

# THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Practical Application of Mental Science  
in Every Day Living.

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class matter, August 9, 1899.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low-vaulted past.  
Let each new mansion, nobler than thy last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine out-grown shell  
By life's unresting sea.—Holmes "The Nautilus."

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Ramsey Block, Sioux Falls, S. D. }

## LOVE IS ALL.

Let Labor boldly walk abroad  
And take its place with kings,  
For who has labored more than God,  
The maker of all things?

The time has come, aye, even now it is,  
To rank that parable in Genesis  
Of God's great curse of labor placed on man,  
With other fairy fables. Why, He began  
All work Himself! He was so full of force  
He flung the solar systems on their course  
And builded worlds on worlds; and, not content,  
He labors still: when mighty suns are spent,  
He forges on His white-hot anvil—space—  
New stars to tell His glory and His grace.

Who most achieves is most like God, I hold;  
The idler is the black sheep in the fold.

Not for the hardened toiler with the hoe  
My tears of sorrow and compassion flow.  
Though he be dull, unlettered and not fair  
To look upon; tho' he is bowed with care,  
Yet in his heart if dear love fold its wings,  
He stands a monarch over unloved kings.

One sorrow only in God's world has birth—  
To live unloving and unloved on earth;  
One joy alone makes life a part of heaven—  
The joy of happy love, received and given.

Down through the chaos of our human laws  
Love shines supreme, the great Eternal Cause.  
God loved so much His thoughts burst into flame,  
And from that sacred source Creation came.  
The heart which feels this holy light within  
Finds God and man and beast and bird its kin.  
All class distinctions fade and disappear.  
Death is new life, and heaven he sees a-near.  
Brother is he to "ox" and "seraphim,"  
"Slave to the wheel," mayhap, yet kings to him,  
And millionaires, seem paupers, if from them  
Life has withheld its luminous great gem.  
Or if his badge be sceptre, hoe or hod,  
That man is king who knows that love is God.  
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

### Lesson XI.

#### FOLLOWING DESIRE.

When a man first begins to believe that he is *all* good and his desires the expression of the law, he finds himself in the peculiar state of mind described by Paul: "When I would do good behold evil is present with me." He *cannot* rid himself of the belief that some of his desires are "evil." Many of his desires *seem* to point so evidently in the wrong direction. His desires appear to be divided against themselves. And they are.

The beliefs in good and evil, God and Devil, have *all* been built into his being, and *each* set of beliefs has its own peculiar attractions or desires. "As a man thinks so *is* he," and his desires are the at-

traction of his *thoughts* for *more* thoughts which will affinitize.

Man, by *thinking* there are two powers in the universe, opposites of each other, has *built* two opposites within himself; has made himself a *dual* being, a good and evil being, with two kinds of desires to match. The man with the most *thoughts of evil* has the most evil desires—"as he thinks."

But the man's *thoughts only* are dual; man himself is a *unit*, one with "the Father;" one altogether good being. In proportion as he *recognizes* this fact will he build *good only* into his mental mansion, his "house not made with hands," his *body*; and in that same proportion will his *desires* be good.

*Recognition of good is the only possible means of salvation from evil.*

ALL IS GOOD is the Idea which will transform man by re-newing his *mind*, which is the builder and ruler of his body. The *all is good* idea is the *real* savior of mankind; the Christ of this age. And truly this second coming of Christ is universal—"from the east even unto the west."

It is *not* a man's *efforts* at "overcoming the lower self," that will save him from one iota of "sin." He may develop will power enough to prevent his

## Sioux Falls, South Dak.

Is now My Address.

Please make a note of that  
and save delay in forwarding  
mail. : : : : : : :

"evil desires" from gratifying, or "expressing" themselves for a time; but they are *there*, deep down in his consciousness like caged beasts only awaiting opportunity, which, sooner or later, *comes*. They were born and bred in him, and grew up within him, by *simple recognition*—"as a man *thinks*."

And the *only* way he can *ever* entirely dislodge them from himself is by displacing them with *recognition of their opposite*.

It is a man's *ideas* that form him and transform him; his *faith* that saves him, *not* his *works*. Fight till doomsday the "evil" demons that are in you, and they will but fight back, and, like all hunted creations, grow more fierce and destructive. *Your recognition of them keeps them alive*—"as a man *thinks*."

A starved animal is more dangerous than a well fed one; so a starved evil desire is more dangerous, more active, than a gratified propensity. A caged animal, sleek and fat, gives little trouble and finally dies comfortably of old age. An evil propensity *gratified* at the time and then ignored till next time it calls, will *sleep* just as a gorged animal will, between times, giving little trouble. And in due time it will die out entirely leaving no progeny, *if* you do not keep life in it by *recognition*, by continually *thinking* about it. And

let me tell you that *every* thought of *regret* and *self-censure* keeps it alive just so much longer. *Every* moment you spend "groping among the shadows of old sins," postpones the hour of your freedom. Learn to *gratify* your "evil" desires; *forgive* yourself; *forget*; and *set your mind on things above*.

It is the *setting your mind on things above* that will eventually redeem you from *all evil consciousness, within and without*. Recognition of *good* will transform you, and *nothing* else can. There is only one important thing in life—to *think good*. The *Idea* of good is the Saviour, the Christ, the Redeemer.

"We grow like that which we think upon." When the idea of good comes to us we *grow* to "be like Him, (the idea of good)" *for* we see Him as He is."

To gratify desire, good or ill, is the quickest way to leave the thought force free for the projection of *higher* desires.

Keep in mind the saving truth that *desire is good* and free yourself as fast as you *can* to follow desire.

## I AM THE SUN OF GOD.

"THE LORD OUR GOD IS A CONSUMING FIRE."

Did you ever notice that the sun makes no special effort to destroy that which is not fit to live? The same steady shine which gives life to the growing plant causes fermentation, death and transmutation to everything which is *cut off* from the source of its life.

As soon as I learned that I am the Sun of God I knew that I need make no special effort to destroy "evil", the "carnal mind." I saw that I had simply to *shine*, like Old Sol, and the radiation from me would transmute mind and body and environment for me.

That conception afforded me infinite relief. I saw that all the good I had been so assiduously endeavoring to force *into* myself was already mine if I would only "let my light shine" to ripen it.

I discovered also that to let my light shine is a matter of *choice*, not feeling, so I *chose* to let the light shine out from my solar center and I abandoned myself to that radiation. No more worry for me, over "evil" thoughts or acts. I just *let* the Sun shine upon them.

I discovered that Jesus of Nazareth had a level head—"I say unto you that ye *resist not evil*", is the very acme of wisdom.

I had pondered often and long upon that injunction of his, without being able to see the philosophy of it, and I simply *could not* obey it.

Why? Because *I am good and must*, from the compulsion of my own law of being, be forever "set over against" evil. If I know no better way of getting rid of evil than to fight it, then fight I must. But the more I fight the greater the evil will grow.

At last, in sheer despair I may be still and *think*; when I will see that non-resistance will conquer where resistance worse than fails.

Do you see yet *why* this is so? The Solar Plexus is the radiating center of life, the center from



which flows the Divine energy, love, that can overcome (cause to "come over") all evil. We can overcome evil with good; we can love our enemies into friends; we can "overcome" them; i. e., cause them to "come over."

Please remember that love is not sentimental gush; it is not a matter of words; but it is a steady radiation of good will, from the solar center, and may or may not be expressed in word or deed. But it will be expressed in either word or deed as the need of the "enemy" calls it forth. But whether expressed or not, that steady, silent radiation of Good Will, or Love, will transmute enemies into friends, "evil" into good, just as certainly as the sun rays will make pure that which was impure.

This being true, the one thing necessary is, to let the Solar center radiate Good Will all the time.

Until we understand and take control of ourselves, every thought that passes through the mind affects the action of the Solar Plexus. Thoughts that are pleasant to us cause the center to open and radiate Good Will, or Love. Every unpleasant thought causes it to contract; thus shutting off the supply of good will, love, life, from the body, brain and environment.

Non-resistant thought expands the solar plexus; resistant thought contracts it. Now do you see what a good scientist Jesus was?

"And I say unto you that ye resist not evil". If a man would have you go a mile with him, go two miles willingly; let your good will radiate; and by the time you have finished the second mile his solar plexus will be vibrating with yours, and you will both be the wiser and more loving for your journey.

But that will depend upon how you take his invitation or command. You can go under protest, asserting your own righteousness and his injustice; in which event he will conquer you and you will have obeyed the letter but not the spirit of Jesus' injunction.

Or you may envelope yourself with the air of a martyr—which is mighty thin covering, by the way—and go with him because it's your "duty" to do a lot of unpleasant things you would much rather leave undone. This is the air lots of women assume with their husbands and children—the injured air. They go a mile—oh, yes, two miles, or three—with their brows uplifted and their lips pursed up with "prunes and prisms," and a very loud humility of manner. All of which brings the inconsiderate husband or children to time—for a time. They feel that they have committed the unpardonable sin, and hasten to humble themselves and make amends. But by and by they become hardened—and the last state is worse than the first. You see it is not so much the thing you do as the way you do it.

I said, before we understand and take command of ourselves every thought passing through the mind either expands or contracts the solar center of being. We must learn to control the action of the solar plexus just as we learn to control the action of the fingers in learning to play the piano; by thought and careful exercise.

Anybody can play the piano who will, and anybody can learn self-control who really wants to. And when he really wants to he will. Until that time you might just as well let him alone. As long as a man prefers to let his solar plexus flop around like a weathercock on a squally day, registering all the silly, thoughtless or malicious things his neighbor may say, why just let him flop. He will get tired of such buffetings by and by, and begin to control himself and his "feelings". Nobody can do it for him.

"Practice makes perfect." He who puts in the most time in faith-full practice will accomplish most in the shortest time. The man who puts in

an hour a day in practicing "concentration" exercises and then lives the remainder of his time on the old plan of resentment and resistance, will not make half the progress of the man who spends little or no time in "exercises", but endeavors to put his good will into each act and thought of the day, every day in the week.

Every experience, little or big, is an "exercise" for developing concentration. You no more need special hours for the development than a cat needs two tails. Put your mind and good will into what you are doing, and re-put it every time you catch it flying the track.

Make up your mind to keep your light shining, your solar center expanded, no matter what happens or how you "feel." Of course you can't do it at first, any more than you can play the piano by simply "making up your mind" to do it. Your hands will get out of position and your fingers will persist in being thumbs, but nevertheless if your mind is made up, you will keep at it until you teach your hands to keep their correct positions and your fingers to touch the keys daintily and truly, without the least thought from you.

Just so with the solar plexus: by practice you can teach your solar center to radiate good will, no matter what is happening outside of you or within, or how much your thought may be occupied with other things.

That is heaven, Sweetheart, where I am. And the door is wide open—with "welcome" written above.

"Let your light so shine that men may see your good works—your love-sun shines—and glorify your I am God which is in heaven."

### PRESTO, CHANGE.

Look again, Sweetheart. Here I am away up in Sioux Falls, a very much alive little city in the "land of the Dakotahs", the land of fine autumns, forty-below-zero winters and divorces.

I like my new location—haven't been homesick at all. Oregon is not the only state after all, nor Portland the only city. I thought there was no place like home however, when we were whisking along over the barren sands and gravel and sage brush of Idaho and Wyoming. The prairie lands of Nebraska and Iowa were not altogether desirable, though the fields of grain and the trees did seem inviting after the aforementioned desert.

Omaha reminded me of Portland, and its beautiful exposition grounds and buildings are worth journeying half-way across the continent to see. I happened (?) to visit them on a special night. The brilliant scene and music are something long to be remembered. Omaha and Sioux Falls are the only places I saw that seemed home-like to me.

I am near neighbor now to lots of my sweethearts who used to seem a long way off. And the ones I left behind me are just as near as ever. I am omni-present you know. Call me Sweetheart, and I will answer just as quickly as ever.

### NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Cato, at 80 years of age, learned the Greek language.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Plutarch, when between 70 and 80, began the study of Latin.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his 50th year.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the age of 115 wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Dryden, in his 68th year commenced the translation of the Iliad, his most pleasing production.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was

unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past 50.

Boccaccio was 35 years old when he commenced his studies of light literature, yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spellman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between 50 and 60 years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

We could cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, either for a livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say. "I am too old to learn."—Penny Magazine.

### HEALING WATERS.

One of my favorite methods of training myself was to imagine some extreme situation, and how I should be obliged to rise to the emergency, then act at other times when there was no emergency as though there were—e. g., if I felt very dull, stupid, heavy, or even in pain, I would think how quickly I should jump up if the house were on fire or someone were dying and wanted me. Then I would act in the ordinary things of life from that standpoint saying, "If I could do it once under extreme circumstances, I can do it always now that I know the power to do it is always within me. Not that I did so every time, but it was a decided change of attitude, and was acted up to many times, and is used today upon things which are comparatively as far ahead of me now as those were in those days.

And under and through all the vagaries of my thinking I would come back to the affirmations. Even when I could not move for hours because of pain or weakness, still I affirmed "I am power"—not to make myself well, but solely because I must use thought to do true thinking.

As diet and hygiene had been such powerful forces in my life, it was but natural that I should turn my attention to them first to see how much power they really had.

For instance, during the first weeks, I was eating rice pudding one day for luncheon, and after tasting it poured some cream over it. It was not sufficiently palatable as it was.

I suddenly realized what I was doing, which was, that I was following my sense of taste only, and not the needs of hunger. It was rather a shock to me, for I had always believed myself to be a very simple eater.

On the spot I resolved to break that habit, and for days ate nothing unless I could eat it without any seasoning of any sort (except salt)—potatoes without sauce, gravy or butter; porridge and all cereals without any dressing whatever; and bread without butter, jam or anything to help it on its downward way.

The first day I simply could not eat anything, but by dinner-time the next night I could eat dry bread and plain boiled potatoes with a relish. After that night I kept my regime for some days until I could eat anything with enjoyment. Many times after that I did it, and gloried in the sense of freedom which it gave me.

Always I had been very dependent upon having my meals regularly. It had been one of my strongest beliefs I had had. Regularity was an absolute necessity to a healthy condition of body—much or little, it must be taken regularly.

One day not long after this I was driving and could not get my luncheon at the usual hour. At first I grew very faint, and said to myself, "I cannot go on, I must stop and get something to eat." Immediately I remembered and said, "If I am all-



powerful over the body, why must I eat at a certain hour or be faint? Spirit never feels faint, and I am spirit, and can use this body of mine as I wish."

In a few moments I had an exquisite sense of satisfaction, mental and physical, and waited quite easily until dinner-time. After that I used to eat just when it was the most convenient to me and to others—sometimes living very regularly for weeks, and again utterly disregarding regularity. In all this I had no idea of trying to do without eating altogether. I only wished to be free to eat how, what, and when I would.

The same with exercise and fresh air. I saw that if one must have fresh air all day and plenty of exercise, or be ill or exhausted, he was making that a power over him, and I began to break down my belief in their power over me little by little, it is true, yet surely. Besides I saw that it was a wrong belief as much as to believe that food could hurt one.

The summer and autumn were past and winter nearly over. And what had I at the end of the eight months of altered thinking to show as results? I was very contented, I disliked no one nor anything, many of my fears were gone, I worried much less, I was daily growing out of my sensitiveness, my heart troubled me but rarely, and my neuralgia was entirely gone. Naturally, I thought I was doing well enough. In fact, I was very much better in health of body than I had dreamed of being when I first began to study.

So far I had not been able to talk about it. I could say that thought made one ill or well, but I could not theoretically prove it. Nor could I speak enthusiastically of it. I was proving it practically every day of my life, but all the recognition it received from others was, "Mrs. Gillen will kill herself; I never saw anything like it." To me: "You are mad, you know; how long do you think you can go on at this pace?" "You'll drop dead some day, and then what about your science?" "Wait until I do," I always answered.—*Expression.*

## NOW

### A PRAYER TO MYSELF.

Myself, I am in heaven. I am blessed. My kingdom has come. My will is done on earth, my heaven. I every day receive my daily bread, and I forgive my errors, as well as those of my brothers and sisters. I am not led into temptation. There is no evil. Mine own is my kingdom, my power, and my glory—forever and ever. I AM GOD.

—G. H. G.

"Everything is formed out of the raw material by the efforts of the individualizing soul. Wisdom is not given us ready-made by the Divine Purpose, but we build it through experience, thought by thought.—L. A. MALLORY.

"You are owned by the thought you cultivate."

"Feeling ill" is the reflex of "ill feeling."—LUCY A. MALLORY.

My word will correct any sort of inharmony, mental or "physical," or environmental.

It is useless to write and ask me if I can cure this disease or that. Sweetheart, you know more about what I can do for you than I do.

"The soul is an eddy in the infinite sea of universal force. This center is subject to the ebb and flow of the universal life—to birth and death—until it learns to *retain its own poise*. When this is accomplished, may it not circle forever within its own orbit, without being sufficiently deflected from its course to cause death—a separation of the poles of life?"—W. E. TOWNE.

He is greatest and best who can  
Worship Allah by loving man.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

## REST.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere.  
'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife;  
Flitting to ocean  
After this life  
'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,  
And this is true rest.

—GOETHE.

—The surest way to grow in the new thought is to quit trying. You can no more *make* yourself grow than you can lift yourself by your own bootstraps. But you *can be still* and let yourself grow. When you get a new idea don't clutch it like a drowning man a straw. As long as you do hang on to it like that it will be just about as useful to you as a straw to one drowning. You are not drowning anyhow, and you are not in need of salvation. You are a growing soul, planted *just* in the right spot for the present, and all the materials you need for future growth ready at hand. So quit struggling and striving. Sweetheart. *Be still* and look about you and try to *understand* things—that is, let things teach you the "why, whence and whither" of themselves. *Everything* about you is an *idea* seeking entrance to your consciousness. Just as the retina of the eye mirrors the objects about you,

Treatment for personal development and success, One Dollar a month.

## MY WORD

will wake you to the realization you desire.

so your *attention* photographs for eternity whatever it sees. If you are forever striving and straining you get a poor impression, just as if you keep a camera moving when you are taking a picture. If you are quiet mentally your attention is correctly focussed and you receive a perfect picture, or *idea*. This idea is no dead thing. It is an eternal, living entity and *does its own work in you*. If you will just *be still* it will find its place in your consciousness as quickly as possible and with as little pain as may be. It will relate *itself* to all the other *ideas* which have found a home within you before, and the result is a wider knowledge and new ideas *born within you*; in other words, you will have grown by the *assimilation* of new truth. If you resist—if you *fight* the new idea that your *attention* has received the new idea will do its work just the same; *but with pain to you*, pain born of your resistance. And, because the new idea was compelled to overcome your resistance before it could change you, your growth is not only painful, but slow. "We grow by what we *receive*, not by what we *reject*." He who receives readily grows fast and suffers little.

—We used to have two dogs, long since passed to their reward "according to the deeds done in the flesh," that are a great source of amusement to me even yet. These two dogs, one of which was the ugliest and best hearted dog I ever knew, used to make the welkin ring every moonlight night. Bootjacks, stovewood, old shoes, etc., fired at them from second-story windows only caused their

duet to be punctuated with occasional yelps. Bay they would, and bay they did, until the moon quit staring at them. Lots of human beings remind me of those two fool dogs. The first person that ever reminded me of them was Her Majesty Myself. I was anything but a Majesty though, in those days. All because, like Preece and Carlo, I spent much of my time perched on an eminence in my own mind, baying at the moon—lamenting that the bright and beautiful *realization* I desired was such a long way out of reach. All sorts of hard experiences struck me, fired by the Law of Attraction. They hurt and I cried out. By and by I took the hint and made myself scarce. I came down off my perch, and bent my energies to doing the best I could with things I found nearest to me. It came to pass a great many times, that when I'd happen to think of the things I wanted to realize and could not I'd do just as those blessed dogs did—drop everything else and fool away my time wailing. But somebody's metaphorical bootjack would bring me again to a realization of *the present*. In time I very nearly forgot all about the unattained; when, lo, I discovered that all that concentration of mind upon the present had brought to me the very things I had desired and thought impossible of attainment. Wherefore I say unto you, do the nearest thing well, instead of wailing over what you *can't* do.

—"The financial success materialized promptly as you said it would."

"It is only those who are constantly creating Hell who are afraid of going there."—L. A. M.

"O for the self-control to stand by and see some one make a mistake, as I think, and not meddle."—H. O. P.

—This number of the The Nautilus completes the first volume and closes a splendidly successful year.

—In moving I forgot The Nautilus' head-gear and haven't had time to send for it. Hence the borrowed one.

"That chronic bowel trouble is very much better. Almost cured. For which I feel very thankful to you and your *Word*."

"Nature never desires *Anything* until the object desired is actually needed! Have you ever thought of this?"—NAGEL.

—I tell you, Sweetheart, *I am* success and my treatments are ditto. I could fill the whole paper with testimonials on that line.

—My lessons on the Constitution of Man will soon be published in book form. Somebody suggests that I write his by-laws next!

"Your month's treatment for Mr. B's financial success did him so much good that he has induced me to send to you. He sold out to great advantage."

"I cannot thank you enough for the good your treatment did my mother. She has been quite different ever since, and perhaps I have been different, too."

—Esoteric vibrations, by Mrs. Hortense Jordan, 32 Summit Ave., Lynn, Mass., is a concise statement of the principle of success treatment. See ad in another column.

—The faculty of approbateness is called a "moral" faculty, but, until it is trained to be satisfied with *self*-approbation it is productive of more *im*-morality than morality.

—My terms for treatment are one to ten dollars a month, according to your ability to pay. First month's treatment and one year's subscription to The Nautilus for one dollar.

—"Please find enclosed one dollar for another month's treatment. I am *so much* better since you began treating me. I have read The Nautilus and think your lessons are grand."



—"The month's treatment has improved affairs greatly. My son is very pleasant, takes great interest in the business and says he will pull us through alright. Inclosed is money for another month."

—"If people would occupy the time they now spend in preaching Hell, in keeping it out of their own beings, Hell would soon disappear—there would be none left either to go to or to carry around with them."—L. A. MALLORY.

—"Your treatment is a *grand success*. I am, from now on, an enthusiastic advocate of "absent treatment." I *know* that you are helping Mrs. M. I received a letter from her the other day in which she speaks of the benefit she is receiving from you."

—"The cure for heartache is to be found in occupations which take us away from our petty self-regardings, our self-pityings, our morbid broodings, and which connect our life with other lives and with other affairs, or merge our individual interest in the larger whole."—C. G. AMES.

—"If you have not read The Ladies' Home Journal for September, get it and read "The Confessions of a Worrier," by Mary Boardman Page. It is a fine, practical mental science essay and the practice advocated is sure cure for more things than worry.

—"Your letter did me so much good. To think I am a sun—why, I am too happy for anything! And I have not been blue since writing you. I suppose it must shine in my face for now, instead of coming and going without a word and with a troubled face, my husband stops with a smile and a loving word, and I am so happy."

—"Received sample copy of The Nautilus. Enclosed please find fifty cents for subscription. In this August number, on third page, I find a paragraph which is worth the price of the paper over and over and over. I refer to, 'So many people complain of being tired in the morning,' etc. I at once adopted your suggestion and can report favorably."

—"A reader of The World's Advance-Thought inquires: "What do you believe in, Mrs. Mallory? What is your religious belief?" We believe in everything that is. Our religious belief is that everything—from the most degraded human being to the most infinitesimal insect, earth, air, fire, water, mineral, vegetable, all that is—is tending God-ward or Goodward, and that nothing will fail in its purpose of Eternal Progression."—L. A. MALLORY.

—"I am sure that you know that all is well with Mr. J., but wish you to know just how I appreciate your kindness, and yet I am unable to put it into words. Perhaps you can understand how we feel about it. Dr. G. cannot understand why he has had no pain, but I can. They got through the operation nicely. He knows nothing of science and yet he is willing to give you the credit for the perfect rest and no pain. He says he cannot account for it otherwise."

—"It makes me smile to see how many people want to see my photo. I used to think it a silly vanity that prompted the "Pacific Coast Evangelists" to print their pictures on all sorts of things, but I am beginning to sympathize. I like to gratify people's desires when I can. But photos for all my Sweethearts are out of the question. You might be disappointed, anyway. But I *am* a good walking ad for what I teach and as such I wouldn't mind your seeing me.

—"Mind and Thought", by Alma Gillen of London is an attractive collection of essays which will repay careful perusal. Concentration, Perfection,

Thoughts and Beliefs, and What I Believe, are the subjects treated—treated in a practical way that appeals to every student of mind. In another column of THE NAUTILUS is an article by Mrs. Gillen, clipped from Expression. Note the first portion of that article and see how well it accords with my experience as related in a former paper. In the article mentioning Lady Henry Somerset.

—"You say, the only immutable law is that of attraction. Your wiser half, Y. J. S., says there is also a law of repulsion. Are you both right? Then do you consider the laws of being as inherent properties of life or as productions of a voluntary energy?"

Repulsion is the lack of attraction, simply a phenomena of the one law. Drop a stone into a pond and it will go to the bottom. There is attraction between it and the earth at the bottom of the pond. Drop a rubber ball into the pond and it will fly back to the surface, *not* because the earth repels it, but because the attraction is not strong enough to draw the ball through the intervening water. It is the *one immutable law* which operates in both cases. Of course there is a law of repulsion, but it is made by the action of the one immutable law of attraction. \* \* \* That same *one law love*, and is inherent in every atom of the universe, just as heat is inherent in every fiber of wood. As is the action of atoms of a higher rate of vibration (fire) upon wood *releases* the heat, so the action of atom upon atom produces *recognition* of love, or consciousness. There is only *one law* of being, the law of love. This law is inherent. But *voluntary* energy, i. e., man, has made unto himself many other laws, which, as his intelligence increases, will be by himself repealed.

—"I wish to know whether you advise man and wife parting. I want to grow and develope into something better, but with a partner who thinks the traditions of the fathers are enough for him, I sometimes feel it is more than I can bear, with all the hard work I have to do, and the little appreciation, and withal so much poverty. Oh, advise me what to do. I will follow your advice feeling safe to do so."

My advice isn't worth a row of pins. Just advise *yourself*, Sweetheart. "Listen to thyself" and do what thine own heart prompts. Follow your own *desires*. You are not *compelled* to leave you husband in order to develope into something better. He cannot hinder your growth a moment. You are your own mistress and live the life you *choose* to live, no matter where you are. If you *choose* to conform yourself to the conventional idea that you are tied to your husband for better or worse until death parts you, you are at liberty to stay tied. You can adjust yourself to circumstances, *be happy in them, and grow*. If you *don't* choose to stay tied to an uncongenial husband you are *just* as free to snap the bond and live somewhere else. The latter course seems to me the most reasonable, but circumstances alter cases and *you* are the judge. Every woman to her own taste. Think the thing well over, *make up your mind*, and go in to *win*. As for the lack of appreciation: appreciation is a necessary adjunct to happiness, but you can manufacture all you want of it. *Appreciate yourself*, and you will not care whether others appreciate, or not.

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