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# NEW THOUGHT

OCTOBER

1902

PSYCHIC CLUB  
WATCHWORD

"I AM SURROUNDED BY  
INFINITE LOVE AND  
WISDOM."

EDITED BY SYDNEY FLOWER &  
WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE COLONNADES, VINCENNES AVENUE

CHICAGO.





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SYDNEY FLOWER,  
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221 Illinois Street, Chicago.

Date.....

Enclosed find.....for which reserve for me.....  
shares in The Flower Food Remedy Company at your special price of 5 cents a  
share, as advertised in the October number of New Thought. It is fully under-  
stood that this stock is paid up and non-assessable, and that I incur no liability  
whatsoever in purchasing same.

Name and address.....



# New Thought.

VOL. XI.

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No. 10.

## A Visit to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

CONVINCED that readers of New Thought would like to know something of the home surroundings and personality of our new contributor and future editor, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I made a flying trip to Short Beach to meet the most famous of America's essayists.

It was an enjoyable visit, but in this little account of my impressions you would prefer that I skip the details of scenery and so forth, to answer your expected interrogatories: "What is Mrs. Wilcox like?" "Is she as charming as her writings suggest?" "Is she happy?"

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is very happy, very wholesome, very charming. She is not a large woman; about medium height, hair light, face oval, chin firm, eyes tawny or flame-colored, nose straight, mouth mobile, full lips, tender, expressive, fascinating. Her mouth curves into a bow, and when she smiles, she has a way of shortening the upper lip that is quite adorable. She is frank, generous, gracious. Her face is not framed for concealment. It is not the face of a diplomatist. She speaks from the heart, means exactly what she says, and is free of art and affectations.

She is so constituted that it is natural to her to be pleasant, and pleasant to her to be natural. She is enthusiastic because enthusiasm is one of the large things of life,

and this woman is of large mind. Everything about Mrs. Wilcox speaks of broadness, breadth of view, charity, kindness, sympathy, generosity. She is a mentally big woman. She must express her great heart on a befittingly great scale. Wit she has, and humor, but they do not dominate. Her conversation is serious without being heavy, and she has the knack, else were she not a poet, of crystalizing her speech, so that she can take the heart of a great thought and lay it before you in a dozen simple words. She is the essentially feminine thing—comforting, strengthening, wise. Her strength is the strength of the woman who feels and knows. She is not a whit masculine even in her most vigorous rebellion against existing abuses. She influences, she inspires, she guides. Therein she shows her mother-wisdom. She does not say, as a man might, "Here is a hideous wrong, watch me smash it!" The fame of the doer of things is no ambition of hers. She points out the wrong; she shows the remedy; she rouses others to an understanding of the case, and pushes them forward to do their work. She is the inspiration that kindles men to do things worthy of their manhood. Her keynote is sympathy.

It is no light thing for a woman to wield the influence that is hers over the conduct and opinions of millions of her fellow beings. Before you can realize her great responsibilities you must bear in mind that she is the most widely read of all American authors.



In popularity there is only one woman writer who competes with her, Marie Corelli. But Marie Corelli's hold upon the hearts of her public is ephemeral—a picturesque mountain torrent, leaping, dashing, churning foam and froth. And see here a full river, broad and calm, strong, patient, enduring. The torrent pleases the eye, but which rests the heart—which do we *trust*?—which do we *value*?

It seems to me that Mrs. Wilcox draws this universal homage to her chiefly because of her invariable sanity. She is always safe and always honest. There are counselors who touch the heart; there are those who touch the head; there are those who are touched in the head; there are those who touch the pocket. How rarely has it befallen that a great Voice, disinterested, noble in its message, has appealed with equal force to the reason and the emotions of mankind!

She is as truly enshrined to-day in the hearts of matter-of-fact business men as in the affections of the troubled women who look up to her. A great woman, greatly fulfilling her destiny. The uncrowned leader of a host who listen when she speaks. She is the poet of the people; a harp eternally in tune.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Wilcox is a round, red, jovial man of middle age. Here is a perfectly happy marriage with full understanding and good humor on both sides. A happy home is the result, and that atmosphere of harmony and good will toward all which Mrs. Wilcox creates, breathes and radiates as naturally as a plant gives out oxygen.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have always lived in *The New Thought*," said Mrs. Wilcox, "long before it had a name, and before there was known to be a law behind it. When I was a girl I was impatient enough. I am not impatient now, but even then I knew—I knew—that if I steadfastly de-

sired anything to come to pass, and confidently expected it to happen, it would come about. It seemed to me that I could always draw things to me if I wanted them very much."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We should be very careful of our thoughts," she continued. "I know it to be true that thoughts of love and kindness given out will draw their correspondence back to the giver. And the reverse of this is equally true."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We have all a right to be happy. We can claim happiness as our own. All that is necessary, it seems to me, is to fit ourselves to be so by first banishing ill thoughts from our minds, and then opening our hearts to the Love surrounding us. The best plan in the way of apprenticeship I think is to practice unselfishness; to do something for someone else; and always, always, *to think kindly*."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I want everyone about me to feel comfortable. If I can help them by my sympathy or counsel it is theirs for the asking, but my own rule, and one that I have found works admirably, is not to speak of my own troubles at any time. Nothing helps so much to impress a grief upon the mind as giving it utterance."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes, I am ambitious. I feel that my greatest work is yet to be done. It will be verse, I think. Poetry is the straightest road to the heart; perhaps because it is musical, and music, you know, soothes where plain speech offends."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Wilcox will write us an article every month. During the year 1903 she will assume a co-editorship of *New Thought* with William Walker Atkinson. We shall bring out in book form during this autumn a collection of *New Thought* essays by Mrs. Wilcox.



which will, no doubt, have an immense sale. Also a volume of her New Thought poems early in the year, possibly in January. I look for a circulation of a hundred and fifty thousand copies a month for this magazine before March 1st, and feel sure all our old readers will welcome Mrs. Wilcox and spread the good news of her coming. We shall have a special renewal subscription offer to make you in November which will constitute also a most acceptable Christmas gift to your friends. Don't forget this.

\* \* \* \* \*

Please remember that Mrs. Wilcox is very busy. She cannot answer private correspondence, even with the help of a secretary. It is not fair to ask her to do so. You will find each month in her writings some little thing of greatest value to you individually which you can apply to yourself. Don't send us letters to forward to her, because we shall be compelled to return them to you. It is to be clearly understood that Mrs. Wilcox has no leisure for correspondence.

### Whence, Why, Where.\*

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Where did I come from? Straight from God  
Like the shell from the sea, or the sprout from the sod.  
You are part of it all, no less, no more,  
So stop your queries, and trust, and adore.

"What did I come for? You came for a cause  
To strengthen the purpose, to better the laws,  
Like the rivet or bolt of a great machine,  
You are all important, though all unseen.

"Where am I going to? Never mind;  
Just follow the signboard, that says 'Be Kind.'  
And do the duty that nearest lies,  
For that is the pathway to Paradise."

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### The Sowing of the Seed.\*

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WHEN you start in the "New Thought" do not expect sudden illumination. Do not imagine that you are to become perfectly well—perfectly cheerful, successful, and a healer, in a few weeks.

Remember all real growth is slow.

Mushrooms spring up in a night, but oaks grow with deliberation and endure for centuries.

Mental and spiritual power must be gained by degrees.

If you attained maturity before you entered this field of "New Thought" it is folly to expect a complete transformation of your whole being in a week—a month—or a year.

All you can reasonably look for is a gradual improvement, just as you might do if you were attempting to take up music or a science.

The New Thought is a science—the Science of Right Thinking. But the brain cells which have been shaped by the old thoughts of despondency and fear cannot all at once be reformed.

It will be a case of "Try, try again."

Make your daily assertions "I am love, health, wisdom, cheerfulness, power for good, prosperity, success, usefulness, opulence."

Never fail to assert these things at least twice a day; twenty times is better. But if you do not attain to all immediately—if your life does not at once exemplify your words, let it not discourage you.

The saying of the words is the watering of the seeds.

After a time they will begin to sprout, after a longer time to cover the barren earth with green, after a still longer time to yield a harvest.

If you have been accustomed to

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feeling prejudices and dislikes easily, you will not all at once find it easy to illustrate your assertion, "I am love." If you have indulged yourself in thoughts of disease, the old aches and pains will intrude even while you say "I am health!"

If you have groveled in fear and a belief that you were born to poverty and failure, courage, and success, and opulence, will be of slow growth. Yet they will grow and materialize, as surely as you insist and persist.

Declare they are yours—right in the face of the worst disasters. There is nothing so confuses and frustrates misfortune as to stare it down with hopeful unflinching eyes.

If you waken some morning in the depths of despondency and gloom, do not say to yourself: "I may as well give up this effort to adopt the New Thought—I have made a failure of it evidently——." Instead sit down quietly—and assert calmly that you are cheerfulness, hope, courage, faith and success.

Realize that your despondency is only temporary—an old habit—which is reasserting itself, but which you will gradually gain the ascendancy over. Then go forth into the world and busy yourself in some useful occupation, and before you know it is on the way, hope will creep into your heart, and the gray cloud will lift from your mind. Physical pains will loosen their hold, and conditions of poverty will change to prosperity.

Your mind is your own to educate and direct.

You can do it by the aid of the Spirit, but you must be satisfied to work slowly.

Be patient and persistent.

### **Inward and Outward.**

Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

### **Let Us Have Faith.\***

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

**W**HEN you take a journey by rail, you step into the car, settle yourself, take out a book and read, and give little or no thought to the engine or the engineer in charge of the train. You go rushing across the country at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with no thought of possible disaster or accident, and for the time forgetting that there is such a person in existence as the engineer. You have absolute faith in the careful management of the road, and in the intelligence of the man whom they have placed in the engine. The lives of yourself and hundreds of fellow passengers are practically in the hands of one man, and that man is a stranger to you—you have never seen him—you know nothing of his qualifications—you only know that the management has picked him out to safely conduct you across the country.

You take a steamship to Europe, and place yourselves in the hands of a few men who are total strangers to you. You stake your life on their skill, judgment and intelligence. You feel that they would not be where they are unless the management of the line considered them competent. It is all a matter of trust—of confidence. The same thing is true when you take your seat on a trolley car or on the elevated railroad, or even in a stage coach or a private carriage. In each case you place yourself in the charge of another person in whom you have a certain amount of confidence, although he may be comparatively, or wholly, unknown to you.

You place your wealth in a bank, having confidence in its management. You have business dealings with men whom you scarcely know,

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trusting to their honesty of purpose. In every transaction in life, you are compelled to have confidence in people. Your lawyer, your physician, your grocer, your clerks are all taken on faith. One cannot get away from it. If confidence were destroyed the wheels of modern life would stop in a minute. The so-called hard-headed practical man may sneer at Faith but it underlies every manifestation of the life of this civilization.

Man has faith and confidence in Man, but is afraid to trust GOD. He looks about him and sees millions of worlds, each in its appointed place, each revolving in its own orbit. He has faith that at a certain time each world will be in a certain position, which position may be calculated centuries in advance—but he lacks faith in the Power that created these worlds and keeps them in their places. He has faith in certain Laws—but he doubts the existence of the Law-maker. He sees the wondrous manifestation of Life in great and small. He takes advantage of the telescope and the microscope and explores new regions, and finds the Law in operation everywhere—but he doubts the existence of a great Law which governs his life—his incomings and his outgoings—his great deeds and his petty acts—he fails to realize the truth of the saying that the hairs on his head are numbered, and that not a sparrow may fall unnoticed.

He seems to think that if there is a GOD, he must have made the world and then ran away and left it to take care of itself. He fails to see that Law must govern Man's life as it governs the unfolding of the leaf, the development of the lily. He fails to see that Law is in full operation within him as well as without him. He fails to see that as he opposes the operation of Law, pain comes by reason of the friction. He fails to see that the only true philosophy is that which

teaches one to fall in with the operations of Law, and to let it work in him and through him.

Do you think for a moment that GOD does not know what he is about? Do you doubt the Supreme Intelligence which knows all things and is conscious of all things? Do you doubt the Supreme Power which manifests itself in all forms of power? Do you doubt the Universal Presence which is in all places at all times? Do you suppose that the manifestation is everything, and the manifestor nothing? Poor man!

Either the Universe is without Law—without meaning—without reason, or it is the manifestation of Supreme and Infinite Reason. Either it is the work of a Demon who sits somewhere and grins and gloats over our misfortunes—our trials—our troubles—our pain—our follies, or it is the work of an All-knowing — All-powerful—All-present Intelligence-Power-Presence which has taken into consideration everything within the Universe, down to the tiniest thing—down to the merest detail. And if this last be true, then everything that happens must be in accordance with Law—everything that happens to us must be the very best thing that could happen to us at that particular time and that particular place.

Things are not run by blind chance—there is Law under everything. Everything has some connection with every other thing—every person has a relationship with every other person. All is One—the manifestations are varied, but there is but One reality. There is a great plan underlying all Life, and Life itself is in accordance with that plan. Nothing ever *happens*. Every occurrence has a bearing on every other occurrence. Chance has no part in the plan—everything is in accord with well ordered laws. There is always an end in view in every thought, word or act. We



are constantly being used for the benefit of the whole. There is no escape—and when we get to *know* we cease to wish to escape. He who understands not Law, is constantly struggling, striving, fighting and contending against it, and, producing friction, he feels pain. He who understands something of Law, ceases to contend against it—he lets it work through him, and is carried along with a mighty force, doing each day the best he knows how, expressing himself in the best possible manner, sailing to the right and to the left, with the wind and against the wind, but still being borne on by the mighty current and resisting it not. He enjoys every mile of the journey, seeing new sights and hearing new sounds—moving on ever. He who understands not, rebels at being swept along—he wishes to stay where he is, but there is no such thing as staying. Life is motion—life is growth. If you prefer to pull against the tide—to row up stream—by all means do so. After a while you will grow tired and weary, and will rest on your oars. Then you will find that you are moving on just the same toward the unknown seas, and you will find that it is much easier work rowing or sailing with the current, or from one side of the river to another, than to attempt to stay in the same place or to pull up the stream.

All this fretting—all this worrying—all this contention and strife, comes from a lack of Faith. We may assert fervently that we know that All is Good, and that all is best for us, etc., etc., but have we enough faith to manifest it in our lives? See how we endeavor to tie on to *things*, people, and environments. How we resist the steady pressure that is tearing us loose, often with pain, from the places to which we have wished to stay fastened like a barnacle. The Life force is back of us, urging us along—pushing us along—and move we

must. The process of growth, development and unfoldment is going on steadily. What's the use of attempting to resist it? You are no more than a water-bug on the surface of the river. You may dart here and there, and apparently are running things to suit yourself without reference to the current, but all the time you are moving along with it. The water-bug plan is all right, just so long as we do not attempt to stop the current or to swim right against it—when we try this we find out very quick that the current has something to say about it, and before long we get so tired that we are willing to fall in with the law behind the current. And yet even the opposition is good, for it teaches us that the current is there—we gain by experience. The New Thought does not teach people to stem the current or to swim up stream, although some teachers and some students seem to be of that opinion. On the contrary, the real New Thought teaches us of the existence of the stream, and that it is moving steadily toward the Sea of Good. It teaches us how to fall in with it, and be borne further along, instead of attempting to hold back and become barnacles, or to try to push back up the stream. It also teaches us to live in the Now—to enjoy the darting backward and forward over the face of the waters. It also tells us of the direction in which the current is moving, that we may move along that way, without wasting our energies in trying to go the other. It teaches us co-operation with Law, instead of opposition to it.

Why do we not have Faith? Why do we not see the great Plan behind it all? Why do we not recognize Law? As we have seen, we place our confidence in the engineer of the train—the pilot—the captain—the coach-driver, and the other guiding hands, and yet we hesitate to trust ourselves in the



hands of the Infinite. Of course, it makes no difference to the Infinite whether or not we repose trust in it. It moves along just the same, guiding and directing—steering and regulating speed—it minds not our doubts and obstructions any more than does the great driving-wheel mind the fly who is perched upon it and who does not like the movement and attempts to stop it by spreading out its wings and buzzing. The great wheel of the Universe is moving around, steadily and mightily. Let us go with it. And while we are going let us spare ourselves the trouble and folly of the buzzing, wing-spreading business.

Let us part with Fear and Worry. Let us cease our imagining that we can run the Universe better than the engineer who has his hand on the throttle. Let us cease imagining that GOD needs advice on the subject. Let us stop this folly of saying "Poor God, with no one to help him run things." Let us trust the engineer. Let us have faith—let us have faith.

### A Good Soul's Earnest Hope.

Middleton, Can., July 30, 1902.

To S. Flower, W. W. Atkinson & Co.:

Dear Sirs:—I must admit that *in the sight of God* it has hurt me much to have such reading matter as "New Thought" sent me. I hereby notify you that I have this day returned to you all of your trashy nonsense. Why such *ungodly* reading matter is permitted to pass through the mails I cannot understand, unless it is to give *Christian people like myself* an eye-opener on the evil imposition that is being practiced on young people and idiots. I will close by *hoping very earnestly that the sweet righteous judgment of God will meet both you and every individual that in any way infringes on His rights.*

Mrs. Wm. Rockwell.

### The Ideal Element.

Our work, to be alive with beauty and with power, must have an ideal element. It must be seen in large relations, human and divine.—*John W. Chadwick.*

Yours to Command.\*

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

**D**ID you see me blush when William Walker Atkinson introduced me to you? I felt as I used to when caught with my fingers in the sugar bowl. I have been accused of all sorts of things, and I only smiled; but this is the first time anybody ever accused me of being "shy," and I naturally accepted the suggestion and experienced a maidenly blush, which I trust added to the effectiveness (?) of my generally primped up, Sunday expression.

Really, I didn't know I was so obviously dressed up, and I'll try to avoid it in future. Hereafter I'll just drop my apron and run in at the back door as I am and we'll have a good, cosy chat about things in general. And if you don't like what I say I hope you will be "my friend the enemy" and talk back. I'd like to get at *your* point of view, as well as my own; because what I am really interested in, even more than in having my own way, is in getting an all-around, through-and-through view of life as it is.

And this reminds me that there was one man who talked back at me for that "Good Morning" article I gave you last month. I received from him an unsigned note which began by acquainting me with his opinion that he is "a very old man" and therefore entitled to assume authority and correct pert, little, young and conceited things like me, for the good of their souls; and it closed with calling my attention to a small attached card bearing in a little black frame this admonition:

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways



acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

In my Bible, which is well thumbed by the way, and copiously underlined and annotated, these lines are underscored with red ink. If the sender of that card had dug the verses out of his own Bible instead of finding them where somebody else had put them, his eyes might have traveled down another line where they would have rested upon this:

"Be not wise in thine own eyes."

And he would *not* have found after that any clause to the effect that he is entitled to become wise in his own eyes when he shall have become "a very old man." The "aged" do not necessarily "understand judgment."

But there! I am reminding myself of old Dr. Driver, "the only man who ever downed Ingersoll." But when a man fires Bible verses at me I enjoy dodging 'em and firing the whole Bible back at him. And when a man fails to sign his name to his communication it takes some effort to think of him as anything but an impersonal sort of target that sets itself up and dares you to hit it. Now if there is anything I do enjoy it is hitting the bull's-eye. But if I thought the bull's-eye had any tender feelings to be hurt I'd fire the other way.

But seriously, I did not mean to lay myself liable to be hit with that particular saying of David's. I have lived with it, and tried to let it live me, for at least 15 years. And I thought everybody knew that I AM is what the Bible calls God, or the Lord.

When I say, I AM power, I lean to *God*, the only power. When I say, I AM wisdom, I call *God*. When I say, I AM love, I reckon myself nothing and God ALL, for God is love. When I say, I AM what I desire to be, I count myself as *God's* manifestation, with *his* desires written on my heart. The desires of my heart are *God's* desires.

He worketh in me both to desire and to think, as well as to will and to do *his* good pleasure.

When I tell you to rise into the ideal and pump yourself full of I AM consciousness I bid you identify yourself with God, the one soul of all people and things; I bid you realize your oneness with *all* power, wisdom, love; I bid you in ALL your ways and thoughts and desires and deeds acknowledge HIM, the One-Power, One-Wisdom, One-Love, as the director of your every way.

When you are disturbed, unhappy, unsuccessful, agitated, you are breaking the connection between God and yourself, by *not taking him into* your thoughts and desires. You are counting him OUT. So I say, stop and pump yourself full of I AM *God*. Power and Wisdom and Love are only names of God. Whenever you reckon yourself Power or Wisdom or Love you *take in God*. When you say, I am weak, or ignorant, or unloving and unloved, you *deny* God and force him out of your thought. Or at least you try to. Then let him in. In all thy ways acknowledge him. In all thy desires acknowledge him.

And verily he shall direct thy paths, and they shall be paths of peace and pleasantness and plenty.

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#### For the Everday Worker.

Who has not read "Thought Force," by William Walker Atkinson? You have not? Then sit down and send your little one dollar for it now. It is written for the business man, and for the everyday worker. "I CAN AND I WILL" are the watchwords, and Success is IT. All of Mr. Atkinson's writings are good, but this is especially fine. Don't forget to send for it. Do it now, while you are interested.—*Mental Advocate*.

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#### Much for Little.

"I am delighted with the NEW THOUGHT magazine. I never got so much for so little. It has done me much good."—*Josephine Bishop, Asbury Park, N. J.*



## Perpetual Youth.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

## PART II.

LOOKING within for a practical answer to the practical question, "How can I cease to grow old?" I find the reply, pat as can be, "Stop thinking."

The alleged humorist, vide Mr. B. L. Taylor of the Chicago Tribune, immediately retorts, "Why not stop breathing and be done?" But the humorist is a repetitive bore, and his inanity hardly merits passing attention.

\* \* \* \* \*

The thing is as plain as day. Put yourself in a boy's place for a moment. He lives in the present, does he not? A little in the future, but almost entirely in the present. Not at all in the past. He has few memories. Now put yourself in the place of the man of forty-five. He lives partly in the past, partly in the future, least in the present. He is full of memories. He knows what worry means. Lastly, consider the really old person. He is altogether in the past. The past yields him the only pleasures he knows. He is all memories. There is nothing left him but the past. The present is a trouble. The future is a blank.

\* \* \* \* \*

These are the three stages. Let us make this article deal with the man of forty-five. He is healthy, well-to-do, does not worry very seriously, takes life pretty easily, and so forth, but he is growing old and he knows it. He does not *enjoy* as he did in youth. He is no longer *eager*. He is wiser than he was, but he would know again what it means to be young. If he could but have again the *keenness*—that's the word!—the keenness of youth! He is not tired out or worn out by any means. He knows that with ordinary luck he has twenty or thirty good, useful years of life ahead of him—but he's getting old! He can't get away from that.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us see first what that is which is called age. The beginning of age is that state of the body when vital energy is high, but when the consumption of waste products in the system is imperfect. Boyhood is the state in which the body has an excess of energy above and beyond the calls made upon it, and when the repair of tissue is more rapid than its destruction, leaving a surplus for growth. Youth is the state in which energy is abundant, waste products are quickly consumed, and supply and de-

mand, destruction and repair are so nicely adjusted that the balance is exactly maintained.

So, then, how to maintain that balance forever, or, having lost it, how to regain it.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is easy. So easy that I'm ashamed to take the money.

First, as to the CAUSE of old age. It's double. It is both physical and mental. The mental hinders the physical and the physical hampers the mental. Result: irregularity in the mechanism, gradual deterioration—Age.

Next, as to the CAUSE of youth. It's single. It is the perfect physical. Result: balance, youth!

Briefly, then, as to the remedy. That, too, may be double. It can be purely mental, as, "Stop Thinking," or it can be purely material, as the employment of oxygen and electricity as remedies to the body.

It is unsupposable that our man of forty-five *can* stop his thought as you stop the hands of a clock by holding them fast, therefore we regretfully turn away from the purely mental cure for old age and devote ourselves to a thorough understanding of the conditions we wish to remedy, the mode of applying the cure, the results of the application, and finally *the reason why* oxygen and electricity in combination afford the means of restoring youth or postponing age.

A magnificent subject, worthy of your most painstaking attention.

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If you will refer back to the first part of this article, appearing in the September number of this magazine, you will find the terse dictum, "Our memories kill us." I propose to show you how thought kills before we go further. Have you heard the patter of rain upon a roof? This is the action of thought upon the brain. Sometimes, on a still night, if I lie awake and think hard, it almost seems to me I can hear the thud, thud of the thought-drops as they fall upon the seething brain, emitting a slightly wooden sound. But enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is in man a something that we have named vital energy. It is really the life of man's body. Without this energy he is, in the slang of the day and literally, "a dead one." This energy is the reserve nerve force upon which we draw to transact the body's business. It is the power that drives the brain, the heart, the lungs, etc. It is the *electric power* of the body. The points for you to remember are: 1. This energy is as important to the brain



as to the muscles. 2. It is created out of the food which the system *assimilates*. You might call this energy "The Spirit of the blood" and you would hit it more nearly than anyone else has done so far, because it has nothing to do with Soul, God, Mind, The Great Cause, or anything of that sort. It is simply the food-made energy that runs the machine and is quite distinct from anything else. You have another energy within you which we call Divine Energy, but this concerns your soul rather than your body. I look to the Vital Energy, the Spirit of the Blood, *to save the body*. Let the Divine Energy concern itself with the saving of the soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

Given a good meal and a good digestion and there follows in its time an accumulation of this vital energy which is then ready to be dissipated. What shall we do with it? One man fells a tree; another writes a story; a third "thinks business," schemes, plans, concentrates; a fourth loves; a fifth hates; a sixth dreams; a seventh sleeps; an eighth talks. The sixth and seventh are drawing lightly on the reserve. The others are using it up prodigally.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here, then, you have first a supply of Energy; next a draught upon that Energy. Energy is being consumed, we say. But you can't consume anything in this world. You can only transmute. You are therefore transforming this Energy into something else, and the question is, what are you doing? I answer, you are forming Brain-Ash. That's it exactly—Brain-Ash. You are positively creating a new material thing in yourself, a something which finds a lodgment in the tissues, the veins and arteries. I faith you have your hand right on the material *cause* of Age.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thanks to scientific people who have hunted up and sifted down certain results, we know to-day that we are full of bacteria, microbes and germs and we know, too, that we may carry the diphtheritic bacillus in our throats for years and years and it will not hurt us a particle or develop into anything until a favorable environment hatches it, so to speak.

It is even so with this Brain-Ash. It is a perfectly natural product and Nature has planned that it shall do us no hurt as long as the balance is exactly maintained. It is only dangerous when the supply of Energy is cut short, or when the elimination of waste products is defective. Brain-Ash is a waste product.

I have always told you that mind and body are interdependent, and here you have a beautiful illustration of the truth of this assertion. Brain-Ash is the *lees* of both mental and physical effort and we call upon the *body's* functions to render it non-injurious to us. Because this substance is only removed from the body through the perfect flushing of veins and arteries.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now let's go back a little. What is the physical condition of the man of forty-five as compared to his physical condition when he was twenty-one? In his youth he ate heartily; he made blood fast; his heart beat strong; it pumped the blood well; in other words, he had good circulation. His Thought had not begun to be aggressively cumulative. He was not overburdened with memories. He was not making more Brain-Ash in a day than could be comfortably taken care of by the arterial and venous sewage system in a day and a night. He used up Energy quickly because Enthusiasm is a quick consumer, but he made it as quickly. He *assimilated* his food well. He slept so well that not only was all the Brain-Ash disposed of by morning, but every night he accumulated a fine store of new Energy from the refining process of the blood during sleep while the brain and body rested. He was in perfect balance.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is he like at forty-five? He eats well, too well, because he eats more than he can assimilate; therefore he is taxing himself with more food than he can properly burn. Remember it—BURN. It is from this burning that the Spirit of the Blood is created. His blood does not course so swiftly through his veins, and this for two very good reasons. The first is, the pump of his heart is not working as well as it used to, and the second is, the flow of the blood through veins and arteries is becoming impeded *by the settlements of Brain-Ash*, imperfectly washed away. He passed the point where the balance was perfect. He reached the point where his memory made more Brain-Ash in a day and a night than his system could care for in a day and a night. Result? Just what logically must happen—a clogging, an impeding. Nothing noticeable; nothing to worry about, but indicative. It is the coming of age in very truth. So his memories are beginning to kill him, you see. They are tapping, tapping, tapping on the brain, and—it's downhill now for him!

What does it matter how it started? How are we concerned whether it hap-



pened to be a night of worry over a bad speculation—a few days of dissipation—a faithless love—what does it matter? Everything has a beginning, and in this case, as in all cases, the tilting of the balance was quite imperceptible at first. Of course, at forty-five he shows outwardly a marked difference from what he was at twenty-one. But the lines on his face and the rotundity of his form are not Age. They are only the marks of Age. The cause of Age is Brain-Ash.

\* \* \* \* \*

We cannot tell to-day by scientific instruments just how far from the normal the balance has tilted in a man of twenty-three. Perhaps it was exact when he was but eighteen, and he has been getting old from that time. But mark me well. The day is coming when this exact balance will be as easily maintained, yes, and *procured*, for people of all ages as we to-day register the heat of the body by a simple thermometer.

\* \* \* \* \*

This article is too long, and I must defer until next month the method of the application of the remedy. I hope you are following this closely, because, believe me, it is just as new to me as it possibly is to you, and I have no more idea than the man in the moon just what the final chapter of this article will be. It may be inspired idiocy, but it's beginning to look quite reasonable, as we go along. I write that which my brain attracts from without, and whether true or false, here it is. But I think it's true.

\* \* \* \* \*

One thing in conclusion strikes me. You can have age and wisdom, or you can have youth with its glorious follies. But you can't have youth and wisdom. If you who read this are under the impression that it will be possible for you to renew or preserve your youth and hold to or attain wisdom at the same time you are vastly mistaken. The price of renewed youth is the destruction of memory, and next month you will understand that it is only by the burning of memory from within that youth can return to you. I am amazed at the surpassing beauty of this theory as it unfolds itself.

### Benefit Derived.

"I have just read NEW THOUGHT, and I must say that I have derived more benefit from it than anything in that line that I have ever read. It appealed to the inner self. It is electrifying and stimulating, and fills one with high ambitions and grand resolves."—Miss Kate Long, Anderson, Ind.

## The Mind's Dominion.\*

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.

WHATEVER suggestion is accepted by the mind we make a reality; we give it strength and activity. If we invite feelings of anxiety, fear, hate and discouragement we give such things vitality. If we hold to aspiring, cheerful, uplifting thoughts, the good within us will thrive and create an intelligence of harmony. It is always our duty to nourish and cultivate only the true and good. The only hope of freedom from fear, grief, anxiety, disappointment and failure is in alertness and watchfulness.

You should awaken harmonious living pictures which will inspire to noble effort and high aspiration. You should rise above morbid conditions and invoke the support of principles which are immutable and divine. You should be alone with yourself as much as possible for concentration and individual aspiration. The problems of your life should be thought over and worked out in contemplation and solitude. At such times your mind will be free from the influence of others. Force yourself to think of some worthy achievement, until the memory of the thing sinks deep into your mind. Hold persistently to an intense special desire for the accomplishment of some noble aim. This attitude of mind will stir the divine nature within. By the quiet intensity of a determined resolve you will arouse a magnetic, nervous fire of energy which will execute your purpose against all odds.

You should spend at least twenty minutes of each day in the practice of mental and physical drills and deep breathing. At such times dwell on uplifting emotions and memories. Cheerfulness is conducive to health, while sadness and

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anxiety produce disease. Constant direction of the thoughts to any part of the body will alter the circulation of the blood in that part. It is impossible to be strong and vigorous while all the time sending through the body negative, unhealthy thoughts. To become magnetic and strong, you must send positive thought currents through the body and have in your mind high and noble ideals. As the organ of thought is perpetually changing in cell structure, to hold a number of bright pictures in the mind, and to repeat the process daily, the images which at first are indistinct will become vivid. Impulses and desires which at first are vague will become more definite, and the dreams of to-day will become the realities of to-morrow.

At first you will find it difficult to concentrate the life forces and hold the thought steadily where directed. But patience and perseverance will give encouraging results. Understanding the laws of the human mind, you will be able to consciously direct your thoughts by the will to any part of the body, and by sending forceful suggestions of health and power, you may acquire a vitality which will protect you from the ravages of disease and enable you to rise above the adverse influences of environment.

It is an absurd position to assume that we are the helpless victims of every discordant influence which enters the mind. It is ignorance and weakness in man which welcome perverted thoughts. And realizing the disastrous effects of fear, worry and hate, and other abnormal passions and emotions, we should turn a pure and positive stream of thought into the subjective mentality with such force and earnestness that every impure, negative, distorted thought will be swept away from us for all time. With every step of advancement in the gaining of more perfect control over the elementary, unorganized

forces of life, will come the reward for our efforts in the form of more strength and confidence. Every time we master some defect of our nature, every struggle we pass through in breaking some habit and overcoming the baneful influences which hold us in bondage, there comes to the mind an exhilarating sense of freedom and the consciousness of man's divinity. There is a force within us which we may arouse and command at will; a force which connects humanity with all the enkindling sympathies of life. Those who evoke it and wisely use it will rise above the shadow of pessimism, will conquer adversity and tread the upward path toward the ideal and perfect.

Our divine heritage gives us the power to uprear a mental structure that will be symmetrical and beautiful, and to call into existence a corresponding wholesome environment. The mind of the average person is a product of the surrounding materialism in which it is immersed; an aggregation of traditional theories, falsities and delusions; a personification of morbid impressions seen by a distorted imagination. But above all this illusive atmosphere the mental horizon is growing brighter, because there are great forces in the universe which are working for good. In spite of the substratum of ignorance and sensuousness, humanity is pressing toward the ideal. With the unfoldment of the divine force which is universal in all nature and incarnate in man, there will come to the human race all potency and possibility. When the divine in man feels its affinity with the Inexhaustible Fountain, he will acquire, by thought discipline and control, a legitimate supremacy over material thralldom. Being a component part of the Supreme Power, we are ever attracting more of it to us by earnest desire and demand. In the measure that we recognize the reality of this power



and gain the knowledge of how to use and direct it, we may obliterate the discordant, destructive thought-forces, and cause the mind to become more and more responsive to the prompting ideas and suggestions of the higher self.

There is a great work to be done in the world to-day. And those who have awakened to an understanding of the needs of the times, by taking advantage of the opportunities presented, may achieve remarkable success. The world is continually calling for zealous workers who have the strength of mind and the power of will to grapple with difficulties and to be equal to every demand made in the competitive struggle for supremacy. There is no excuse for failure. On every hand are opportunities presented for achievement such as have never before existed.

Are you dissatisfied with life, and disposed to blame fate and the injustice of social and commercial laws for your lack of achievement? The fault is not in the law; for unto every man is given the latent power and potentiality which he may make use of to the profit of a glorious success. If you feel the oppression of the world's indifference and coldness and are deprived of the sympathy and help you deserve, let your thoughts dwell on all that is beautiful in nature, and search with your aspirations for the light of high ideals. Though you may seem alone and neglected, and deprived of many things which make life beautiful and desirable, if you will listen to the monitor within you will receive help and guidance. You, as a part of the Infinite Power, may share all the riches and glory belonging to human existence. No man or set of men, no government or assigned authority can deprive you of inestimable freedom. For in the beginning of time it was ordained that you, an offspring of the Infinite, should inherit the riches belonging

to universal life. Then, in the name of that power and that wisdom whose domain extends through all space and all time, reach up to the source of being and demand your rightful inheritance. There is no need to drift with the tide of adversity away from the source of your strength and your sustenance. There is no possible authority in this or any other world endowed with the right to deprive you of liberty. You need only to go forth with the consciousness of your relationship to the eternal to demand from the world the recognition of your divine selfhood. Why remain longer in bondage to the drift of circumstances and to the hypnotic influence of imperious natures? Who are they that you should yield to their unreasonable demands and have your life ruled by their suggestions? You came into the world alone, and you will go out alone; and what you shall do while under the law of human existence should be determined by no authority outside the sanctuary of your inmost being, where the divine and human blend. When you shut out the discordant influence of the world's erroneous thought and beliefs, and come face to face with the Infinite in the silent recesses of your consciousness, then you will learn the work set for you in life's voyage of hidden mysteries, and will gain strength and courage to push forward to unexplored realms of usefulness. And you will become a steadfast shining beacon in life's firmament, revealing to those who suffer the way to the truth and the life.

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### **International Metaphysical League.**

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We are requested to announce that unforeseen delays have necessitated a postponement of the convention until November 18-20, at which date it will be held at Chicago. We hope to give a synopsis of the program in the next issue of this journal.



## The Might of Silence.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

**J**UST as there is only One Cause in the universe, so there is only one Law. Unfortunately we children of men always think we know a little better way than this Law points out, and we have set up certain forms to follow which, because of their excessive incivility we have humorously styled Civil Law. But we sooner or later find out that there is after all but one Law—and it is not the man-made Civil Law.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is hard for me to keep my mouth shut when attacked. Some people have learned to bear injustice with a smile. That's the right way. They are conforming to the Law that is not man-made. It is queer that I have never learned the lesson that to strike back when you are struck is only a fool trick. If you keep silence wrongs right themselves. If you resent them they repeat themselves. I have been struck a thousand times because I have not sense enough to live right and obey the Law—the Law that is not man-made. Consequently my life is a perpetual broil, and will continue to be until I am content to obey.

\* \* \* \* \*

I offer myself as a horrible example of how not to do it. Two months ago something occurred which hurt my pride. Immediately I resented it. I should have held my peace. After raging furiously I wrote my counter-attack and published it in our August number. Kindly overlook it. It was very foolish. Moreover, it was quite untrue in its insinuations. But that I did not know at the time.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moral of this is: Don't talk. Don't justify yourself. Keep still. Silence works mightily, and brings results. Elbert Hubbard's sole commandment comes into my head: "Do the best you can, and be kind." I have heard nothing better. It is the pith of religion.

\* \* \* \* \*

I received some interesting letters in connection with this matter. One of them began: "You made a great fool of yourself, Sydney Flower," etc. I am quite of the writer's opinion. The wild ass of the desert but brays the louder the harder he is beaten with rods. Let it be granted me before I die that I learn the lesson of silence and conform to the Law that is not man-made.

It would have been easy to go to jail in defense of a principle; but it is very hard to write this. A painful thing is the fall of the stick following the magnificent swish of the rocket. Enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

But I'm glad it's off my mind.

## Healing.\*

BY NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

**I**N the ultimate every man must become his own physician. He has power to save his body from illness just as he has the power to keep his soul spotless and undefiled. The body could not suffer illness save permission first be given by agreeing with physical causation. Through this agreement the body is governed by effect instead of cause; thus governed, confusion and discord follow.

Standing on a bridge over a swiftly running stream, we declare the bridge moves. The same delusion is suffered when on a motionless train of cars and a rapidly moving one passes. We seem to be on the moving train, when in reality our train is motionless. Whirl around a few times then stand still—everything apparently moves in a circle. These appearances show that the senses may be easily deceived. Willingness to trust appearances will continue so long as the thought remains untrained and in a crude state.

Yet it is through the avenue of the five senses that the possibilities of mind evolve. They are teachers, sentinels to the end of health and happiness. Things of a chaotic nature disturb us because of our undeveloped sight and because we operate from an objective basis instead of the subjective.

Mind and body are one in substance. Mind controls the physical organism and whatever it suggests body must obey. We cannot walk across the floor unless the sugges-

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tion be made by the mind. Body and Mind cannot be separated. There is but one substance—Spirit—and both are fashioned of this immaculate force and each shows forth its own power. Mind is Spirit in activity. Spirit is universal. There is no place where it is not. In the minds of the broadest thinkers immortality of the body is an established fact, because they recognize the universality of Spirit. This spirit expresses itself finitely and the finite is variously differentiated through the power of the Infinite. Man is an Infinite Thought made visible through the desire of the Infinite Thinker.

Disease is a mental phenomenon. The cause of bodily manifestation may be traced to an idea held in the mind. An unrighteous, as well as a righteous, thought has its effect—sadness and mirth originating from one source. Both are distinct expressions of the same Mind. Health and disease are mental in character, both being expressions of the differing conditions of thought. This being true, the manner of healing must be a process of mental unfoldment. Each physical effect represents a certain growth; as green fruit must ripen to be palatable, so must man grow into fullness of thought in order to be a pleasure to himself and those about him. As thought broadens regarding the universality of the One substance or Infinite Source of things, so will man's condition improve; he will become a diseaseless, deathless being!

Man's usefulness is measured by what he KNOWS. His developed mentality decides his strength and attractive power. According to the knowledge possessed, he becomes a magnet for negative or positive truth. The recognition of Truth in all things is the power that heals. All the trouble that can be experienced is from a wrong thought held for or against the body and its environment. Think

right—loving thoughts—and the whole atomic organism will swing into correct position.

In order to draw loving and healing vibrations, there must be established a center of love. Let us take the wheel as an illustration of this statement. The revolutions of the wheel depend upon the condition of the hub. If the hub is kept well lubricated the wheel turns swiftly and without noise! Its swift rotation throws off the mud from the tire and it moves along unclogged and lightly. So it is with daily life. If the day be started by establishing a center lubricated with joy and gladness, the environment—the tire of the wheel—will necessarily express that vibration; if burnished with the thought of health and life the body will show forth such thought. The thought held is the center; this center is where the activity that creates is generated. Whatever is generated at this center is carried to the outer world through vibrating chords which find in the environment their responsive and exact counterpart. Here the thought often becomes confused and frightened—it BEHOLDS ITSELF!

Health is a word derived from Wholth — Whole—Holy—Holiness—meaning purity of thought—thought unmixed with the belief of evil. As Truth is known and lived there must be health and harmony — WHOLENESS of thought! Actions verify the idea held in the mind. To be harmonious in thought is to be harmonious in expression; rythmical in action. The body being the instrument through which the mentality works, it cannot fail to express the thought held concerning itself. Mind is the Expressor and the body is Mind expressed! Mind is the Creator, the body is the thing it creates! The instant there is perceived another source than the Universal Mind—Spirit—that instant the soul be-



comes lost in innumerable effects.

Healing is a Law of Creation existing in the mentality as well as in physical conditions. Thought projected toward the mentality of another takes root; if properly implanted it will bring forth whatever seed the thought contained. The seed does not always take root, neither does the physical seed projected into the physical womb always gestate. As the truth becomes fully revealed that healing belongs to the creative world so will we be able to plant the proper seed thus dealing with the Law unerringly.

Every soul that needs to be healed is sleeping! It must be awakened! This can only be done by speaking to it words of Love—words of affirmation, never words of negation. Words of negation put the soul into a more hypnotic dream concerning its "I AM" nature. Speak words that will rouse the soul, shaking it to its foundation. The whole physical organism must respond to such words—spoken either silently or aloud—and perchance it may be shattered for a time under their dynamic power; but be not afraid, it is the atomic structure coming in-to poise and harmony.

Some words that may be spoken:

I AM that diseaseless, deathless principle called Love!

I AM Love and neither hate nor fear can enter into my thought!

I AM that Good which fills all space and no evil can exist in ME!

I AM Life, therefore cannot know death!

I AM Joy, and sorrow cannot overtake ME!

These may be used for self-treatment or for those applying to you for help—for either absent treatments or present.

### Experience.

Experience takes time, and to be of value it must be gathered first-hand.—*Chat.*

### Business.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

WE send you this month a prospectus of The Flower Food Remedy Company. Please preserve it, and possibly you can interest many of your friends. Two dollars is the smallest sum you can invest in this, but you can add to it from time to time. Two dollars purchases 40 shares of stock in The Flower Food Remedy Company at the special price of 5 cents per share. Five hundred dollars is the largest amount we will receive from any one purchaser of stock. This sum buys ten thousand shares.

\* \* \* \* \*

I want the names and addresses of all of our readers who wish to own their own homes, or pay off mortgages on their property amounting to not more than two or three thousand dollars. If the plan which I may wish to submit privately to such readers in November or December prove feasible we shall be prepared to build homes costing from one to two thousand dollars in any part of the United States or Canada, giving the purchasers the opportunity of paying for them in a series of monthly payments bearing no interest, at less than the amounts now paid out for rent each month. The advantage will evidently lie in the fact that at the expiration of the payments the purchaser will own the home. As soon as he makes his first monthly payment he enters into possession of his home. Full particulars later. Let us have a full list of those interested.

\* \* \* \* \*

A statement of the business done to date by The Flower Health Cigar Company has been sent from the headquarters at Detroit to all the stockholders, giving them their choice of three courses.

1. Continuing in the company and taking their chance with the business.

2. Withdrawing the amount invested in full, together with 10 per cent interest according to my guarantee of refund.

3. Transferring their holdings from The Flower Health Cigar Company to The Flower Food Remedy Company, and receiving certificates from the latter. I advised them to transfer because I believed The Flower Food Remedy Company to be the best investment they could make. It's a big thing. But their money is waiting for them with 10 per cent interest if they prefer that. It's all one to me. I never broke my word yet—in business, and a promise is more binding than an oath.



We took a great many subscriptions on approval this summer. It is pleasant to know from the way they are paying up that these subscribers feel that the magazine is well worth the price asked. We trusted them and they appreciated our confidence. We thank them very much for the kindly words of approval which accompany their payments. They make our work very pleasant. They find, too, that by paying up their dues, however small the sum, they fit themselves fairly to receive the vibrations of success.

### In The Glen.\*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

A FEW weeks ago, I was summoned to the beautiful city of Minneapolis, on business. I arrived there in the morning, and, having completed my business, I started to look around the town, it being my first visit there. A friend advised that I run out to see the celebrated Minnehaha Falls, which I did. I could fill up several pages describing the beauties of the falls, the park and the glen, but I must get down to my text.

As I wandered along the "Glen," enjoying to the utmost the beauties of that celebrated spot, I passed dozens of happy couples who were the "only two people in the world" stage of ecstasy, walking slowly along, absorbing the romantic suggestions of their surroundings, and showing it by the way they looked at each other. Niagara Falls may be the ideal place for young couples, but Minnehaha Falls is certainly the ideal resort for young couples who would like to be married. The spell of the place creeps around and over one, and if he has left in him a single spark of romantic sentiment, it will be fanned into a flame.

Well, after a bit, I sat down under the shade of a fine old tree, and then falling a victim to the quiet, the cool breezes, and the sleep-suggesting ripple of the stream, I threw myself on the grass and indulged in day dreams. I was aroused after a bit by voices coming from the other side of the tree. I did not see or hear these people come, and I would not know them to-day if I could see them, but I am morally certain that they were young people—that they were engaged—and that each thought that the other was the finest thing that ever happened. (Please pardon the slang, I live in Chicago, you know.) I did not like to listen to their conversation, but I did not care to embarrass them by rising and

bolting, and as I knew that they would soon stroll on, I thought it better to wait. The young man seemed to be answering, for the fifth or sixth time, the earnest question of the girl as to whether he was *sure* he loved her. He told her that he was perfectly sure—he didn't seem to entertain the slightest doubt on the subject, but she seemed slow of comprehension, and made him tell her over and over again. It appeared to me like a waste of time, but they seemed to like it.

Then she would ask him if she was the only girl he had *ever* loved. He answered, promptly, that he had met other girls who had interested him, and whom he had thought he loved, but that until he met *her* he never knew what real love was—the former experiences were simply "fancies." This had sort of a familiar sound to me, but it seemed new to her, and she kept quiet for a few minutes, except to tell him to stop, as he was mussing her hair.

Then she began to tell him how happy she was to have his strong, true, manly love, but that she just *knew* that it would not last, and she knew that it would *kill* her if he should ever change, and so on, and so on. He set up a gallant protest, but it was of no use. She quoted Byron, and told him that "man's love was of his life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence," and she felt perfectly sure that he would cease to care for her some day. She seemed dreadfully in earnest about it, too, and as they walked away I could hear her sighing sadly.

I dreamed away under my tree, until I was aroused by a family party of man, wife, baby in arms, and six other children, pressing their way along. The man looked cross, the woman looked tired to death, and the children were in varying stages of emotion, warmth and dirt. I could not help comparing the two sets of visitors, and wondering whether—well, no matter what I wondered, I must stop wondering and wandering, and keep to my text. One little boy had something that looked to me like a big slice of huckleberry pie, which he was distributing impartially between his mouth, face and shirt waist, and he was crying as if his heart would break, sobbing between bites. I wondered greatly how a child with a fistful of huckleberry pie could cry so, and the mother evidently shared my curiosity. In a sharp, rasping voice, which told the tale of several years of grind, child-bearing and child raising, and work, she asked what was the matter with him; she had given him the pie for which he had been crying, and why in the world was he crying now. She asked him if the pie wasn't



good, and the little chap sobbed out his reply, "*Yes, it's good enough, but I've eaten more'n half of it, and it won't last much longer.*" And they passed on, the mother with the babe in her arms, and the little row of human stair-steps trudging after her, the husband in the rear carrying a big basket, and muttering under his breath, evidently blaming the whole state of affairs on the woman.

Then I roused myself, and began philosophizing. It seemed to me strange that the lass and the bairn were both suffering from the same complaint. They were both spoiling the Now, because of doubts of the future. The girl was failing to enjoy all the little sweets that usually accompany love's young dream, by worrying about the time when love would grow cold. Maybe she found a certain amount of pleasure in her fears and tears—I don't pretend to say, for woman's ways are beyond my understanding—but she certainly was spoiling a good thing by fretting about some time in the future which might never arrive. I suppose that the woman with the seven children, at one time in her life, had similar fears, but there she is to-day with not only her husband safely anchored, but with seven pledges of his continued affection, besides. She was foolish to have ever worried about losing his love. And the girl, at any rate, was foolish for spoiling the Now with fears of to-morrow. The chances are that both the young man and the girl have loved before, and may love again, before they settle down and take a partner in life, and become like the papa and mamma of the boy with the huckleberry pie.

But that boy with the pie—isn't he a good example of a certain type of people? Just to think of it, the little rascal yelling because the time would come when the pie would be gone, and in so doing losing all the pleasure of the pie itself. This looks very funny, when we see a boy doing it, but when a grown-up starts in to do the same thing, it becomes ridiculous. And yet, good friends, you are doing the same thing every day. You are failing to enjoy the good things which have fallen to your lot, just because you are thinking that after a bit it will all be gone, and then you won't have any pie. Just think of it. Now, be honest, are you not doing this thing every day of your life?

The things of to-day are not the things that are worrying you the most—it's the things that you are afraid will come to-morrow. I was speaking to lady on this subject recently, and she said, "Yes, that's all true, but how is one going to stop being afraid of all these things that are going

to happen to them?" That's just the point. The things are *not* going to happen to them. The things we fear are worse than the things that happen, and the things we fear are generally the ones that never happen, unless, indeed, our fearing attracts them to us. You lie awake fearing things that have no possible chance of happening. You remember the tale (I have told it before) of the man who, when dying, said to his son, "Son, I have lived nigh on to eighty years, and I've had many, many troubles, *the most of which never happened.*" That tells the story. And then you never think of the good things in store for you, as well as the troubles. How about the chances, opportunities, helpers, circumstances, which will be at your service to-morrow, as well as the tasks and troubles? If you people would only take an all around view of things, you would be happier.

Each day brings its trials, troubles, tasks and pain. But it also brings its joys, pleasures, satisfaction and victories. Why do you not anticipate the good things as well as the other kind? Try to even things up a little. That girl in the woods may have a falling out with her sweetheart, but she will find someone else that will suit her better in all probability, and, even if she don't, there are better things in the world than being married to the wrong man, I can tell you. And the boy with the pie, poor little chap, he forgets that there is more pie in the basket, or at any rate, mother will make more pie some day, and by the time he is through with his pie, he will see the falls at the other end of the glen, and will then climb the stairs and go in the park, where papa will buy him a package of cracker-jack in order to keep him quiet. But whether he gets more pie or cracker-jack, or not, he is most foolish to spoil the present piece of pie in worrying about the time when the pie will be gone.

We are here in the Now. Let us Live. don't mean that we should make fools of ourselves, but let us Live and enjoy the good things that are before us. There is no man or woman, no matter how hard things are going with them, who cannot find a crumb of comfort or a ray of light. Let us enjoy even the crumb of comfort and the ray of light, and look forward hopefully for the future, instead of spoiling even the little we have by fears of the time when we will have nothing. Let us not poison the present with fears of the future, particularly when the feared things may never come. Let us bear the burdens of to-day manfully—let us do the tasks of to-day the best we know how—let us suffer the sorrows and the pain



of to-day as men and women should, but let us not be foolish enough to spoil the compensating residue of sweetness which is our to-day's share, by fretting and worrying and mourning about the things which *may* happen to-morrow. To-morrow is as good as to-day, anyhow. To-day is not as bad as it seemed viewed from yesterday. The Law of Compensation is in full force, and it will take care that to-morrow's affairs are evened up for you. Don't spoil to-day fretting about to-morrow. You are living in the Now—enjoy it.

### Braidism in the Treatment of Diseases.\*

(This series of extracts from James Braid's Note Book was begun in the December number of this magazine and will continue each month throughout the year. Mr. Braid's method was given in full in the December number, copies of which we have always on hand.)

I SHALL now advert to the remarkable power of this agency in speedily overcoming nervous headache. I have so many examples of this, sometimes two or three fresh cases in a day, that it is almost useless to instance individual cases. However, I shall give a few.

Case XLII. Mrs. B., the mother of a family, has been constantly annoyed with headache and mizziness for the last two or three years, varying in intensity at different times, but never entirely free from it. Consulted me 22d January, 1842, for the above complaints, and also stated that she was subject to attacks of epilepsy. I treated her and in five or six minutes aroused her, when she was quite free from headache. She was treated almost daily for some time and remained quite free from headache five weeks after she was first operated on, and had much less of the mazy feeling and no fit for two months. She appeared so much better as to be taken notice of by all her friends.

Case XLIII. Miss B., daughter of the above, was brought to me on the 23d of January, 1843, in consequence of the improvement her mother had experienced from the operation. She had suffered severely from headache for six months, so much so as frequently to cause her to cry and shed tears, and was never entirely free from it for that period. I treated her and in five or six minutes aroused her quite free from headache or

any other ache. She was operated on almost daily for some time and has had no return of the headache to this time—four months—and has had her appetite much improved and looks very much better. She had no medicine.

Case XLIV. Miss S., on the 25th of January, 1843, was suffering from a most violent headache and had been so all day. She could scarcely open her eyes or see when they were open, and seemed quite prostrated. I treated her and in five minutes she was aroused quite well and has had no return of it at the end of ten days.

Case XLV. Miss N., 20 years of age, had suffered severely from headache from childhood and never knew what it was to be entirely free from that complaint, but frequently had it so severely as to incapacitate her for any exertion and almost to deprive her of sight. She also had constant uneasiness at stomach, sometimes amounting to severe pain, and when the attacks of headache were at the worst the pain at stomach was also much aggravated and a severe attack of vomiting generally terminated the violence of these paroxysms. In April, 1842, I treated her, and from that period she has been almost entirely free from headache and stomach complaint. At the end of fifty-four weeks I had the pleasure of hearing from herself, as I had previously from her mother, that she scarcely had suffered from headache at all since the operation, and never severely, or even in the slightest degree for one hour at a time.

Case XLVI. Mrs. T. had been suffering from severe pain of the head for more than two weeks, without intermission either by night or day when awake. She had also had severe pain of the left side of the chest for three weeks, which was aggravated by cough. For the last two days the pain of the side had been most distressing. The pulse was rapid, the cough frequent and severe, and the pain in the side so acute as to prevent free expansion of the chest as in ordinary respiration. I found there was considerable spinal tenderness on pressing betwixt the shoulder blades. I treated her and in five minutes, when aroused, she was quite free from headache, the pain in the side so much relieved that she could move her body freely, and take a moderate breath with very little inconvenience. Next day I found she had no return of the headache and very little of the pain in the side. She was again treated with advantage, which I repeated daily, and in six days the pain of the side was quite gone. The pain of the head has never returned after the first operation and the patient was now quite conva-



lescent. She had no medicine but some pectoral mixture to moderate the cough.

I shall now refer to spinal irritation, which is well known to be the source of much suffering, not merely in the course of the spinal column, but also from its influence on the origins of sentient nerves on distant parts of the body. I have already referred to this in the cases of 16 and 19, where there was loss of feeling and motion in one case and pain of the legs with contraction in the other. Where the affection does not depend on active inflammation I hesitate not to say that the pain of the spine and other painful affections dependent on the state of the spinal nerves which arise therefrom, may be relieved more speedily and certainly and effectively by Braidism than by any means I have either tried, read or heard of. I shall give an example or two.

Case XLVII. Miss C. had suffered for years from spinal irritation and headache, the pain extending round the chest, so that deep breathing or free motion of the chest could not be tolerated. I tried every variety of treatment, but in vain, and at last despaired of benefiting her, and from the extreme difficulty of breathing suspected it must end in pulmonary consumption. I now tried Braidism, which immediately succeeded in relieving the whole catalogue of painful symptoms, and she was speedily restored to perfect health and has continued so ever since.

Case XLVIII. Miss — had suffered much from spinal irritation for years and had undergone much severe treatment. Had been restored to health and strength under my treatment, but was again threatened with a relapse. I treated her, and when roused the spinal tenderness was gone. A few more operations made a most marked improvement and she continued well for some months. She had a recurrence of the complaint, when Braidism was again had recourse to with immediate and decided advantage.

I could easily multiply cases of this sort were it not for swelling the volume unnecessarily. I shall therefore pass on to cases of irregular or spasmodic action of the muscles. I have found it decidedly useful in several cases of chorea, and also in cases of nervous stammer. In epilepsy it also frequently proves highly useful, but there are some varieties of this complaint over which it had no control. These I presume are such cases as depend on organic causes and which are found to resist every known remedy. It is, however, well known that many cases which were supposed to have

been of this class have worn themselves out, or time and the efforts of nature have effected some organic change. Whether Braidism, if persevered in, might have a tendency to expedite the favorable result in such cases, I am not prepared to say, but think it highly probable it might do so. I feel quite confident, however, that in cases which are amenable to treatment this will be found one of the most speedy and certain remedies.

(To be continued.)

### Each in His Own Tongue.

By request we herewith print the well-known poem of Prof. Carruth, which is frequently referred to by New Thought writers, who often quote from it. It has been seldom printed in its entirety:

"A fire-mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell,—  
A jelly-fish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cave-men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face turned from the clod,—  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

"A haze on the far horizon,—  
The infinite tender sky,—  
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfield,—  
And the wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland,  
The charm of the golden rod,—  
Some of us call it Nature,  
And others call it God.

"Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,  
When the moon is new and thin  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in,—  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod,—  
Some of us call it Longing,  
And others call it God.

"A picket frozen on duty,—  
A mother starved for her brood,—  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,—  
And Jesus on the rood;  
And millions who humble and nameless  
The straight, hard pathway trod;  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God."

### Press Toward the Mark.

The way to rise above disappointment is to fix our eyes not on others' or our own failures, but on THE MARK, and press toward that.—H. W. Foote.