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A Monthly Periodical of
Advanced Thought

MAY 1901

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*Fred W Burry, 799 Euclid Ave.,
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A Monthly Periodical of
Advanced Thought

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Flashes

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A passing word of encouragement has so often helped others to their feet : nothing is so uplifting to another as to make him see how great are his own possibilities.

• •
The personal element, the outpouring of worship, is what binds the fellowship of religions. Why not give such tokens of honor to the present living children of men?—for each one enshrines a divinity.

•
Every selfish act, every narrow phase of interest, is a veil of illusion which closes out the real facts of life. The gateway of Knowledge is reached by the path of sacrifice or devotion, by the way of Love.

• •
By immediate attention to the impulses that rise in us, not blindly following them, but working out the ideas born from them, we achieve success. Our energies are impelling us into wider fields of action.

•
While sympathy may be considered a cardinal virtue, it is only desirable when it is a means of sure help and not only a passing consolation ; since it is so essential for people's progress that they stand on their own feet.

Cheerfulness is always a welcome visitor : and such a health-giving one, too. Let the spirit of good cheer dive beneath the surface, however, and show itself in real active kindness as well as smiles and good words.



Knowledge is not obtained by superficially surveying certain expressions of life : it is by the process of experiment, or touching the chords at the heart of things, a penetrating sympathetic union, that one really knows.



There is no hurry. There is also no time to waste. Quietly economize time ; mind your own business (which however is to some extent interlaced with others) ; do the next thing ; find out what is useless and eliminate it.



Nothing tends more towards giving birth to practical ideas than sheer necessity, though this often seems a harsh method. Yes, our trying experiences—the obstacles and other problems which face us—are educators, and build us up.



The Ideal may be considered as a bodily structure behind the present imaged form,—when the time is ripe, to appear in its splendor ; even now impulses, felt often so strongly, are transmuting the baser material into a finer texture.



This is the age when childish trifling ways must be abandoned. Men are now called upon to THINK and ACT. If thought is of the mere theorizing order, instead of being alive with active energy, it is inconsequent and works no other purpose than perhaps being a source of mental distress : ideas are only of true value as they are in some way carried into fields of expression.

While Concentration is the basis of success, this is not to be confounded with onesidedness. The nature of concentration is wholeness ; and while (only for a while) there is a special centration on one point, this feature is always to be discerned in relation to all.

Idle curiosity is hardly a source of real interest. It is the product of habit. As we know it is impossible to engage in more than one thing at a time, it is clear that the merely curious seeker is losing many opportunities for both instruction and true enjoyment.

Just what bearing we individually have on life, we cannot as yet apprehend. It is certain however that each one is exerting a tremendous influence in the world ; and it is also certain that the full extent of what this influence has been will eventually be known.

Before you condemn another you should be acquainted with all circumstances that led to his action ; and if you could see all around, understanding the underlying motives and impulses, you could not condemn, for you would perceive the meaning and necessity of it all.

It is so very important to rid oneself of care and worry, that what often seems to be a great price is really not too much for such a freedom. What if it does mean the relinquishing of possessions or supposed privileges? To feel absolved from an ultra-responsibility is surely worth all it costs.

Simple as the mighty truths of life are, they cannot be disclosed to many of the "learned" ones ; who have, as it were, certain chambers of their mind closed, and for the time being are necessarily shut away from many mighty truths. Before our minds can be

illuminated with true wisdom we must LIVE up to our ideals which are always pressing us into fields of expression. This is in reality coming in touch with the foundation facts (the lower strata) of life; diving beneath surface shams for the common palpitating real life.



Changes cause friction, true enough; yet the disturbance (which soon passes) is in itself often a symptom which precedes an advance. The upward moves are what we want: we are here to ascend; if we stay too long in one place a certain inertness is set in, and to get rid of this condition sometimes means considerable trouble.



If a certain necessary work seems irksome, bravely overcome the tendency to forego it, and enter right into it. Immediately it will be found that the disagreeable features will begin to fade away, until when the work is completed, you are not only happy over the accomplishment, but you wonder why at first it appeared so distasteful.



The person who leans assumes a servile position for the time being; in some way, looking up to another as master. This is then not the way to become free, though I can quite easily see that such an attitude represents a stage in our development. Only let us hasten to step upward to higher planes, to be one's own master,—to be free.



It is certainly a difficult task to habituate our thoughts to the ideal of a universal selfness, living for others as one with self, expanding the conception of one's identity to take in all; yielding up many of those narrow clinging ideas of personal "rights." Yes, it is difficult; for we have not come into a complete

recognition of the Infinity of Self. But such a renunciation will surely be rewarded; voluntary acts of service must be performed first, then the meaning, the wisdom of giving out, expanding, is disclosed,—the consciousness of mastery becomes ours, which transcends all the props of possessions; only we must first make a loving venture of Faith.

You must never forget that there are many other channels of Force besides those in your own personality: that energies are forever active and working for universal results; and since you are an essential unit in the scheme of Existence, all that is required of you is to indifferently follow out your ideas as they come, and with faith leave the rest.

Is it worth while, those wrinkles and hard lines, those gray hairs and cadaverous features, for the sake of gold and what gold can buy? Are the cares and worries which usually accompany so-called prosperity worth the exchange of a simple life with few wants beyond the health and beauty which is ours as we become simply natural and free?

It is impossible to consider the interests of the individual without the collective interests of the community. Thus social problems are forced on us with every recognized personal need. The contagion of health is in its nature a universal current. And this eternal contact of all life with its projected consciousness is the keynote of great happiness.

Men are looking for the seat of power. Some are looking outwards, worshipping a self-made ideal god; others think supreme power lies in a tenacious determined will, others in the thoughts (as so many dynamic projectiles)—but the power, the energy of life, lies

deeper than all these conceptions. The tendency in many quarters is to over emphasize the power of strenuous thinking; when quiet repose and calm, almost an absence of thought, has been repeatedly proved to be an agency of power. It is by naturally making ourselves willing channels of expression, that we rise to a degree of mastery: by faithfully thinking, feeling, acting, in accord with the ever-widening vision of Truth, which comes to each one.

• •

No one can follow straight on, without deviation, in any particular line. And it is well that these offshoots take place, for how often do we find our goals dissolve away and make room for something greater, better; and in branching out we have only gained a wider field of experience. Concentration like all else, must obey the law of limitation and exception.

•

It may seem hard to escape from becoming entangled in certain affairs, which at the same time reason plainly shows us are not based on just principles, but it should never be forgotten that the extrication is still more difficult, and this must come sooner or later, for justice will have her way. We learn this lesson from our private affairs, and particularly from such national disturbances as so often without necessity lead to war with all its endless confusions.

• •

At this season of the year, the great heart of nature beats so joyously; with serene harmonies, which only as we ourselves grow, are we capable of even hearing, much less understanding. By dropping aside the shells of a sham life, by forsaking the shadow-life of selfishness, we first become acquainted with a new world around us: we first recognize something of what this life contains for us; and after that we understand;—the end is consciousness, interpretation.

Every thought and act directly affects one's self : hence it is impossible to cheat the law of justice, or even retard its action. Often what we think is a delay turns out to have been a necessary period of preparation. Not that there is any punishment or vengeance in nature's economy : simply a readjustment,—this is the meaning of justice.

Religion, especially as represented by ritualistic systems, has been a half conscious utterance of the heart's deep longings ; to be replaced or changed for a deeper realization which shall find an expression in the daily life. For centuries the greatest treasures of art were devoted to the service of the church. We shall now carry our artistic concepts out into the world : we shall give birth to our ideals.

The amusing way people have of referring to certain instincts which they know nothing about, as morbid, is only equalled by the same enlightened ones' "scientific" assertions with nothing but figments and fanciful notions to rest them on. Thus they will speak of certain manifestations of genius as degenerate and insane. Anything different to the usual run is to be abominated. Still, with all the condemnations imaginable heaped high, the impulses of life will express themselves, and the strange people whose talk and actions are so "eccentric" will give birth to a new social order.

By coming in close touch with things, we learn. So you find the greatest men to be not necessarily well-read or possessing the conventional scholastic education. Very often men who have had all these advantages have perceived the incompleteness of this schooling, and have voluntarily given up all for the experience, the life, which teaches as nothing else

can. It is such a course of training that may not only augment the usual instruction, but often advantageously replace it: there is, then, no reason for regret if one has not had the so-called privileges of a university course.



Do something to brighten the life of those around,— the majority who have days and years of such dull uninteresting routine. Never mind about receiving thanks; for very often those who are helped in this way have their perceptions too benumbed to at first fully appreciate any kindness. Something done for another is an added valuable experience for Self; so here alone is a compensation. How much the employers could do in this way; how much even to their advantage this would be, since if the conditions of labor were made interesting (as they could be) work would receive a welcome attention and magnificent indeed would then be the results.



Ignorance of the real value of human life is the cause of the various cruelties throughout the world. The actual unity of life is not recognized by the average man; he is alive merely to the instincts of the passing hour; he has no conception even of the narrow limits of his consciousness; he strikes at another if the other causes him some displeasure, or if he feels himself to be in a position of authority acts the part of dictator. And yet happiness, the one object of existence, comes as we recognize the Equality underlying all human life,— and with that deep recognition which impels to action.



The Inner Self

The composite nature of man has been a subject which has engaged the minds of thinkers in all ages. A dim recognition of an entity within man's being, in a sense distinct from the personality of flesh and blood, is the theme of numerous writings. We find many various titles given to this conception of an invisible being acting behind the veil of matter ; among which are : genius, angel, spirit, soul, subjective mind. The office of this inner or higher being is understood to be that of guide and counsellor.

That such a conception of a second nature which has the element of a determined distinction should be so widespread and existing in all times, it would seem must have a foundation of truth. And it means so much for us, giving a plain interpretation on certain problems of life.

It means that man can never be alone ; the dual nature which he bears within him gives him a companionship which once realized gives a continuous sense of security.

This inner being is his real Self ; while the form reflected in the mirror is an image thrown upon the canvas of Existence and is in a sense the shadow of the real entity as yet behind the scene of vision.

It is the mistake of many scientists that their research is confined to the mere dissecting and external investigation of phenomena. Their deductions are the result of the most superficial experiment ; they ignore the inner side of life ; and because of their one-sided view, their conclusions are incorrect. And how shall the inner side of life be explored ? Necessarily by an entire inversion of the methods of the "schools." Not by curious seeking, or hard plodding thinking ;

but by giving up, by the mastery of indifference, by not thinking so much as feeling.

Yes, it is by coming in a conscious touch with the inner life that we can alone understand it. Designations are all very well for external things, but the inner life transcends the nature of Design, for It is the Designer ; it therefore cannot be limited by the imposition of any ordinary name. It is to be felt rather than defined ; in this way is interpretation to come about.

And it is by such a complete interpretation that we are to become masters of conditions.

This inner ego is not bound by the laws of time and space. We are so apt in our early days of consciousness to consider anything not having the properties of limitation to be unreal. The whole nature of external existence is transitory and ephemeral, and to seek for any abiding contentment in such a realm is only to court disappointment. It is by passing, letting things go, giving up, that we maintain happiness, since this attitude leaves the ego free to move, free to breathe.

The inner self is never afraid. Fears, perplexities, doubts, are phantoms of an hour, mere shadows natural to the growth of consciousness. And since the inner Self is not bound by limitations, since it is infinite in its nature, it is evident that it cannot be confined or imprisoned in the body ; it is universal, all-inclusive, embraces every form of existence.

There is thus an eternal identity of relationship between all. The real Self of one is the Self of all. This is the omnipresent God, the Life, the Centre of all.

Therefore when a man says "I" he means far more than he is at first conscious of. He is making a statement for the whole Universe. Though there appears to be something contradictory in the idea of the "uni-

versal" being within the "personal", a moment's thought will show this to have a rational basis. It is within and without the personal because it is infinite, transcending the laws of space and time. A merely superficial thought will declare that there can be nothing beyond the dominion of time and space. But these latter conditions are in one sense subjective illusions; in an absolute sense there is no time or space. What we have called time is a succession of shadows, and space is the sense of apartness; when everything is really united, distance being but a phenomenal separation or detachment, only related to shadows or reflections; and yet withal necessary for life's expression.

Then, our real life is in a sense hidden, and the appearances are more or less delusory. How often have we had experiences which have presented a romantic element of the miraculous. What some have called an "inner voice" has whispered words of suggestion to us which have carried us over difficulties: we have with trustful faith, made some move which others have declared to be mistaken, but which we have subsequently found to have been wise. Our intuition has informed us of something not cognizable to the ordinary senses: what is this but a direct message from the hidden Self?

And shall this Self be forever hidden? Shall we be always bound in an existence which means so much discontent, so little scope for expression?

That this cannot be so, is declared by every analogy of life. There must come a release of the great pent-up energies: the satisfying all-inclusive recognition.

As this extension of realization, this deep truly profound knowledge, is not something to be gazed at, but to be a permeation of one's whole life; the necessary schooling must come through action,—our action, to-day.

Now, action is a condition of life, not implying the stress of laborious work ; repose is a complement of action. Action is simply life ; as distinguished from mere thinking. And the Action that is to be our emancipation is that which is prompted by love and kindness. It means in short living for others. This has no reference to meddlesomeness ; neither does it include any sacrifice of one's necessary personal interests. It is the extension of interest outside the old narrow range.

Such a widening of our life, first dictated by the simple feeling of good-fellowship, brotherhood, love, begins immediately to loosen the wrappings of the long-drawn-tight veil of separation, until at last when the individual life is fully prepared, the shroud of matter is completely unveiled. Then the throne of mastery is reached.

How very simple ! By losing, letting go, expanding one's life, we gain all. What an exchange !

Such things as study, book-learning, intellectuality, culture, wealth, are nothing beside one little act of true kindness. The little act of kindness opens the doors of the universe. A wonderful seed-germ in such an act, and grows to a rich field of blossoms.

The act of true kindness springs from a soul freed from narrowness and condemnation, or at least from one who is waiting for the liberation from this sense of evil. The kind action, indeed, liberates the mind from the thought or recognition of evil, and opens it to the recognition of the eternal goodness of every atom, every condition.

It is by the simple process of living day by day the life of love, the life of freedom, the life of non-condemnation, that we reach our destined goal of the glorious beatific Vision or Consciousness of Self.

A Revelation

BY HUGH O. PENTECOST

What time I was willing to hear, God said, "Listen to thyself and thou shalt hear my voice and what I would say to thee and through thee." Then listened I and gave heed, and God said, "Why seekest thou me? Find thyself and thou hast found me. Know thyself and thou knowest me. I am thyself. Thou art not all of me, though I am all of thee. I am all that is thee, and all that is not thee. I am All. I am the personal and the impersonal, the unit and the universal. I am matter and spirit; different manifestations of one substance. I am the reality and the form. My essence thou canst not know. Forms thou mayest know. Myself I myself comprehend not, else thou couldest comprehend me, for I am thyself. As thou knowest not what thou thyself art, so I know not myself, for I am thee and thou art me."

And God said, "Seest thou the brown earth? I am the brown earth. What the brown earth does I do." And I said, "Yea, I see thou art the brown earth."

And God said, "Seest thou the flowing water, the still water, the ascending and falling water? I am the water, and what the water does I do." And I said, "Yea, I see thou art the dew, the mist, the rain, and the sea."

And God said, "Seest thou the winged, the footed, the creeping, the crawling creature? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see thou art the bird, the beast, the insect, the reptile."

And God said, "Seest thou the grass of the meadow, the flower of the field, the shrub, the tree? I am

these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see thou art these."

And God said, "Seest thou the veil of day and the open night? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see thou art the noisy day and the silent night."

And God said, "Seest thou the brown man, the black man, the yellow man, the white man? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see thou art all men."

And God said, "Seest thou the kind and busy man, the tyrant, warrior, criminal, mean man, hypocrite; the gentle mother and the night-prowling woman? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see thou art every manner of person."

And God said, "Blessed art thou, who seest God in all, and knowest that God is all and all is God."

And God said, "Seest thou light and darkness, heat and cold, health and disease, life and death? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see that thou art sameness and dissimilarity."

And God said, "Seest thou peace and war, zephyrs and hurricanes, steadiness and earth-quakings, showers and floods, constructings and disruptings, happiness and misery, love and hate, joy and grief, harmony and discord, certainties and casualties? I am these, and what they do I do." And I said, "Yea, I see that thou art this and the other."

And God said, "Seest thou that all is one?" And I said, "Yea, I see that all is one."

And God said, "Seest thou that all is good?" And I said, "Yea, I see that all things work together for good."

And God said, "Seest thou that all energy is one?" And I said, "Yea, I see but one Power."

And God said, "Seest thou that each thing is intelligent in itself, after its kind; that the brown earth

is intelligent after its kind, even as the great man after his kind?" And I said, "Yea, I see that even the clod is wise."

And God said, "Seest thou that all energy is the energy of attraction?" And I said, "Yea, I see that all is Love."

And God said, "Happy are ye! To know this is the beginning of wisdom."

And God said, "Seest thou that everything is in its place?" And I said, "Yea, I see that I, too, am in my place."

And God said, "Happy are ye."



THE MESSAGE OF THE PAST

We are returning to old styles and ideals of life and art.

The past is not dead: we are embodiments of the past, and our awakening consciousness is now holding up the wonderful ideals of the past, now glorified with the crown of interpretation.

The body of man is an index and epitome of nature's myriad experiences, and every periodical return to old ideals means a partial interpretation of them; it is interpretation which the soul seeks: this is the Knowledge that is power.

So in the Fine Arts we point to the great masters of the past, now in a measure understanding the motives underlying their work: and with this gradually deepening understanding, we shall surely extend the old art concepts out into the world of action, and not be merely content with imaged portrayals: we shall be impelled by the recognition of the deep meaning of art to create a world, a life, of harmony and beauty.

LISZT'S SECOND RHAPSODY.

Opening solemn majestic, expressing the awakening deep impulses.

Then breaking forth into a song of real love, with interlaced rippling inflections,—wavelets, billows, gentle pulsatings, throbbings,—waves waves of energy.

And then the laughter with the sunshine, the dancing of delight ; and the rising rising rising.

Afterwards, still closer union with its interpretations, its pleadings for still deeper consciousness, and the ever-recurring variations and gentle gushings.

Traveling marching on to greater heights, sometimes with leaps impetuous, then again with steady ascending gait.

By degrees grasping with at first a vociferous consciousness of possession, the heart-strings of life. And always the ever-recurring variations and gentle gushings.

Now carried by the four winds of heaven even from the depths, scaling scaling round upon round into the heights of celestials :

Now indeed the grasp of all, no more bondage, no more weakness, no more fears :

The wrappings of every dark shadow torn aside and consumed :

And yet still a hold on the sweet variations,—but now understood.

The understanding, the interpretation, gives birth to peals and shouts of joyous triumph, alternated with gracious glances of full recognition.

Then the sense of peace calmness profound ; and the finale of thanks and blessedness,—of triumph and infinite dominion.

Liberation

The Church as a system has lost its grip on the people; this liberation has been the direct outcome of a few daring reformers, whose earnest impulses forced them into the arena, and with the sharp weapons of stirring words aroused their fellows to thought and action.

This religious reform is only a beginning. With the mind freed from superstitious folly, our thoughts have taken wings, and we have made journeys into all fields of action. We have fearlessly questioned and judged the many systems and schemes of existence which the world presents,—natural and artificial, old and new, conventional and commonplace,—and our search into the meanings of things has been responded to with a measure of interpretation.

The unrest, discontent, successive failures,—the whole phenomena of a narrow ignorance, is something not to be any longer set aside. The problems of life glare at us too strongly and cannot be faced by a mere idle sentiment. Our platitudes and pretty ideals melt away like so many bubbles before the fiery touch of Necessity. We must now BE more; we must now translate our very highest ideals into action, into our daily life.

The Church has had its day; and with few exceptions numbers only that class of as yet unintelligent people who walk in the steps of their fathers—the lagging unprogressive class.

But with many, who have renounced the old superstitions, their prejudices still enchain them, and if they have broken some fetters, they have yet bound themselves afresh in some way.

Only just now is a spirit of true liberality beginning

to show itself in the world, and this with still many limitations. There is a certain unwillingness to thoroughly investigate life; idle curious superficial research disports itself under the banner of Science.

The eternal nature of Life makes it imperative that we remodel our actions. We are restless, because there is no proper scope for expression. We feel a thousand vague promptings and impulses; and they continue to be vague, undefined, because we fail to give them birth. The crude embryonic stage of anything only changes, reaching a condition of perfection, as it is ushered into a new atmosphere. The fruition of a plant carries it at once into a new kingdom. The end is but a beginning, death is a birth,—always opening opening by the magic wand of Expression.

So we need to venture into unknown realms,—at first feeling our way; consciousness is the apex and not the base of existence.

And what does this mean, but a casting aside of precedent, an exchange of long cherished theories for the living action,—the close touch of life itself?

Liberality finds expression first in acts of generosity, often unreasoning kindness, simple childlike deeds of love.

But in due time it is seen that those actions have been as seeds sown which unfold by degrees into a wonderful foliage. It is by acts of love that our consciousness is unfolged,—the illusions of material denseness vanishing away, and the ecstasy of universal union completed with us.

Ah, we are in a world of mysteries, the sun shining every day, the moon and stars at night, the great earth spreading forth its vegetation, the animal and human kingdoms of life palpitating with mystic utterance; we know so little about it,—until we have completely renounced our lives at the throne of Love.

Then what do we find? We find our being has

expanded ; we attach a new meaning to Self. The daily experiences, one by one pass before us, a panorama of events ; instead of over our heads like an avalanche crushing us. We yield , we do not drag so much. We give up : glad to be purged of all accumulations ; glad to be free ; O, glad to breathe !

It is by the working leaven in the hearts of men, that social problems are to be solved. The principle of liberality, of love, of freedom, is awakening in the hearts of men. Here, see the means of race redemption. All your schemes of social adjustment are very well as far as they go, but they do not go very far. They are surface measures, many of which you will find will last but a day.

For the consciousness of man is surely expanding. Materials are losing their hold on him ; and with the broadening of his mind, he finds his necessities becoming fewer. Yes, just at the time he perceives the long-sought-for treasures within his reach, he does not even put out his hand to possess them. Does this seem like the irony of fate ? Is there no treasure that will once for all quell the discontent of men's hearts ?

There is one treasure : the treasure of Love. Now, Love means something far more than has been popularly understood. It is itself the union that encompasses all. Man reaches the goal of supreme satisfaction by his submersion into the infinite ocean of life ; by breaking down all doors of little prejudices and customs : by being always open, a channel for the currents of Life to pass through.

The Individual is thus extended, magnified. There is no loss, only the shell of separation broken up. Such an emancipation ! To be in conscious touch with all ! To be freed from the old selfish ways, which have narrowed us so much that we had forgot-

ten our celestial parentage ! Yes, this is indeed a true emancipation.

As the Individual's interests are so naturally one with all, it is evident that while a degree of freedom can be possessed by one alone, there must necessarily be considerable external limitation until the great mass of human life is raised likewise.

And the signs of a great rising are imminent. Though the strong new waves of energy are carrying many for a while off their feet, these arousing forces have created a new life in man. This new life ; what is it, but the infant child, Love, man's own real life awakening, his own true self at last emerging from behind the shams, the garments of separativeness ?

Yes, Love, Love, this is It, which is to create a new truly democratic social order, an order for daily action ; and this is the new Life that must and shall displace the old one. This is the Life that shall bring health and harmony to the nation, to the world.



“Edward Burton,” by Henry Wood. This is a novel on idealistic lines. The story is an interesting one, and forms the framework for metaphysical instruction ; thus the book is at once a source of entertainment and instruction. Its literary style, like all Mr. Wood's books, is of the highest order.

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The New Thought Movement

The movement which has now become widely known as the "New Thought" movement, has reached a period when it must change its entire attitude. The Christian Science sect which many would consider as the parent of the Mental Science school of thought, has been found wanting in that breadth of free thought which alone gives stability to any set of theories ; and a similar failing is being felt even in the broader so-called New Thought or Mental Science movements.

The tendency to organization in some quarters, is held to be a cause of mental bondage, and I think this view is held with a certain degree of justice. Though the spirit of organization may be needed as a base for great operations,—when there is any form of dictation or any mental fetters it is evident that such a state of affairs can only retard progress.

The position of leader belongs to some people, naturally. Unfortunately, however, these natural leaders inflated with what they consider their authority, often become rulers : for there is always a certain class who are looking for someone to worship and obey.

With the intellectual few, the period of any such dominating must be short, and among the more advanced thinkers it never reaches an actual existence, though its incipency is marked in embryo form,—but it is nipped in the bud.

One can do more for oneself in the matter of education or healing than all outside sources can give ; which is not denying the value of the latter. But I have more faith in such things as self-reliance, repose, fresh air, temperate diet, reasonable exercise, than all the instruction and treatments in the world. And the love of a friend expressed in acts of kindness, is of

more value than thought concentration. Such love comes to us as we give out our love.

Concentration of thought is all right, properly understood. It means quiet attention, reposeful action, for thought is not worth much if divorced from action.

Holding certain thoughts over-tenaciously has a tendency towards worry and care; it is better to let go,—this is the attitude of faith. Know when to stop thinking.

In non-action, a receptivity for Nature's abundant gifts, as well as calm deliberate action in obedience to the call of Necessity, is found joy and health serene.



THE LIFE BOOKLETS

BY

RALPH WALDO TRINE

“Character Building Thought Power.” In convincing language, this booklet deals with the power of habit; and gives some valuable suggestions on the science of thinking.

“Every Living Creature.” Principally on the subject of love and sympathy which man should show towards the animal world.

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ADVANCED THOUGHT
CONFERENCE

A conference on the lines of New Thought, etc., is to be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, during July and August, 1901.

Full particulars concerning the work of the conference will be printed in the June "HIGHER LAW." (This is published at 272 Congress St., Boston.)

Among the names on the Advisory Board, are Edward Everett Pray, Ralph Waldo Trine, Rev. Dr. Hepworth, Horatio W. Dresser.

For details of lecture program address the secretary Frederick Reed, Overbrook, Wellesley, Mass.

"Edward Carpenter: Poet and Prophet," by Ernest Crosby. This little sketch on Carpenter and his writings will be welcomed by students of "TOWARDS DEMOCRACY." Mr. Crosby has in a very interesting masterly way, given us some light on the work of England's great poet,—the man who has interpreted Nature in language vibrating, palpitating, with his own life-experience. Price 15 cents. Published by The Conservator, 200 S. Tenth St., Philadelphia.

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"One of the Blue Hen's Chickens," by Virginia D. Young. A most interesting story by a well known writer. It is a mental science novel, and contains many helpful practical thoughts: at the same time it is captivating, and in places—thrilling. Price 50c. Chas. W. Close, Bangor, Maine.

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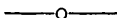
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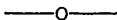
The camp opens June 1st., and closes about November 1st.

Besides the the ordinary daily services there will be a conference in August, and many well known lecturers and teachers will attend.

For further particulars address, Alice B. Stockham M. D. 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.



"Cultivation of Personal Magnetism," by Leroy Berrier. A remarkable book, which has had an extensive sale. Its author was brought before the public's attention through a former work which resulted in his imprisonment. This later work deals with the whole spiritual and physical nature of man, and is altogether a valuable book for the attainment of mental and bodily perfection. Price \$1.00. Order of F. W. Burry 799 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Canada.



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More Periodicals

America has given birth to a large number of periodicals which may be said to specially represent the the New Thought movement ; I have noticed a number of these in this Journal before. But the awakening of the mind of man from the long sleep of superstition is producing a permeation of advanced Thought in the ranks of the daily and weekly newspapers.

Among the cleverest of these Journals is the Bobcaygeon Independent, published at Bobcaygeon, Ontario, Canada, at \$1.00 a year. The editorials by Mr. Stewart are gems of brilliancy and depth, and the whole paper is a composite of good things that makes it welcome everywhere.

The Needham Hustler, of Needham, Indiana, is one of the superior class of newspapers that is boldly launched to not only give the news, but items that will interest and uplift man to higher planes.

"Mental Science," Mr. Del Mar's beautiful little magazine is being well received. It is one of the new monthlies, and is a work of the printers art, worthy of the wisdom contained in its pages. \$1.00 a year. Eugene Del Mar, 27 William St., New York City.

And I have just received another new Journal ; this one is from Pittsburg. It is called THE NEW THOUGHT,—a better title could hardly have been chosen. This is a particularly bright paper, possessing literary merit and a strong philosophy. 50 cents a year. A Virginia Sheppard, 715 Gearing Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

"The Psychic Digest and Occult Review of Reviews," is doing a good work in a very able manner, epitomizing the best things in the current periodicals of New Thought.

"Thought" is the suggestive title of a magazine published in California. Its pages are filled with thought; and they possess the charm of interest too. 50 cents a year. Thought Publishing Co., 1709 Encinal Ave., Alameda, Cal.

And so I might go on, but I can only mention a few of the good Journals each month. It is well to keep in touch with a number of the best periodicals. Send stamps for sample copies, and then subscribe for your choice.

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The first edition of the book was very quickly exhausted, and a new edition has just been issued which contains much additional matter. It is selling very rapidly. A large number of copies have been sold through the personal recommendation of Rev. S. C. Greathead, Clifford, Mich., head of the Brotherhood of Zoists. Here are a few of the good things which have been said of the book:

Franz Hartmann, M. D., the celebrated German Metaphysician, writes of this work: "I was so much pleased with its contents that I regard it worth more than a whole library of books on occultism and metaphysics. I should wish very much to obtain a copy of it and to have it translated into German.

Dr. Leroy Berrier, author of "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism" and numerous other works, says of this book: "I like it. I do not think I ever read an equal number of pages that were destined to do more good."

Geo. W. Reading, Croydon Villa, Ramsgate, Eng., writes: "Your books have sold off like winking, and orders are still coming in. I have been quite surprised."

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