

5 no. 3, Jan, 1900

THE NAUTILUS.

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

Entered at the Post Office at Sioux Falls, S. D., as second-
class matter, October 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 the 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."

VOL. 2. } MONTHLY,
Fifty Cents a Year. }

NOVEMBER, 1899.

ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE,
Ramsey Block, Sioux Falls, S. D. } No. 1.

DESIRE.

No joy for which thy hungering heart has panted,
No hope it cherishes through waiting years,
But if thou dost deserve it, shall be granted
For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of thy being
To chord with thy dear hope, and do not tire.
When both in key and rhythm are agreeing,
Lo! thou shalt kiss the lips of thy desire.

The thing thou cravest so waits in the distance.
Wrapt in the silences, unseen and dumb;
Essential to thy soul and thy existence—
Live worthy of it—call, and it shall come.

—[ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.]

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

Lesson XII.

CONCENTRATION.

Without concentration ye can do nothing. With-
out concentration was not anything made that was
made. Without concentration will nothing ever
be made. All the force in the universe amounts to
nothing if not concentrated.

Every object in the universe from an atom to a
blazing sun, from amoeba to man, is in existence
as a result of *concentration*.

Diffusion is disintegration, death. *Concentra-
tion IS LIFE*. The greater the concentration, the
more abundant is life.

Think of the sun a moment. That is a fine
illustration of concentration. Shall I tell you how
the sun is made? I saw it made in the silence. I
don't ask you to believe that I know what I am
talking about. Believe or not, as you can. Some
day when you get into the silence yourself you will
know whether I am right or not. Right or not,
I'll tell you how the sun was formed, just as a mat-
ter of illustration.

Let us wipe out the stars, our solar system in-
cluded, from the heavens as from a great black-
board. Now look closely, Sweetheart, and see
what we have left. Space—nothing more. See?
That looks easy—don't it? But what is space?
Space is *full*—yes, *full*; of diffused energy; full of
motion without mode, or at least without the mode
that's in fashion now.

Watch a sky rocket come down and you will get
some idea of the primitive mode of motion. Re-
member that there was no up nor down in those
days—thousand year days—that these infinitely
tiny spiral, vibratory movements came from all di-
rections in a space where there *were* no directions,
and collided with each other in a most disorderly
manner, and you will get a fair idea of the chaos
that reigned before there was any sun.

Now imagine a lot of these spiral, vibratory
waves of energy, in their hilarious gambols running
bang up against each other—at a *center*! Is it
any wonder that the sparks flew? That the col-
lision makes light?

All those little, *mighty* little spirals, coming

with the velocity of *thought*, from all directions,
meet in the center of the sun. They become con-
centered, or "concentrated" there. They flow
steadily *in* to that center in *one* mode of motion;
they *strike* against each other there, are changed
by the contact and rush *out* again in *other* modes
of motion we know as "sun rays."

In turn these sun rays rush into other centers—
are concentrated in crystal, plant, animal or human
being, and again thrown off in yet other modes of
motion.

Think of how sound waves are created and you
will get an idea how this mighty in-rushing *con-
centration* of energy produces light and heat, by
contact with itself. Clap your two hands together
and you *create a motion* which is registered by the
tympanum as sound. So the meeting of these
streams of energy sets in motion the energy we
recognize as light and heat.

Now that is the way the sun is made. I am not
alarmed about the fuel giving out. Neither am I
afraid it will be too warm for me to live there if I
take a notion some day to emigrate.

Have I made too large a demand upon your
imagination, Sweetheart? You will never realize
the mysteries of creation if you cannot imagine a
lot. Imagination is the creative faculty and the
only faculty that can glimpse the mysteries of life.

* * * * *

Man is the most powerful concentrator of energy
in this world. He does not have to *learn* to con-
centrate. He is the result of ages of concentra-
tion of energy. His growth is the result of greater
concentration. He couldn't be anything else than
a concentrator if he tried, and he couldn't quit
concentrating to save his life. Or, rather, as soon
as he quits concentrating he loses his life.

It is *natural* for man to concentrate his mind; it
is unnatural for his mind to "wander." This is
proven by the fact that a little child evidences per-
fect concentration, while old people are most
afflicted with a wandering mind.

Did you ever notice how absorbed a child is in
whatever interests it? "This *one thing* I do," is its
attitude of mind. That is concentration.

The first seeds of a wandering mind are sown in
the child by compelling it to work against its will.
A parent or teacher who has the "knack" of rous-
ing *interest* in a child is working *with* the law of
its being. The child will *concentrate* knowledge
readily because its attention is held steadily in
one direction. Whereas the child who works with-
out interest, attention, concentration, is *dividing*
its interest between its task and something it
wants to do. In time this habit becomes fixed,
the mind wanders always, and finally nothing
fully interests.

When the mind scatters, the body follows, for the
two are *one*. You so often hear people say, "Noth-
ing seems to interest me." All because, unknow-
ingly, the habit of *dividing the attention* has be-
come "second nature." Such an one is never
happy nor healthy, for health and happiness are
the result of concentration.

Every adult person has contracted more or less
of this unnatural habit of dividing the attention,

and just in proportion as he indulges the habit will
he manifest dis-ease.

It is in every man's power to again "become as
a little child." And to do this he does not have
to cultivate a new habit. He simply *recalls* the
natural condition.

Whatever a man turns his *attention* upon is *con-
centrated* within him. The process is not unlike
that of photography. If his attention wanders he
receives only "under time" impressions. If his
attention is undivided, his *full* attention turned
upon any object, thought, or train of thought, he
receives a distinct impression; the object or train
of thought is *concentrated* within him.

To recall this natural attitude of attention, of
interest, is the one thing necessary to recall all the
other conditions of childhood—health, happiness,
beauty and youthful appearance. *Eternal* youth
is a result of eternal *interest* in living; the result of
continued concentration.

The secret of concentration is *interest, attention*.
If we will forget the very word "concentration"
and *practice being interest'ed*, we will find concen-
tration naturally follow.

* * * * *

All sorts of practices for concentration are good
just so long as they are interesting. The moment
you lose your *desire* for any particular practice
that practice becomes a detriment, in the same
way that compulsory work is a detriment to a
child, by conducting to the *dividing of attention*, a
"wandering mind."

The idea that there is something "wrong" with
you because you cannot fix your attention—"con-
centrate"—for several minutes upon one single
word, or because you cannot make your mind a
blank, is a most erroneous one. Such mental
gymnastics are of no earthly or heavenly value.
The *attention* is for *receiving impressions*, and
should not be held staring for five minutes at an
idea that ought to be received in the tenth part of
a second. This particular sort of practice for con-
centration I believe not only to be useless but per-
nicious in its effects. The moment that the *full*
attention has been turned upon an idea the im-
pression is clearly received.

There is no need for special drills for concen-
tration. Every thought and act of your daily liv-
ing affords opportunity for practice. Every time
you can remember to do it *put* your whole atten-
tion into the thing you are doing or thinking.
Stop and make a little address to yourself. Say,
"There is just this *one thing* for me to do; I want
to do it; I am *interested* in it; I do it with all my
mind so that it will be perfectly done with the
least outlay of energy." Thus you *put your mind*,
your attention, into it. And you *gain* time, instead
of losing, as you may imagine. Try it thoroughly
and you will be convinced. By daily practice of
this kind you will soon cultivate *control* of your at-
tention so that you can turn it wherever your in-
telligence bids it turn. Then you will find you can
fix your attention upon a train of thought at will.
The wandering mind habit will leave you. You
will *enjoy* whatever you choose to do. You will
find yourself *free to follow desire*.

THE SILENCE.

"What is the 'silence,' and how can I get into it?"—is a question oft repeated. Words have been multiplied in the attempt to answer, but still the question is reiterated. I wonder if I shall be able to make it any clearer. No writer can make it entirely clear to one who has not found the silence for himself, and when he has found it he needs no explanation. But many a soul finds the silence and does not recognize it, because he expects to find it accord with some other man's description of it.

The silence is too large to be described by any one individual. It is the source of all individuality, the home of all that is. In it we live and move and have our being. We came from the silence; we dwell in the silence; we return to the silence. Each individual finds in the silence just what is within himself, just as he finds in the world what is within himself. Is it any wonder that no man can make quite plain to another just what "the silence" is?

Suppose we try to understand first what "the silence" is not. Noise is the consciousness of conflicting vibrations. We used to have a catch question at school, which ran something like this: "If a tree were to fall in the midst of a desert, with no man or animal near, would there be any sound?" No, there would be only dead silence; because sound is produced by the striking of the etheric vibrations caused by the falling tree, upon the ear. Sound exists *all in your mind*. The waves which produce sound under certain conditions are themselves *silent*. They are born in the silence and never get out of it.

Man has five separate senses for registering etheric vibrations. There are untold numbers of vibrations too low in tone for any of these five senses to register for him; there are untold millions of vibrations too high and fine for either of his five senses to bring to his consciousness.

But the action of all these finer vibrations upon him, unconsciously to himself, is *refining* his senses, making him able to recognize finer and yet finer vibrations. We say he is developing the "sixth sense," or the seventh, or that he is growing in intelligence.

This new sense, like every other sense, is developed by DESIRE. "Whatsoever ye DESIRE believe that it is for you and ye shall have it." DESIRE is attraction. Whatsoever things you desire you attract from the whole universe, create and uncreate.

The silence is full of the vibrations of all wisdom, and you dwell in the silence. All wisdom is in the silence for you, and YOU are in the silence with it. It matters not how much noise you are conscious of, you are in the silence. *Be still and know.*

Some people have the idea that to get into the silence is to get where there is no sound; to get into a blank state of mind where one is conscious of nothing. Never was a greater mistake. There is far more to hear and see and smell and taste and touch in the silence than was ever in the noise. You can hear things in the silence that you can't hear at all in the noise, but there is nothing in the noise that you can't hear in the silence if you want to. *All things are in the silence.*

To be conscious of anything in the silence is to be conscious of *harmonious sound*, the "music of the spheres" from atom to sun. To be conscious of anything in the noise is to be conscious of *inharmonious sound*.

In the silence there is only harmony, and out of the silence comes all noise. Paradoxical, isn't it? But true, as paradoxes are.

I will tell you how inharmony proceeds from harmony. Remember that *only in consciousness*

is there *ever* inharmony. In the silence, in *reality*, there is no shadow of discord.

Suppose last night I had gone to the long distance telephone office and asked to be connected with the finest concert in Chicago and at the same time could have been connected with the best music to be rendered in St. Paul. I have two good ears—why not use them at the same time? So I place one receiver at my left ear and one at my right. And the bands begin to play. But they don't both play "Annie Rooney!"

What kind of an evening do you suppose I'd have? How much harmony would I hear? And yet there is no lack of harmony and in *reality* there is no discord between the two concerts.

Now that is precisely the way inharmony comes into human consciousness. We hear too many things at once.

The remedy is to take universal harmony for granted, and listen to one thing at a time. To do this requires self control. There is an almighty temptation to try to see or hear everything at once. A hundred things, visible and invisible, audible and inaudible, attract our attention and keep it veering round like a weathervane on a blustery day.

But this need not be. By practice we can hold attention upon one thing at a time; and the accomplishment of this self-control gives us harmony in consciousness.

To be so controlled is to be in heaven, "in the silence"—in the consciousness of the pure harmony that is everywhere present.

No one will ever get into the silence by striving. "Holding a thought" by force of will avails little if anything. "*Be still and know*" is the secret of it all. "I AM in the silence, no matter how I feel," is the best idea you can "hold." Only don't hold it at all. *Let the idea hold you.* It will. And it will cause you to realize the truth in due time. Keep cool, Sweetheart, and let yourself come into a knowledge of the silence.

Now when I was standing there in the telephone office with two receivers at my two ears, what kind of thoughts do you suppose I had, and what kind of feelings? Do you suppose I thought of anything beautiful or sublime? Do you suppose I felt kind and loving? Do you suppose I conceived an immortal poem or made a great discovery that will benefit mankind? No, I felt cross and the longer I listened the crosser I felt. Of course I felt cross—two sets of vibrations, harmonious in themselves were crossing each other in my mind, and I felt that way. Resentment, resistance, anger, malice, revenge, succeeded each other within me. I did not want anything beautiful or sublime I wanted to set things straight. I wanted to smash things generally instead of discovering things. And then I felt that I was "wicked" for having such thoughts and feelings. I tried to stop them, but without avail. Just when I was condemning myself the most bitterly, time was called for St. Paul, and I heard only the Chicago music. I forgot all about my resentment and self-condemning, so wrapt did I become in the sweet strains. My mind grew quiet, my feelings delightful. Beautiful ideas came to me, poetic fancies, loving thoughts and "good" impulses.

* * * * *

Our feelings and our thoughts are alike the result of what we recognize. If you want unhappy thoughts and feelings, recognize noise—recognize discord—see good and evil—imagine things are "against" you. They are not. *All things work together for your good.* But you are free to recognize the opposite if you choose. And you will reap all the unpleasant thoughts and feelings of such recognition.

Or you are free to shut "your ears from hearing of evils"; you can remember that:

"All nature is but art thou dost not know;
All chance direction which thou canst not see;
All discord harmony not understood;
All partial evil universal good."

That simple remembering will make you conscious in due time of the wonderful harmonies of The Silence.

ANENT FEELINGS.

"I want to forget that I have any feelings. I agree with all you have said in THE NAUTILUS anent sensitiveness, and I do try, and to an extent do control my feelings. I think this very thing intensifies me when I am overcome. It is a sort of chemicalization. I can feel the solar plexus contract tight, and the secretions of the stomach becoming poisoned. It is mental and physical hell to me. I judge myself as impartially as anyone could, and I know that my future well-being demands that I get rid of "feelings" once and for all. That there is no shadow of reason for cultivating them I know. In short, that I am not an abused individual, but a fool for allowing myself to be swayed by my emotions. And yet, when the time comes it seems as if my will were chained and I am helpless."

Do not blame yourself for your sensitiveness. Let your feelings master you for the time. Let yourself feel as cross or sullen as you want to. You are growing into a position of mastery, and you are no more to blame for not being already master than an apple tree is to blame for not bearing apples in March. Love yourself and let yourself alone while you are growing. "I say unto you that ye resist not evil." Let yourself get as angry or sullen as you want to. You will find it the surest and quickest way to the mastery you desire. Try it, Sweetheart.

I used to be very quick tempered, and this was the way I conquered myself—something on the plan of "The Taming of the Shrew." When I felt a demon of temper rising within me I said, "Alright, I'll get mad with you!"—and somehow I couldn't get real angry to save my life. After a few months of getting angry along with the temper I lost all temptation to anger.

Put your WILL into being sullen or angry when you desire to. Never set will against desire. In this way you weld desire and will together and then you will find them obedient always to your highest intelligence. You—or your progenitors—have taught desire to run riot, to go counter to will. It is a race belief that will and desire are two powers, separate and antagonistic. "As a man thinketh, so is he."

A deeper fallacy was never held by man. Will and desire are one and were never anything else—the one law of attraction made manifest. Will and desire were never twain except in your thought. IT IS THOUGHT WHICH DIRECTS WILL AND DESIRE. Because men's thoughts have been antagonistic, will and desire have seemed to be antagonistic.

Learn by practice to direct will and desire tandem, with will ahead! If desire is determined to go in any direction let WILL get there first and fastest! And you will soon find will and desire the most docile team imaginable, and most satisfactory; in all things obedient to the I AM, the highest intelligence.

In breaking horses together they will have to be humored to a great extent, and gradually ruled. Just so with will and desire, Sweetheart. Of course your will is "chained"—harnessed to desire. Direct it with desire, until they learn to pull together.

Perfect self-control consists in the perfect union in your thought, of will and desire. It is THE WORD which makes them one in your thought—the recognition of the fact that they are one. Hold that thought—reiterate it ceaselessly until the spirit within you (your sub-mind) learns to speak it for you. In the meantime act as if your WORD is true, and you will quickly know that it is.

I AM REMINDED OF SEVERAL THINGS.

The Sioux is a great river. It reminds me of some people—it seems unable to make up its mind which way it wants to go. It is supposed to run south into the Missouri but it twists and turns and ties itself into French bows in the most surprising manner. But it finds the Missouri at last. In that it reminds me of everybody instead of some people. No matter how devious our way, or how many incarnations we may have, we "get there" eventually.

The Sioux makes a loop at Sioux Falls, so that the town is almost surrounded by the river, which hugs it in lover fashion, and wanders admiringly around it and through it as if loath to say adieu, though it says *au revoir* more than once.

It is the fashion in Sioux Falls to accompany the river in its meanderings. Everybody drives or wheels "around the loop." One likes to be in the fashion you know, so yesterday I went wheeling too, around the loop, a delightful little spin of ten miles.

Somebody has said that the spiritual mind sees correspondences everywhere, while "mortal mind" sees only differences. If that be true I must have a very "spiritual" mind, for everything reminds me of something else.

A little thing that occurred yesterday reminded me of a principle I have been trying to elucidate in *THE NAUTILUS*—the principle of success.

A friend who was with me, finding himself in the vicinity of a man he wanted to see, proceeded to find him. We were directed two or three times, in as many different directions. After walking up hills and riding down a few times I asked, "Shall we try again, or go on?" "Oh, we'll find him," he replied. "I am not very anxious to see the man, but he is somewhere in this vicinity and I don't like to give it up after I've started."

We found the man at last, and while they were talking I leaned on my wheel and cogitated. I was reminded of a Bible phrase, "And whatsoever he doeth, shall prosper." I also remembered something this same friend said when we were discussing desire. He said, "It seems to me that I never desire anything that I can't get."

He can gratify his desires, what he does prospers, he is a *success*, because he lives the principles of success daily. The same spirit that prompted him to keep hunting until he found the man he wanted to see, instead of giving it up and *pulling off* his errand to another day, pervades all his efforts. Success is a *dead certainty* to such an one.

Any man can cultivate that principle by practicing it in little things. Every big thing is made up of little things. Any man who will *seek success* in any line and keep going till he finds it is sure to find. It may take a longer or shorter time, according to how much a man must learn before he is worth anything to the world, but success is a sure thing to him who persists. As Carlyle said, "Genius is only great patience."

Don't you believe things are going wrong. Everything is O. K.

—Is there correspondence between physical law and metaphysical? They are ONE.

—"I have followed up your teaching in reaching out and making this new venture, and I am coming out all right."

—"Enclosed please find money for October treatment. I am gaining every day. Feel like a new person."—EVA.

—"What do I think about 'hanging over death beds and attending funerals?' I think, 'every man to his taste.'"

—"What is the limit of success as you understand it; financial, social, religious?"
There is no limit.

—About half the chronic invalids in the world would get tired and get well if their friends would quit feeding them "sympathy."

—"Enclosed find one dollar for second month's treatment. The tightness in my chest is entirely gone and I sleep well now."

—"I want financial success in the fullest sense of the term, because I can be more to the world with it. Is that wrong?"
No.

—Please remember to have all postal or express orders made out to E. L. Struble. My full name is too much of a good thing when it comes to signing a lot of orders.

—"I am determined to hold the Word until realization is ours."

That is right, Sweetheart. Speak the word until the word speaks itself in you.

—"I am well and happy now for the first time since I lost my little girl. And you are helping me with my music also and my self-reliance. I am unfolding beautifully."—I.

—"THE NAUTILUS is more and more helpful. It does up others' teachings. The hardest part of the science is learning to *love people*." (THE NAUTILUS *applies* others' teachings).

—If you do not receive THE NAUTILUS promptly please let me know. It seems impossible to move without "sins" of omission, but we shall hit the mark hereafter if you will send your address again.

—I see in last NAUTILUS you made an excusable mistake in deciphering my hieroglyphics. I wrote, "Your worser half, T. J. S."—meaning Shelton. Did not know you had a "wiser half!"—M. A. P.

—"About ten days ago I sent you a dollar for treatment. Although I have not heard from you (Due to forwarding mail. *Ed.*), I am receiving the effects of your treatment. Something seems to have stirred my liver up. I am a good deal better."

—Fred Burry has doubled the size, the price, and the readableness of his Journal, and begun his second volume. He is success. You will do well to come into conjunction with his thought through his Journal. Send one dollar to him at Toronto, Canada.

—If anyone knows of a case of catarrh being cured within a month, please tell me about it. Now don't tell me of some case you heard about from some other body. I want to know only what you KNOW of as true.

—"I must, and gladly, say that business is better. I have felt your magnetic thought in answer to my desires. Please continue treatment. I shall feel the warm, loving glow you send me, and I am in touch with your loving spirit."

—"Your letter and THE NAUTILUS, that little bundle of inspiration, came several days ago. I write to tell you that from a health standpoint and that of hope, I am better than I have been for years, perhaps ever in my life before."—M. D.

—"The Greatest Thing Ever Known" is the title of a new book by Ralph Waldo Trine, the famous author of "What All the World's a-Seeking," and "In Tune With the Infinite." It is all beautiful within and without and the price is only thirty-five cents. See ad in another column.

—The sale of a "Conquest of Poverty," by Helen Wilmans, has been so great that a second edition is already out. Much new matter has been added, making it more helpful than ever. Be sure to read it, Sweetheart, and practice what it

preaches. If you are in need of something to do send to Seabreeze for agent's terms.

—"Your letter received, and I went out as you said, and the first place I went to I found work. (This man had been out of work a long time. *Ed.*) I am ever grateful to you. Please find enclosed dollar for another month's treatment. I have pleasant times talking to you in the silence. If I feel tired I call on you and am always helped."—G. F.

—"Your patient is certainly improving, though very slowly. She looks *so much* better and says sometimes she thinks she is almost well. Says she feels better than for years." (This patient is a poor, old colored woman who was afflicted with an "incurable" disease from which she is almost fully recovered. My Word will heal the incurable. There is no limit).

—This issue of NAUTILUS is Vol. 2, No. 1. Several somebodies want to know if I am to continue publishing. Why, sure, Sweetheart. I don't want to stop, and I couldn't if I would. Running a paper is something like rolling a ball down hill; the farther it goes the harder it is to stop it. THE NAUTILUS is well started, and I'm having too much fun to want to stop.

—"Spiritually you have helped me wonderfully. Previous to taking your treatment, I was subject to fits of depression, spells of despondency. I saw only the dark side of everything; imagined everything and everybody was against me, seeking to deter the accomplishment of my aspirations. But now I feel so different and begin to *see* the goodness of things and the necessary part everything plays in life. You have lifted me out of self and saved me from my own despondency and folly."—GERTRUDE.

—Say, Sweetheart, if you want to invest in a farm or a town house in sunny California, drop me a line and I'll send you the address of a lady in Visalia who has for sale the very thing you want. Take your choice between a stock ranch, fenced, 640 acres, damp land, good feed the year round; 320 acres dairy ranch; 160 acres fine orange land near Lindsay; an elegant town place, 8 lots, house, fine grounds, etc., all complete; or 200 acres wheat land, all ditched. Or you can buy them all if your bank account is good.

—"Is the editor of THE NAUTILUS checker or chess playing? South Dakota is a negative latitude in the world's thought. Are you to continue paper from present perch?"—DENNIS.

NAUTILUS continues from this perch until editor makes another move. If South Dakota is negative there will be that much less resistance to my *positive* thought. The vibrations of my Word will get a good start out over these rolling prairies. Negative is as necessary as positive to the perfect battery which I AM. My perch is alright and I like it.

—"Enclosed you will find five dollars postoffice order for which please continue my treatment. I am much improved in health in every way. My greatest trouble now is my catarrh, and I feel that it is growing better in a slow way. My financial prospects look brighter for the future than they have in years, and I now know that I shall be able to pay all my debts in the not far distant future. I can't tell you what a freedom from bonds that will be to me. I have labored under a great load for the past fifteen years, but now I know I am master of the situation, and give you great credit for helping me to arrive at such a strong position."

—This number of THE NAUTILUS begins the second year. I began publication with fear and trembling, but I quake no longer. I am having all kinds of success, and it is growing fast. The most and finest testimonials of healing I have had came this last month. My subscription list is going

a-way up out of sight. My friends are increasing in number—good will letters are coming to me from all quarters, good will letters with dollars in 'em. I haven't been talking through my Fedora in saying success is *dead certain* to manifest. I have *grown* out of a very negative position and I know how I did it, and that what I can do you can do.

—"When we deliberately direct our thinking, are we not selecting consciously that which we want or desire?"

No. When we "consciously direct" our thought we are hindering rather than helping our desires to fruition. You may know what you desire, but you *don't* know how to bring it to pass. But THE LAW OF ATTRACTION functioning in you "knoweth what things ye have need of," and brings to you, in the material realm and from the psychic atmosphere, *just* the materials you need in building your desires into reality. *Everything* and every *thought* has its place in the structure. Don't fight, nor "deliberately direct." *Be still and know.*

—I just received a letter that made me smile. It was from a San Francisco lady who has a very large bump of veneration. She is profoundly impressed with the greatness and goodness of God, and the contemptibleness and general worm-of-the-dust-ness of mankind in general. She is horrified at me for saying Jesus had a level head. She thinks I commit the "unpardonable sin" in saying "I am the Sun of God." She is a reformer. She wants to re-form me after her own image. Say, Sweetheart, I have a better pattern; the pattern "given unto me in the mount"—my own upper brain. It is not the same pattern given to you; no two have the same pattern; but it is a God pattern just the same. Work out *your own* specifications, Sweetheart, and never mind mine. We are both God, whether you've realized it yet or not. Jesus is a chum of mine. I love him. He lives in me and I in him. We have lots of fun together—he isn't a bit stiff. And he HAS a level head. You are too reverential, Emma. You remind me of a Chinese coolie, who never gets a glimpse of his emperor because he keeps his nose in the dust at his feet. Jesus would a lot rather have you get up and get acquainted with him.

—We are going to journey through a lot of meteors next month; some of them big enough to knock this pretty little planet of ours into more meteors, if it were not for our atmosphere, the friction of which will burn up the meteors long before they can do us any damage. Which reminds me of people. Every man carries around with him an atmosphere, thrown about him by his *thoughts*. If he is consciously a Sweet Heart he envelopes himself with a positive, luminous aura which will dissolve all the "fiery darts of the wicked," long before they get to him. He don't need to be cautious for fear somebody will do him up. He don't need to defend himself. He need not fear evil spirits, incarnate nor decarnate; nor malicious animal magnetism; nor evil thoughts of those around him. Every weapon that is formed against him will end in a pretty little pyrotechnic display when it enters his atmosphere of *active love*. And by and by he will pass clean out of range of all these darts. Nobody will *want* to hit him or hurt him. Now this is no poetic fancy of mine at all; it is *fact*. The *same* law acts in man or planet. Tend strictly to your own business of *sending out* love thought and you will soon find your aura quenching every undesirable dart.

—"Someone has sent me a copy of THE NAUTILUS. The first thing that attracted my attention was your offer to 'treat for success in business.' Now what is the use for Scientists to keep on telling us that the world is full of everything for everybody, and that poverty is only in the mind, and all that nonsense, and then say their

charges are so and so for treatments of success, etc.? If there is no poverty, why do they ask you for money the first thing? Or, why don't they give you the success first? And then a person can, and will, give the dollar gladly, or even two. I've been studying Mental Science for more than ten years. Have spent all the money and time I'm going to, until I can see some benefit from it. I know all its principles from A to Z, and have read all the publications from Prentice Mulford's White Cross (from which I think they all got their first ideas, and I've never seen anything yet that could go beyond it), Freedom, Christian, Universal Truth—indeed, the whole lot of them upon that subject. What good has it done me? I've been sick and sent to the hospital (which was an outrage); I'm getting hard of hearing; my right knee has been lame for a year; my bones ache so that I can scarcely rise without pulling myself up, etc., etc., etc."—MRS. J. A. W.

You may *know* the principles of mental science, but you don't *DO* them, Sweetheart, or you'd not be wailing like that. All that reading lies *unassimilated* within you. You'd be a lot better off if you had done a little thinking *yourself*, instead of swallowing so much of other people's thought. Think your own thoughts, speak your own WORD of success. If you want somebody else to do it for you, why, pay for it. Money is all in your mind.

—Bishop Potter is greatly exercised these days over the increase in divorces. He might as well kick against the passing of 1899. Divorces will continue to increase because DEMAND regulates supply. Increasing intelligence discerns the fact that men and women are fools to vow to "love, honor and obey" until death parts, because *nobody* knows that he can keep that vow. Personal freedom demands that when two people agree to disagree, no other people have the right to keep them married, nor to prevent their re-marrying. Every man and woman has the inalienable RIGHT to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in *any* way he chooses to find it, so long as he does not choose to interfere with somebody else's right. When he does he gets into all kinds of trouble and eventually fails. If Bishop Potter's happiness depends upon curtailing other people's rights, then the good Bishop will be unhappy. I wonder what Geo. D. Herron, of the University of Iowa, thinks of the Bishop's crusade? Prof. Herron recently remarked in a public lecture that "All bondage is doomed; *even marriage*." The time is coming when a divorce decree will cost no more money or effort than a marriage ceremony. Either that, or the swelling of the ranks of "free lovers" will put the ministers out of business. Of course this means unutterable things to the orthodox. The Pharisees were ever too satisfied with their *forms*, to receive the real *spirit* of the Christ teaching. But in reality this new order of things is the ushering in of greater purity and chastity than the world has yet seen. Perversion of sex desire, due to centuries of restraint, will disappear.

THE GREATEST THING EVER KNOWN.
This is one of the famous "Life Books", by Ralph Waldo Trine, and contains five chapters as follows:
I. The Greatest Thing Ever Known.
II. Divine Energies in Every-Day Life.
III. The Master's Great but Lost Gift.
IV. The Philosopher's Ripest Life Thought.
V. Sustained in Peace and Safety Forever.
Beautifully bound in white, stamped in green and gold. A most appropriate and dainty gift for the holidays. Price 35c.
WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

LIGHT AHEAD monthly: Devoted to healing, unfoldment, and new thought ideas. 35 cents a year, with "Garnet Sheaves," a book 5x8 inches, 170 pages as premium. Send for free sample copy. Address: LIGHT AHEAD, 44 Kent St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

A. C. GOODWIN'S INTUITIONAL-INSPIRATIONAL.
Classes in scientific magnetic healing and mind science, also occult teaching, throughout the Pacific coast and United States, are proving a great success and satisfaction, attracting marked attention in their results. Send 2 cent stamp, for the

TRUMPET.
Box 53, Oakland, California.
It contains circular and terms.

TREATMENT FOR HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY WILL BE GIVEN BY
ADA LOTZ,
Olympia, Wash.
Terms from one to ten dollars monthly.

Christian Science Healing.

OVER ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

OVER a million cures of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Many of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were cured quickly; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply incontestable and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public view. It is my privilege as one of their number to have had a wonderful measure of success. During the past 13 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. They also included chronic cases of a tedious and obstinate nature. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, and whatever be your bodily ailment, or whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hinderance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a COPY FREE. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. Address,

S. A. JEFFERSON, C. S. B.,
54 J. Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE PSYCHO-HARMONIC SCIENTIST, edited by Robert J. Burns, the Man from Venus, explicates Venusian Unifism the Universal Cosmo Planetary Constant. Pure Unifism is the Crown and Capstone of the Mento Scientific Pyramid. Monthly \$1.00 per year. Box 189, Pueblo, Colorado.

THE COLLEGE OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCES AND UNFOLDMENT. Send stamped addressed envelope for prospectus, booklets, percentage of psychical power to J. C. F. GRUMBINE,
1718 W. Genesee St., Syracuse N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED
For Helen Wilman's new book "A Conquest of Poverty." There is magic in its title. The book sells itself. Its sale is spreading like wild-fire. Agents everywhere are reaping large returns. Most favorable terms to agents. The sale of this book opens the road to splendid business opportunities. Send for terms and designate territory wanted, at once. Address,
INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
Sea Breeze, Florida.

PSYCHIC DIGEST AND OCCULT REVIEW OF REVIEWS, published monthly, \$1.00 per year. Robert Sheerin, M. D., Cleveland, Ohio. Send 10c for sample copy.

"TRUE HEALING."
A pamphlet of the newest and most original ideas upon "Mind Cure" treatments and one copy of "Universal Harmony," published monthly in the interest of the Highest Mental Unfoldment, will be sent to any address upon receipt of only ten cents in silver. Address,
S. LINCOLN BISHOP, Daytona, Fla.

HANDS AND STARS.
This publication, in the interests of Astrology, Palmistry, Diet and the Occult, is issued monthly by Albert and Albert, of the Albert School of Astro-Phrenology, authors and publishers of easy works on Astrology and Palmistry; 50 cents per year; sample copy for stamp. Persons sending 10 cents and date of birth will receive a 32-pp. illustrated horoscope and a year's predictions. Address Albert and Albert (N.) Atlanta City, N. J.

JANE W. YARNALL'S BOOKS.
Practical Healing for Mind and Body. Price, \$2.00. Is the best book ever written for Mental Healing.
The Good Time Coming, or the Way Out of Bondage. Price, \$1.00. Is a scientific exposition of the theological trend of the day.
P. M. HARLEY PUB. CO.,
87-89 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

VIBRATION THE LAW OF LIFE.
Learn to know the Law and live it and "all things are yours." Vibrations given for Life Success through practical application and demonstration. Instruction, both personal and by correspondence. Pamphlet on Esoteric Vibrations sent postpaid for 25 cents. Send names of interested friends. Address, inclosing stamp,
MRS. HORTENSE JORDAN,
Information free. 32 Summit Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

CHARACTER READING.
Send me the date of your birth and \$1.00 and I will send a full character reading by return mail, giving your business qualifications, telling you how to marry well, prevent disease, etc. Circulars free. Write at once to
EMMA A. SMALL,
East Thorndike, Maine.

ONE OF THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS
is the title of an intensely interesting New Thought story of the New South, which begins in the August, 1899, issue of The Free Man edited and published by Chas. W. Close, Ph. D., S. S. D. Subscription per year, in U. S. and Canada, \$1. Foreign, \$1.25. Single copy, 10 cents. The best New Thought Magazine published. SPECIAL OFFER: Send 25 cents for the FREE MAN three months, mentioning "The Nautilus," and I will send you as premiums three books, "Sexual Law," "Business Success," and "Truth's Testimony," FREE. Write today to C. W. Close, 124 Birch St. (T. N.), Bangor, Me. U.S.A.