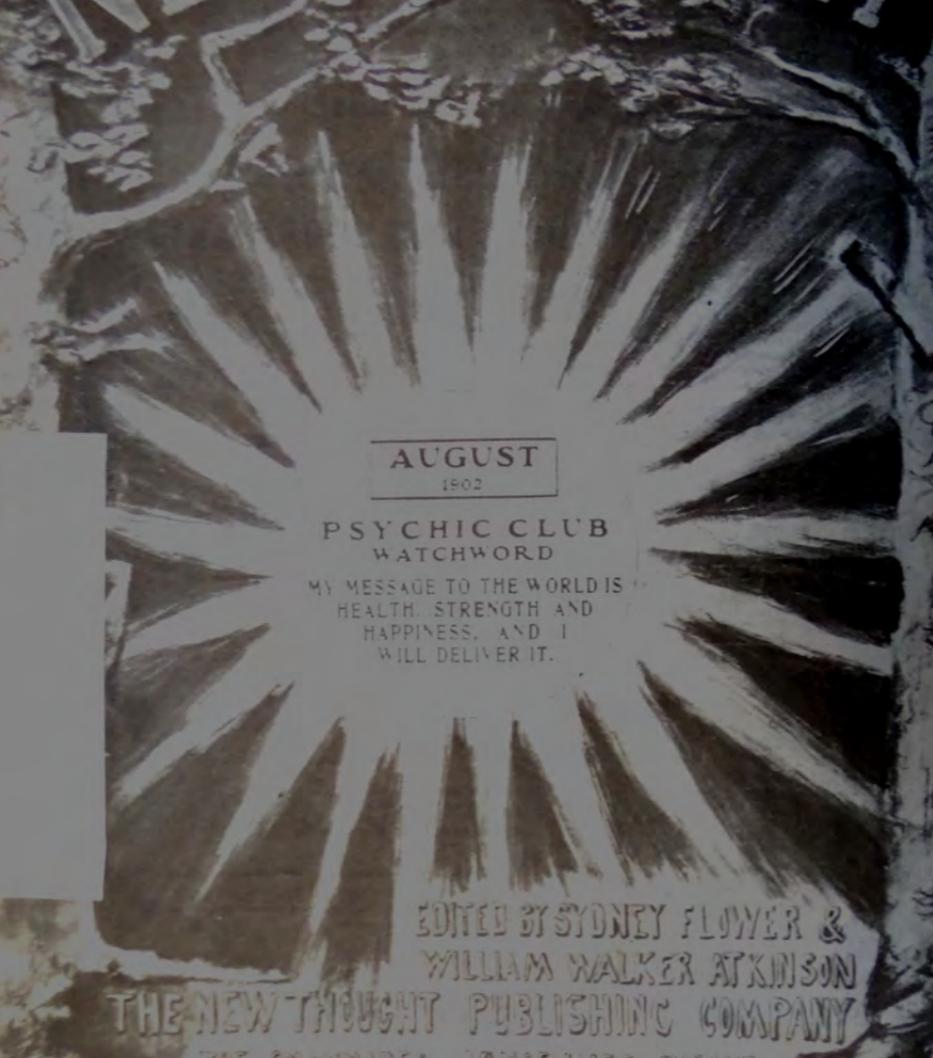


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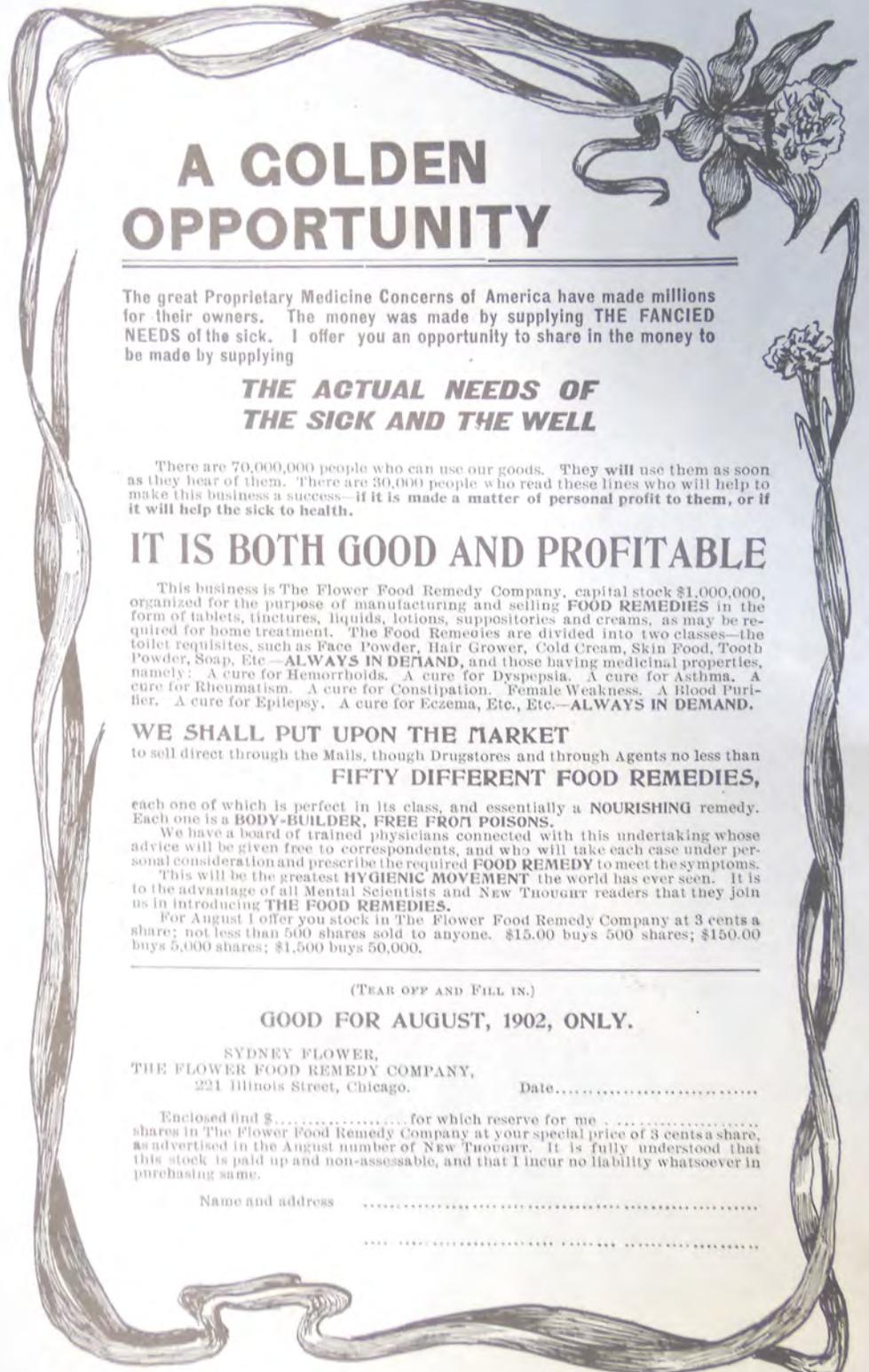
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EDITED BY SYDNEY FLOWER &
WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY

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New Thought.

VOL. XI.

AUGUST, 1902.

No. 8.

In the Depths of the Soul.*

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

DEEP down in the soul are stores of information awaiting to be brought to the surface of consciousness. Rich mines of knowledge are there—uncut gems rest there awaiting the day when they will be uncovered and brought into the bright light of consciousness—rich veins of precious metals are there awaiting in patience the day when some Divine Adventurer will search for them and bring them to light. The human mind is a wonderful storehouse, concealing all sorts of treasures and precious things, only a fraction of which have been discovered so far.

We have faculties not yet recognized by the science of the day—psychic and spiritual faculties—just as real as the recognized faculties, playing an important part in our everyday lives, particularly when we have been made aware of their existence. In many of us these faculties are scarcely recognized, and many of us doubt and deny their very existence. Others have a faint perception of their existence, but do not know how to use them, and get but the slightest benefit from them. Others have awakened to the wonderful faculties which are developing and unfolding within them, and a few have gone so far as to aid in this development of these higher faculties of the mind, and have been almost startled at the results obtained. The Orientals have their ways of development of these faculties, and we Occidentals have ours. Each best serves the purposes of the particular people using it.

As we bring these faculties out of the realm of the super-conscious into the field of consciousness, life takes on an entirely different meaning, and many things heretofore dark are seen plainly and understood. No one can understand the Oneness of things until his spiritual faculties are sufficiently developed to make him *conscious* of it. Blind belief or reliance upon the words of another will never do for the seeker after Truth that which is accomplished by a single

gleam of consciousness resting upon some of the hidden treasures of the soul. One glimpse into the depths of the soul will do more than the reading of thousands of books, the teaching of hundreds of teachers. This glimpse, once had, will never be forgotten. Its reality may be questioned at times—at other times the memory may seem dim and unreliable—but it will return in all its freshness and brightness, and even in the moment of doubt we cannot entirely escape it.

Our real knowledge of the existence of GOD is not obtained from the intellect. We can take up the subject of GOD and reason about it all our life, only to find ourselves, in the end, in a worse muddle than when we started. And yet one single ray of consciousness reaching down into the depths of our inner being will bring to us such a complete certainty of GOD'S existence and being, that nothing afterward will ever shake our faith in the reality and existence of the Supreme Power. We will not understand the nature of his being—his existence—his power—but we will *know* that he exists, and will feel that peacefulness and infinite trust in him which always come with the glimpse of the Truth. We will not understand any better the many theories of Man regarding GOD and his works; in fact, we will be more apt to turn away, wearied, from Man's discussion of the subject—the attempt of the finite to describe and limit the infinite. But we will *know* that at the Center of things is to be found that Universal Presence, and we feel that we can safely rest ourselves on his bosom—trust ourselves in his hands. The cares, sorrows and trials of Life seem very small indeed when viewed from the absolute position, although from the relative position this world often seems to be a very hell.

Another glimpse into the recesses of the soul reveals to us the Oneness of things. We see GOD as the great Center of things, and all the Universe as but One. The oneness of all Life becomes apparent to us and we feel in touch not only with all mankind, but with all life. The petty distinctions of class, race, rank, caste, nationality, language, country, fade away and we see

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all men as brothers. And we feel a kindly feeling and love toward the lesser manifestations of life. Even the rocks and the stones are seen as parts of the Whole, and we no longer feel a sense of separateness from any thing. We realize what the Universe is, and in our imagination visit the most distant stars and instinctively know that we would find nothing foreign to us there—all would be but bits of the same thing.

And we begin to understand those strange attractions of soul to soul, instances of which have come to all of us. We realize that it is possible to entertain a feeling of love for every living creature—to every man or woman, the manifestations, of course, varying in degree and kind, according to sex and closeness of soul relation. It makes us more tolerant and causes us to see but ignorance in many things in which we saw but sin before. It makes us feel pity rather than hate. Ah, these little glimpses into the inmost recesses of the soul, they teach us many new lessons.

And one of the greatest lessons that we may acquire in this way is the recognition of the eternal life of the soul. We may believe, with greater or less earnestness, in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, our beliefs and conceptions depending more or less upon the teachings which we have received from early childhood, but until we become conscious of that which lies within us, we are never really certain—we do not know. Many good people will deny this statement, and will say that they have never doubted the life of the soul after death, but see how they act. When death comes into their houses they mourn and cry aloud in their agony, and demand of GOD why he has done this thing. They drape themselves in mourning and mourn and weep as if the loved one had been destroyed and annihilated. All of their actions and conduct go to prove that they have no abiding sense of the reality of the continuance of life beyond the grave. They speak of the dead as if they were lost forever—as if a sponge had been passed over the slate of life and naught remained. How cold and hollow sounds the would-be comforting words of friends and relatives, who assure the mourning ones that the being who has just laid aside the body is "better off now," and that all is "for the best," and all the rest of conventional expressions that we make use of. I tell you that one who has had a glimpse into what lies within him knows so well that he is eternal that he finds it impossible to look upon death in the ordinary way, and if he is not very careful he will be regarded as heartless and unfeeling for the sorrows

of others. And he will be regarded as a fool in his views of life by those around him who attend church regularly every Sunday, and who profess a full belief in all its doctrines. If he considers that he himself is his soul, and that he is as much an immortal being now as he ever will be—that his body is but as a garment to cover him, or an instrument through which he manifests himself—if he considers that he is in eternity now just as much as he ever will be; that he cannot be destroyed by Mt. Pelee eruptions or railroad accidents—if, in short, he feels these things so strongly that they have become a part of his real everyday life—why, he is looked upon as "queer" by those who hear these things taught them every Sunday, and who would feel horrified if they were accused of harboring a doubt regarding them. This is one of the things that go to show the difference between "believing" a thing and "being conscious" of it.

Now, don't run away and say that I held that the church-goers have no conception of the reality of the immortality of the soul, for I haven't said any such thing. There are many church-goers who have experienced a full realization of the feeling I mention, and there are many more church-goers who have not. And there are many men and women who scarcely ever enter within the walls of a church who have had this experience, and it means more to them than all the preachments they have ever listened to. It is not a matter of being "in-church" or "out-of-church," it is a matter of spiritual development, that's all. I attend churches of all denominations, and I find all of them good. The service of the Catholic Church appeals to me, and so does the meeting of some old-fashioned Methodist congregation. I do not accept all the doctrines and theories I hear in the various churches, but I manage to get some good out of all. If I have any preference whatever, it is for an old-fashioned Quaker meeting, where, perhaps, not a word is said from beginning to close, but where there is undoubtedly a strong spiritual power manifested. I have even found much good in attending a certain orthodox church, where the venerable preacher, who does not believe in the "higher criticism" or creed revision, often gives us a delightful sermon on the horrors of hell and the state of the damned, including the unbaptized infants. I can listen to a sermon like this with a thrill of delight—a feeling of intense joy which came to me because I have been given the inward assurance that there exists a GOD who is Love, instead of the hating, wrathful, vengeful creature that the poor preacher tries to make us

believe is the Infinite Power—the Universal Presence—the Loving Father. Oh, no, I am not condemning churches—I like them all, and think that each one is doing the best possible work for the particular people who are attracted to it. I have listened to the exercises of the Salvation Army, and have seen much good in it. How many of you New Thought people, or you high-toned church members, would make half the sacrifices for what you consider Truth that the Salvation Army soldier or the Hallelujah lassie makes every day of their lives? Stop a moment before you laugh at them. Some of these people have more spirituality in their little finger than many of us have in our whole bodies.

There are times when we feel disturbed and full of unrest. We seek to use our intellects and solve all the problems of life. We fret and chafe under the restrictions which have been placed upon us. We wish to KNOW all things. We reason this way and that way, follow up every lane, alley and street in the city of Thought, but, alas, we find not that which we seek. And in our search we are apt to forget that we have within us an assurance that all is well with the world, and with us. We rebel against the leadings of the Spirit—against the knowledge that has come from the inner self—and we want to get our knowledge over the old channels—by means of the Intellect. Well, at such times we storm and fume and fret, and complain at our inability to solve the problem. We set up ideas only to tear them down again. We assume and then abandon one position after another, until there is nothing left. And the end of all the intellectual debauch is to say finally, "I do not know." And then, after the struggle is over, we see, just as plainly as ever before, the glimpse of Truth that has come to us from within—we hear the words of the soul—we have the same old consciousness. We say to ourselves, "I may not know this thing intellectually, but I KNOW it is true. I cannot doubt the voice of the Soul."

This knowledge which comes from within is like the rock against which beat the storms of the sea—against which dash the waves which completely cover it, and which hide it from sight, until it seems that it has disappeared forever from view, carried away by the attacking waves. The lightning flashes, the thunder rolls, the fury of the tempest seems concentrated against this rock, and the demon of the storm seems intent upon destroying every particle of it—of tearing it to little bits with which to strew the shores. All is darkness—all is blackness—all is fury,

raging and terror. After hours, the storm subsides, and then later morning comes, and the first rays of the rising sun kiss lovingly the rock which has stood the fury of the storm, and has emerged unharmed, a witness to its superiority to the elements.

Storm away, ye who would destroy this rock—dash your waves of Doubt, Logic, Criticism, Unbelief, Dogma, Theory, against this rock of the Spirit. Exert yourself to the utmost—expend all the force that is within you—do your best—do your worst. Tear and twist, pull and wrench, beat and pound, and what have you accomplished? After the storm has passed away—after the clouds have dispersed—when the sky again is blue and the sun again is shining—the rock still stands, undisturbed, unchanged, unshaken. And stand it will for ages and ages. And Man shall begin to know of the stability and firmness of this rock. He will begin to realize just what it means to him, and he will know that while the waves that beat upon it are good and needful, and not to be despised, that only upon the rock can he safely build.

Do not despise the intellect and its teachings, but know that ye have within ye another source of knowledge—that ye have spiritual faculties which are developing and which you can use. And trust the work of these faculties—listen to the voice of the Soul.

Real Success.

Success in the highest and best sense is true upright living, doing one's level best, building up a symmetrical Christian character, and bringing one's whole nature into full harmony with the will of God.—*L. A. Bowman.*

A Definite Aim.

A man with definite aims to be accomplished may be compared to one digging a well. To dig the well to the depth of seventy-two cubits and stop without reaching the spring, is, after all, throwing away the well.—*Glenville Kleiser.*

Happiness Magnets.

To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw a hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray, are the things that make men happy.—*Ruskin.*

Desire.*

BY NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

DESIRE is a quality of Mind. It is brought into expression through the recognition that there is something needed to complete our happiness. Then let DESIRE be manifest. But mark the difference between DESIRE—which belongs to the invisible or spiritual world—and DESIRES—which are associated with things of the visible world. We may have whatsoever we desire. But after this gratification, we often find it is not what we really wanted, and it proves to be a misfit in our life and environment. By desiring wisely and well, we will be brought into freedom and poise. Through recognition that all things are ours we may be possessor of every possible thing to make us Whole.

All is Mind! When this statement is but faintly apprehended and its force applied, there is nothing to resist the desire, for Mind cannot resist itself! Then perceive the possibility of mastery and the opportunity for endless development, since there can be no law but the mental law to govern the expression of our desire. Every mental method is legitimate, nor can we lack anything when we become mentally poised. Through desire the Mind must give forth the desirable; it is the Womb holding in latency the thing desired, and its bountiful nature is proven the moment we recognize its Omni-powerfulness. The study of Mind is the study of Man; the development of Mind through desire insures man's freedom. Through no other method save coming into conscious at-onement can we hope to gain power. The things we desire are brought into birth through this understanding.

We seem to have many desires! But the truth is, we have but one—and that is to know more! To Be more we must KNOW more! We arise in the morning with a desire to Know, and this desire brings us into greater experience. So we pass on from hour to hour, from day to day, a longing soul, and while it may seem visionary, it is true, that the longing brings a greater realization of knowledge. The infallible desire is for the truth of existence. The very existence of desire insures its own fulfillment. According to the intelligence will be the quality of desire and the expression thereof.

The quickest and surest way toward the unfoldment of the soul is to allow Desire a chance for expression; allow it to break the shell of unbelief and pre-

conceived ideas. Man is like unto a seed. He is shut up in the husk and cannot burst forth into eternal light, thereby gaining his freedom, until his desire for Light is strong enough to break the shell which encrusts his soul. The desire to see the Light—to behold God—is the means whereby the shell is thrown off and man steps forth to feed and serve the multitudes. The seed planted may lie dormant and rot in the ground unless it desires the sunlight. So may man live and live, but unless he has desire he cannot grow into the conscious sunlight of knowledge. Fear not desire, for with the primal statement—all is Good—realized we can safely desire! If there be high ideals in the soul it will be lifted where neither abnormal desire nor gratification of the senses can tempt it.

Will and Desire are the twain that are one. They are forever united—married. Thought directs both Will and Desire. They are a tandem team, and when Desire makes a demand let WILL take the lead and be the guiding element for the expression of Desire. No need to check either, but train them to keep step, WILL always the leader. They will soon learn to pull together, Desire making the demand and WILL leading onward to the goal. Learn by practice and concentration that the two are one—harnessed together in order to attain the highest and to win the race before them.

Desire is the fine, strong instrument of the soul. Wrongly used it will kill all the finer and more beautiful soul life; rightly used it will make life an endless joy. Desire is the creative element. People grow old because they cease to desire, that is, cease to live! For to desire is to live and to live is to desire! Desire is the spiritual Fire, which, when kept burning, must express itself in the life as eternal youth, health and happiness. It is sometimes easier to cease to live than to keep this Fire kindled; then it is we die, thinking desire will cease! But the soul takes with it whatsoever belongs to it! Eternal Desire gives eternal Life! Desire never dies!

We may try to kill desire, but as its head is cut off it becomes hydra-headed, until we are confused with its manifold expression. Unless harnessed to the WILL it never becomes a satisfied portion, but continues to confuse with its hydra-headedness. According to the intelligence and developed Will-power it will be manifested, for we draw that which our intelligence attracts, Desire being the law of attraction consciously brought forth. The readiest manner to cure a soul filled with desire is to let the desire loose, unhitch it, take off the halter; thereby it gets its freedom.

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"It's Up to You."*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

LAST month I mentioned how much good I often obtained from listening to the slang of the street, and how many valuable lessons one might obtain from an analysis of the current phrases and sayings of the day. I suppose that you have all heard the familiar expression, now so popular: "It's up to you." But did you ever think just what that saying really meant?

As generally used, it signifies that the speaker has done all that he could do—has exhausted all his resources—and it remains for the person addressed to do the rest. It has resolved itself into a problem for the other man to solve—it has reached him at last—it is "up to him."

There comes a time in the experience of every New Thought student when he fully realizes that the question of progress is "up to him." He has read many books on the subject—has listened to lecturers and speakers—has heard the experiences of others—has taken lessons from teachers—and has at last reached the position where he finds that the time has come for him to put into practice that which he has learned—that the time has come for him to DO something—that the time has come when the whole thing is "up to him."

This is an experience that tries the souls of those who have been sipping the sweets of the New Thought flower, and many of them are not equal to the test. They see certain truths—they may even *feel* them—but when it comes to living them—to making these truths a part of their everyday life—well, that's a different matter, entirely. It is very pleasant to lie back and dream of the wonderful truths which you have learned from books, teachers, speakers, and to think of what you are going to do "some day"—but the getting out into the world and living out these truths gives you pause, and makes you realize that it's not so easy, after all. It's the old story about the thinking of things, and the doing of things.

It's so easy to sit still and think of the folly of Hate, or Envy, or Malice, or Jealousy, and you wonder how in the world you could ever have indulged in these things, and you smile at the idea of ever again being so foolish. Then you go out into the world of people again, and the first thing you know you find yourself wishing to get even with someone whom you fancy has done you a bad turn. Instead of recognizing that

the other person's action was the result of ignorance and that the law would attend to the matter of "getting even," you start in to take the matter into your own hands, and the result is that before long you are plunged in a whirlpool of Hate and petty motives that will take you some time to get out of. Then you find yourself growing Jealous of someone, and, instead of checking it at once, and sending a thought of Love in the direction of the other person, you let the green-eyed monster gnaw away at your heart, until you are perfectly miserable. And the element of Hate always runs along with Jealousy, and before you know it, you have the whole foul brood about you again. Of course, these things are all lessons, which, in time, will teach you the folly of this class of thoughts, but it seems too bad that you cannot do better when you see the other side of the question. You will have to conquer these monsters yourself. No one can do it for you. Others may help you, but you must do the work yourself. "It's up to you."

Then you feel that you have got to make everybody else conform to your ideas and notions—that because you think a thing is so, it must be so, and everybody thinking otherwise must be wrong, and must be reformed. You start out to shape other people's lives into the same form assumed by yours, forgetful of the fact that each individuality is different, and that every man or woman has the same right to their opinions that you have to yours. And you forget that what is good for you may not suit the soul-needs of the other man at all. If you have a good thing, let others see it, and if they seem interested and desirous of light, give it to them, by all means, but do not commit the folly of attempting to crowd it upon them. Those for whom you have a bit of the Truth will be attracted to you, and you will find plenty of opportunities to pass along the little bit of Truth which may have come your way, but do not attempt to force it upon anyone, and certainly do not be so absurd as to imagine that you can *make* anyone think or do things for which they are not ready. You might as well attempt to feed babes of a week with the food of an adult. And then, just because a thing suits you, it does not follow that it will suit the other man or woman. One of the great mistakes of the world has been its insistence upon cramming its opinions down the throats of unwilling people. The churches made that mistake in the early days, and when people would not accept their opinions, they burnt them at the stake, or bored holes through their tongues with hot irons. And the same spirit prevails to-day. Why don't you

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let other people alone? Mind your own business, and give them the same privilege. Let them see what you have in the way of good thoughts, if you like, but don't insist upon their tasting your wares. You have nothing to do with them or their salvation. The Law is working upon them as well as upon you. Who are you, anyway, that you should imagine that you have the whole truth, and that the other man is all wrong? The real New Thought man has no such notions. He knows that everyone has *some* Truth, and that no one has *all* the Truth. He is always willing to lend a helping hand, but he never, no *never*, insists upon others doing just as he does. He realizes that each man must stand upon his own feet—must grow in his own way—must develop according to the laws of his being—and he does not attempt to make him grow according to his own pet notions. He knows that the question of growth is "up to" the man himself.

Now, what are you going to do about all this New Thought teaching that you have been absorbing from all these different sources? Are you going to keep it all in your head, and think over it every once in a while as some pretty thing suitable to the hour of leisure and moment of relaxation? Or are you going to make it a part of your inmost nature, and carry it out into the world of people with you, and manifest it in everyday life? Answer now, friend, for "it's up to you."

The New Thought is made for use, not as a plaything. If it's any good at all, it's good for everyday use. If its teaching is at all true, it's so true that you can carry it with you wherever you go, and let it become manifest in your every thought, every action. You can take it with you to the shop, the factory, the mill, the field, the school, the pulpit, the court room, the bedside of the patient—anywhere, everywhere—to all parts of the globe. It's a good thing—are you going to use it or neglect it? Answer! "It's up to you," this time.

I'm tired of fooling with people who are like boys who walk along the edge of the stream, shivering in the cold air, and yet afraid to plunge into the stream and strike out. Jump in, or go home. You are just trifling with this thing, and cannot make up your minds to try it in earnest. You are watching other people to see how it works on them, instead of giving it a good trial yourselves. You are like the man who wanted to try it on a dog, first. Oh, stop your fooling and get to work in earnest! Get in line, or get out! What are you going to do about this New Thought, anyhow? "It's up to you."

And there's another serious question

confronting you, my friend. What are you going to make of yourself? Are you going to keep up with this great progressive movement that is sweeping over the world, or are you going to drop out to the rear, and be left out of the procession? The question confronts people to-day as never before. The lines are being drawn between the old moss-back, non-progressive element, and those who have turned their faces toward the sun, and who, having abolished Fear, Hate, Malice and the rest, have their hearts filled with Love and Confidence—and who, waving their banners in the air, shouting, "I Can and I Will."

The day has passed when you can afford to lean upon others. You must stand alone and do the work yourself. You must develop self-confidence and self-reliance. You must know that you have back of you the forces of the Universe, and that these forces are yours if you but demand them. You must know that you can and will grow and develop if you but go about it right. You must know that the world will give back to you what you give it, Love for Love; Hate for Hate; Confidence for Confidence; Jealousy for Jealousy; Malice for Malice. You must know that a brave and fearless heart will carry you over troubles that would overcome one without these qualities. You must know that "thoughts are things," and that the Law of Attraction is in full force. You must know that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." You must know that Enthusiasm is contagious, and so is Doubt. You must know that, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox says: "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone. For this sad old earth is in need of mirth, and has troubles enough of its own."

You must learn that these things must be done by you alone. You must work out your own salvation, and you *can* do it, too, if you will only start in earnest. Don't lean on others. Stand up straight and firm, and say, "I AM." Get into the feeling that you are a reality—an entity—a being with a mental and spiritual backbone—not a jellyfish. Go ahead and live your own life; treat everyone fair and square; do the work of the day the best you know how; mind your business and let others have the same privilege; abolish Fear and Hate; cultivate Love. Remember the Fatherhood of God—the Brotherhood of Man—the Kingship of Self.

"It's up to you."

**In every earnest Hope nestles
its potential realization.**

The Value of Will Power and Concentration.*

By URIEL BUCHANAN.

THERE is no one thing in life, within the range of possibility, which you cannot accomplish if you have a supreme purpose, a definite aim, and will bend all your energies, will power and belief solely toward its realization. By the concentration of mental force and the wise use of vital energy, having a fixedness of aim that is not disturbed by difficulties, a zeal that is broad and deep, and a faith that no storm of adversity can change, you will arouse within you the latent potentialities which will transform difficulties and make of the obstacles you encounter but stepping stones to a higher purpose and greater achievement.

There is a principle in man which is independent of space, and is not limited by the senses. It is that principle which gives to man the feeling of kinship with the Infinite. It is the something within which is conscious of its vital relationship with all that is. To understand the nature of this affinity and to co-operate with the Universal Mind will endow you with the power to control yourself and to control others. And, in addition thereto, you can, by the exercise of your will power, exert an influence over all animate things.

A few years ago there was a prince in India who came into possession of an enormous lion which had been recently captured. It was so wild that the most famous tamers did not dare to go near it. The prince offered 400 pounds to the one who would enter the cage. Finally a man appeared who volunteered to earn the reward. But when the test came the prince hesitated to allow the man to enter, as he was sure he would be instantly killed. But the man was determined. With a light whip in his hand, he stepped up to the cage and fixed his gaze upon the lion, which raged about the cage in all the fury of its untamed nature. Its eyes glowed with a red fire, and with deafening roar it sounded the threat of revenge for the curtailment of its freedom. The man suddenly opened the door. The lion crouched against the bars on the opposite side of the cage, and growled weakly. The lion was mastered by the man's steadfast gaze, and obeyed his silent command by following the movement of his whip.

I was told of this incident by one who was present. I asked him what he con-

sidered was the secret of the man's power, and he repeated the words of the tamer, who said that in the first place he had absolutely no fear, and that he held the eyes of the lion by his steady gaze and sent out from his mind a constant stream of positive thought, commanding the lion to become subdued.

I have seen this power effectively used by men in handling vicious and untamed horses. I have seen it used in the curing of disease, in counteracting the bite of poisonous reptiles. I have seen it manifested in the power of eloquence over the passion of the multitude, as it would arouse to fury or subdue to calmness, as it would animate to war or melt to love. I have seen it used in every pursuit of life, harnessed to man's desire, compelling others to do his bidding.

This force in man is a manifestation of the Divine Mind and partakes of all its powers. It is a fluid belonging to all things. It acts in us and manifests its power according to the measure of our faith and desire. Fundamentally, the will is omnipotent. From this it can be seen that there is no limit to the things that can be done with a will that is set free from the illusions of the senses and the race belief in limitation.

The will is aroused to action by intense desire and concentration. True concentration is not a spasmodic effort, a forced determination, a blind out-reaching of the desires and a nervous clutching after something vague. The greatest power is born of repose—not the repose of negation, of indifference, but the positive repose that belongs to one who is sure of himself and knows that there is a force at his command with which he may conquer adversity and overcome all things which bar his way to liberty and progress. Concentration means the quiet control of one's thoughts and beliefs. It means the ability to give attention to a single thing, at any given time, to the exclusion of all other things, and to transmute the combined forces of man's being into a dynamic power which may be controlled and directed by a trained and invincible will to produce any result desired.

In the beginning the training of the will is very difficult, and needs constant watchfulness. When using your will upon others, always avoid defeat. For if you once yield to the will of another, you will lose faith in your power. First be sure you are using this power for a legitimate purpose; then advance with perfect confidence and the unwavering resolution to conquer. Thus, you will gradually gain power to subdue and direct the will and mind of others, who will invariably respond to your wishes and make possible the ultimate attainment of your highest ideals.

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Doing Things.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

MY last month's article, "The Higher Life (?)" seemed to stir up some of the good brothers and sisters, and while I received quite a number of letters commending me for my position, I also received several from people who complained that the article in question was "not sufficiently spiritual" to suit their taste, and suggesting that I do better in the future, and not be naughty any more. Well, that's just what I like to hear. I know that every word I said in that article was true, and this shrinking on the part of certain readers only shows me that I have put my hand on a sore spot, which needs attention. When I write a thing that everyone likes, I am apt to wonder what in the world is the matter with the article. And so I'm going to give these brothers and sisters a little more out of the same bottle. If any of you are afraid of being hurt, you had better skip this article. But if it hurts you, it only shows that you need being hurt. It's good for you.

Many of us think that in order to gain success and to make something of ourselves, all that is necessary for us to do is to read what someone else has written, and then sit down, or go "into the silence," and Success will be wheeled up to our front door, and unloaded and brought up to our bedroom and gently deposited in the place selected for it. Don't fool yourselves, dear friends, the thing doesn't work that way at all. You can get any amount of inspiration from reading the cheering words of another—may profit very materially by his experience—may accept his suggestions—but all this is going to do you no good whatsoever, unless you put the thought in action—express the impression, roll up your sleeves and get to work, and lick into shape the ideas that have come to you.

What are ideas for, anyway, if they are not to be expressed in action? Why, every one of you has enough ideas going to waste every day, which, if expressed, would change your whole lives. You have gotten into the habit of letting your ideas go to waste, instead of using them. What would you think of a farmer who would neglect to gather in his crops? You would think that he was a fit subject for a commission in lunacy, wouldn't you? And yet, each and every one of you is letting fine, fat ideas go to waste every day of his life, which, if harvested, would put him

on the high road to Success. "Nothing doing," you say. Well, there's lots of things that you *might* be doing, if you would only reach out and catch one of those passing ideas and then proceed to express it in action.

Some of the letters I receive make me very weary, indeed. It seems to me sometimes as if half of the New Thought people expected to have some sort of way pointed out to them, whereby they could simply "hold the thought" and have everything come their way without a single bit of work, mental or physical. These people are mere children in the New Thought—in fact, many of them are like unborn babes. Right thinking will most certainly bring about a wonderful change in any person's mind. New ideas will evolve from the inner recesses of the soul, which, if properly used, will lead the man or woman into an entirely different life. They will not only grow spiritually, but will be able to so manifest their thoughts that they can surround themselves with what their needs call for, and will be able to get results in many ways. But it's all nonsense to imagine that material results will come from mere "holding the thought," and refusing to act upon the ideas that arise from the thought holding. Thought must be expressed in action.

Elbert Hubbard, the sage of East Aurora—he of the flowing locks and still more flowing necktie—shocked some of the New Thought people some time ago, by saying that all things are possible to him who would "hold the thought and hustle." I heard a number of prominent people in the New Thought severely criticize Fra Elbertus for this remark, saying that he was "very material." I don't know about Hubbard being so "very material," but I do know that his remark was very material to the point at issue. "Hold the thought," every time, that's perfectly right—hold it tight, and don't let it get away from you. But don't forget the balance of the advice, "and hustle" for all you're worth.

There's too much froth about much of this New Thought business. It is true that thousands of people have found in New Thought that which has completely changed their whole lives, both spiritually and materially. Many have found their mental horizon materially enlarged, and a new spiritual world has been unveiled for others. Others have been inspired to effort by the "I Can and I Will" spirit, and have gone out and made something of themselves. But many, alas, too many, have seen in the new teachings a chance of acquiring a "soft snap," a "graft," or something of that sort, and have fondly imagined

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themselves as getting something for nothing, or of lying back on cushions and sipping the golden fluid through long tubes, with scarcely an effort on their part. Nonsense! Look around you, and see those who have made a success of the practice of New Thought principles. You will find that every mother's son, or daughter, of them, have "held the thought and hustled." Look at the leaders of the New Thought, who have gained success, and see how they have done it. By "hustling," I tell you. Some of them talk beautifully of "their own coming to them," and "drawing on the infinite supply," and all that sort of thing, but you will notice that they move around very briskly after the nimble dollar, and let nothing in sight get away from them.

Look at Helen Wilmans, for instance. Where in the world would you find a woman who worked harder than she. She made a "Conquest of Poverty," certainly, but how did she do it? I'll tell you how. She made up her mind that Success could be attained—she knew just what she wanted—she fixed her eye on the mark—she held the thought firmly—and then she "hustled" to beat the band. Oh, yes, she did, though, just read what she says about it herself, if you don't believe me. And then, take Elizabeth Towne, one of the liveliest and liveliest of any of the New Thought writers to-day. Why, you cannot read a column of what she writes without seeing the "hustle" all over it. She doesn't waste time talking about "holding the thought" and sitting down and "folding her hands and calmly waiting." She gets up and DOES things. That's why I like Elizabeth. Of course, I fully recognize that there are times when one has done all he can do, and then comes the time for "folding the hands and calmly waiting," but the mistake that many make is in supposing that all times is the time for the hand-folding and calmly-waiting business. Take the whole New Thought crowd, and you will find them a mighty busy lot. I can tell you—working with brain and with hands.

A man or woman who works with brain or hands, without putting "soul" into it, is a mere machine, a drudge, and will never amount to anything. And the man or woman who thinks that all things will come to one who simply "holds the thought," and does not use brain or hands to manifest results, is a visionary, who is doomed to bitter disappointment some day. Many of them manage to get along with this folding-hands business, and holding-thought business, without doing a stroke of work, but you will find that there is generally some other member of the

family around who is "hustling" for all he is worth. There's many a man who is working like a car-horse to support a woman who is always talking about "the beautiful life of the Soul," and all that sort of thing. And there's many a woman working her hands off in her efforts to keep things going for some lazy hulk of a man who addresses meetings on the subject of the "spiritual life," and all that sort of thing. Yes, and there's many a woman who denies herself almost the necessities of life, to provide for some rattle brained daughter who finds work "too material" to suit her taste, and who sits in an easy chair reading some beautiful froth which she thinks is "spiritual" and "too sweet for anything." Some of these people haven't the faintest conception of what "spiritual" really means. They wouldn't know a spiritual person if they met one in broad daylight.

Some of these people have lots to learn. They will have to find out, sooner or later, that the New Thought is not a lazy man's idea. They will have to find out that they are not living in a land of dreams, but in a world of stern reality. They will have to find out that this world has little use for parasites, fungi or leeches. They will have to find out that in the end, sooner or later, everyone must stand alone, upon his or her own feet, and give the world a steady, calm gaze of confidence and courage. They will have to find out that, while the Law is a most powerful backer, and that with its aid almost miracles can be accomplished, still the Law is not a friend of the shirker of work. To get the benefit of the workings of the Law, one must be willing to co-operate with it, and not consider work "too material."

The man who is truly spiritual sees all work as good—does not feel "above" any sort of work. It is true that he prefers some sort of work, but if the other kind has to be done, he does it willingly. He sees that Life is all motion. When activity ceases, Death ensues. He sees creating going on on all sides, and he starts in to create with his head or his hands. He makes the best of everything. He does not seek trouble nor does he run away from it. He faces difficulties with the smile of confidence on his face. His is the "heart for any fate," and that very spirit carries him over places that would wreck those who fear and shudder at the thought of certain things happening to them.

**The race is moving ahead.
Keep up with the procession.**

The Family Wash.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

THE law of nations is the Mosaic law of eye for eye, tooth for tooth. Grave assemblies of men, the flower of the people, meet to pass laws safeguarding the rights of State, and equally the rights of that microcosm of the State—the individual. Under these laws, if one nation maliciously injure another, redress must be immediately demanded, or honor is forfeit, and courage called in question.

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The individual, looking to the political sense of the nation as his guide and example in matters of personal injury, feels when struck an instinctive desire to strike back, and if a blow be maliciously dealt him, he seeks compensation for both injury and insult by hitting back with interest.

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In business the same method of retaliation and resentment of injury obtains, and it is necessary to protect one's rights at all times against infringement, encroachment, malignant reports, substitution, and a thousand and one things calculated and intended to result in loss to the party attacked, profit to the party attacking.

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When we come down to a consideration of sacred family matters, the question assumes a different aspect. It may be better to suffer injustice than to resent an injury of the coarsest and most unwarranted kind. It may be better to cede all and say nothing, and this, indeed, has wisely come to be regarded as the standard of conduct of a gentleman if his wife so far forgets what is due to herself as to court the publicity of newspaper notoriety.

* * * * *

I have never posed before you as a leader in the New Thought movement. My part has been almost entirely that of a businessman—a publisher of the works of others. It is as a business man whose rights have been invaded that I have a few words to say to readers of this magazine.

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A few weeks ago the Chicago Tribune published on its front page under scare head-lines, full particulars of the charges made against me by my wife in a bill for separate maintenance filed the day before. All of the Chicago newspapers referred to the matter, and these shameful charges were scattered broadcast

over the United States as a good newspaper story. The more reputable Chicago papers offered me the use of their columns to reply to the Tribune, but I did not think the general public had any rights in the matter, and said nothing. I am asking no favors of the public, and it makes very little difference to me what their belief in this matter may be.

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Readers of NEW THOUGHT, however, stand to me in a very different relation. As President of the Flower Food Remedy Company, I have no right to remain mute under charges which affect my personal character. As vice-president of the Psychic Research Company, and editor and publisher of NEW THOUGHT, the same thing applies. We have 20,000 subscribers, and each one of those subscribers has an unexpressed right to know whether I accept as true, or deny as false, the charges filed against me of sheer brutal cruelty, failure to support, and dishonesty.

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I deny the charges absolutely. They are malicious lies. There is not a line of truth in any one of the charges made against me.

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I could refute them very easily one by one in their sickening detail, and shall possibly be required to do so. I do not wish to do this at present, since the refutation can only be made at the cost of bitter humiliation to a woman who has acted unwisely, but who must still have some feeling of decency remaining. It is sufficient for me to say now that the charges are untrue—every one of them.

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Let there be no mistake. I have been publicly slandered, and my name dragged in the mud. I have not spoken yet. But if I do, there will not be left to this Cratty crowd enough material to make a figleaf apron for one of them.

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The bill bears the names of Cratty & Latimer, solicitors. Josiah Cratty is a Chicago lawyer, with offices in the Security Building. He has been named in my hearing by a fellow lawyer, "the Jest of the Chicago Bar." He is in all respects a very fitting instrument through which such a bill might be made public.

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The bill has reacted forcibly upon its framers. There is a want of dignity about it, a coarseness, an irrelevance, a display of purely spiteful detail intended to injure me, but having no bear-

ing upon the matter in hand—having absolutely nothing to do with the purpose of the bill—which has made it a subject for laughter among lawyers, considered as an instrument of law. It is called "a legal woman's crazy-quilt." In point of fact, Cratty has been the laughing-stock of his colleagues this long while back. He is completely under the influence of Alice Manning, my wife's sister, who has been his stenographer for years.

Cratty is a mere puppet in the hands of Alice. He has become a jest—a nameless thing in leading-strings. Alice, being a Notary Public, administered the oath to Harriet Flower, who swore that the contents of the bill were true.

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Knowing as she does the facts in the matter, Harriet Flower's conscience ought to furnish a sharper revenge than resentment could demand, but consciences get dull as coarseness grows.

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Alice Manning is not unknown to our readers. The articles upon physical culture and magnetism by "Quex," which ran through several of our numbers in the spring of 1901, were from her pen, and liberally paid for.

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You see this is quite a nice family affair. It might with advantage have been kept in the family in the first place, I think.

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It has just occurred to me that, as we have a great many lawyers among our subscribers, some of them may have joined Cratty's United Commercial Lawyers' League, as he calls it. I should like to know if they have ever received any benefits whatever from this League, or whether their connection with it began and ended with recurring payments of membership fees and yearly dues?

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One of the most peculiar features of this case is the number of lawyers for the complainant, through whose hands this business has passed. First, there was a Mr. Gearon, a nice, fatherly old gentleman, with offices in the Journal Building. "I will be frank in saying to you, Mr. Flower," he remarked in the course of our first interview, "that this matter has been in my hands for over six weeks, and Cratty and Alice Manning have been badgering the life out of me to file a bill. I don't see any need for a bill here, because it seems to me you two people ought to be able to agree. But," his manner became grave, "I must tell you also that Cratty has had de-

tectives watching you for a long time, and he claims to have conclusive evidence of there being a tall, dark woman in the case." Knowing that the amiable Cratty had no money to pay detectives, I was not much impressed with Mr. Gearon's disclosures, the more so, as I do not happen to have a speaking acquaintance with any tall, dark woman. "Now, the question is, Mr. Flower," he continued, "are you willing to live with Mrs. Flower? Just give me a plain answer."

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"The question is an easy one to ask, Mr. Gearon," I said, "but not so easy to reply to offhand. This woman has a mania for trying to commit suicide, and I have no liking for that kind of melodrama. I have never been cruel to her. I have never failed to support her. I should be supporting her to-day if she had not absolutely declined to receive any further allowance from me some five months ago, on the ground that, by her mother's advice, since we were to be no more to each other, she ought not to receive any more money from me. You ask a question that looks to you very easy; but I have made four distinct attempts to live in peace with this woman in the short space of two years, and each attempt has been a failure. I hate to be beaten in anything, but I confess this is too much for me."

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Mr. Gearon's cordiality was so winning, however, that when I got home I sat down, wrote Harriet a note, and enclosed a cheque for a hundred dollars advising her in the note to meet me at a matinee next day and talk it over.

The day following came a telephone message from Mr. Gearon saying that Harriet had decided to push a suit for divorce on the grounds of cruelty and desertion, and the following morning my cheque and note came back to me.

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So I called on my lawyer, Mr. Roger Sherman, of Church, McMurdy & Sherman, and laid the facts before him, and then followed several confabulations between the lawyers interested. Nothing was done. They wanted \$700.00 in cash alimony and divorce on the ground of cruelty. We agreed to give \$100.00, and they might go ahead with the divorce, and we would not oppose it. No settlement was arrived at, and Mr. Gearon dropped out of the case.

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Following Mr. Gearon, appeared Mr. Beattie for the Cratty crowd. Mr. Beattie wanted \$1,000.00 alimony and a divorce, or he would file the worst bill

they could think up. We offered \$200.00 Mr. Beattie dropped out.

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Appeared Mr. Latimer of the firm of Cratty & Latimer. Still they wanted \$1,000.00, or they would file as bad a bill as they could concoct. We wouldn't give this sum. In fact, we had dropped our offer to \$100.00 instead of \$200.00.

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In the meantime, I had had three very interesting callers at my office. The first was a private detective. He had, he said, some very damaging evidence against Mrs. Flower—did we need his services? Where did he get his evidence? Well, he had overheard a good deal of what had passed in Mr. Gearon's office, and he knew enough to upset the Cratty game. He characterized it as "blackmail." The detective's indignation was finely done, and his sympathy in this hour of affliction very precious. I told him to see my lawyer.

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He said he would do so, but, in justice to me, he ought to say, confidentially, that Cratty had had detectives at work for months on the case, and had secured testimony from a "tall, dark woman" very much to my discredit. He added that she was the wife of one of the famous "Long and Short" men who made a reputation in Chicago as burglars of note a year ago. He was not quite sure whether the lady in question rightfully belonged to the long or short man, but thought it possible that she had an interest in both. He took his departure after assuring me that he could furnish the best of references as to his character, and "had done work for the finest people in Chicago before to-day." I don't doubt it.

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According to his story, this lady was so fascinated with me that she gave her testimony to Cratty with the utmost reluctance, protesting that she liked me too well to hurt me if it could be avoided. I had made myself so agreeable, she said, that only her pressing need of immediate funds could extort this damaging information from her lips. Her heart was, and would always remain, true to me.

It is pleasant, even in the grimy paths of life, to meet with an artist in any line, and if it be possible, I should like nothing better than to meet this lady, not having yet had the pleasure.

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Following the detective by several weeks came Mr. Duval, a young man with a good face. He had come, he

said, not as a lawyer, although he was a lawyer, but just as a friend of Mrs. Flower's, to see if something could not be done in the way of friendly arrangement. Mr. Duval was very kindly and sincere, and as I like to believe a man honest when I can, I accept his statement as true that his intentions were good. As a matter of fact, he was sent, though he may not have known it, by the Cratty crowd to find out what news from the other camp had drifted our way. They had fears that Mr. Gearon had been talking, so Mrs. Flower was deputed to send forth Mr. Duval, like a dove from the ark, to investigate. I assured Mr. Duval that I had not the slightest ill-feeling in my heart toward anyone. If a divorce were wanted, Mrs. Flower could have one unopposed, and we would add a couple of hundred dollars in good will.

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After Mr. Duval made his exit at stage right there came on a heavy gentleman, who said he had come as "man to man" to have a friendly talk, "and the first thing I will do, Mr. Flower, is to offer you my hand." He said that he would say candidly that he had a profound respect and admiration for me personally, and this was so very pleasant, coming from a stranger, that I invited him at once to take a seat. He began by saying that he was a man who didn't know what fear was, and I thought of him at once as a desirable addition to the Psychic Club. This feeling was strengthened to a sense of comradeship by his next admission to the effect that there had been some talk of an "alliance" between himself and Mrs. Flower. He wished to say, "as between man and man," that if there were no obstacles, and if "everything worked out just right," and all troubles were smoothed away, it had been about decided that he would lead the present Mrs. Flower to the altar for the third time. "The fact that she has a divorced husband at present in Chicago need make no difference, of course," I said; "but the fact that she and I, her second, are not as yet legally put asunder may be something of a bar for the present, may it not?" "Oh, of course, for the present," he said, "it's out of the question. But this was just what I wanted to talk to you about as between man and man."

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There are times when a cursed sense of the ludicrous comes in inopportunistly to rob a situation of its dignity, and I found it less horrifying than amusing to listen to this gentleman's ponderous speech, as he recounted how he had "taken a fancy to the little woman."

"It's been through my influence," he said, "that they haven't filed a bill yet. I have had business dealings with Cratty, and I've known Mrs. Flower a long while—a very strange character of a woman, Mr. Flower," he said. I assured him I believed it, and added that I wished her all success in her third venture into matrimony. He seemed relieved. "Then you don't mean to make this thing public, or put obstacles in the way?" he added. "Not an obstacle," I said. "I wish her all luck. Let her go ahead and get her divorce on the grounds of cruelty and desertion, and I won't oppose it. Only, as she so soon contemplates matrimony, I think it would look better if she dropped the alimony question entirely. Looks a little more dignified, I think?" He thought so too. He talked for three hours "between man and man," and recounted many quite interesting experiences he had had lately with Mrs. Flower "at theaters and such." I gathered that Mrs. Flower had not been quite the faithful Penelope her lawyers painted her. However, I wished him all success and luck, and knowing what was before him, I may be pardoned for having shaken his hand at parting with a sympathy that was little short of brotherly.

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When my lawyer was told of these emissaries he waxed wroth. "What kind of way is this to conduct a case?" he asked. "They know better than that. It's the most unprofessional thing I ever heard of." Not being a lawyer myself, I could not see his view of it, but his professional honor was touched, and I suppose the Cratty tactics are a little unusual among gentlemen.

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Then followed a period of calm, during which Cratty was digesting the report made by the heavy gentleman. The calm was broken by the filing of the bill, and the flaring publicity in the newspapers. It appears that Cratty had given orders to hold the bill for the present, but Alice decided differently, and told Latimer to file it. Latimer thought Alice had received orders from Cratty (Latimer has not been in the firm very long) and filed the bill.

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Well, the point is right here. These people have tried to injure me, and have succeeded, without question. But they took the wrong course, so far as money-getting goes. I will go very cheerfully to jail, if alimony is allowed, rather than pay one cent of cash to the Cratty crowd. They are not very bright, I think. They should have made sure of their money first, since money is what they wanted.

They thought I should squeeze better under pressure. They don't know me very well. The case comes up for hearing about August 1.

About "Jerry."

William Walker Atkinson, editor of *NEW THOUGHT*, tells a particularly good story about a dog named "Jerry." * * * * * How many a man there is just like this dog Jerry. With Fear written across his face he is denied almost before he asks. He is taken advantage of at every turn because people quickly see what manner of man he is. He applies for a situation and the answer is "No," or perhaps another applicant with half his ability but twice his self-confidence forces himself in first. At church he is placed in the back pew; at the theater the box-office man sells him a ticket behind a pillar; at the hotel he gets the smallest room on the top floor; in the restaurant he has to eat the toughest steak; in every store the clerks cut him off short and sell him things he does not wish to buy. If he is married his wife dictates to him and the children disobey him. He is nothing but a big Wheel of Diffidence to be used by everyone much the same as a boy's hoop. Young man, whoever you are, cast out that mental fear of yours and learn to estimate yourself at your true value. Take your proper place in the world of busy workers and demand what belongs to you. Learn to look the world squarely in the eyes, fearlessly and convincingly. Hold yourself erect. Let your mind ever be on a lofty plane and see to it that your outward bearing expresses the inward realization of genuine manhood. When you become the self-confident, self-reliant, strong manly man you ought to be, you will compel the world to recognize you as such.—*The Young Men's Home Journal*.

Make It Need You.

Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread.—*Emerson*.

The Best of the Kind.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I consider William Walker Atkinson's "Thought Force" lessons to be the best instruction of the kind ever offered the public. They have been of the greatest value to me, mentally, physically and financially, and have practically "made me over." They not only tell you how to understand things, but also how to do things.

J. P. McCARTNEY.

A Message to One Who Needs It.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I WAS recently called upon, in a peculiar way, to speak a word of encouragement and help to a young woman who needed it, and who had lapsed into an unfortunate condition of mind and body by reason of undue worry over a disappointment. After writing the words of advice, I felt moved to copy them and to print them in the columns of this journal under the above heading. "A Message to One Who Needs It." I do not know why I felt moved to do this. There is nothing specially new or interesting in what I have written. I have said the same thing to you in other words before. But I feel that there was, somewhere, someone waiting for just this message, and I feel equally sure that I will sooner or later hear from him or her, telling me so. Be this as it may, I feel the strong impulse to print this letter, and I intend to follow my leading, even if some are bored. I have learned to follow "impulses" of this kind. May this word reach the one for whom it is intended. I wrote to this young woman as follows:

I wish to speak to you of a subject that is of the utmost importance to you. Do not discard my advice because of its apparent simpleness, but take my word for it that it carries a message of Health and Happiness to you. Let the thought that I send you sink deep down into your sub-conscious mind, and there take root. In a short time, you will notice that it will begin to send forth shoots above the ground, and will grow rapidly, putting forth leaves, blossoms and fruit. Water it with Confidence, and let the sunshine of Confident Expectation shine upon it always, to help its growth.

I want to tell you, earnestly, that YOU are master both of your mind and body. YOU are in control, and are able to do as you will with yourself. YOU can, by abolishing Fearthought, Worry and Despondent thoughts, raise yourself up to be the strongest kind of a woman, mentally and physically, or you can, on the other hand, by carrying Fear thoughts and thoughts of Gloom, Despondency and Worry, place yourself in a condition of weakness, ill health and despair. It all rests with you. Make of yourself what you will. Now, which plan do you prefer?

Those who have made a study of the mind and the Real Self know that the harboring of unhealthy thoughts will in

time make apparent like conditions of body and mind. But these conditions can be removed by changing the Mental Attitude, and by supplanting the old negative thoughts with bright, cheerful and happy thoughts—with thoughts of Courage, and Confidence and Ambition. The mind is like a basin of dirty water into which a clear stream is flowing. If we refuse to further soil the water with negative thoughts, and will let the stream of pure, bright and cheerful thoughts pour in, the water in the basin will gradually become clearer and clearer, until it becomes as clear and pure as the stream which is flowing into it. And the body will quickly adjust itself to the condition of the mind, and will likewise manifest a strong, healthy condition.

Start to-day, and endeavor to keep bright, cheerful and happy thoughts before you always. Don't bother about the old thoughts, as they will be neutralized and driven out by the new fresh thoughts that are flowing in. Resolutely turn your back on the old thoughts that may seek for entrance, and refuse them admittance. Tell them to begone, and allow nothing but positive, healthy thoughts to enter.

Take for your motto, "I Can and I Will," and stick to it. Think of yourself as you would like yourself to be—not as you fear you may become. Above everything, avoid Fearthought. Fearthought will act as a poison to you, and the opposite thoughts will act as a tonic. Think bright, cheerful and happy thoughts, and bright, cheerful and happy effects will manifest themselves in you.

Let the words "BRIGHT, CHEERFUL AND HAPPY" stand out before you always. Write them on a piece of paper and place them where you can always see them. Repeat them over and over again, until you have them fixed in your mind like the words of a favorite song. Think bright, cheerful and happy thoughts; dream bright, cheerful and happy thoughts; act out the bright, cheerful and happy thoughts, whenever and wherever you can.

The Universe is full of brightness, cheerfulness and happiness. Reach out and take it. With every mouthful of food you eat, take in the nourishing thought, "Bright, Cheerful and Happy;" with every mouthful of fluids you drink, drink eagerly in the refreshing thought, "Bright, Cheerful and Happy;" with every breath of God's health-giving air breathe in the thought, "Bright, Cheerful and Happy," and before you realize it, your whole body and mind will respond with the thought "Bright, Cheerful and Happy." This is no idle theory, but is a fact long since proven by those who have investigated this sub-

ject. Thought takes form in action, and the only way to get body and mind to respond is to cultivate a Mental Attitude calculated to produce the desired results.

You will find this task somewhat irksome at first, as the old negative thoughts will rebel somewhat at being driven out and replaced by something foreign to them. But say, "I Can and I WILL," and stick to it, and you will find that each day the task will become easier, and you will be gaining important results. You will begin to notice how much more natural it is becoming for you to carry the desired thoughts, and how far away seem the old mental conditions. You will find your very nature changing under your eyes, and you will feel the joy of returning Health and spirits.

Your mind can be molded by practice, and you can really make yourself over. And your body will respond to the new mental condition. Health and Happiness are yours if you will only claim them. It is natural to be well and happy, and contrary to nature to be the other way. Fall in line with the good in nature, and let it manifest through you.

Turn your back upon the past, and look forward. Look forward, not backward; upward, not downward. Fix your mind upon what you wish to be, and grow into it. And grow you will, if you will only make an honest, earnest effort in the right direction. Be master of yourself, and do not let the negative thoughts rule you. Step forward, and throw back your shoulders, and raise your head and assert the Kingship of Self. Say to yourself, "I am master of my moods, my thoughts, my self."

Let me urge upon you, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, to take the reins in your own hands. Assert yourself and regain your mastery which you have allowed to slip away from you. God has given us all wonderful powers, which seem so simple when they are mentioned to us, but which we soon recognize as powerful forces.

Worry is at the root of many mental and physical troubles. There is no sense in worrying, none whatever. Worry never did anyone any good, and never will. It is a foul weed in the mental garden, and we should eradicate it and plant bright, fragrant flowers in its place. This can be done, take my word for it. Thousands have done it and would not go back to the old way for millions. Life without worry is like another stage of being. Why stick to

the old, disheartening, paralyzing habits of thought?

You may say, "This is all very well, but it is not so easy to get rid of worry," but I tell you it *can* be done, in the way I have just outlined, if you will only start in, in earnest. Won't you make the attempt? So much depends upon it. Just think, Life, Happiness and Health await you if you will only make the trial.

You are young and have all of life before you, and a life of sweetness, brightness and joy, if you will but claim it. Do not let it slip away from you, I beg of you.

You will find it a great aid to you, if you will take an interest in the welfare of others, and endeavor to make their lives a little brighter, a little happier, a little more cheerful. Carry to them this message which I have given to you, and you will find that as you help them and as you are aiding them, you will grow stronger yourself in the qualities you are impressing upon them. No truth is really Truth to a person until he carries it to others, and the best way to manifest these things in yourself—the best way to make the thing a living reality to you—is to carry the message to another. Carry to others the message of cheer and good-will, bidding them to cease their repining and complaining, and to turn their eyes toward the light.

I want you to promise me that you will do these things. Make something of yourself. You have probably a work in the world to do, and this message which I now send you may be the means of your doing untold good to others who need your help. And, while you are doing it, you will also be helping yourself to grow in strength and power—will be assisting in your own development and growth. Do this, I beg of you, and some day you will look back with wonder upon your present condition, and will feel as a beautiful butterfly, as it views the cocoon from which it has emerged.

I give you a few thoughts, which carry with you:

I AM STRONG; I AM WELL; I AM HAPPY. I CAN AND I WILL. I AM MASTER OF MYSELF. I AM MOULDING MY MIND AND MY BODY. I AM BRIGHT, CHEERFUL AND HAPPY. I AM GROWING EACH DAY IN HEALTH, STRENGTH AND POWER. I AM LOOKING FORWARD, NOT BACKWARD; UPWARD, NOT DOWNWARD. I AM FILLED WITH THE SENSE OF POWER AND LOVE, AND I AM MANIFESTING IT ALWAYS. MY MESSAGE TO THE WORLD IS HEALTH, STRENGTH AND HAPPINESS, AND I WILL DELIVER 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.)

◀ CASE XXXIV. Master J. Lanchashire, 12 years of age, was brought to me in September, 1842. He was suffering from a violent rheumatic affection of the legs, back and chest, so that he required to be carried into my house. After being treated, he was so much relieved as to be able to walk about the room freely, and to walk to his cab without assistance. Next day he called, and was treated again, and left my house quite free from pain, and has kept so well as never to require another operation. He had no medicine, either externally or internally. His mother and he called some time after to inform me he had remained quite well, when they both attested the correctness of the above statement of his case.

Case XXXV. Mrs. P., a lady upwards of fifty years of age, had suffered so severely from rheumatism that she had not enjoyed a sound night's sleep for seven months. External and internal means, which had been beneficial in a former similar attack, had been tried without effect, before I was sent for to visit her. She was suffering excruciating pain in one leg, particularly about the knee joint. When I proposed to relieve her by Braidism, she repudiated the idea, told me she had no faith in it, and felt assured in her own mind such an operation could be of no use to her. I told her I cared little for her want of faith in the remedy, provided she would submit to be operated on as I should direct. She at last consented, and in the presence of her three daughters was treated. In eight minutes she was aroused and was quite free from pain; wished to know what I had done to her; said she felt assured my treatment could not have relieved her. To this I replied by asking where her pain was felt now. She answered she felt no pain, but persisted she was sure I had done nothing to take it away. The manner in which she could walk and move her limbs was sufficient proof the pain was gone, notwithstanding her skepticism about the agency. When I called next day, I was informed by her family she had slept

comfortably all night, and had gone out, being quite well. Two days after I called again, and was informed by her that she had been overtaken in a shower and had over-exerted herself on that occasion, and had had a return of the pain, although not so bad as at first. I treated her again with complete relief, and she has never required a repetition of the operation since, so that now she has enjoyed a release from her old enemy for eleven months, in defiance of her skepticism. Here, then, we have a very decided proof that it was not imagination; in short, that it was a physical and not a mental change which effected the cure.

Case XXXVI. Mr. Hampson, another rheumatic case, I was called to May 16, 1842. The patient was a powerful young man, 23 years of age; had suffered severely for three weeks, the last two had been confined to bed, unable to move his legs, or to feed himself; for two weeks had not known what it was to have ten minutes' continuous sleep, from the violence of the pain and spasmodic twitching of the limbs rousing him. His left hand, fingers and wrist were so swollen and painful that he was quite alarmed at my attempting to feel his pulse. After being treated for five minutes whilst in the recumbent posture, I had his arms extended, and he was now roused and able to move the wrist and fingers with comparative ease. I now treated him once more, and operated on his legs. In six minutes he was able to get on his feet, walk round the bed and back again, and get into bed and lie down without assistance. Next morning I found him up and dressed, and able to walk very comfortably. He had slept well through the night. I treated him again. Next night he slept uninterruptedly, and in the morning felt nothing of his pains excepting in the left shoulder; but this was quite well by the next day. He had no medicine except a mild aperient.

The cases adduced I consider sufficient to prove this to be a valuable agency in the treatment of chronic rheumatism. I shall now adduce the results of its application in two cases of acute rheumatism.

Case XXXVII. Mr. G., a literary gentleman, consulted me last winter. I found him complaining of a severe pain in the right arm and hand; one point, the size of a crown piece, on the outer edge of the arm, a little below the elbow joint, was exquisitely painful. He was enveloped in double clothing, but, notwithstanding, was quite starved and chilly with cutis anserina, pulse 120 strokes a minute. I told him I considered it was the commencement of an attack of rheumatic fever, and I should

*Copyright, 1902, by the New Thought Publishing Co., Chicago.

wish to try whether it could be cut short by treating him. He had never been operated on before, but readily assented. In six minutes I had him bathed in perspiration, and his pain greatly relieved. He was now ordered to bed, to take a mixture with vinum colchici. Next morning I found him much freer from pain—it had never been severe since the operation the day before—the skin comfortable, and his pulse only 80. To remain in bed and continue his medicine. Next day the pulse was 70, and no complaint or pain, and the following day he was able to go out and attend to his business. No relapse.

Case XXXVIII. Mrs. B., the mother of a numerous family, had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, affecting different joints in succession, and also violent pain in her head. I proposed she should be brought out of bed and treated. The pain of her knees, feet and ankles was so severe that she could not stretch her legs nor attempt to support herself in the least degree upon them. She had, therefore, to be carried from the bed to the chair where she was to be treated. In five minutes she was aroused, the headache gone, and the pain in her legs and feet so much relieved that she was able to walk to bed, requiring only to be slightly supported by the arm. The pains never returned with the same degree of severity. She was treated a few times more and always with benefit. Of course, I prescribed such medicines as I considered necessary to improve the state of secretions, so as to put as speedy a termination to the attack as possible, but there could be no doubt that Braïdism contributed very much to meliorate her suffering, and also in bringing the attack to a more speedy termination than would have been the case had I trusted to the effects of medicine only.

(To be continued.)

Individuality.

Every mind has a new compass, a new direction of its own, differing in its genius and aim from every other mind. We call this the bias of each individual. And none of us will ever accomplish anything excellent or commanding except when he listens to this whisper which is heard by him alone.—*Emerson.*

Trust.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—*Emerson.*

Just Business.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

THE large silk-cloth bound books of the Psychic Research Company, which are offered for sale at \$1.00 each postpaid, are very popular. They are considered the best value for the money ever offered in this line, and they are sold always on our guarantee to refund money in full to the purchaser if he is not perfectly satisfied with his purchase. We have never done business on any other principle than this. It seems to suit everybody.

* * * * *

William Walker Atkinson's book, "Thought Force," is a good seller. We are in the ninth edition and shall put the work in the hands of booksellers this season. The companion work, which is now in the hands of the printer, entitled "The Law of the New Thought," will be probably the biggest selling book of the decade among Mental Scientists.

* * * * *

The Psychic Research Company has taken over the Home Study Course of the Columbia College of Osteopathy, formerly sold at \$5.00, and will print this in the form of a cloth-bound book; price, \$1.00. An excellent opportunity for all interested in Osteopathy to purchase a reliable manual, fully illustrated, at minimum cost.

* * * * *

The Flower Food Remedy Company has moved into its new quarters at 221 Illinois St., Chicago. This is going to be the biggest concern in America in its own field, and I strongly advise you to identify yourselves with it by investing your cash in the stock while same is offered at a low figure. The stock is offered to-day, and for August, at 3 cents a share. Not less than 500 shares will be sold to anyone. \$15.00 buys 500 shares, \$30.00 buys 1,000, \$300.00 buys 10,000. Stock advances in September to 4 cents a share, and if the present demand for the stock continues, it will go up every month till we withdraw it from the market altogether. There is nothing gained by selling stock merely for the sake of accumulating capital to lie in the bank. Only sufficient stock should be sold to realize enough cash to ensure the full development of the business. The plan of carrying an idle surplus in the bank does not appeal to me. I am not in this business to enrich myself at the expense of the company. I am going to build the company up to the biggest thing in

America. We have the best goods and the best field. We are putting our new remedies out at the rate of four a month. It will take about a year to get them all out. When we're ready we shall show how to push them.

* * * * *

If you are interested in the effect of mind upon matter, you should get a copy of our new book, "Mesmerism in India," by James Esdaile, M. D.—a wonderful book, teeming with Facts, Facts, Facts. He has little space to spare for philosophy. The price is \$1.00—a large cloth book, well worthy of place in your library.

* * * * *

The Flower Health Cigar Company of Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich., is placing a new brand of higher priced goods in the hands of consumers throughout the country. These cigars are a practically harmless smoke, the extraction of the nicotine from the tobacco rendering the leaf non-injurious to invalids. If you smoke at all smoke the Flower Health Cigar.

Golden Rules.

Do as you would be done by.—*Persian*.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—*Grecian*.

What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others.—*Chinese*.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself.—*Buddhist*.

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—*Egyptian*.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.—*Christian*.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—*Mohammedan*.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—*Hindoo*.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of Society as themselves.—*Roman*.

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law. The rest is a mere exposition of it.—*Jewish*.

Keep A - Trying.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

Say "I will!" and then stick to it—
That's the only way to do it.
Don't build up a while and then
Tear the whole thing down again.
Fix the goal you wish to gain,
Then go at it heart and brain,
And, though clouds shut out the blue,
Do not dim your purpose true
With your sighing.
Stand erect, and like a man
Know "They can who think they can."
Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus, half seas o'er,
Turned back to his native shore,
Men would not, to-day, proclaim
'Round the world his deathless name.
So must we sail on with him
Past horizons far and dim,
Till at last we own the prize
That belongs to him who tries
With faith undying;
Own the prize that all may win
Who, with hope, through thick and thin
Keep a-trying.

—Exchange.

Very Little Danger.

They tell us the good die young.
Don't let that worry you. Be as good
as you can. When you get too good,
you'll feel it.—*Exchange*.

"Thought Force."

Is the title of a book by William Walker Atkinson. This is one of the most practical books we have read on this subject. He does not deal in theories and speculations, but tells how to obtain results. He goes straight to the point in plain, simple language that can be understood by anyone.

Nowadays we read and hear so much about New Thought, Thought Force, Mental Science, etc., etc., and so much of it is simply bosh and nonsense that it is refreshing to get hold of a book that treats these subjects in a common-sense, practical way.

Everyone who has tried to wade through some of the writings on these subjects, only to find himself enveloped in a fog of mysticism, rubbish and nonsense, ought by all means to send for a copy of Mr. Atkinson's book. These are important subjects and no mysticism about them, but plain, practical common sense.

The price of the book is \$1 and can be obtained by addressing the author, The Colonnades, 3835 Vincennes Ave., Chicago, Ill.—*Medical Talk*.

Look Aloft!*

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I RECENTLY heard a little tale about a boy who went to sea, in the old days of the sailing vessel. One day he was ordered to go aloft, and was urged on until he reached the highest possible point on the mast. When he found that he could go no farther, he glanced down. The sight terrified him and almost caused him to lose his grip and fall headlong to the deck, far below. He felt dizzy and sick, and it seemed almost impossible for him to maintain his hold on the mast. Far below was the deck, looking so small as compared to the wide expanse of water on all sides of it. The motion made him feel as if he was suspended between heaven and earth, with nothing substantial to support him. He felt his brain reeling and his senses leaving him, and all seemed lost, when, far away from the deck below, he heard an old sailor cry, "Look aloft, lad! Look aloft!" Turning his eyes from the scene below, the boy gazed upward. He saw the blue sky, the fleecy clouds passing peacefully along, looking just the same as they did when he had looked at them while lying on his back on the green grass of the meadows in his country home. A strange feeling of peace and content came over him, and the feeling of dread, terror and despair passed away. His strength and presence of mind came back to him, and soon he was able to slide down the mast until he grasped a friendly rope, thence to the lower rigging, and on until the deck was again reached.

He never forgot the old sailor's advice given in the hour of need, and when he would feel dazed and fearful of danger, he would invariably look aloft until he recovered his mental balance.

We can well take a leaf from the old sailor's note-book, and impress his wisdom upon our minds. There's nothing so good in hours of trial, doubt, sorrow and pain, as to "look aloft." When we feel that we cannot see clearly with our spiritual vision—that our spiritual sight is blurred and dim—that we lose faith and confidence, hope and courage—that we feel the deadly sensation of despair and hopelessness creeping over us and benumbing our senses, stilling our heart—then is the time for us to listen to the warning shout: "Look aloft, lad; look aloft!"

When all seems lost—when darkness is closing around us—when we seem to have lost our foothold and have no way

of regaining it—when all appears hopeless, gloomy and dreadful—when faith seems to have deserted us, and the chill of unbelief is on us—then is the time for us to shout to ourselves, "Look aloft—look aloft!"

When we try to solve the riddle of the universe—the problem of existence—by the aid of the intellect, unsupported by faith. When we ask our intellects, "Whence come I? Whither go I? What is the object of my existence? What does Life mean?" When we travel round and round the weary path of intellectual reasoning, and find that it has no ending. When we shout aloud the question of Life, and hear no answer but the despairing echo of our own sad cry. When Life seems a mockery—when Life seems to be without reason—when Life seems a torment devised by a fiend—when we lose the feeling of nearness to the Infinite Power that has supported us in the past—when we lose the touch of the Unseen Hand. These are the times for us to look upward to the source of Wisdom and Light. These are the times for us to heed the cry of the Soul: "Look aloft; look aloft; look aloft!"

Some clear night, when the moon is not shining, go out into the darkness, and gaze upward at the stars. You will see countless bright spots, each of which is a sun equaling or exceeding in size the sun which gives light and life to our little earth—each sun having its circling worlds, many of the worlds having moons revolving around them, in turn. Look all over the heavens, as far as the eye can reach, and endeavor to grasp the idea of the countless suns and worlds. Then try to imagine that in space, far beyond the reach of human vision, even aided by the telescope, are millions upon millions of other worlds and suns—on all sides of us, on and on and on throughout the Universe, reaching into Infinity. And then remember that all these worlds hold their places and revolve according to Law. And then remember that the microscope shows that Law manifests itself in the smallest thing that can be seen by its use. All around you you will see nothing but the manifestations of Law. And then, remembering that the Infinite, which has us all in charge, takes note of the fall of the sparrow, what has become of your fears and doubts and worries? Gone is your despair and unbelief, and in their place is found a reverent feeling of calm, peaceful Faith.

Aye, there is much good sense in the old sailor's maxim, "When you get rattled, LOOK ALOFT!"

You're in Eternity NOW. Begin to enjoy it.

Philosophy of Laughing.

"Again, a word about the philosophy of laughter. When the system is nerved and is making conscious or unconscious effort, the nerves that tighten the walls of the blood vessels are hard at work and pressure in the arteries is great; but a hearty laugh, as Bruck's interesting experiments show, tends to bring the blood over into the veins where there is no pressure, relieves the arteries and brings the exquisite sensations of relaxation of rest. This is favored even by the attitude of a hearty laugh. To draw in a full breath, throw back the head, open the mouth and let the expiration 'gurgle forth with sonorous intermitence,' to quote a phrase from the Philosophy of Laughter, and to do it again and again, slowly throws off the chains of the world's great taskmaster and brings us back, back toward the primeval paradise, where there was nothing but joy, and sin and sorrow were unknown.

"Once more, optimism is one of the supreme sedatives. There are men who worry because the sun will some time go out and the earth grow dead and cold like the moon; or the coal measures be exhausted; or the fertile areas of the world dry up because of the denudation of forests, but the philosophy of health is that the best things have not happened, that man's history has only just begun, that, on the whole, there has been steady progress, that in virtue, comfort, knowledge, arts, religion and nearly, if not quite, all the essentials of the furthered development of man, faith in human nature and belief in a future better than the present is the conclusion of every philosophy of development and evolution. It is our good fortune to live in a day of the evolution of evolution, and this is giving a new meaning to the very word progress and makes us feel that the world is rational and beneficent to the core, and that where conscious purpose and effort fail we sink back into everlasting arms. This is a sanifying point of view authorized now by both science and religion, and is a good psychic state to sleep on or in which to enter the great rest.

"The idea of the Kingdom of God is not yet realized. It makes the optimistic assumption that the human race as a whole is in the ascendant, not decadent, and that society is in the making not moribund. Again it is not content with the less discouraging philosophy of history that assumes that everything good and great that can happen or be done in the world of man has already occurred, that Eden has bloomed and faded, and if it come again will only be because history eternally repeats itself; that history is made up of cycles in the sense of either Plato or Herder; that

periods of great reform and advance can never present anything of importance that is new, but only undergo a palinogenesis indefinitely repeated. Lotze says that we must not envy our more fortunate descendants in the future, but only serve them, for God loves man at all stages alike. Weiss interprets the Kingdom as meaning a worthy close of the historic stadia, perhaps with *specie aternitatis*; that the personality of man is God's greatest work; that we should rejoice that others, who come after, can stand upon our shoulders, and that no ultimate good is lost for the early workers in the historic field, in which we should subordinate ourselves as we love to do for our children."—Ainslee's.

"Desire."

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

No joy for which thy hungering heart
has panted.

No hope it cherishes through waiting
years,

But if tho' thou deserve it shall be
granted,

For with each passionâte wish the
blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of
thy being

To chord with thy dear hope, and do
not tire,

When both in key and rhythm are agreeing,
ing,

Thou shalt kiss the lips of thy de-
sire.

The thing thou cravest so waits in the
distance,

Wrapt in the silences, unseen and
dumb;

Essential to thy soul and thy existence—
Live worthy of it—call, and it shall
come.

—*Hearst's Chicago American.*

My Symphony.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.—William Henry Channing.

A Sweeping Change

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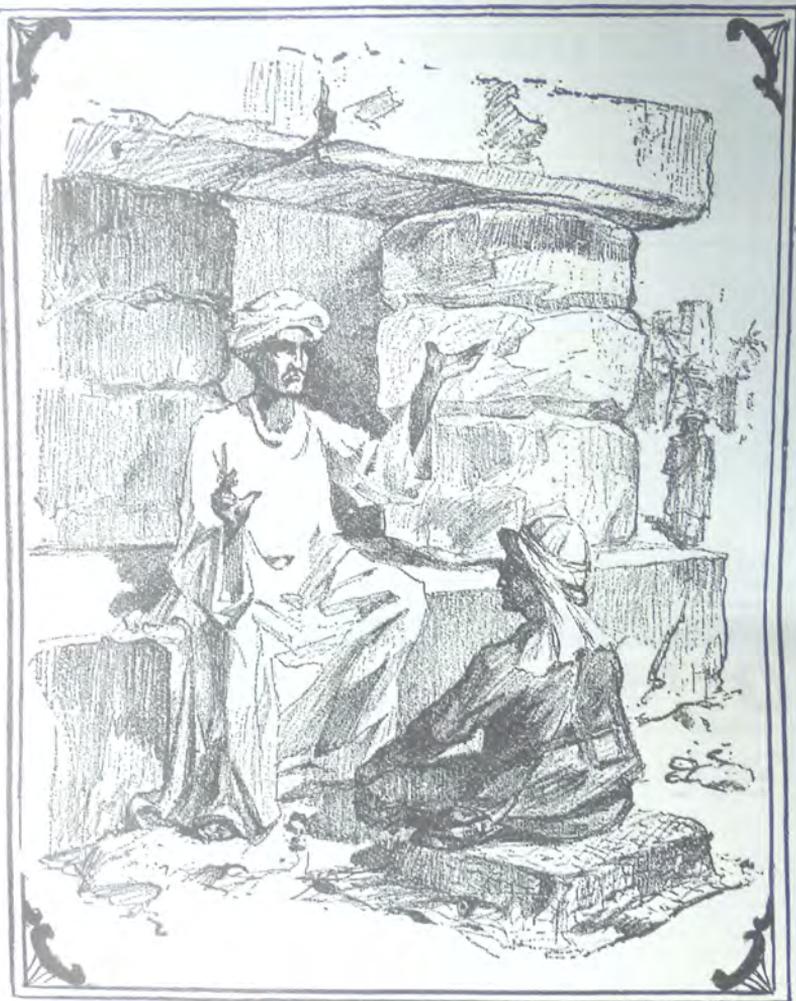
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