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NEW THOUGHT

SEPTEMBER

1902

PSYCHIC CLUB
WATCHWORD

"I EMBRACE EVERY OPPOR-
TUNITY TO ASSERT MY
DOMINION AND PROVE
THE LAW."

EDITED BY SYDNEY FLOWER &
WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE COLONNADES, VINCENT'S AVENUE

CHICAGO

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 aeternitatis; 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 passionate wish the
blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of
thy being

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

When both in key and rhythm are agree-
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.

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THE FLOWER FOOD REMEDY COMPANY,
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Name and address.....

New Thought.

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No. 9.

The Hunger of the Soul.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

THE Soul, as well as the body and the mind, requires nourishment. We have felt that hunger for spiritual knowledge which transcended our hunger for bread—exceeded our craving for mental sustenance. We have felt soul-hungry and knew not with what to appease it. The Soul has cried out for food. It has been fed upon the husks of the physical plane for so long that it is fairly starving for the proper nourishment. It seeks this way and that way for the Bread of Life and finds it not. It has asked this authority and that authority for information as to where this food may be had—where could be obtained the food that would nourish the Soul—but it has been given nothing but the stone of Dogma and Creeds. At last it sank exhausted and felt that perhaps there was no bread to be had. It has felt faint and weary and almost believed that all was a delusion and a will-o'-the-wisp of the mind—that there was no reality to it. It felt the chill of despair creeping over it and all seemed lost.

But we must not lose sight of the fact that just as the hunger of the body implies that somewhere in the world is to be found that which will satisfy it—that just as the hunger of the mind implies that somewhere is to be found mental nourishment—so the mere fact that this soul-hunger exists is a proof that somewhere there is to be found that which the Absolute has intended to satisfy it. The want is the prophecy of the fulfillment. Yes, and the want and its recognition afford the means of obtaining that which will satisfy the want. When, in the course of unfoldment, either on the physical, mental or spiritual plane, it becomes necessary for the well-being of the unfolding Ego to draw to itself certain things which it requires in the process of evolution, the first step toward the obtaining of that necessary thing is the consciousness of a great and pressing want—the birth of a strong desire. And then the desire grows

stronger and stronger, until the Ego becomes desperate and determines to obtain the necessary thing at any cost. The obtaining of that thing becomes the prime object in life. Students of evolution realize this fact perhaps more than the rest of us. The subconsciousness of the plant or animal becomes surcharged with this great desire, and all the conscious and subconscious power of the living thing is put forth to obtain that which is necessary for its development.

And on the mental plane the same thing is true. The hunger for knowledge, when it once possesses a man, will cause him to cut loose from old environments, surroundings and everything else which has held him, and he forces himself to the place where that knowledge may be obtained—and he obtains it. If he only wants it hard enough he gets it. When we think of Lincoln in his boyhood days, painfully and laboriously striving for knowledge, lying on his side before the log fire and reading his book by the light of its flames—and this after a hard day's work such as only the boy on the farm knows—when we think of this we may understand the effects of a strong desire possessing the mind of man or boy, woman or girl.

And this hunger for spiritual knowledge and growth, from whence comes it? When we understand the laws of spiritual unfoldment we begin to understand that the Ego is growing and developing—unfolding and casting off old worn-out sheaths. It is calling into operation new faculties—exploring new regions of the mind. In the super-conscious regions of the Soul are many faculties lying dormant, awaiting the evolutionary hour of manifestation along conscious lines. As the faculties approach the hour of birth into the new plane they manifest an uneasiness which is communicated to the subconscious and conscious planes of the mind, causing a restlessness and uneasiness which is quite disturbing to the individual in whom they are manifesting. There is a straining for expression—a reaching forward for development—a desire for growth which produces something akin to pain. All growth and development is accompanied by more or less pain. We

speak of the beautiful growth of the plant—of the lily—and wish that we could grow as easily and as painlessly as it does. But we forget that *all* growth means a breaking down—a tearing away—as well as a building up and adding to. The lily's growth appears painless to us, but if we were endowed with keen enough vision—with clear enough sight—with a power enabling us to feel that which is going on within its organism, we would be made aware that there is a constant change going on—a tearing down of tissue, a using up of cells, a pressing upon and breaking through of confining sheaths—all meaning growth, development and unfoldment. We see only the birth of the new parts and lose sight of the pain and destruction preceding it. All through life is manifested the "growing pains" of development. All birth is attended with pain.

And so it is with the birth into consciousness of these unfolding spiritual faculties. We feel an uneasiness, dissatisfaction, yea, even pain, as we strive to call into conscious life these children of the Soul. We feel that desire for something needed by our inner self and we seek for it in all directions. We exhaust all of the pleasures of life, so-called, and find no satisfaction there. We then endeavor to find comfort and solace in intellectual pursuits, but without obtaining that which we seek. We pore over the writings of the philosophers and learned writers of the past and present, but find them as but husks to the hungering soul. We seek in creeds and dogmas that comforting something, the need of which we feel, but of the nature of which we are ignorant—but we find no satisfaction there. We, perhaps, go from creed to creed, from philosophy to philosophy, from one scientific theory to another scientific theory, but still we hunger. At last we get to a position in which we feel that life is not worth the living and that all is a ghastly mockery. And so we go on and on, seeking—ever seeking—but the quest is fruitless.

Man on the physical plane has a comparatively easy time of it. He lives as does the animal—he thinks as does the animal—he dies as does the animal. The problems of life fret him not. He does not even know of the existence of the problems of life. He is happy in his way, and it almost seems a pity that he must be disturbed from his state of animal content. But he *must* be disturbed, not by you or by me perhaps, but by the inevitable Law, which is working around and about him, and in him. Sooner or later in the course of his development he must be awakened. And he awakens upon the mental plane,

and here his troubles begin. On the mental plane everything seems beautiful for a time. Man finds himself a new being and he goes on and on, feeling himself a very god and revelling in his intellectual powers. But after a time these things cease to satisfy him. The unfolding of the higher faculties begin to annoy him, particularly as he cannot explain them. His intellectual training has perhaps taught him to believe that there was nothing higher than the mind—that religious feelings were nothing but the result of the emotional nature and that he had outgrown all that. But still he feels that Something Within, never ceasing to annoy him—never ceasing to intrude upon his intellectual consciousness certain *feelings* entirely contrary to his theories. He has grown to doubt the existence of a Supreme Being, and having read Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" feels that the question has been satisfactorily settled for all time, and that the answer to all of life's problems may be found in the tenets of his creed—Materialism.

But, somehow, he is not at ease. He feels the pressure of the growing Something Within and becomes quite restless. This goes on from time to time and he seeks the Truth in all directions, rushing from one thing to another in his desire to satisfy the cravings of the Soul, but all the time denying that there is anything to be found. After a time he becomes aware of a new state of consciousness developing within him, and in spite of his mental revolts against any good thing coming from within, he is forced to accept himself in his growing state, and to realize that he may possess a Knowing other than that of the intellect. It may take him a long time to accept this, but so long as he rebels against it and struggles, so long will he feel pain. And only when he catches a glimpse of the true state of affairs does he open himself up to the Divine Unfoldment going on in his Soul, and joyfully welcome the tearing away of confining mental sheaths, which destruction enables the newly born faculty to force its way into the conscious mentality. He learns to even aid in the unfoldment by holding the thoughts conducive to spiritual development, and thus assists in the bringing forth of the new leaf or flower of the Soul. It has always been so. Man has gone through stage after stage of unfoldment, suffering pain each time as the old sheaths are burst asunder and discarded. He is prone to hold on to the old sheaths and to cherish them long after they have served their purpose in his growth. And it is only when he has reached the stage that many men are now coming into a knowledge of that he understands the

process of growth and is willing and glad to aid in the development instead of attempting to oppose it. He falls in with the workings of the Law instead of trying to defeat it.

Life is motion. We are moving onward and upward throughout the ages. Man has passed over miles of The Path, but he will have to travel many more before he sees the reason of the journey. But he has now reached the stage where he may see that it all means something—all is a part of a mighty plan—that this is a necessary stage of the journey, and that around the bend of the road are to be found shady trees, and a brook at which he may quench his thirst and wash away the dust of the last few miles.

This hunger of the Soul is a real thing. Do not imagine that it is an illusion—do not endeavor to deny it. If you feel it you may rest assured that your time is coming, and that there will be provided that which will satisfy it. Do not waste your energy in running hither and thither seeking for bread. The bread will be provided when it is most needed. There is no such thing in Life as spiritual starvation. But instead of seeking without for that which will nourish you, look within. At each stage of the journey the traveler will find enough to nourish him for the hour—enough to sustain him until he reaches the next stage. You cannot be denied this nourishment. It is part of the Divine Plan that it be provided for you. If you will look for it in the right place you will always find it, and will be saved much seeking and worrying. Do not be impatient because the feast is not set before you at this stage. Be satisfied with that which is given, for it suffices your needs at the present moment. By and by you will reach the stage when the feast of good things will have been earned, and you will be invited to feast and rest until you are ready for the next stage of the journey.

The great spiritual wave which is now sweeping over the world brings with it great wants, but it also carries with it the means of satisfying those wants. Do not despair.

Inspiration.

Inspiration is one and the same thing always—God breathing upon or into. The quality is always one and uniform, for it is from God. The difference is in quantity—the more or less that the thing breathed into can hold.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

Now Is the Time.

If you would create for yourself a future make a present.—*Life.*

Demand and Supply.*

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.

THERE is but one force in the universe. It embraces everything that is. It is inseparably related to all things. It is in the whirlwind and surging sea, in the earthquake and the lightning's flash, in cloud and sunbeam, in the growing plant and bursting bud. It gives brilliancy to the bird's plumage and harmony to its song. It gives to the animal its strength and beauty and endows man with courage and will. Think of the wonders of chemistry and the magic of alchemy, to have shaped from the one primordial essence the infinite variety of forms which inhabit the universe. The atoms which now pulsate to every throb of the human heart have responded to life in other forms—in beast and bird; in plant and stone; in sea and air and fire—through æons of time. And these forces bounding through our veins possess the attributes of Infinity, being indestructible, immortal, undying. They are concentrated in man in great volume and variety of power and he has made use of them to conquer the earth and sea.

The divinity in man is the eternal builder, transmuting the cells into a physical form of ever-increasing symmetry and beauty. It arouses the mind to effort, kindles the fire of unrest and gives a longing to push forward to greater achievements. There is never a time in the career of the most brilliant and gifted but that they feel their incompleteness. Yet what they have done is prophetic of greater capacity for attainment, when the divine power is permitted to unfold itself without hindrance. The pain we suffer, the dissatisfaction and disappointment, is the punishment inflicted by the Divine Law, teaching the lessons needed to reveal the way to happiness and peace. When we know the law and are faithful to the duties that progression claims, every sincere desire will obtain an answer.

It is the universal law that man should live in harmony, gratitude and unselfishness, and whoever departs from this law must suffer the penalty of the transgression. Sorrow and pain are not the result of an evil power, but come as ripening experiences to force mankind into true conditions.

The further you progress the more closely will you come into relationship with the law which protects you from all harm. You will control your thought so that you will rise superior to adverse

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environment. You will control your feelings so that the heart will obey the dictates of reason, leading no more to harmful entanglements. You will have that happiness and serenity which will make your presence magnetic, drawing others within the charmed circle where all is contentment.

When reason's torch burns brightly, when you come into the conscious possession of your rightful inheritance, you will know why it is that nature guards zealously the portals which open to the storehouse of her treasures. You will know that he who would partake of her bounties must prove his worthiness to receive.

To obtain more of the spirit of love, to acquire power from the Infinite Source, to grow in knowledge and wisdom and overcome the defects of our nature, we must have a mind that ever aspires to the highest and best. As a part of the Infinite Mind we should reach up and demand what we most need. We will have power to obtain results in proportion to the force and earnestness of our thought and desire. Persistent earnest desire is a magnetic power which when encouraged by faith and strengthened by effort will invariably draw to you the thing wished for. Every obstacle that is conquered, every new victory gained, will give you more faith in your power, and you will have greater ability to win. If you have an unfaltering purpose and are determined to push your plans to completion, if you are not vexed or discouraged by those who oppose you, if you can always persist in your work and keep up enthusiasm, energy and faith, you will draw to you an ever-increasing power from the unseen which will act on you and on other minds, establishing magnetic currents of sympathy which will awaken great confidence and hope and give the ability to achieve success. The greater the number who cooperate with you and give you their sympathy, the more power will you receive.

You are by the attitude of thought you hold always drawing to you corresponding conditions which are beneficial or injurious. There is a mental state which, if permanently held to, will draw to you all that is desirable. If you are always calm and determined and have an unwavering purpose you will attract to you from the invisible domain the things you silently demand. But if you lack faith and are haunted by fear and uncertainty you will drive happiness from you and you will attract misfortune and failure. Whatever you think you actually make a reality in the realm of mind. If you hold the same thought through days and months and years, you give the idea tangible form. If you keep the idea of success in your mind and dwell on

thoughts whose aim is good, you set in motion the attractive force which goes out in the unseen and influences material agencies to serve you. And the longer your mental forces are fixed on the bright and beautiful, on success and happiness, the more power you will have to draw health and prosperity. To fix your mind persistently on some definite purpose, to resolve that nothing shall interfere, that you will have the thing desired, maintaining the mood of calm, patient determination, you will grow into possibilities not yet dreamed of.

When matters look dark and uncertain, when debts are pressing and friends turn from you, when you are discouraged and haunted by fear of loss, of sickness and misfortune, if you will look within and invoke the aid of the unseen elements, you will command a silent force which will banish weakness and give renewed strength and cheerfulness. Any great success is gained by the exercise of personal power and the recognition of an unlimited capacity to draw from the unseen currents the inspiration and energy to move things and shape events at will. If you lean on others their support will be withdrawn. If you play with luck in the game of life, you are sure to lose. If in mind you think it impossible to do what another has done, if you are overawed by the world's pretentiousness, if you behold the display of wealth and feel that these things are beyond you, by your negative, timid thoughts you place the only real barrier to reaching them. If you have sufficient faith in your own ability and in the universal force with which you cooperate, if you feel that the best things the world can give are none too good for you, that you have the knowledge, the talent and the executive ability to move things, to influence people and command attention, if you live in this permanent state of mind, you will draw to you the material counterpart of every thought and demand. Put your mind in harmony with the Infinite Source and in line of correspondence with the things you seek, then you will receive impressions in regard to the steps to be taken to reach the goal desired.

The less you depend upon others and the more you trust your enlightened reason, the clearer will you see and the more strength you will have to stand alone. You will realize that as an inseparable part of the infinite power of good you may command the qualities needed to accomplish wonderful results. You will receive an impulse and inspiration that will be finer and more effective. You will advance to higher planes of usefulness and will grow in knowledge and understanding.

A Good Morning in Two Worlds.*

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

GOOD morning! Isn't it a glorious sunrise? Just see!—not alone one sun is showing its golden rim above the world edge, but ten million suns are rising upon ten million waiting hearts, and shadows flee to find a place of rest. Truly, a good morning to you of the NEW THOUGHT, whose hearts have turned to smile straight at the sun of life.

I AM the sun of God. Just as this dear, old green earth is turning its face to the sun so you and I are turning our attention to the I AM sun.

"The worlds in which we live are two—The world I AM and the world I DO."

Too long have we faced the world I DO. Too long have we judged ourselves and others by the dim light of what hath already appeared. We have been discouraged with comparing the already-accomplished with itself. We said, "I can do no more than has been done; there can be nothing new under the sun." So we have journeyed, and gazed, and regretted that it was all done. Everywhere we looked it was all done. "Every art and science and business is overdone," we said, "there is no chance to do anything except what Tom, Dick and Harry have already done to death. There is no chance here for me."

I AM the ideal world. Ah, that is where the sun shines and youth plays eternal and almighty. In the world of ideals I AM omnipotent, omniscient, all-pervading. In the world of *Doing* I AM lost among the many and the already-accomplished.

I have just read a letter from one who has been for 22 years a bookkeeper for one firm. For 22 years he plodded mechanically up one column of figures and down another, and drew his little salary. Now the firm has passed out with its head, and this man is left at 45 without a salary. He is "worn out" and nobody wants the remnants—I had almost said the remains.

This man is a sucked orange and is meeting the natural fate of such. But unlike the orange, he was a free-will offering to the world I DO. His young ideals were choked off and crushed out. He said, "A salary in the hand now is worth two fortunes I *might* develop if I followed my ideals. I think I *might* in time work into something great if I worked along another line for myself, but I *know* I can draw a salary if I work for this man. I fear to trust 'the world I AM.' And, anyway, life is short and what's the use of trying so hard? So I'll add up columns, draw

my salary and eat, drink and be merry." So his ideals for lack of expression went into winter quarters, and are still hibernating—awaiting a new incarnation in the world I DO.

But it is never too late to turn to the sun I AM. One's muscles may be weak and his joints stiff; his brain cells may cry out for a little more slumber, a few more columns and then a long sleep; but still one *can* turn over if he *will*. It is never too late to begin putting what I AM into what I DO. Even if one is 45 and a sucked orange, with not time to accomplish much in this incarnation, he can at least get ready for a better start in the next. So it is never too late to consider and express what I AM—the ideal.

Do you know that your ideals and desires are really YOU?—the I AM of you? Your body and your doings and even your education are but white caps on the surface of YOU. They are but an infinitely small and evanescent portion of your resources. They are what you have already realized of your infinite resources.

The giraffe used to have a short neck. That was all he had expressed of himself. But his pasturage ran short and he began to reach up after the palm leaves. He reached and looked and reached again. This unwonted exercise stretched his neck until it is now long enough to easily reach the palm tops. So it has ceased to grow longer. As long as he kept *reaching out* his neck kept growing.

What are *you* reaching out after? Do you see in the world I AM something that is worth while? Do you reach after it in the world I DO? Do you keep on reaching, and looking, and reaching again?

Between reachings do you retire into the world I AM for inspiration and power for further reaching?

This alternation from Being to Doing—from I AM to I DO—is the secret of power and progress and success. It is the *soul's breathing*. You inhale in the world I AM; you exhale in the world I DO. The more easily and regularly you vibrate between these two the more complete is your realization of health and success.

When you have that tired and unsuccessful feeling due to too much exhaling in the world I DO, just rise into the realm I AM and by imagination and affirmation pump yourself full of—

I AM power.

I AM wisdom.

I AM love.

I AM what I desire to be.

ALL Things work together for the manifestation of what I AM.

Then rise again and express your regenerated self in Doing.

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Spoiling Children.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

MANY of us who have been reading, studying and investigating along the lines of thought-building, character-construction, etc., seem to have overlooked the wonderful bearing of this subject upon the lives of the little ones who are growing up around us, taking suggestions—absorbing impressions from the grown-ups every moment of their lives. They not only copy and imitate our mannerisms—gestures—walk—dress—accent—and numerous other outward evidences of our inner selves, but they accept our suggestions regarding themselves, and act them out in everyday life. Now this little talk is not intended for school-teachers alone, but for every mother in the land—and for the fathers, too. These fathers have a notion that when they provide for the shelter, food and clothing of the little ones (for the bringing into the world of whom they are in the main responsible, although they would fly half across the globe to escape a likelihood of their being called upon to share half of the pain, care and anxiety which comes to every mother)—they think that when they have supplied these material needs they have done their part nobly. And they go on, paying no attention to the mental and spiritual development of the child. And many mothers are just as thoughtless. They think that when they have seen that the child is fed, dressed, and its face and hands washed, its wants have been fully provided for. They lose sight of the fact that they are building up the child's mind and character every moment of the time it is in their presence. These little folks look upon what father, mother, or teacher say as "gospel," and their little minds being unable to correctly reason, they pass these truths, emanating from these authorities, down into their subconscious mentality, there to remain until there is an occasion to use it, when it is brought forth and takes form in action. If these absorbed thoughts and words are not truth, then the actions in which they manifest will not be right actions—they will be based upon error and the child will suffer. Of course, the child will of necessity absorb much, under the best circumstances, from

which it will have to rid itself afterwards, but let us try to make this absorption of improper thoughts and ideas as light as possible. And, now understanding the matter, let us endeavor to supply the child's mind with enough of the proper sort of thoughts to neutralize and overcome the improper ideas which it absorbs from those around it.

We who talk so glibly of mind-building, the power of thought in the development of character, the power of suggestion and auto-suggestion, the efficacy of statements, affirmations, declarations, and the rest, should remember that it is much easier to influence the mind-building of a child than of a grown-up. And we should begin to realize what a wonderful field is opened up for the use of practical New Thought in the rearing of these little ones. All the improvement that we are trusting will come to the world, must come through these little ones, and in addition to our love for the child, we should feel sufficient interest in humanity and the race to endeavor to have the next generation composed of men and women possessed of the proper mental qualities—at least we should do what we can toward bringing about that state of affairs. When the race has progressed sufficiently to see to it that every child is well-born—born under the proper surroundings, influences, and from the proper motives—it will also have learned to take advantage of the splendid start such a child will have, and will keep it in the same channel, by careful mental training along the lines which New Thought people fully recognize as the truth, but which the outside world is apt to characterize as "Bosh!" When one thinks of the number of children in the world to-day, conceived under the worst possible conditions—subject to the most unfavorable pre-natal influences—born into the world, unwished for, unloved, unwelcome—reared in the careless, almost criminal manner so customary, one is amazed to find the race in even as advanced condition as it is to-day, and causes one to fully realize that the Universal Power is exerting its influence most strongly in this case, and raising men from the condition of savages, in spite of themselves.

Let us take a simple instance of how many good mothers cause their children to develop traits of character exactly contrary to those desired by the fond parent. I am now speaking of parents who think that they are watching carefully over their little ones, and guarding them from all hurtful influences. Here are a few instances:

You pay Mrs. Quiverfull a little informal visit. The children are allowed in the room. Little Gladys, a dear little

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golden-haired creature, who has attained the receptive age of four years, peeps in the door and watches you shyly. You, being fond of little tots, and understanding their ways, map out a campaign of politely ignoring the little one at first, and then practicing a little flirtation until the little one will lose its bashfulness, and will "make up" to you. Your plans are nipped in the bud, however, by Mrs. Quiverfull, who cries out "Oh, here's our shy little baby girl. Johnny, go and bring Gladys in to see Mr. Newthought. Bring her right in now, don't let her run away," and Johnny proceeds to drag into the room the struggling bit of sweetness, much against her wishes. The fond mother then begins: "You mustn't mind Gladys, Mr. Newthought, she's so shy and bashful. I have tried in every way to break her of it, but she only gets worse and worse. It's too bad, indeed, for she's a good child, but has been shy and bashful from babyhood. She don't like strangers, and will never make up to them. Just see her now, she don't want to come near you. Oh, it's an awful thing for a child to be so frightfully shy and bashful," and so on, for several minutes, the words "shy and bashful" bristling all over every sentence. *And all this in the presence of Gladys*, who having heard her mother assert over and over again that she is "shy and bashful," and fully believing that her mother is telling the truth, has developed from a somewhat sensitive child into a chronic case of "shy and bashful."

Is it any wonder that the child is apt to retreat at the sight of strangers? I don't see how she could do anything else. If the mother had been half as careful to give her good suggestions of the opposite kind, or, at the best, had let her alone until she outgrew her tendencies, all would have been well, or at least much better. If "I Can't" thoughts make "I Can't" grown-ups, and "I Can and I Will" auto-suggestions change their mental attitude and actions, what can we expect from "so shy and bashful" suggestions being poured into the receptive mind of a child every time anyone happens to be around, and on many other occasions? Mothers, you must do better. And, grandmothers, you must see that your children do not spoil your grandchildren; they have been accusing you of doing the "spoiling"—now's your turn. And, fathers, here is something for you to think about—but for gracious sake let your wife think that she thought of it first.

Here is another case:

"You are visiting your good friend, Mr. Slowboy, and his charming wife and family. A sudden noise is heard—Theodore has affixed a spring clothes-pin to

the Maltese cat's tail, and the result is temporary inharmony. "Now, *Theodore*, will you *never* behave? You are the worst boy that I ever heard of. You never mind a thing I tell you. You are the most obstinate, ill-mannered child in town. I don't know what'll become of you when you grow up. You'll disgrace us all yet," and so on, in the usual way. Old Slowboy looks bored and annoyed, but makes no attempt toward mending affairs and contents himself with glaring at the child, and muttering gruffly, for your ears alone, "I don't see where that boy gets all his cussedness from. He don't get it from *my* side of the house, I'm sure." The wife hears the remark, notwithstanding the low tone, and gives her husband a glance which makes me fear for trouble after I depart. And the boy hears it, too, and grins inwardly, for he has found out that he is "cussed," a new word, in addition to being mean and bad, and beyond the control of the parents. Now, what nonsense. Do you suppose that if you keep on telling people, in the presence of the child, that he is "mean and bad, and always up to some mischief," that he will not endeavor to live up to his reputation. He gets to be sort of proud of it after a bit, and wishes to support his parents' statements with actual proofs. And if his parents say, in his hearing: "He won't do a *thing* I tell him. He won't mind me a bit. He pays no attention to what I say. *I can't manage him*," and so forth, don't you suppose that the boy gets to believe that his parents are telling the truth—know what they are talking about?

I tell you, children are apt to live up to their reputation, and you had better start in and change your line of suggestions, if you wish an improvement. There is too much "Don't" about child-rearing. Too many things that are "bad." Better tell them a few things that are good, and hold up an ideal for them. And better say a few "Do's" instead of so many "Don'ts." Many of the things you tell your children to "Don't Do" would never have entered their heads except through your suggestion. Remember the story of the woman who, when going out, told her children to be sure not to stand on the chair and take the bean jar from the top shelf and stuff the beans up their nostrils. Result: Upon her return each child had applied the beans as directed.

And how many dishes and vases have been broken by the suggestion, "Now look out, dear, you'll drop that plate, it's too heavy for you," or "be careful, dear, you don't drop that vase—it'll slip through your hands."

Better think over these things a little.

Perpetual Youth.

By SYDNEY FLOWER.

PHYSICAL immortality, the renewing of youth, the arrest of physical and mental decay, are phrases more or less in vogue just now as within the scope of New Thought achievement. They express a desire that is almost universal, and wherever there is sustained desire on the part of mankind there is bound to follow in its own good time the fulfilment thereof. This is the law of creation; first, the thing; then the material needs and desires of the thing. This is Evolution reduced to its simplest form. This is the "answer to prayer." Nothing material is withheld. Therefore, I believe in all sincerity that the answer to this prayer for eternal physical youth will be vouchsafed in time because it meets a material desire; in such time as the sustained desire of man to this end shall have become a force of sufficient attractiveness to compel the Ether of Knowledge to yield its secret. "Ether of Knowledge" is a phrase that fairly represents the Infinite Atmosphere of Thought which is without us, and about us. To me the idea that the brain or mind of man is capable of *making* Thought is nonsense. The brain is, and can be, merely an instrument. It *uses* Thought. It attracts Thought to itself. The brain is a magnet. It draws to itself the Thoughts which it is capable of receiving. It *harvests* Thought, which then becomes memory, and yet, I am unwilling to go so far as to say that the brain is even capable of doing that. I cannot conceive it possible that the brain can *store up* the immaterial essence which we call Thought. I believe rather that after Thought has registered its impression upon the brain it is released again, and that what we call memory is a re-attraction of once-used Thought to the brain by magnetic process. To be a little more specific let us say that we can think only when the brain makes itself attractive to Thought. It draws Thought to it, and whether it is past Thought, which is Memory, or fresh Thought, which is new Experience, Knowledge—the process is the same. The action of the brain is the action of the magnet.

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If we hold to the conception that all knowledge is from within, that in each human being is a divinely illumined spark of Omnipotence, we do not controvert the above proposition; the brain is still but a magnet; it creates nothing. In this case it attracts to itself knowledge from within.

* * * * *

If we believe that God, the author of

our being, is without and not within; that mind and soul are two widely different possessions; that God is personal and paternal rather than essential and impersonal, the above proposition is still incontrovertible. Because, to maintain that the brain *originates* Thought is to maintain that Thought is impossible without brain. To maintain that Thought is impossible without brain is either to deny God the power to think, or to bestow upon the ruler of the Universe a human brain with which to do his thinking—both of which subsidiary propositions are obviously nonsensical. To say that God thinks in ways beyond our comprehension is only begging the question. It is certain that God thinks. It is certain, therefore, that Thought exists outside of the human brain, and is a finished product. It is a finished product because it is Knowledge.

* * * * *

All that you or I can do is to build up our minds to a scale of large attractiveness to large Thought. And while we are doing this and are drawing to us a share of the Thought that is without, it becomes *our Thought*, although it is tarnished and made imperfect by the imperfection of the thinker; of the individual.

* * * * *

Your own Thought, then, your memories, surround you, float about you, as a cloud. They encompass you about. Memory is not garnered in the brain; but it is within call when the brain attracts it. Your Thought is a cloud about you. This Cloud-man is your mind. The probability is that this Cloud-man is spherical in form. He is a Thought-balloon. He assumes this form for ease in traveling, and also because it offers the greatest protection against the encroachments of other Thought-balloons, which are eternally and continually butting in against him, flattening him at the poles, punching him at the sides, and piercing him through the middle. Indeed, he's a busy balloon.

* * * * *

He is constantly coming in collision with God, who, to my mind, is perfect Thought, perfect Knowledge, perfect Love, pervasive, filling all space. When your brain is in working order to attract pure Thought to you, a ray of God's thought cuts through and into this Cloud-man, and is given to you. You in turn give it back to the Cloud-man, and he is compelled to accept this new-comer. In this way, he is fed; he expands; he accumulates girth. And in this way he acquires his varying colors—light and dark.

* * * * *

I think myself—but of course you are not required to think as I do—that it is

the Divine spark within us which primes the brain to attract the good Thought. It must be the special mission of this Divine spark to constantly fit the brain to receive flashes of Thought from God, and the more often these flashes are repeated, the greater the purification of the mind; the nearer the development of the soul to perfection; the fairer of hue the Cloud-man.

* * * * *

We come now to the crux of the matter. If the design of the creation of man is to perfect the individual being; to make him one with his Creator; to make him the equal of the divinity which is within him and without him—and if, as I said above, he does not *generate* Thought, but merely stamps it with his individuality—then there must be some factor unaccounted for which primes the brain to attract evil and bad Thought to itself. If the brain is only an instrument, it is without responsibility in the matter. The question is, who's to blame, and where is this unknown factor to be found?

* * * * *

It was to cover this point that our ingenious progenitors conceived the idea of a Tempter—a Devil—a Demon of awful power second only in majesty of concept to the idea of the Creator of all things. But the Devil of our churches and of our ancestors will not do for us to-day. The question is, *who* is the devil in the case? The answer is, the Cloud-man. Yourself.

* * * * *

Follow me closely now. This Cloud-man is a good friend to your body. He always does the best he can for that part of you. If he makes the body sick by his oppressive influence, he does not do it maliciously. Why should he? It's his own body, and if he hurts it, it is through ignorance of what is best. His idea is to give you a good time; a free hand. He can fill your body to the finger-tips with his influence; can strike from head to foot instantaneously. The nerves are his instruments. The blood is in his pay. He is so much to you that you can get to the point where you resent the least interference with his authority from the Divine spark. How many of us love our consciences? Not many. The Cloud-man speaks to you through the senses. He wants you to be a wonder of earth; the soul wants you to be a wonder of heaven. The Cloud-man's hold upon you is tremendous because your physical life is in his care. He's a careful nurse. He protects you, and you love him for that. It is possible for the Divine spark to so jostle and harry the Cloud-man that the latter is in continual turmoil, but he is not easily vanquished. Should he be

completely subdued you will find him become an exquisite echo of the soul itself; because he makes a perfect servant. I have not yet met the human being, however, in whom this conquest has taken place. We are still battle-grounds and the fight is always being waged.

* * * * *

To the average man or woman this fight is a good deal of a bore. The soul seems too far away, and it speaks of far-away things. The Cloud-man talks sense, and good sense, as we have been accustomed to measure understanding. The Cloud-man always wins in the earth-life, and the purest and best of men have got no further than a partial understanding of what communion with God means. Of equality with God, oneness with God, they know nothing. Oneness with God means equal powers with God, and what man has shared God's authority? For anything I know the Cloud-man enveloping the Divine spark may buzz through space for a billion years perfecting himself and getting rid of the dross. The only thing about it that interests me is the assured hope that the Divine will win in the end. But it does not win in the earth-life. The most it has ever attained has been a strong influence over the Cloud-man.

* * * * *

I began this article with the intention of explaining how Perpetual Youth may be attained. In all sincerity I believe it possible of accomplishment. We will continue the subject next month, and for the present let it be sufficient to say that old age and physical decay are absolutely the work of the Cloud-man. We are slain by our memories. That this is strictly true has been my unchanged opinion for the last ten years. Our memories kill us. In the October number of this remarkable magazine it will please me to show you not only how this is accomplished, but also how by use of two agents in common use, this state of things can be amended and old age banished from the face of the earth.

* * * * *

Believe me; a very acceptable consummation.

Thoroughly Satisfied.

Transfer, Pa., June 11, 1902.
Sydney Flower.

Dear Sir:—Inclosed please find stamps for which please send me a copy of "Mesmerism in India," by Esdaile. I have found such satisfaction in "New Thought," "Thought Force" and "Leonida's Higher Phenomena" that I am willing to place implicit trust in your word in all cases.

I am yours sincerely,

H. W. KANE.

Mental Paths.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

MAN'S mind travels over beaten paths in preference to making a new way for itself, even although the old road may be a winding, turning, twisting sort of affair, which makes a man travel three miles to get to a point one mile distant. It seems to be so much easier to travel over the old accustomed road, which many have traveled before us, and over which we have journeyed for years. It is true that we know that we could save two-thirds of the journey by striking out through the woods, kicking away the stones and clearing away the underbrush, but that would be too much trouble, and rather than make the effort, we continue to pass over the same old crooked road, with all its turns and waste of time and energy. Some day some fellow with more push and energy—with a larger share of originality—will start a short air-line path through the woods, and after he and a few others have cleared the way, we will see the advantages of the new path and will follow the lead.

There appeared in the columns of this journal, a month or so ago, a clever little poem, by Sam Foss, entitled the "Calf Path." Many of you read it, I know, for it was calculated to attract attention. But if any of you missed it, I advise you to turn to the July number, page 19, and read it carefully. This little poem will give you an idea of how some of the mental paths, which we are now carefully traveling, were started. We are following the calf on more than one mental road, I assure you. The New Thought movement has caused some of us to get away from some of the Calf Paths, but we are still going over others just as bad, every day of our lives. Take many of our pet notions and strong prejudices, and go back to the beginning, and see how silly they seem. I have always admired the spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte, who, when some of the members of the royal houses of Europe were making derogatory remarks about his ancestry, said: "Ancestors? Nonsense! I am the ancestor of my house. Every royal family was established by someone—I establish mine." The chances are that the pet idea or theory to which you so fondly cling was first advanced by some man who had not half the reasoning faculties possessed by yourself. We have been bowing down to the authority of some people who lived a few hundred years ago, and upon whom we would look with feelings of amusement and pity if they were before us to-day. Distance lends enchant-

ment. Let us take what our forefathers have handed down to us, and make use of such of it as will bear the test of reason, but let us not forget that these forefathers were no better men than ourselves, and had not one-half of the opportunities possessed by us, their descendants. I am not advocating the discarding of a thing because it is old, but I am protesting against our imagining that because a thing is old it is necessarily good. The ancients were not any better thinkers than are we, and their ideas and notions are not entitled to one bit more reverence or respect than the ideas of this generation. We may profit by their experiences, and build upon their foundations, but let us first examine the foundations and ascertain whether or not they are sound. Many modern intellectual edifices are now crumbling simply because they are built upon some defective foundation of the past. Let the thing of to-day be considered as good as the thing of yesterday—let the things of yesterday be measured by the standard of to-day.

No man has more respect and reverence for his forefathers than have I, but I will not for a moment hold to the idea that, simply because a thing was good enough for my grandfather it is good enough for me, particularly if I know of a better thing made by myself or my contemporaries. My grandfather's coat may have been a fine affair, but I prefer my own. Our ancestors plowed with sharpened sticks, but is that any reason why we should discard our improved plows or other implements? This "it was good enough for father, and it's good enough for me" idea, if carried to its logical conclusion, would carry us back to the condition of the cave man. It's a fine thing to see something that was made centuries ago, and which is still the best thing of its kind to be had—a splendid tribute, indeed, to the memory of some original thinker who did his own thinking a couple of hundred years ago, and who was, no doubt, solemnly warned by the old-fogies of his day not to try to improve upon the works of his fathers. But it is foolish to stick to a thing simply because it bears the authority of age, when there are plenty of better things in the market to-day. This is as true of things in the world of thought as in the world of things. Don't be afraid to be your own ancestor—don't be afraid to make your own paths, if you think you can improve on the old one.

But this is not what I started out to talk about. I intended to tell you something about the paths we are making for ourselves every day. The things we are thinking to-day are making a path

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over which we will be very apt to travel to-morrow. And after we have traveled over it a while, it will become the beaten track, and the one that will seem the easiest for us to travel. We prefer to travel over the lines of least resistance, and the mental path, like the foot-path, that has been traveled by us is the one which we will most likely pick out when we have occasion to travel in that direction again. It is much easier for us to do a thing that we have done once before. And it is much easier for us to do a thing the first time, if we have often thought of the possibility of doing it. We have made a mental path, over which we travel when the time for action arrives.

I have talked with men who have yielded to great temptations, and they have told me that they had often considered the possibility of doing the forbidden thing—had gone over it in their mind—had looked at the thing and the means of accomplishing it—long before they dared to do it. You remember the words of the poet:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

There are but very few men who have stolen money from their employers, but who first considered the possibility of the theft; then thought out the best way to accomplish it; then mentally pictured themselves as doing it, and disposing of their spoils, and so on. At the first, they would not have dared committed the crime, but they made a mental path for themselves, and when they had worn it pretty smooth, they one day found it very easy to convert it into a path of action. Thoughts take form in action, as I have often said to you, and this law operates in cases of this kind, as well as in others.

Mental rehearsals make perfect the action. This is true of the negative thought and action, as well as of the positive. A man who sees himself beaten and defeated in certain feared circumstances, and who continually pictures his defeat, will stand but little chance of success when the day of trial comes. And he who goes over the matter in his mind, and sees just how he will succeed, and carries the mental image of success, courage and confidence with him, will find it much easier to win when the test comes. I have known men who expected trying interviews, to go over the thing in their mind—yes, even rehearsed the thing, imagining the other man in their presence, and going over the thing in all its details. The result was that when they had to act they found a well beaten path before

them, instead of a lot of underbrush which had to be cleared away before it could be gone over.

I believe that every man who ever committed suicide had gone over the question in his mind many times before he nerved himself to the act. Constant dwelling upon it robbed it of the horror which it at first instinctively inspired, and made the deed easy of accomplishment when an extra pressure was brought to bear. And I believe that he who will mentally resist a temptation in his mind will find himself stronger when the day of trial comes.

I believe that the man who is always thinking about the "Ifs" and "Buts" will be sure to find them. He who borrows trouble, always has to find trouble to repay the debt, and find it he generally does, even if he has to make it himself.

A very small part of our thinking is done along conscious lines, and when we have a task to accomplish our sub-conscious or involuntary thinking powers are kept busy. Now this sub-conscious mentation always operates along lines that have been laid down for it previously, either by the conscious mentality, or from suggestions which have been accepted and passed along to the sub-consciousness. It will be seen that it is of the utmost importance that we so train our conscious thought operations that this sub-consciousness is supplied with the best possible thing to be had in the thought market. We should select the very best, positive, confident and courageous thought material, with which to stock this sub-conscious warehouse, as the materials so stored will be the ones used when the time comes and they are needed. So you may fully expect that the things which you are putting into your mind are the things which will manifest themselves in action when action is necessary. This being the case, be very particular that you place nothing but the proper kinds of thought in storage. Don't allow a single package of negative thoughts to be placed with the others. And if your mental storehouse has been stocked with the wrong sort of thoughts in the past, you had better begin to put in the proper sort now, and they will manage to crowd out the old ones. One good positive thought will neutralize a dozen of the other kind.

Now, in conclusion, I wish to urge upon you the importance of making good mental paths, and to avoid making the other kind. The paths you are now making must be traveled over some day, unless you make better ones in the meantime. Don't be content with the old crooked paths of discouragement and fear, but start in to-day and clear away the underbrush, and build a splendid path leading straight to Success.

Going Into the Silence.*

By NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

HOW can I get into the Silence? This is a question often asked but still remaining unanswered. Many have tried to answer satisfactorily, but no soul can tell what the Silence is or make entirely clear what it is to be in the Silence, until that soul has found it. Silence is the home of the soul. We are forever in the Silence. As we enter consciously upon its boundaries we recognize that which is in the soul, just as we can only find in the outer world that which corresponds to our innermost thought. Therefore it is quite impossible for one to explain what the Silence is to another.

Entering the Silence is not shutting out the noise of the world. True, we must first cut off these noises; that is, we must be so mentally poised that they cannot enter our consciousness. To be conscious of the Silence we must know that the Silence is within and we can never get away from it. That no matter the noise about us, this Silence is where the soul dwells; no matter where we are the Silence exists and is the center of all wisdom. It is from the Silence all wisdom radiates. We have an idea that to get into the Silence we must go where there is no sound. But there never was a greater mistake. The Silence is within the sound. It is from the Silence all sounds come. We can hear the finest vibrations of sound in the Silence if we know how to listen. But we cannot hear noise in the Silence. Noise is caused by confusion of thought; the Silence exists because the law of Silence is Harmony. The law of Harmony is exact and scientific thought, in which there can be no mixed or confused conditions.

To become conscious of the Silence is to become conscious of harmony; to be conscious of noise is to be conscious of inharmony. We may hear from the Silence the music of the spheres or we may hear the noise of confused thought.

All sound comes from the Silence. We listen to or try to hear all the sound about us. But when we cultivate sufficient self-control we will listen for one thing at a time and will then hear only the harmonious and unmixed sounds proceeding from the Silence; they will be registered in our life. We do not wish to mix the vibrations of sound any more than we wish to mix the vibrations of our Love-nature. Either will produce inharmonious expressions in our life.

"Be still and know" is the secret of

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going into the Silence. Let go! Know that you cannot get out of the Silence. That it is where the Real of you dwells. To try to listen to the noise of the elevated road and to the voice within at the same time creates what is called two sets of vibrations. When we attempt this mental feat we get cross, inharmonious, and resentment fills the soul.

Not one in many know what it is to be in the Silence. We say: "Let us go into the Silence!" And as far as the outer is concerned we are silent; but at the same time our thoughts may be wandering hither and thither, vibrating and tossing, filled with the things of the world, of noises suggestive of activity on all planes. This is not the Silence spoken of by the Masters!

In ancient days a prophet went to the mouth of a cave. There was a great storm and the wind swept about him; in the midst of it he heard a "still, small voice," saying: "Here am I!" At that moment, in the midst of the greatest confusion of elements, he caught the vibration of Silence—the voice of his own soul! This silent word connected him with the everlasting and eternal Silence—the Presence of God! We can never reach the Silence until we come to the point of concentration, where we feel we are a part of this Presence; yea, even more, we must have become, consciously, a part of its Power!

Then it is the God within is ready to manifest and overflow the edges of our being. We never know how we get into the Silence the first time we have entered the holy precinct. But when we pass out of it, after having once entered, we know there has come over us a change affecting the entire life. We know who we are! Whence we came! We have met there our own soul; we have heard the "still, small voice" and we can never forget the sound and sight thereof!

Going into the Silence means for each soul that must come individually into this Presence—the Omni—All Presence! When we can do this we may stand forth in the physical world as mental giants; in the spiritual as archangels! Nothing of a material nature can ever wholly affect us after such omnific experience. We have mastered, and whatsoever we desire from the Silence—opulence, love, health or happiness, shall be ours.

The Master granted us this power when he said: "Greater things shall ye do." This, oh beloved, is going into the Silence! When we have found this Silence we have found the Word of Truth that shall set us free! The "still, small voice" waits to make itself heard, ever ready to speak, yet we must travel toward it by "living the WORD of Love!"

Excessive Auto-Suggestion.

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

A MERCIFUL Providence has decreed that, in proportion to the degree of unattractiveness or incompetency of the individual man, his sense of self-satisfaction shall expand and flourish. It is doubtful whether in thus protecting the individual against the buffets of a critical world, Providence has shown as much mercy to the general public as to the offender.

We are all familiar with the man who thinks he can sing; with the man who thinks he can play; with the man who thinks himself an Apollo, an Emerson, or a Lincoln—and, oh me, how well we know the man who thinks himself a poet! We have to deal here with a most fascinating, social and psychological problem: to-wit, Is this inflation of auto-suggestion an advantage or a disadvantage to the individual? Emphatically, I hold it to be an advantage both to the offender and his victims.

* * * * *

Consider for a moment the groveling misery of one of these joyous ones were he to gauge his gifts by the estimation in which they are held by his friends! He sings, perhaps, and while his hearers shrink inwardly, or are consumed with covert laughter, they greet him warmly, and ravish his soul with their plaudits. Or, perchance, he is a raconteur, a narrator of stories of length, personal adventure chiefly, in which he figures ever as the hero. How pleasant for him to believe that the tears in the eyes of his fair listener are due to the moving pathos of his tale, and not to the smothered yawn, suppressed, thrust-back, invisible, behind the lace-edged fan.

* * * * *

Such a shock as a revealing to this innocent of his unwelcomeness would have, I think, a serious deteriorating influence upon his character. We should find him growing trenchantly bitter in his turn; moody, morose, even vindictive. It might be that a suicide's grave would end his disheartenment. It is not true that natures such as his recover easily from deep wounds to their vanity. The quick recovery argues always a gift of humor or philosophy—traits which are absent from his make-up. It is better to suffer him gladly than to make him suffer. We have enough bitter people in the world without fashioning them ourselves.

* * * * *

Moreover, there is the joy of sacrifice in ministering to him. If it be true that we develop godly qualities by service to others, there is ample opportunity here

to win laurels for ourselves. "Did I ever tell you," he says, "that little story of how I stopped the runaway team? It was quite a risky thing to do, they told me afterwards, but then—I don't know"—he smiles—"you know I'm always taking chances like that. Perhaps, though it would bore you—?" Not once, but five times has he told you the story—but why not seventy times? What are we here for except to win grace from heaven by cheerful self-sacrifice? So be it; let him go ahead, and see thou fail not to let admiration speak from eyes that shine as he proceeds.

* * * * *

And these offenders are really the innocents of the human race. They go through life with their heads in the air; their thoughts soar in space; there is a glow at their hearts, harmless enough in its simplicity, surely—harmless enough not to merit the extinguisher.

* * * * *

If you seek happiness in this world don't be a critic. You can get along very well without the critical faculty, but in case it is well-developed within you, use it upon yourself only. It is wonderful how willing we are to let criticism alone when we practice a little while upon ourselves. I speak from long experience when I say that criticism is usually but another name for intellectual conceit, and is a bad thing to have anything to do with. It is the blight of the home; it is the cancer of the heart. Look for the best in everything; we can all see the worst; look for the best, and you'll find it.

Concerning Series "A."

St. Louis, June 20, 1902.

Mr. Sydney Flower, Vice-President the
Psychic Research Company, Chi-
cago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your favor of the 18th, in which you advise that your new Series having been reduced to \$1 each, there is a credit to me on your books of \$1. In accordance with this information I would be glad to have you send me SERIES "D."

I have read and pondered much on your Series "A," which I have received. It is by far the most valuable work I have ever seen on this subject.

Very sincerely,

C. I. HART.

Work.

For there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.—*Carlyle.*

Don't Retail Your Woes.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

DON'T retail your woes. Do you think that it does you any good to go around with a long face, telling your tale of woe to everyone whom you can induce to listen to you? Do you think that it does you any good? Do you think it helps you to overcome your troubles, or makes your burden any lighter? No, I don't believe that you think any such things. All your experience teaches you that people do not like to listen to long-drawn-out tales of your troubles—they have enough of their own. Even those who are always ready to lend a helping hand and to give what aid they can to one who needs it resent being made targets for a continuous fusillade of troubles, woes, griefs, etc. And you know very well that a constant repetition of your own woes will only make them seem greater and more real to you. And then the chronic retailer of woe grows to be like the journalist—develops a keen scent for matter to be dished out to others—she needs it in her business. When one gets into this habit of carrying about tales to her friends, she runs out of ready material, and eagerly looks around for more with which to supply the demand. She becomes quite an adept at discovering insults, sneers, double-meaning remarks, etc., on the part of her friends and relatives, where nothing of the kind was intended, and she rolls these things over and over in her mind like sweet morsels, before she serves them up with appropriate trimmings, to her listeners.

You will notice that I say "her," in speaking of the victim of this demoralizing habit, and some of my readers of that sex will undoubtedly take me to task for blaming it on the woman instead of the man. Well, you all know my ideas about the equality of the sexes—about their being different, but one being as good as the other, with the odds a little in favor of the woman. But I feel justified in saying that this habit is one that seems to have a special liking for women, and it generally picks out a woman for its victim in preference to a man. When a man acquires this habit, he becomes such a nuisance to his friends and associates that sooner or later he will notice that they avoid him, and the chances are that some blunt fellow will tell him that he has no time for listening to tales of this kind, and

that if he, the complainer, would display the same energy in attending to his business that he does to peddling around tales about how badly he has been used, he would not need any sympathy. But woman, God bless her, does not like to hurt the feelings of others in this way—she suffers the infliction in silence, and then tells her friends how she has been bored. She will listen to her woe-retailing friend, and seem to sympathize with her, and say, "Oh, isn't it dreadful;" "how could she speak so harshly of you;" "you poor dear, how you must have suffered;" "how could he have treated you so unjustly," and other things of that kind. But when her visitor goes, she yawns and says, "Dear me, if Mrs. Groan would only try to say something more cheerful; she gives me the horrors with her tales about her husband, her relatives, her friends, and everybody else." But Mrs. Groan never seems to see the point, and she adds to her list of people who have "put upon her," as she goes along, her tired-out friends being added to the number, as their patience wears out.

And then the effect upon the woman herself. You know the effect of holding certain lines of thoughts; of auto-suggestion; of the attractive power of thought, and you can readily see how this woman makes things worse for herself all the time. She goes around with her mind fixed upon the idea that everybody's hand is against her, and she carries about with her an aura that attracts to her all the unpleasant things in the neighborhood. She goes around looking for trouble, and, of course, she gets it. Did you ever notice a man or a woman looking for trouble, and how soon they found it? The man looking for fight is generally accommodated. The woman looking for "slights" always gets them, whether the giver intends them or not. This sort of mental attitude fairly draws out the worst in those with whom we come in contact. And the predominant thought draws to itself all the corresponding thought within its radius. One who dwells upon the fancied fact that everybody is going around trying to injure him, treat him unkindly, sneer at him, "slight" him, and generally use him up, is pretty sure to find that he has attracted to him enough people who will humor his fancy, and give him what he expects.

In "Thought Force," you will remember, I tell the story of the two dogs. The one dog, dignified and self-respecting, whom no boy ever thinks of bothering. The other dog, who expects to be kicked by every passing boy, and who draws himself up, and places his tail between his legs, and actually suggests the kick to the passing boy. Of course

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he gets kicked. It's wrong for the boy to do it, I know, but the dog's attitude is too much for the nature of the average boy. And "grown-ups" are built upon the same plan. These people who are going around in the mental attitude which invites unkind treatment, generally manage to find someone who will have his natural meanness drawn out to such a convenient lightning rod. And, in fact, such people often generate harsh feelings in persons who scarcely ever manifest them. Like attracts like in the world of thought, and one draws upon him the things he fears, in many cases.

But one of the most regrettable things about this woe-retailing woman, is the effect the habit has upon her own mind and character. When we understand how one is constantly building up character, adding a little every day, and that our thoughts of the day are the materials which are going into our character-structure, it will be seen that it is a matter of the greatest importance what kind of thoughts we think. Thoughts are not wasted. They not only go out in all directions, influencing others—attracting persons and things to ourselves—but they have a creative effect upon our own mind and character. Thought along a certain line will develop certain brain-cells to a great extent, and the cells manifesting the contrary line of thought are allowed to dwindle away and shrivel up. Now, when we have our minds fixed upon the thought that we are long-suffering mortals, and that everyone else is trying to do means things to us; that we are not appreciated, and that those who should care most for us are only biding their time until they can hurt us; we are building up our minds along that line, and we find ourselves in the habit of looking for the worst in everybody, and we often manage to bring it to the surface, even if we have to dig hard for it.

Some of this class of people seem to take a particular delight in bringing upon their heads the harsh words and "slights" of others. Now, I really mean this. I have seen people go around with that "I'm a worm of the dust, please tread on me" air, and the same expression as that in the eyes of the dog which expected to be kicked. And when somebody would be nagged into saying or doing something that they would not otherwise have thought of, the woe-seeker's eyes would assume an expression of "I told you so," and "It's only poor me," and "It's all I can expect, everybody wishes to crush me," and a few other assorted thoughts of that kind. And then she will go to her room and moan and weep, and dwell upon her miseries until they seem to be as large as a mountain. And then the first chance

she gets she will run around the corner to a friend, and will retail all the new stock of woes which she has accumulated, with fancy trimmings, you may feel sure, and the friend will try hard to avoid showing that she is bored at the tale she has so often heard, but will say nice little things, until the mourner is sure that the whole world sympathizes with her, and she feels a glow of righteous indignation, self-pity and martyrdom. Oh, the pity of it all! These people go through the world, making things harder for themselves, their friends, their relatives, and everyone else with whom they come in contact. They are constantly seeking to keep their stock fresh and attractive, and display more energy in their retailing than the average man or woman does in business.

This thing of looking for trouble is a very unfortunate thing in families. As a rule, I think that woman gets the worst of it in family troubles. The economic position places her at a disadvantage, and she often suffers all sorts of horrible things, rather than have her troubles made public. But I must say that *some* women bring upon themselves all that they get. I have known them to get in a frame of mind in which they could see nothing but unkindness, where the utmost kindness was meant. Man is not an angel—far from it—but the attitude of some women is enough to bring out all the qualities other than angelic. They assume that they are "put upon," and live up to that idea. Every word that the man says is twisted and distorted into something entirely different from what he intended. The mental attitude produces moral astigmatism, and things are seen at the wrong angle. All the little things that happen are promptly retailed to some mischief-making neighbor, who is in the game for the excitement it affords her, and who laughs at the wife behind her back, and talks about her in turn to some third person. And the wife fairly draws upon herself all sorts of things that never would have happened otherwise. She knows that her neighbor is waiting for to-day's budget of news, and she, almost unconsciously, shapes things so that the facts justifying the news are forthcoming. Did you ever notice that woman who keeps her troubles to herself does not have nearly as much bickering and strife in her household as the one who has acquired the retailing habit?

Don't retail your woes. Keep them to yourself, and they will die, but spread them, and they will grow like weeds. You are making things worse for yourself—are drawing things to you—and are spoiling your mind, disposition and character by this miserable business of retailing woes.

Business

BY SYDNEY FLOWER.

"I WAS especially interested," wrote Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox some months ago, in a letter to this office, "in the first and last parts of your book of Psychic Instruction. I have recommended these very highly." The parts referred to are now combined in one volume, entitled Series "A." They deal with Personal Force of Character, Success, Soul-Growth, and Zoism, the Divine Science. The price of this work is only \$1.00, and, judging by sales, we find it to be the most popular of the four Series, "A," "B," "C" and "D," each of which, however, appeals to its particular class.

* * * * *

So many testimonials to the value of our magazine reach us every day that it seems unnecessary to doubt that it is doing great good in the world. The annual subscription list averages a steady increase of two thousand a month, and I have seen no reason to regret the fact that we put this magazine into third-class matter. It is, and is intended to be, a monthly announcement of the New Thought movement in America, a movement which is yet but in its infancy.

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Speaking of one of our greatest books, "Mesmerism in India," the second edition of which is nearly sold out, The Press of Albany, N. Y., says:

"The subject of mesmerism is receiving considerable attention at present, both in the old and new worlds. It has come to be more than a fad, and reputable scientists are beginning to look at it with very serious attention. A good deal has been written on the subject, some of it little worthy of consideration, yet some more that is calculated to arrest the attention of many who are little given to psychic philosophy. Of the latter class is a recent publication on the subject under the title of "Mesmerism in India," by James Esdaile, M. D., civil assistant surgeon, H. C. S., Bengal. The book was written sixty odd years ago in India, and has been rescued from oblivion by the Psychic Research Company of Chicago. There is a frankness and an absence of art about it that makes its testimony to the power of mind over matter not appear to possess any of the elements of charlatanry. The facts recorded are given with a force and directness that it is hardly possible to gainsay. It certainly contains the simplest, clearest and most convincing data that have, so far, been put forward on the subject. It furnishes very strong evidence of the

powers of mesmerized persons. The full importance of this collection of facts can only be appreciated when we grasp the idea that all phenomena here produced by this faculty are capable of reproduction by auto-suggestion. To say that it is a most remarkable and interesting publication is putting it mildly. Psychic Research Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.00."

* * * * *

The first principle of success in life is to pay your debts. If you contract an obligation, meet it. If the debt is a trifling one, a dollar, two dollars, pay it. Do this for selfish reasons, if for no other. No man ever yet succeeded in "beating" another. He can only "beat" himself. He can only injure himself. To render to another his due is to attract towards you currents of success for yourself. To repudiate or defer payment of even the most trifling obligation, is to stand in your own light. This is the working of a law that is older than the hills.

* * * * *

The Flower Food Remedy Company will begin its newspaper advertising in October, starting with Chicago, and spreading out over the state of Illinois. When a good trade has been worked up in this state we shall extend the advertising campaign, state by state, to cover the country. Our plan is to take one, or, at most, two, of our best remedies (the Woman's Tonic for a beginning), and push them, depending upon the supplementary literature to create a demand for everything we have to sell. In this way we concentrate our forces. In the meantime, we shall do a steady mail order business through this and other magazines, and all orders will be filled the day they are received. There are no remedies on the market as good as the Flower Food Remedies. Our Pure Food Soap is almost good enough to eat; be sure to have it in the house.

Stock in the Flower Food Remedy Company is going too fast at its present figure. The price will be 4 cents a share in September. We put aside so many shares to sell each month at such a figure. The demand has exceeded our estimate, and this stock will be pushed up to par and over when we have disposed of as much as we care to put out. No bids accepted at present for less than \$15.00. During this month, August, the price stands at 3 cents a share; 500 shares for \$15.00; 5,000 shares for \$150.00. Buy it. It's a good thing.

* * * * *

How many of you are still paying rent for your homes? How many of you would like to own your own homes, paying for them in monthly payments of

from \$10.00 to \$20.00, spread over a term of years, without interest? I am working on a plan that will make this possible. There are many so-called co-operative home building associations at present in existence, and they are doing a flourishing business, but it seems to me that the plums go to the first lot of contract-holders, and that the last men in the game will have to wait a number of years before they get their homes. They will either drop out or die of old age before they reach the fruition of their hopes. The rates of payment in these companies do not seem right. Their promises are too alluring. I can see no reason why it should not be possible to organize such a business upon sound, conservative principles, building homes costing from \$1,000.00 to \$3,000.00 (which is as high an amount as could safely be loaned in this way), in any part of the United States, paying off mortgages upon incumbered property, and working as a unit with a membership of many thousand home-seekers, scattered all over this country. It looks like a cumbersome business to manage, but its usefulness cannot be gainsaid. The important thing to secure is conservatism in rates. Bubble companies which fail to make good their promises we have too much with us. This plan should be just as practical and sure in its results as life insurance. It is all a question of rates, membership fees, and good management. If I go into this you will hear about it in our November number. In the meantime, if any of you would prefer to own your homes instead of renting them, or wish to lift a mortgage on property, write me as briefly as possible, without going into details, and we will catalogue and file away all such names and addresses between now and November, so that if we do make a start, we shall have an abundance of our own people with whom to do business. If you are interested at all, simply send us your name and address, marking on the envelope, "Home Business," and we will send you our proposition when it is ready. There is nothing like being prepared.

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William Walker Atkinson's new book, "The Law of the New Thought," is copyright in the United States and Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia. It will be the record-seller of the year 1903, and will certainly make a name for its author. Mr. Atkinson is the apostle of the New Thought.

* * * * *

One of the fastest selling books we have ever handled is the Home Course in Osteopathy, Massage and Manual Therapeutics, now printed in purple silk

cloth, by the Psychic Research Company, and sent postpaid anywhere for \$1.00. We receive some great testimonials to the value of this book. There is nothing in print on this subject that compares with it. Get a copy and you will find that you can practice Osteopathy in your home with great benefit.

* * * * *

The Flower Health Cigar Company of Detroit, Mich., is doing a fine business with its new brands of cigars. I expect to live and die a smoker of these cigars, but I have no quarrel with the man who thinks smoking a bad habit. Possibly it is. At least he has a right to his opinion. It seems to me, however, that smoking is less injurious to the morals than the habit of caustic criticism of others, which we are all more or less prone to give way to, and I have a reluctance, if you will believe me, to condemn a custom or habit which was favored by such men as Ulysses Grant and the late William McKinley. It is unfortunate that the Flower Health Cigar in its present form, large, mellow and fragrant, was not in existence in their time. Get a box. \$1.25 postpaid.

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There is a fine opening for thousands on thousands of people in the mail-order business. A book that covers the field of hints to beginners, rules and practice, etc., is "The Mail-Order Business," issued in purple silk cloth covers, by the Psychic Research Company. We are selling a great many of these books. The price is \$1.00 postpaid.

* * * * *

The price of every book we publish is \$1.00 postpaid, sent anywhere in the world. In dealing with the Psychic Research Company you are dealing with a firm that has no dissatisfied customers. We refund money immediately if the customer is not pleased with the book when received. This is our rule, and it is unbreakable.

From Across the Seas.

305 Oxford Street, Manchester, Eng.,
July 23, 1902.

Mr. William Walker Atkinson.

Dear Sir:—I have read your book "Thought Force," with very great pleasure, more pleasure than I can express with words.

Yours very truly,

F. C. BENTON.

Keep Cool.

Keep cool. Be aisy. It's too hot to worry.—*Chat.*

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.)

THE following cases can perhaps scarcely be introduced in any other place with more propriety than the present. They are cases of painful affection of the members, arising from irregular action of the muscles, consequent on mechanical injury.

Case XXXIX. Mr. J. J. consulted me on the 6th November, 1842. He stated he had a fall from a horse five months previously, when he sustained severe injury of the left hip and thigh. He was confined to bed for two weeks, under medical treatment, supposing the parts to be only bruised and sprained. He then began to move about with crutches, but with great pain; and a consultation being held, it was considered there was a dislocation of the hip joint, but the attempts made to reduce it failed. At the end of nine weeks from the accident, another surgeon, forty miles off, was sent for, who confirmed the opinion that there was a dislocation of the hip joint, and he succeeded in reducing it. The patient was now confined to bed for two weeks, and, on rising, was able to move about with the aid of a stick, but without crutches. However, he was still very lame, and in much pain. When he called on me, which was the 6th November, 1842, he was not suffering much pain, but was extremely lame. The knee was a little advanced forwards, and the toes considerably everted. In attempting to walk without the aid of his stick, the body was thrown so much to the left at every step, as if the leg were considerably shorter, that with other circumstances coupled with this, led me to suspect fracture of the neck of the femur within the capsular ligament. A minute examination satisfied me this was not the case; and I now considered the affection was one of irregular action of the whole muscles of the hip and thigh, some being atrophied and semi-paralyzed, and others inordinately tense. With this view, I believed I should be able to rectify the irregular distribution of nervous and muscular energy by Braidism, an opinion, the correctness of which was quickly verified. Having entranced the patient, and placed the leg in that position calculated to restore the functions according to the view I had

taken, in about six minutes he was roused, and was agreeably surprised with such a remarkable improvement. Next morning he was again operated on, and was then almost entirely free from lameness, and entirely free from pain, so that he asked my opinion whether I considered it at all necessary for him to take his stick in going through the town on some business. He called on me the three following days, after which he went home, equally gratified as myself with the result of our operations. He had no internal medicine, nor external application, whilst under my care. He attested the accuracy of the above report before leaving; and, as I have not heard from him since, have reason to believe that he continues well.

The patient was seen by several gentlemen, some of them members of the profession, who can bear testimony to the correctness of these statements, as they had an opportunity of hearing the whole from the patient himself.

Case XL. Mr. J. H., 68 years of age, called to consult me on the 8th November, 1842, relative to a painful state of his left shoulder, the consequence of a blow he had sustained two months previously. He had been under the care of two eminent professional gentlemen from the time he received the injury till within a few days before I saw him. There was a wasting of the muscles about the shoulder, great pain in moving the arm, and it was so weak that he had not been able even to button his coat with it. After being entranced the first time he could use it, raising it above his head, and moving it in any direction with ease and freedom. After being operated on next day he had still more power. The following day he felt a little pain behind the shoulder, under the scapula, which was entirely removed by being once more treated, and calling the affected muscles into action. On Saturday, the 12th November, 1842, he left me, quite well, to return home to his business. Both this patient and his son attested the correctness of the above report in my case-book.

A Home Necessity.

Enfield, Me., June 10, 1902.

The Psychic Research Company.

Dear Sirs:—Allow me to say the "New Thought" Magazine is a jewel. Every home ought to have it.

Yours truly,

A. E. STAPLES.

Poor Policy.

It won't help your own crop any to sit on the fence and count your neighbor's weeds.—*Exchange.*

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Experiments in Clairvoyance.

One of our readers, a member of the Psychic Club, has been conducting some very interesting experiments in Clairvoyance. While in Chicago, several months ago, he had quite a chat with us on the subject, and he seems to have obtained some remarkable results. Much that is claimed as clairvoyance, is really the result of Telepathy under favorable conditions, and the person receiving the impressions, merely reproduces that which is in the mind of the other party. In genuine clairvoyance, the clairvoyant apparently leaves the body, or, at least, projects a portion of himself to great distances, and actually senses what is going on there. Space does not seem to exist for the clairvoyant, and the things he senses are to all intents and purposes being performed in his actual presence. The gentlemen, above mentioned, has written us about some further experiments with his little daughter, which may interest you. He is a well-known man in a Western State, occupying a responsible position in the business world, and is not willing to have us use his name, either in print or in answer to correspondents. He is conducting these experiments in private, and does not wish to appear in public as interested in the subject, as same might affect him adversely in his business interests. He is known personally to us, as trustworthy and reliable, and we accept his account as truthfully representing the facts as they occurred. He states in his last letter:

"I have been continuing the experiments along the line of clairvoyance, etc., of which I have previously written you, and regarding which we had several conversations when I was last in Chicago. Some weeks ago, I induced the clairvoyant condition in my oldest daughter, and told her to go among a race of people practically unknown, and to explain to me on awakening their dress, habits of life, etc. After she came out of the sleep (it took me 15 minutes to awaken her) she told me of a race of people of a very low grade, neither negro, malay nor oriental, but of a reddish brown tint, with turban-like head-dress, made of matted grass, etc. They wore a small girdle around the waist of grass, or skins of animals. They had no knowledge of arms, either offensive or defensive, and killed animals by using stones. They also mashed some kind of seed into a pulp and baked it in the sun for bread. This was simply left to dry in the open and children and animals walked over it without compunction. They apparently had a very slight vocabulary as they used gutteral exclamations from time to time, without seeming connection, al-

though they understood one another all right. She said they also fished some. They had neither bow arrow nor spear, and seemed utterly deficient in inventive power. The type I could not place at all, but a few days afterwards I picked up the *New York Independent* and found a description of just such a race, in a synopsis of a new geography used in the schools of Maryland and some other states, as possibly the most primitive type known, if such exists. Now my little girl had no knowledge of this kind at all, and never heard or saw anything that could possibly give her any such knowledge. I also gave her a common glass sauce dish and told her to look and tell me what she saw.

"After five minutes she said she saw a large stone building with steps leading into it. I told her to look inside, and she said there was a strangely dressed man therein, who had some kind of a musical instrument in his hands, and a long sash of some kind over his shoulder. I inferred that this was some ancient temple, and seer.

"Then she saw a modern dwelling brilliantly lighted, a banqueting room, ready for the guests, and a large diamond ring laying on the table, a lady was evidently placing some of the table settings aside, when a man stood a few feet away and looked at her. Then she laid her head on the table and began weeping and the vision disappeared. This little girl knows nothing of clairvoyance, would not know what I meant if I told her, but she can 'see things.'"

Rather an interesting report, is it not?

About "Thought Force."

THIS book is a broad, general and yet specific statement of the principles and practice of mentation—that is, of thinking. It is written by William Walker Atkinson, one of the most profound and practical thinkers in the whole field—a thinker remarkable alike for clarity of his reasoning and the simplicity and directness of his style.

As a general statement of those principles of metaphysics and psychology which are just now interesting thinkers in all quarters; as a practical guide book to the acquirement of enlarged powers of thought and action; as an encouragement and inspiration to many students who are now struggling in the meshes of mysticism and uncertainty, called the new thought, this book will be invaluable. It covers a field entirely its own, and no student of psychology, no adherent of the "new thought," and no man or woman who would make a practical success of life can afford to be without this book. It is full of "vibrations."—*Health Culture.*

Elizabeth Towne.

We take great pleasure in introducing to our readers Elizabeth Towne of Holyoke, Mass., who gives us this month an interesting article written especially for *NEW THOUGHT*. To those among you who know Elizabeth she needs no word of praise; to those who have not made her acquaintance, we have to say that the more you see of her the better you will like her. She is one of the leading teachers of and writers upon the New Thought. In the article which she gives us this month she shows a certain shyness not natural to her—she does not “let herself out” as much as usual. She no doubt feels that we are a very staid lot of people, and so she has primped herself up a little and has put on her best Sunday expression. Next month she will have worn off the “new” feeling and will give us some of her real self. We are determined to make *NEW THOUGHT* the best journal of its kind—in fact, we think we have done that already—and the securing of the services of such writers as Elizabeth Towne is an evidence of our intentions for the future. The best is good enough for us.

W. W. A.

International Metaphysical League.

The Third Annual Convention of The International Metaphysical League will be held in Chicago sometime in October, the sessions lasting about three days. Many prominent speakers will address the convention, and subjects of vital importance to humanity will be discussed. We will give the exact date, place of meeting and other particulars of interest in our October issue. This league is not an association gotten up in the interest of any particular cult, but is intended to be a gathering of those interested in this line of thought without regard to their connection with any particular school, cult or body of thinkers.

A Pleased Customer.

Mobile, Ala., July 27, 1902.
The Psychic Research Company, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Received last lot of five books I ordered a few weeks ago, and am very much pleased with them, being about the best works on the subject I have ever read.

Yours truly,
F. H. AUSTIN.

“The Law of The New Thought.”

By the time this journal reaches you my new book will be ready for delivery. This book will be called “*THE LAW OF THE NEW THOUGHT; A Study of Fundamental Principles and Their Application*.” I consider this book the best thing I have ever written. In it I have embodied the fundamental principles of The New Thought, as I understand them, in a plain, understandable form. I have endeavored to make this a *practical* book and I feel that I have succeeded. It is no easy matter to present the highest truths—the fundamental principles—of The New Thought in words that may be understood by the many. I feel that this book may be placed in the hands of a beginner and will give him a clear idea of what we mean by “The New Thought.” And I feel that one who has been in the Thought for a long time may obtain pleasure and information from its pages, and will find therein the things he believes stated in a form readily understood even by those who have not progressed so far along The Path. You will see by reference to our advertising pages that this book covers considerable ground and treats upon important subjects. It is intended to answer the question asked so often by our friends: “What is The New Thought?”

I feel assured that many will find in this book an answer to the questions which have been perplexing them—questions which have been demanding an answer. It takes up the deep questions of Man—his relation to the Universe—his relation to the Supreme Power—his spiritual unfoldment and growth—his latent powers—his destiny—his possibilities. It tells of man's spiritual, mental and psychic powers and their development. It tells of the Something Within. It tells of the growth of consciousness—from mere sensation to Cosmic Knowing. It tells of the broader and greater concept of The Universal Presence—GOD. It tells of the manifestation of the Supreme Wisdom, Power and Presence. It tells of the Oneness of All—that key to the vexed questions of Life, Philosophy and Religion.

I have not soared above the clouds in writing this book, but have kept my feet squarely on the ground. I have endeavored to deliver my message clearly and plainly. I do not hesitate to recommend this, my own book, to my friends who are interested in this great subject. This may seem to indicate that I am lacking in modesty, but I would use just the same words if the book had been written by another.

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.