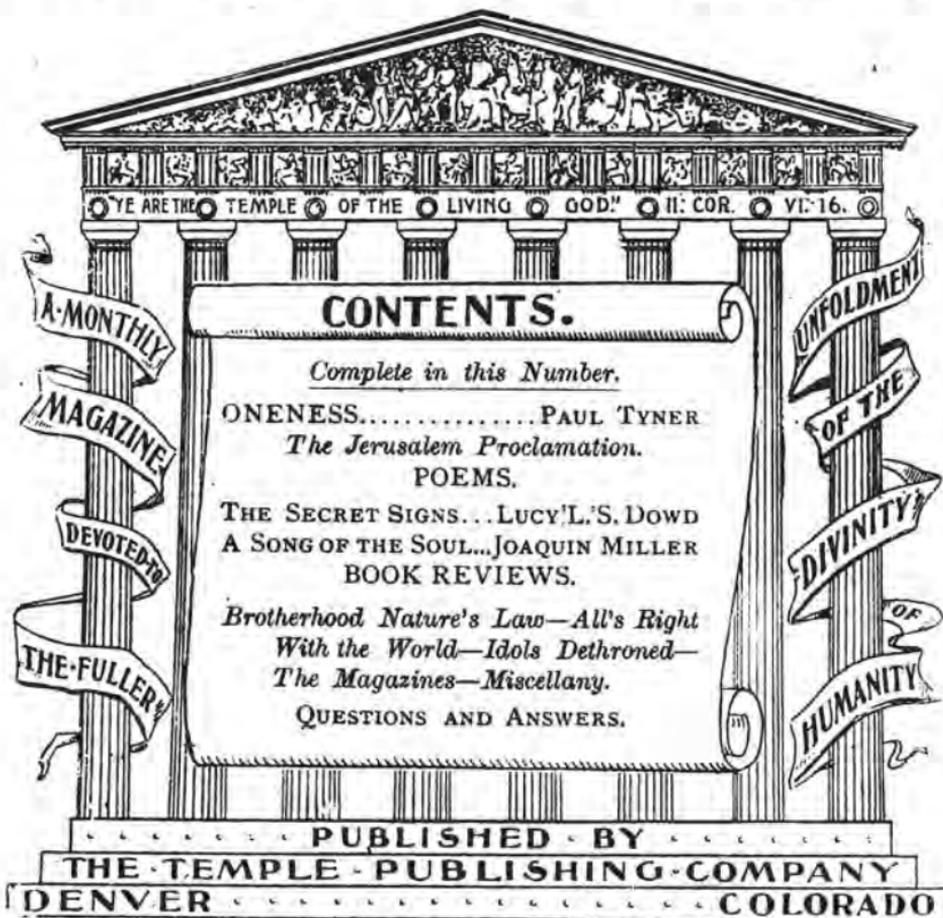


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ONENESS.*

BY PAUL TYNER.

All reform aims in some one particular to let the great soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey. . . . There is no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away. . . . The soul circumscribeth all things.—*Emerson.*

THE central fact of the external universe is that it is *one*,—a perfect whole made up of many parts whose diversity, when considered separately and apart, but emphasizes their unity when taken together. Modern science, which has mapped the heavens, weighed the earth, dissected and catalogued all forms of life organic and inorganic, in its marvelously thorough measurement of Outer Form, but confirms the conclusions arrived at by the old Greek philosophers through contemplation and study of the Inner Soul. The completion (wholeness or holiness) necessary to perfect beauty could be found, they knew, only in the absolute unity of all things in one grandly harmonious plan. In regard to the universe,

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they perceived that the world was beautiful and that therefore it must be one. They needed not the demonstrations of Darwin and Huxley as to the unity of all life, nor the great nineteenth century materialist conclusions as to Evolution and the Conservation of Energy, any more than they needed to wait for Copernicus and Columbus before announcing the fact of the spherical form of our planet. The globe being the form of greatest perfection, to their minds the earth could be nothing else than a globe.

When Pope wrote the lines:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,"

he followed much the same line of reasoning; he shadowed forth a truth which, taken literally, would have been derided in his time by men of science. Today, Pope's lines, instead of being considered imaginative, may be taken as a simple matter of fact statement of the one large general conclusion gathered from the scientific discoveries of our day. The scientist might object to the word God, substituting "Universal Energy," but that is only a difference in terms.

By whatever path we approach the realization of the oneness of outer nature, we inevitably gain in conscious appreciation

of the oneness of the Infinite Spirit, which is the inner and immanent Force expressing itself in all outer forms, yet ever remaining the same in essence—the *Reality* underlying all appearances, in and about all appearances, creating, moulding and transmuting all, but itself formless, without bound or limit in time or space. "Man looks through Nature up to Nature's God." "All matter," says the materialist, "is but retarded force; all forms of force but modes of motion." And there he stops, perchance postulating an "Unknowable" behind these modes of motion. Indeed it is apparent that with "modes of motion" we reach the boundary of that which can be known through the physical perception. But in this, as in aught else, the ultimate on one plane is found to be only the beginning on another. Reasoning by the analogy found everywhere between the lesser and the greater, and finding in the human will a controlling and determining factor in "human affairs," we are forced to the hypothesis (if not the perception and recognition) of a Great First Cause in a *Cosmic Will*, choosing, designing, directing, causing and controlling motion to an infinite variety of modes. If there were only matter, then Matter would be Master; if only motion, then

Motion would be Master; if only *one* mode of motion, then that Mode would be the Alpha and Omega. There being *many modes* of motion, there must be a principle of selection and arrangement, differentiating each of these modes from every other and fitting all together in one harmonious whole,—and so Intelligence or Will—the Divine Will, properly so called to distinguish it from that effect of which it is the cause, the human will.

If the unity of the universe, both in its visible outer form and its invisible inner spirit or substance, is the central fact of the world's life; the crowning fact in human life is that declared by Jesus in the assertion, "*I and the Father are one!*" The Greeks reared an altar inscribed "To the Unknown God." Paul, preaching at Athens, said to them: "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." The Man-God had changed the unknown into the known through conscious realization of his oneness with the Father of All Spirits, the Master of All Modes of Motion. The Word made Flesh realized identity with his source—that he was in the beginning (before Abram was I am); that he was with God and that, therefore, he was God. The same truth is given us in the "Bhagavad-Gita," where we are told:

"In those for whom knowledge of the true Self has dispersed ignorance, the Supreme, as if lighted by the sun, is revealed."

It is this realization of oneness which is the first and essential step in the spiritual life. As Emerson says, it engages us to *obey* the Divine Will, letting the Great Soul *have its way* through us. No mere submission to an outside and alien power, through fear of punishment or hope of reward answers this requirement. "Love," said Jesus, "is the fulfilling of the law." And he made Love paramount to the law and the prophets, the "new commandment," positive and absolute as the statement that two and two make four. "All love," says Browning, "no matter how crude or even degraded in its expression, hath something of the divine in it." Perfect love, according to Paul, overcometh all things, casteth out fear; without it all virtues and talents and powers and pious practices "are as nothing." Through his love nature, Jesus found God, came into the consciousness that, in spirit and in truth, all that was real in him was one with God. As God was in him, he was in God. John put the grand truth into three short words: "God is love." The power of the Christ in its fulness—the power which lifts man above all limitations and

gives him command over all things, plainly resides in the attainment of this perfect at-one-ment in consciousness and conduct with the One Reality, the One Life, the One Will. In all men, the process of at-one-ment is a growth, not a sudden creation. Several hundred thousand years of human progress were required to produce the first Christ. But there are stages and degrees in the process. In each stage one comes into a corresponding *degree* of the Christ consciousness, the Christ poise, the Christ power and the Christ life. With every advance also comes acceleration in the rate of development through self-conscious individual and social purpose, concentration and effort.

Even in the beginnings of this quest of the Holy Grail, one comes into a glorious expansion of life and its meaning. Separation from the things of sense, *as things of sense merely*, is demanded, to be sure. But this means only a cutting loose from and a letting go of the lower, in order to grasp and hold the higher. This is the process of refinement in all nature and in all art. When the butterfly emerges from the chrysalis, it is not less in the world, but more. So with man. Recognition and realization of the soul and its powers should cause him to bring into his work

among men and for mankind the raised powers achieved through his individual passage from the material to the spiritual plane of consciousness. As we all know, this has actually been the course pursued by every truly illumined soul. Knowledge, power, uplift, were valued by Jesus only as they enabled him to serve humanity.¹ It was so with Buddha and with every other great leader of thought, religious or secular. When this illumination and power is degraded to the service of selfish vanity, prostituted to personal ambition or indulgence, the God-flame becomes a consuming fire, burning with unquenchable intensity until all that is lower in vibration is utterly destroyed. No human being can receive and retain this celestial fire: It must have free way through him. And it can only have this free way when his whole soul is filled and permeated with *the love vibration*, so that his being is constantly turned outward in love to others rather than inward in love of self. Indeed, this is the test of sincerity and honesty in our recognition of oneness with God. The personal self, in the light of this recognition, fades into insignificance. The true self and larger self is found in the larger

1. "And I, if I be lifted up, shall lift all men with me."

expression of God outside of one's own single personality.

The *oneness of God* is the basic truth in all religions. It was the very essence of the Hebrew religion handed down from Moses, the idea that made the Jews a chosen and peculiar people, the Messiah-producer, united, vital and continuous. "There is but *one God* and Mahomet is his prophet!" sounds the keynote of the marvelous growth in power and numbers, even to this day, of the religion founded by the Arab camel driver. In fuller and more absolute measure than any conception of Buddhism or Brahmanism, Judaism or Mahometanism, the Christianity taught by Christ gave mankind demonstration of God's oneness. "I and the Father are one" means God and man are one. More than this—Jesus so worded the declaration that it could not be understood simply as applying to mankind in general, *en masse*, or abstractly, but also and most distinctly as to an individual man, and, therefore, to each individual. He left no room for doubt or speculation on this point, claiming for himself nothing more than he claimed for all men. "I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." (John xiv., 20.) In the falling away of Christian theology from this essential

corner stone of the Christian religion may be found the fruit of the corrupt seed planted under pagan influences and the cause of its present disintegration. Primitive Christianity had no room for idolatry, — for mammonolatry, bibliolatry or formolatry. "God is a spirit and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth." Only by a return of the Church to the worship of the one God, shall the purity and the power of true Christianity be restored to mankind.

How are we to begin?

The explanation of the darkness and decay into which organized and institutional miscalled Christianity has fallen and the plain, straight road to a resurrection from this body of death is indicated by Jesus in terms so plain that he who runs may read, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein.

How can a man love God whom he hath not seen, if he loveth not his brother whom he hath seen?

For the individual, working out his salvation from bondage to sense, for every organization of men seeking, on whatever plane, to lift the world out of suffering and sorrow, weakness and wrong, this is the path to take. Our New Thought recognizes the absolute verity, the scientific ac-

curacy and the practical applicability here and now of the Nazarene's statement: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And if it be asked *how* a man is to seek God and that kingdom of Heaven that is within every man, let it be repeated, that no angel or mahatma could say more than "Obey the first commandment." Do you know it, my brother, that initial instruction brought down from Sinai? Have you ever thought deeply about it and sought to apply it to yourself, your thought, your work? Have you realized its meaning, as interpreted to a later age by One who came not to destroy, but to fulfill the law?

"I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage; thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

Who is the Lord? The "I,"—I myself, my real Self, by whom and in whom, alone I live and move and have my being—the Self which has brought us out of the darkness of animal existence and out of bondage to animal passions and limitations. The sin of sins is idolatry, and idolatry is the sin of the age. Men are daily making

graven images to themselves of things that have only illusory, external existence, bowing down and serving appearances and illusions and blinding themselves to the real Substance, without which all things in earth and heaven could have no existence, yet which is not these things, and *is* something infinitely more. And one who bows down before the marble in the Venus of Milo, or even before the skill of the sculptor or the beauty of form—of line and proportion—which his skill gave to the stone, is as much an idolator as any worshiper of the Golden Calf. He misses that which is alone worthy of worship—the *God* in the thought of Truth, of Harmony, of the soul's rise out of chaos into order and beauty, which the sculptor has made tangible and concrete and enduring for us.

Yet it is not enough to know what we must *not* do. All the law and the prophets hang on this first command, for one who keeps it cannot possibly break the others. Jesus told us *how* to keep it, how to worship God in spirit and in truth:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy mind. And the second is like unto it [it explains the only possible way to obey it]; *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*"

Your neighbor is yourself in a very real sense. Your true Self, the self which is

at one with God, is in him, as that God is in you. "Ye are in me and I in you, as I am in the Father and the Father in me." So the way to love God is to love one's neighbor—to love mankind—and the way to love mankind is to serve it—to give oneself freely and fully, for love's sake only, to social service with any and every talent or power one can command. And the man who honestly makes for his fellow-man the best shoes he is able to make, or who sweeps crossings, thinking only of doing the work well as he knows how, serves humanity as truly as does the genius in art or music, the preacher or the devotee, doing that which love bids him do—and he will as surely find God.

Oneness with God depends on recognition of *the oneness of God* in the Oneness of Man—of all God in all men, through *your* oneness with man, with every man and all men. We have long felt in a vague way that on the spiritual side, the larger and deeper side, we are all children of one Father—brothers who feel for and with each other in great joys or sorrows, in deeds dark or heroic that touch the human heart and move the human mind. But it is well to have this fact made plain to us on the material side also, as it is by the latest demonstrations

and discoveries in physiology, so well summed up by Professor Max Müller in his 'Lectures on the Science of Language.'

"Physiologically the unity of the human species is a fact established as firmly as the unity of any other animal species. In the present state of physiological science it is impossible to admit more than one beginning of the human race. Man is a species, created once and divided in none of its varieties by specific distinctions; in fact, the common origin of the Negro and the Greek admits of as little doubt as that of the poodle and the greyhound."

And here is the little story of a New Year's vision first told nearly three years ago, but so well illustrating my meaning that it may well be retold here.

THE ONENESS OF MAN.¹

"Come out into the night!" said a voice as the hour approached that was to mark the ending of the old and the beginning of the new year.

Go out? Out of the close warm room in which I had been sitting for hours, looking into the fire, now dying in the grate, and communing with the phantoms that seemed to rise and take shape in its flame and glow—phantoms of buried hopes and fears, of old and new ambitions and disappointments, of ecstasies present

1. Originally published in *The Impress* of San Francisco, January 5, 1895, as one of a series of articles on "The Spiritual Life."

and to come—ecstasies and heart aches. And as these appearances grew in number and density, they seemed to press close upon me at all points, to claim, to hold, to bind me—now squeezing me tighter and smaller, now drawing me into themselves, absorbing my very life essence and making it seem that I belonged to their phantom forms, was of their very life—their dreamy, sensuous, sweet, alluring life—that they were me.

Only now and again a little gasp for breath, a swelling of the heart against the pressure, a close, hot constriction about the head, struck quick, sharp pain through all my body and showed that something was still protesting, still struggling against the subtle forces that filled all the room and were beginning to revel and riot in assurance of the imminent possession of soul and body.

“Come out into the air,” repeated the voice clearly; and this time there was command as well as invitation in its tone. The notion of moving had seemed as strangely impossible as would be that of flying through the roof. I wondered when the voice first reached me if the speaker did not see how impossible it was, how closely hemmed I was on all sides; how weak, how melted, how dissi-

pated and absorbed I was into the grinning goblins and their wild, empty, foolish joys and sorrows. To even try to rise seemed but a useless demonstration of my powerlessness; I could feel how surely and heavily my feeble strength would be crushed down by this hot, strong, all pervading legion of devils. It was no use to try. Besides, I was well enough here—quite comfortable—it was growing a little warm and close perhaps; but the warmth meant soft, luxurious ease; the closing of my eyes and letting go brought rest—rest which my weary limbs and tired brain so longed for. No, to go out meant more effort, and outside it was cold; I should shiver.

But when this second call came, I recognized the voice; it told me that, however strong the hold of the fire demons, however pervading their presence, they lived but by my permission, had no strength but what I allowed them to take from me; existed only so long as I let them feed on me and lodge in this house of the brain. It told me more,—it told me that however much of me these phantasms had drawn into themselves and spent in riotous waste, it was but an infinite fraction of the larger me which this room could not hold, which called me to

itself out-doors, filling all space, center and circumference of the universe—of this world and all worlds, of this day and all days, past and to come.

Once more I felt the warm hot, heavy crushing on my chest, the tightness across my temples, the sharp pain in my side; but I rose up, and lo! my form seemed to swell and fill the room, the strength of steel in every nerve and muscle, the glow of invincible courage warming my heart and running through all my blood. And these things that had seemed so real, so live, so irresistible in their power, passed into a thin vapor that fell back into the grate and was gone.

How good it is out here on the veranda! How refreshingly cool the air which bathes my brows and rushes in long deep breaths into my lungs! How near this splendid blue vault of heaven! How bright the blazing constellations that draw up my head as if to kiss! A night of nights this! Heaven's own beauty filling all the earth. Close by, in a little garden below me, fresh blown roses and sweet jasmine are sending up their fragrance like incense. Away before me the waters of the bay are a quivering, throbbing, glistening mass of moon-kissed life, which the further shore comes down to meet, decked as a bride for the

nuptials—all aglow with the radiance of joy, pure, clear and sparkling as the jewels that gem her snowy neck. Further off, and bounding the vision, the dark outlines of the hills standing in seried ranks, like sturdy men at arms—a still, strong, living wall to guard and protect. And in moon and stars, in air and sky, in sea and shore, I was—and all were in me. The oneness of body and soul with all of these through and through was a fact physical, as well as spiritual, that glorified existence. But there was much more of me—much more. Let me find myself; the self which had called me out into the night. Standing alone on the veranda, seeing only the stars above, the flowers and greenery beneath, the sea and shore, the light and the hills in the distance, I yet know that I am standing in the midst of men—close-crowded, city humans. Now the bells are striking the hour. Simultaneously the air is rent by a torturing din, harsh, discordant, shrieking, screaming, booming, clanging, whistling,—painful, horrible, pitiful. Pitiful most of all—for the pain it expressed was more than the pain it inflicted. It was this pain that touched my soul, and for the time made me too feel like one of the parts of a noble giant sundered by cruel blows into a thou-

sand pieces, to each of which, had been given a separate voice to cry its pain, and its protest and its desire. And each part crying separately only hurt itself and all the others the more, making the atoms move further apart. O, how cruelly hard this suffering of separation, this longing for reunion!

Soon, as I listened, one clear, true note ascended. At first it could hardly be discerned amidst the din; but presently one and another hushed to listen and the song grew clearer, fuller. Yet a little space, and those who had hushed and listened caught the harmony and joined their voices, so that the song grew stronger and and yet fuller; then more hushed to listen—and to learn. I was no longer alone on the veranda. Putting out my hands on either side, they grasped the hands of brothers whose pulses I could feel beat with mine, and through whom I knew I touched and felt the life of all the men and women of the land, clasped hand in hand through all the brightly illuminated streets of the city and stretching along the roads in every direction, up and down and across the Continent. And their faces were as the faces of angels. They had come to welcome the new year, had long looked forward and made ready; for this

welcoming was to each the visible, personal, physical manifestation of the grand truth they had grown to know, and that had filled their life and work with heaven's own glory.

As the signal bell broke the silence, a hundred million of the brothers and sisters standing hand in hand under the stars, —one like the stars and one with them, —raised their voices in one magnificent harmony of song that seemed to fill the universe with its melody. At first, the grandeur of the music so awed and entranced me that I hardly noted the words of the song. Several quick, loving hand-pressures received and answered, and which I knew had been given and received by all the human host, stirred me to lift my voice in its place and swell the harmony which celebrated the human triumphs that had made all life for all people larger, better and more beautiful in the year just gone, and which registered resolve for still greater achievement in the year to come. And the refrain of this great oratorio was:

*One God we own, one people we,
O'er all the earth from sea to sea.*

A Song of the Soul.

Long years, long years apart, alone,
Despite man's rage or woman's ruth,
I kept my cloud-capped heights of stone
To watch for light, to toil for truth.

And, oh, the voices I have heard;
Such visions when the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.

And, oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;
The beauty creeping on the ground:
The beauty singing in the air.

The love in all, the good in all,
The God in all, in all that is;
But oh, I stumble to my fall,
To try and tell a tithe of this!

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Jerusalem Proclamation.

The announcement is made that arrangements have been completed for "The Jerusalem Proclamation." This means that the first Christmas morning of the new century is to be celebrated by the ringing of the "Gloria in Excelsis" on the chimes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and that at the same moment bells in the principal churches in all the capitals of Christendom, telegraphically connected, are to peal out the long cherished proclamation of "Glory to God in the Highest; Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will!"

In view of this development, the vision related in the article on Oneness in this issue, and which was first printed long before any rumor of the plan here mentioned, is not without an element of prophecy.

THE NEW BIRTH.

"How shall a man be born again?" the cry
 Echoes along the corridor of years.
 Even as the first the second birth,—in tears;
 A soul comes forth with throes of agony.

A little laughter in its childhood time,
 A little dalliance in its love-kissed youth;
 Renunciation, warfare, stripes for Truth,
 Fill and o'erflow the measure of its prime.

—LUCY L. STOUT DOWD.

As in the Christ so constantly in us, the lower life has to meet all dangers and all agonies—the hunger, the thirst, the weariness, ay, even the scourging and the cross—when the purposes of the higher call for it.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Book Reviews.

BROTHER- HOOD NATURE'S LAW.

Brotherhood is a conception which is daily becoming more and more crystallized in the consciousness of the race. For the most part, however, it is as yet looked upon as an idealic conception, appealing rather to the emotion than the reason—vague, shadowy, and belonging, so far as any tangible realization is concerned, to the distant future, and not to the living present. Mr. Burcham Harding has, therefore, rendered an exceedingly important service to the forward movement of the age along all the lines of advance, whether they be religious, scientific, ethical, or in the more restricted sense of the word, "social," in giving us a statement showing brotherhood to be a fact,—a universal law as surely based and as solidly in the very nature of things, as is the alternation of night and day. It is very well also to have this presentation from the point of view of one whose attitude is not that of the superficial materialist, but rather the deeper, broader and more thorough standpoint of a disciple of the Wisdom Religion. Let it not be supposed, however, that in this little volume the author stands as an exponent of any peculiar religious doctrine. It is inclusive rather than exclusive, decidedly modern and Occidental, with just the tinge of Orientalism inseparable from any deep and constructive thought at the present stage of our Occidental development. If this little book were adopted as a manual for class work in social and religious reform movements,—for which it is admirably adapted by its simplicity and arrangement, each chapter being followed by a series of questions,—it is very probable that the work of social and religious reform would move along more surely, if slowly, basing itself firmly and building securely as it went. "We cannot avoid

working for ourselves;" says the author, "the difference between brotherhood and selfishness being that, in one case we work for ourselves as *included* in humanity and in the other we work for ourselves as *separate* from humanity." This is a sentence worth studying, and perhaps, as well as any other, furnishes the keynote of the book. The reader will find that the statement is not made as an abstraction or an expression of emotion, but that it is related to the facts of nature and of life as they are seen in the illumination of our latest scientific discoveries. Mental scientists will find the work specially suggestive and valuable. It is well printed and bound in heavy purple paper, with silver lettering, also in purple and gold cloth. (Paper 20 cents; cloth, 40 cents. Burcham Harding, 144 Madison avenue, New York; The Temple Publishing Company, Denver, Colorado.



**ALL'S
RIGHT
WITH THE
WORLD.**

Under this title, Charles B. Newcomb gives us a collection of brief essays between which are scattered occasional pages of even briefer apothegm and epigram in two to six line paragraphs. Throughout all runs the cheery optimism of the lines of Browning which suggest the title: "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world." In refreshing contrast to much of our metaphysical literature, the reader will find here no long-drawn out, finely spun theorizing or discussion. Mr. Newcomb's style, like his thought, is robust, condensed, clean-cut and direct. With a freedom and boldness only possible to one who has broken the shackles of dogmatic and doctrinal creeds and systems, in science as well as religion, he utters the truth that is in him and places the claims of "the new thought" as the redeeming philosophy and force of the age on a basis of common sense. More than this, the volume carries to the reader the very elements—the sunshine, the blowing of the wind, the growing of the trees and the sea's surge and flow—whose filtered and concentrated vitality fill the author's thought, through it touching the

reader's nerves and tingling freshly in his blood. The temptation to quote at length is almost irresistible; but we must be content with a few specimen sentences selected at random, referring the reader to the book itself for further satisfaction, and promising that the author says nothing for mere cleverness or epigrammatic effect; bold and even startling as some of his assertions may sound, he is never dogmatic, but gives his reasons in plain and convincing words. J. W. Chadwick once said that orthodoxy had misinterpreted Christ's gospel to be not the glad tidings of great joy, but the "sad tidings of great sorrow." Mr. Newcomb frankly calls his gospel one of "true worldliness;" of more and fuller life. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry," he says, "with the fruits of righteousness, and know that we shall not die to-morrow.

. . . We have all the factors of an earthly paradise within ourselves." And here are other true sayings:

"We are creators of circumstance, not its creatures."

"Circulation is the law of life; stagnation is death."

"Confidence in the operation of the law insures its realization."

"It seems to be the purpose of life to externalize spirit in matter; and in the process we waken to a spiritual consciousness and become the masters of matter and architects of its forms."

"In the last analysis, we shall doubtless find that spirit and matter are identical."

Of the forty-five chapter headings in the book, by way of suggestion rather than selection, may be mentioned those discussing Morbid Tenacity, Counterfeit Bodies, Vicious Virtues and Virtuous Vices, Mental Microbes, Emotional Bankruptcy, the Selfishness of Sorrow, Vibratory Affinity, Vibratory Forces and Thought Vibrations, Poverty as a Disease, Opulence through Growth, and Present Immortality. All these subjects are discussed with freshness and force; on several of them the author sheds new light, or gives us a new and important view-point. (8vo. cloth, pp. 262. \$1.50. Philosophical Publishing Co., Boston; The Temple Publishing Co., Denver.)

**IDOLS
DE-
THRONE**

From sunny Los Angeles comes another collection of mental science essays; the work of Flora Parris Howard, well known as a successful healer and teacher. Mrs. Howard shows herself to be a decidedly original thinker, one with the courage of her convictions and with a knack of putting what she has to say in pointed phrase. The title of her book is taken from the initial essay and, indeed, sounds the keynote running through all the twenty-two crisp and luminous chapters. The book will be found a clear call to the soul to rise out of bondage to false beliefs, habits and fashions into the assertion of mastery and dominion through self-training and thinking. The chapters on Desire, "Charity," Riches vs. Poverty and the Sex Question are especially worth reading. (12mo. paper, pp. 88. Price 50 cents. Published by the Author, Los Angeles, Cal.)

"The initiate has a right to demand the secrets of Nature and to know the rules which govern human life. He obtains the right by having become a recognized portion of the divine element, and is no longer affected by that which is temporary. He then obtains the knowledge of the law which govern temporary conditions. Therefore, you who desire to understand the laws of *Karma*, attempt first to free yourself from these laws; and this can only be done by fixing your attention on that which is unaffected by these laws."

—*Light on the Path.*

"To speak or think of this present state of existence as 'gross and material' is to fall into error. This is the spiritual world, where spirit force is constantly expressing itself through physical things; its 'duties, toils and struggles' are, indeed, 'keenest and clearest revelations of the intentions of God.' Spirituality of life is a question of degree, and degrees are registered by development. —*Lilian Whiting in Boston Budget.*

THE MAGAZINES.

THE COMING LIGHT. Freedom and vigor of thought and expression characterize every page of this new and beautiful monthly, issued under the editorship of Dr. Cora A. Morse, with Dr. Mary A. Janney as associate and Mr. R. L. Bernier publisher. In purpose and make-up generally, it is a significant manifestation of the highest and most recent development in the forward movement of the age—its vitalization by the religious spirit. Nothing could be more refreshing and inspiring than the breadth of view characterizing this new monthly. Its religion and its science are alike broadly human. Standing for the emancipation and uplift of the race on every plane, it battles for the right without bitterness. The excellence of the initial number is maintained throughout in the quality and quantity of its articles, poems, special features and illustrations. This makes it difficult to mention the "notable" articles without cataloguing the contents; but special mention may be made of a crisp, clear, ringing article by Rev. W. D. P. Bliss on "The Coming Freedom," which is shown to be genuine socialism; of Dr. Emma S. Stowe's condensed and convincing presentation of "The Universal Christ," of Edward B. Payne's strong and suggestive essay on "Reform Songs," and, last but not least, of a symposium on the life and work of James G. Clark, the poet, in the shape of a report of a memorial meeting at Mrs. Morse's home. The book reviews are brief and pointed, and a valuable department is "Minutes with the Masters," in which John H. Marble focusses with synthetic mind and seeing soul certain burning words of the world workers. "The Coming Light" deserves and will have the attention of thinking men and women the country over. (\$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy; 621 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.)

MIND. Virchand R. Gandhi's article on "Philosophy and Psychology of the Jains," in the January number, is commended to the reading of those to whom India's all-sufficient contribution to the religious thought of our time is found in the Vedas and their theosophical interpretations,—and it is even more particularly commended to the thoughtful attention of the still larger class of truth-seekers who find this body of theosophic teaching not altogether satisfying. Mr. Gandhi, as the Jain delegate in the World's Parliament of Religions, made a profound impression. In the present article, he presents the leading points in the Jain philosophy, its breadth and comprehensiveness, with delightful clearness. Our western development of psychological thought and discovery holds new and larger meaning in the light here thrown upon it. "Spirit and Matter Identical," begun by Mary Platt Parmele in the December number, is concluded this month. These two papers must rank as, far and away, the most important presentation of the basis of the New Thought that we have had so far in any form or from any source. Mrs. Parmele argues from unassailable premises in demonstrated scientific laws, and she is logical, coherent and convincing throughout. One feels on finishing this second article that she has really said the last word, so far as the justification of spiritual therapeutics is concerned; that "mind cure" (and more generally mind-building and control of conditions through mind), as the action of laws based in the very nature of things, can no longer be questioned and must take its place as a fact beyond dispute. (\$2.00 a year; 20 cents a copy. Alliance Publishing Co., New York).

KOSMOS is a monthly of dignified and scholarly appearance which appears to have struck out for itself a distinctive field, being "devoted to cultural ideals, the psychology of education, and the educational values of citizenship." Adolph Roeder is the editor and he not only has a sense of symmetrical combination, but also writes well and with genuine

comprehension of his subjects. "Kosmos" is published at Vineland, N. J., by J. C. Parkinson, whose end of the enterprise is thoroughly taken care of. Among the features of the January number, Phot Ra, an Egyptian story, is slightly suggestive of Marie Corelli's "Ziska," but deeper in thought, truer in style, and having a weird fascination of its own. The History and Philosophy of Weather Prediction, Legends of Iceland, How Our Laws Are Made, and, in a series on The Elements of Psychology, Food, are also thoughtful and interesting. A short story and a poem furnish the lighter side, and the book reviews are unusually good. (\$1.00 a year; 10 cents a copy).

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

J. F. B.—Asks if we agree with the statement of Dr. Shelton's, quoted last month, that as "a bird doesn't look like an egg, the immortal body will not be like the mortal egg." Our correspondent seems to think that Dr. Shelton means that the body which shall be altogether subject to our thought will be entirely different from the body of flesh and bone, and is to be attained only after the destruction of that body. We, on the contrary, understand the editor of Christian as avowing his belief in bodily immortality. Of course the body which is altogether responsive to thought is finer than that which is only partially so. And it is only partially so now because of its crystallization of false beliefs. But it is the glory of human flesh and blood that it may be raised, as it may be lowered, by thought vibration. The human egg, like the bird's egg, must contain all the potency of the body into which it is absorbed, but the egg stage is not the present stage of the human body.

The Secret Signs.

How like from age to age the hearts of men!
 If the Sign be some gilded, earth-bought thing,
 If doubled gains, if trebled loaves it bring,
 Such signs are still within the rabble's ken.

But if in market places lips be dumb,
 And eyes averted from the world's display,
 How few of all earth's millions know to say:
 "This surely is the Prophet that should come!"

—LUCY L. STOUT DOWD.

HOW SHALL WE PRAY?

"There is no wrong method of prayer, though there is the asking aright which Jesus advised. Prayer is the impulse of the soul Godward; and such impulse is always right. The form of its expression, its utterance, will vary, because the soul ascends from plane to plane, and on each will feel the impelling to reach higher. Therefore follow your own impulse now, and pray as seems natural to you. Give utterance in such form as seems to meet your need, your desire; and feel that it will be met and answered. Spontaneity is of more consequence than conformity. Do not sacrifice it with the mistaken idea that you must do as some other does because he does it. His prayer cannot be your prayer. Pray your own prayer; do not attempt to copy. 'After this manner pray ye'—with that spontaneous utterance which is your own impulse toward the divine; with that earnestness which is your sincerity and singlemindedness. Do not think of how your attitude and prayer would look and sound in other people's eyes and ears. When no thought of aught but yourself and God influences you, you are praying aright."

—Ursula N. Gestefeld in *The Exodns.*

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune: "The Captain's Dream" is a story bringing into prominence deep metaphysical truths.

Colorado Springs (Colo.) Gazette: A strikingly original and interesting presentation of "Bodily Immortality" forms the first number of THE TEMPLE.

Galveston (Tex.) News: The initial issue is taken up with an able and interesting paper entitled "Bodily Immortality," which cannot fail to attract attention.

Banner of Light, Boston: Many of Mr. Tyner's thoughts are valuable, tending as they do to awaken a realization of the divine possibilities inherent in man.

Woman's Tribune, Washington: Its cover is most dainty and artistic, being pure white, with the front of the Parthenon delicately etched in brown on first page.

Lowell (Mass.) City: THE TEMPLE for July contains an authoritative Rosicrucian manifesto, remarkable as the first public statement of the nature and objects of the Order of the Rosy Cross ever published by this venerable organization of initiates.

Houston (Texas) Post: The June number of THE TEMPLE contains a study of spiritual self-consciousness. * * * It is a clear and comprehensive exposition of the meaning of self-knowledge and of its development from the lowest state of consciousness to the highest.

Mercury, San Francisco, (Organ of American Section, Theosophical Society): Denver sends us the first number of a monthly magazine entitled THE TEMPLE. Each number is to be complete in itself. The first is "Bodily Immortality," and is full of strong, helpful, uplifting thoughts.

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EDITED BY

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