NEW THOUGHT.

A quarterly devoted to Practical Idealism and Self-Development through Self-Knowledge

Conducted by A. Osborne Eaves.

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Stray Thoughts.

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New Thought, in common with several other movements is essentially one that makes for brotherhood. It is only natural that a philosophy which regards every human being as divine must recognise a common origin, and sex, caste, colour, race or other distinction as minor in character. There can be no question that after the war internationality will become much more marked A writer has claimed that civilization is only another name for internationalism, and we have to thank the railway for this Communication between various parts of the world will become easier and more rapid in the future, so there will be greater mixing of races.

Nations have been separated by the language difficulty no less than by that of distance, and seeing that the latter will be overcome, there is only the former standing in the way of a more complete understanding of a foreign nation. We have, as most readers are aware, an International New Thought Alliance, but its activities are naturally restricted to those countries where English is used; thus this adjective loses much of its meaning and power It is impracticable that we should all become linguists, for had we the ability to master five or six foreign languages we should only have partly overcome the difficulty, for the languages of the earth are innumerable. Besides, those of us who have to grind out verbs of some foreign tongue, know only too painfully, how little there is to show for it. A language teacher may well be termed a "drill instructor." Using a few phrases and speaking them indifferently are not mastering a language, are of little practical use.

The time has come when all of us should really make up ou minds to help the world in the New Age now dawning by ac quiring the auxiliary language which has long since passed the experimental stage—Esperanto It is understood and spoken in nearly every cafe in Europe, is being taught in innumerable schools in many countries, so that in twenty years time we may expect our young men and women in all civilized countries to use it as a second tongue, not to displace their own, but to sup plement it. Every esperantist can get into touch with a fellow-student in another land by means of the post, and many close friendships have been made through the instrumentality of this wonderful language. It is easily learnt, spoken and written, children and navvies having given proof of this assertion, and as there is only one way of pronouncing every word all nationalities speak alike, or with an imperceptible difference This fact was brought out at the very first conference at Boulogne, now some years ago, when thirty different countries met, and each speaker was understood. One cannot guess the nationality of anyone using it, and the fact that there are no exceptions to the sixteen rules which comprise its grammar, and that the majority of the roots are taken from the chief European languages, are valuable aids in acquiring it. I have no room to advance all I should like in its favour, but I am sure that before the next few years are over we shall see it take a great stride forward in practical movements, and all who wish to be in the van of progress will help immensely their fellow-men by learning it. A grammar and vocabulary, weighing under an ounce, may be bought for 1½d., or a text book may be had for sixpence. Every reader should send a stamp for details to the British Esperanto Association, 17, Hart Street, London, W C.

The editor of that bright little pocket monthly, "Power," the organ of the Divine Science movement, has an article in the March issue which I commend to all It is entitled "What Divine Science teaches about God's War Aims." I have no room to quote it fully, but opening with the striking phrase "God has no war aims," Dr. C. E. Prather shows how rapidly the conception of God had changed throughout the world.

"Refinement which carries us away from our fellow-men is not God's refinement."

"The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never for himself."

"The philosophy of one century is the common-sense of the next."

"There are many people who think that Sunday is a sponge to wipe out all the sins of the week."

"Some men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrow as they reach the sky."

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"The longer I live," said the famous Sir Thomas Buxton, "the more I am certain that the great difference between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant is energy. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world No talents, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

Do the thing and you shall have the power.

Personal efficiency simply *must* come first to-day. The moneyed idler will no longer be tolerated. *Every* man must work at something. The worlds are the result of work, and the process of creation is going on as busily to-day as in the hoary past. Other universes are being prepared for man at this moment, and the One knows no rest. This sets a good example to mankind.

By man's remaining young he can become a co-worker with evolution. He can bring to bear on every problem that fresh, vigorous, original and forceful thought which is so indispensable in cases of this kind. He has the zest, the enthusiasm, the push and go necessary to see things through. It may be objected, and it is plausible, that age confers a rich experience which youth lacks, and which is the safeguard of society. It must be remembered, however, that the experience which comes with time will be retained. Nothing gained will ever be lost. The mind will be as fresh at sixty or eighty as at twenty, all the initiative of the young mind will be brought to bear on whatever scheme is undertaken. For a number of years the most responsible positions have been accorded to young men. One might say it has been the age of the young man.

When the heart becomes dried up, sere, set and unresponsive, it is less able to radiate that sunshine and sympathy which the world will demand more and more as their value is recognized. It is the heart which remains young, which generates and radiates personal magnetism. Love has ever been associated with youth, and it always will. How true it is that "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." Love may well be considered by all thinkers as the greatest force in the universe. Every one of the thirty-nine saviours of the world has taught it and its truth is confirmed by every student who enters the Path. If the one reality of manifestation be goodness, then its greatest attribute is love. The Law of Attraction is another name for love, which is present in the lowest form of life we know—the mineral. Its action becomes more pronounced as we advance into other kingdoms, and in the perfected man it is the most marked characteristic.

It is the duty of each to increase his personal magnetism, to make each person he meets the happier for having met him. The travail of the world has been possible because of the lack of love. Let the reader keep his youth and he will keep his love. He can transform his environment into a miniature heaven. Picture a world where the brotherhood of humanity was an actual fact instead of a theory! Yet this unity is more than an empty phrase! The ideal always precedes the real, but the presence of the ideal is always proof of the coming of the real.

Lesson X.

How to Lay the Foundation.

Those who have followed the writer carefully, and read between the lines, have already guessed the secret of remaining young, but to prevent any misunderstanding we will, even at the risk of repetition, regard the question from a number of standpoints. When one knows that it is a scientific fact that not a single atom in your body is more than a year old; that the body

of the centenarian is not an hour older than that of the youth, one not only wonders that youth is so rare in elderly people, but that anyone can grow old. Why should an egg or a slice of bread produce totally different effects when eaten by an old man or a youth? Will the same air in a town, which all breathe, sow seeds of youth in one case, and senility in another? Life itself, as has been said, is ever young; it is we who age it by our manipulation of it. The human body is a collection of many millions of atoms, and thousands of these cells are dying every moment. Their place is taken at once by myriads of new atoms, each with a consciousness of its own. This consciousness is of the essence of youth, and in a natural state of things these would contribute their quota to the life of the body and leave it. We have it in our power to retain these dying atoms for a far longer period than is natural. This produces age.

The reason why we hinder dying atoms from passing away is on account of our tensing and shrinking. The condition known as "goose flesh," often resulting from fear, is a good example. Only by the daily practice of "letting go," or untensing, can this age-habit be checked. We must gladly "die daily," and shed our atoms as they perish. By tensing, we also create disharmony in the body, and this in turn is transmitted to the mind. Irritable people always age much more quickly than those who are of a placid temperament, so the slightest trace of irritation must be absolutely removed from the nature. If we have the ability to sting, to wound, to make use of sarcasm, we cannot have that interior harmony which is our first aim.

It follows, too, that worry, fear, anger, envy, and all negative qualities are antagonistic to the preservation of youth. Try and realise that youth and life are the same thing, and that life being the antithesis of death, its essence is naturally joy. This lesson alone takes a long time to learn, and even when it has been learnt there is that negation, *fear*, which is so powerful in all of us, fear of failure in one's undertakings, of other people, of sickness, monotony, a thousand things. Fear, having been inherited, then augmented by education and the surroundings of one's daily life, is not easily thrown off. There is one way by which some people banish fear, and that is by substituting indifference for it. "Well," they argue, "it doesn't matter; I suppose it has to be." They, too, miss the song of life The joy which springs from a true appreciation of life brings in its train hope, optimism, faith, gladness.

We will look a little more closely at these forces or powers—for that is what they are, though it is not often they are so regarded. Unless the reader be persuaded that reason underlies the teaching of these lessons, they are not likely to have any message for him. Common-sense and reason must be the basis of the principles laid down if New Thought is to be a real factor in the uplifting of mankind. Many of the statements made appear to be very extreme, no doubt, to the average reader, who can only suspend judgment till, little by little, he is able to verify them. When he feels inclined to indulge in cheap sneers, let him remember the history of the wonderful nineteenth century, its triumphs, its conquests over what the critics and experts pronounced impossible. Let the reader also ever bear in mind that discovery in every aspect of life has not ceased, and that mani-

festation *may* be a more marvellous and complex piece of mechanism than he has conceived, and that possibly the mind of the Absolute has a slightly more extended range to his own.

An open mind is a precious possession, and comparatively rare. People flatter themselves on their broad-mindedness, but an examination soon discloses the inevitable prejudices that lie in wait. Let the reader aim at keeping his mind free from preconceived ideas, knowing that truth is many-sided.

We gave four qualities, or, as we prefer to call them, powers, and we will now look at them in detail.

Hope is the one asset which nearly every human being possesses to the last hour. It may abandon one from time to time, temporarily, and this fact probably accounts for the saying: "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

It is a power, because we can increase it at will, and it can enable us to overcome almost any difficulty. It has its roots in the initiative, in that part of the nature where reason and judgment do not enter, linking the higher part of our being with the lower or more material. One of its functions is to stand by the mind in times of stress and buoy it up, because it knows that if the man can be persuaded to rouse himself he can achieve the end in view. Hope sees openings and opportunities where the mind sees none. Youth and hope are inseparable, it is the foremost characteristic of that period, and only decreases in fervour as experience affects the life. Hope, too, is related to the best, and he who secures the best in life has nothing to complain about. It is only when people relinquish their determination to have the best that life becomes inferior, when the second-rate satisfies. Hope can only become divorced from the nature when negative thought predominates, and as its influence wanes the grip upon youth loosens.

Lay the foundation of this force, so intimately related to faith, and it will increase the love of youth and life, but not only that but will aid in the retaining of it.

Optimism is a faith that all is good, the very heart of the new psychology, and the reason that so many are taking up the movement. Its nature is akin to that of hope; it is usually considered a synonym of it, but New Thought stamps it with a special signification. It embraces a moving force, a faith based on knowledge and reason. Hope may be timorous, if trustful, optimism has no such qualms; it embraces often a scientific imagination, which places the problem in so clear a light that the steps leading right up to the consummation of the goal aimed at is a foregone conclusion. In other words, optimism is sure that whatever a man may need, whether a strong character, any quality, talent, genius, success, or anything needed to give happiness, it will be forthcoming.

Whilst the highest success cannot be accomplished by its measures alone, for success is always the result of composite forces, yet it is the one indispensable element, especially at the beginning, because it furnishes a sort of momentum that keeps the thing going of its own accord; many principles in mechanics appear to have their counterpart in psychology.

By all means, therefore, this quality should be cultivated. Be hopeful, be optimistic, that youth shall be a permanent possession of the self.

The word "faith" has become so entangled with religion that it is difficult to dissociate it from it. It is so integral a part of human nature that we may be sure that it fulfils an important function. Its roots are in the higher consciousness, and it throws its branches into the lower, but here the conditions are not often favourable for its growth, so it becomes a very stunted plant indeed. People are told to "have faith" in this, that or the other, but in nearly every case, the thing in which they are asked to show this divine faculty belongs to the lower or inferior side of existence, and therefore as often as not their faith is not justified. You ask a shopkeeper, "Is this guaranteed?" He assures you it is, and you accept his word. The article does not come up to the description and you are disappointed. The same thing happens so repeatedly in this direction as well as many others that you "lose faith" in a person's word. The mistake made is that when deceived by one man, or a thousand, several times, we are often led to "lose faith" in mankind as a whole. The cynic and the pessimist are manufactured in this manner and come to regard faith as akin to superstition or ignorance. Every step they take confirms them in their opinion. Man always gets what he expects, so the man expecting to be cheated, generally is because he is drawn to these people or circumstances where his expectation can be gratified.

Faith is, therefore, somewhat at a discount to-day. Belief in life's illusions and negativity generally is common, but the belief is only ths shadow of faith, and the reader, if he has not yet studied the rationale of applied metaphysics should certainly do so. Faith cannot be forced, and if you cannot call it into being do not worry about it. The agnostic can possess quite as much faith as the pietist. It can be grown, and when the faith—there is no room for the blind variety so dear to religious people—is in the highest, in justice, honour, purity, love, truth, wisdom, it can never be misplaced. These fundamental principles are unchanging, eternal, rooted in the Causeless Cause, and as one turns one's highest consciousness in moments of meditation, a connection is made, which grows till faith is established in the heart permanently.

We should like to supplement the list of principles at the heart of things by the addition of youth, and the faith in it as a root-force will help the reader to enter into its spirit, which will reflect itself on the body later.

As each step is taken, as the mind feels more tranquil, more sure of its ground: as one commences to sense that faith is really based on truth, and that the more we obtain the greater becomes our capacity to obtain and retain more, because whatever belongs to fundamental realities has a power of multiplication that is unique. This is because we are dealing with quintessences.

When we remember that we are placing our faith in the highest power we can conceive, or, in the ego, we know that our desire must find a response. We have but to reflect that we ever move in a universe of absolute law; further, that when we conform with the conditions of that law, the results are inevitable. All that man suffers from, or ever has suffered from, is ignorance. No two men see the same thing from just the same point of view; there are different degrees of development, so once more we see how intimately faith enters into the problem.

In a super-critical age like our own we cannot expect to find much gladness. People seem to accept things much as a matter of course. Things that are not "just so" are grumbled at without any unnecessary loss of time; things that are "all right" are acquiesed in or briefly commended. It has been said that life is too cheap: so are many other things. Privileges are not appreciated; they are looked upon as something to which one is entitled. There is too much putting of nearly everything upon a commercial basis and imagining that *any* thing can be *bought*, and that once this has been done, no further obligation rests with the recipient. Modern civilization has so crowded the life with multitudinous details that we become absorbed in them, and passing from one to another takes up the whole of our life. A ready made, cut and dried, mechanical and automatic life leaves little room for the amenities of life, consequently the spirit of gladness finds little expression.

If we accept everything which enters our life with a spirit of gladness we are never disappointed whatever may occur. We accept with cheerfulness so-called troubles or obstacles because we are enabled to meet them in the right attitude and thereby neutralise their effects. If we feel glad for life's smaller gift more of them come our way, and the little pin-pricks of life pass unnoticed. So the larger trials lose their overwhelming character and are bravely met.

This brings about an evenness in life which enables us to build into our mental structures those qualities and forces which make for youthfulness.

Lesson XI.

The Transformation of the Mind.

Look round at your friends and acquaintances, picking out those exhibiting certain traits in a marked degree. You will note in all, good and weak points. Now imagine what you would be like if you had the strongest and most desirable characteristics amongst them, blended, with none of their weaknesses. It is difficult to picture when you begin to analyse your mental equipment. You come to the conclusion that you would in point of fact be somebody else. What philosophy calls the I-ness would have disappeared, and to all intents and purposes you would be somebody else. Do you often run accross anyone who has expressed to be somebody else? Very rarely. There is that inherent feeling that with all our faults we love ourselves still! This shows how tenaciously does our individuality cling to us, and is an earnest as to what we may expect when we take ourselves in hand seriously. We seldom picture to ourselves what we should like to be, for it smacks of egotism, conceit and vanity. We never get far so long as we carry these dead weights. They serve no useful purpose in character building, though a little pride may be pardoned to the man who has lifted himself from a common garden average man into a genius—biography furnishes one with these instances.

Yet there is no denying that were the characteristics we admire in others, part of our own nature, we should find our task of prolonging youth the easier, because when one finds a

mind possessed of strong, virile qualities, there is no room for the petty, weak and youth-destroying factors.

This composite mentality is the one we are to aim at without losing our individuality. We are not going to subtract a fraction from our integral powers or faculties, but we are going to add to the contents of our mind. We shall deliberately choose those factors which we know make for youth.

First our speech will drop those references to age, to limitations connected with age; we will discontinue the habit of referring to "Old Jones," "Old Mrs. Brown," except where clearness demands it. Comparisons respecting the age of various persons, which is a popular topic, will be tabooed! Admittedly it is hard to do this; taking a detached unpersonal view of things is so divorced from the life of so many that the new attitude seems very artificial. Yet, although conversation with many people turns upon personalities rather than principles, there are those to whom such subjects never appeal. As one grows the garrulous habit becomes less in evidence, and when one speaks it is to say something rather than utter banalities. The art of conversation is worth acquiring; no one appreciates the taciturn person, but better be silent than discuss your neighbour's weaknesses.

Youth, it must be noted, is a positive quality, and therefore it should be associated with other positive qualities. That means that it is constructive, and can only perform its functions properly when it is related to other qualities or tendencies of a similar nature. It is like putting a delicate refined plant in a garden of noxious weeds and expecting it to be its best. A strong-minded character is necessary to youth, to which make-believe and destructiveness are alike fatal. No person with a rasping, grating nature need ever expect to keep young, for youth is of the sun and will not mix with anything of an opposite character. This is one of a number of points which have never occurred to those who desire to remain young.

When we have shut off speech of a nature that does not conduce to youth our mind is free to turn to itself. Nothing less than the complete transformation of the mind is demanded of the reader, but although this seems well-nigh impossible at first, it is attainable; just as the body is never exactly the same for two moments, so the mind is just as fluidic —a trifle more so, if anything. Our mind is always undergoing a transforming process, but it is not done at our bidding; it has our tacit consent, but that is all. That means that if there is any particular thought or idea that we do not like we may reject it; but like a nurse-maid in charge of several children does not interfere with them so long as they are playing together happily, so do we take little note of what thoughts come or go. It is immaterial to us so long as we are not disturbed. This easy-going attitude must stop.

You must now control your mind. I have known middle-aged men, alert, of moderate, and of more than average intelligence, declare they could neither control their mind nor concentrate. Questioned five or six years later, they have said they could do both easily. It cannot be done perfectly in five minutes, or even in five months, because the mind has never been used to being ordered about, but it is most tractable, and will obey docilely enough.

Cutting off a source of weakness here and another there, we shall be surprised to find what a rubbish-heap our mind has been, for how ill-arranged; want of method and system, nests or pockets of undesirable thoughts, half-starved colonies and groups of constructive thoughts—this mental medley presents a strange mixture.

A practical aid in the transformation we seek to effect is to proceed as follows:

Provide yourself with a stiff card—the size of a post-card, or something that will easily slip into your pocket. (Better to get about a dozen of such cards as they will come in useful later on.) Write these words, one under the other:

Optimism.	Large-Heartiness.
Courage.	Youth.
Faith.	Joy.
Gladness.	Love

Add any other faculty that appeals to you, and put them in any order you like. Write the words in ink, imitating printed capitals, so that the mind is not diverted through puzzling over a word. Look back at what has been said regarding some of the above words, and sitting alone, comfortably, so that the posture of the body does not require attention (which means switching off the mind) take word by word. Think constructively. Picture what its value would be to you if you possessed each quality fully. Reflect how it would aid and advance you. Spend three minutes over each quality:

Next affirm that you possess this quality. As a matter of fact you do—inherently, or latent in the inner consciousness. It is over-laid for the time being. Had you demanded it the faculty you seek would have come to you by the law we have been explaining in these pages. Self-deception will not help us in the slightest. In the great within (the subconscious and the super-conscious) we possess *every* faculty. We are merely slumbering giants. It is as though we had immense vaults filled with inexhaustible and priceless riches. We do not need these riches—or we hypnotise ourselves into the belief that we do not—so that we never claim them, but let them lie idle.

The whole question of affirmations is too great to be dealt with here, and the reader is referred to "The Power of Affirmations and A Book of Affirmations," in one volume, issued by the publishers of these lessons. Scarcely a constructive faculty has been over-worked, and a number of affirmations—some as many as fifteen—for these are given: you can make your own, if you prefer, but see that they conform to the conditions laid down, otherwise the results will be meagre. It may be added that there is a set of affirmations under the heading: "Youth."

The affirmations must be repeated slowly, purposively; with the conviction of their efficacy. Having repeated them as recommended and occupying two or three minutes in affirming, cease from active thinking, let the mind adopt a passive or reflective attitude, then steadily but gently desire the entering into the consciousness of the quality affirmed. Then drop the desire and picture to yourself its entrance. The mind at this point should be quite passive. Rehearse the whole process once or twice until it becomes quite familiar. Two or three

words may be taken at a time, and the remainder at another period of the day; but certainly these exercises should be gone through twice a day. Early morning, noon, and just before retiring are the best times.

This practice faithfully and regularly carried out for one month will have made such an improvement in the mind that the reader may be trusted to continue it year after year, till he has acquired a powerful, well-trained mind, so transformed as to be in every sense a new mind. What then appeared like insuperable obstacles will have long been mastered, though it is true that man's mind can always expand because it is absolutely limitless.

This process of transformation may be carried to a very large degree until genius is secured, for genius is nothing but an extension of all or certain faculties carried sufficiently far. This, however, by the way, as we can find plenty to do to create all those faculties necessary for the prolongation of youth. We shall have grown for our service a mind which will be in a position to appreciate the mental laws which are placed before it, and the line of thought which will be taken up. It will have been seen from what has been said above that only the prepared consciousness can benefit by these lessons, seeing that it is more a mental than a physical creature, and the importance of adequate mental training will be apparent.

Another process will have been going on during this period of up-building: your own negative mind will have dried up. All undesirable traits will have disappeared because you have failed to supply them with that attention you used to give them. The negative aspects of the mind will have vanished, only to be recalled when exceptional circumstances occur, and to be got rid of whenever desired. The possession of a mind which can think at will when it wishes, and on any subject it desires, confers on a man a value not easily appraised.

Lesson XII.

The Rhythm of Life.

If you have ever stood by machinery in motion you will have noticed that when it was running "sweetly", as an engineer would term it, there was a pleasant hum, and it would be difficult to believe at first that certain parts were in rapid movement. Now and then there might be a buzz or a rasping sound and strong vibrations would be heard. The motion of the machinery would then become jerky, and if allowed to ensue for long in this way, it would mean there would be a break-down. Sometimes, when a solid disc of steel is cast, intended for a wheel, it is rotated rapidly and found that it is not running "true" (every cyclist or motorist will understand what I mean), being too erratic in movement. It is examined carefully, and the cause found to be due to one side or part being heavier than the other on account of some foreign substance having found its way into the metal when molten. A hole is then drilled in the place and the space filled in with clay, so as to make that side lighter than the other. When it is tested again it is found to run perfectly. Rhythm has been established.

Rhythm not only runs through mechanics, music, mathematics, astronomy, chemistry (explosions show want of rhythm) but life is positively governed by it. *To be continued.*

Of course, being a compound of the thoughts of others has served its purpose: it has produced a certain stability which was essential to your character. You may have heard something of multiple or alternating personalities, in which for days, weeks or months at a stretch a man has not been himself but reflected the personality of someone else. In some cases as many as ten distinct personalities in one human being have been recorded. There has been a loose connection between the real man and his race thought in these instances, with disastrous results. In days gone by people exhibiting these alternative mental states were dubbed lunatics and shut up in asylums accordingly. More of such cases will be heard of in future because the next race—the sixth—is now on the eve of appearing, and the mental make-up is in a stage of transition. Without heredity behind you, you would have no mind worth talking about. The function of this race-thought has not been properly understood. It has really acted as a guardian or parent until we were old enough to look after ourselves. And many are not yet able to dispense with this mental foster-mother, because few have learned to think for themselves. A writer in a letter to the "Daily Mail" stated that the reason why an informative book issued by that firm had only sold to the extent of 32,000 copies was because we only had 50,000 thinking people in this country. It was the rarity of the thinker which moved Emerson to warn the world when one appeared.

You must cast aside adventitious ready-made thoughts, which like ready-made clothes rarely fit the person for whom they are intended. But before they can be dispensed with, you must have a substitute, or the last state would be wore than the first. You may "take after your father" in several desirable traits and reproduce the weakness of another relative, and you are now to exercise discrimination, strengthening one faculty and extirpating another. I stated above that a man could be that which he thought, and not what he thought he was, which is quite a different thing. It is a helpful and elevating thought to entertain the conception that we are endowed with the power of being just what we would like to be, and this in itself it will accomplish much.

LESSON 4.

And here we are face to face with what so many regard as an insuperable difficulty, writers included. Even orthodox writers and critics admit that by will and application almost everything can be accomplished, but there must be desire and ambition or necessity before a man will use his will. When a man says: "I would like to be self-reliant" he has taken one definite step, and an important one; when he really believes he can be self-reliant he has taken another and still more important one, but he must "like," i.e., he must have a strong inclination in this direction. Whatever goal is accomplished by a man is always compounded of several factors, and that is why so many fail, because they have imagined that but one faculty or characteristic was necessary to bring the success sought. A man may possibly be strong in one direction, and, of course, that is an immense help, for it is indubitable that every single faculty we possess; even the so-called bad ones, vices, which are only virtues carried too far, can be utilized, may be made to minister to our upward path. The one thing noticeable in cases in want of

self-reliance is apathy, a state of mind in which the victim believes effort is valueless because he has been born so, and therefore it is no use trying to alter things

We must beget within us a desire, a want, to be self-reliant. It must be more even than "like" which often stops there.

To get this desire spend a few moments every day alone, where you are not likely to be disturbed or distracted by noise, and picture to yourself, as fully as you can, all that you would like to be. Go over the scenes of the last few years where you could have made much more of yourself. Picture those instances where you might have shown to better advantage. See yourself as being self-reliant, of being the master of circumstances instead of servant. Try and think out all which would follow from such a desirable state of things. The cultivation of the imagination for this purpose cannot be too strongly advised. In fact, without its aid it will be difficult to attain to any degree of self-Reliance (See "Imagination the Magician.") It has never been supposed that it had any use, by the average man; rather it has been regarded as something as a misfortune that the mind was endowed with such a faculty, and people have done their best to stamp it out. Romance has its roots in the imagination, and the age of chivalry was one result of a wider use of it than we make in this utilitarian age. You may conceive that using the imagination may aggravate matters instead of remedying them; imagination like all other powers of the mind may be misused, and a morbid brooding over grievances, real of fancied, would naturally strengthen them. If you have used the imagination in this manner then it will be necessary to replace the pictures formed in the mind by others of exactly the reverse order. There are few human beings who are capable of thinking at all who cannot picture, however inadequately, what they would like themselves to be. So you will bring all your image making faculties to bear on the problem. As has been so frequently said thought being highly attentuated matter, a matrix, or mould, or picture is made in the Akasha, or ether, of each conception entertained.

Luckily, the want of this knowledge on the part of the reliance-lacking individual will have prevented much damage being done. If he has used his imagination it has been in a very passive manner: the train of thought will have varied from time to time so that the pictures formed will have lacked stability. Dismiss, then, any qualms which may arise as to errors of this kind, and make up your mind to train the imagination in the way it should go, so that later it will look after itself—work automatically, as it were. Let the pictures you form now be as pleasing as possible. Ignore all situations in which you could be seen at a disadvantage. Go over such as may have occurred and see yourself as devoid of any shyness or fear. See yourself as the cynosure, as the centre of attraction. Stage fright is more common among people than is generally supposed, yet it rarely prevents a really earnest man or woman from making some name for himself or herself in the profession. If you have an ideal—and you are sure to have, though it might not appeal to anyone else—indulge it in your times of meditation. Try and work out all the details in the pictures you form, and this will improve the faculty of visualizing, rest the mind, and remove the tension which is so common a feature in cases of want of self-reliance. The act of visualizing in this manner will assuredly bring in time a

real desire, a keen interest, in this larger outlook you are taking. The notion that few things have any use because we cannot always see it is very current and it leads to self-depreciation. Everything has a use, and you yourself have a niche in the cosmos: no one is made in vain. What that purpose is it is your business to find out, and if you pursue the investigation you will learn what it is, and at the same time drop the self-consciousness which has so far kept you in the background.

LESSON 5.

Body and mind re-act on each other, and one can rarely act at his best if the other is in any way defective or out of gear, and, as has already been remarked, much want of confidence is brought about by want of harmony in the body. It is not the purport of this course to enter discursively into the subject of diet, which is exhaustively dealth with in other courses. The subject is naturally too large, and one is forced to confine oneself to the broadest generalisations possible. Foods which might suit one might not suit another, hence the unwisdom of "food reformers," however well-intentioned their efforts. It will long remainperfectly true that one man's meat is another man's poison. The despondent person is usually a hypochondriac, and the man who has no faith in himself frequently suffers from derangement of some organ or part of the body. The part of the system which is generally at fault is the stomach.

The reason for this is that there is more artificiality in our eating habits than other phases of our daily lives. Cooking is artificial; many foods are the same; adulteration is next to impossible to avoid. Everyone almost eats too much because custom demands we shall eat at least three times a day where we ought to eat once.

More fuel than a boiler can use results in more ash, which if allowed to accumulate would choke the fire. So with the body; the more food the more ash, or waste. By rights no more than two ounces of waste per 24 hours should leave the body; any more means not only choking up the alimentary tract, but an excess of force is used in digesting the superfluous food. This unnecessary food putrefies and poisons the blood. Nearly all digestive troubles have their origin in the overloaded colon, to say nothing of any others. The remedy is simple: eat less and use an enema.

Let the food be light, varied in kind and rich in the elements of courage and reliance, for foods, like the mind, have a higher and lower side.

People recognise the effects of drugs and stimulants in causing depression, exhilaration, but decline to attribute the same effects to food, because the effect is not so pronounced or so immediate. Foods specially recommended to the normal healthy person are, prunes, spinach, onions (preferably raw), apples and white of an egg, lemons and tomates. Foods which tax the digestive organs should be either avoided altogether or minimized in quantity. Foods perfectly harmless in themselves become harmful in combination to other foods. Study chemistry if you would understand better what wonderful changes take place when two elements come together. Foods possess psychic properties, and those properties may be communicated to man by taking them into his own body.

Tea with tannin removed and coffee without the caffeine may now be obtained, and no evil follows their use, otherwise those wanting in self-reliance should give these beverages a wide berth, the former especially. For one thing, it is not known that an immense amount of tea is grown on soil which has been exhausted for thousands of years. To produce crops the land has been heavily manured, and the phosphates thus used absorbed.

No person who suffers from depression has much love in his composition. It may appear an unkind thing to say, but nevertheless it is quite true, and that is why all writers on this new gospel reiternate the necessity of placing love in the front rank of it. Do you not see that the thought is perpetually centred upon oneself, not upon others? If self is preached to the exclusion of all else, as some opponents of the movement claim, it is only a means to an end, a bringing out of the best that is in one, and with this evocation love must be a prominent characteristic, and with love paramount self is quickly relegated to its proper position. Love means a pouring forth of the whole nature, an emanation which extends from the personal self outwards, radiating from a centre towards other objects outside itself, as evinced in sex-love, for its own enjoyment, but a broad sympathy, strong withal, that seeks to help, to strengthen others, to live aright. In a word, it is a spirit of brotherhood, or helpfulness, sanctified by common-sense, for if the New Psychology stands for anything it is practical common-sense, whereby the most transcendental and metaphysical conceptions are applied to the problems of daily life-mysticism shorn of its religious fervour.

Do not suppose, then, that you are going back to a slightly altered sickly sentimentalism, so prominent a feature in modern society and its grandmotherly politics, which would place every adult in swaddling clothes. Rather are you going to take a wider outlook of life, to have a goal, something to work for; to step out of your dead self into another.

How shall such a change be wrought? By the power inherent in every human being. Formulate your ideal, or desire, create the materials you will use and proceed to build them into your being.

How to desire, how to induce the mind to take an interest in something which at first seems uninteresting on the one hand and utterly beyond one's ability to realise on the other, is dealt with in another lesson. An interest can be obtained in almost everything if you will only let the mind make links with aspects of things which at present do interest one. It is where a gap occurs in two objects that interest is lacking. There it is seen that a thing may become a means to an end one can get up an interest. It is a common thing, for instance, for a young man or woman to take up the study of a language because his or her friend is enthusiastic about it, and later the subject will be studied with downright zeal.

Interest is well-known to be one of the most potent means employed by brilliant teachers to coax indifferent pupils to work at a subject. Show a scholar that there is some connection between the subject he has to take up and some phase of his existence, some aspect of his life, or consciousness, and he will regard it in a favourable light. Every person is more or less egoistic; there is no denying the fact, and there is no need to palliate the egoism.

How I Became What I Am.

One has to be personal if he has set out to write under such a title. At the risk of appearing blatantly egotistical, may I say that I am what the world, I suppose, calls successful. But in my own heart I know that I am not. I have simply done the best I could, and tried to show those whose lives have crossed mine how to do the same. I earn a good living—sufficient for all my wants which are few and simple. I count among my greatest blessings my hosts of friends; and—I love my work In the words of Browning, I "do that which some men dream of all their lives." To love one's work. Could mortal ask more? In my youth I discovered that my greatest fault was impatience. I could never play a game without wishing to win it. I could not seem to stand defeat, though I think I always managed to cover my humiliation. I soon saw that I would have to conquer this failing. It got me nowhere. I am a person of instant decisions myself, and I expect others to give me what I give them. But I learned that this is asking too much of one's fellows.

I took stock of myself. I had few talents; but I had a great love for music, a love of the beautiful, and a quick appreciation of the best work of the masters. I was not a strong child. Illness followed illness, and three times I have been close to death. I dreamed a lot. I read all the poetry I could lay my hands upon and at sixteen I had published some verse of my own in papers not usually open to one so young. I found that through words —particularly through words that rhymed—I could express my inmost thoughts far better than in any other way; and I determined to keep at it until I had acquired some technique. I wanted fame, not fortune. I read only the great poets. The smell of printer's ink fascinated me, and along with my desire for production came another and equally strong desire—to be an editor. I had to earn my own living when I was still very young; and I was wise enough to realise that through poetry I could not make even my salt. So I studied the magazine diligently, and always ahead of me there was a light that urged me on, a still small voice that told me that nothing was impossible.

I prepared for college. I had a wonderful father, a man of scholarly attainments who had written a Latin grammar and a series of arithmetics. But I hate mathematics, and but for him I should have failed always in my examinations. To my father, now passed on, I owe him much. To our home, poor as we were, came people of culture, men and women of distinction, and I was allowed to sit in the room and listen to their conversation. I had a retenttve memory. And I had, fortunately, access to a splendid library. If I heard a certain book referred to, I would quietly look it up. New worlds were thus opend to me. Literature was like wine in my veins. I liked biography and history best, but I also liked the great novelists and essayists.

Though a mathematician, my father was also a writer; but oddly enough he abominated poetry. It was from my mother's side of the house that I got my love of song. Rhythm in words —how it appealed to me. But the stern rhythm of figures—I coulp not tolerate it. I suffered—no one knows how much—over algebra and calculus in those early days.

One day a wise friend said to me, "You want to be a literary man? Well don't bother with figures. You will always be able

to count all the money you earn." I took his advice. It was the best I ever had given me; for half the struggle of human existence lies in our inability to discard the non-essentials. We waste years in tragic endeavour that will lead us nowhere in the end. For that reason I think our system of education is all wrong. Of what use to a poet is a cube root? If one's taste runs to languages, cultivate it to the exclusion of every road to learning. Then I became ill, and the regret of my life is that I could not finish my college course. But I had no time for regrets. When I recovered financial disaster descended upon us and I had to do my little share to keep the family going. I was then only eighteen. I began sending my verses to the best magazines. With startling regularity they came back. One day I received five dollars from a literary journal known the world over for its discrimination in the selection of its poetic contributions. I was thrilled—but humble. But I knew in my heart that my luck was not an accident. I had worked hard over that lyric, and perhaps I had earned my reward.

I am not such a believer in luck as I am in a divinity that shapes our ends. To a certain extent we *are* the masters of our fate, the captain of our souls. The man who waits for inspiration will seldom find it. I believe in the gospel of work; and I know that while a mysterious force does come to the artist every now and then, almost holding the pen that flies across the page or the brush before the canvas, there is another force definite and concrete, that can be drawn upon at will, and made man's very slave. The sluggard used to wait, at evening, for someone to fetch a candle; now we turn on the electric switch and flood our room with light. There are electric switches in our bodies. It is only occasionally that we have to call upon the Divine Electrician to repair them. The family began to take me seriously, though not too seriously. Why is it that the poetic impulse is always a matter for banter? A youngster may be an artist, a musician, a sculptor, and not be laughed at. But a poet—it is unthinkable. Perhaps the fact that for a very long time I had to do my scribbling in secret was the best thing that could have happened to me. My art, as I chose to call it, became my dearest friend. Oh, those guarded meetings, those trysts with the Muse. I can never forget them. And how many friends, in the years to come, they were to make for me?

I knew no one in editorial work. How, then, was I to achieve my dearest dream? My frail health had made it necessary for me to spend over a year in the country; and during that time I read—and read. My fathered tutored me for a few hours each day. I formed a sensitive taste, and I committed to memory long passages from the poets, and sang them to myself at night, alone under the eaves, when the rain rushed by or the white moon sailed through the heaven. I was deliriously happy. I was young—and best of all, I knew it. I also knew that youth would go; that this time of dream and delight could not last for ever. The world was a place to fight in. I had my part in the great struggle. I must go forth with others to battle.

I went back to New York. A brother—a lawyer—told me of a client of his who would give me a place if I learned stenography, and could act as his private secretary. I would get twelve dollars a week. I was so happy that I did not even ask the nature of the client's business. Somehow, I supposed he was

an editor, or at least an author. He was a pump manufacturer. But I sailed in and learned shorthand in three months, without an instructor. Anyone can do it. I worked hard in a miserable factory building on the outskirts of the city. But here my impatience bothered me. "You are a poet," said an interior egotistical voice. "This is not what you should be doing. Get out of it."

I became restless and miserable. I became introspective. I analyzed the motives of everybody with whom I came in contact and I analyzed myself minutely. I crossed every bridge before I came to it. I worried over trivialities. I made mountains of trouble out of molehills of nothing. And I felt—I confess it with deep shame—that I was too good for my job. Then one day, when I was particularly morose and discontented, I was sent into the very heart of that factory on some errand, and I saw the men sweating—it was a blistering summer day—and I got a first-hand view of Life as it is to the great majority of mortals. I was only nineteen remember and I had not learned to be a philosopher. I saw tragic faces working over great machines, and boys too young to be lifting heavy rods of iron and steel. I grew ashamed of myself. What had I to complain of, sitting in a cool office, with an electric fan blowing near my desk, writing a few letters a day, going home early to books and friends I loved? I was reborn in that hour; and from that first glimpse of a dim, hot, thundering foundry, the so-called "common people" have meant more to me than the stars. In my discontent I did not know that things were shaping themselves for me. I know it now. I had talked of a little magazine to be started by the pump manufacturer, to be circulated as a news bulletin solely among his employees in other cities. It actually came into existence. My letters had evidently been well written, well punctuated, for I was chosen as the editor. That I think was the happiest day of my life. An editor—so soon. I learned about make-up and cuts, printers and types. And I read the proof and edited all the copy, and talked long with the head of a neighbouring composing room, and learned to love every man who helped me to get out that little eight-paged paper.

How impatient I was to be a real author. Little cheques began to float in, but in a year or so the big pump business was consolidated with another and I saw the end of my little, but greatly-loved periodical. One day one of the magazines that had been printing a few of my poems took me on as a reader of manuscripts, at ten dollars a week less than I had been receiving. Some of my friends told me I was quite mad to accept such an offer. But I wanted the added experience, and I wanted to get out of secretarial work. Within ten months after I went to this magazine the editor-in-chief died, and I was promoted to assistant editor at double the salary I had been getting. It was a stroke of luck, if you will; but it was a new periodical, and I had worked hard to make a go of it. I had given all my evenings, Sundays, holidays. And somehow I could not help feeling that, after all, I had earned my good fortune.

Someone has said that life is nothing but discovering the truth of platitudes. We cast our bread upon the waters—ane after many days it returns to us. We don't believe that in our youth. We say "What's the use," and laugh at the thought that it is more blessed to give than receive. If you give of your best self, good will come back to you. And what is

good but God? I can remember having to forego a longed-for and much-needed vacation in those days because of extra work to be done. Gladly I gave it up, and five years later I was sent on a six weeks' trip abroad with all my expenses paid. And, looking back, I know that what I learned through thot extra labour was the stepping-stone that brought me to the job that, in turn, brought me the journey to Europe. To everyone of us there comes, at times. a mysterious Expert Accountant, who demands that we take stock of our equipment, render a statement to Him, spread all our cards on the table, and let Him see how we stand. This process corresponds to the spring house-cleaning, to the planting of seed in the garden in April, to the stock-taking in large businesses. What was I truly worth? Was it better for me, now that I was pretty well established in editorial work to give up the writing of verse, and devote my whole life to editing? If I did both, when would I have time for relaxation, for my own reading, so essential to me, for the social duties that become more exacting as a man grows older.

I confess that for a while I thought the writing of my verse would hurt me in my more nerve-trying work. People would not take me seriously in one field or the other. Was I endeavouring, selfishly, to serve two masters? I had better concentrate, so I told myself, on the better-paying job. I was a pretty good business man by this time—that is, I was a good business man for everyone but myself—and the writing of poetry did not seem a very businesslike occupation. Then I woke up, and was ashamed of thoughts like these. If I wrote only for money I could well abandon my verse; but so long as it came from my heart it was my duty to keep on, to chirp my little song. I could keep my own soul in tune, if I could do nothing more. I must sing if I had to; if the urge was not sufficient, then I must remain silent.

Well, I have gone on singing as best I might, and I have gone on editing as best I might too. What is the result? I am everlastingly busy. I never ride on a train but I write a poem. The rhythm of the car sends a rhythm through my mind, through my whole being. I have cultivated concentration of thought—a difficult thing for me to do, for I am naturally of a nervous disposition. I can write anywhere—on my lap, in a crowd. on the back of an envelope, on the floor, in a sleeping car berth. And I divide my time so that I have time for everything. They say it takes a busy man to write a letter, it takes a busy man to write a poem, too.

I lead two wonderful lives. I can drop my work like a garment, beeause I have trained myself to do so, and haunt, like the night-jar, the woods of song in the evening. I am a gregarious animal, who loves his fellowman, so that my days are full indeed. I walk in the woods when the mood is on me; I climb skyscrapers with as much delight as I climb mountains; for I feel—yes, *I know*—that beauty is everywhere, in the teeming city as well as in the open country, in the blue lights of Broadway as well as on the sea beneath the stars. And I try to tell of what I myself have experienced, for I find then that I tell of what you have experienced; for are we not all much alike? Are we not here to fight our big battles, together, through mutual understanding?

We find ourselves through silence. "The hills are mute, yet how they speak of God.' If only we could learn that if we will remain still the stars themselves will come down to us. Oh, the energy in quiet, in self-communion? The deepest love is a silent love. How many of us can keep still, and listen?

The world is wonderful, if we will only have the eyes to see it. I am happy because a cobblestone is as interesting to me as a flower; a bus ride as thrilling as an ocean voyage. And remember, now that I happen to edit one of the big magazines of the country, I have only a feeling of humility in the face of what God has given me; a pride, not in myself, but in my work; a joy in service and restored health; a profound belief that there are other worlds to conquer after this; and ecstacy in the knowledge that a few of my poor songs have reached the hearts of some of my fellow-mortals.

I haven't done much. If I should sign my name you would know that.—C.H.T. in *Nautilus*.

Making Yourself Over

By Mary E. T. Chapin.

It is one of the great mercies of nature that our errors with regard to her are not irretrievable. We sin and sin against her, and with a gentle admonition she sets us free. Over and over again we accumlate crimes till we are worthy of capital punishment yet she permits us to live on.

Even after we have mortgaged ourselves heavily to disease and dissolution, nature stands ready to help us redeem ourselves. If we will contribute only one share of the redemption price in force of will, nature will contribute nine shares in healing power. At our real desire she stands ever ready to perform miracles for us.

To bring generalization down to the concrete, we commit daily, almost hourly, errors, yet live from week to week, from month to month, from year to year without being made to suffer severely.

So-called moderate drinking and moderate smoking we indulge in for a long time at apparently only the slightest cost. Most of us, the chances are, three times a day at meals do something that slaps nature in the face, and she, forgiving her children, turns the other cheek.

Apparently she expects and indulgently makes allowance for a certain amount of fractiousness in us. Frequently we cut short, or impose improper conditions on her hours of restoration in sleep. How, seldom, even when all the conditions are just right, that we take any, not to say sufficient exercise, and how regularly at the slightest excuse we refuse to take any exercise at all.

Yet nature will not always be outraged with impunity. Reluctant as our trangressions are to overtake us, it is their mission sooner or later to tap us on the shoulder and say, though at first gently, and in the end harshly only after intolerable persistence in wrong doing on our part – Thy day of punishment has come.

We go on day after day, month after month, year after year. We cease running upstairs in favour of walking, and finally, slowly and awkwardly we climb step after step, and find ourselves puffing and spent at the top. Year after year we go on eating without exercising and nothing happens but an occasional touch of indigestion and the waist line thickening little by little, and we grow grosser and more awkward, though maybe no more than a slight pursy, stiffening movement we have come to associate with the beginning of middle age.

We drink a little day after day, maybe for years, before the little veins begin to stand out in networks of bluish red relief against a pasty complexion. We smoke every day for a long time before we notice that an already shortening breath is cut still shorter.

We feel little or no shame in these shameful things because we are not the exception, but only one of most people

But what a shameful shame it is that we should so profane this body, created the most beautiful of all created things, splendid in form and colour and movement. Is it any wonder that the flame of the spirit should grow dull, be stifled, dioxygenated, in the degradation of its temple?

Readiest proof of the infinite mercy of God is that we can regenerate the body after we have let it go so far towards disintegration. We can live debasingly for months, in eating and drinking of things bad for us or beyond our needs, and in physical sluggishness, yet a single week of right thinking and living, with a little more exercise and open air than we would ordinarily need, and behold the blood courses through the body, sparkling with life, vivid and merry, well charged like champagne naturally stimulating to the best of work and life.

Six weeks or two months of right thinking and living, with a little more air and exercise than ordinarily would be necessary will undo most of the bad living of half a life-time—that is, if it has not been fairly horrible in its badness—and start us again, at least clean and fresh and wholesome, if not quite with the springing of life we might have had.

God fairly shames us that He so easily forgives us so much. Yet the cheer and courage He holds out to us by this offer of ready forgiveness should be the quickest incitement to us to begin again.

We can make ourselves over. If we have become misshapen and weak we can change ourselves to comeliness and strength. And part of the glory of the change will be that not only the physical will become clean and vivid again, but the life of the mind will become more vigorous, of the heart and spirit clearer and brighter and warmer.

But first we must see it. We must see the beauty, the desirability of that other possible strong, shapely springing self. We must come to want it with all our hearts, or else we will not have the power to make the necessary beginning, to put forth even the pitiably small strength required of us to undo the years of bad living.

We go about seeking righteousness and spirituality in obscure things in uncertain ways. They seem to attract in proportion to the denseness of the mist about them. We fail to recognise the plainest A B C of spirituality in this matter of ordinary clean thinking and living.—NAUTILUS.

Books and Magazines.

Arthur Boudrean can claim to be original, if nothing else in his "Philosophy of You Know." There are many systems of divination, but so far as the writer is aware no one has elaborated a system deducing the thoughts or mental attitudes of others towards one (or even future wants some times) by the feelings one experiences. Supposing you feel a cold sensation under the right heel it means that you will not get what you expect from others. One is reminded of the old couplet about the pricking of one's thumbs, or the palm itching, but in this system nearly every part of the body is dealt with, and the author claims that all the readings are the result of ten years experience and study. If it is accurate one might know beforehand what to expect, though the writer disclaims any leaning to fortune telling. He describes it as "a system of philosophy based on the sense of feeling in the human body, in which all our little aches and pains prove indicative of coming events." Price one dollar, from the author, 567, South First Street, New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A.