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Practical Ideals.

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1906.

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NEW THOUGHT RELIGION.*

By REV. M. K. SCHERMERHORN.

WHEN the new thinker whose New Thought eventuated in what we call New Testament religion, Jesus of Nazareth, then known as Joshua of Nazareth, had become so absorbed in the promulgation of his New-Old Thought as to be considered insane by his nearest kindred as well as by his enemies, his mother and brothers made a long journey to find and take him back, as we would now say, to the insane asylum. Learning that he was at the house of a certain hospitable person they hastened thither to find it thronged with eager listeners to his New Thought teachings. Unable to enter they sent in word saying, Tell Joshua that his mother and brothers are without and desire to see him. Joshua knew well their mission, for his ardent New Thought teachings had disturbed his home as well as his native town and driven him thence months before, so, instead of going out to them, he stretched forth his arms to the throng and exclaimed, "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father the same is my brother and my sister and mother." In this sentence he condensed the whole gospel of his New Thought—Universal Fatherhood with its essential inferences of Universal Brotherhood and a Universal Religion to be founded thereon. "Go ye into all the world and preach this gospel," he afterwards said to his followers. "Whosoever believeth it shall be saved, and these signs shall follow to prove that they do believe and are saved: the things that I have done they shall do, yea, and greater

*Some extracts from the author's address at the late New Thought Convention, in Boston, and which will be given in full in the published proceedings.

things shall they do. They shall cast out demons (dementia), they shall speak as with new tongues (the new language of the New Thought), they shall handle serpents unharmed; if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall cleanse lepers, heal the sick, restore the deaf and the dumb and the blind, resuscitate the dead and nothing shall be impossible."

Mark's gospel says explicitly: "these signs shall follow them that believe;" everyone that believes is the unquestionable inference; and if the signs do not follow it is a sign that they make believe rather than genuinely believe. This gospel of Universal Fatherhood, Universal Brotherhood and the Universal Religion based thereon "with signs following" was zealously promulgated over the entire known earth for centuries, till Constantine with his sword and the Nicene fathers with their fists suppressed it. What we call the primitive Christian church knew nothing else but this as the substance of their gospel. Yet today, wherever it is preached in all the world, the Orthodox of every religion (Christianity included) reject it as something new. There it all stands in the New Testament, plainly written, and yet even those who pronounce the New Testament an infallible book exclaim, These babblers are setting forth strange doctrines, something new. . . .

I will define New Thought Religion as follows. An intelligent apprehension and an eager promulgation of the fact, philosophic and scientific as well as religious, that all body is simply externalization of Soul; hence that all bodily conditions are effects of soul condition and can be permanently healthful and harmonious only by making and keeping the soul healthful and harmonious. Herbert Spencer, in *First Principles*, gives the philosophic formula common both to materialistic science and to orthodox religion: "Let x and y be properties in some outer object, and a and b the effects they produce in our consciousness."

Now the New Thought Religion formula is just the reverse: Let x and y be states of consciousness and a and b the effects they produce in what we call our bodies and other externalizations. What is the difference? Mere tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum? No, it is the difference between the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems—not the earth but the sun is the centre, not body or matter but the Soul.

This is a thought; and it is New Thought in the sense, in the three-fold sense, first, that only now and then did any of the ancients except Jesus and his immediate disciples even utter it as a fundamental principle; second, that no one except Jesus and his immediate disciples ever made it the basis of a religion; and third, that never till now—till Theosophy and Christian and Mental or Spiritual Science arose—has there been any concerted and persistent attempt to revive and promulgate this Religion of Jesus and of his immediate disciples in its purity and simplicity. If this is what we mean by New Thought, then we have a right to the name. Thus using it we are compelled to make it Religion, as Jesus and his immediate disciples made it, and not a mere philosophic scheme, or scientific school, or ethical cult. A soul finite implies a Soul Infinite—an Over Soul, an All Soul, whose offspring it is and in which it should learn harmoniously to live and move and have its being. How to learn this, how to make the finite soul pure and perfect so that its externalization, the body, may be the same is a question higher than philosophy, higher than science, higher than ethics—is all these united and inspired by that emotion we call Religion.

Here is a dew-drop, clear as crystal, sparkling like a diamond in the sunlight which is not only above and beneath and around it but also in it and through it. Here beside it is a drop of polluted water; no crystalline clearness in this, no diamond sparkle! Why? The same sunlight is

above, and beneath, and around about, but it is not also in it and through it. It waits to permeate it but cannot; for defilement is there, and where defilement is there sunlight in its fullness will not come. This is a parable of Theosophy and of New Thought religion alike:—In proportion as the Infinite Life we call deific or divine is permitted to be not only above and beneath and around, but also in us and through us—by the absence of all defilement of selfish and of sensuous desire—in that proportion, only, can we possess perfect health, harmony, and beauty; and only thus can we heal diseases, uplift character and save mankind.

With Matthew Arnold we define Religion as “a passion for Perfection,” or with Jesus “a hunger and thirst for Wholeness or Holiness.” Not a mere desire but a passion, not a mere willingness but a determination. This passion for Perfection, this determination for Wholeness is the *sine qua non* of “signs following” as taught by Jesus and by every other greatest saint and sage of the world. From the first it was understood that only the “pure in heart” who “hunger and thirst for righteousness” and who fervently aspire to be “perfect even as our Father is perfect” had any right to claim the promises of unlimited healing power. The substance of it all may be stated in a sentence: In proportion as I yield myself, body and mind and spirit, as a willing and glad instrument of the Divine One who is the All Soul, the All Father and the All-in-all “nothing shall be impossible” to me. Probably not one out of millions of the myriads of human beings that have thus far lived has ever intelligently and ardently aspired, even, to completely fulfil these conditions; aspired, I mean, so completely and persistently as well as intelligently and ardently as to, unreservedly and unalterably, “yield body and mind and spirit as willing and glad instruments of the All-Father who is the All-in-all.” As Jesus said, “This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fast-

ing"—by complete consecration of body, mind and soul to the Holy One.

This complete consecration has never yet been made by even the most saintly sage (or most sage saint) of the world; for, had it been, "nothing" would have been "impossible" to that person. Some degree of sensuous or of selfish desire or motive has held back everyone that has thus far come into the world. Even the chosen or anointed one—such as Gautama and Jesus—have only approximated to the absolute requirement "Be ye holy as I am holy." And only in the measure of that approximation has this "nothing" being "impossible" to them. Our position, our claim of all power, is, thus, an Ideal. The world awaits the appearance of the "perfect" men who shall so partake of the limitless perfection and hence limitless power of Our Father as to render "nothing impossible." But this is a possibility and privilege common to all mankind, its one absolute condition being: "Be ye perfect even as your Father is perfect."

Using our past explanations as synonymous with the New Testament term—found likewise in all the other Bibles of the World—"new birth" or Birth of the Spirit, I will venture to summarize my interpretation of New Thought religion in the following stanzas:

All power in heaven and on earth,
Our Father, thou dost give
To all who share the Spirit's Birth
And in its "fullness" live.

Born of the Spirit, "Born again,"
"Begotten" from the skies—
No longer are we "mortal men"
But to thy "god-head" rise:

And "gods" we verily are made,
Endued with powers profound;

In all thine attributes arrayed;
Enthroned with Thee and crowned.

Our Father, Thou! Thy children, we
Thy name and nature bear—
Now, and through all eternity
Thy sovereignty we share:

Omnipotence, Omniscience too,
And Omnipresence are
The sovereign powers, to be and do,
Thou dost on us confer.

Our Father, worthy of these gifts
May all thy children be!
The very thought our souls uplift
And make us "one with Thee."

No more may sorrow, sin and pain,
Nor doubt and fear be found!
Wherever righteousness shall reign,
Will health and joy abound.

"All power in heaven and on earth"
Our Father, now we have
If, truly born of the New Birth,
Thy "fulness" we receive.



Brethren, we must not seek for hidden things or occult powers so-called from questionable motives and for personal ends. Rather let us open and clear our minds and otherwise prepare them to discern spiritual things and to hear divine messages of truth.



Never fret, repine, or envy. Do not make yourself unhappy by comparing your circumstances with those of more fortunate people; but make the most of the opportunities you have. Employ profitably every moment.



"In fires, as in men, an excess of energy is a lack of usefulness. The best work is done without many sparks."

HAPPINESS.

By WILLIAM BRUNTON.

WHAT a delightful word is happiness! Among words it is like a star in the darkness and like a flower in the sunshine. It is sweet and fragrant and cheering to the soul—and we all love it and are to experience it more. We are to take hold of its meaning and enlarge it; we are to feed the lamp with new oil that it may burn the brighter and longer. Here is a worthy work for all of us.

If we wanted to illustrate the power of the imagination we would sit by Milton in his blindness, and see how he peopled the early world with the creations of his genius, and how he held the angel-world as his own. The sightless orbs had the divine vision of love. Or we would be awhile at evening with John Bunyan in his cell at Bedford on the bridge, and with only a little candle burning, go with him and his pilgrim from this world to the next as a journey and find the abundant entrance given to the children of light. There we have man the king of circumstance, and we have the reality of the unseen made of closer interest to us than the visible, and all wrought by the fairy wand of imagination. And if we wanted to know the happiness of happiness, its steady, everyday usefulness and help, we would follow the life of the poor that have some of the riches of the soul, and in their industrious quiet living we should find the real thing that we denominate happiness. It is natural and sweet. It is the song of the bird on the bough—with the green fields all around, and not the twitter of the bird in the gilded cage. Happiness is the satisfaction a man has in being a man and playing his part in the general joy. It is not something he seeks, but the something that finds him at his post of duty.

Now we generally make the mistake of supposing good is in goods, and so we pile up things around a man, and

we call it property and wealth and all that, and then we tell this overburdened soul to be happy, assuring him that herein are all the conditions he can demand. But he disbelieves us—and he is not happy.

It is like children of the opulent having every toy of luxury—there they are like a very toy-shop about him—and there is never a one that he really cares for. He is weary of them. The toy horse is like a real horse, and that is all there is to it as far as he is concerned. But the workingman's child has a difference of disposition that is the gain of his poorer position. He has little and is happy with more, and when the more is wanting, he makes up the deficiency with the play of fancy. Give him a chair and a pair of reins, and he has horse and carriage both, and can drive out in fine style. The spirit is the factor in this business of joy.

The reason the millionaire wishes to be a billionaire is that hope is one of the chief joys of our joy. You must have something ahead to look forward to and to work for. Indeed you must. We are on the road of life and we wish to see the way if we can without interruption, and so we hurry to reach this hill of success that we may have the open prospect from it. And then we go eagerly forward to reach another hilltop; and so "man never is but always to be blessed." And this is right and good as showing his infinite capacity and wish for good; and yet under reason's rightful sway, he learns to hope and win its blessings. He can conquer the worlds anear and believe in others.

The old saying was: "Be good and you will be happy!" That seemed a simple rule and safe guiding, but to make it true, you must have the truth of life at the back of it, and then it is as clear as saying have the sun and you will have light. Goodness is the reality of manhood in bloom; with the bloom is sweetness and the buzzing of bees about it. The saying has been amended to: "Be good and you'll

be lonesome." And this brings a laugh because it is a play on the other, and to some seems a little nearer the mark. Such people want to bring the ideal to a bush growth so that we shall not have to use a ladder to get the fruit. You would not have much winter storage for man at that rate. And we have as company in doing right, all souls who have been following the gleam, and we have all true men and brave who are still in the path—and that is blessedness indeed.

When we come to the square thing; when we are buying what will wear and not shrink in the washing, then we have ideal of perfection resolutely sought in the ordinary round of duty. It is there we find it, not in solitude, not in cynicism, not in selfishness. We find joy when we are one with the Power, and when he is expressing himself through us in service or thought that leads to better service.

We have got to have some self-forgetfulness and this fussing over what everybody is saying about us. If you are doing right, and know it, don't worry about your neighbor telling his other neighbor what a pity it is that you are not like other men. You can go on your course without haste or rest, and you will get what belongs to you after awhile. If not—why—still let it go; the thing of joy is in your own consciousness.

Discomforts and hardships and weariness do not spoil happiness, or we would take no more vacations, or go on any more journeys. We make the best of these things and laugh at them as they do in Bohemia.

Am I worried that joys have an end, that flowers fade and all that? No, indeed. Infinite variety is only possible on this constant disappearing and as constant renewal. I take what is given me with gratitude. I have so much every way to be thankful for that I am bubbling over with joy all the time. And I learn to trust the Goodness, I learn to follow the kindly light.

THE MEANING OF PAIN.*

By MRS. JOSEPHINE VERLAGE.

MY subject is one that is not quite in harmony, it seems to me, with the cause which we are representing here. We have tried to strike out the word pain from our vocabulary, and advisedly so. We declare that there is no need for pain, there is no reality to pain, and yet a sensation of pain persists, now and then at least. Say what we will even though we know the unreality of it, even though we feel the nothingness of it as compared to the absolute good, even we who have tried to "live the life" for many years and are convinced absolutely of the right of our case in theory as well as in practice we must confess, if we are honest, that we are not altogether free from that sensation whether we call it physical pain or whether we call it a mental pain. Now and then there is a sensation that every one of us feels that is not in accordance with what we know to be the absolute truth. And whence this sensation? God is Omnipresent. God is Onnipotent. Why this sensation then? We are convinced of the truth of the statement contained in New Thought teachings, that God is Good, that God is Mind. By that we mean that all can be reduced to mind and all is good. If that is true, if that is our premise, our foundation from which we draw our conclusions, then the sensation called pain must have room within the circumference of that premise.

I was much interested some time ago in reading a statement by an eminent physician in which he says, the common belief that disease is an evil or is of evil origin is an error. He says that instead of being evil it is a great blessing for mankind, and without occasional disease mankind would soon be extinct. I do not think that any one of us

*A partial stenographic report of an address given at the recent New Thought Convention in Boston.

agree with him altogether, and still I was delighted to know that a member of the medical faculty held such a view of so-called disease.

If it were not for worry, now and then, if it were not for this stirring up, we should make no effort to go on, and go on we must, hold back as we will. We are sooner or later going to abandon our present position and strike out for the deeper waters. We are compelled by the very nature of our being, by the very nature of our destiny, to outgrow the present limitations of the consciousness and to grow into the full realization of what we are, of what we have.

We are concerned in the finish of creation. It must become finished for every one of us actually, and pain is the greatest educator. No one of us is so perfect in self-knowledge that we are not liable to make a mistake. It is only when we have climbed the ladder from bottom to top, it is only when we have encompassed the whole of creation, and that includes a very great deal, that we can say, "I know fully. There is nothing more for me to know. I have proved, I have demonstrated to the utmost the absoluteness of God, the nonentity of evil, the allness of humanity and the nothingness of discord."

How shall we ever prove to ourselves as well as to others that we have the power to demonstrate that fact unless we have something to demonstrate it over? How shall we ever prove to ourselves as well as to others that we have the power to demonstrate unless we have something to demonstrate over? We want something to live for continually, and that something which we are to live for, which we are trying and aiming to live for, that something is to demonstrate over our own limitation, our sense of limitation, rather, for in nature we are not limited. If there is anything that will drive us, that will goad us on and act as a beneficent influence, it is the sense of what is called pain, and blessed be pain.

We need to get over that mental condition that stands in the way of our accomplishment. When this troubling of the waters takes place, we call it physical pain, we call it physical discomfort. It is a mental stirring up, for there is no physical pain. And if this troubling of the waters takes place, let us do what was done in years gone by, let us not hesitate, but step first into the waters. It is only by looking at conditions squarely in the face that we can verify for ourselves the absoluteness of our being, that we can prove to ourselves the infinity of our powers, the powers that be, and that are expressed and are to be made manifest through every part of us. It is the only way in which disease is substantially defeated. It has no part in God's universe, and still it is so natural, or in accordance with nature, that we shall never get rid of it entirely until we have proved that we are superior to it.

Therefore pain is to be welcomed, not in the sense that it should continue by any means. We do not want to continue this sensation, and it need not last. As a finger that points us upward, as a finger that points inward, that calls our attention to our own limitations, that calls our attention to something that needs to be done by the individual, let us welcome it. Let us rejoice and give thanks that we have something to demonstrate our power over, that we have something by which to prove that we are the children of God, not only in theory but in practice. Let us take as our example the great Nazarene. Let us learn from him, and though we are touched by the sense of infirmity, let us take the cup, bless it and give thanks. Then the angel of forgiveness who was an enemy in the past will become a friend. It is the only way in which we can prove confidently that there is no power outside of our own sense of evil to produce in us any sense of evil whatsoever.



"The end of life is to be like God, and the soul following Him will be like Him."—Socrates.

THE NEW THOUGHT ATMOSPHERE.

By REV. T. A. MERRILL.

MEETING a gentleman a few days ago the conversation turned on the New Thought movement.

He is a practitioner of the old school and was sharply criticising the claims and methods of the movement. "But," said he, "there is one thing about it that I like, that is its atmosphere. There's a dignified quietness about it that is favorable to the proper operation of medicine in the sick room."

"Oh, yes," said I, "everything has its own peculiar atmosphere which surrounds it and emanates from it, showing to some extent its nature and its qualities. Don't you think that anything that has so good an atmosphere as this New Thought movement has cannot be very bad after all?" I waited a moment for him to answer my question, but just then he remembered that he had a patient who needed his attention and politely excused himself.

I think it is quite encouraging to find a doctor who likes the "atmosphere" of the New Thought. I am heartily glad of that. Indeed, if we stop a moment to think of it we do find quite a difference between the atmosphere of the Old thought and that of the New; between a dark, chilly, depressing atmosphere and a bright, clear, sunshiny atmosphere; an atmosphere foul and murky on the one hand and on the other hand an atmosphere pure and radiant.

Let us not lose the New Thought "atmosphere." It is quite important that we cultivate it. Let us be ourselves so charged with the life-giving principles of the New Thought that, wherever we go, we may carry with us a cheering, gladsome, uplifting, health-imparting influence. How shall we win converts but by the "atmosphere" of our lives? The winner of converts must have winning qualities.

We read of one man to whom people came by scores to be healed of all sorts of diseases. And the friends of those who could not walk were brought into the streets on beds and couches "that the shadow of the man might fall on them and heal them." That man was so filled with the good spirit that even his "shadow" (that is his "atmosphere") coming in contact with the sick was enough to bring healing to them.

It is the honey-yielding flower that attracts the honey-bee. Wherever you see the bee at work upon a flower you may know that there is juicy sweetness in that flower. That flower contains and exhales a honey-producing atmosphere.

The New Thought atmosphere is attracting many candidly to examine its claims and bringing many to adopt its principles and to enjoy its blessings.



Just as a little bit of an experiment, try the power of sunny thinking. Declare that your real self is as divine as the Christ saw the Magdalene to be. Assert the truth that inmost joy is your center as truly as beauty is the centre of the rose. Talk joy, if you can not feel it. Talk it as you might call out through a sou'easter for help, by shere force of despair hiding still a faint hope in its heart. Set about making some one happy as you would set about rowing in a storm if you were in danger of wrecking rocks. Speak kindly to a dog. Find one forlorn. Befriend him, feed him, speed him on his way. Give some grain to the winter birds. Stroke a horse with kindly hand. Smile with a child. Make a declaration of independence. Lift in the mists a flag of freedom. See! Light is breaking upon your clouds. You faintly realize that there is a power in you greater than heredity, diviner than old tempers, mightier than stars in their courses, than lines in your palm. How better this than sullenness! Honey is enticing away from the bitter herbs which have been your daily diet.—John Milton Scott, in *The Grail*.



Nothing comes out of the sack but what is in it.

REVEREND WILLIAM BRUNTON.

By LILLIAN WHITING.

A MOST worthy tribute to the late William Brunton appears in a recent number of the *Banner of Light* from the graceful pen of Miss Whiting. No contributor to *PRACTICAL IDEALS* has been more constant and more welcome than Mr. Brunton, and all its readers will desire to listen to the eulogy of one who knew him well. Most appropriately the tribute is woven into one of the series of articles that Miss Whiting is contributing to the journal named under the title of "The Life Radiant."

Rev. William Brunton, whose work as a minister of the Unitarian faith widened and flowered into the rich abundance of the positiveness of the divine life in the conviction of the open and direct communion between those in the Seen and those in the Unseen, has left a singularly rich legacy of faith and friendship and of the possibilities of absolutely realizing, in daily life, the high ideals to which he gave unfaltering allegiance. Mr. Brunton's name is most familiar to the readers of the "*Banner*." For a long time nearly every number has been enriched by his contributions of poetry and of poetic and uplifting prose. The one special affirmation that may be made of Mr. Brunton is that he was not disobedient unto the Heavenly Vision. He followed "*The Gleam*." His life was essentially one that was constantly "moving to melody." . . .

Monsieur Sabatier, the author of that great study of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, has recently said that no one thing is more needed in the world than a restatement of Christianity, and there can be no question but that the great demand of the day is a larger grasp of the truth regarding the relations between God and man. The Incarnation was but to teach the way, the truth, and the life, yet so overlaid has it been with theological controversy that the sublime lesson itself has been obscured and not

infrequently totally eclipsed to the vision of man. The ablest thought of the day is engaged with this problem, and its solution is to lie—does lie—in an increasing mass of testimony and of evidence impossible to doubt, that of the modern revelation of spiritual truth which reveals the nature of the relation between man and God and between the physical and the spiritual worlds. This revelation is coming to us in the guise of actual and demonstrable facts; in evidence that would bear its due weight to all intelligent minds in any other connection, and should not the less in this trend of inquiry.

To this revelation, Mr. Brunton contributed in the most valuable manner. To it he gave the force of his scholarly culture, of his power as a Christian minister, and of his beautiful and winning personality. Life to him was not a matter of achievement in possessions,—neither of fame nor of gain; it was to him—Opportunity. He found the significance of living in the opportunity to serve, to minister. Never was there more realized in any human life the essential truth that the object in living is not to be ministered unto—but to minister, than in the daily experience of William Brunton. In nearly all the ethical literature of the day,—magazines and newspapers,—of his own church, and those representing a still wider and more inclusive spiritual ideal, his work constantly appeared.

Within the week immediately following his transition to the higher life, there came under the eye several publications in which more than one contribution of his appeared. A sonnet from his pen that is in the March number of PRACTICAL IDEALS is so absolutely an unconscious autobiography that I must beg to quote it here. [Our readers will recall it. Ed.]

The beautiful uplifting with which Mr. Brunton's life was characterized manifested itself in countless daily acts and expressions of sympathy and of kindness. He was the ideal friend, the wise and tender counselor. And, indeed,

it is in these little acts of thoughtful remembrance that life finds its sweetest fruition. Well did Boyle O'Reilly express this truth in the lines:

" 'What is the real good?'
I asked in a musing mood.
'Order,' said the law court;
'Knowledge,' said the school;
'Truth,' said the wise man;
'Pleasure,' said the fool;
'Love,' said the maiden;
'Beauty,' said the page;
'Freedom,' said the dreamer;
'Home,' said the sage;
'Fame,' said the soldier;
'Equity,' the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly:
'The answer is not here.'
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:—
'Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word.' "

In the late afternoon of Saturday, March 10, 1906, Mr. Brunton passed on, after only a brief illness, to the life more abundant. On Tuesday, March 13, his family and nearer friends gathered in the little Chapel of the Forest Hills Crematory for the simple memorial service conducted by his friend and brother minister, Rev. Edward A. Horton, who spoke with appreciative beauty of the work and the character of Mr. Brunton, as pastor, friend, and citizen. A wealth of flowers, and the poetic music of "Lead, Kindly Light," and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" offered their solace; and every heart felt the beauty and the consecration of this transition into that higher life of which his own, while here, was so divine an interpretation.

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me;

And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

* * * * *

"Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

The world is the better for the sojourn in it of William Brunton, poet, friend, minister, and exquisite interpreter of divine realities. His fine literary gifts, his intellectual force and grace were all consecrated to the simple, quiet aid of humanity. He was curiously devoid of any self-consciousness. He radiated his best to every one,—as the sun shines. "The solar system has no anxiety about its reputation," said Emerson, and Mr. Brunton was as entirely without any thought of personal fame, although recognition and sympathy were inexpressibly dear to him. Sensitive, refined, with the utmost delicacy of feeling in every way, his only demand of life was to serve the higher ideals. There are no words to express the exalted beauty and the loveliness of his character. An angelic presence has been among us and is now withdrawn from the visible world. But only nearer and more impressive is his spiritual presence now released from its physical environment. The lesson of his life may well come to us in the words of Amiel,—*"Be swift to love! Make haste to be kind!"*

O, "white soul in the garden of God!"

All life shall be purer and nobler and more generous and tender in sympathy and love because of the sojourn here of the "white soul" of our beloved friend, Reverend William Brunton.

The Brunswick, Boston.



Change or improve your environment as rapidly as you can, but while it remains do not antagonize anything that may be in it.—Eternal Progress.

A DOCTOR ON LONGEVITY.

By R. E. PORTER.

A MEDICAL practitioner in London, Dr. Cornwall Round, claims to have discovered how to live forever—barring accidents. As he is only forty years old himself, it cannot be said that in his own person he offers even presumptive evidence of the truth of his theories. But that is no reason, he thinks, why he should not start other people to living forever, and he has just confided to me how the thing can be done.

According to Dr. Round, dying is simply a "bad racial habit," which we have all got into and should strive our utmost to get out of. "As a matter of fact," he said, "we each have the free will to create our own ideal of longevity, and according to our faith it will be done unto us." Those who cannot master faith enough to persuade themselves that they cannot go on living indefinitely should endeavor to emulate Methuselah, who, Dr. Round reminds us, lived to be 969 years old. "Surely," said the doctor, "that is a better ideal than the current three score years and ten, and equally authoritative." And if the people can't convince themselves that they may equal Methuselah's longevity record they might fix their ideal on Moses, who, according to scripture, "was 120 years old when he died; his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated."

The thing to be fought against and eliminated is what Dr. Rounds calls the "death instinct." That, it appears, is something which has been transmitted to us by our ancestors, who, because they observed that all their lives ended in death, were illogical enough to assume that there was no way of stopping it. In getting rid of this death instinct, and laying the foundations of perpetual life, a great deal depends upon getting the solar plexus to behave itself properly. According to Dr. Round there is a deal more in the solar plexus than some persons ever found out. It is the "abdominal brain." It controls the "sym-

pathetic or involuntary nervous system," and the man who gets it to obey the behests of the brain, working harmoniously with it instead of opposing it, may, if Dr. Round's discovery amounts to anything, live long enough to beat Methuselah's record out of sight.

"The diseases of everyday life," said Dr. Round, "are the solar plexus' attempts to throw off effete poisonous matter from the system and so right a wrong—a former sin against ourselves that we have knowingly or unknowingly committed—and at the same time by painful symptoms give us a friendly warning that we are misconducting the internal affairs of the body, and should, therefore, set our house of flesh in order." The solar plexus, the doctor tells us, is remarkably amenable to suggestions. "It will," he says, "carry any suggested idea to its logical conclusion, and by means of the sympathetic nervous system it will tend to rebuild the body according to the logical result deduced from the accepted suggestion."

According to Dr. Round, we should avoid "reading tales that end badly, or witnessing maudlin dramatic tragedies, or recapitulating them in our thoughts. In fact, such mental virus, which is the expression of morbid minds, should be, as noxious drugs are, marked with a poison label in the interest of the unwary.

"We are also," says the doctor, "very suggestible when eating and drinking, as our attention is, or should be, at these times fully occupied, with nothing to spare for self-defense. At meals there ought to be a cessation of all unpleasant discussion—in fact, the less said the better. So when assimilating food and drink we should, as far as in our power lies, have congenial surroundings and think our highest thoughts and in this way salt our bread with our own best ideals.

"Smell, among all our senses," he says, "seems to be the one that has the longest memory for associated ideas. Thus we can also make the sense of smell an avenue for

healthful impressions by mentally connecting some chosen ideal with a particular odor. For instance, write on incense paper the sentence, 'Health is natural,' or some other affirmation which you wish to impress on yourself, ignite the paper and hold yourself in a mentally relaxed passive condition, then the perfume will tend to convey the associated suggestion to your solar plexus."

The best time, says Dr. Round, for conveying life-renewing impressions to the solar plexus is on awakening or falling asleep. As one of the means of attaining perpetual life he advises hanging on the wall near the bed a placard containing this inscription in white letters on a black background: "I feel and look younger day by day." This should be looked at hard, very hard, just before going to sleep and just after waking in the morning.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



The soul gives itself, alone, original, and pure, to the Lonely, Original, and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it. Then is it glad, young, and nimble. It is not wise, but it sees through all things. It is not called religious, but it is innocent. It calls the light its own, and feels that the grass grows, and the stone falls by a law inferior to, and dependent on its nature. Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind. I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great soul, and thereby I do overlook the sun and the stars, and feel them to be but the fair accidents and effects which change and pass. More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me, and I become public and human in my regards and actions. So come I to live in thoughts, and act with energies which are immortal.—Emerson.



In a forest of good works, shrubs like enmity, or discontent, cannot thrive.—Corning Edwards.

AS TO THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By HORATIO W. DRESSER.

WILL you kindly grant me space in which to make a general answer to inquiries which have come every now and then in regard to the origin of "Christian Science"? It seems to be part of the policy of the Christian Scientists to issue statements every little while in which the indebtedness of Mrs. Eddy to P. P. Quimby is roundly denied. For example, in the *Psychological Bulletin*, May 15, 1905, one of their writers makes the bare assertion that "the repeated attempts to endow the illiterate and materialistic P. P. Quimby with the credit of having originated Christian Science are too far fetched for serious consideration. No claim has ever been established in his behalf which can be considered in the least degree tangible." Again, in the *Christian Science "Sentinel,"* September 2, 1905, a writer ostensibly makes out a good case against Mr. Quimby by adversely characterizing the latter's preliminary practice of mesmerism, by omitting all dates, and so conveying the impression that Quimby always remained the "ignorant mesmerist" which Mrs. Eddy has made him out to be. The statement looks plausible until it is known that many years before Mrs. Eddy was restored to health by Mr. Quimby her benefactor had ceased to practice mesmerism, had for years applied a purely spiritual method in the healing of the sick, and was very far from being either "an ignorant mesmerist" or a "materialist."

The readers of these articles do not of course know that Mrs. Eddy was for some years entirely loyal to Mr. Quimby, whose works she compared to Christ's; that her claims of originality were after-thoughts; and that the misstatements which are issued from time to time are meant to maintain the false impression which has so persistently been made regarding Mr. Quimby. They do not know that there are regular writers whose business it is

to answer everything that is published derogatory to Mrs. Eddy or Christian Science, whether there is anything to say in reply or not. Hence they apply to me and to others for information.

An observer might say, "Why concern yourself? Why not let the Christian Scientists have it their own way?" I reply that those who seek such information are for the most part vitally interested in a subject which concerns their health, happiness and religion. So long as certain unsettled questions remain in regard to the truth and error of Christian Science and its history, it is of moment to them to know the facts in regard to the origin of the teaching in which they are so deeply interested. The truth will alone suffice. It must sooner or later be known to all that Mr. Quimby, an enlightened, deeply spiritual man, worked out through years of unselfish labor for the sick the method of silent treatment which underlies the entire spiritual healing movement; that Mrs. Eddy acquired her practical teachings and methods from Mr. Quimby, not through "revelation"; and that for more than thirty years misstatements have been circulated for the explicit purpose of maintaining the "revelation" theory. When the truth is known there will be a remarkable reaction from the Christian Science position in favor of the truth which needs no personality to sustain it.

As long as the paid agents of the Christian Scientists announce in print, as Mr. Alfred Farlow, for example, does every little while in the Boston papers, that Christian Science is not debatable but is on the same basis as mathematics; and as long as the most persistent effort is made to keep the Christian Science interest within the limits of the revelation theory, great numbers of people will be kept from the larger truth which Christian Science conceals. Everything that can be done to hasten the day of emancipation ought surely to be done at once. It is impossible at present to win the attention of the avowed

Christian Scientist, for his mind has been primed in advance. But a great deal can be done to inform the general public, and also to resolve the doubts of those who are not yet sure where the truth lies.

It seems incredible to many that a movement out of which so much good has sprung can have within it an element of falsehood. On the other hand, it is a notable fact that many have withheld their interest precisely because of the great inconsistency which the presence of this element implies. "All is good, there is no evil," it is said. "What, then," so it is asked, "means all this talk about 'malicious animal magnetism?' why do the Christian Scientists warn their followers against 'Dresser poison?' why is it said that Mr. Wood and the other writers have 'stolen' their ideas from Mrs. Eddy?"

It seems to me incumbent upon those who understand the situation to explain as plainly as possible that the element of evil has nothing to do with the essential and original truth of the teaching, but has sprung solely out of the effort to maintain the theory that Christian Science came by revelation to Mrs. Eddy, in 1866. It would astonish your readers if they could know the extent to which misstatements have been circulated during the past twenty years. It happens that my father made to Mrs. Eddy the first explanations that were given her of the Quimby theory, and loaned her a volume of the Quimby manuscripts; for he was then devoting his time to expounding the new theory to Mr. Quimby's patients. This was forty-three years ago. Yet every now and then I am asked to explain the statement made by leading Christian Scientists that all of our spiritual healing ideas were "stolen from Mrs. Eddy."—Unity.



Meditation creates in the mind an atmosphere of peace which is never disturbed by the whirlwinds of fear.—
Corning Edwards.

LIVE IN THE THOUGHT.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

IT makes no difference what you call yourself—Heathen, Hottentot, Jew, Christian or Psychic, if you let go of your worries and fears, and lie back on the unseen Forces which made this magnificent universe, and ask for your inherited share of divine wisdom, health, and prosperity, and declare it is yours, because you are God's own creation, all will be well within you.

That is all you need to do, save to live in this thought.

This sounds simple, but the living in the thought is the difficult part.

I know people who can lecture and write beautifully on these subjects, and who understand the whole theory of the power of the spirit to rule conditions, yet who will haggle with a tradesman or a domestic over a dollar, who fear to aid others in temporary need, lest they shall find themselves "short," and who do not withhold the irritable word, or the unkind criticisms, and who continually forget the rights of others in the small matters which make up daily existence.

It is this continual recollection of the rights of others—animals, inferiors and dependents, since all life came from one source—that becomes difficult, when put into practice; but without this illustration, any religion becomes merely an empty husk.

If you can educate yourself into absolute unselfishness of motive, and live accordingly, you will find all things coming to you which you desire—and it will not in the least matter what "Creed" you belong to or whether you have any belief save that of Love, for your Creator and humanity.

I know a sweet, little old lady who has lived a most Christ-like life for many years, always doing the duty which was nearest, always cheerful, loving, trustful. She is now entirely alone in the world, and she says: "I never

plan very much, for everything happens just as I would have it."

Read whatever you like, but do not allow any teacher, editor, preacher or disciple of any creed or dogma, ancient or modern, to narrow or bind down your free, God-given individual thought and consciousness.

Simplify your religion. Make it practical.

Begin as soon as you awaken in the morning to direct your mentality toward trust and cheerfulness.

Open your window and let in the fresh air; no matter if it is cold, stormy, bleak weather, change the current of air in your room.

Then manage to obtain a few moments quite alone, to relax your mind, and charge your mental and spiritual batteries with divine force.

Just so sure as you do this each day, just so sure you will grow stronger in body and mind, and happier and more successful. The law never fails.—From *New Thought*.



Success is the direct result of an attitude of mind. That is why one man succeeds where his neighbor fails. The difference between success and failure is the difference between faith and fear. Yes, success is the result of intelligent effort, as others have said before me. But faith is the door by which intelligence comes to us.—The *Nautilus*.



As a being of Power, Intelligence and Love, and the lord of his own thoughts, man holds the key to every situation, and contains within himself that transforming and regenerating agency by which he may make himself what he wills.—James Allen, in "*As a Man Thinketh*."



Fear expects the human side to prevail, and believes the worst is coming. Faith knows that the divine side will prevail, and that all things will work together for the better.—C. D. Larson.

CURE FOR THE BLUES.

OF all kinds of sickness the silliest is the "dumps," or "blues." It is conceived in nonsense and brought forth in folly. It is the child of unholy wedlock, fathered by fear and nursed by worry. There is no more excuse for the "blues" than there is for a house cat to curve its back and spit at a toy puppy. We get the "blues" simply because we want them; if we did not enjoy misery we would never submit to its association. Of all diseases the most easily conquered by the mind is this ailment.

One good, strong resolution—one positive affirmation of peace, restfulness and buoyancy will drive away the murky curtain of the "blues" as the mist of morning flies before the rising sun and downy zephyrs of the dawn. Melancholy wins because of the silly conception of our ignorance.

If aught occurs to bedim the glory of our self-appreciation or the world's adoration, we sink in gloom and grime, hug the dark baby of misery to our bosoms, and swallow our salt tears as if they were the nectar of the gods.

Melancholy is so delicious—to feel that the world hates us—that every friend has deserted us; and that the fates are slowly unwinding the threads of Misfortune's sinister web—this is luxury.

To bury oneself in some dark corner, sink within the soft folds of a downy couch, imbed one's moistened cheek in a pillow, and there solemnly pine and groan, weep and wail till the body is exhausted—this is delirious joy—delicious agony!

There is, however, a way out of this, and but one way—realize that you are a fool and quit your nonsense.

Laugh through your tears; smile, though it pain you; hope, hope in spite of the glaring eyeballs of despair, and see the sun still shining, though the clouds be as the night.

Go out into the fresh air, take one long, deep breath until you feel your very toes tingling with new life and action, then look up to the clear sky, recognize your soul as clear and clean as yon blue curtain, your path as bright and cheerful, your prospects as refreshing—then before the breath has escaped from your lungs assert your superiority over all conditions, your self-sufficiency and unconquerable strength, till you feel that you could challenge the gods to a contest and push the stars from their course if they oppose you!

Rise on the wings of fancy and believe yourself rejoicing though your eyes are moist with suffering—conceive yourself floating in the clouds though your body feel like lead—see yourself triumphing over all obstacles, though prisons inclose you and guards watch at every exit; realize in thought that you are free, free, free, though circumstance mock at courage and experience laugh at resolution.

The Mind is the artist of life, shapes its plans and builds its structure. Hold the Ideal perfect as thought can conceive, and some time, if the heart fail not, the dream form will come forth, clothed with reality and radiant with triumph.

You are free—the earth has no devils who can conquer you if you but dare to be as bold as Luther and hurl the inkstand of defiance at every mother's son of them that bobs up in your presence.—Selected.



Are you one of the people who trouble themselves about things that never happen? A certain woman is told of in "Fashions" who suffered greatly from headaches. She went to a specialist who told her that if she would get over imagining things her headaches would stop imaging wrong things.



"In the end the just and temperate man alone is happy."
Plato.

THE DAYS.

By WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The beautiful dear days are ours,
The circling gladness of the years;
The sweet revealing of our powers,
The life of love that life endears:
The moments melt into the glow
Of our divineness seen anew;
Our hearts the splendid visions know,
While duty proves their goodness true!

As canvas for the master's hand—
Whereon to paint with pictured skill,
The happy days before us stand—
Subservient to hope and will:
Our character is written out—
In many a pleasant Gospel line,
As doing good, we go about,
And let the Christ in beauty shine!

We prove the masters of our place,
The power of principle is shown;
We challenge all the days with grace,
We claim of them what is our own:
Oh, passionate as stars of fire,
Yet sweet and pure as lilies white,
God wakes in us the deep desire
To make the days breathe His delight!



On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.
Thou who wouldst be wise;
Open wide thine eyes;
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower!

Richard Watson Gilder.



Christ rose not from the dead, Christ still is in the grave,
If thou for whom He died art still of sin the slave.

Practical Ideals

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

**Starr Publishing Co., 331 Massachusetts Ave.,
Boston, Mass.**

Among the warm friends of this magazine whose pen has always been prompt to respond to every call is Rev. William Brunton. We speak of him as if still among us, and who shall say that he is not though we may not look upon his face again in the flesh? He speaks to our readers in this number, as of old, and will do so again and again, for we have still in our hands, to be used as opportunity offers, several messages which he placed at our disposal some months ago. Elsewhere in these pages will be found a memorial tribute by Miss Lilian Whiting. It is a faithful portrait of this ministering spirit. It was his joy to be of service to the world. He bore the professional title of "minister," which is the favorite one in the Unitarian fellowship to which he belonged to describe the office of the clergyman. It can be truly said of him that he was not only a minister in name but a minister in all the activities of his life. He lived to serve. This was the motive in his pulpit ministrations and none the less the motive in his faithful work as the good shepherd in the homes of his parishioners. So it was the motive in all he wrote for the press in prose or verse, and we know of no minister of any church whose uplifting messages were sent forth in such an uninterrupted volume in journals far and near. In saying this to a good friend of his, the reply came, "Yes, and, perhaps, he published too voluminously," meaning, of course, that his work might have attained a higher average of excellence, judged by the standard of the literary

critic, had he written less. But this servant of men was not thinking at all, we believe, of what the critics might say in anything he wrote. His mind was only intent on saying the word that would give some little uplift to those who were in need of it, and full of love for the neighbor he spoke out of a full heart and in overflowing measure. His last pastorate was at Fairhaven, Mass., which he closed a year since after seven years of loving service, in which he endeared himself to his parishioners and to the community. He was ready to take another pulpit, and to this end was visiting churches whose pulpits were vacant. He was engaged in this work up to within three weeks of his passing on. He was a native of England and was born about fifty-nine years ago. He entered the Unitarian ministry when a young man of twenty-two and had two settlements in his native land. He came to this country while still young, and entered the Harvard Divinity School from which he graduated in 1879. His pastorates in this country were at Brighton, Mass., Yarmouth, Me., Whitman, Mass., and Fairhaven, Mass. A wife and one son survive him.

* * *

In a recent conference of New Thought people it was remarked that we should give attention to making publicly known, on proper occasions, some of the experiences in healing. This writer does not recall a single instance when this has been done in his hearing. This is really a question that deserves to be considered. The New Thought is first of all concerned with physical healing. It began in healing, and it is due to its healing ministry that it is winning adherents today. This commends it even to those who may not need its ministrations on the physical side. Why, then, should not more consideration be given to making known authentic cases of healing, either by those who have been healed or by those who can speak with authority of what he is assured by reliable witnesses?

All of us know of persons who have been pronounced incurable by the medical faculty, and they are patiently awaiting their doom. We long to tell them that there is hope in spiritual therapeutics, but how can this be done so forcibly as by putting into their hands the indisputable testimony of those who have been rescued from the fate to which they themselves have been consigned? New Thought literature is practically barren of this most convincing form of evidence to the Truth for which we stand. Our Christian Science friends have wisely made the testimony to healing a prominent feature of their propaganda both in their public gatherings and in their public prints. We do not doubt that a multitude of persons have been persuaded of the Truth by first learning of it through these means. Neither do we doubt that, in the main, the testimonies presented deal with the actual facts as narrated by those who are detailing their own experiences.



Remarkable Dematerialization.—Our lamented friend, and well-known writer, Mr. Leland, who died two years ago at Florence, made witchcraft, sorcery, voodooism, etc., his special study, and through him I learned of many wonderful occurrences, which correspond to those which I have witnessed myself. To the latter belongs the "dematerialization," disappearance, and reappearance of the entire physical body of certain persons. Incredible as it may appear, three such cases are personally known to me. One of these is the sudden disappearance of a paralyzed boy living at Florence and his "miraculous" reappearance; the other is the repeated visit of a lady, a native of India, appearing in her physical body in a family at Florence, well known to me, conversing with those present and disappearing (dematerializing) as mysteriously as she came. The third case refers to a girl in Tyrol, and as it has already been mentioned in the public press, I will not speak of it more in detail.—Franz Hartmann, in *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.



Free sitters at the play always grumble most.

Comments and Announcements.

The Washington, D. C., New Thought Convention will take place on the 20th and 21st of May,—Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday evening. All interested are invited and urged to be present. Let Boston be represented by a large delegation. See circulars.

* * *

The successful New Thought Convention in Boston is having very excellent results following in its train. These are beyond anticipation. It might have been expected as natural and, indeed, inevitable consequence that a new impetus, a live interest would be given thus to the New Thought Movement. The much to be desired and naturally to be expected have taken place.

* * *

The general society named the New Thought Metaphysical Alliance has met with favor on all sides, and is making excellent progress toward the objects and aims for which it is designed. It is readily seen by all interested in New Thought that large mutual benefits will accrue to all immediately concerned as individual practitioners and teachers, as well as to all societies, clubs, leagues and centers engaged in forwarding the good work. And beside—yet more important—this organized effort, united action, will, it is seen, mightily serve to forward this great spiritual movement for physical, mental and moral health.

* * *

The immediate and local good results promise to be most gratifying. A New Boston Metaphysical Society, called the New Thought Alliance of Boston, has been inaugurated and found response beyond expectation. There has been a need for some time for more extended and wideawake activity in this home—we can call it—of this great Spiritual Healing Movement. For the home of it virtually it was. It was here Dr. W. F. Evans opened an office in 1867 as a practitioner, and where this first author of the movement wrote several of his volumes, and where all of them were published to the world. Here it was that Mrs. Eddy did most of her large practical work. In this city as the metropolis of Massachusetts and, indeed, of New England, has centered the interest in and the de-

velopment of this great movement. What less might be expected than that Boston should take the lead and be the inspiring influence in the advancement of the good cause? Let her at least do her part, perform her legitimate work in the future in that cause.

* * *

Other New Thought Societies, branch alliances, have been formed and are forming with interest and enthusiasm in the suburbs of the city. They should extend throughout the state and all New England. United, co-operative action should be our watchword in this work, for unity is one of our fundamental principles. There is no place for rivalry, competition in the usual sense of these words in New Thought. But can there not be such a thing as sympathetic, friendly emulation among our societies as to doing the best and largest work in the good cause, and reaching as societies the highest ideal in all their management and their whole character?

* * *

The convention number of PRACTICAL IDEALS, April, has been highly prized and praised, "worth the year's subscription price," writes one reader. It is a good number for the new subscriber to the magazine to begin with surely if he or she gets the money's worth the first month. At any rate no one interested in New Thought can afford to be without this issue of the magazine. The two articles of Mr. Wood, the one of Rev. Mr. Van Doren, and of Rev. Mr. Merrill, without mentioning others are of almost unbounded interest and value. About as much can be said in commendation of the present May number we believe our readers will find.

* * *

The Magazines, PRACTICAL IDEALS, Mind and all other periodical New Thought literature can now be obtained at the Headquarters of the Boston New Thought Alliance, New Century Building, Huntington Ave. It is designed also to have on sale there a full line of Metaphysical publications, books, pamphlets, etc.

* * *

In every department of life that help is most effective which helps one to help himself.

Observations and Events.

A New Thought Summer School will be conducted near Glenwood, Cal., a two hours' ride from San Francisco, by "Now" Folk. It will continue six months from May 1st to October 31st. It will embrace a full course of instruction along New Thought lines. The location is known as "Now" Folk Mountain Home and embraces three hundred acres, including vineyards, orchards, fields, streams, drives, walks and virgin redwood and other timber. On the grounds are a hotel, cottages and tents, with water and sewerage systems. The larger purpose of making this a world's centre for New Thought is included in the enterprise. This Mountain Home would seem to be an ideal place for New Thought people who wish to combine instruction with pleasure, and especially for such as need the physical help which is found in the higher method of healing for which the New Thought practitioner is distinguished. We understand it to be the aim of the management to enlist all interested in the New Thought movement as stockholders. Not less than twenty-five shares are sold to any one at the par value of one dollar a share. This may be paid in installments of \$5.00 per month. Those holding stock can trade it in return for healing services, accommodations, or publications issued by the "Now" press. If left as an investment it will begin to pay a regular dividend after two years. One can invest \$5.00 which can be traded out, or the amount will be paid back within three years, with interest at six per cent.



The "bustling elegance of the American woman" was referred to the other day by an English writer. We talk a good deal about repose nowadays. Smart women want women with repose of manner as governesses for their children. That is one reason why English women are in demand as teachers for young Vanderbilts, Astors and Goulds. The average American governess is so much better educated than the English governess that there is no comparison whatever, but her voice is often loud and her manner bustling and fussy. This applies to the clever and well-read French teacher, too.



A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better.

Suggestions for Health.

EATING BAD FOR THE MIND

Over-indulgence in food prevents us from being geniuses, it seems. Speaking at the Woman's Club, in Upper Montclair, Dr. Richard C. Newton, of Montclair, said nothing was more beneficial to the bodily health of the average man or woman than the fasts, which are more or less enjoined in many forms of religion. "It often is of the utmost benefit," he said, "to man's bodily health to refrain from food to a greater or less extent for considerable periods of time. It is in a majority of cases absolutely essential to promote mental development. I have no hesitation in saying that overeating beyond the physiological needs of the body is the principal cause of the failure of the human intellect to develop itself beyond mediocrity. It has well been said 'there are as many persons today digging their graves with their teeth as there are drowning their souls in alcohol.' Physical, moral and mental education must proceed simultaneously and with equal steps produce a vigorous, normal, well-proportioned and active body."

* * *

WHEN A MAN'S HEALTHY.

Modern scientific investigation, that foe to complacent tradition, now declares that the well-nourished body, that which we call plump in women and stout in men, is not necessarily the healthiest or the best able to resist disease. It appears that the lean horse which the expert selected for a long race is the choice also of modern science for a strong race. And the lean man not only enjoys greater resistance to means of weakness and debility, but he is stronger in the performance of a given task. In other words a large fat deposit in the general tissue is no evidence of good general nutrition. Thus health and grace go hand in hand, and the figure without surplus adipose is not only the fairer to look upon, but the stronger and healthier.

* * *

A sty is nothing more nor less than a painful boil at the edge of the eyelid. It should be opened as soon as it begins to point.

Questions and Answers.

Edited by Mabel Gifford, Blue Hill Avenue, Mattapan.

Readers are solicited to send questions. Our readers also are invited to briefly answer the questions asked. Address communications to Miss Gifford Starr Publishing Co., 331 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Q. What harm is there in flesh food? They say that every kind of food is alive, and even the air; we are obliged to kill to eat. T.

A. Flesh food that we kill with our hands is dead flesh; we eat corpses. Corpses are disintegrating bodies. Animals are a lower form of vibration and a lower order. Any food a living creature receives into its body extracting what is useful to it and throwing out the residue, is of a lower vibration than the body that received it and yet is superior in its disintegrated condition than it was originally, before it was integrated. So man in eating flesh, lowers the rate of vibration in his own body and increases disintegration. And the little that he gets that has building power is so out of proportion that he steadily loses right proportion and disintegrates faster than he integrates. Fruits of the earth are living; made of invisible living bodies.

The human body and all large bodies are made up of lesser living bodies. But when they become microscopic and take fruit forms, they are not killed by our eating the fruit; they are absorbed into the blood and become a part of it and so build human bodies and pass into a higher form of life. Being living they are integrating faster than they are disintegrating and so build more than they use, and the eater grows stronger and sounder; superior.

Fruits being proportioned to supply the animal creation and human beings contain the elements necessary for body-building, while animals being created to eat and not to be eaten are not rightly proportioned for food.

* * *

Q. Did you attend the recent Convention held in Boston? Do you think Conventions helpful? What to your mind will be an ideal Convention? L. D.

A. Yes. I attended the first day. I think conventions helpful in two ways: they make us better acquainted with each other and interest those who are not of us.

For Young Folk.

Edited by Ella E. Morrill.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

In this bright month of all the year, let us be merry and glad and carry greetings of good cheer both far and near. No one enjoys seeing a sad face, so let us think good and loving thoughts constantly, so that our faces may express the joy within. The good acts which we do make happiness not only for those around us, but the gladness is reflected upon our own souls.

“We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made
And fill our Future’s atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.”

E. E. M.

* * *

THE HOUSE OF MR. FEARING.

By ELLA E. MORRILL.

Mr. Fearing lived in a fine house on the hill outside the city limits. He had married a beautiful woman, Miss Hope, who lived with him a number of years and died just after the birth of her twin boys Doubt and Worry, leaving Mr. Fearing to bring them up with the assistance of their housekeeper Mrs. Sorrow. Mrs. Sorrow was a good woman who did the best she knew how, but she always had a long face which well accorded with the desires of Mr. Fearing.

Early one morning Mrs. Sorrow went to the front door to look at the thermometer, and what was her surprise to find a lovely child, wrapped in an old cloak, cuddled up in a corner of the vestibule, fast asleep; the child had a pale face, but was neatly dressed and had a row of golden curls on her forehead, and she was smiling pleasantly as if her sleep was peaceful. Mrs. Sorrow took her up and carried her into the house and placed her on a sofa. On awaking the child looked lovingly into Mrs. Sorrow’s face and said, “O, I had such a beautiful dream. I thought I went to a fine house where everything was lovely except the man who lived there, and he looked so sad, but some one told me if I could only get inside the door that I could make

him glad." "What is your name my child?" said Mrs. Sorrow.

"O I am called Joy," said the child, "and I come from the land of Gladness, and she smiled so sweetly upon old Mrs. Sorrow that the ghost of a smile came upon her sober face. It was now noon and as Mr. Fearing and his young sons had gone away to the country for the day Mrs. Sorrow took the child all through the house. Joy was especially pleased with the library, for there was a deep bay-window with a cushioned seat at the end of the room, and little Joy thought it would be a good place for her to sit and enjoy the sunshine, but Mrs. Sorrow had the shades drawn tight for fear that the sunlight would fade the beautiful carpet and draperies. Mrs. Sorrow took Joy to a little room at the top of the house where she told her she could sleep until another home was found for her, for Mrs. Sorrow had no idea of keeping Joy in the house permanently. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Sorrow went out to do some errands and Joy found her way to the library. She went all around the room looking at the beautiful ornaments and pictures, but what she liked most was a fine portrait of Mrs. Fearing taken in her girlhood; at last she climbed into a big chair near the great picture and here she was found fast asleep by Mr. Fearing when he came home to his late dinner.

He stopped in front of his big chair and looked first at the picture and then at the child.

He shook her gently and she awoke.

He said, "who are you, child, and why are you here?" The child trembled a little but replied quite bravely, "I am only a sunbeam sent across your path, and my name is Joy." Mr. Fearing took one of the child's tiny hands in his, and the weary lines of care passed from his face and soon a big tear rolled down his cheek, he turned quickly and went out of the room, but as he passed through the door he looked back lovingly at the child.

Joy passed a restful night in her little room at the top of the house, and the next morning after breakfast she thought she would again go to the library and look at the beautiful lady. She opened the door quite cautiously but what was her surprise to see two young men seated at the long writing table. They were Mr. Fearing's two sons, Doubt and Worry, and sitting opposite them was their

tutor Mr. Take Care; Doubt turned and smiled at the little figure in the door way, Mr. Worry scowled at her, and Mr. Take Care came very near dropping his book on the floor, but Joy made a hasty retreat and went to the garden where she played all the forenoon till Mrs. Sorrow called her to lunch. Now they had lunch in Mrs. Sorrow's own sitting room, and Joy had much pleasure in seeing the look of grief go from Mrs. Sorrow's face as she told her about her happy life at Gladland.

Contrary to Mrs. Sorrow's expectations, dear little Joy stayed at the home of Mr. Fearing and became one of the family, and her influence was so great in the house that Mr. Fearing at last consulted his friend Mr. Law and had his name changed, and his son's names also. They are now known as Messrs. Fear-not, Doubt-not and Worry-not.

"Sorrow shall endure for a night but Joy cometh in the morning."

* * *

A MAY DAY.

The Queen of the May is out today
With roses pink and red,
And mosses green to place between
To deck her dainty head.

At early morn the laddies all
Had met upon the green,
And lassies now are coming,
Bright faces may be seen.

Around the Maypole they will dance
With ribbons gold and blue,
Laughter and song the scene enhance,—
Bright gowns of every hue.

For this is the bright May morning
"The maddest, merriest day;"
What is the use of sighing?
We'll sing glad roundelay.

For the Queen of the May is out today,
And all the earth is glad;
With laughter and mirth—to Joy give birth,—
What time is there to be sad?

E. E. M.

Book Notices.

Mental Healing, by Leander Edmund Whipple. The Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York. Pages 280. Price \$1.50 net.

This is a revised and enlarged edition of a work that has had a wide reading. The author is well known as one of the most distinguished practitioners in mental healing, and this book therefore represents the results of a profound study of the subject. In his preface to this fifth edition, Mr. Whipple says, "Every statement made in the original writing of this book has since been verified repeatedly in practice. In the present revision, therefore, no change of ideas seems to be demanded. . . . The subject matter of the present volume and of those to follow has been prepared entirely from the basis of demonstration in the healing art—no undemonstrated theories having been allowed to bear witness." The reader is thus given the guarantee that he is not to be entertained with mere speculations and baseless theories, but has before him the conclusions reached after a long study and practice of mental healing. This work, in the thirteen years that it has been in circulation, we can easily believe, must have drawn the attention of many scorners and unbelievers to the subject of metaphysical healing as no other book that we have met with could have done, so intelligently and so rationally has the author treated the questions involved. The book is, moreover, written in an attractive style and is put forth in a typographical dress that is very pleasing.

* * *

As a Man Thinketh. By James Allen. The Science Press, Chicago. Pages 61. Price 60 cents, postage paid.

The readers of this book department have learned something of the author of this little work, for attention has been called to his writings. His home is in England where he publishes a monthly periodical in advocacy of the New Thought philosophy. We believe that he does not so label his magazine or his books, but they belong to that particular phase of thought. There is no one who sets forth the philosophy more clearly and in a more winning way. This brief essay on the power of thought is an illustration. There is a singular charm in the way he treats his theme.

We are not surprised that the author has found an American publisher who desires to introduce his works on this side of the Atlantic. This volume is put out by him in a dainty form, bound in ooze calf with lettering in sepia brown.

* * *

The Independence Day Horrors at Killsbury. By Ase-nath Carver Coolidge. Hungerford-Holebrook Co., Watertown, N. Y. Pages 244. Price \$1.00.

This is the only book so far as this reviewer knows that has been written in the interest of a rational celebration of the Fourth of July. It was issued last year. There is need of the protest it makes against what has come to be a most unworthy method of observing our national anniversary. The author thinks there is a better use to which the day may be put than to make it the occasion of killing and wounding a great multitude of the boys and youth of the land. The protest is voiced in the form of a story and very successfully. The author no doubt reflects a growing sentiment among all sober-minded people. If John Adams could have foreseen what a bedlam and what a slaughter of innocents his proposed method of celebrating Independence Day was to produce he would have been the last one to advise it. We learn that some persons are actively engaged in arousing a public sentiment in this matter. They are deserving of all possible encouragement in their praiseworthy task.

* * *

A Sunday-school teacher, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, "With what weapon did Sampson slay the Philistines?" and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his own cheek and asked, "What is this?" The whole class instantly answered, "The jaw-bone of an ass."

* * *

The old natural bone setters were the pioneers in the path of discovery which has led to bloodless surgery.

* * *

"You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it."—Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

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