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THE REALM

Social Sciences

A Mental Science Journal Devoted to the Service of Truth.

No 1247

VOL. 2.—Nos. 4-5.

TORONTO, APRIL-MAY.

50c. yearly in advance.
Single copies, 5c.

THERE IS NO SIN.

"Evil is of good, twin brother
Born of God, and of none other
And though truth seems stain of error
Through the ills that men deplore
Yet still nearer to perfection
She shall know a resurrection
Passing on from ceaseless glory
Unto glory evermore."

She has no antithesis, so we deny it.
From the atom to infinity duality is seen.
Right-wrong, good-evil, day-light-dark-
ness-sin.

The Church's great stronghold is in
frightening the people into the belief that
they are sinners and that to atone for sin,
by suffering during all one's life time, is
the only embodiment of virtue.

What a dreadful idea, the young sensi-
tive brain, instead of having the good
magnified, the beautiful held up to their
innocent gaze and only love and lovely
ideas suggested to them, must be told
how dreadfully wicked they are and that
God is watching them, and if they are
not careful the devil will have them as
they go along; they see that many of the
most picaresque things are attributed to
the devil's manufacture till in their hearts
they fear and dislike the angry God that
is watching them with such a jealous eye,
and are inclined to feel a kindly regard
for his Satanic Majesty after all.

But there is really more talk than be-
lief in this idea of a hell where one must
burn an eternity to atone for the sin of a
life time.

The real believers in a lake of fire and
brimstone were ready and willing to burn
their opponents at the stake, but we are
on the upward start, and a step or two
has been climbed since they burned the
witches in New England less than a cen-
tury ago. We are fast growing out of the
idea that there must be suffering here in
order to have happiness hereafter.

The Roman Catholic Church is the
largest monument erected to frighten
people, but even its adherents are begin-
ning to open their eyes to the Omnipres-
ence of God.

It is perhaps difficult to reconcile the
teachings of the Church with twentieth
century advanced thought, but we do not
blame, we only pity and have hope. We
see the revolution of the ages, and can
only congratulate those noble souls, the
champions of the good in everything, that
we are as advanced as we are.

We know a lovely girl, refined, æsthetic,
delicate, educated in a convent; she must
earn her own living, and was tired and
hungry one Friday night, so she ate a
piece of chicken. For this terrible offence
against an infinite God she was ordered
by a priest to pray an hour every morning
for a month, kneeling with her face on
the floor. This proved beyond what it was
possible to do, and she became sick, and
is in consequence a nervous wreck. Now
imagine that priest's conception of a God
—a miserable tyrant, who hated to see
his children even comfortable.

His god was as himself, for, after all, it
is not an external something, but an
ideal, and just as our ideas are lofty,
noble, and grand, will our God be the
same, and as we fear and tremble and
shiver and shake, our God is harsh and
cruel and jealous. "An honest God's
the noblest work of man."

The Greeks had many gods, but the
Christians called them idolators. To-
day with the search-light of scientific
knowledge we see as many gods as men.

Some of the gods are worse than
devils, but—encouraging thought—more
are only kind, charitable, and loving.

Our ideals being lofty, we see in our
brother man the possibilities of endless
growth and development. He may be
very low down in the scale of progression,
but we do not call him a sinner—not at
all—only an undeveloped God—the di-
vine germ of goodness is there ready to
be fanned into a brilliant flame when
once favorable winds waft their soothing
breath in its direction.

It is difficult to count the loadstones
which keep us in the muddy slough
of bigotry and superstition and prevent
us from progressing. We are afraid to
tell the truth about what we really do be-
lieve or think. It might clash with some
established theory that has been recog-
nized for centuries.

False theology has blinded and dark-
ened men's visions, and the world has
been brow beaten into saying that they
believe the most absurd trash.

To fear a God whose "mercy seasons
justice," whose law is love, who is love.

But in every Church, in every sect, in
every walk of life men and women are
waking up, becoming conscious that there
are truths and principles underlying all
religions, all theories, all life.

That truth is the same always. That

all life is changing and evolving, and in-
asmuch as we are able to assimilate and
become conscious of the knowledge about
us, do we solve the problem of the uni-
verse and become a very god indeed.
When we do rise to an eminence and
look back on those less advanced,
we will not call them sinners, we will
not blame them, we will though with
our thoughts, and words and actions, at-
tract them along the same lovely wooded
slopes that they may enjoy the beautiful
scenery we revel in on our upward jour-
ney.

To be conscious of the possibilities of
eternal progression in one's own being,
to know that we are linked to every other
being—the same origin, the same destiny,
brings us to the knowledge that humanity
is a unit and that each individual is the
embodiment of the whole.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day."

FLORA McD. DENISON.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

It is pretty generally admitted that
nerve force and electricity bear a very
close resemblance to each other, and it
is not beyond the range of probability
that future scientific research may result
in demonstrating their identity. Should
this prove true it would furnish an ex-
planation for many of the phenomena
that are now enshrouded in mystery.
Nearly everybody can testify to the effect
the electrical disturbances in the atmos-
phere exercise on the mental and physical
condition of the human system. The
unwanted mental depression that pre-
cedes a thunder storm, and the exhilara-
tion of spirits that follow it are familiar
to every one. Were the identity of nerve
and electrical force established we could
readily comprehend the cause and effect
of psychological changes in the public
mind that we are often now at a loss to
account for.

One of the ordinances of religious
creeds is the observance for a specified
period of certain restrictions imposed on
the laity by the clergy as to the pleasures
of the table and indulgence in amuse-
ments; and they are enjoined by precept
and example (principally by the former)
to concentrate their thoughts on a re-

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