

New Thought.

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care,
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

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Chips From the Old Block.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Mind your business.

And your own business alone.

One's own business is enough to keep him busy, without his attempting to regulate the affairs, and adjust the lives of others.

The fact is that very few of us really mind our business. We let it take care of itself, while we go snooping around the affairs of other people, which can be managed only by themselves.

Nine-tenths of the trouble of the world is brought about by people meddling in the affairs of others, and the others minding the business of the first mentioned ones.

Each of us feels so competent to shape the lives of our friends, and to run their business for them—but when it comes to attending to our own affairs, oh, that's too tame.

Why don't you mind your own business—and give the other fellow the same chance?

Keep your fingers out of the other fellow's pie, and see that your own gets the proper attention.

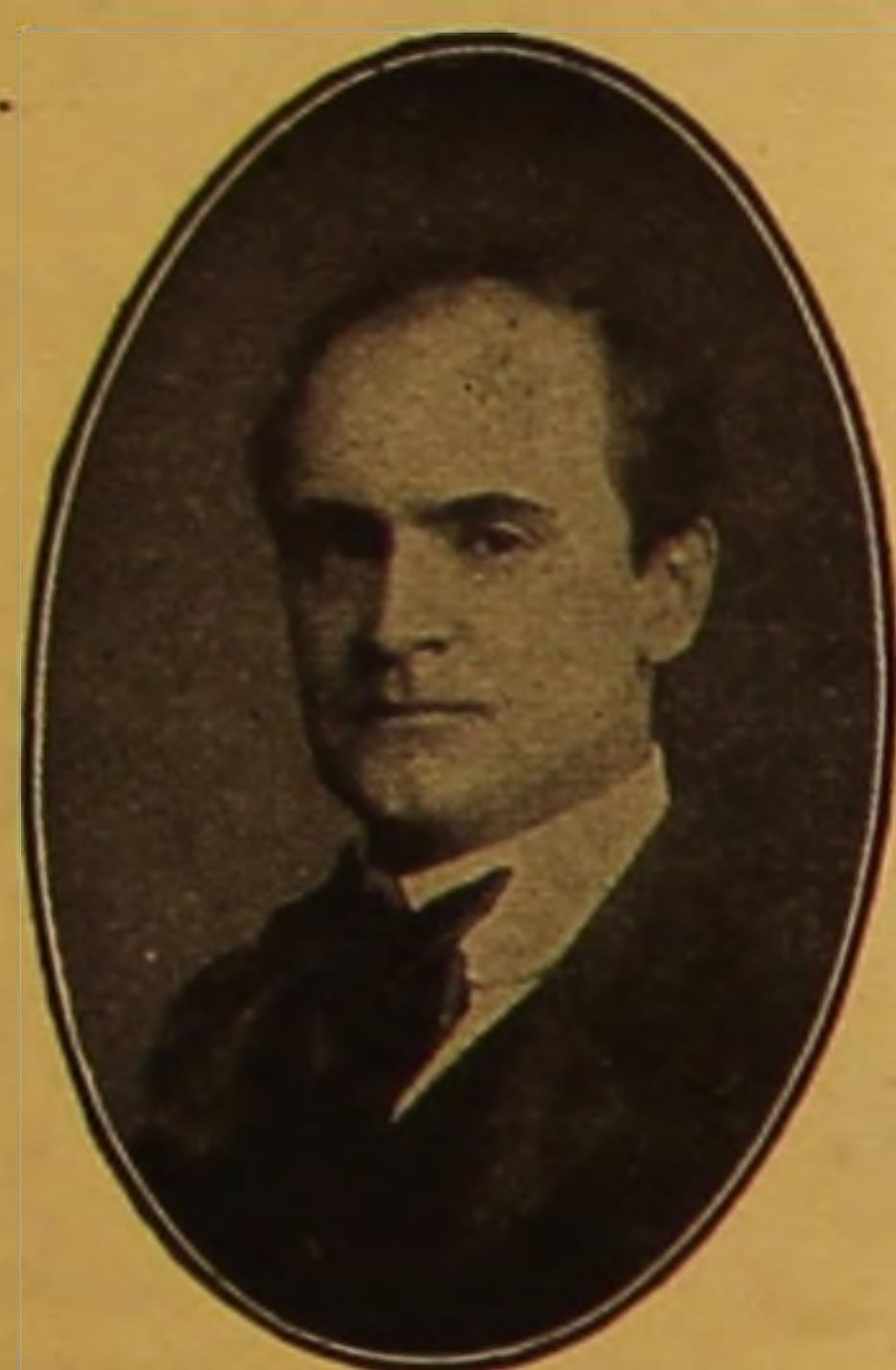
Who are you anyway, going about regulating other people's affairs and minding their business for them? Has your own life been such a perfect success, that you may set yourself up as a model? Stop your fooling, and get down to business. Attend to your own affairs, until you are satisfied that they cannot be improved upon, then you may have some excuse for trying to run the other person's life for him.

Mend your own fences—the Lord knows they need it!

What is "The New Thought?"

(Ninth Paper.)

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.



I find that it would require paper after paper to describe the many different cults and schools practicing "mind cure" under different names. Each school differs from the others in the matter of theory, and sometimes of practice, but to one who keeps free from entanglements, and who occupies an independent standpoint, it may be seen that they are all using some great underlying principle of cure, masked under one theory or another.

There are hundreds of so-called "Science" cults, schools, teachers, and healers using different names for their particular form of healing, the great majority of them bearing more or less resemblance to Christian Science. In fact, I heartily support the Christian Science contention that the majority of these "Science" schools and cults are really imitations of the original C. S. of Mrs. Eddy. I think I may speak plainly and fearlessly of this matter, without being accused of an undue leaning toward Christian Science, for surely I have placed myself clearly upon record regarding my position in the matter. I regard Christian Science as simply *one* great school using the underlying Mental power of healing, and attributing the cures to its own particular theories. But I cannot avoid seeing that Mrs. Eddy's work has been largely pirated and used by others, who disclaim the source of their inspiration. I, of course, know that Mrs. Eddy has no copyright on Mental Healing, for it was known long before her time, and there is no reason why one should hesitate about practicing it, without accepting her theories, even if he first heard of it through her work. But the thing that causes me to smile is the action of the many teachers and healers who have imbibed their original knowledge at the Eddy fount, and have then started off "on their own hook," and have formed new "Science" organizations, larger or smaller, as the case may be, preaching and practicing a diluted, colored or slightly flavored form of Christian Science as a "new" thing, and at the same time abusing Mrs. Eddy strenuously. I have conversed with many of these "Science" leaders and followers, and it was pitiful, or laughable (according to the point-of-view), to hear the flings and slings at the C. S. following and its leader. This, while they were preaching and practicing a philosophy of healing only slightly differing from the original Eddy article, the source of the same being readily discerned by anyone even slightly acquainted with the subject.

It is all right for these people to differ from Mrs. Eddy on some points of doctrine and discipline, and to start off on their own account, preaching what they believe to be Truth, no matter how slightly it may differ

from C. S. But, for gracious sake! why the necessity for abusing Mrs. Eddy and her followers, and for claiming that their own particular brand of Truth is the only real thing, and that Mrs. Eddy is "not in it?" As the Frenchman says: "It is to laugh." One has but to run over the field of the various "Science" teachings to see what pitifully weak imitations of Christian Science many of them really are. The familiar "patter" and cant phrases appear in all of them. It is the same old thing under different guise. Some of them even call themselves "Christian Scientists," but they hasten to inform you that they are *not* "Eddyites." Now, Mrs. Eddy was the first to use the term, and she has built up an organization that is known by that name to the general public. This being the case, it is a weak backboneless policy that seeks to ape after her and steal the name that she has established and proven the right to bear. If these imitation Christian Science cults had any real backbone about them, they would cut loose entirely, and stand upon their own feet, and while acknowledging the good in Christian Science, state frankly wherein they differ, and why. I dislike imitations and substitutes—I don't like any "just as good as" things in metaphysics any more than in patent medicines, for the principle is the same in each.

So far as the metaphysical theories of Christian Science are concerned, I think any student of the Vedas and other Oriental writings may see that Christian Science has its metaphysical roots in the Vedanta teachings. This statement is not intended to belittle Mrs. Eddy's work, for whether she got her inspiration from the Vedas, or whether her ideas came to her as a revelation from the higher parts of her mind, it matters not. It does not alter the fact that she was one of the first to apply these metaphysical theories to the practical work of healing. And there is no reason why we should hesitate to say so, no matter how much we differ from her in theories. I do not see why the various "Science" cults, on the one hand, should imitate the C. S. theories and practice, and abuse the original source of their inspiration, or on the other hand claim to be the "real" Christian Scientists, holding that Mrs. Eddy's church is the real thing gone wrong. I know a lady, a good Episcopalian, who takes a delight in claiming to be a "Catholic," asserting that the regular Catholic church is "the corrupt branch" and the Episcopalians are the "only real thing." These sterilized Christian Scientists remind me of this lady.

But this paper is not intended as a defense of Mrs. Eddy's church. I have mentioned the matter merely in an attempt to classify the various schools of "mind-cure." You will find that they may be grouped into three great classes (1) Christian Scientists, and those who have seceded from the Eddy church and have established churches, schools, cults or followings of their own, the fundamental principles being based upon Mrs. Eddy's teachings; (2) the Divine Healing people, who claim that the cures are the direct result of prayer, or similar religious ceremonies—this class includes the followers of Dowie, Schlatter and others of this type, as well as several schools that combine some semi-Christian-Science

ideas with the conventional religious teachings; and (3) the various schools of "Mental Scientists," who hold that the mind governs the body, and who apply the mental force accordingly, without reference to metaphysical or religious theories. There are also several schools of "Magnetic Healers," of which I shall have something to say later.

The Mental Scientists are not closely organized—in fact they may be said to have no organization at all. They have their own individual views regarding metaphysics and theology, and religion in general. But they agree that there is within our mental region a certain power, which when properly applied has a wonderful effect on our bodies. They also hold that this power may be employed in a harmful way as well as in a beneficial manner; for instance, one may think himself into a diseased condition, as well as out of it. The Mental Scientists and the Suggestionists agree pretty closely on main points, although the latter are skeptical regarding the "absent treatment" in which most Mental Scientists believe. The fact that the Mental Scientists are not organized, and are kept away from organization by reason of their maintaining their individual views regarding religion, has prevented their gaining the influence and public recognition that some of the other schools have acquired. But they are a strong force in the land, for they are nearly all strongly individualistic and inclined to stand upon their own feet, and they are really the leaven that is lightening the mass of the people and increasing the general interest in the power of the mind as a therapeutic agent. They lose many of their converts however by reason of their having no organization or churches. Many people become interested in the subject, but not being able to stand alone, and having been trained in the habit of "leaning" upon some church organization for support, they gradually drift into Christian Science or some other church organization. Many Christian Scientists are simply good Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., with a Mental Science tendency. They have awakened to the power of the mind, but have felt the need of a church organization, and "some place to go on Sunday." They do not realize that they may stay in their own church organizations, and obtain the benefit of Mental Science. Part of them have been driven out of the churches by reason of the ignorance and intolerance of some of the preachers, who regard Mental Healing as the work of the devil, etc.

In my next paper I shall have something to say about the Mental Scientists—their theories and practice.

"My will is as much my own as my constitution; and no more concerned in the will of another man, than my breath and body is in another man's. For though we are born for the service of each other, yet our liberty is independent. Otherwise my neighbor's fault might be my misfortune. But God has prevented this consequence, lest it should be in another's power to make me unhappy."

—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

Cultivate the Happy Habit.

BY IDA GATLING PENTECOST.



If I have manna in my constitution, I can attract manna from heaven. So it is with happiness.

This world is largely a matter of fertilization and attraction. Both are included in the plan. Here you are, not alone for some reason or effect of what has gone before, but for some future purpose. Unsealed eyes help considerably in the accomplishment of what today holds for you. Eons of time, as we say, are but a long, long stream of days, with which we get into harmony, and sprinkle flowers on the stream, or else we kick and howl and get tangled in sea weed, tossed as an aimless cork, to drift finally into some scum-covered eddy to await realization. Straighten up, and know the power that is vested within you! Yesterday you lost your point of view. Focalize on The Perfect, and never see anything else, except in the spirit that we look upon the green apple. We all are on the way, and carelessness does not pay. You are smarter if you pay attention, than if you scoff. Don't be a fool. Only a fool thinks he can improve on creation. No substitute for wisdom has yet been discovered by the wise.

Listen: *None can attain the best, unless he merits it*, and those who neglect their opportunities for refining and becoming in this life, must pay a fearful price somewhere for their indifference and neglect. A terrific penalty, in the nature of things, must await those who will not try to improve. We are beneath mushrooms in the scale of Being, if we do not push towards the light consciously.

We are so organized that we do not like disappointment. Isn't that glorious? See how the inevitable aids us. So prepare for gladness; build for it. It is up to *You*, dear man and woman. How does the game stand? Have you gone to sleep?

There are many unburied dead. Refusal to learn is hell, and vast is the ingenuity with which people prepare their own hells. I am not so much concerned about how hells are made, as how they are unmade. Hence my title, Cultivate the Happy Habit. And how to begin?

Say to yourself understandingly each night, "All is Good." Repeat the formula each morning. Eject ignorance from your system by doing what you want to. Freedom is the severest teacher known to man. We all get a warning before we are hurt, either from reading history, or by fresh word of living mouth. The difference in people is between those who pay attention, and those who do not; those who do right, and those who do wrong. I mean by wrong, what is foolish, and by right, what is wise. Let a horse have his way before he is wise, when the barn he is in burns down, and he runs into the fire straight. Let an unwise person have his way, and he forthwith does the same thing, figuratively speaking.

When the world gets Truth we shall hear no cry for freedom. Pay your money, and take your choice. This moment there are the elements for great beauty and happiness within you. Carve this on your consciousness, dear reader. Don't let it pass in one ear and out the other. Get busy. Till the soil of your soul. View the fields there longing for the plough, ready for seed, awaiting your care, that products may come forth enriching humanity, blessing all who eat of the bread of life, and the fruit of The Spirit.

Love is the implement, magic in results. Hate robs of head and hands, leaving the feet directionless, stationary. Get yourself into activity, have a rudder and a goal! The man who gains the diamond mine is worth more than the drifter. Look at yourself from afar, then put the microscope on yourself. Introspection does not scare the spiritually enlightened. You can understand as much of spirituality as you have attained of it. If you do not know what spirituality is, then as yet you have none.

We can give each other everything evanescent, but what is eternal each must get for himself.

Asking for a definition of spirituality is something like asking for the fortune another man has made. We win *understanding* of that part of us called "the spiritual," by living up to desired and conscious soul unfoldment.

Why ask a senior all about it? Why not go the one only way, *through* the four years, and work for understanding.

We must work for what we get, mentally, morally, physically, and spiritually. You may steal a million dollars, but you cannot steal, beg, or receive from a man his spiritual understanding. A bird doesn't have to ask a bird if it is a bird, or how it became a bird, and what a bird is. Birds see, and soar together. So it is with those who have reached spiritual unfoldment. They ask no questions. They recognize and understand. Communion, not argument, is for those who know. A gnat asking an elephant how he got so big is illustrative. We "become" through the fineness, size and activity of our desires.

If you have your spiritual self developed and in operation you will have no doubt about it. Mentality need not dream of wearing the laurels that bring spiritual unfoldment about. Mentality is great. I want my mentality developed to its uttermost. But mind is not spirit. Mind goes on legs with limitations, compared with which is spirit that has wings, spearing all space, having *no* limitations. Mind is the best thing this side of the top. But spirit is the top. Mind is the message by foot. Spirit is the telephone; instant, transcendent. Comparisons are only necessary when the earnest need for elucidation arises. Valleys are good, but I must see from the heights above.

Dear soul, you came into this world because of the opportunities here for gaining more sense, beauty, knowledge and kindness. Get the idea that this earth is a school house. Everyone unconsciously helps the other by the *spectacle he makes of himself*. See imperfection, expressing in

any form of ignorance, and your soul recoils. See any approach to perfection, and the rose of joy blooms within you. Since the purpose of existence here, then, is the elimination of ignorance in its multiple forms, why not make the round trip a "joy line," and not a whirlpool of grumblings? To be here is a privilege for your soul. Wake up, and profit by the fact. Right where you are affords you the best advantages for growth. If you want to stop growing you cannot do it for long. The "urge" is kind, and it won't let you. Every difficulty you encounter, every problem you face proves your progress, and is delicious, if the grain of understanding would only yeast within you.

After you have had a stiff controversy, spray yourself with the cologne of repose, and don't get mad, glum, or sensitive. (Controversies do not effect much good, however.) Each straw that blows shows which way the wind blows. Nothing is so small, mean, or unpleasant as to be despised. Nor should you dread, run away from, or dislike responsibilities. They are the superb grindstone upon which you sharpen your forces. Above all things *keep in the right spirit*. Be kinder! (Yes, I said that before, but eating repeated dinners is not so important as the repetition of truth.)

That thing you said—was it kind? You hurt your chances for beauty and power when you offend or hurt or embarrass anyone. Be charming to one another. Be polite to those you live with. Remember men and women are equal. Let us not strain or sorrow over each other. Criticise yourself, if you want to criticise. You can make over no one but yourself. The waves of adversity take off your crude, rough edges. Truly speaking there is no such thing as adversity, since all that we invite and reap are consequences—necessary to the dawn and full noon of our spiritual delight.

Be jolly about it, dear brother. Grace your days, sister mine, with more understanding. The other side of each cloud is bright. After each storm comes the rainbow. Be a rainbow yourself. Cultivating the Happy Habit, no matter what occurs, is to reach out and place on your heart God's smile. For happiness is the understanding that all is good. People are only unhappy because they refuse to learn. Up, then, into the glory of Perception! Be joyous! Each day be happy! Try it, and know the blessed relief that lies in the "habit."

New Thought Which is Old Thought

"Let us therefore follow after those things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."

Romans XIV-19.

Prisoners of War.

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

In one of the leading dailies there appeared a short time ago a news item which was to me full of interest. In speaking of the Japanese treatment of Russian prisoners, it was stated that the Japanese divided them into two classes, the educated and uneducated, and set the former at work, as a part of the prison discipline, teaching their illiterate countrymen to read, to write and to master the other rudiments of learning. What a novel use to make of one's foes,—that of utilizing them to better and enrich other foes! Nowhere in history have I found another such noble employment of prisoners of war.

It's a good example. Do you realize it? How many foes we carry about with us daily, shut up in the fortress of our body, in dangerous idleness,—that seed of revolt!

Fear, Passion, Pride, Prejudice, Selfishness, Worry, Anger, Despair, Jealousy!

We strive at all times not to let them out to ravage the country of our happiness, but there our efforts end, except that we look occasionally to the bolts and chains to see that all is safe and no one of our captured enemies is breaking jail.

Why don't we round up our prisoners and see what they have to teach? Fear, for instance, our blackest enemy of all. Put *him* through a cross-examination. What has he to impart? Why, Caution! And that is a pretty good quality to possess. Fear, rushing blind and headlong, touches a frightful shape and falls back quaking. Caution, taking warning from Fear, comes slowly with a firm foothold and watchful eyes, recognizes in that shape but a temporary obstruction and goes around. So Fear teaches Caution to examine well his path, cheerily, bravely, without a doubt of reaching the goal he seeks, but marking the occasional pit-falls and skirting their edge in his sure advance. Fear is only ignorance after all, as you will find if you analyze this emotion. The savage fears the shrieking of an engine, because it is *strange* to him. He is ignorant of it and he fears what he does not know. You fear Death, perhaps—foolish one!—because you dread to leave the known for the unknown. Or, coming to lesser things, you fear that interview tomorrow. Why? Not because you know just what will happen, what he said, but because you are *ignorant* of what will happen, what he said. Then let Fear teach its lesson of Caution. Don't spend your time quaking and dreading, but look over the ground carefully, mark the treacherous places, find your foothold and march on. Bother not at all about the distant obstacles until they are near enough to examine. Then Caution will help you again.

That's what Fear can do for you. A useful enemy, my friend!

And Jealousy! that's a hateful cellmate. It doesn't look at first as if much could be made out of him, but you'll be astonished to find how many attributes qualify him for a good educator. There is no doubt that his lessons are hard ones to learn and that many of our palms bear the marks of his ferrule, but what we learn in hardship we never forget. So don't let him roam around, glowering and groaning. Put him to work. What can he teach? Why, Perfect Love! You haven't perfect love if jealousy dwells with you. Think of the thought, the vitality, the emotion you spend on jealousy. Let him teach all these to Love, and you won't need to be jealous. For Jealousy is very cunning, very keen of mind. By just a few moments' thought, he is in the habit of spreading out before you hateful scenes enacted in the minutest detail. He knows instinctively every word, every look, every action most calculated to wreck your happiness through their charm to the one you love. Well, what's the matter with you? If Jealousy can number over the weapons so well, miserably and unerringly selecting *this* for one occasion, *that* for another, he's a pretty good master of fence, isn't he? Take a few lessons. Put all that keenness of vision to work in your own behalf—and you'll win out.

Then what about Worry, that carelined, anxious, haggard prisoner? Is he too feeble and worn to be of use? Not at all. Why he's got lots of information stored up in his mind. There isn't a disaster ahead that he hasn't discerned for you; in fact, he can furnish you a list as long as the judgment roll. Poor wretch, how ceaselessly he frets and figures! But he can give you innumerable subjects on which to sharpen your brains. Take him up, when he begins chattering: "Your financial condition is so bad; your bills are coming due; there's absolutely no loophole ahead." Well, now, let's see. He's pointing out a lesson. He wants you to look that financial situation over. Sit down and figure it out. Put Worry to work with you. He'll not leave out even the darkest contingency, so that you can be pretty sure you'll know all there is to face. Well, then, there's the situation. Can it be met this way? No. That way? No. How then? Your mind gets to work and you plan how to conquer, or if needs must, how to bear defeat.

So, Worry, that thing's out of the way--what next?

Settle each question as he presents it to you. It can't always be settled the way you like, but *settle it!* Then use your energy for something else. If you can't pay those bills, brace up and go and tell your creditors; ask them to wait while you use the energy that you were giving to Worry, in finding a new way to get even with the world again. Remember, they've *got* to wait! If you haven't the money, you *haven't*, and that's all there is to it for the time being. There's absolutely nothing further for Worry to do then, so he'll pass on.

Then, Selfishness! he's a Passed Master. There's very little he doesn't know. He gives you so much instruction as to what your happiness demands, he points out so convincingly and so comprehensively what is

necessary to comfort, to ease, to bodily pleasure, to material joys! You couldn't learn so much on these subjects from any other pedagogue in the school of life. Absorb it all. Then put it in practice. It takes so—and so—and such—and such—to give pleasure in a certain situation, does it? Well, there is John, and there is Mary! apply your knowledge! The easiest chair in the room, a chance to look first at the last magazine, opportunity to absorb the view from the cheeriest window at hand, these make for comfort, do they? Of course! Selfishness has taught you that. Well, prescribe them for the Other Man, and watch the effect.

I could call a long roll of your imprisoned foes and you'd find in each a schoolmaster worthy of your diligence. Don't you think the Japs' idea a pretty good one? I do. But I can't talk any more now—I'm busy taking stock of my prisoners of war.

My Prayer.

M. DEW.

Father in Heaven—Love Divine—Thy child would pray to be
Charitable to all mankind, from sinful thoughts set free.
Make me to feel through Thy dear Son the brotherhood of man;
To learn forgetfulness of self by doing all I can
To put Thy song into the hearts of weary, hopeless souls;
To make them feel the sunshine bright and music life still holds.
But most of all, dear Lord, I ask that whatsoe'er betide,
Nothing may come into my life which Thy dear face shall hide.
Take from me all, if needs must be, that I prize best on earth;
Love, friends and home, if these Thy gifts before Thee I place first.
Then shall my spirit ever seek the highest and the best,
Until Thou call'st me home at last to enter into rest.
And I will cast my care on Thee, for well I know that then
Sweet peace and joy will come to me. My soul can say Amen.

The Breath.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A man reproved me for my interest in New Thought creeds.

"The old religion I learned at my mother's knee is good enough for me!" he said. "It is good enough for anybody!"

Yet this man's mother had always "enjoyed poor health," as the old lady expressed it, and the man himself was forever talking of his diseases, his ill luck, his poverty, which he said he had been enabled to endure only through the sustaining power of the religion "learned at his mother's knee."

It would be difficult to convince the man that had his mother taught him the creed of the "New Religion" he could have changed all these unfortunate conditions.

Life-long ill health would have been impossible for his mother, or for him.

The old-fashioned religion allowed and still allows a human being to breathe like a canary bird.

Little children go to Sunday-School all their young lives, and grow up to be devout church members, and never hear one word about the importance of *deep breathing*.

Possibly you may think breathing lessons belong to physical culture, and have no place in religious teachings.

There is where you err.

In order to develop your whole being, you must learn how to control body and mind through the spirit.

Thousands of years ago, men who gave their entire lives to the study of these things learned the great importance of deep breathing as an aid to religious meditation.

By this practice, systematically observed, the body is calmed, the mind is brought into subjection, and the spirit rises into control.

And in addition, absolute health is achieved.

A large portion of our physical ailments result from unused lung cells, and consequent imperfect circulation of the blood.

Fill the lungs full—every cell—with fresh air, two or three times daily, and do not overload the digestive organs, and sickness will fly away to the dark regions where it belongs.

At least ten minutes morning and night should be given to the breathing exercises.

Sit upright in a comfortable chair, alone, facing the east in the morning and the west at night, because great magnetic force comes from the direction of the sun.

Have a window or a door opening to the outer air.

Place your hands lightly on your knees, and close your eyes and mouth. Leave your spine free, not touching the chair. Wear no compressing garments or bands.

Inflate the chest and abdominal regions as you inhale deep breaths through the nostrils, while counting seven slowly.

Exhale while you count seven. Repeat this exercise seven times.

Think as you inhale of whatever qualities you would like to possess, and believe that you are inhaling them. Select seven qualities—Love, Health, Wisdom, Usefulness, Power to Do Good, Success, Opulence will cover the average human desires. The very unworldly will substitute spiritual knowledge for opulence. Fill your mind with the idea that you are drawing in these qualities with your breaths, and exhaling all that is weak or unworthy. After a few moments you will be conscious of a security and peace new and uplifting.

And after a few weeks of steady, persistent practice of these exercises, you will find life growing more beautiful to you, and your strength will be increased tenfold, both physically and spiritually.

The Muddied Spring.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"Stagnant the waters that I stand beside."

They mirrored once a heaven in thee.

"Still I go thirsting and unsatisfied."

Belov'd, it was not meant to be!

"My own hands stirred the depths and spread the mire."

But lips need seek the brink no more.

"Empty, the broken cup of my desire."

Better to lose the draught it bore.

"Is all spoiled then, sullied, desecrate?"

Shining and pure the source still lies.

"Can I go back? dare I retrace my fate?"

Yes, back to where the waters rise.

"And should I reach that verge and kneel beside,—"

Dear Soul, you will! Be not afraid!—

"What of the face which its clear depths deride?"

A vision in God's image made.

"And that distorted shape my dark pool bore?"

Shivering to blankness it will die.

"But, oh! the judgment for my errors sore!"

Not God shall judge—nor you—nor I!

Practical Mental Science.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Last month I spoke to you of the necessity of getting rid of fear, that your desire may have full strength with which to work. Supposing that you have mastered this part of the task, or at least started on the road to mastery, I will now call your attention to another important branch of the subject.

I allude to the subject of mental leaks. No, I don't mean the leakage arising from your failure to keep your own secrets—that is also important, but forms another chapter. The leakage I am now referring to is that occasioned by the habit of having the attention attracted to and distracted by every passing fancy. In order to attain a thing it is necessary that the mind should fall in love with it, and be conscious of its existence, almost to the exclusion of everything else. You must get

in love with the thing you wish to attain, just as much as you would if you were to meet the girl or man you wished to marry. I do not mean that you should become a monomaniac upon the subject, and should lose all interest in everything else in the world—that won't do, for the mind must have recreation and change. But, I do mean that you must be so "set" upon the desired thing, that all else will seem of secondary importance. A man in love may be pleasant to every one else, and may go through the duties and pleasures of life with good spirit, but underneath it all he is humming to himself "Just One Girl," and every one of his actions is bent toward getting that girl, and making a comfortable home for her. Do you see what I mean? You must get in love with the thing you want, and you must get in love with it in earnest—none of this latter-day flirting—on-today, and off-tomorrow sort of love, but the good old fashioned kind, that used to make it impossible for a young man to get to sleep unless he took a walk around his best girl's house, just to be sure it was still there. That's the real kind.

And the man or woman in search of success, must make of that desired thing his ruling passion—he must keep his mind on the main chance. Success is jealous—that's why we speak of her as feminine. She demands a man's whole affection, and if he begins flirting with other fair charmers, she soon turns her back upon him. If a man allows his strong interest in the main chance to be sidetracked he will be the loser. Mental Force operates best when it is concentrated. You must give to the desired thing your best and most earnest thought. Just as the man who is thoroughly in love will think out plans and schemes whereby he may please the fair one, so will the man who is in love with his work or business give it his best thought and the result will be that a hundred and one plans will come into his field of consciousness, many of which are very important. The mind works on the sub-conscious plans, remember, and almost always along the lines of the ruling passion or desire. It will fix up things, and patch together plans and schemes, and when you need them the most it will pop them into your consciousness, and you will feel like hurrahing, just as if you had received some valuable aid from outside.

But if you scatter your thought-force, the sub-conscious mind will not know just how to please you, and the result is that you are apt to be put off from this source of aid and assistance. Beside this, you will miss the powerful result of concentrated thought in the conscious working out of the details of your plans. And then again the man whose mind is full of a dozen interests fails to exert the drawing power that is manifested by the man of the one ruling passion, and he fails to attract to him persons, things, and results that will aid in the working out of his plans, and will also fail to place himself in the current of attraction whereby he is brought into contact with those who will be glad to help him because of harmonious interests, co-operation, etc.

I have noticed, in my own affairs, that when I would allow myself to be side-tracked by anything outside of my regular line of work, it would be only a short time before my receipts would drop off, and my business would show signs of a lack of vitality. Now, many may say that this was because I left undone some things that I would have done if my mind had been centered on the business. This is true, but I have noticed like results in cases where there was nothing to be *done*—cases in which the seed was sown, and the crop was awaited. And, in just such cases, as soon as I directed my thought to the matter the seed began to sprout. I do not mean that I had to send out great mental waves with the idea of affecting people—not a bit of it. I simply began to realize what a good thing I had, and how much people wanted it, and how glad they would be to know of it, and all that sort of thing, and lo! my thought seemed to vitalize the work, and the seed began to sprout. This is no mere fancy, for I have experienced it on several occasions, and I have spoken to many others on the subject, and I find that our experiences tally perfectly. So don't get into the habit of permitting these mental leaks. Keep your Desire fresh and active, and let it get in its work without interference from conflicting desires. Keep in love with the thing you wish to attain—feed your fancy with it—see it as accomplished already, *but don't lose your interest*. Keep your eye on the main chance, and keep your one ruling passion strong and vigorous. Don't be a mental polygamist—one mental love is all that a man needs—that is, *one at a time*.

Some scientists have claimed that something that might as well be called "Love" was at the bottom of the whole of life. They claim that the love of the plant for water causes it to send forth its roots until the loved thing is found. They say that the love of the flower for the sun, causes it to grow away from the dark places, so that it may receive the light. The so-called "chemical affinities" are really a form of love. And Desire is a manifestation of this Universal Life Love. So we are not using a mere figure of speech when we tell you that you must love the thing you wish to attain. Nothing but intense love will enable you to surmount the many obstacles placed in your path. Nothing but that love will enable you to bear the burdens of the task. The more Desire you have for a thing, the more you Love it, and the more you Love it the greater will be the attractive force exerted toward its attainment both within yourself, and outside of you.

So love but one thing at a time—don't be a mental Mormon.

It is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into Friendship through the door of Discipleship. We can learn love through service.—Hugh Black.

The Evolution of Brain Cells.

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.



Everything is in the Akasa, or Universal Storehouse, but only the highly developed know how to control the Prana and draw from this great fountain the things desired and needed. Ever since the world began there have been seers and teachers whose subjective minds gained the dominance and became receptive to the inviting radiations of the Infinite Spirit, revealing to man his origin and destiny. We may come into a realization of this immanence of the Divine in man, even as the prophets did in the long ago. The human mind may become conscious of the Divine presence and feel the quickenings of the Cause Life. It will be impossible for one in the possession of this consciousness of his vital relationship to the Supreme to confuse this ecstasy with any emotional sensation of the undeveloped materialistic man. To obtain this consciousness you must yearn for truth. Remove the clogs of mortal sense and endeavor to realize that there is *one life* which pushes into expression through every obstacle. Man's consciousness has its birth in the One Life and can no more be hindered than life itself.

As we look through history we see that humanity would have developed in barren materiality had it not been for the inspired thoughts of the mystics, the teachers and seers who have kept alive the knowledge of the divine nature in man. To come into a consciousness of your oneness with the Supreme Power, you must have faith in the Infinite and look for divine guidance in your daily life. You must **have** such perfect and abiding faith as places with absolute trust your life and destiny in the Divine. Faith of such intensity will place you in harmony with the realm of cause and with all the laws of the universe. When divine faith, divine will and divine love are united in a human being he has gained great power and becomes a master. His faith enables him to heal the ailments of the body, his love to minister to the needs of the mind and lead one to truth, while will gives him the power to harmonize natural conditions.

All changes which the mind undergoes are accompanied by a corresponding change in the physiological condition of the cells of the brain. The brain cells are very important living entities, having birth and growth, and are subject to the laws of evolution. All moral and mental discipline affects these cells, gives them higher qualities; and when they have attained a certain state of evolution requisite for the emission of an aura whose magnetic radiations carry the power to heal, or to effect certain phenomena of nature, or to help human beings in their upward endeavor, such power manifests itself as a natural sequence

of the developed condition of the brain cells. This is a purely physical process and can be acquired under the right conditions.

To convey to the mind a clear conception of a cell, we will compare it to an egg. The cell has an outside membrane containing a quantity of protoplasmic matter, this matter itself holding within its mass a more refined material. We will compare the outside of the cell to the shell of the egg, the region of protoplasmic matter to the white, and the more refined matter to the yolk. Within this yolk are discovered little specks which are the only matter the brain cells contain in the man whose nature is purely materialistic. But in human beings whose minds have been developed and grown into the deeper consciousness, the eye of the seer discovers a speck of intense whiteness, growing in brilliancy as the development goes on. This luminous point indicates that the cell is fructified, having received within itself, as the reward of a pure and well ordered life, a spark from the Divine, a concretion of Divine aura.

But in the brain of the man who is entirely absorbed in things material, the man whose divine consciousness has not been awakened, the cells contain no point of light, though surrounded, like every other entity, by the divine aura, waiting for the mind to awaken, to fructify the brain cells. These brain cells are the very embodiment of man's moral and intellectual nature, and unerringly indicate his condition and progress.

This is the teaching of one who has made a close study of the human mind and its phenomena, and the suggestions given are worthy of thoughtful consideration. The evolution of a brain cell is a process of growth which in order to be healthy, harmonious and lasting, must also be gradual. Man should live a calm, unselfish life, trusting in the Infinite, fulfilling all material duties, doing in a quiet way all possible good, with charity toward the opinions and acts of others. These are the requirements for the formation of healthy brain cells.

The Lesson of the Sparrows.

BY FELICIA BLAKE.



From the side window of my city home I can see the city home of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow.

Although not exactly on speaking terms with them, they have often come to see me, peeping with an air of interested curiosity into the window and carrying away many slices of broken bread.

I have returned their interested curiosity in kind. I have watched the gathering of soft bits for the nest; I have watched the little brown bird ruffling her feathers in expectation of the time when they would shelter four little chilly birdies that were to peck their way through four little eggshells. I have watched Mr. Spar-

row gallantly feed his wife; have seen her, with an assumption of feminine love of attention, flutter her wings, open wide her yellow bill, and, looking Mr. Sparrow straight in the eye, in plain bird language demand to have him place the crumbs in her mouth, although entirely capable of feeding herself. And he, wise little married man, would humor her patiently.

Later I have seen the little parents carrying piece after piece of bread to four insatiable, noisy youngsters, till I fancied a surprised and weary look about the tiny mother and father, which corresponded to the surprise I felt; the wonder of how it was possible to place such large quantities of supplies in such small bodies.

More than one family I have seen prepared for and brought to maturity in that Sparrow home. It has been interesting to see the simple lives perform their simple duties, continue their daily activities, and, even though unconsciously, to see all done in the simple faith of some greater Power. In simple trust the home is made; the work is done with just as much "fuss and feather" as if the world's welfare depended on them, and yet they take no care, no personal responsibility, no worry upon themselves; they have faith—they work and do, but they have peace.

There is a lesson in that; a much discussed, an oft repeated lesson, but it is not the lesson that came to mind today. Today I saw something I had not noted before.

The Sparrow home is situated just beyond and above a rather long flight of stairs. Today, as often before, Mr. Sparrow had been scratching around in the grass below until time to report at home. One could see his thoughts were of home as he raised a questioning glance in that direction, and I expected him to spread his wings in direct flight to his nest. But no! He hopped to the lowest step, took survey; no one was there to disturb him; he hopped up on the next step, his wings closed and useless by his side. Up, up, one step at a time he hopped, toiling slowly, one eye on his destination; up on the railing at last, a pause, then a few strokes of the wings took him home.

I was surprised; he had not shown his usual good judgment, but had acted in a very human way indeed. He possessed a power that would have taken him directly to his objective point, and yet he had chosen to ignore that power and had gone laboriously step by step in a roundabout way.

If some sudden, real or supposed danger had confronted the Sparrow on the steps, he would, instinctively and without taking time for thought, have spread his wings and have gone directly home. But nothing came to rouse him to better action, and he toiled slowly on.

There is a power that each can call upon to take him forward; a power that can carry him straight toward his goal; a power that can lift him above the gradual grind of the step-by-step process and unfold progression easily before him.

Sometimes we are toiling on slowly in ruts; sometimes we keep a

great power unused; a power forgotten or undiscovered until something comes suddenly and rouses us. Usually this process of "rousing" is worse than pulling teeth, because it takes a serious specter, often, to drive us from a favorite rut. If we would leave our ruts without waiting to be forced out, the specter would be unnecessary.

Look into your life, look today; what rut are you in, what roundabout way are you following; if some sudden emergency confronted you what reserve power would you use?

Why wait for the emergency; why not go forward today with the best there is in you; why not find your greatest power and use it as if **in your greatest need**; why not go straight toward your purpose; why not "Do it now?"

Immortality.

Man is an infinite little copy of God; that is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself that future life; I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever.

I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, traditions, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I can not say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.—Victor Hugo.

Affirmations for October.

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I.

In the Silence I seek and find Peace, Serenity
of Mind, Purity of Soul.

II.

Have barriers grown between my friend and me?
I call to him with infinite love, which shall
again unite.

III.

Into my mind I draw calmness of judgment,
charity of thought. Its every energy shall
be used for individual betterment and the
betterment of man.

IV.

I hold thoughts of Success, Prosperity.
Every power that I have, claims and shall hold
them.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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The Letter Box.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

M. C. D.—Your question has been answered in these columns a number of times, and yet a number of people are re-asking it continually, so that it may be well to answer it once more. You ask "what are the basic principles of the New Thought religious sect, and what is its creed?" In the first place, New Thought is not a "religious sect," and secondly, it has no creed. So many people seem to think that New Thought is some sort of new religious organization or sect, and that it has its bishops, preachers and creed. With the exception of "Bishop" Sabin, the head of what is known as the "Reformed Christian Science Church," who has seen fit to organize his following into a "Church" with himself as "Bishop," I know of no distinctive Church organization within the New Thought. Christian Scientists, of course, have a church organization, but they do not claim to be of the New Thought movement, or, rather, they claim to be the only real N. T. movement, so at any rate they do not admit that the rest of us have any standing, and we may count them out—or count ourselves out, just as you please. And I do not see how there can be any such thing as a church organization within the New Thought, for the underlying principles of New Thought hold that every man is a church within himself—a Temple of the Spirit. And the New Thought ranks are composed of members of almost every known religious denomination, and of many who have no religious attachments at all. In all times, and in all religions, including all branches of the Christian religion from the beginning, there have been men known as "Mystics" who held that it was possible to "know" God spiritually—that is to enter into a consciousness of His existence, and to be aware of a communion with, or union with Him. These Mystics held that there was an "Inner Light" from which Man received his highest religious teachings. These people were distinguished from their co-religionists by this belief in an actual spiritual knowledge of Deity, as distinguished from an intellectual acquiescence in the doctrines of some particular church, or the belief as "an act of faith." And we of the New Thought are really latter day Mystics, although many of us know it not. No matter what religious views we New Thought people may have (and our views are very varied) we will be found to agree upon this idea of an Immanent God—a God that is within everything, manifesting in many forms. We do not believe in a far away God who made the world and then went away leaving it to run itself—we do not take kindly to the idea of a God sitting on a Great White Throne, trillions of miles away, who takes no interest in us unless we happen to pray loud enough to attract his attention from something else. We do not like this idea of an absentee Deity. On the contrary, we believe in Him "in whom we live, and move and have our being." We believe that God is right here with us all the time, and that we are very close to Him, and that even the thin veil of illusion that separates us may be pierced by the keen vision of dawning spiritual consciousness. We may call God by different names, some of us preferring the scientific term "the First Cause," or "The Absolute," or even "Nature" or "Life"—we are not great sticklers for names. But under the cover of these names, or lack of names, we *feel* the existence of that Supreme Intelligence, and get so near to It that we feel an answering heart-throb, assuring us of Its presence. This Mystic idea is not dependent upon any special form of religious belief, for it is above all forms. Our people prefer this form, or that form, because of association, or because some particular want of the mind or soul seems best satisfied with the forms or particular views of some certain sect or denomination. But underneath it all the New Thought man or woman is distinguished from those around him or her, by this consciousness of the Immanence of God. The New Thought person reads new things in the old doctrines, and receives spiritual upliftment from words that only puzzle others. As for creeds, there is no necessity for a creed to those who

know God—creeds are only for those who have not this knowledge, and who have to have artificial fences erected to keep them from wandering afar off and getting lost. The only creed a New Thought person knows—and this is not a creed laid down for him, but springs into his mind from his knowledge and consciousness—is this simple one: “Love God, and Be Kind.” To really *know* God is to love Him—to really *know* one’s relations to one’s fellows, is to Be Kind. So there is no New Thought sect—no New Thought creed. Thank God that this is so! For ages sects and creeds have caused men to make miserable the lives of their brothers. Sects and creeds have burned men at the stake—broken their limbs on the rack—crucified, hung, drawn and quartered, robbed and driven them from home, outraged in body and mind. Sects and creeds have turned men into devils. And yet they were necessary in the evolution of the race, hard as it all seems to us now. Oh, we need not hold up our hands in holy horror at the doings of our ancestors in this narrow religious bigotry—our doings will seem just as bad to our descendants—we’ve nothing particular to be proud of in this respect. True religious feeling never has and never will lead to intolerance or bigotry or persecution—while sectarianism and creed-ism always have done so, and always will, from the nature of things. Let us be glad that the many attempts to “organize” the New Thought in a semi-sect have failed. And let us rejoice at the knowledge that they always will fail. The true New Thought person goes and comes as he pleases—he mixes with whatever religious denomination he prefers, or he stays away from them all, if he sees fit. He minds his own business, and gives the other fellow the same privilege. He is brother to them all, and his Love overleaps church and sect lines, and brushes away the confining bounds of the creeds. The Christian Science Church picks up all those who feel the actual need of a distinct church organization to support their New Thought leanings, and the New Thought crowd will not stand for another denomination built from its ranks. Mark my words—no church organization will succeed in the New Thought—there will be no successful New Thought Church! Many have attempted this organization, under different forms and names, but failure has been theirs and always will be theirs. The real New Thought work is being done *by* individuals, and *among* individuals. The real New Thought people are not “jiners” of any New Thought Church. They refuse to be herded together, branded with a name, and tied up with a creed. None of that for them! I have been asked a dozen times to help to establish a New Thought Church, or Temple. Did I?—Will I? Not much! I carry my little Church around with me—and I think everyone else should do the same, if they feel like it. Do I attend religious services? Yes, when I feel like it, and No, when I feel like staying home. I sometimes attend church services, any kind, Episcopalian, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Catholic, Quaker Meeting, any kind—they all look alike to me, and I get some good out of each and everyone of them. My favorite church is the woods; the mountains; the sea; or the desert. My favorite congregation is the birds in the trees, or the squirrels or woodchucks running around, or, on the other hand the sweep of a great crowd moving along over the thoroughfares of some great city. All these things mean “Life” to me—I feel that I am a part of the Universal Life, and I feel my pulses throb at the sight of the movement of great crowds, or of the quiet things in the woods—both forms of the great life. I like to hear the quiet noises, chatterings, and whisperings of the forest, and I like equally well to hear that great chorus of the City that is rising to my ears even while I am writing these lines. Do I attend religious services you ask—yes, I am attending them all the time. Could I afford to allow my soul to be bound by any petty New Thought Church creed, or tagged with the name of a sect? Not while I keep my present state of mind! All churches are mine, and yet I am not the property of any one of them. You may say that this is only my own opinion, and so it is, but I feel that I speak for the great body of New Thought people who want no New Thought Church or creed, and who like myself, even chafe at the term “New Thought” as being something like a tag or ticket. When the Soul awakes, it realizes that it is Free, and it needs no new set of confining bonds. New Thought Churches!—New Thought Creeds!—New Thought Sects!—get out with you, we have cast aside the swaddling cloths of infancy, and do not purpose again assuming anything of the sort, even though the proffered garments do bear the mark of some “authorized” New Thought seamstress. Back to the woods with your revamped schemes for building fences around us, to replace the ones we have kicked down long since. Whenever you see a New Thought body tacking the sign “Church” on its doors—whenever you see any of its teachers calling themselves “Bishop” or “Reverend,” or anything of that sort—look out! They are trying to lead you back to the tombs, and again enfold you in grave-clothes. The smell of the tomb is upon them—they are dead ones. At the cock-crow of morn they will disappear and again “go down below” like “the ghost of John J. Benjamin Christopher Bings” who was “let out for an hour or so,” to scare folks.

Stepping Stones.

Department of the I CAN AND I WILL Circle.

EDITED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

M. G. Y.—Mr. Atkinson has asked me to reply to your letter received some time ago, and which has been waiting its turn. I will tell you later why his turning it over to me is really his answer to your questions.

I read your letter at the time of its arrival with much interest and sympathy—sympathy for both you and your daughter. In my mind's eye I could see your family—your husband, your three boys, your one daughter to whom, I understand, you have given every advantage and for whom I clearly see all of your energies, mental and physical, have been brought into service. I read all of the long pages of your letter carefully, full as they were of your soul's complaint of your daughter, and shall I tell you what I think? Unless your words cover some moral degeneracy, some specific depravity on the part of your daughter, which you forbear to mention (which I do not at all understand to be the case), your charge against her is merely that she does not think as you do in spiritual matters; does not enjoy the books or magazines you wish her to read; does not confide her emotions or thoughts to you. You say that she is very popular and generally considered by people "the sweetest girl they ever met, so serviceable and good-hearted," and yet in your eyes you feel that this is a false estimate and you continually suffer because she "stubbornly" holds back from the paths you point out for her. You say:

"For some time I insisted so much for her to take up your teachings, that she did so by force and without any interest until about six months ago I got so desperate after having tried everything I knew, I resolved not to talk to her to see what effect it would have on her. Well, sir, in all that time she dropped the good reading, never said one word of apology nor sorrow for the pain she gives me. She is not saucy in any way and goes on in the same old way just as a good somebody who would have dealings with a cranky mother and would not mind her preaching."

My dear, my dear, how mistaken your methods seem to me! Do not think for a moment that I belittle the mother's love you feel or the beauty of your desire to see your daughter blossom and unfold to spiritual knowledge. But do you not see that you yourself are as "stubborn," in your way, as you think she is in hers? You want her not only to unfold but to unfold *in your way*! Perhaps that isn't the *best* way for her! Perhaps that isn't the *Infinite* way! And, at any rate, by forcing upon her any thought, any plan of life for which she is not ready, you push her farther and farther back from the good you wish her to reach. The *only* way to make one's philosophy of life beautiful to one's friends, one's family, one's neighbors, is by *living* it! Absolutely, this is the only way. Live, then, all the most sacred thoughts and ideals you hold. Rise up with them in the morning and lie down with them at night. Breathe them out, smile them out, *love* them out! And do not be sure yours is the *only* right way. There are so *many* right paths. If we could be granted a vision of the countless roads by which people are daily seeking and finding the truth—a bird's-eye view, as it were—we would see such interlaced journeyings, such crossings and recrossings, such touchings and partings, that our own path would be lost to our sight in the maze, and we would wonder that it ever seemed to lead anywhere. And, yet, it *does*! But so does our friend's path! And so does even our enemy's—if we are foolish enough to have an enemy. We have to keep our eyes on our own road and so we can't see to what goal is journeying that other traveler in the distance. He doesn't seem to be going our way and we cry to him to come over on the safe road. But he looks at us with equal commiseration, all unseeing of the windings of our pathway, and he shouts back that we'd better watch his signposts if we don't want to get lost. How foolish! If we'd only keep still and attend to our own course we'd find, before long, that the paths were running together—there might be some hills in his that aren't in ours, or, on the other hand, some green spots where ours were barren, but it would be all one in the end.

Your daughter is twenty-eight years old, a woman. This, it seems to me you forget. To you she is still a child to be directed, to be disciplined, to be guided,

to be commended or rebuked. But she is *not* a child. Nor have you any inalienable right to force her life into channels selected by you. At her age you had been married ten years, were a mother to four children, and would have somewhat wondered, I imagine, had any individual endeavored to shape your thoughts or actions after a model not accepted by you.

You say that when your daughter was a little girl you "began to preach in the easiest way" you knew. Why preach? It does no good. You can love away faults, but you can never preach them away. It is only through the *heart* that you can rouse a wish to understand what the soul has not yet recognized. The spiritual recognition will follow. If she were my naughty little daughter of eight or ten years old I would like to cuddle her in my arms, put out of speech the cause of inharmony, and just hold and love her. The barriers of stubbornness go down before a close affection.

Now that she is twenty-eight years old, and the "inharmony" of so many years' standing, it seems to me I would say to her: "My dear, I feel that in my love and my desire for your happiness I have made a mistake. I have found a secret of life that to me is beautiful and I wanted you to share it. I have been mistaken in forcing it upon you. Perhaps you, too, have such a secret. If not, it is coming to you, and it may be even better than mine. Seek it, dear, in your own way. I believe in the soul within you, in the future before you. Where I can help you, I shall be always standing ready, but I give you now freedom to seek your own!" That, it seems to me, is what I would say. Then I would take a new long look at my ideals, see how many more steps I had to take to even approach them, and put upon my own life the force I had been expending upon hers. Selfish, you think? Not at all. For the only power you have with your daughter, or with anyone else, for that matter, is the power of your developed self. Words are idle; precepts are useless; *Being* is all.

For your daughter, I feel that she needs plenty of young, happy, care-free friends. She ought to be married and in a home of her own, learning life's lessons at *first hand*, and getting discipline and character through experience. If she should come to love any honest, pure man, whatever his condition or circumstances, I would in your place welcome the event. Give her all the joy you can—and in the meantime don't bear *her* responsibilities. I have rather an impression that you have saved her hard work by doing it yourself. Don't! If she wants to go to a picnic, let her bake her own cakes. That'll do for an example; but follow it up in both little and big things. Help her, cheerfully and uncomplainingly, but let her shoulders carry her own load.

Now, I do not want you to understand that I find flaws in your ideals of truth, serenity, peace, justice. I only feel that you must let your daughter learn their beauty in her own way. Give her freedom, give her love, she will come into her own.

I should like to know you, but as I am an opinionated individual myself, as Mr. Atkinson would tell you, no doubt you'd be quoting my own words back at me in no time and telling me what Mr. Atkinson tells us all this month in the Chips from the Old Block, to "Mind our own business." For I need to be told this rather often, my practice not being quite as good as my theory. But we'd be good friends, anyway, I'm sure.

And I would like to know your daughter and I am sure I would find in her many lovely traits. When I found any that weren't, I know she'd laugh and point her finger at me and say, "You've got it too," for no doubt I have.

So, then, my love to both of you! For you I wish all serenity and peace and the beauty of mind and soul you love so much; for her I wish all innocent joys—pleasant companionship, happy thoughts and a growing knowledge of her own inner powers and responsibilities. These, I believe, she will learn *through happiness*.

About the last part of your letter—as to whether you have a right to leave your family—it would seem to me most clearly that your roots are fastened there, and that the blossom of your life should find its perfection among those with whom you have lived and worked so long. We are all often tempted to seek other fields of effort than the trodden ones of our daily life, but it is a little like shirking. If there is in us a power which the world needs, it is needed right at home as *ke* ly as elsewhere. It seems somewhat ignoble to turn from an uncompleted or irksome task, seeking an *easy* way of service. Use your New Thought, decide your own problems, but if you *ask* me I shall say "Stay!"

Mr. Atkinson holds that "Mind your own business" is the cardinal principle of New Thought. Therefore, he hesitated to answer your letter, hence his hesitation was an eloquent sermon on the attitude he feels you should assume toward your daughter, and is really the best answer, in the fewest words, which could possibly be given.

The Occult

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THE PUBLISHER'S TALK.

It's vacation time at our office. Mr. Atkinson, like James Whitcomb Riley, has "come back home where his beau is at"; but Miss Wells is just leaving us for a few weeks' rest in Northern Michigan. You will notice, too, that we only have one article from Mr. Berry this month. His "Physical Life" articles will be resumed, however, with the November issue, which will contain a talk on "Insomnia."

We'll be rather glad when the fall work sets in, and we get all our chickens back on the home roost. Miss Wells hints darkly at the "doings" there will be when she gets home again, so we're rather expecting to hear the wheels of business go round with an even louder hum than usual. There are busy moments during the year, when Miss Wells takes a long breath, looks out of the window over the smoky roofs with a faraway look in her eyes, and we know she is having a brief vision of "vacation time" and happy idling under the trees and beside the waters. But when the hour really arrives, she casts a yearning glance at her closed desk, views the mail-baskets with a reluctant sigh, tosses a few hasty words of direction hither and yon, and goes to her vacation "like a galley-slave scourged to his dungeon." And while she lies under the pines, and strolls in the woods, rows on the shady river or clambers rocks, all with a joyous heart, yet down deep under all she is listening to the call of the busy office, her brain is spinning out endless plans for fresh activities and she clamors for the fray. So we know she'll not be long away, and her return will mean new ideas which will be sure to interest or benefit us all.

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