



THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression. . .

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Build thee more stately temples, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple, 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."

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE,
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NO. 9.

"faith steps out on seeming
void, and finds the solid rock."

HOW TO REACH HEAVEN.

"I am naturally an impulsive, nervous person. Have always heard persons commended for possessing a 'lively disposition.' I find such liveliness is very wearing on me, and that I suffer a reaction when I join in a lively, laughing conversation. But if one always keeps his subjective self under rigid control he will be very staid; I want to be bright and lively. In order to do this must I control the subjective, the emotional nature, or must I let it lead?" D. O.

Control it by all means. The subjective or emotional self is the best of servants but the worst of masters.

All the evil in the world results from transposing authority from objective to subjective, from letting emotion run away with conscience and reason.

All unpleasant reactions are due to the waste of energy which results from this transposition of authority.

The emotional or subjective self is the storehouse of personal power; the objective self is the director of that power. Happy results come from intelligent use of power. To give unbridled rein to the emotional self is like turning on the power of an automobile and then lying back and laughing—or weeping—whilst the auto runs its pace and kills or maims what comes in its way. The loud, hysterical giggle betrays that emotion is running away with the directing power, and that personal power is ebbing below the point of safety.

And the waste of power—the letting loose of more emotion than the occasion really calls for—is bound to produce its after effects of depression.

Depression of this sort is due to depletion of emotional energy, and disappears as the system recuperates—as more energy is stored.

Nearly all "blues" are caused by such reaction; energy is wasted in mental or physical agitation due to anger or fretting, or "righteous indignation," or excess of sympathy, or "having a good time"; and then we wonder why we are so blue. We go off and have a "good cry," which relaxes us, fall asleep after it, and wake up without the blues—and wonder why. More energy has been generated—that is all.

The secret of real enjoyment, of the kind from which there is no unpleasant reaction, lies in perfect control of the emotional nature; in so conserving your emotional power that it shall never be depleted beyond a certain definite point of poise, the point where there is plenty in well-controlled reserve.

When one first begins to find and maintain this state of poise he feels that he can never "have a good time" again—that he must repress all the fun and be glum and steady. But this is a mistaken idea, which will disappear as he gains control.

There are heights and depths and breadths of fun and joy which can never be touched except by the poised, controlled person.

It takes emotional energy to enjoy, and the greater the store of energy the deeper the enjoyment, and the less of it is wasted in boisterous movements and loud noises.

One does not suppress his enjoyment of an incident; he suppresses unnecessary expressions of

his enjoyment; and every such motion inhibited leaves him with that much more energy on hand with which to enjoy. In proportion as he ceases to slop his emotional power in loud laughs and unnecessary movements he deepens his power of enjoyment.

Laughs are on the surface; real enjoyment is in the depths of being.

It is the surface slopping one must suppress, the waste of power, that he may become conscious of the real depths of enjoyment.

Impulsiveness and nervousness are due to depleted emotional energy, and are invariably caused by letting the subjective, emotional self rule. So much energy is wasted in unnecessary emotionalism that there is not enough left to enjoy with—there are no depths. There comes to be a habitual waste of emotion over the most trivial things, and there is no reserve for the greater things which occasionally come. All due to excessive expression of emotion. People who have not learned to control their expressions of emotion have never even tasted full enjoyment.

The one cure for nervousness, impulsiveness, boisterous emotionalism of all sorts is to be still; cut off all unnecessary waste and let the reservoirs fill.

There are two kinds of "lively dispositions." One is the result of hysterical slopping over of energy without regard to the fact that the reservoirs of personal power are dangerously near the point of utter depletion. This sort of liveliness often ends in tears, nearly always in depression. The other sort of "lively disposition" is the surface expression of full reservoirs. One is like the slopping of water from a shallow bowl, by shaking the bowl; the other is like the rippling of a clear lake—the depths are clear, still and happy, whilst the surface answers brightly and without waste, to the passing breezes of fun. The bowl of water is exhausted by its expressions of fun; the clear lake enjoys its ripples of laughter without wasting itself.

The larger the lake the larger the waves. The same breeze which causes a pond to ripple will cause Lake Michigan to toss in white-capped glee. The greater the length, breadth and depth the greater the waves; so, the greater the personal reservoir of emotional power the bigger the laugh of which it is capable. The loud laugh sometimes betrays the vacant mind and reservoirs; sometimes it betrays wide and deep and full ones; and by its ring the hearer can tell which. Who has not rippled in response to the musical, full, contagious loud laugh? And cringed at the sharp, hysterical loud laugh?

The musical laugh, loud or soft, invariably indicates well stored reservoirs of emotional power and real enjoyment. The shrill unmusical laugh, the nervous laugh, loud or soft, invariably means nervous or emotional depletion, shallow reservoirs, and shallow enjoyment or none at all. Musical and unmusical speaking voices are other indications of these states of personal power. Smooth, graceful, intelligent gesticulations are yet other indications of full reservoirs; rough, jerky unnecessary motions indicating depletion.

The curtailing of wasteful laughs and motions is one of the most important things in life. Emotion is soul force, that which accomplishes all the great things of life as well as all the little things. Every human being has access to unlimited soul force, which is constantly flowing into him from the Universal Reservoir. But if he uses it as fast as it flows in—uses it in overdoing the small and least necessary things of life, he has no power

for the greater things every soul longs to do. How much power would the world get from the Niagara river if it were not for the great natural dam and reserve power at the falls? If you would do the great things you must see that your energy is not wasted in a steady stream of little things.

Every movement, every thought, uses a definite amount of emotional energy. Every inhibition of a movement or thought stream permits the higher rising of your reservoir; just as every stone added to a dam increases the reservoir and power behind it. There are enough good things to do and think in this beautiful world without dissipating our power in thoughtless activities, such as tapping our feet or fingers, rocking to and fro, giggling shrilly, and so on.

Yes, we learn to do things by doing them; but do we want to do these useless things? Of course not. They are wasteful, unbeautiful.

And we can learn to stop them by stopping them; and have so much deeper power with which to do the useful, beautiful things. A half hour a day used in simply being still, will add almost incredibly to the depth of our reservoirs. And every time we remember to inhibit an unnecessary rock or tap or fidget we add another depth to our power. This is all easily proved by a little practice.

Our energy is soul power, which is also wisdom. As our energy deepens our wisdom deepens also, and our sense of humor deepens. Soul power is love and wisdom, the One and Only Substance of which the individual is an inlet—a small or large inlet according as he lets the energy run out fast, or conserves it for large uses; according as he lets it run, or dams it for personal use.

There is plenty of soul power for everything—yes. But it takes time to build a dam; and the man who lets loose his whole Niagara Falls of emotion upon trivial occasions will have to spend most of his time in patching his dam. And the man who dribbles all his power in thoughtless and useless acts, has no power behind his Niagara.

Do you see that self-control is the key of heaven? And the time to use it is now, the place here. "Earth's crammed with heaven" waiting to be conserved to individual uses. Love, power, wisdom is flowing through you into expression—don't let it flow too fast—don't waste it in thoughtless, foolish expression. Cut off the wastes; use the power in wise directions, and let the tide rise within you. Thus shall you come to the great things you would do, and behold within you shall be the power to do them WITH JOY; and there shall be no aftermath of depression.

This is heaven—the highest heaven for the deepest soul.

And the door is open for everybody.

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Vital energy is soul energy—love-power and wisdom mixed—L2, W2.

The body is a generator of vital or soul energy.

Heaven and hell are states of bodily being. The body full of vital or soul energy—L2, W2—experiences heaven.

The body depleted of its soul energy lives in hell—carried there by riotous living, by wasting its vital or soul energy.

—What do I think of "Vedanta Philosophy or Raja Yoga"? Nothing better if used in moderation and administered with plenty of American common sense and go. Being and doing are Siamese twins of which the westerner is apt to neglect one and the easterner the other. Let us take good care of both.

SELF ESTEEM FREES THE SOUL.

Here is a friend who read "Phrenology and the New Thought" in May *Nautilus*, and wants to know "why we need self-esteem anyway." The article itself answers the question. Not until I made connection with self-esteem did I have backbone enough to push out in the lines "nature"—my own nature, intended me for.

A man or woman without self-esteem is a mere doormat for others; all his ambitious and high desires he stifles *because he has no faith in his power to accomplish what his being longs to accomplish*. He esteems every other man's desires above his own, and consequently becomes a mere tool for the furtherance of the aims of others.

And he is a dissatisfied tool; for "nature" (the God-soul of us all) has fitted *each* soul to do a *special* work no other can do.

The unhappy man is he who fails to find his special work (always indicated to him by his *deep* desires); or who *through lack of self-esteem*, fails to push out on the lines indicated by his individuality.

If Jesus of Nazareth had lacked self-esteem the world would never have heard of the Christian religion. It takes *solid self-esteem* to set up one's views in opposition to the established order. All reformers, all Christs, have had great self-esteem—the *one faculty* which enables a man to breast the stream of public or family opinion.

It was self-esteem which enabled Jesus to face the rabbis when he was only twelve years old, and later when he was thirty.

Why could Jesus "speak as one having authority?" His *authority was himself*—the divinity within him, which he esteemed above all the world.

"I and the Father are One," is the statement of *self esteem*. "I am a worm of the dust," is the wail of those who lack natural self-esteem and have not yet made connection with the universal supply; it is the wail of the world's leaners, beggars, parasites, all made leaners, beggars, parasites, *by lack of self esteem*.

The lack of self-esteem is a "fatal defect," as phrenology teaches. But it is "fatal" only *as long one continues in it*—fatal to all self-development, originality, progress.

One may get out of *any* negative by *assuming the virtues he would have*. All virtues are *spiritual essences* of the ethers or God-substances in which we live and move and have our being and *which we appropriate at will*, just as we appropriate air by breathing.

Take a full mental breath of self-esteem and then *use it*, in the directions indicated by your high desires.

Take a full slow breath of outdoor air and *imagine* you are taking in self-esteem along with the oxygen; hold the breath a moment, and *imagine* the self-esteem permeating and electrifying every atom of your being; then exhale very slowly and *imagine* that you are now ready to accomplish, and to bless the world in doing it. Repeat this several times and at frequent intervals every day as long as needed. This is *mental breathing*, by which you may appropriate from the divine ethers any quality you desire.

Not only self-esteem, but love, joy, peace, wisdom, patience, moderation—*any* desirable quality; by this mental breathing you may make connection with the inexhaustible supplies of any and all virtues, in which there is no lack. Oh, there are lots of things in the air besides oxygen and hydrogen.

By cultivation of the mental breathing you can accomplish any desirable thing. Easy, is it not?

And along with self-esteem we need to cultivate other-fellow-esteem. When we say "I and the Father are one," it is wise to remember that the Other Fellow and the Father are one. The Pharisees forgot this or never knew it.

In order to be the poised, capable, growing gods we want to be, self-esteem must be balanced by other-fellow-esteem, self-respect by other-fellow-respect, self-love by other-fellow-love.

Oh, yes, of course we must love ourselves; and

love our neighbor as ourselves—neither more nor less than we love ourselves, nor in any different way.

To love is to express God who is love; to fail to love self or neighbor would mean a dark spot where we shut *God out*—where we shut God off. To shut love or God off yourself affects you as really and fatally as shutting the sun off.

And to shut love off from your neighbor is to shut it off from yourself, for you and he are one on the soul side—one with the Father.

As you do it unto one of the least of your neighbors *you do it unto yourself*.

As you do it unto yourself you do it also unto your neighbors.

* * * * *

Perhaps you know some one who is always running down his neighbors. *It is lack of self-esteem which makes him belittle his neighbors*. To find faults in them makes him feel himself larger in comparison. The man with small self-esteem *can't bear* to esteem his neighbor, nor to let you esteem him.

This same man will toady a Big Bug in order to cover his own small self with a little of the Big Bug's phosphorescence, wherewith to dazzle you. The cause of all belittling, snobbery and toadying is lack of self-esteem. The cure lies in appropriating divine self-esteem.

The man who knows himself a God can afford to think well of even the least of his neighbors.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

One of the first things noted by those who take up new thought practices with a *will*, is that they need less to eat and fewer hours of sleep than formerly.

In the old way of living we waste so much energy in hurry and worry, and allow so little of our waking time for re-creating rest and thought, that six or eight hours of sleep are not sufficient time for nature to repair daily waste. If we insist upon giving ourselves still less time for sleep there comes eventually a serious breakdown.

An hour or so of our waking time well spent in going into the silence, is worth as a recuperator, several hours of sleep; *and it puts us into the right mental and physical state to be benefited to the full by every hour of sleep we take*.

Most of our over-eating is due also to the hurry and worry habit. We bolt our dinners not so much for the reason that we have only a few minutes in which to eat, as because we have hustled right up to the minute we sit at table, and the hustle impetus carries us through the meal. The result is that we shovel in the food as fast as we can during the fifteen or twenty minutes we allow for a meal. The hurry habit does it.

And the habit of going into the silence will stop it—will replace the energy-slopping hustle habit by the habit of *intelligent expedition*, the habit of doing *with conscious direction* each thing we find to do.

In the hurry habit the conscious thought is ever running *ahead* of the act. The acts come tumbling after as if blown by a strong wind, or trailed after a flying Pegasus. When our thoughts are running on ahead of our acts, when we are literally absent-minded, there is not mind enough left to direct our acts intelligently. Our acts are at such times merely automatic or reflex, like the acts of a chicken without its head. Our consciousness, our thought, is withdrawn from our actions, which are consequently *thoughtless* acts, unintelligent, *wasteful*, and often ridiculous.

Going into the silence quiets and re-creates the mind, which is then easily directed into and through our acts. When our minds are quiet we naturally eat more slowly, masticating much more thoroughly; and we eat only what is really called for by the body, instead of over-loading with a lot of unchewed stuff which we do not need and the taking care of which *will waste energy which could and should be directed to better, more intelligent uses*.

Going into the silence gives one a marked tendency toward eating less and masticating more fully. If one is wise he will *cultivate* this tendency

until it becomes a firm habit. He will put his mind on *what* he eats, and *how* he eats it; he will *notice* what his hunger calls for, *trust* that hunger and note the invariable good results; he will cut his food daintily and convey it deliberately to his mouth; he will chew *each* mouthful to the last degree of pulpiness (*twice thirty* chews are not too many!), *enjoying every* chew; he will read up on table manners and take pains and *pleasure* in following every little detail; he will keep at it until he *knows* it has become habit, and that he could sit down with the most ultra-fashionable dinner party without making himself conspicuous by his bad table manners.

In short, he will work *with* his new tendency by making a Fine Art of his Eating; and if he studies persistently enough on this line he will find it eventually *doing itself*. Then if his mind *should* happen to be hurried or hustled by some unforeseen occurrence—and after all this training it will take a *lot* more to disturb it—his absent-minded actions will be intelligent ones *from force of the new habit formed*; he will not bolt three times as much food as his system calls for and then pay for it in indigestion and mental numbness.

And all this training in concentration (that is what it is), in doing *well* and with conscious direction what he finds to do, will *react on all his life and living*. Because of it he will be able to control mind and body in emergencies which otherwise would simply floor him.

The wise man despises not the day of small things, but *uses intelligently every* small thing as it comes; wherefore he is *ready* when larger things crop up.

—"Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad." Proverbs XII: 25.

—The man who accomplishes nothing in the new thought is the one who reads much, theorizes more and *practices least*.

—Life is comedy—a humorous skit, to enter into the spirit of which wakes understanding, power, joy. Don't be tragic.

—"Judging from your picture in January *Nautilus* you have not been on earth over seventy years helping it 'roll on.' Do you think what you say and what you see can be used with effect by those who have? Can they demonstrate bodily renewal? Christian is a brave talker, yet he confesses to lack of power as yet *in re* teeth, eyes and hair restored. Mrs. Eddy, with larger claims, has taken to glasses and Helen Wilmans' hair doesn't stay demonstrated. What can we do to be saved?" Martha.

"Believe that you receive and you shall have"—there is no other way. And judge not others according to outward appearances—which are deceitful. Get at the *principle* of life and judge by that. Theories and ideals always precede demonstration. The more lofty the ideal the longer it takes to manifest. *But it will surely manifest*. Desire is the divine power which fulfills itself, and those who faint not by the way shall see its perfect work. *Believe* and be saved. Believe that eternal renewal, life, is NOW working in man, and in due time you shall receive its outward manifestations. Edwin Markham told me that *believe, leaf, life and love* all come from the same root word. All life, growth, is one with *belief*. To *believe results in the leaf appearing*. To believe now is to *be leafed* later. The race has believed in old age and death, hence the old age and death now *being leafed*. But in the midst of old age and death leafage—which is sere and falling—mankind is *believing* in life, love and eternal youth, which in due time will *be leafing*. Can men and women demonstrate bodily renewal? Why bless you, *they can't help it*. To believe is to receive. We believe, heart and soul, in eternal life, and we *can't help* pegging away until we manifest it. Fizzles are less than nothing. Eternal life itself urges us. But me no buts or ifs or ands. *I am eternal life and youth and I KNOW IT*. Belief has reached the knowing stage; *leaf-age is close at hand*. Just wait and see. Thus saith the Eternal Spirit in Eddy, Wilmans, Shelton, Towne and 10,000 others. *Be still and it will say the same to you*.

—Follow your faiths and not your fears.

—If you follow fear you'll stand still.

—If you have lost your grip be glad. To live with life in your grip is to strangle it. Relax your grasp and let life live you.

—"There is a vast difference between wishing and winning. Many a good man has failed because he has his wishbone where his backbone ought to have been."

—"Most of your ills you have cured
And the sharpest you still have survived
But what torments of pain you've endured
From troubles that never arrived."

—That statement at the head of this number of *Nautilus* is one Kate Boehme found somewhere. It is full of power. Take it into the silence with you every day this month.

—One of our *Nautilus* Sweet Hearts remembered that May 26 was the fourth anniversary of our marriage, and sent us greetings on that day. Wasn't that sweet? Blessings to her, and to every one of you, in memory of that happy day.

—If you want a splendid story with original lights on human motives and activity written wittily and well with slight dashes of fine philosophy brightly said, read "Four Roads to Paradise," which has been running serially in *Century* and can now be had in book form at any book store.

—"Little Margaret came to her mother one day, and asked 'can I take my dollie to heaven with me when I die?'"

'No I think not,' answered her mother.

'Very well, then, I will just run round to hell with her' said Margaret, in a tone which settled the matter once and for all." *Harper's Magazine*.

—Consistency is a jewel which should be worn with discretion.

—Consistency means to hold together with. Why should we take the trouble to make our actions or opinions of today hold together with those of yesterday? That is the trouble with China—it tries to make its actions and thoughts of today hold together with those of its ancestors. So China stands still until foreign devils compel it to budge out of its old tracks. China is consistent to all outward appearances. Don't be a Chinaman.

—There is a true consistency which all have without striving. On the spirit side we are all held together with each other. To possess the knowledge of this true consistency is to possess the jewel of great price, before which the little jewels of surface consistency are mere mica dust.

—"During an exhibition of fireworks little Margaret seemed to be very nervous, particularly when a rocket was sent off. After one went up unusually high she began to cry, and when her mother asked what was the matter, she sobbed, 'Oh, mamma! I'm so afraid they'll hurt the Lord.'" *Harper's Magazine*.

—George Edwin Burnell is to do new thought pyrotechnics and double bow knot feats before a summer school to be held during July and August at the Home of Truth, 1327 Georgia street, Los Angeles, Cal., under stage direction of J. Ransome Bransby who will answer all requests for information. If I were within 100 miles of Los Angeles I'd go to hear Burnell. They say he is fine.

—"I wish you would increase your list of 'blessings bestowed' by putting an addendum in that cook book of yours. If the hurried housewife will substitute a Dover egg beater for spoon or fork in making salad dressing, she may put in the oil by the teaspoonful for the first half cup, and then—after thinning with a little lemon juice—pour in the remainder, beating thoroughly. The golden minutes saved from the drop by drop method let her use in eating that same salad leisurely." Winifred.

—"I think *Nautilus* just splendid and brimful of good things. I can never repay you for the benefits you have conferred upon me. My health is improving. Am morally, physically, and I hope intellectually, better than ever before, and have a higher conception of life in this world and man's relations to God and his fellowmen. Have experienced a little of the joy of living—in fact, feel so happy sometimes can hardly keep my feet on the ground. How is that for one sixty years young?" J. R. W.

—I received a few days ago a telegram from Los Angeles, which read thus: "Good lady, you

have made one more son of God to open his eyes to the light of heaven and earth." I remembered my good old Methodist days and knew just how happy that man was when he had to shout by telegram. And I felt like shouting with him. Later I received a card from him saying: "The good stuff (*Nautilus*, etc.) came yesterday. I read until 1.40 this a. m. Am now thanking the powers that be that Ella Wheeler Wilcox and your good self live. To say I am pleased with my investment is stating it exceedingly mild. I started with 'How to Train Children and Parents.' If I had had that twenty years ago I would have been happier, and my children, too."

—We have two beautiful nautilus shells now, sent us all the way from the Fiji Islands by Mrs. Emma Lewis, who is doing the world with a magnificent camera, along with Vaniman of San Francisco. She says they are getting some marvelous views, and has sent us a sample—a photo ten inches wide by thirty-one long of "The Pali," Sandwich Islands. We have had it mounted and framed in narrow unpolished black, with white mat, and it hangs over a desk in the most conspicuous place in this sunny office. It is the wonder and admiration of every beholder, and the finest thing in the photo line I ever saw. And they are taking views still larger—16x48 inches. Their views of these sizes sell for \$3.00 and \$7.50 respectively, unmounted, and Mrs. Lewis sold twenty of them to the English government, through the premier "with yards of title." I knew Emma when she was a school girl at Mt. Tabor, Ore., and decorated her father's home with big oil paintings. And she is coming to see us on her way back to Frisco, where she lives. But those nautilus shells: I've always wanted one at least as a mascot. And here are two, and both mascots. Emma writes, "About an hour after I bought these shells I made a sale that brought me £3-5-0 sterling. So the purchase brought me good luck, and I pass a part of the luck on to you." And now I pass it on to you, my readers.

—"I want to get God. I want God in me and about me so purely and brightly and beautifully that nothing else will ever be recognized about me but God and his goodness." N. B.

You have already "got God." He is already in you and about you. He is the soul and substance of you and the atmosphere in which you live. He is closer to you than the air you breathe—he is the soul of the air. He is closer to you than your own skin and muscles and bone and nerve—he is the life of your skin and muscle and bone and nerve. The only reason you don't realize this is because you talk too much to yourself and others. You are like a fish who churns the water in which it lives and moves and has its being, and cries "Give me water or I perish." You are in God and God is in you. Be still and know it. BE STILL, and keep on being still. Listen:

"The infinite always is silent;
It is only the finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We question with words of science,
Explain, decide, discuss;
But only in Meditation
The mystery speaks to us."

Quit talking and give God a chance to speak. Quit explaining, discussing, deciding—at least a part of the time. Quit your mental threshing and you will hear the still voice of God. * * * Is it too simple? All the deep things are simple. Only the finite is complex and difficult, and works hard and stubs its toes in the brain's labyrinthine ways. God is above the brain, and shines through it—like an X-ray or an N-ray. Be still and know.

—"AN ANCIENT EASTERN RECIPE; To make a true Prophet, or Servant of the Holy One, or Revealer of the Divine Unity. Take a rather sensitive and fairly intelligent child. Accustom him to study the relation between shadows cast by material objects and the solid objects by which they are cast. Get the idea of the relation between substance and shadow well into his consciousness; not as a fact which he vaguely knows to exist (as every one must know it), but as a habitual and familiar subject of accurate study. When his ideas of that relation are perfectly definite and precise, begin to accustom him to think of all solid objects and of the varying phenomena of the earthly life as the shadows of facts happen-

ing in some higher condition of things not directly cognizable by man. This higher condition or region, the law of which we can only infer by a careful study of the earthly life treated as a system of shadows, was called, of old, either the 'ideal' or the 'Mind of God.' It is now the fashion to name it 'the 4th Dimension.' But however we may name it, an orderly manner of investigating it by means of its earth-shadows is essential to the training of a true seer or prophet. The mere reading about the 4th Dimension in books written by other people is useless except as a clue how to conduct one's own personal studies. The habit of inferring four-dimensional facts from its earthly, or three-dimensional shadows, by one's own personal investigation, is indispensable for the training of a prophet. Another indispensable thing is as follows: As soon as the child is old enough to understand, introduce him to the idea that his vision of the unseen is properly incompatible with a life of ambition, self-seeking, competition, fashion, or luxury. Train him in the *noblesse oblige* view of his position as a son of the unseen Unity. Tell him that he must learn and labor truly to earn his own living by fitting himself to do, thoroughly well, something or other which society wishes to have done and will pay for and the doing of which is in itself beneficial to society; but that, having once seen, he must never put before himself, as an object of aspiration, the being widely known or much praised by mankind. (In declining middle age or old age this last rule may be temporarily departed from if necessary as a means to a useful end, but we are talking now of the training of the prophet whilst still young.)"—From *Brotherhood*, 27 Paternoster square, London, E. C.

—I wonder how many *Nautilus* readers are fully improving the opportunities provided by this glorious season for storing up health, happiness and success. And I wonder if New England ever before saw such a wondrous unfurling of leaves and blossoms, and such delicate and translucent colorings as this spring has provided. Winter's long lingering, followed by soft rains and sunshine, have conspired to give us a leafage and bloom which would credit even Oregon or California; and so rapid is the unfolding that each morning a new world seems to greet us. We rub our eyes and gaze again, not quite sure that we haven't been polishing Aladdin's lamp in our sleep. William and I took a lunch with us and spent a whole day where brooks babbled, bees bumbled, and wild violets bloomed, while the sun played "I spy" through pine and spruce and maple. There was a water fall in view, with hills beyond and a road at our feet. Robins called and a crow wheeled and cawed and took his morning bath in the silver water. Once in a while children wandered by with hands full of violets and honeysuckles. There were no automobiles, but once a comfortable looking horse trailed a buggy by, and in the buggy sat a satisfied young couple with arms around each other and heads close. They minded us no more than the birds and bees. Four young people wandered along, the two girls in dainty blue and white dresses. In their movements we saw youthful tragedy—both girls shunned one of the boys, and gravitated toward the other. But out there in the open tragedy seemed faint and far away and thought itself was vain. All was peace. We rested on the lush grass and last year's pine needles, and birds, bees, trees, running brook and humanity were sweetly amusing. We were so still we could feel nature's heart beat, with ours in unison. And we came home happy. We mean to go again.

—"The scientific explorers of the 'abyssmal depths of personality,' the soul depths, are beginning to demonstrate the existence of a greater genius within each of us than exists anywhere outside; and the whole aim of education should be to draw out this latent genius, to relieve it of all trammels and fetters, and enable it to get its inspirations through into our ordinary consciousness. The 'subliminal self,' the mediator between the outer self and the ever flowing Fount of all Inspiration, is always striving for outward expression. When it finds the bodily organs sufficiently responsive to its gentle impulses, as sometimes in children, we have those amazing exhibitions of precocious genius, the infant prodigies, especially the musical ones, who seem to have brought their knowledge with them ready-made. The whole aim of art education should be the training of the hand and eye, and all the faculties, to respond to these inner promptings. * * * The real purpose of Nature is to awaken us to this larger consciousness, to arouse to intenser and fuller life. Joy and sorrow, conflict and reflective

calm, all promote to this end. Strive for whatever object we may, and with whatever success, this end is attained, though all others fail. * * * This fever of life, the hustling restlessness, the love of travel, the news hunger, the insatiable curiosity, the photographing of everything, and the interviewing of everybody, are all symptoms of the impulse to spread consciousness over a wider field, to embrace more and more in our mental purview; in short, to bring ourselves into more extended touch with the life around us. This multiplying of experiences, this education in time for eternity, is the real purpose of life, the chief end of man. * * * But this education in time for eternity assumes an after life. This assumption is the essential condition for the real explanation of any of the great problems; without it, existence is a sphinx riddle not worth the attempted unravelling. I regard an after life as a scientifically demonstrated fact, and the investigators who have proved it have given us a rational conception of it. This life is but one stage in an endless evolutionary series. The next life stage will be a higher school of experience, a stage whereon we begin another cycle of adventures. But the whole value of the next life depends on the use we make of this. * * * If, then, this be the purpose of life, the purpose of Art is at once manifest. It ministers to our manifold needs. It enables us to transcend our personal limitations, and live in sympathy a larger and more collective life. It portrays the past, the present, and anticipates the future. It tends to nullify time and space, and to bring us into touch with the great of old whose spirits still rule us, not from their urns, but from the works of art they created, or in which they gained imperishable record. It promotes that mingling of mind with mind, that commerce of souls, which helps us to realize that underlying unity which makes the whole world kin, and which hints our kinship with the Great Master Artist in whose activities we share." E. Wake Cook.

—Well, Catherine is married and everything is lovely and the two geese with hearts as one are living high at a summer resort. Catherine's full name is Catherine Elizabeth Struble (my daughter by former marriage) and she is twenty-three years old. She married Edward Lincoln Twing, born and bred in Holyoke and loved by many. Nice young fellow, well able to keep his front yard clear of wolves. And best of all, he loves her. The marriage license describes them both as "white" which is true in more senses than the one intended. They were married by Dr. E. A. Reed in the beautiful Second Congregational Church and over a thousand invitations had been sent to friends they desired to see the ceremony. There were floral decorations of palms and pink bridesmaid roses and pink peonies. William C. Hammond discoursed sweetest music from the great organ. There were six ushers and two side ushers. There were six bridesmaids all in dainty white with large arm bouquets of pink roses with long pink streamers. And a maid of honor in white silk de chine with more pink roses and streamers. And then the bride, in white satin messaline with lace and elaborate train and tulle veil, escorted by her brother, Chester Holt Struble, who is tall and handsome and good. At the altar the bride met the groom and his best man and Dr. Reed, and they were married according to the Episcopal service, with a ring, "obey" clause and all. It was a pretty wedding. Afterward the bridal party and immediate relatives of both families repaired to the Hamilton to dine—without wine. There was no reception. The whole affair went smoothly and we all enjoyed it. It made a good beginning to their married lives. All that interest and good will turned in their direction ought to give them impetus enough to carry them safely through the shoals of the first year of marriage. And the presents!—there were hundreds of them, and so nice. Of course as there was no reception we expected no gifts except from a few of those most intimate with Catherine or Edward. But they literally poured in, and are still coming. We had to clear the largest room in our home and devote it entirely to the gifts. There is solid silver, cut glass, fine china, fine linen and fine furniture—including a solid mahogany dining room suite—enough to stock a small sized Waldorf-Astoria in good style. The gifts are all beautiful and well-adapted in themselves; but the thing we prize most is the spontaneous good will which these gifts express. Surely no two young people ever began life with more or greater blessings. May they prove true to the blessings.

—Yes, fasting will help spare people as well as fat. Many people eat so much it makes them poor to get rid of the refuse. We all give our digestive apparatuses too much to do. Most of our ills are due to eating more than we assimilate; and there is not a human disease from biliousness, or headache, or the drink habit, to insanity, stupidity, or ugly disposition, which cannot be greatly relieved if not entirely cured, by judicious fasting. For one who is used to three square meals to suddenly stop eating and take a long fast will in a majority of cases produce a physical revolution of serious proportions. All radical and sudden changes are more or less dangerous. Whoever experiences unpleasant effects from fasting has either applied the food brakes too suddenly, or he has fasted under protest, thus deranging nature by adverse auto-suggestions. Then of course there is the other and very small class of people who suffer from the effects of very long fasts taken to outdo some other body's record. Anybody can train himself to long fasts; but when he determines to break some record of fasting, where he sets a stake and determines to reach it at any cost, he (generally she) is very apt to overdo the matter and reap serious consequences. A fast of twenty-four or forty-eight hours will not only hurt nobody, but it will benefit anybody. Only adverse auto-suggestions can prevent benefit from such a fast. And every man's own natural hunger will indicate to him not only the hour but the proper food with which to break his fast. After thirty-six or forty-eight hours the fast should be broken at the first sign of hunger and watering of the mouth, and the kind of food desired is the proper one with which to break the fast, only taking great pains to masticate very thoroughly. This is always easy after a judicious fast broken at nature's own call. One is never ravenous after a fast, and his food tastes so good he is in no hurry to swallow it. It is the over-fed stomach which manifests in a ravening appetite. A fast will stop the craving; and repeated short fasts will cure any abnormal appetite. Long fasts are rarely needed except in cases of severe diseases of long standing, and should always be preceded by repeated short fasts, continued until the system can stand a long fast with almost no loss of flesh or strength. When a man feels better and stronger during a fast than when not fasting, he is ready to lengthen his periods of fasting if he wishes. Of course the non-breakfast and the one-meal-a-day practices are the mildest forms of fasting, and it is well to grow well accustomed to these before taking longer fasts. Use gumption and moderation, and you will gain only good from fasting.

ANENT BOOKS AND THINGS.

—"Why We Suffer: The Remedy," is an artistic, interesting and bond-sundering little booklet by Katherine Holmes, 2 Jane street, N. Y. City. Price 25 cents. A dainty and helpful gift booklet.

—"Pre-Natal Duty" is a new twenty-five cent booklet by Mary Barteau, published by Mazdaznan Publishing Company, 3016 Lake Park avenue, Chicago. Unusually interesting and practical. With pleasure I recommend it to all prospective parents.

—"Chains" is a pretty freedom and new thought story which the preface, by G. W. Soule, commends to the Optimist. Written by Nellie M. Jerauld, published by The Brandcroft Shop, Silver Springs, Tenn. No price given—probably fifty cents.

—"True Word" is Prof. M. F. Knox's small monthly published at 773 Harrison street, Seattle, Wash., and devoted to the professor's brand of science and the promotion of the Mental Science Industrial Co., now incorporated under the laws of the state of Washington. Success to it.

—"Telepathy: Mental Telegraphic Communication: What It Is and How It Is Done," is an interesting and scientific treatise by R. Dimsdale Stocker, author of "Clues to Character" and "The Human Face." Good. Published by L. N. Fowler, 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London, and Fowler & Wells, 24 East 22d street, New York. Price fifty cents.

—"The Power of Prayer," by Alice May Youse, is a dainty white and gold volume containing this "musical poem narrating a true incident of the civil war," illustrated by seventeen artistic poses of the author. A sweet gift book for holiday offerings. Price, \$1.00. Miss Youse is president of the Shaftesbury College of Expression, Baltimore, Md.—and a Nautilus subscriber.

—"Mental Advocate" is hibernating, wherefore its subscribers lament. I am sorry I can't tell you when it will come out of retirement. And there are so many of you that Miss Kiersted cannot answer all your inquiries personally—especially if you forget to enclose stamped envelope for reply. Have patience—Grace will do her best by you. Her address is The Concord, Chicago.

—"The new "Mazdaznan Encyclopedia of Dietetics and Home Cook Book" by Dr. O. Z. Hanish, contains 144 pages of the sort of information I am often asked for. Those interested in diet reform will find it a good investment. Tells how, and why. Recipes for everything under the sun. Hints galore for the man or woman with gumption. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper 75 cents. Order of the Mazdaznan Publishing Company, 3016 Lake Park avenue, Chicago.

—"The Artsman" is a handsome and artistic little dollar-a-year magazine with three big editors, first of whom is Horace Traubel, that past master of the king's English who also edits *The Conservator*, published at Philadelphia. The other members of this editorial trinity are Hawley McLanahan and Will Price who believe in "The Art that is Life." *The Artsman* is published at the Rose Valley Shop, Moylan, Delaware county, Pa., where they make lots of artistic things, some of which this beautiful little magazine tells about.

—"Psychic Healing" is just the discourse to use as a new thought missionary. It is printed from a sermon delivered by Rev. Vernon C. Harrington, assistant pastor of the second Presbyterian church of Cleveland, O., before the Presbyterian Ministers' Club of that city. Gives Dr. Harrington's reasons for accepting psychic healing as truth, and cites the authorities both for and against, by the reading of which he was enabled to arrive at his present conclusions. Published by Burrows Brothers Company, 133 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.; price only ten cents.

—"Science of the New Thought," by E. Whitford Hopkins, is a remarkably interesting presentation of new thought in rather poor English. The author's ideas are original and well conveyed in spite of his English. He is a sort of literary Th. Nast whose use of a poor bit of charcoal is more effective than another's use of fine brushes, pigments and palette. Every page of the book is alive, lucid, helpful. Contains 312 pages, with frequent sub-headings, is well bound in red cloth and sells for \$1.25. Published by the Occult Book Concern, Bristol, Ct.

—"Healing Currents from the Battery of Life," by Walter De Voe, is a fine strong volume of 182 large pages just issued by the College of Freedom, 6027 Drexel avenue, Chicago, price, \$2. Contains as frontispiece a beautiful engraving of Hofmann's "Christ." The title page bears this inscription, "Teaching the Doctrine of the Positive and Negative Mind of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Mediator between the two states of Being; revealing how the Truth awakens the Soul to its natural inheritance as an immortal co-worker with God, giving it dominion over sin, sickness and death." A book full of life giving thought expressed in original and lucid fashion.

—"Huldah" is a charming western story by two Nautilus Sweet Hearts, Alice Macgowan and Grace Macgowan Cooke, who must have lived the western life in order to depict it so well. The book is full of free life interest and buoyant with true optimism. "Huldah" herself is a character—a "hotel" keeper who mothers everybody, unravels the snarls and brings order out of the chaos of several lives, the while her quaint philosophizings entertain all hearers. There are 316 fascinating pages in this book, well printed and artistically bound in cloth, with the quaintest of illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory. Price, \$1.50. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

TRUST. If you desire to better your condition, and grow into a state of peace and happiness, then trust your ideals even though the whole world may call you foolish and doubt your judgment. Your ideals are the means by which you shall be resurrected from the dead thoughts in which you have been existing all these years. Be true to your ideals in the face of all appearances. If the bottom of the universe seems about to fall out, do not be dismayed. Let it fall. You are HERE. You are back of and more than all material changes. If you apparently make no progress for a day, a month, or a year, do not let it discourage you. Trust your ideals and never cease trying to make them practical, and there can be but one ultimate result—success in all your undertakings.

I know beyond the shadow of doubt that there is life, freedom and joy in store for the man or woman who is true to his or her ideals. There is the substance of LIFE in your thoughts. There is sufficient power in your ideals to bring you out of the death atmosphere in which the world is encased into the pure sunlight of the Principle of Being.

Do not crush the up-springing fountain of desire within you. Trust it as the divine life seeking expression through you. Remember that when you look out upon the objective world you are viewing effects, and not causes. Do not accept that which is builded as greater than the builder. Forms may change but the Principle of Being is eternal. Your ideals take you back to the realm of causes. Study the key to the combination of forms. Study Principle as well as substance. Seek for that which lies back of the objective world, and you will discover in time that you are not bound so hopelessly by your environment as you had imagined. Knowledge will not come to you unsought: you must search for it. The development of the ideal faculties will help you to grow in true wisdom. Learn to THINK. In this lies your salvation. Explore the unknown realms of your own mind, and train your faculties to recognize only those things which are most desirable. In your thought power lie enfolded the possibilities of wonderful growth.

The results of holding true to your ideal nature are cumulative. The first effects may be too deep to be noticeable. You must walk by the eye of faith for a time. Pure faith is a sublime possession which all should cultivate.

There is nothing like persistency in holding before the mind's eye without any reference to results, a picture of the condition you wish to attain to. A few wavering thoughts in any particular direction will accomplish little, but the silent, steady, continuous flow of the thought currents in any given direction will gradually build results consistent with your expectations provided you are true to your ideals in the face of all appearances.

It is not the ability to think happy, strong thoughts when it costs you no particular effort to do so which will make you strong or demonstrate your ability to control environment. It is the holding to truth in the very teeth of failure and discouragement, the accomplishment of the "enemy's" defeat on his own ground, that will develop your capacity to grow and make of yourself whatsoever you desire to become.

You need to develop the ability to turn directly about when you are in the midst of negative thoughts and conditions, and resolutely put from the mind all that tends in any way to make you unhappy or weaken you, and then KEEP the mind centered on the true condition which you desire to realize. It may be that you have lived so long in the material vibrations only that the idea of faith does not appeal to you, but if you have faith "even as a grain of mustard seed" to make the attempt, and if you will keep on making it without once thinking of what the results may be, then you will be able to PROVE to your own satisfaction that there is salvation in following the desires of the ideal self.

POTENTIAL MAN. All individual lives are innately seeds of Infinite Life. The corn is vastly more than an acorn; it is a

magnificent oak, a forest of oaks, a portion of the pulsing sea of life in potential form.

Potential man has the power, by intelligent choice of methods and an understanding of his real nature and capacity to develop into whatsoever he desires to become, provided he complies with the law upon which all growth is based. Desire is the first expression of this law in man, and no one who works against Desire can hope to attain health, harmony and power. Persistency in doing that which we desire to do is the key to all success, and the only true method of growth.

Man can develop his potential faculties only so fast as he recognizes that he possesses them. The Law of Life is. It does not seek man. He must seek it. It is omnipresent and ready to serve us the moment we understand how to make use of it. The force of electricity is as old as man, but he had to learn how to use it before it could be of service to him. In the same way he has got to learn to make a practical use of the life force before it will manifest in him.

Innate power must not only be recognized then, but expressed before the potential develops into the actual. Recognition and expression do not always go together, i. e. there may be an intellectual perception which amounts to little. I may recognize my innate possibilities for good, through the medium of intellect, until the crack of doom, and yet unless this recognition is made to serve the plane of practical uses, no great benefit will result. "Let your light shine." Learn to radiate, express. Life in all its beauty and power. All our powers are to use. Life is but the use of the faculties which we possess. Anything else than this is death. As soon as we cease entirely the use of any function it dies.

If you desire to express greater power, drop from your mind all seeming limitations. This is the truly scientific method of unfoldment. Select only perfect models for your thought structures. If you keep one eye on your ideal and the other on your feelings to see whether they are going to conform at once to the new order of things, you will quite likely fail. Remember your feelings are an effect, not a cause. Seek a new cause and forget the old effect. Effect always follows cause. You can afford to wait for the result. If you persist in watching your feelings continually you will simply undo the work you are trying to accomplish.

The potential man is conscious only of his feelings. He dwells wholly in the circumference of being. The still and peaceful depths of vibratory force which exist at the center of all individual lives, are unknown to him. As he develops he learns to sink his consciousness to these depths of stillness, and ultimately to bring the outer being into harmony with them. It is only the outer self which feels the storms of emotion which sweep about it. This outer self is but an effect, a reflection of the real self within. This real self is the I Am—changeless, sinless, diseaseless Love—individualized in you. Let your consciousness abide at the center.

Faith in the true self, self respect and self love, nourish and ripen the potential man and develop in him those noble attributes which are his by right. "Said I not ye are Gods?"

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

*** He who condemns another really condemns and injures himself most. For we are so united one with another, and with the whole, that any vibration of hatred or condemnation launched into the universal ether must inevitably react upon the sender.

*** It is as if we condemned some member of our body and tried to injure it. In the end the whole body would suffer for it. And "we are all members of one body."

*** It is an easy matter to theorize about these things, but quite difficult to put them in prac-

tice. There is only one way that I know of in which it can be done; and that is by acquiring complete self control through letting go completely of the mortal mind and will.

*** Mortal mind is an usurper of power. He assumes to control that which he has no right to control. When the blind lead the blind, or attempt to, both are apt to fall into the soup. And that is about what occurs when the mortal mind tries to pilot the physical body through the journey of life.

*** The soul is the rightful instructor, ruler, creator and re-creator of the body. Mortal mind needs to become resurrected, made completely new and pliable and humble, before it is safe to trust it very far. The mortal mind needs to go down on its knees to the soul.

*** The mortal man is very apt to be a jackass. A jackass lifts up his voice and lets his heels fly very often when he would serve himself and everyone else far better by keeping still. Don't be afraid to keep silent.

*** How many times in your life would you have passed through a difficult place without a hitch had you only kept silent and done the best you could. But instead you allowed your feelings, fears and foolish forebodings to get the best of you, and subjected your mind to all sorts of torture over possibilities which never became realities. All this time your soul was calm, serene, unruffled and would have kept your mind the same had you but listened to the Soul's voice and been less impulsive.

*** Learn patience. It is one of the very greatest of life's lessons. It will put you on the road to eternal peace. The truly patient person is always peaceful and far more happy than those who live in strenuous turmoil where impatience rules. Impatience means the loss of self control, which is always weakening and disintegrating. You may say that all this advice is trite. That may be true; but have you ever attempted seriously to put it in practice? There are a great many truths which we recognize and accept on sight, but which we have never made any practical use of. A truth like this cannot be too often repeated until it becomes a part of the consciousness.

*** Do not hug your mortal consciousness with its pain, sorrow and suffering so tightly. Let go and come into the eternal peace, health and sunshine of Eternal Being. The peace and sunshine are always present if you will let go of the material long enough to recognize them. You suffer pain because you hold material things with too tight a grasp. Loose them and let them go. They are for your use, but they are not you. You live in a material world, but this world is not you.

*** Material things should always be used as a means to an end, but never considered as an end in themselves. The material world is altogether good and beautiful and useful so long as you do not become hypnotized by it to the exclusion of your real self.

—"Is the doctrine that all is good a safe teaching for the unthinking mind?" A. W.

Don't worry—the unthinking mind will never accept that doctrine. It is too contrary to his little instinctive beliefs and experiences. No belief can be accepted until we have grown up to it; and when we have grown up to a thing we do not misuse it. If you don't believe this just try making some stiffnecked church member believe that all is good.

—New Thought is not a means of producing by the aid of incantations, otherwise known as affirmations or treatments, right effects from wrong causes. It is not a means of bringing figs from thistles by the aid of mental charms; nor health, honor, happiness and success from broken laws and careless or dishonest practices. New Thought is not come to abolish law, but to show how to fulfill it; not to reward the hypocrite, liar, cheat, sluggard or Gradgrind who chooses to repeat its affirmations, but to do away with false pretenses and oppression that man may come into his righteous inheritance of clear conscience, health, happiness and success.

Experience Corner.

(Send in a brief account of your own demonstrations over unpleasant circumstances of any sort. The relation of your successes at self-healing will afford suggestions and inspirations to others who are trying to live according to new thought principles. Write your experience on one side of paper, take care not to mix it with other communications, and SIGN FULL NAME AND ADDRESS. Also state whether or not you wish your name left out of print. E. T.)

"In four years I have brought myself up from a state of chronic invalidism to such comparatively good health that now nothing less than perfect health will satisfy me. I feel now that the resignation I piously cultivated was wicked and lazy. I have used nobody's system—simply tried to find what was best in my individual case and then did it." A. Y.

"One day when my mother was ill and I was caring for her, I an inexperienced housekeeper, had an influx of company to remain for a day and a night. I had only one maid, and she very cranky and disagreeable. Everything went wrong and I finally got so stirred up that I thought I would simply fly. I went to my room, closed my door, and said to myself, 'I will take fifteen minutes, if everything goes to destruction and see what this silence will do for me.' I sat down, made myself get perfectly still inside of me, and there I sat still and nothing more. I went down stairs, and everything went as smoothly as it had before gone tumultuously. Somehow I seemed to have a strength I had not had before and it was simply wonderful. This may help some one else to try it. I am but a novice in the New Thought but it has helped me wonderfully." A. D. C. H.

"A destructive cyclone passed through the country close to the town where I lived, and through listening to the tales of many of its victims I became filled with terror at the very thought of a cyclone. This grew upon me rapidly, and if I saw a cloud in the least ominous in appearance I became paralyzed with fear. I could attend to nothing, think of nothing but that cloud. I would sometimes sit up all night watching the sky. See, what an idiot I became because of Fear. I did not rave or go into hysterics, only that still, intense watching and listening for a coming storm. One day I sat down and reasoned it out with my own soul thus: Why so foolish as to die a thousand deaths daily? Even though a second cyclone should visit this locality, which is most unlikely, you are by no means certain of being killed or even injured; you have suffered greater anguish already than a dozen storms would be apt to cause you; now this state of affairs will not do; it must stop right here; there shall be no more nonsense about it; I will fear no longer. I became conscious of an almost instant change. I did not understand at the time just what I had done, or why it effected a complete cure. I do not know as I fully understand it now. But cured I was, and have so remained, although I have since witnessed two terrible storms, one of which came in the night, and in the space of three minutes destroyed a thousand shade trees, and unroofed many buildings; yet I remained calm through all the crashing and roaring, though there seemed every prospect of being carried away on the wind and dropped in the middle of the lake." M. M. G.

"One night I awoke from sleep and happening to place my hand on my breast discovered a lump as large as a walnut. I was frightened and awoke my husband, who endeavored to allay my fears. We both fell asleep again, and as I had no pain, did not think of the occurrence till some nights later when the former experience was repeated. After a time I noticed the bunch was increasing in size, and gradually it became tender to the touch, so that I did not feel like wearing anything but a loose jacket or wrapper, and shrank from my child's embraces. In a few weeks it was about the size of an egg, when my husband took me to our family physician, who ordered a plaster to start with, which we had made on our way home. (I did not apply it, however.) Then, without my knowledge, my husband engaged a neighbor to take me to a hospital in a nearby city. But in the meantime I met a woman who had had a wonderful experience in mental healing, which she had accomplished by herself. I knew a little about the subject and made up my mind to put my knowledge in practice. Accordingly I planned and carried out the following regimen. I would not allow myself to touch the bunch, or think of it any more than I could possibly help. It was so painful and had been such a constant source of anxiety for so long, I had to force my thoughts on other subjects, excepting once a day. Just before going to sleep I would affirm that I was a child of the Infinite, that God was not sick, that I was well, that the bunch was less painful and growing smaller, etc., etc. At the end of three weeks I ventured very cautiously to make an examination and to my great joy, found it had diminished in size about one-half and was much less tender to touch. Of course my faith

was greatly strengthened. I continued the practice for about three weeks longer when it had entirely disappeared, and I have not had a trace of it since. That was over eight years ago. I fully believe if I had continued worrying the bunch would have continued to grow. I burnt up the plaster." E.

The Success Circle.

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ELIZABETH TOWNE.

TO THE SUCCESS CIRCLE:—

"In reply to Lesson I would say I have kept the hour with but three omissions. Have sometimes been led to read 'Constitution of Man,' as the 'Ideals are Omnipotent' has been an olive branch of peace in our family. One morning I became so absorbed in looking at 'the spot' my eyes closed unconsciously but I still saw the spot and when the one-half hour struck I was amazed to find myself with closed eyes. Another morning at the back top of the head something seemed to give way, as though a new channel was forced through. I became unconscious for a little while—no fear—I have certainly felt better ever since. My first mornings' experience was very queer. It seemed as though every muscle in my body unlocked, and I thought of Paul and Silas in prison when the doors flew open, and Paul cried 'Do thyself no harm, we are all here.' I find I can get hold of myself more quickly by denying irritability, fretfulness, condemnation, etc., before I begin the silence. My husband and I are firm believers in low living and high thinking, consequently we have very plain food and but little meat. After the second week I began to crave ham—after putting the thought away for a day or two I humored myself and got it. In two days I wanted it again. I tried to think it was the salt my system needed—well, all I know is a very painful section of my intestines is much improved. Is this trash? What would you have done? 'You must find it in yourself' has taken my hands off my husband and given me more self-reliance; for he has always seemed to bind me hand and foot, and the sense of limitation has been exceedingly irritating, even if he is good and means well. Now as to progress: Much more quiet. Demonstrated a good business deal. Desire to be alone. But my husband does not think this progress. Calls it hunting after Elizabeth Towne's 'spooks.' My housework does not seem the burden it did. I tell myself I will be serene—never mind the dust—a hundred years from now no one will ever know whether I dusted or not, but they may know if there is a rift within the lute because of misguided temper. And eternity is my goal. I have gained by feeling that you know I am 'good' innately. I do not shine at all times. I seem so shut within myself, I don't care. Let the world go its several ways only let me alone. But it isn't the best way. The lessons are a great blessing and many times you come to me smiling and nodding approvingly and I send you a message of success and love." Alice.

When one takes up new thought practices he is apt to view his feelings through a magnifying glass, attaching undue importance to new and strange sensations, or their absence. Those who experience new sensations are often hypnotized by them, and the feelings are perpetuated. Those who sense nothing new or strange may imagine they are making no progress, and thus lose heart.

But "Alice" struck the golden mean—she noted the sensations curiously and without alarm. Her experience tallies with that of many another. I knew two young men, brothers, who used to "deny" by the hour, taking up every false race or personal belief in turn; and these two experienced repeatedly the "giving way" described by Alice. Those of intense nature who deny with great positiveness are apt to feel the giving away of the old. There is a sort of local revolution of thought which is tangible. But most people take longer time to accomplish the same results, and the change is so slow there is no special sensation.

I have never experienced this giving way sensation, but I well remember the first time my muscles "unlocked," as Alice describes. And how discouraged I felt because they failed to stay unlocked. But after a few days or weeks I felt again the unlocking; and then again; until at last they learned to stay unlocked. My "feelings" have been few, beyond a certain sense of inner peace, which came and went for a few years, but has now for a number of years, remained with me steadily, and without change except that it seems to deepen and widen.

"Feelings" have no more to do with your progress in new thought than the blowing of the wind; and the less attention paid to them, or to their lack, the better. This applies to all feelings of the head or body surface.

But the sense of peace should be cherished faithfully, and anything which disturbs it should be eschewed until your peace has grown deep enough not to be disturbed by it. If thy right hand or thy pet goodness causes thee to lose thy sense of peace cut it off and cast it from thee until thou hast grown strong enough to keep peace along with it.

And Alice trusted the spirit in her—even to the extent of ham. Which reminds me of Peter, who was a strict Pharisee and lived in a little house by the sea. He was a follower of one Jesus, a cranky Nazarene who was hanged; but he was churchy enough never to have defiled himself by eating pig or entering the house of publicans and sinners, and he was firmly determined never to do so. Up to the north of Peter's home there dwelt a rich sinner who prayed to God for light. And behold an angel or a vision or something told the sinner, Cornelius, to send down south for Peter, who could tell him just the things he wanted to know. So Cornelius dispatched a messenger to fetch Peter—not knowing of course that Peter would no more enter the house of a sinner like Cornelius than he would cut off his right hand. The messenger neared Peter's house very early in the morning while Peter still slept the sleep of a just disciple whom the police were after. And Peter dreamed. He saw a great sheet let down from heaven, and in it were all manner of creeping and crawling things Peter recognized as unclean. And a voice from heaven said to Peter, "Kill and eat." Peter was horrified, and cried out against their uncleanness. And the voice repeated it—"Kill and eat; what I have made call not thou unclean." And just then Peter was awakened by a loud knocking at the gate; and behold the messenger from Cornelius. If it had not been for his dream Peter would have scorned the call to come up and visit a sinner like Cornelius. As it was he remembered his dream and went. And Cornelius became a great power for good, God and the heretic Nazarene.

Peter followed the inner voice which spoke in a dream. He minded the spirit which applied the dream.

"Alice" followed the inner voice which spoke in her craving for ham. But too often we all follow the voice of prejudice which reasons away the real spirit promptings. So we miss our opportunities.

Follow the spirit of love and freedom in you. Follow faith, not fear or prejudgment or precedent.

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