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CTORS

## From the Gospel of Buddha I. Rejoice.

Rejoice at the glad tidings! Buddha, our ord, has found the root of all evil. He has shown us the way of salvation.

Buddha dispels the illusions of our minds and redeems us from the terrors of death. Buddha, our Lord, brings comfort to the veary and sorrow-laden; he restores peace to those who are broken down under the burden of life. He gives courage to the weak when they would fain give up self-reliance and hope.

Ye that suffer from the tribulations of life, ve that have to struggle and endure, ye that yearn for a life of truth, rejoice at the glad tidings!

There is balm for the wounded, and there bread for the hungry. There is water for the thirsty, and there is hope for the despair-There is light for those in darkness, and there is inexhaustible blessing for the upright. Heal your wounds, ye wounded, and eat your fill, ye hungry. Rest, ye weary, and ye who are thirsty quench your thirst. Look up to the light, ye that sit in darkness; be full of good cheer, ye that are forlorn. Trust in truth, ye that love the truth, for

the kingdom of righteousness is founded upon carth. The darkness of error is dispelled by the light of truth. We can see our way and make firm and certain steps.

Buddha, our Lord, has revealed the truth. The truth cures our diseases and redeems is from perdition; the truth strengthens us

in life and in death; the truth alone can conquer the evils of error. Rejoice at the glad tidings!

II. Samara and Nirvana. Look about you and contemplate life! Everything is transient and nothing endures. There is birth and death, growth and

decay; there is combination and separation. The glory of the world is like a flower; it stands in full bloom in the morning and fades in the heat of the day.

Wherever you look, there is a rushing and pushing, an eager pursuit of pleasures, a panic flight from pain and death, a vanity fair, and the flames of burning desires. The world s full of changes and transformations. All is Samara.

Is there nothing permanent in the world? Is there in the universal turmoil no restingplace where our troubled heart can find peace? Is there nothing everlasting? Is there no cessation of anxiety? Can the

burning desires not be extinguished? When shall the mind become tranquil and composed?

Buddha, our Lord, was grieved at the ills life. He saw the vanity of worldly nappi

moral plays. Morality plays are those which, instead of dealing with a person with a char-acter, deal with abstract character or quality. This class of drama seems to be enjoying a revival in the old country, as the popularity of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird" in London shows.

"Everywoman," however, while it may have been founded on an old-fashioned model, has been decorated and embellished until it is wholly modern, so modern indeed that most of us find "Everywoman" a very familiar figure and recognize her besetting enemies as those with which we have to struggle day by

day. For the rest the little play is interesting and impressive. There is not a page without a moral, but morals charmingly and simply conveyed. The story tells of Everywoman's pilgrimage in quest of Love, and how when she has ended a long and pitifully disappointing journey, and having lost her three hand maidens, Youth, Beauty and Modesty, she returns weary and heart-sick to her old home to find Love waiting for her at her own old

fireside The following extract is from the last act of the play. The scene is Everywoman's old home. It is night, and snowing without. Love is seated before the fireplace where a red fire glows. He is asleep, when Everywoman comes in, for some time she does not see him. When at length she discovers him, she bids him begone, for she has learned to distrust all men. But Truth coming in at the door Everywoman turns to her.

(To Love)-Now will I test thee, man. Now shall we see thee fly in confusion. Oh! Truth! Come hither! Stranger, let me introduce Thee to Truth.

Love (holding out arms)-Mother! Truth-My son! My dearly beloved son!

(Love and Truth embrace tenderly.) Everywoman, (in astonishment) - Thy son! I did not know-

Truth-No. "Tis not given for Everywoman, until her hair grows gray, to know that Love is ever born of Truth; that Truth is mother to Love.

Everywoman-So thou art Love! Art thou indeed a King? King Love the First? Where is thy throne? Love-Within thy heart, O Everywoman!

Everywoman-Where is thy kingdom? Love-In Everywoman's home. Everywoman-Where is thy crown? Love-At thy feet.

Everywoman (picking up crown)-Why, this is but a garland of briers and roses! Love-I fain would place it on thy brow. But first, (to truth) Mother, wilt thou-thou,

Truth, tell Everywoman why Love's crown of roses is not wholly made? Truth-When Love was newly born the world was one vast garden. Men and maidens

Love (raising her up)—Wilt be my Queen? Everywoman—I am unworthy! Nay! Nay! Let me at thy feet remain. Why, Love, how strong thou art! Love lifteth Everywoman up.

Love-Wilt be my Queen? Everywoman (in Love's arms)-Thine eyes are blue, true blue. Oh! Would I were ore fair, for thy sweet sake. Love—Wilt be—

Everywoman-Thy loyal subject. Thou shalt be my King. Oh, Love! How noble thou art! How brave! How manly! And how close thou holdest me! Not that I mind, for I am thine—all thine! (They are about to kiss, when Modesty knocks at the door.)

Modesty (outside)-Shelter! Shelter, ] crave!

Truth-A benighted traveler knocks. Love—We would be alone. Truth—My son, the snow falls fast. The

night is cold. Everywoman, what sayest thou? e knocks again.

Everywoman-I have Love, I have Truth, Henceforth, all who knock at my door shall find it opens unto happiness. Come in! (Truth opens door. Modesty enters, agitated.) Modesty! Thank the gods! Thou hast returned to me. (Embraces her.)

Modesty-I have escaped. They bound me, tortured me, sought to slay thy Modesty. Everywoman-Yes! yes! But in my heart knew right well thou wouldst return to me when Love, true Love, was found.

Truth-My son, with me till morn shalt thou abide. Everywoman, thou thy weariness shall swiftly overcome with rejuvenating sleep, Modesty, thy handmaiden, when the dawn hath come again, shall deck thee in robes of spotless white. At the church, where through charity, sins and follies of mankind find full forgiveness, Love and I will wait thy coming. There shall Love the first, thy King. crown Everywoman his Queen. Come, Love! (Holds out hands.) Modesty (extending arms.)

Everywoman-Come!

Everywoman - (Kissing Love) - 'Til dawn.

Everywoman and Love-God guard thee! (Everywoman' ascends staircase with Modesty, looking back at Love. Love goes to door with Truth, looking back at Everywoman. As all exempt, Nobody enters.) Nobody—The play is ended. This the cue, for Nobody to bid adieu. But first he'll ask you, in the author's name, Be merciful, be just, be fair To Everywoman, everywhere. Her faults are many. Nobody's the blame, (Curtain.)

Dr. A. C. Nash, of Peachland, B. C., is the Dr. A. C. Nash, of Peachland, B. C., is the author of a little book of poetry named for than the imaginary bride. A decade ago there the first long poems "Ruth." "Ruth" is written something after the style of Tennyson's "Maud," but comparisons are odious and further than this, we shall say, nothing. We have selected the following two stanzas for quota-

also that it may be useful to many Unitarians The husband, whether he wanted his wife in stimulating them to a renewed conscious-ness of their own individual attitude toward the topics it discusses.

# **Basal Beliefs of Christianity**

In the Basal Beliefs of Christianity, Dr. James H. Snowden states in a popular fashion in the light of modern knowledge the funda-mental doctrines and duties of Christian fait. The work begins with a discussion of the ources of Our Knowledge of God, sets forth the Existence, Personality and Character of God, considers Man, Sin, the Bible, and Miracles, devotes ten chapters on to the Christian Life and the Kingdom of God and concludes with three chapters on Immortality. Last Things and Heaven. Each of the 30 chapters is brief, but presents the essence of its subject in clear and graphic style, free from theological technicalities. The object of the author is to set forth the doctrines so as to show their meaning, their ground in truth and reason, and their application in character and life, clothed in such garb as will make them acceptable and attractive to the modern mind. The same admirable lucidity of thought and practical suggestiveness that characterize the author's recent "The World a Spiritual Sys-

tem, an Outline of Metaphysics" are displayed in this similar outline of theology.

# GROUNDS OF DIVORCE

She comes from Paris . Which is what you would expect. But even Paris seems to have found her a little surprising. Her trouble was that her husband, as a husband, was a disappointment. You reasonably ask what there is exceptional in this to entitle her to your attention. Probably all husbands who are anything in particular are a disappointment, some agreeable, some of the other kind. Those who turn out exactly what their wives before marriage expected must be singularly uninteresting creatures. If you can know all about a man without being married to him, plainly there is not much to know.

What is true of the nature of the gander is equally true of the goose. Do not delude yourself into the belief that wives are any less disappointing than husbands. As certain, also, of our own poets have told us the case of Ja-coh, who thought he was marrying Rachel, and only after the deed was done discovered that his wife was Leah, is not merely history, but allegory as well. The wife of a man thinks he is marrying is seldom the wife with whom he has to live. What he believes her to be before marriage is seldom what she proves to be afterwards. Do not be perturbed. This is not

cynicism. The disillusion may be pleasant.

still, which seems unreasonable, or wanted a superior opinion upon her ideals, which would be very natural, took the case to a Court of Appeal. That authority was not prepared to admit that law and lawyers were superfluities, even for the sake of obliging a wife with ideals. So they decreed that, "whereas it is proved by evidence that defendant has always entertained a proper regard for his wife" (which is in the nature of a polite smack at her ideals), "and whereas the latter merely pleads that she has not found in the married state all the satisfaction which she expected" (which suggests that her expectations were unreasonable) "but whereas, the latter motive is not comprised among the grounds upon which the law provides that marriage may be dissolved," therefore there is to be no divorce. Doubtless you will be moved to condole heartily with the husband, who has to go on living with his wife's ideals. But he has nobly vindicated the duty of going on being married in spite of all discouragement. 'And it is expedient that 'one man should be a sacrifice to the general good of humanity.

# THE 1911 WRINKLE

"The wrinkle that threatens the women of 1911," to quote an American beauty specialist, "comes from too much thought, too much worry, and too much brain work."

'It is a wrinkle that encloses the mouth. The parliamentary law wrinkle, again, is at the corner of the eyes. It reaches: almost to the roots of the hair. The electric light is one of the worst of this series of wrinkles; its cause is the regular use of brilliant electric light for prolonged intervals at a stretch. Women who take the chair at club meetings are pointed out as the chief victims of this modern affliction."...

In a recently-published interview this student of the human features declared that he could easily trace the causes of the wrinkles in a woman's face. The spectacle wrinkle, caused by too much knitting, had passed away, and its place had been filled by the law wrinkle and the shopping one. This latter bore the expression of grave anxiety, and he translated it into "I've spent too much money," "It is not at all difficult," he went on, "to cut these fine lines on the human face. Women forget that three months concentration over one idea will produce a wrinkle hat it is hard, but not impossible, to eradicate with careful treatment."

"Women's faces have undergone considerable alteration within the last half century," said an observant student of facial characteristics. "Emotion is almost lacking from many

ness and sought salvation in the one thing that will not fade or perish, but will abide orever and ever. Ye, who long for life, know that immor-

tality is hidden in transiency. Ye, who wish for a happiness that contains not the seeds of lisappointment or of regret, follow the advice of the great Master and lead a life of righteousness. Ye, who yearn for riches, come and receive treasures that are eternal.

The truth is eternal, it knows neither birth or death; it has no beginning and no end. Hail truth, O mortals! Let the truth take possession of your souls.

#### III. Truth the Saviour.

The things of the world and its inhabiints are subject to change; they are products things that existed before; all living creaures are what their past actions made them; or the law of cause and effect is uniform and hout exceptions.

But in the changing things truth lies hid-Truth makes things real. Truth is the manent in change.

ome conscious; truth strives to know itself. here is truth in the stone, for the stone here; and no power in the world, no God, man, no demon, can destroy its existence. but the stone has no consciousness.

There is truth in the plant and its life can and; the plant grows and blossoms and ars fruit. Its beauty is marvellous, but it no consciousness.

and perceives its surroundings; it disguishes and learns to choose. There is usciousness, but it is not yet the consciousess of Truth. It is a consciousness of self

The consciousness of self dims the eyes of e mind and hides the truth. It is the origin error, it is the source of illusion, it is the rm of sin.

Self begets selfishness. There is no e ut what flows from self. There is no wro ut what is done by the assertion of self. Self is the beginning of all hatred, of in

juity and slander, of impudence and inrecency, of theft and robbery, of oppression and bloodshed. Self is Mara, the tempter, the evil-doer, the creator of mischief.

BOOK NOTES

plucked the flowers at will, scarce prizing them because of their profusion, yet all the while, depleting the gentle plants, so that they bore no fruit.

Everywoman-Yes! yes! I understand. Truth-God, in His wisdom, saw that roses soon would cease to be-that Love must go uncrowned, unless some means to make the buds more precious, and the plucking more perilous, be found.

Everywoman-Precious, yet perilous! Proceed.

Truth-He caused the winds to sprinkle germs of sorrow on that garden; seed, which quickly sprang up as thorns and briers. Rooted with the roses; together they were merged, the baneful and the beautiful-joy and sorrow on one parent stem.

Everywoman-Truth, speak on, Truth-Then Love to manhood grew. He found he could not crown his queen with roses, for she must also wear the thorns and briers, from which e'en Love can never wholly separate the sweetest flowers.

Love-Everywoman, thou hast heard. Wilt And truth desires to appear; truth longs to be my Queen? Wilt share a crown in which joy overshadows sorrow, but sorrow hides, unseen, yet oftimes not unfelt? Such the only crown Love, born of Truth, can offer.

Everywoman (after picking up crown and pressing it to her lips)-Mine be the task to separate the roses from the thorns, that thou, my Love, thyself mayest wear thy crown in comfort. (Tears crown apart.)

See! A miracle! Ah! Even Love knows There is truth in the animal; it moves what wonders Everywoman can perform when Love hath come to her. (Offers crown of roses.) This shall be thine. This mine-(Retaining crown of briers.)

Truth (taking crowns)-Nay! Then the burden were unequal, unfair. Wouldst anger Truth! But come! My son! (takes Love's hand.) My daughter! (takes Everywoman's hand.) Love, thou hast waited well and patiently. Everywoman, too, with Youth and Beauty. Pursued a foolish quest. Thy suffering led thee to Truth. Truth led thee back to home and Love. What wouldst thou now?

Everywoman-Nay, Truth, what more? What more could Everywoman crave, save it were to be worthy? Love, sire, my king, I have sought thee madly, blindly, foolishly,-wickedly, I fear. Selfishly have I sacrificed youth, beauty, modesty. Now only the woman-a weak and weary woman's soul is left. si Love-Wilt be my Queen?

In "Everywoman," by Walter Browner, Everywoman-I am unfit. Oh, Love, let published by H. K. Fly company of New Yor ." me thy servant be. Make this thy home. I'll we have a revival of the old morality play and the faithfully. Smile on me once in a "Everywoman" finds a prototype in "Every-araside progree-my sins. (Kneels) May-man," which is one of the best of those early" me person to the pay fid? (Kisses his hand.)

It was but a word that was spoken last night, Yet I know Ruth will come at the dawning of light;

While the wavelets scarce ripple the sand in the bay,

I know Ruth will come at the breaking of day.

Yet the night has long wept thro' its sorrow of rains,

the bird of the morn to his loved one And complains.

And I wait, and I wait, in the wood by the lake,

For Ruth must be coming,-the flowers are awake.

# Unitarian Thought

Unitarian Thought by Prof. Ephriam Emerton, Professor of Church History in Harvard University is an attempt by a Unitarian layman, professionally interested in the historical aspects of religious discussion, to state as clearly as possible in brief compass what seems to him the common view of present-day Unitarians on the most important subjects of Christian speculation. It has no official character and no proselyting purpose. It aims to meet certain frequent criticisms of Unitarianism, especially those of negativeness, of intellectualism and of over emphasis on morality, and to show that Unitarianism appeals above all else to the purely religious instinct.

By way of introduction the author discusses the nature of religious belief, the demands of reason and the kinds of evidence on which a rational belief may rest. The place of miracle as an incident in religious certainty is given a chapter to itself. The more systematic treatment begins with an inquiry into the nature of Man as a religious being and rises from this starting point through the several phases of the Christian problem to the Unitarian thought of God, as the natural climax of a rational development. Under each of the headings naturally suggested by the subject as a whole the attempt is made to connect the present thought of Unitarians with the great currents of earlier discussion and to show its intimate kinship with many of the most important and decisive of these ancient ways of approach to truth.

used to be a story in Oxford-pleasing and instructive, and perhaps even true-of a don who, returning from his honeymoon, described his wife as "By no means so clever as I had supposed, but much pleasanter." What person of experience would rank that among the disagreeable disappointments?

But in the always seductive consideration of matrimonial experiences at large we are neglecting the lady from Paris. She was disagreeably disappointed in her husband, so disagreeably that she could not keep it to herself. So she petitioned for a divorce on the ground that "wedlock had not brought her that conprising person, you observe. A woman who expects contentment from marriage or any other mortal condition in the year of grace 1911 recalls Mr. Pecksniff's criticism of England's much-advertised expectation that every man will do his duty. She is very sanguine, and likely to be much disappointed. Why should a husband be expected to provide contentment? Husbands, fortunately for wives, are not omnipotent. If they were, and made all their wives contented, what would be the use of continued existence? In a state of contentment, who would want to do anything? Many, who for the purposes of poetry includes, woman, "never is but always to be blessed."

Jurisdiction of the Ideal

After this excursion into the philosophy of the matter let us return to a very different thing, the law of it. You would probably have expected that lawyers and judges would have had no respect for this plea of discontent as a ground for divorce. Our unimaginative courts have a base prejudice in favor of pleas which are definite and can be precisely described. But in France they are more spiritual. "The Court found that as married life had not come up to her idea she was entitled to be freed from it. This "surprises by itself," as Count Smoritork said, a whole new doctrine of marriage. For, apparently, it makes no difference what the lady's ideal is. It may be as fantastic as you please, but if the hapless husband fails to correspond with it she can get rid of him. And obviously, he would have the same rights. If his ideal were a kitten and he found that he had married a cat, he could free himself. If her ideal were a universal provider and she found her husband strict with his cheques, she could try again. What this comes to in practice is, of course, the abolition of marriage. If a divorce is to be had whenever you want it, why bother with ceremonies, legal or religious? In fact, what this French Divorce Court decided was that there was no reason

faces; it would do some of our modern intellectual workers a lot of good if they would occasionally indulge in what their mothers knew as a 'good cry.'

"Emotion good for the face and for the brain? Why, of course it is! This same emotion, expressed in tears, laughter, pleasant thoughts, kindly feelings passing through the mind, leaves its mark. The skin is like fine tissue paper, and folds just as readily. The woman who has the wrinkle caused by a smile on her face is much more attractive than the one who goes about with that straight, hard line, resulting from incessant pondering over tentment which she had expected." A sur- mental problems. For all the time and energy spent on beauty culture little attention is bestowed on that of expression.

"The University expression is one that gives a distinct wrinkle, easily detected; then we have, on more frivolous faces, the bridge wrinkle, the motor line, and, perhaps, most distinct of all, the speculation line. Women who are anxiously watching the money markets acquire the same habit as the intellectual worker. Lips are closed tight, drawn together so that the corners of the mouth cannot possibly dimple. Its surrounding muscles are too rigidly compressed. Both the expressions indicated, and the lines which result from them, are sadly deleterious to beauty. However careful a woman may be of her complexion, expression has more to do with real loveliness than most people realize, particularly when the first bushel of youth has passed.'

# MAYBE THE PRINTER KNEW

'My pigmy counterpart," the poet wrote Of his dear child, the darling of his heart; Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat

That set it up, "My pig, my counterpart." -Harper's Weekly,

# **GERMAN COURTESY**

Cannibal Chief (to traveler before the cook stove)-"Have you no last wish to express?" Traveler-"May good digestion wait on ppetite, and health on both!"-Meggendorfer Blaetter.

# NOT EASY

"What is the hardest work to do?" The appeal of the book is made especially for its own existence. You may be inclined "My hardest work," replied Senator Sorg-to reasonable inquirers as to the place and to agree. function of Unitarianism in the present state bigher powers than this impressionable court. "My hardest work," replied Senator Sorg-hum, "is trying to look like my photograph and talk like my speeches when I get back to my home town."—Washington Star.