



"Sunny Jim": New Thought".

By The Spartan.

[We trust it will be understood that, in publishing the following, we are not seeking to advance an especial cult. Of late years many have become interested in the New Thought movement, and there is much in it, as in most cults, that is commendable.—That is all.]

Do you belong to the class of people who, in walking down the street in these days of spring thaw, take the sunny side of the street? If you do we have a chummy word for you. If you do not, look out for our corporal's guard. Being a long suffering reader ourselves we would not, on the faith of a gentleman, inflict another 'ism' at your devoted head were it not impossible to shut up about it.

You have, we suppose, read bits here and there anent the much-mooted "New Thought" that has taken so great a hold upon serious thinkers in the United States for some few years past, and recently also in Canada.

"New Thought" at first inspection suggests difficult psychological considerations, and theories occult, abstract, and (generally) distressing. Do not reject the idea in any such misimpression. The subject really implies nothing of the kind. On one side of your life's street there is sunshine, on the other probably slush and mud. "New Thought" simply strives to gather to itself the sun-walkers and then to drag the mud-splashes out of their slough to "a place in the sun." It is—this mysterious "New Thought"—nothing but a very useful, extremely applicable Art of Selection.

I cannot see why so few of the doctrinaires of the earth have as yet emphasized the power of conscious and subconscious thought to shape all human existences when prompted by, first instinctive, and then trained Art of Selection. That all ends big and small are reached by way of selection is unquestionable. Material well-being comes just as we succeed in applying this art—to acquiring things. Circumstances interfere with the application, but only in degree. This effects our balance of dollars. Spiritual well-being is affected by but one single circumstance, if we understand the art of selection. This affects our balance of happiness. Let us repeat that while wealth is relative to a thousand influences, happiness is relative to one only, the nature and coloring of our thought selection. "New Thoughters" say that this can be controlled by the will. They are right.

To consider—travelling always on the sunny side of the street—the question of dollars, since this precludes so much else in this artless age, it stands altogether to reason that the money-getters are the money-thinkers. If your soul is only a lump of hickory and the chug of an auto means more than the chant of celestials, well and good. The world needs accumulations of money, and perhaps you are an agent of accumulation. "New Thought"—it really is old thought thousands of years old, and might better be called resuscitated thought—preaches that your logical course is to surround yourself, immerse your whole existence, and very faculty, in the atmosphere of the thing you want. It is the insinuating, pernicious little black cat of thought doubt and thought failure crossing your trail that befores the ever-illuminated sign and causes it to redden.

Money-getters are single in purpose, or rather they are all embracing in purpose in their peculiar field, selecting everything savouring of the material and respecting everything merely æsthetic and of the spiritual. Thus far the idea is an

age-old "chestnut." But "New Thought" prescribes more. It says with a great deal of truth that the mental attitude that is necessary to the acquisition of things can be so infinitely cultivated by affirmations such as "I am capable," "I shall acquire money," "I am succeeding," etc., that the bare repetition of the idea brings about first the necessary self-confidence, next the suggestion of method, and further actual contact with the proposition yielding money.

It would be grotesque and silly to assume that the repeating of "I shall have dollars" a thousand times, while excluding all else, would actually yield that week or that month an equal number of dollars. "New Thoughters" are not supernatural magicians. What they mean is that the trained mental condition, to the pitch of self-assertion and spurred-up confidence, is absolutely indispensable to a start.

Indeed, the reasoning, will-controlled human being is so plastic, so adaptable that his conscious direction and absorbing of particular selections of thought makes it quite possible for any normally-gifted person to become what he will simply according to the age-old law, "as a man thinketh, so is he." I know no successful money-getter whose outstanding mental characteristic is not thought-always, and always, of money. Money-making schemes of many kinds, undreamed of to the average individual, must come to him, for this is his existence, his whole, available world. He wants money, thinks money, feels money, and keeping ever in touch with money, has a hundred chances of getting it to one that comes to him who considers his money affairs only on the day he draws his salary cheque. "New Thoughters" call this the law of harmony—simply an intimate contact with everything relative to the object desired.

But the Law of Harmony and the Art of Selection do not stop with the hellowing, two-legged cash register who roars his life out on a stock exchange, albeit it is true that the law in such cases is logical and practicable.

Higher types of manhood desire other things. No human soul but wants happiness. The true definition of happiness should have been written into the Ten Commandments, and perhaps is, but we know, at least, that according to this Law of Harmony it selects content, goodwill, love, generosity, polished manners, and things æsthetic to the inner and higher heart, and rejects rancor, animosity, hate, meanness, crudity, and the vulgar attractions appealing only to the animal.

Remembering, then, that, while acquisition of wealth has its thousands of outward determining influences, happiness is determined for us altogether by the quality of our "thought harmony," why not select step by step an harmonious thought-world?

No one thing material or theoretical can enforce unhappiness. When we say a thing is discouraging it is but another way of reflecting upon ourselves as not being possessed of sufficient strength to disregard the circumstance. "It is not the things that happen to you in life that matter, but the way in which you meet them," said David Lloyd George in praising the heroic choice of the Belgians. Perhaps no people have suffered more intensely, but perhaps, too, Belgium's soul could never have soared again without this supremacy of selection. The little nation is suffering in misery outwardly, nevertheless the maintaining of the everlasting harmony of truth is an exaltation which can be none other than a bubble of happiness in the ultimate.

With personal happiness it is the same. The ray is from within. If you feel no ray there still it is certain that cold

reason never refuses to select for you if you invoke it. And like attracting like, the sun above you may kindle the ray within if stupidity does not stop your right-reason in selecting the sunny side. Again the positive affirmations are needed. You cannot think again and again, "I am growing better," "I am becoming more and more capable," without starting the law of attraction and harmony that put you in touch with the things from which you take higher morals and brighter ideas. There is no gaining the principle. You are king of your thoughts, and there are fully as many things of joy and art and beauty as there are of pain and materialism and ugliness.

The very selection of a word teaches the lesson emphatically, indeed. If you repeat the word "frightful" or "brutal" say five times, and then compare its effect to that of the word "lovely" or "glorious," repeated an equal number of times, you cannot fail to note the mental "smudge" in the one case and the mental serenity in the other.

The principle is very far-reaching. I believe every distressing event can be discounted by the thought of a past or future pleasing one. Thoughts are not cast-iron moulds. They are currents. You generate some, but are merely a transformer for thousands more. Keep them all well bathed in your personal harmony of the positive agreeable, rather than the negative disagreeable.

By building a mental and spiritual attitude of this kind your powers of alleviating pain, sharing distress, sympathizing with the struggling are not rendered callous, nor can you become selfish, because the very personality of a sunny thinker radiates help and inspiration by its presence.

There are no depths in which this Law of Harmony and Art of Selection cannot work. They may obliterate the word pessimism altogether in years to come, and inasmuch as our lives are neither of the past nor of the future, but everlastingly of the present tense—one side of the street being always sunnier than the other—the time to select your most winsome Sunny-Jim smile is now.

Stamp out a dismal thought with a pleasing affirmation. Before you have finished affirming a second thought will join the first, and a group of like thoughts are ready waiting. The process, if persisted in, will in turn prove a surprisingly helpful method of recasting—perhaps infinitely—your entire plane of life. And remember the power to choose—one's own mysterious will—is ever at your beck and call. That spark of divine endowing you never can lose entirely, and it is the golden key to the selection of a Harmony of Happiness.

THE SPARTAN.

The Dardanelles.

By far the most spectacular, and in some respects most important event of the war so far, has been the forcing up the Dardanelles and occupying of the Gallipoli Peninsula by the Allies.

The Dardanelles Straits—the ancient Hellespont—are in all 42 miles long, and range in width from 1½ miles, at the narrowest point, to 4 miles at the widest. They connect the Aegean Sea with the Sea of Marmora, and upon their possession rests the possibility of reaching, unhindered, the great city of Constantinople, the Byzantium of the ancients, situated on the farther side of the Sea of Marmora, at the point where the narrow channel of the Bosphorus leads through to the Black Sea.

The name, Dardanelles, has clung to the straits in commemoration of the ancient city of Dardanus, so-called from the mythical Greek, son of Zeus and



M. Turpin, Inventor of the Most Deadly Explosive Known.

M. Turpin, the well-known French inventor of Turpinite, the most deadly of all explosives, is shown here with one of the shells containing this frightful product. Tests of this shell have proven it to be the most ghastly of exterminators on the battlefield. This new explosive, which has aroused the greatest discussion throughout the military world, has an effect of petrifying all life within a radius of 400 yards of the spot of the explosion of a shell. These new harbingers of death have as yet not been thoroughly tested for use on the battlefield, but French inventors are working in co-operation with the inventor of the explosive in the hope that they will shortly have it ready for the use of the Allies against the Germans.—Photo, Underwood & Underwood.

A Prayer in Time of War.

By Alfred Noyes.

(The war will change many things in art and life, and among them, it is to be hoped, many of our own ideas as to what is, and what is not, "intellectual.")

Thou, whose deep ways are in the sea,
Whose footsteps are not known,
To-night a world that turned from Thee
Is waiting—at Thy Throne.

The towering Babels that we raised
Where scolding sophists brawl,
The little Antichrists we praised—
The night is on them all.

The fool hath said . . . The fool hath said
And we, who deemed him wise,
We who believed that Thou wast dead,
How should we seek Thine eyes?

How should we seek to Thee for power
Who scorned Thee yesterday?
How should we kneel, in this dread hour?
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Grant us the single heart, once more,
That mocks no sacred thing,
The sword of Truth our fathers wore
When Thou wast Lord and King.

Let darkness unto darkness tell
Our deep unspoken prayer,
For, while our souls in darkness dwell,
We know that Thou art there,
—Daily Mail.