"From now, guard your thoughts; for if it is true that yesterday's wrong thought gives birth to the trials of today, it is equally certain that to-day's right thinking will generate joy for the morrow."

HOPE LA GALLIENNE.
THE

LIGHT OF REASON

DEVOTED TO

THE EXPOUNDING OF THE LAWS OF
BEING AND THE HIGHER LIFE

EDITED BY

JAMES ALLEN

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THE
LIGHT OF REASON


EDITORIAL.

About the 1st of February will appear a new book by the Editor entitled "Out from the Heart." It will form a sequel to "As a Man Thinketh," with which it will be uniform both as to price and style of printing and binding. "As a Man Thinketh" deals with the power and application of thought in and to the practical issues of life in a broad and general way, but "Out from the Heart" will deal with details and particulars, showing how and by what practice the thoughts are to be strengthened and the mind purified, beginning with the lower steps before attempting the higher. Readers of the former book (the first edition of which is already nearly exhausted) will find in the
latter complementary information and instruction, and all who are seeking the Right Path in life should not fail to secure these twin volumes.

It will not be out of place at this, the commencement of the fifth volume of The Light of Reason, to again impress our readers with a statement of the mission and some of the aims of this magazine, especially as the simplicity of our position is not easily grasped by the involved mind which is prone to the spinning of the complex webs of theory, and thereby to the missing of that daily doing which leads to knowledge and to peace.

The mission of The Light of Reason is the promotion of Virtue, blamelessness of conduct, and enlightenment by living the righteous life. It aims to bring men back from metaphysical quibblings and theological quarrellings to the contemplation and knowledge of the inner realities of their own being, and to the practice of those higher spiritual qualities without which such knowledge is impossible. It has no speculative doctrines. Right-thinking and right-doing, the practice of goodwill and justice, love and peacefulness—these are its doctrines.

We teach that which is known and practised, that which is comprehended and realised. Purity of heart, calmness of mind, and the blissful freedom from selfish desire—these things are gloriously real; they are attainable. We therefore dwell upon and expound those things which are necessary to salvation here and now; and by salvation we mean liberation from the fetters of sin and suffering and sorrow.

We do not seek the overthrow of any man, creed, religion, party, or system; nor do we attack any external evil. We seek the overthrow of sin; we teach and help men to attack those wrong conditions of mind out of which all external evils spring. We aim to spread abroad the glorious truth that sin and self can be conquered and entirely transcended; that he who aspires and wills can scale, here and in this life, the unassailable heights of Purity, Love, and Spiritual Knowledge, and that, having attained, he can point out the Way to others, and help the world. We see, know, and proclaim man’s power to rise and conquer. Shall man, who has chained even the elements to his will, and made the invisible forces of the universe do his bidding, be powerless to chain the elements of his mind, and render his own thoughts and inner forces obedient to his commands? If man is strong to sin, is he less strong to conquer sin? If he is powerful to grasp, is he not more powerful to renounce? He who can master and subdue others in the strength of his animal, selfish nature, shall he not master and subdue himself in the strength of his divine, unselfish nature?
Brothers, friends, readers, at this season of new resolves, believe and act upon the glorious message that man is strong to rise, strong to conquer, strong to understand. He can practice virtue in his daily life; he can search for stainlessness of heart, and advance step by step until he finds and realises it; he can abolish self from his mind, and take out from his heart the roots of all evil, until at last, through purity of heart, he attains to that perfect Insight which brings unutterable peace.

* * *

Thus our mission is to help men and women to find and walk the Path of Virtue; to proclaim the personal attainment of blamelessness of heart, and of the knowledge of the eternal supremacy of Justice, Love, and Truth.

"Do any hearts beat faster,
Do any faces brighten
To hear your footstep on the stair,
To meet you, greet you anywhere?
Are you so like your Master,
Dark shadows to enlighten?
Are any happier to-day
Through words that they have heard you say?
Life were not worth the living
If no one were the better
For having met you on the way,
And known the sunshine of your stay."

A MESSAGE TO OUR “GROUPS.”

BY JAMES ALLEN.

Now that Groups of readers of The Light of Reason are meeting together in various centres to engage in mutual interchange of thought, a few words to the members of such Groups should, at this time, prove helpful toward their continuance in unity and goodwill.

Readers who wished it are thus brought together to encourage and inspire each other in the love and practice of Truth, to help each other in the search for Knowledge, in the thinking of pure and noble thoughts, and the living of the Higher Life.

If it is constantly borne in mind that it is not another sect that is wanted in the world to-day, nor another set of dogmas, nor another elaborate philosophy, but that it is a loftier living that is wanted, and purer thoughts, and a more loving and peaceful spirit,—if this is not forgotten, but is remembered and acted upon, then these gatherings of our readers cannot but continue as they have commenced to be—sweet, peaceful, and harmonious gatherings—centres from which shall radiate that Light of Goodwill which the world so urgently needs.
THE LIGHT OF REASON exists for the building up of Righteousness, the restoration of Virtue, and the establishment of Peace in the hearts of men and women. It does not seek to overthrow one creed and set up another (its readers are numbered amongst nearly all creeds), but it calls men and women of whatsoever creed or none back to the practice of Virtue, to the belief in the possibility of Goodness as an actual attainment, and to the cultivation of the higher moral powers.

In so far as the members of our Groups are inspired by the Ideal which we set forth, the Ideal of a pure heart and life; and in so far as they are true to that Ideal, subduing themselves daily, ruling themselves and never striving to rule others, just so far will unity and concord reign in their midst, so far will the Spirit of Truth be with them when they gather together.

Strife is rampant in the world to-day, and folly and vice rule where wisdom and truth should be exalted. How can peace be restored? How can wisdom and truth be made manifest? Peace can only be restored by abandoning in one's own heart all strife and the cause of strife; and wisdom and truth can only be manifested in the lives of thoughtful, rational, tender-hearted, loving and enlightened men and women who, loving truth above all else, and abandoning egotism, selfishness, and folly, are earnestly resolved to live a life of exalted virtue.

If there shall arise in our Groups a company of men and women who are intent upon the eradication of their own errors and weaknesses; whose Ideal is a loving heart and a strong and enlightened mind; who meet together to ennoble each other and go forth from the meetings strengthened in their resolve to be unselfish with the selfish, kind with the unkind, generous with the greedy, and truthful with the untruthful; who day by day attain to a deeper compassion, a broader love, and a more perfect insight into the Supreme Law; who are humane, just, pure, and peaceful—if our Groups shall be composed of such men and women as these, then the object of their formation will have been attained.

THE ONE UNUTTERABLE NEED.

I pass along the busy street,
Scanning the faces that I meet,
Striving to read, as best I may,
What Life has writ on living clay;
And often, all unconsciously,
They open out their hearts to me:
Then, dumb with unshe'd tears, I read
The one unutterable need.
For some discordant, loud, and clear,
Only the din of traffic hear;
And some pass on with heavy tread,
And joyless eyes, and downcast head:
"We look not up, for live we must,
And find our living in the dust."
And some—poor souls!—are walled about
In self-reared tenements of doubt;
And some are not entirely sad,
Yet never have been wholly glad.
Joy is the universal need,
Unknown and unexpressed indeed.
Unto each inmost soul a Voice,
Sweet, still, and small, would say, "Rejoice!
Look up, look up! the sky is blue:
Beauty and Hope were born for you!"
The brightest star that ever shone:
The best and noblest duty done:
The fairest flower that ever glowed:
The sweetest song that ever flowed:
The Poet's, Painter's highest Art
Are Thoughts of God's Eternal Heart:
He casts them forth that men may know
Something of Heaven's joy below.
When smiles on human faces shine,
There souls are nearest the Divine,
And light is cast, where saints have trod
The Ways of Happiness to God.

HELEN K. WATTS.

"The man who is not afraid to use his small means to assist others need not fear poverty."

RELIGION, in its purity, is not so much a pursuit as a temper; or rather it is a temper leading to the pursuit of all that is high and holy. Its foundation is faith; its action, works; its temper, holiness; its aim, obedience to God in improvement of self, and benevolence to men.—JONATHAN EDWARDS.

SINCERITY.

By J. S. F. MILLER.

"I should say sincerity—a deep, great, genuine sincerity—is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Sincerity is the fulcrum upon which society turns, and no social state can thrive without it. It is at the root of all things which are "lovely and of good report." A city cannot be founded on the sand, and society must be built on a base of rectitude and integrity, without which all crumbles to decay.

Sincerity is the essential and greatest attribute of every great mind, and its greatest fortification. See the eyes flashing with fearless honesty and truth of purpose—the face coruscating with the only beauty which lives!

How the sincere man draws like a magnet the thought of those around him, and moulds it to his will, for sincerity is the compelling power which wins when all else fails! The sincere man is the ruler of himself, and therefore the ruler of others. They circle around him as do the satellites the sun of their system, and from him draw their force, their inspiration, and their thirst for a nobler, truer
life. Their souls, through him, are brought into “tune with the infinite.”

The moon waxes and wanes; the fields flower and fade; the worlds decay and pass; man is born and dies again; the orthodoxies of to-day become the heterodoxies of to-morrow; but the “Word of the Lord” (i.e. Truth) “endureth for ever.” To overcome the mental and psychic inertia must be the business of every thinking soul.

As we progress in our mental world the result of our meditations must of necessity develop; we have not sworn away our brains or locked up our reason in eternal night, neither have we renounced our right to traverse the lovely, unlit land of the far beyond. To live is to grow; to think is to change; the great and future knowledge must have for its basis the little present knowledge, for “‘tis the taugh already that profit by teaching.”

To him who accomplishes the journey, and does not faint by the way; to him, who, firm in his convictions, rightfully tramples on the fruits of bygone ignorance and superstition; to the thinker who conceives; the pioneer who fights; the weak, who, strong through suffering, rises when baffled and again fares forth to the fight, will be given the songs of praise of the ages yet to be.

Are we indeed so bound round by the ties of habitude, so entangled in the past meshes of outworn and unholy thoughts, that we have become a race of slaves—slaves who fear to bring the outer life into conformity

with the inner belief, because loss of prestige, calumnious reports are foreseen? Let us not be humiliated by such. With the armour of Truth we need fear no foe.

Dwell for a moment on the force we squander by our insincerity. Is it not utterly unworthy of a thinking soul?

Before we are on the right road we must cast behind us all the insincerities of the carnal world and pluck them away for ever.

“Let us then

Be what we are and speak what we think, and in all things

Keep ourselves loyal to Truth and the sacred professions

of Friendship.”

Why should we be ashamed to seem what we are? Why strive to appear well in the eyes of men rather than to be? Why disguise ourselves when it is only by revelation that the world has a chance to progress? Let us strive to be that which we would wish to appear, and to value our own prestige, ignoring mockery and scorn.

The day will come when we shall dare to be what we are; when we shall give our thoughts to the world, to accept or reject as it thinks fit without studying the consequences.

We must learn to make sacrifices without knowing whether gods or men will consume them, and aim at being “scornful of gross profits, and intent on ideals and human nobleness; frank, open, guileless, fearless, a brother to all souls whatsoever.” Let us be strong enough to face life in truth
and sincerity, acknowledging, not concealing, our errors, and thereby causing these to be stepping-stones on the journey to light.

When a soul is sincere, then it is alive and capable of growth, then it is unashamed, knowing itself, believing in a hopeful future for the race of man; feeling its greatness though knowing its weakness.

The leaves, the purple mountain-tops, the yellow grain, the rippling sun-stroked rivulet leaping down the rocks—all these whisper “Be true, be true.” Is not the sum total of all Nature’s teaching “Sincerity?”

To be true in thought and action; to be loyal to each other, thinking no evil and spreading reports only of good; to respect each other as we respect ourselves; to be just and generous in all our dealings; to be charitable to all men—not finders of flaws but seekers of beauty; to honour, revere—not pity—old age; to be staunch friends to ourselves, so that we would be ashamed to do a mean or cowardly action—these precepts embody the teaching of all true religion of all ages, and he who takes them into his heart and sows the field of life with the seeds of honour and sincerity need fear the wrath of no sect or human being.

T H E VA L L E Y O F H U M I L I AT I O N.

B Y W. H. G I L L.

When the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews speaks of the sin which doth so easily beset us, surely he must mean pride! For of all human vices pride is not only the most deeply-rooted, the most prolific, and the most subtle, but also the most sensitive and the most easily roused into action. Springing, as it does, directly out of self-love, it is the strongest as well as the most resentful of all our Inward Enemies. When attacked, it fights desperately, and, if it ever dies, it dies hard. It has been called “the radical reigning sin that first lives and last dies.” Hence, in describing the wounding or hurting of his pride, a man commonly uses the strongest words he can think of; he says he feels “crushed,” “cut up,” “mortified,” and then, like a scotched snake, he writhes in mental agony. Or, again, let any one (even our most intimate friend) insinuate ever so mildly that we are ignorant, or foolish, or incapable, or vain-glorious, and straightway we smart all over. We say our feelings are hurt, our pride is wounded, our vanity is piqued. In short, anything that reflects
unfavourably upon ourselves instantly stirs up our Inward Enemy and makes him fight.

The supreme end and object of our spiritual life is to learn Humility; that is to say, to learn to submit patiently, cheerfully, and thankfully to have our feelings, our thoughts, our characters, ourselves, "cut-up" by the great spiritual forces of the universe—the sorrows and hardships and dangers of life that are continually at work helping us to carve ourselves into perfect men and women. The operation of this cosmic spiritual process—for such it is—constitutes our Experience. In the order of Divine Providence all that is sent to us—or, as we say, all that happens to us—is sent with the definite purpose of imparting to us some good thing we need to have, or of taking away some evil thing we need to get rid of. Among the many things that thus come to us in life are our sicknesses; and, to palliate these, how cheerfully we submit to the most drastic medical treatment! We even welcome the surgeon's knife that hacking our limbs like so many dead branches and literally cuts up our diseased body to save our life. And yet we resent as an unpardonable interference on the part of a friend—nay, more, on the part of Providence—the hurting and wounding of our self-love, although we know quite well that the correction of our faults and the perfecting of our spiritual nature can be effected only by the wounding of our pride even unto the death—the mortifying and crucifying of "our evil and corrupt affections" which are the progeny of this our mortal Inward Enemy. Thus it is divinely ordained that through suffering we are made perfect. Therefore, if we were wise, we should welcome our rebukes, settings-down, humiliations, corrections—in short, all that comes to us in the way of life's discipline—as allies, fellow-helpers, ministering angels and teachers, every one of them, of that most precious and last attained of all heavenly graces, Sweet Humility.

Pride is not an outward irritation—although that is one of its consequences—but an internal ulcer in the very core of our nature. It is a common error to suppose that, so long as we do not speak or act wrongfully, it matters very little what we feel and think. This means that we may harbour as many unworthy thoughts, as many spies and enemies, as we please so long as we conceal them in jars, like the forty thieves in the legend, and do not let them break out in open revolt. Surely, this is as unwise and fool-hardy as it would be to fill our cellars with dynamite and rest secure in the fond hope that nothing will ever happen to explode it. Our thoughts, whether good or evil, are like so many machines wound up and ready for action, requiring only the pressing of a button to set them going, and producing results to all appearance quite out of proportion to the exciting cause. Once upon a time, in an exhibition of scientific instruments, the writer—whether undesignedly or in obedience to a passing playful mood—
imparted to a strange-looking instrument labelled with a long Greek name the gentlest possible little nudge, when lo and behold! the thing began to work; there was the whir of wheels and the click of levers and the machine was busily recording with the rapidity of a shorthand writer the exact dynamic equivalents of that miniature earthquake, and here on its dial was the record in black and white! Thus our every thought and word and deed leaves its mark upon the character, and the wound-up coil of the serpent, Pride, that lurks in the dark caverns of the human mind, is ever on the alert to spring into action on the slightest touch; and, as we all know, some people are more touchy than others.

This automatic power of the mind is called by scientists reflex action, and the slightest impulse is sometimes sufficient, as in the case of a word spoken in anger, to "set on fire the whole course" of a man's nature. "As everyone knows, it takes a soldier a long time to learn his drill—for instance, to put himself into the attitude of 'attention' at the instant the word of command is heard; but after a time the sound of the word gives rise to the act, whether the soldier be thinking of it or not. There is a story, which is credible enough though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out 'Attention!' whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down and lost his dinner in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effect had become embodied in the man's nervous structure. The possibility of all education is based upon the existence of this power, which the nervous system possesses, of organising conscious actions into more or less unconscious, or reflex, operations." This is true of all animals, including man. In man the instinct of pride inheres in his mind as the instinct of self-preservation inheres in his body. In fact, pride is the instinct of the mind to defend and uphold itself against attack. All our thoughts and words and actions are more or less tainted with pride, so that its eradication is the last and supreme accomplishment of self-mastery. Pride is thus the self-constituted body-guard of the human mind. It stands as an armed sentinel at the door ready to challenge and repulse the attack of any aggressor. Pride corrupts the purity of every virtue. It is the ringleader of all our Inward Enemies.

Fortunately for us, however, these fiends or passions that infest our souls are capable of amendment, rectification, and eradication; and, seeing that pride is the parent of so many of them, let a man only master his pride and he will have gone a long way towards mastering himself and subjugating the most undesirable conditions of mind, including censoriousness, impatience, discontent, peevishness, and pessimism.

In John Bunyan's two representations of the Valley of Humiliation there occurs a brilliant stroke of genius which to the un-
reflecting reader might appear a dramatic inconsistency. When Christian passes alone through the Valley he encounters Apollyon, who may be regarded as the arch-fiend of Pride that lurks in the human mind, and a desperate fight ensues, in which Apollyon is grievously wounded. But subsequently, when Christian's wife and her travelling companions—conducted by their gentle guide, Great-Heart—pass through the same valley the surrounding circumstances seem changed; there is no Apollyon, and the fierce spiritual trials experienced by Christian do not present themselves to the more disciplined characters of these good people; so that the Valley, which to Christian appeared terrible and fraught with danger, now looks lovely, and they all declare it to be “one of the most delightful places in all their pilgrimage.” Evidently these good souls had in the course of their pilgrimage cultivated and acquired the graces of humility, and that contented, cheerful, submissive mind which constitutes a foretaste of heavenly rest, so that their surroundings appeared different from what they had appeared to Christian's less disciplined mind. So true is it that a man's character transforms its surroundings into harmonious relation with itself; that, in other words, it is not place nor opportunities nor circumstances that make character, but it is character that makes circumstances.

Apollyon is a very real enemy: he is our natural, corrupt, selfish nature—in a word, our pride that lurks within us and is ever ready to rise in rebellion against our better self. Great-Heart was well named “Great,” because he had already been through the Valley of Humiliation, had fought with himself, had conquered himself, and was therefore proof against his Inward Enemy. Also his companions, Christiana, Mercy, and the boys, blест by nature with a more tender heart and chastened by a gentler training, were comparatively free from the evil principle of pride. Bunyan here clearly recognises the fact that some people are born with a “good disposition” and others with a “bad temper,” and that therefore in the School of Experience some need sterner discipline and stronger medicine than others. Moreover, he recognises the all-important fact that the remedy lies within ourselves, and consists of individual effort more or less strenuous according to the strength of our besetting sins. Thus the regenerate heart is freed from the tyranny of temptation: death hath no more dominion over it: it is dead unto sin and alive unto God: and, in the power of the Christ-Spirit within, it has become proof against the assaults of its Inward Enemy.

He who seeks to “know himself” must study day by day the details of his moral health; he who desires to lay up “treasures in heaven” must allow no waste of his soul's wealth to pass unheeded.

Frances P. Cobbe.
THE SOUL'S CAMPAIGN.

The power of a holy life
Than war's strong arm is stronger far:
The conquests of fair Virtue's strife
More glorious yet than triumph car
Of warrior from the fight returned,
When signal victory lights the eye
That lately with fell hate has burned.

No waiting crowds the "Huzza!" cry,
When back to life's true way returns
The winner of the soul's campaign,
Who neath the flag of Truth, hard-pressed,
Sustained deep loss for Virtue's gain,
And fell not with the weaker rest;
But firmly steadfast, bravely bore
The strife, the heart's long fighting-day;
Nor faltered, nor gave battle o'er
Tho' stricken sorely in the fray.

With lasting praises ever sing
The hero of the soul's campaign!
And let the high-souled cadence ring
In noble and enraptured strain.

Ada Hill.

"Nothing very noble or inspiring will be
done by one who has not faith to rely on the
final victory of right over wrong."

Difficulty is only a word indicating the
degree of strength requisite for accomplishing
particular objects; a mere notice of the
necessity for exertion.—Samuel Warren.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

By Edward H. Woof.

The old, sweet story of the coming of Christ,
with the glorious promise it gives, has, at
some time or another, its parallel in a man's
life; and the example of His life, as
chronicled by the loving souls who were
intimately associated with Him in His work
for humanity, is so much in sympathy with
what we inwardly conceive to be right, that
to embody the precepts which emanated
from Him, in our life, would be but to
enlarge that innate sense of Goodness which
we all contain.

At a time like the present, when the
thoughts of men expectantly turn to the
possibilities of the newly-born year, perhaps
a few simple thoughts upon the Birth
of Christ, and its parallel in men, may, aided by
the still lingering Yule-tide atmosphere of
affectionate association, give to us a glimmer
of the real meaning of the mystic event
which is the beginning of a man's conscious
effort to obtain knowledge of the Truth.

To say that, when a man begins to think
of Divine Truth, it, in reality, indicates a
birth within him, is to state a truth, though,
probably, one that requires some explanation. Let us take a man's personal life as being his world, which, in fact, it is; and also let us take his personal opinions and feelings as representing his associations in that world, and we see that, without some idea of something beyond himself, without some glimpse of something beyond his personal constitution to strive for, the man continually remains and acts within the narrow scope of his personal inclinations. The feelings, wishes, and needs of his fellow man are entirely outside his sphere of action, except probably, as it may happen to gratify some particular phase of his constitution to step outside of himself, as it were, and extend his hand for the purpose. This latter is what we know in life as interested action, done from the standpoint of personality, and but brings in its train a strengthening of that quality or degree of vanity embodied in the statement "I have done something for someone." Thus, this little human world we are talking of is a dark, hopeless place (or state); the selfish inclinations, this dreary world's inhabitants, seek constant satisfaction of their greedy desires, ever reaching the point of satiation, ever making that point more difficult of attainment. This goes on through weary, leaden-winged time, until the point is reached when there enters the feeling of the uselessness of it all; something which speaks of a life spent to no end, but that of constantly wandering round and round in a circle of monotonous repetition. The very gratifications which formerly gave the intensest pleasure, now pall and are bitter in the mouth, and the whole being cries out for something real. That which was to it before the utmost reality is now seen to be but a delusion, and great is the thirst for something real whereon to fix the purpose.

Then occurs the mystic event—the Birth of The Christ. At first faintly, but slowly and surely increasing, in some manner comes the knowledge that the life hitherto has been wrongly directed; there dawns a conviction that, above all the personal tendings, which have hitherto constituted the furthest horizon of this little human world we are considering, there is Something more satisfying, Something more of the nature of the Real, and to this the inner eye is turned. The Light has begun to penetrate, and in time, all the man's inclinations receive from this Light their modicum of illumination, and in each is seen the possibility of a better use. Each selfish act, thought, or word, is shown to be capable of use in an entirely better and different direction, and there becomes in the man the first idea of his Real Relationship to his fellow-men. The choice, however, is his to make; all possibility is there. What will he make of it?

What will we all make of it? This question should form part of our daily life; each day we should set out with a definite acknowledgment of this possibility within us, and with a determination to do whatever comes in our way with the utmost of our
might, and to let its trend be to follow the Light of the Christ, our Higher Self.

This, then, is the Birth of our Christ, the coming to life, as it were, of our Inner Self, and what a Peace it brings on the little Earth of our inner constitution, and what a Good Will to all. For how can ill-will exist in a man, when he realises that his brother is himself? How can a man quarrel with another, while fully acknowledging that the cause of difference is in himself? To this acknowledgment must we all come; that in which my brother pleases me not, is that which I cannot appreciate—my appreciation is needed. This I give freely; my forgiveness, my tolerance, my love goes out, for it is my life itself; for now I understand that whatsoever I do unto my brother, I do unto my Self.

This, then, is the event which must happen in us all before we can hope to become or to attain; but before it can happen, before the Christ can be born within us, the desire for sensation and personal gratification must be purified in fires of bitter suffering, and transmuted into the pure desire for Truth. Then will we find the Peace which, hitherto, has been beyond our comprehension, and which nothing can disturb; then will each one of us feel in his heart true sympathy for, and Good Will to Men.

Take away the dress from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer.—Proverbs.

SELF-AID IS WORLD-AID.

If the world seems wrong to you, if it seems full of sorrow, full of sin; if you are inspired by the sublime idea of diminishing that sorrow, of helping to allay that sin, of liberating others or yourself from all the turmoil of not knowing and not understanding what has made earth's woe; if you aspire to lighten the burden of the world, to bring humanity a little nearer to the Peace it craves:—start right at home, and strive to free, lenient, to purify yourself, your own life, your own heart's aspirations,—for in all the worlds there is no greater help to render or greater service for the sake of all mankind. And why? Because each man is an integral portion of humanity, because each thought of love, each effort after purity man makes or thinks is gain to all, because it is but the Illusion blinding us that bids us think, "I am one soul, one mind, one life, and these my brothers are without, and separate from me." All life is one in very truth,—the ant and man, glory of sun and star, and the vast gulf of space are one, one and no other, save that the darkness of our vain selfishness hides. We know this true of the material world—how every particle of our bodies came yester-
day from another life, will pass to-morrow to form part of yet another being or thing—surely it is also true of thought as well, and it should be our greatest aim to send forth into the universe each thought that comes to us a little purer, a little grander, a little more potent for good than when it rose within our minds. If then a man aspires to aid the world, let him first aid himself—if, like a star in heaven he shall seek to guide his brothers through the trackless ocean of existence—first must he gain the Light of Wisdom for himself, which must shine in his own heart and life in all the radiance born of inward purity and love and peace.
From "The Faith of the Future" in Buddhism.

COURAGE.

Courage! plant your feet more firmly,
Though the way be dark as night.
Courage! fling despair behind you,
Have a noble aim in sight.

Courage! let the past dark pages
Of your life be left behind,
Leave the past, its sins and sorrows,
Look ahead, and light you'll find.

Courage! bear life's burdens bravely,
Strike out firmly for the Right;
Banish all regrets, repinings,
Seek for Justice, Love, and Light.

LEONORA FAIRWEATHER.

THE NATURE OF SIN.

By L. C.

The thought of guilt has been in the past inseparably associated with the idea of that which we call sin, and especially guilt before God. We read that in former generations the sense of sinfulness was even cultivated, and was regarded as a proof of holiness. But to-day the true nature of sin is beginning to be recognised.

The word itself means "a missing of the mark;" but this meaning has largely in the past been lost sight of. The essential essence of the nature of sin is ignorance. No one ever sets out with the formed design of missing the mark. But his ignorance leads him to expect to hit it by the wrong method. We all aim at happiness, and we believe at first that it is possible to reach it through selfishness. We seek every man his own things in the conviction that they are the sign-posts pointing out the road to the wished-for goal. But the "mark" is always and inevitably missed, because he who aims at self-pleasing, whether knowingly or ignorantly, is pointing his bow in the opposite direction from happiness. Lovers of pleasure can never be lovers of God.
Sin is always a wrong choice. It is not, in the legal sense, guilt. We may break the law of man, and by our cunning escape the penalty. But we can neither “break” the law of God, nor hide ourselves from the consequences of the attempt. If our choice be made in ignorance of, or in defiance—which is only a still denser ignorance—of the Law of the Universe, which is Love, the Law is not broken, but we are flung back quivering and bleeding, and when we have thus bruised ourselves a few times against the adamantine bars of the Eternal Law we begin to learn. Very slowly, perhaps, and with difficulty, as a child cons his first lesson; but still the truth begins to dawn upon our vision that as we partake of the divine nature which is Love, so only in the exercise of that nature, only in loving is happiness to be found.

It has been said that “Punishment is the other half of sin;” but Mankind has been slow to learn this unpalatable truth, and in its childishness has preferred to believe that the “mercy” of the Deity might be prevailed upon to take the place of His “justice.” But, in the sense of remission of penalty, there is no such thing in all the Universe as forgiveness of sin. Were it so, then sin would lose its purpose and cease to be educative. Its present function, little as it looks like it, is to train the sons of God and school them into holiness. It is the spiritual gymnasm of life in which the thaws and muscles of the soul are strengthened. For it is only through the suffering which sin causes that we learn the “beauty of holiness.” No one who has ever had the vision which struck Saul of Tarsus blind, the vision of himself as he is in fact and not in seeming, will ever disbelieve in hell, or doubt its beneficial character. And so by pain we learn in which direction alone happiness may be found, and through and by our mistakes rise a little nearer to that perfection which is the ultimate destiny of the human race.

But yet another use is subserved by sin. Browning says without pain there would be no room for thanks to God or love to Man. Surely the sin of the world, which is also the pain of this groaning, travelling Creation, is an opportunity for practising our lessons as we learn them, bit by bit. For it does not follow that if evil be only good disguised, that we are to acquiesce in it. It is a stage in the development of the race, and its final banishment to the realm of things overcome can only be achieved through the fight of Humanity against it. And if it seems to gain the victory, and instead of schooling men into righteousness seems only to deaden their spiritual sensibilities and sink them deeper in the stupor of iniquity, that is because we foolishly limit the opportunities of learning to threescore years and ten, and forget that they are but the Antechamber of Life.

If, then, this Universe be indeed a Cosmos, and if there be but one source from Whom, and in Whom, and to Whom, are all things—though to our present experience
and limited apprehension sin is bitter and devastating, yet out of it will be evolved the great and beneficent purpose of God.

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PERFECT LOVE.

A CREEDLESS Love that knows no clan,
No caste, no cult, no church but man;
That deems to-day, and now, and here
Are Voice and Vision of the seer;
That through this lifted human clod
The inflow of the breath of God
Still sheds its apostolic powers,—
Such Love, such trust, such faith be ours.

We deem men climb a glorious slope
Towards far seen tablelands of hope,
That man, through filth and shame of sin
Still seeks the God that speaks within;
That all the years since time began
Work the eternal Rise of Man;
And all the days that time shall see
Tend toward the Eden yet to be.

Too long our music-hungering needs
Have heard the iron clash of creeds;
The creedless Love that knows no clan,
No caste, no cult, no church but Man
Shall drown with mellow music all
The dying jangle of their brawl:
Such Love with all its quickening powers,—
Such Perfect Love be ever ours.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

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THE LINK DIVINE.

BY W. H. EVANS.

All through the progress of mankind the divine spark of love has endeavoured to burst forth into a blaze of light, and when it has become so kindled in some soul, we have seen its results in those whom mankind has lifted up and even deified. The divine in humanity has leapt forth and recognised the divinity in the man, and hence we have our teachers, masters, and saviours. If there is nothing else in humanity to redeem them, then this one element of divine love, which is shown in some way in the lowest of beings, is enough to bring salvation to all. For with this refining element in human nature which is always striving to express itself, although the forms of expression may to us seem altogether removed from the purity of their origin, yet it is there working, acting, purifying, and uplifting the human race.

When one truly loves, no obstacle is too great, no difficulty too hard to overcome. Many have started life with nothing external to encourage them, but who have been animated with the great principle of unselfish love to their fellows, and have worked and
striven until they have left some visible mark upon the world of the power of their great humanity. Others again have worked in silence, and nothing has, for a time, been visible to the eyes of the world of the influence they wielded, and they have passed on, and have been missed by a few, but in the hearts of that few there has been reared a tablet to their memory more enduring than marble or brass, and more lasting than fame.

The gospel of love is being practised and preached more and more, and to such an extent is its influence being felt that men are leaving behind all the horrors of primitive and false beliefs. Its humanising influence is being felt in many hearts and a distinct reaction is taking place against ideas which tend to degrade the nobility of man. We are beginning to see that the spiritual part of man as it rises higher in the scale of evolutionary development expresses more and more of the Christ Principle that will ultimately win all hearts, animate all souls, and transform the earth into a veritable Eden. And the grandest realisation of this power is when, coming to the soul, it shows that heaven is here. That the power to do good, and the consciousness of right doing, is its own reward. Love is the key to all hearts. It is God in expression, bringing man into the glorious kingdom of Peace.

That which is most needed is a loving heart.—Buddha.

THE LESSON OF RADIUM.

By E. Willmore.

We respect the great achievements of Science. Yet those who are spiritually-minded perhaps felt some little rejoicing at the posing of Science by the discovery of Radium. For here, in this insignificant residuum of pitchblende, appeared a substance shedding endless radiant energy, and none knew whence this energy was derived. The limitless fountains of ether somehow find an outlet at a little point. Science cannot explain it. All scientific explanation, indeed, is but referring one thing to another, and so on endlessly; but here, in this phenomenon of Radium, was a seeming contradiction of the law of the conservation of energy, and so the mind was thrown back on itself, instead of being led along from stage to stage on the wondrous and illusory quest of "explanation." And so God, by the things that are not (the nothings and nobodies of this world), brings to nought the things that are. Not that we should reject the fruit of Science, or grasp the husks of any outworn Theology, merely because the theory of Science is imperfect. We
ought rather to array the mind, to employ
the logical faculty, to accept and rightly use
its fruit in material and mental things, and
yet never to forget that we are environed
with mystery. And if with mystery, then
also assuredly with mercy, yes, and with
power. And as that little grain of Radium
draws from the limitless fountains of ether
its exhaustless light and strength, so exhaust-
less light and strength may be ours, if we
quit the dross from below and admit the
energy from on high. And the light is for
us to radiate, and the strength to endure and
achieve.

TO-DAY.

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.
The past has shrived and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep!
Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.
Concern yourself with but to-day;
Woo it and teach it to obey
Your will and wish. Since time began
To-day has been the friend of man.
But in his blindness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.
You and to-day, a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,
With Truth to ever bind the twain.
Go forth, I say; attain, attain!

Selected.

VISION AND VOICE.

There is a voice, “a still, small voice” of love,
Heard from above;
But not amidst the din of earthly sounds
(Which here confounds).
By those withdrawn apart best is heard;
And peace, sweet peace, breathes in each gentle word.

The love of the beautiful, of Truth, and of
Nature must ever be felt to realize the
deepest religion. Without this love religion
were but a dead thing; but where the sweet
gentle element of love dwells in the soul,
religion becomes a living power.

All around us is the painting of God’s
hand, and we learn the Great Love from
watching these beautiful pictures.

Yet still in the turmoil of the city, in the
lives of each struggling man and woman and
child, shall God’s voice be heard, and love
be known. Shall we not see Him in each
kind act, in every sacrifice, and wherever a
weary soul is made strong and joyous in the
loving look or deed of some brother passing
o’er life’s pathway?

When we can be in the world, yet not of
it, and adjust ourselves to every phase of life
in which we are placed, whether it be of joy
or sorrow, of work or pleasure, and keep a
bright, joyous spirit, for ever giving out the
best within us, without seeking for any return,
and live so near to the Heart of God that
His Presence is ever with us, then shall we
truly live, and know of that peace which
“passeth understanding.”—ROSE L. AMOS.
WHY DESPAIR?

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?"

When the storms of doubts are surging round us and clouds and darkness surround our souls, it is then we ask "Where is God?" But if God is our Ideal, and if we strive, as far as in us lies, to live up to Him, why need we be cast down? There are times when He seems so far away; times when we cannot get in touch with Him; times when our prayers seem to be dead failures, and we feel ourselves scared and blackened by our sins.

It is then we long to get at this mystery, it is then we long to live for the Highest. But we feel so utterly unworthy to be in the Presence of God, and so our souls despair.

But our ideal must ever be greater than ourselves, otherwise it is no ideal; so, as we climb the upward path, though we may, for a time, feel we are making no headway but are just where we began, we are really progressing rapidly towards our final Goal—which is God.

And so when struggles and passions beat upon our souls, and when we know not where to find shelter, let us sing with the Psalmist—

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God."

Lily Boyd.

THOUGHTS.

Thoughts are like seeds which we cast from us, not heeding the fact that each one is carried by some psychic wind to its appointed spot in our future path, there to grow to flower and fruit. Our everyday course is overgrown with the thorny tangle of forgotten thought, and our only nourishment at times is its horrible fruit; our senses are sickened by its flowers, malodorous, and revolting to the sight. Yet we need must walk in our appointed track; to turn aside in hope of escape would be to walk in the Way of Death. The bad we think of others does them no lasting hurt. Our vicious, sensual, jealous, selfish, irritable thoughts—that we imagine do not matter since they are kept to ourselves—bring forth the untoward circumstances that we are bemoaning, maybe, to-day.

From now, then, guard your thoughts, for if it is true that yesterday's wrong thought gives birth to the trials of to-day, it is equally certain that to-day's right-thinking will generate joy for the morrow. Control your thoughts; let them be of love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith; then you will deserve all the happiness that they breed, produced by that law which works with mathematical certainty and absolute justice—"Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap." The sowing is hard sometimes, but "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Hope La Gallienne.
THOUGHTS FROM FRIENDS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF OUR
No. 2 CORRESPONDENCE CIRCLE.

"Whatever else I doubt, my whole life-study of the effect or action of the unseen forces on the soul, or centre of consciousness, teaches me one thing beyond all doubt; it is that our relationship to life and to each other is governed by a Law of Love. As Truth, though many-sided, can never contradict Truth, but must support it, so every deep consideration of systems of living (ruling thoughts always manifest in conduct) will sustain this one grand truth. Take the first example that comes to my mind:—has anyone ever known a kindly person who was not blessed to the degree of his or her kindness? I speak of conduct, goodness is nothing till it converts itself into action. The Law of thought or Spirit can never be evaded; it is, as it were, self-acting, and wonderfully sure and just. Love is giving; the animal self thinks it lives by taking; hence the necessity of regeneration, or second birth—of the Love-Self, before co-operation with this Divine Law is possible. To know this is worth much; to have unbuilted the walls raised in ignorance and sin, which shut us off from doing what the new-born voice dictates—this is to be divine and to live in the state called Heaven."

“When I look on such a scene as I have before me now, all green and gold, shadow and sunlight, it seems like the smile of God, and pain and evil seem impossible. It used to be more difficult to me to believe that God is Love, in the face of the world’s misery; now the truth seems to have flashed upon me that we have been libelling Him; that there is no evil except that which we have created in our sin and ignorance; that God shines on us as the sun does on me now, but we have hidden Him from sight by dark clouds of our own making.”

“Realisation is the key to the very history of our souls. We all know what it is to suddenly see a thing in a new light—it seems a new thing.”

NEW YEAR.

Oh, glad New Year, we welcome thee!
For thou art spotless, pure, and free
From all o’er which we grieve.
We gaze on thee with joy and say:
“We will begin afresh to-day
Truth’s victory to achieve.”

The page we turn is clean and white;
Oh, may the words which Time shall write
A fitting record leave!

FLORENCE M. SOLOMON.
GUARDING ONE'S SELF.

It is unscientific to revile, accuse, or condemn. If you are going to make your science practical, you must declare only Good. It is always the best policy. The man who strikes back at an adversary will keep up the quarrel and get many other wounds and bruises. It takes two to make a quarrel; never make one of the two.

When you are accused and abused, praise your adversaries. It is scientific. The true resistance is in the silence. Take out and keep out of your own heart all bitterness, denunciation, anger, and envy, and you will be armed against all the devils in other people. The only way you can be hurt from without is to open your own door and let the outsider come inside of your own sanctuary. Keep your own light within and you are in no danger.

"But I just can't stand it." Oh yes—you can. It will be easy after you have practised it awhile. You will find non-resistance powerful and practical.

It is the only weapon fit for the warfare against error.

When you recognise opposition, you lend it your own power.—Wisdom of the Ages.

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No man ruleth safely, but he that is willingly ruled. No man speaks safely, but he that holds his peace willingly.—Thomas à Kempis.

WRONG THINKING.

Wrong thinking, whatever its nature, leaves indelible scars on mind and body alike. It affects character and material prospects equally. Every time you grumble or find fault; every time you lose your temper; every time you do a mean, contemptible thing, you suffer a loss which cannot be repaired. You lose a certain amount of power, of self-respect, and of an uplifting and upbuilding character-force. You are conscious of your loss, too, which tends to weaken you still further.

A business man will find that, every time he gets out of sorts, flies into a rage, or "goes all to pieces" when things go wrong, he is not only seriously injuring his health, but is also crippling his business. He is making himself repellent; he is driving away success.

A man who wants to do his best must keep himself in good mental trim. If he would achieve the highest success he must be a correct thinker. He cannot think discord and bring harmonious conditions into his business. His wrong thought will honeycomb and undermine his prospects in life.

O. S. Marsden.

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"The word that once escapes the tongue cannot be recalled."—Metastasio.

Each word we speak has infinite effects.

Charles Kingsley.
THE "LIGHT OF REASON" GATHERINGS.

At a meeting of the West London Group on November the 19th, Mrs. Amos read a paper on "Ideals," which was well received, and elicited much helpful conversation. She commenced by saying:—"We have come here tonight as practical men and women with really one Ideal in common (whatever different views we may have), and that is to more fully realise the God within us, to bring our everyday life of commonplace duties into a closer relation with that Ideal." She then went on to say that work should be done in love, and not as a labour, and that love and duty should blend.

The Birmingham group held their second meeting on Tuesday, November the 24th, at the Pitman Hotel, where a room has been secured for future meetings. The Secretary reports that a harmonious evening was spent, and the members were all deeply in earnest. It was unanimously agreed that the meetings be held monthly—on the first Tuesday in each month.

The North London Group had a happy meeting on December the 3rd.

A Group is formed in Bradford (Yorks.).

We have received applications for the formation of Groups from the following centres:—Sheffield; Manchester; Barrow in Furness; Leicester; St. Albans; Cheltenham; Gloucester; Weston-super-Mare; Hyde; Weymouth; Plymouth; Banbury; Torquay; Paignton; Newcastle-on-Tyne; Bolton; Kidderminster; Newark; Mansfield; Macclesfield; Blackburn; West Hartlepool; Bolton; Derby; Great Shelford, Cambs.; Ottery St. Mary; Brecon; Birkenhead; Bootle; Okehampton; Longton, Essex; Reading; Brantree; Ventnor, I.W.; Abingdon, Berks.; Brighton; Jarrow-on-Tyne; Norwich; North Walsham, Norfolk; and Chicago, U.S.A.

Groups will be formed in these places when more names reach us. Readers wishing to join should write to the Editor.

Arrangements are being made to enable the Editor to speak to the combined London Groups and other readers of THE LIGHT OF REASON in the month of February. Particulars will be given in our next issue.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The New Thought Simplified, by Henry Wood, is the latest and one of the most useful of this prolific writer's works. It is more simple than his former works, and is so far more valuable, there being a decided gain in the clearness of the expression. The book deals with a variety of phases of the Higher Thought in twenty-three short chapters, and an Appendix, entitled "Mental and Spiritual Gymnastic Exercises," which consists of twelve "Suggestive Lessons," which are really meditations on the Higher Life which can be applied by the reader. The book is a valuable addition to Spiritual literature, and will help to remove some of the haziness which surrounds the Higher Thought. We have added the book to our stock, and it can be obtained from the Savoy Publishing Company, price 3s. 9d. post free.

Some Elements Towards the All-One-Mind of Knowledge and Belief, by William Routh, M.A. Published by Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. In the 229 pages of closely-printed matter comprising this book, the author has introduced such a mass of theological speculations as is rarely found between the covers of one volume. Only occasionally does he descend to the realm of actuality, but he discourses learnedly and persuasively in the realm of speculative opinion, and in such a manner as will doubtless prove fascinating to those of a theorising turn of mind. He seeks to reconcile Faith and Reason, but are not Faith and Reason eternally reconciled?

The Art of Being Healthy, by Rev. Charles A. Hall. Published by Alexander Gardner, Paisley; price 1s. This is a companion volume to "The Art of Being Happy," by the same author. It is an artistic little book, and the contents will prove helpful to those who are not acquainted with the larger works dealing with health from the mental and physical standpoints. The author enlarges upon the primary necessity for a healthy mind, and then proceeds to a consideration of the physical conditions necessary for bodily health. He gives good advice.
REVIEWS OF MAGAZINES.

"Buddhism" is a new Quarterly, edited by Bhikhu Ananda Maitriya, and published by the International Buddhist Society. As its title implies, it is devoted to the propagation of the Buddhist tenets. It is a voluminous magazine of 175 pages, beautifully printed on excellent paper. It is richly and profusely illustrated, and all the articles are of a high literary standard. Among its contributors are C. A. F. Rhys Davids, M.A., Dr. Karl Eugen Neumann, and Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E. The latter contributes an original poem entitled "The Golden Temple," which is a rare poetical gem. "The Faith of the Future," an article in three parts, by the Editor, is a masterly piece of composition, and is rich in profound reasoning and persuasive eloquence.

"Animism or Agnosticism?" by Moung Po Me, is another article lucidly explaining the fundamental teaching of Buddhism. "The Women of Burma," by M. M. Hla Oung, describes, in language glowing with enthusiasm and admiration, the beautiful life lived by the Burmese women, and the advanced social liberty which they enjoy. Dr. Giuseppe De Lorenzo contributes a most original article on "Buddhist Ideas in Shakespeare," in which he introduces copious quotations from our immortal dramatist. There are other articles and poems of deep interest and superior literary excellence. Nowhere in the journal is there to be found any manifestation of bitterness. Its tone is subdued, peaceful, and bears upon it the impress of Love and Goodwill. The piece which we have this month reprinted from its pages will convey to our readers some idea of its spirit. Those of our readers who send for the Journal will be richly repaid. It can be obtained of the International Buddhist Society, Rangoon, Burma, and its price is 3s.

Formerly this leaf, containing reviews of books, etc., has not been paged as part of the Journal, but from this time forward it will be included as part of the Journal, and will appear in the bound volumes.

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