he told two of the boys to go and clean it up and put it in order for an additional school room. "What's dat, Professah? Clean out a hen house in de day time?" said one of the young men showing two rows of ivory.

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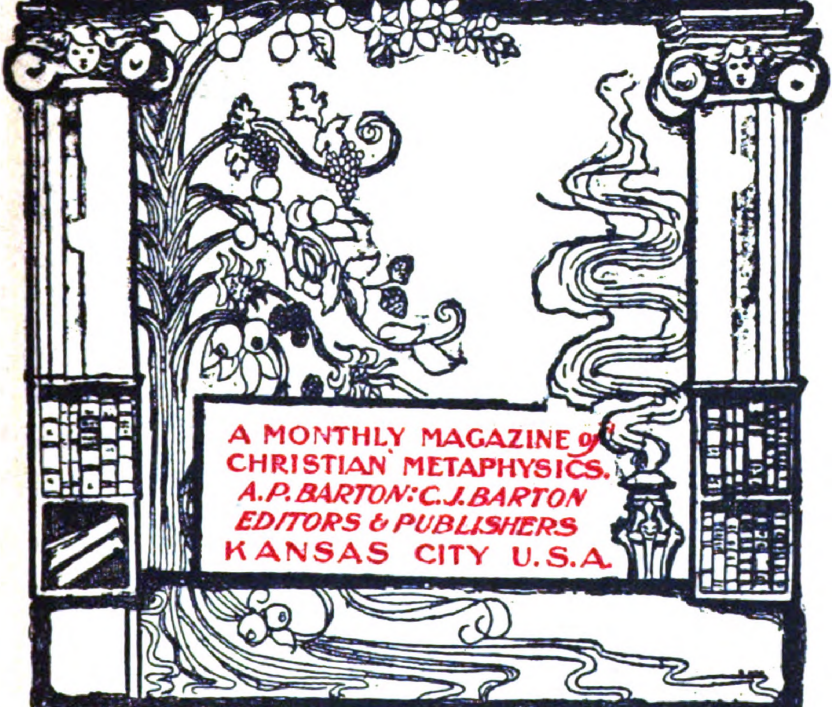
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