

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.

Wake up! You have been asleep long enough—open your eyes and rouse yourself.

Open your eyes to the opportunities lying around you asking to be made use of.

Don't talk about not being given a chance. There are chances enough for the one who looks for them. But one must have his eyes open before he can see them. Why don't you open *yours*?

Stop dreaming, and get down to business. The world is waiting for you to do things, and is willing to pay you for your trouble.

There are but few people in the world able to do things—that is, sufficiently wide awake to see that the things need doing. Many may have the ability to do—but they won't get wide enough awake.

You have been dozing and dreaming—now is the time to convert these dreams into realities. Make them come true—you can if you *will*.

There are many things to be done, and some of them can be done by no one so well as yourself. The first thing to be done is to open your eyes and see the things—the next thing to be done is to do them. But your eyes must be wide-open first.

If you don't see what you want ask for it. And the best way to ask is to do the thing that lies before you, better than it ever has been done before, and your request for something better will be heard plainly.

If you have an ideal work, you will not reach it by continuing your doze. Dreams are all right, but to be worth anything they must be put into action. The time has now come for you to do this—this means *You*.

Wake up, and take an interest in your work. And while you are working, great thoughts will come to you, and you will find yourself moving steadily toward your ideal.

The world is full of half-awake people, who cannot see things that are crying to be well done—that are lying around waiting to be picked up. Don't be one of these sleep-walkers. Get awake—wide awake—and commence to-day to do the things that you have been dreaming about so long. Wake up!

What is "The New Thought?"

(FIRST PAPER.)

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.



The publishers of this magazine have asked me to write for it a series of articles in which I would endeavor to explain in simple terms the fundamental principles of what has been called "The New Thought." They say that there is a great demand for information along these lines, as many who are interested in the subject seem to feel that while many New Thought writers are telling about the more advanced phases of the subject, the beginner, or the "outsider" is left to find out for himself, as best

he can, the underlying principles of what so many have adopted as a rule of conduct—a philosophy of life.

The publishers have asked me to imagine that some one in whom I took a great interest, but who knew absolutely nothing of the subject, was asking me, in person, the question: "What is the New Thought?"

My first answer to the request was the statement that New Thought could not be reduced to an exact science—that it was a thing that had to be grown into, and that much of the light that reached the average New Thought person came to him from within, or rather, from something within playing upon the things without, the experience thus gained being stored away in the mind of the observer as a part of his New Thought Philosophy. I also told them that the higher aspect of the New Thought belonged to the spiritual plane of life, and could not easily be expressed in the terms of the lower planes.

But this answer did not prove satisfactory to the publishers. They took the position that even though I had expressed the matter correctly, there still *must* be a starting point for the beginner, and that I should be in a position to write something in the nature of a New Thought Primer.

I then stated that one's idea of New Thought necessarily must be that which had come to him in the way of experience, and must depend upon the particular development of that person. And, that this being so, it would follow that all that it would be possible for me to do would be to state my particular conception of New Thought, which would be merely the result of my experience tempered by my particular temperament, mental characteristics, and point of view. To this they replied that they were willing to admit this, and that all they asked for was a statement of my particular views of fundamental New Thought philosophy. I couldn't think of any further excuse to offer, and so it seems that I am to embark

upon an undertaking from which I would have much preferred to be excused—the doing of that which I frequently have said I would never attempt—the statement of fundamental principles of New Thought in cut and dried form.

There is something about New Thought that will not lend itself readily to analysis—that rebels at being labeled, classified, ticketed, and placed upon exhibition. This something even refuses to be defined positively—although many have attempted it. The reason for this is that New Thought is not a creed or sect, or something which may be confined and kept within bounds. The moment that anyone attempts to put a fence around it, it proceeds to jump over that fence, or possibly kicks it down. Many New Thought people, having investigated certain phases of it, and believing that what they had discovered was the “whole thing,” have attempted to form New Thought churches, or sects, or cults, but from the very nature of things these undertakings have been failures from the start—and always will be so. The New Thought is too great a thing to be defined, or “churched.” It will not submit to rules, stated principles or fences. Its life depends upon freedom of thought, expression, and experience, and when any bit of it is carefully set aside, placed on exhibition and “cultivated”, it begins to wither and die. It is as if one were to try to secure the *life* of a rose by picking the flower and placing it in a vase filled with water. The same principle applies in both cases.

New Thought is a live thing, and its form is constantly changing. It is putting forth roots here, and branches there—bearing a flower here, a bud there, and a leaf in another place. And root, branch, flower and leaf, while all a part of the whole thing—all a manifestation of the expression of its life—are not the life itself. And so, I do not purpose plucking either leaf or flower, root or branch and exhibiting it to you. I prefer to stand off and view the entire plant and try to tell you what I see.

First of all I shall not attempt to tell you the history of New Thought, or to entertain you with a recital of the many claims to priority in the use of the term: “New Thought.” I do not care anything about its history, or the dispute as to who gave it its name. These things are past and gone, and our attention is far better occupied with a consideration of the live growing thing before us. As a matter of fact, the roots of New Thought extend far away in the dim past, and the so-called *new* thought is an offshoot of the oldest thought in the world. As for the name, it is a mis-nomer, at the best, and although it has served its purpose it undoubtedly will fall into disuse and in time will be forgotten. But while this may be so, the thing for which it once was used as a name, will wax stronger and stronger, and will take many forms and shapes and names. It is doing so even now.

In all ages there have been mystics and occultists who held that much

of what is now called New Thought was true. The fragments of the writings and teachings of these people have come down to us through the ages, and are recognized as one with the modern teachings by all who have taken the pains to investigate the matter. But while the more advanced mystics and occultists knew that these truths were real and living things, their followers (that is, the majority of them) considered the teachings merely as intellectual exercise, or as statements of something that men might possibly work into in time to come. Many schools of occultists seem to be in this state to-day. They tell of the powers of the mind, and of things before the race that may be attained "after æons and æons." But modern New Thought (with the practical view characteristic of the age) has insisted that the teachings to be worthy of thought and attention must be good for the present—now, right here, and not some time bye-and-bye in some other form of existence. In this insistence of the immediate application of the principles, lies the great distinction between these modern mystics and their older brothers. This is a time of the Now.

Some bold thinker—or actor—(I have no idea of his or her name) was born with a greater amount of faith than that possessed by the average man or woman. He absorbed the ancient teachings, and actually had faith enough to take them for granted and as worthy of being put into practice right now. (We will call the person "he," although most likely it was "she," for women often intuitively grasp a good thing, while the men stand around arguing about it—the woman's "because" is a better reason, in many cases than the man's "therefore"). He also had courage enough to act upon the promptings of his faith. And lo! a miracle occurred—the teachings worked! And then others took up the idea, and so the modern New Thought began to grow.

Of course people were ready for this thing. In the mental and spiritual evolution of the race, the time had come when people were ready for both the teaching and the practical application of it. Let any of us look back twenty years, and notice how different was the attitude of the general public to the things which we now group under the title of "New Thought." Then one was looked upon as either crazy or "cranky" who dared speak of these things, while to-day the daily papers are full of it—the pulpit has stolen its thunder—the man on the street is full of New Thought, although he never may have heard of the name. Optimism has replaced Pessimism—the power of the mind is recognized—"thoughts are things" is a statement now often taken as a matter of course. And this not alone because of the New Thought teachings, so much as from the fact that the race has reached a certain stage in its evolution. The Orientals have a saying "When the pupil is ready the master appears," and so when the race became ready for this modern presentation of the old teachings—when the many were ready to receive that which hereto-

fore had been reserved for the few—the teaching and the teachers were ready to hand.

The New Thought may be divided into three general branches, or rather phases *i. e.* (1) The Physical; (2) The Mental; (3) The Spiritual. Of course, these three really are parts of the one thing, and are not separate or distinct from each other. We make the rough classification merely for convenience in handling the subject. And it will be found that the people who form a part of the New Thought movement, have entered its folds by one of the three gates mentioned. Some have been attracted by the fact that physical ailments might be relieved and cured by the power of the mind; others have been attracted by the fact that the proper mental attitude would bring them happiness and prosperity; the third class have been attracted because the New Thought philosophy offered them something that would satisfy their spiritual hunger—that was as a cup of cold water to quench the thirst that was consuming the soul. All of these people found, to a greater or lesser degree, that for which they sought. And after they had found it, they usually investigated the other phases of the subject, and found a new world opening out before them.

Talk to some New Thought people, and they will tell you all about the wonderful cures of physical ailments that have been effected by the power of thought, in one of its many forms of application. Talk to another, and you will be told how New Thought has helped people in business and everyday life, and how the Law of Attraction brings things to him who confidently expects them. Talk to a third, and he will tell you how much light he has received upon spiritual things, through the New Thought—how the new teachings have made plain so much that was heretofore dark and beyond comprehension. And so it goes. Each one tells a different tale, and each calls his particular experience “New Thought”, and is apt to think that his particular corner of the truth is indeed the “whole thing.” I often have heard people saying of the teachings of others: “Why *that* is not New Thought”, simply because the teacher had touched some phase of the subject new to the listener. But it was just as much New Thought as that which seemed so to the complaining person.

This apparent difference of opinion is like the Oriental story of the five blind men who, wandering along, came across an elephant. They examined the beast, as best they could, and a little further along the way they began to discuss it. One (who had felt its leg) said: “It is like a tree.” The second (who had felt its trunk) said, “Nonsense, it is like a great snake.” The third (who had felt its stomach) said: “Why, what are you talking about, it is nothing but the top of a cave.” The fourth (who had taken hold of a tusk) said: “Crazy men, it is a great spear.” And the last man (who had grasped its tail) said: “You men must be dream-

ing, it is nothing but a rope." And so they fell to wrangling and fighting about what they had seen (or rather felt). And many New Thought people are making the same great mistake—they are describing their own experiences and insisting that there is nothing else to New Thought.

In my next article I will take up the side of New Thought that concerns itself with the physical body, and the cures of physical ailments. I will not attempt to tell how to treat disease, but will give only a general idea of the underlying principles, showing that there is one great principle of cure underlying the cures and treatments of the varying schools. In later papers I will take up the other phases of the subject. This series will take time and space, and if you think that I am wasting both, all you have to do is to scold the publishers—it is not my fault, I assure you.

There will be more or less of my personal experience, experiments, and observations in this series of articles, for I think it better to tell what I have seen in my own case and that of others, than to spin theories, or to attempt to found a new philosophy. There will be no attempt at fine writing—this New Thought will have the bark left on. And I will not try to fly away up in the clouds—I will remember that my feet are on the ground. Now that I have begun this series of articles, I believe that I am going to like the work—which goes to show that the publishers know me better than I know myself.

The Freedom of The Soul.

BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

Have you heard the wind wake in the morning,
Stir in the trees and rush out in the sun?
Have you heard work call when the dew was still drying
And the heart of you leaped, with the wind to be one?—
You and the wind to flee out in the open;
You and the blown grass to dream in the sun;
You and the birds in a wonderful leisure,
Nothing to finish and nothing begun.

Do you know that the beautiful soul of you,
From fetter and burden can shake itself free?
Do you know, that the body forgetting,
It may leap to all heights and all visions may see?—
Free as the wind to seek the high places;
Free as the sun to escape the dark way;
Free as the birds to mount the blue heavens,
Aspiring, enraptured, song-laden as they.

How Thought Force is Generated in The Body.

BY EVA KINNEY MILLER.

There are three ways in which the beneficent, stimulating and healing Thought Force may be generated in the body.

It can be generated at will by the concentration of the mind. Retiring into a quiet place, resting in an easy position, with every muscle relaxed, close the eyes, and shutting out the world of sense as much as possible from your thought, fix the mind on that part of the brain which is the seat of the intellect and repeat slowly and firmly: "I am generating Thought Force in my brain for use in refreshing, healing and the building up of my body."

Or if the Thought Force is needed for business purposes or to make one strong for some specific task or trial say: "I am generating Thought Force in my brain to use in making me strong for this task or trial which is before me. It *will* make me strong. My brain will be alert and active and my nerves will be steady and calm," etc.

To spend ten minutes in generating Thought Force before you begin any treatment for healing or any work in which you need power will be found helpful and will make hard work surprisingly easy.

But there are other ways, also, in which Thought Force is generated in the body. The mind is composed of two great powers or forces known as Imagination and Will. The former, as a general thing, is stronger in women, the latter in men. These two forces have a strong attraction for each other and are always meeting at some point to accomplish the purpose of the brain. This meeting point is Concentration.

But the Imagination has a peculiar quality of its own when the Will is dormant or inactive, of receiving impressions both from the inner and from the outside world.

The mind is then said to be passive, and when the mind is in the passive state, it absorbs Thought Force from the infinite supply that is all about us and in and through all things.

Thus it is, that ordinarily our thought power is highest in the morning after a good night's sleep, because during sleep the mind is in the passive state and absorbs thought force from the infinite supply.

The business man who breaks down with nervous prostration is sent to the seashore. The monotony of the recurring waves and the absence of care lulls his mind into the passive state and it begins at once to absorb the refreshing and life-giving Thought Force. But this effect might be greatly increased if he frequently and regularly repeated to himself with meaning the auto-suggestion: "I am absorbing the stimulating and inspiring Thought Force from the infinite supply around me and I shall go back to my work, rested, refreshed and healed."

The third way in which Thought Force is generated or increased in the body, is by *using what we have*.

Activity is the law of our mental and spiritual nature as it is of the physical, and "to him that hath shall be given and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath," is as true of the invisible forces of our life as it is of our possessions.

The arm loses its muscular power and withers away if left to hang useless by the side, but grows to massive proportions and marvelous strength when used to wield the hammer upon the anvil day after day. So the man that uses the Thought Force he has generated or absorbed, in concentration upon definite purpose or practical work will find his mental power increasing without conscious effort on his part.

The question may then be asked:—But if thought force increases by use, why is it that men break down in business from the effect of too much concentration of mind upon the work they have in hand? Because they give neither body nor mind a chance to relax and get into that passive state in which alone Thought force may be generated or absorbed.

I once heard a brilliant scientist give this beautiful sentiment in a lecture on scientific subjects: "He who would woo from Nature her secrets must first surrender to Nature's laws."

Thought Force, like Electricity, has its laws, one of which is that body and mind must be in the passive state in order that new supply of Thought Force may be generated or absorbed to take the place of that used.

If a scientist should attempt to work with electricity without conforming to the law that "Electricity always follows the best conductor," we should expect him to meet with failure or disaster. What else can we expect of the man who uses up his vitality in business and paying no attention to the laws which govern the vital forces of the body, rushes to the doctor to get a dose that will fill him up with some kind of liquid vitality?

Responsibility.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Our thoughts are shaping unmade spheres,
And, like a blessing or a curse,
They thunder down the formless years,
And ring throughout the universe.

The Temple Within.

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.



The divine self is constantly weaving at the drapery which clothes it. The personality is the texture which indicates the nature of our thoughts, our ideals and aspirations. If we have lived all our days in bondage to the objective senses, to animality and selfishness, the story of our life will be depicted in the coarseness of our features, showing our imperfections and deficiencies.

If we have gained mastery over the grosser material instincts, the cheerful countenance, the symmetrical elegance, the manly dignity and nobility of poise will reveal our virtues and goodness. The ambitions, the strivings, the hopes and loves are truthfully written in the hand, the face, the eye, and in every curve and line of the physical form. While we do not see with our natural eyes the ideas, the intellect, the dreams that build the inner world of memory and thought, we know that the ideal is enthroned in the heart and mind. If we know the good in ourselves we will recognize the good around us. If we cherish love, justice, truth, beauty, these virtues within us will move kindred hearts to renewed aspirations. He who looks only for the good in others will find the good in everything, his life will radiate joy and be a perpetual benediction. Let us possess the enthusiasm which makes us glad, the earnestness of purpose which breathes life into things and gives power. Let us bring the ideal into our daily activities, compel it to vibrate in every thought, to blend with every act, with every joy and care.

When we look at the things around us we do not see the things themselves, but only their image mirrored in the eye. When we hear a sound we think of its source as being at some distant point. The sound is not in space, but only a vibration striking the ear. If we close our eyes the forms vanish; if we stop our ears there is silence. When we cease to see with our natural eyes, we still behold in the mind the memories and pictures of past visions. By a process more difficult, but as natural as the closing of the eyes or ears we may silence thought and memory and enter the subjective state of consciousness. We may pass into this state through the gateway of sleep. But it is possible to assume an attitude of repose that will enable us to voluntarily silence the senses and enter the sanctuary where the human consciousness becomes merged with the Divine Mind. It is then that we gather power and inspiration from the Infinite Source. We feel our oneness with the Absolute, and returning again to the consciousness of the personality, with its knowledge of the world, its material attachments and duties, we bring to the senses a serenity and exaltation, with enlightenment and understanding.

He who frequents the sanctuary and in the silence holds communion with the Divine, will be given strength to meet bravely the human trials and experiences and obtain freedom from disturbing thoughts and uncertainties. So long as we look to externals for relief from weakness and pain, so long as we seek support, consolation and strength from persons and things, there will be disappointment and suffering. Wisdom and strength come only by cherishing the sacred flame that ascends from the inmost sanctuary where the divine and human blend. The divine self is enthroned deep in the consciousness of every life. This is the mystical temple wherein the troubled mind finds peace. Against its outer walls the disturbing elements of human strife beat vainly. To this sanctuary come those who have suffered. In the peaceful silence they have visions of the divine life and the ideal humanity.

The secret of all things is revealed from within. The shuttle that weaves, the power that builds, is unseen. The human mind, groping along life's dark paths, discouraged by mistakes and failures, intuitively turns for guidance to a superior power. The light of the divine self illumines the way to a higher goal. All moral power, all true beauty and joy, everything that gives courage and lofty aims and faith in a glorious future comes from the hidden source of man's being. Unlimited forces vibrate within, struggling toward the surface, endeavoring to express the mind's hidden genius.

We should never speak of this I without thinking of that inner self which unites our limited consciousness to the All Consciousness. The inner self does not need to be trained. It acts spontaneously. The material mind is what we need to train, that it may awaken from its dream of bondage.

Ensphere yourself with the thought, "I am one with Infinite Life. I now unfetter the bonds that have held me in hypnotic servitude to the world's erroneous beliefs and customs. I breathe the divine atmosphere and feel the quickenings of the cause life. I respond to the radiations which vibrate from the Universal Source."

Frequent concentration on these and similar thoughts will permit the higher self to assert its mastery. You will pass through the gate of bondage out into the boundless realm of truth and deliverance.

Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion which belongs to it, in appropriate events.—Emerson.

To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slights the circumstance.—Emerson.

Clothe the Idea in Substance.

BY NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

There is but one substance. Creation is Idea. Manifestation is the garment of the Idea. Manifestation is a vibration of the one Substance.

Creation has ever existed. Through the desire for expression it has clothed itself in manifestation. The one Substance awaits the coming of the Idea that it may be awakened into consciousness.

If the Idea remains unclothed it is useless to either God or Man. The clothing is your own expression of Self. It is the Universal—One—Substance individualized. God's Idea must be embodied in individualization.

A picture, a statue, or any work of art exists first in the Over-Soul, then in the individual consciousness of the artist. Ultimately, it is unfolded or expressed in the picture or statue. If the idea is formed in the mind and left there unclothed with substance it is an aborted birth. It is something like a lost opportunity; the idea remains undestroyed, but it is useless for either the artist or for another soul who may be seeking to enjoy life and its manifestations.

The Original or Universal Idea can never be lost. It may, through not having been expressed, spend many years in wandering back and forth through the mazes of ignorance, but it finally learns its lesson. And, when it does, it comes to the full perception of its ignorance; it has a glimpse of knowledge and declares: "I will arise and go to my Father's house!"

It becomes divinely active—and even tho' when afar off, the returning prodigal is greeted by that which eternally awaits the coming of the soul—Everlasting Consciousness! The divine principle is then recognized in the all-powerful individual.

This struggle of the unfolding Idea is the growth of immortality. Through this struggle it clothes itself; the taking on of this growth is often a painful process. It is very like the growing pains of childhood. But as the soul becomes more and more conscious of its power to BE, it gradually outgrows these sufferings.

The oftener idea is expressed the more masterful becomes the individual. Until finally "saw-dust-doll-babies" are put away, and the individual is Master.

He then demands, not only good for himself, but that Good shall come to the Universe. Not only Good wrapped in inharmonious conditions, but that positive Good, which is unmistakable. It has been necessary that we recognize Good or God in everything, but we have arrived at that stage of unfoldment where we may demand that God come to us in all his shining glory!

While it is true that in the ultimate, God is in every phase of mani-

festation, at the centre of every cause, yet it is also true that Man being the highest expression of the perfect Idea, has the right to clothe his idea in the most perfect form of the Universal Substance.

It requires both Idea and Substance to bring forth a perfect manifestation. Many ideas may be formed in the mind and great heights may be reached through ideal concepts, but unless they be accepted as true and clothed intelligently they may as well not have been conceived. Power enlarges under the weight of embodied thought.

Faith in one's ideas must be as infinite as the Infinite power in which we place our faith. Faith is the substance in which all ideas are clothed. Faith and substance are inseparable. There is nothing meaningless in the Universe. Faith and substance are to be used for the good of the Universe.

Neither sorrow, sickness nor poverty can have any fatal hold upon life. Positive suffering is better than negative pleasure. The only lesson to be learned from these suggestions is do not hesitate to clothe your idea in manifested substance. Here are some practical affirmations about clothing the Idea:

I AM Idea clothed in the Light of the Sun!

I AM Idea clothed in perfect intelligence!

I AM Idea clothed in perfect thought, feeling and motion!

I AM Idea clothed in perfect form, word, deed and action!

I AM Idea clothed in a perfect visible Temple!

I AM Idea clothed in perfect love, charity and consciousness!

New Thought, Which Is Old Thought.

“Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.”

—*Philippians iv:8.*

The Lining Department.

BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

Aunt Maria gave me my text. You don't know Aunt Maria. But I do. She is always giving me texts—never meaning to, gentle soul, but just dropping her seeds all unaware into the furrows where thoughts sprout, and lo! in a moment there is a text all ready and waiting. No, not waiting at all, but clamoring to be gathered.

So when Aunt Maria rose, and smoothing her well proportioned waist, said with finality and a laudable attempt at imparting wisdom to her niece: "I may allow the dressmaker to select my material, my dear, but I *always* choose my linings!" a text took root at once. I hadn't watched Aunt Maria's black silk skirts around the corner before it was all ready to blossom and bear fruit. For, said I to myself (like the little old lady in Mother Goose): "We *can* choose our own linings, can't we? And I wonder why we don't always insist on the best"?

And I immediately fell to thinking of all the misfit lives, full of wrinkles and lumps, and hooks and eyes (matrimonial) always unhooked, pockets with holes letting out all the good things, and seams always bursting open and proving disappointing. (For that's what usually happens to the "seems" of life, when we put too big a strain on them. We have to be pretty sure of the good solid Underneath—the lining—before we dare to give them any sharp jerks in the hurry of getting ourselves ready for an emergency.)

Suddenly I pulled myself up very short, for I had fallen to dwelling on all manner of disagreeable things, which is not new thought at all, but very old, worn-out, incompetent, harmful, pernicious thought. So I began to choose my lining, and it was astonishing how soon I saw life as a harmonious whole! needing in the misfit cases but a little judicious smoothing here, a little coaxing of refractory hooks and eyes there, a few more well placed stitches in the "seems" to hold them fast and make them substantial. What a change! And it isn't hard, after all. We all have what seem to be trials, the clouds come and hover over us and all our sunshine fails to drive them away. Well, then, what to do? Turn them over and look at the lining—but *choose* your lining.

Let me give you a practical illustration. It amused and helped me and I think it may amuse and help you. I have a friend who has a friend whose business in life is the correction of deformities and physical defects by a special system of physical culture. She has an office of her own and a growing clientele and does an immense amount of good in an unassuming way, for her sunny manner and cheery personality shine up into life and bring any dormant thoughts of good which come within her radiance. Her's isn't an easy profession. Every caller bears a

cross, and you know yourself how often queer twists in the temper seem to go with queer twists in the body. I say "Seem" because when you tear the "Seem" open, often you're surprised to find a most beautiful straight soul beneath and to realize that the twist lies in you. Well, be that as it may, an endless chain of burden bearers pass in and out of her office and her life; and she helps and strengthens and straightens and labors and gives of herself right and left. And they're cross and fretful and unreasonable, until sometimes even her patience gives way. She forgets the Voice Within and wants to be just a voice without and a very talk-back-ative voice at that.

And a most ingenious way she has taken of overcoming that!

"You see," she says with a whimsical smile, "there are times when I just simply *can't* think I'm enjoying myself. In fact, if I didn't hunt the right kind of a lining quick, I'd be smothered with blackness. And I've figured it out like this: I keep three bank accounts." ("That they should sound so big!" cried she in dimpling parenthesis, "when they *look* so small!") "Well, into No. 1 of these accounts goes the money I intend to use for office expenses, clothes, the cost of living, etc. Into No. 2 goes the portion I am pledged to myself to save monthly; and as to No. 3—" ("Glorious No. 3!"—another parenthesis and more dimples)—"I use that to gratify all my pet longings, my most unattainable desires, to buy the things I want and want for myself and others, and say to myself I can't possibly afford. I call it my 'Disagreeable' bank account, and I'll tell you why. When I have—oh, *such* a cross patient, who says sharp, bitter things to me and complains and frets and gets on my nerves—(not just the ordinary cross kind. I don't mind them, poor patient souls)—I just say under my breath: 'Well, now, I know what I'll do with you! I'll put you in my 'Disagreeable Bank Account.' And as I gently stretch this muscle or manipulate that, and my Disagreeable patient scolds and storms and bites me, as it were, with her bitter tongue, I say way down in my heart: '*Never mind!* You're sending mother across the lake for a day. Have patience! That bought the book I couldn't afford. You dear, generous thing, you don't dream what good times you're going to give me.' Why, it's the easiest thing in the world to smile and be nice when I realize what pleasure she is storing up for me. Now, isn't that fine? I never use a cent of that money for anything but the unattainables."

You see, it's Aunt Maria's rule. Accept the materials that are given you, but choose your own linings. I think our little Disagreeable Bank Account friend has found a clever way to twist her burdens into blessings.

One of the I CAN AND I WILL CIRCLE wrote me the other day that whenever anything disagreeable happened, she twisted and twisted and turned and re-turned it until she could see something pleasant—and

she never gave up until she found it. "Sometimes," she wrote, "it seems very hard, but if I persevere I find it at last." Choosing her own lining, you see!

We all have our weak times, you know, when things try and fret and disappoint us. Why not make a list of your "Unattainables?"—the simple ones; the half day in the woods, or the new book, or the day out of town, or merely a call on a certain dear friend who is being almost crowded out of your life by the many claims upon your time. Call it your Lining Department List and carry it in your mind, and when the next Disagreeable comes along and you've wrestled with it until you begin to fear an overthrow, rush for safety to your list and say: "Never mind! I know what I'll do with you, I'll put you in the Lining Department!"—"Very well, that gives me the fireside chat in the dusk tonight, I've wanted so long and couldn't find time for."—"No, you don't matter at all, for here goes a quarter toward my next book."

Do you see? It's real fun, when you learn how. Choose your lining.

Practical Mental Science.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Professor William James, the well-known teacher of, and writer upon Psychology, very truly says:

"The great thing in all education is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and as carefully guard against growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous. In the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to launch ourselves with as strong and decided initiative as possible. Never suffer an exception to occur until the new habit is securely rooted in your life. Seize the very first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain."

This advice is along the lines familiar to all students of Mental Science, but it states the matter more plainly than the majority of us have done. It impresses upon us the importance of passing on to the subconscious mind the proper impulses, so that they will become automatic and "second nature." Our subconscious mentality is a great store house for all sorts of suggestions from ourselves and others, and, as it is the "habit-mind," we must be careful to send it the proper material from which it may make habits. If we get into the habit of doing certain things, we may be sure that the subconscious mentality will make it easier for us to do just the same thing over and over again, easier each time, until finally we are firmly bound with the ropes and chains of the habit, and find it

more or less difficult, sometimes almost impossible, to free ourselves from the hateful thing.

We should cultivate good habits against the hour of need. The time will come when we will be required to put forth our best efforts, and it rests with us to-day whether that hour of need shall find us doing the proper thing automatically and almost without thought, or struggling to do it bound down and hindered with the chains of things opposed to that which we desire at that moment.

We must be on guard at all times to prevent the forming of undesirable habits. There may be no special harm in doing a certain thing to-day, or perhaps again to-morrow, but there may be much harm in setting up the habit of doing that particular thing. If you are confronted with the question: "Which of these two things should I do," the best answer is: "I will do that which I would like to become a habit with me."

In forming a new habit, or in breaking an old one, we should throw ourselves into the task with as much enthusiasm as possible, in order to gain as much ground as possible before the energy expends itself when it meets with friction from the opposing habits already formed. We should start in by making as strong an impression as possible upon the subconscious mentality.

Then we should be constantly on guard against temptations to break the new resolution "just this once." This "just once" idea kills off more good resolutions than any other one cause. The moment you yield "just this once" you introduce the thin edge of the wedge that will, in the end, split your resolution into pieces.

And equally important, is the fact that every time you resist temptation, the stronger does your resolution become. Act upon your resolution as early and as often as possible, as each time you manifest your thought in action the stronger does it become. You are adding to the strength of your original resolution, every time to back it up with action.

The mind has been likened to a piece of paper that has been folded. Ever afterwards it has a tendency to fold in the same crease, unless we make a new crease or fold, when it will follow the last lines. And the creases are habits—every time we make one it is that much easier for the mind to fold along the same crease afterward. Let us make our mental creases in the right direction.

I shall devote a page or two each month to this subject of "Practical Mental Science." I hope to give you a few hints which will be of use to you. These facts are not new, but we are apt to forget them in the rush of everyday life, and it does us good to be reminded of them. These articles will be plain and practical, and will not indulge in any particular theory regarding mind, or what lies behind mind, but will take up

the accepted facts and principles of the new psychology, and endeavor to place them before you in simple form.

It will take me a little time to get well into the subject, but I hope that you will take the time to read the articles of the series, and, what is far more important, endeavor to put them into practical use. We have had much theory of late, and I think it about time we should return to a consideration of the facts from which all theories are obtained. So let us get to work on our review lesson—"Practical Mental Science."

Song of Silence.

BY ISABEL RICHEY.

Like ribald voices clamoring aloud
While some great master plays with magic power,
The untrained senses eagerly devour
The songs with which the Silence is endowed.

Away With Discontent.

BY FELICIA BLAKE.



There are always new and unlooked-for conditions confronting everyone; coming from unexpected directions and bringing a certain amount of influence upon the surface life.

Of course it is possible to have those conditions affect only the surface life—we all know that—if we keep anchored to something deeper. But what a time many persons have with their conditions!

Those people are like a lot of corks bobbing about on a rough sea. Sometimes they are on a high wave of pleasure, catching the sunshine and the fresh air, bounding up to success; sometimes they are in a trough of darkness, only the clouds are seen, and the big waves of conditions that seem ready to fall and crush the mites beneath.

And—the lighter the cork the more easily it is buffeted by the waves, the more easily dislodged from its position, or moved from its course by any adverse wind or ripple.

"Luck is all against me!" sighs the poor little feathery thing, yielding to every ebb and flow of circumstance, the only weight it is carrying being the false one of discontent.

Perhaps few persons are anchored securely enough to be entirely superior to all adverse waves, but many have a true weight, a poise that

it takes much to affect. Yet it may be that nearly all will at times be touched by a bit of discontent.

Somebody said discontent was good; that nothing could be achieved without it; that "discontent with conditions as they are," is the spur that goads to effort for improvement. Perhaps he meant well, perhaps he meant just what we all mean, but I should not call the motive power so unpleasant a name. There is, of course, a discontent that spurs to action, but there certainly is action that goes hand in hand with content.

Away with discontent, discontent that is unqualifiedly undesirable. It is as insidious as the Serpent in Eden. It begins with little suggestions, so small they are hardly recognized, but where does it end?

"But I have cause to be unhappy," I hear a dozen voices say, (perhaps it is more than a dozen).

Granted, the cause is often there undoubtedly, but is there as much cause as you think and when is the cause there? Which means; what attitude do you take toward the whole circumstance, when do you live your unhappiness, and are you discontented *only* during the time of its occurrence?

That time, measured by the clock, may be but a few minutes or a few hours. That passes quickly. But the unexpected and unusual annoyance memory takes up and carries on over days and weeks of time, losing little, if anything, by repetition; while the annoyances that in many lives may be considered "expected and usual," are grasped by anticipation and made real long before their occurrence.

To live unpleasant circumstances long in advance of their happening, and longer after, seems to be an unnecessary indulgence in discontent.

By far the greater part of unhappiness and worry is what comes "before and after." Often it is not that things are disagreeable now but that you fear they will be some time, or you remember when they have been.

We shall not have far to look for the woman—and man too—who worries and troubles over something that caused regret or annoyance a while ago; the one who will not let the thing die and be decently forgotten but insists upon keeping life in it by the forced and artificial respiration of repetition.

No farther away is the other person, (it may be the same one) who keeps creating some discomfort for future use. He may fail (and often does) in his attempt, but during the process he is as uncomfortable as if his spectre really lived.

If the mind is cleared of clouds of unpleasant memories and sad forebodings there is little time spent in discontent. It means much to value the good of the hour—the good of the hour. You can see it if you will clear away the fog; "Let a little sunshine in."

Don't keep looking for something good "tomorrow;" tomorrow will

slip in today and on into yesterday and be lost: that and many tomorrows carrying with them the good you seek.

Take the good of the hour and away with discontent! Away with the discontent that passes over the reality of "now" and reaches for the mirage of "some other time;" and away with the discontent that wails over the happenings of yesterday and sighs because of what may be tomorrow!

There are no woes from Heaven sent
For us to bear with sighs and tears;
And with imagined fears augment
Our discontent.

Our burdens are what we invent;
For should we find a passing grief—
Then let it pass! Relief is meant
For discontent.

And let some wisdom supplement
Our longings, and our hope and trust.
Then light will break, we must repent
Our discontent.

Then take the sunshine God has sent,
And share that light and life with all:
Just let the burdens fall; consent
To live content.

LETTER BOX DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

L. R. K. You take exception to the answer I gave to a correspondent last month, in which I suggested work as an antidote for heart ache. You seem to think that work is an uninteresting thing and should be more properly called "labor." You have entirely mistaken my meaning. There is work and work, or, more properly work and "labor." "Labor" I do not like—I consider it unnatural and hurtful. But I think that the great difference between work and labor consists in the mental attitude. No, I do not mean that I would just as soon dig up the streets for gas mains as I would do some other kind of work—but I can readily understand that some men would find the "other kind of work" just as much "labor" as I would find the digging of the streets, and that they would probably prefer to return to their old work. Each of us would prefer his own work to that of the other, because he had become accustomed to it, and was capable of doing it better. He would be as much of a misfit in my work as I would be in his, and each would find the other's work harder to do than his own. And I think the two vocations, the other man's and mine, equally honorable and praiseworthy, providing that each is done well—both form a part of the world's work, and, to tell the truth, the world could do without my work better than it could without the work of the digger of the ditches and the hewer of the wood. And the man doing the latter work could support himself and others under conditions where I would starve. It is not this kind of "labor" of which I wish to speak. I mean that *every* form of work may be made either "labor" or work according to the mental attitude of the worker. If one looks upon work as a curse laid upon mankind from the sins of its fathers then it is natural for us to despise it, and to shirk it if possible. But this is not the New Thought way of looking at it. New Thought teaches that work is one of the best gifts of God to man. It is a form of the manifestation of the great creative principle and impulse which runs through and in all Life. We see it in operation everywhere, from the creation of worlds to the washing of dishes—both are bits off the same piece. All life is growing, and working. The lily grows silently and calmly, but it is continually building up, replacing, repairing, and throwing aside used-up material. There are constant changes going on in all forms of life, from the mineral up to the highest form of animal life. And not alone is this work confined to the physical side of life, but its laws are in full operation on the mental and spiritual planes. There is no standing still in nature—no loafing is permitted anywhere. And if we throw ourselves into the current of life, and will allow its forces to play through us we will find it easy and natural to work. We will take an interest in our work, and will go to it gladly and joyfully, and will feel the keen satisfaction from the contemplation of work well done. But if we oppose the law, we set up a resistance that produces friction and pain, and we then see work as a curse and a thing to be dreaded. The mental attitude has much to do with it. Of course, I know that much of the work of the world is done in a way that makes it drudgery and worse—the sweat-shop is a crime against nature, for it takes work away from the natural plan and causes it to be performed on an artificial plane, and much suffering results. But if people would but use their minds, and would see things as they are, the sweat-shops and kindred hells on earth would be swept away over night. Our present economic conditions are entirely opposed to nature's plan, and the only hope of the race is to return to nature—and it will do so in time. But this is not the place to discuss economics—I am not sufficiently well posted on economics to discuss them, anyway, but I can see where New Thought touches upon the question. The tasks that lie before us may be made either interesting work or mere drudgery, according to the mixing of interest in it, or the leaving out of that ingredient. The key to the problem is—Interest. There is as much difference between work done with interest mixed up in the task, and the same work done with interest left out, as there is in the work done by a boy in his play, and the same amount of work done by the same boy under compulsion. And the difference arises from the same cause—interest or lack of it. If one can only manage to take an interest in his work, it will cease to be drudgery, and will be looked forward to with pleasure instead of with aversion. And one can cultivate an interest even in an unpleasant task by applying New Thought principles. And the work done with interest will be done much better than that done without it, as well

as having been done with satisfaction and with a greater ease. This is no mere theory, it is a life truth that is being understood and made use of by thousands of people. And it is a truth that is needed by people to-day as never before. The race must learn to understand the interesting side of work, and then instead of endeavoring to throw off that which it considers a burden, it will bend its efforts toward bringing the performance of work under the most favorable conditions, so that every man may have a chance to do the work for which he is best fitted—to do it under the most favorable conditions—to be able to do it well—to be able to receive his just remuneration for doing it well.

As a means of out-living sorrow, disappointment, and other negative mental states, I know nothing so good as taking an interest in some form of work. If you will throw yourself heartily into some form of work, and will get in touch with the great creative impulse in doing so, you will receive an uplift beyond the understanding of those who never have experienced it. It will take your attention from the morbid condition of mind that has taken possession of you, and will call into play a different set of brain-cells, and will give the tired ones a chance to rest and recuperate. By all means get to work, and you will feel the divine impulse filling your soul, and flowing through your entire nature. It will bear you on to great things, and may lift you to mental attainment and spiritual unfoldment such as you never have dreamed of. I have tried this thing over and over again in my own life, and I am giving you the result of my own experience, rather than "preaching" at you. You may have trouble at first in getting into the habit of taking an interest in the work. There may come times when you will sigh: "What's the use," and feel a mental condition coming on which will cause you to wish to sink down in your chair with all energy gone from you, and with nothing to do but stare with unmeaning eyes and to feel the pain gnawing at your heart. But such conditions are abnormal, and unworthy of the awakened soul. Rouse yourself, plunge yourself again in the work, and the periods of relapse gradually will become less frequent, and of shorter duration. You are getting into a new mental habit, and it will be easier for you each day. Take an interest in some work. If you have no work of your own to do—if you are one of those unfortunates who are robbed of the privilege of work, by reason of having others about you to do your work for you—then look around until you find some work to do for someone else who needs help. But above all—take interest in your work—otherwise it will amount to nothing, and will do neither you or the world any good. Life manifests by expression. If you do nothing you are practically dead. Get out and express yourself through your work, and you will chase away the "blue devils" in a short time, and will lay the basis for a happier, saner, better life.

* * * * *

M. B. A. I have just finished a little sermon on work (see answer to L. R. K.) and you ask a question that enables me to say a word on another phase of the question. (Strange how these questions run in one line—last month it was all love, and this month all work.) You complain that you cannot get your house in condition to suit you, although you toil all day without ceasing, and that you are "worried to death" about it, and wonder whether New Thought can help you. In the first place, my good lady, you are violating a cardinal principle of New Thought when you worry. Better get rid of that habit, right now, before you think of anything else. And then again, you are making the great mistake of the age—allowing things to own you instead of your owning and using them. Things are made to use, and not to use you. Your house is made for your pleasure, comfort, and convenience—but you are letting it become your master, and you its willing slave. Why don't you look upon your house as a thing from which you can extract pleasure and comfort, instead of fearing it as a master? Stand right up and talk to that house—give it a "treatment"—tell it that you are master, and you expect it to fall into line. Sit down then, and look around you, and you will find a positive pleasure in the feeling that the house has ceased to "order you around." Take things a little easier—don't be quite so strenuous about the housework—don't let it get on your mind so much—and you will find that you will get through with more work, in less time, and with less friction than under the old plan. All things are good for us to use, but nothing is good enough to use us, and this applies to house-keeping as well as to other phases of life. Stop making your house a show-place—make it a home. Don't run your house to suit your neighbors—but run it for comfort and for your own satisfaction and pleasure. Try a little of the "Simple Life" in yours, and you will avoid the housekeeper's face with its deep lines, and will get rid of that minor note that is beginning to sound in your voice. And—but, I'd better stop—what does a man know about housekeeping, anyway?

Affirmations for February.

I

I am one with the Infinite Good.
I breathe in Infinite compassion and peace.
I surround myself with Infinite joy.
I guard my tongue that it wounds not.
It speaks tenderness, understanding and love.

II

I draw to me Material Success.
I speak to the forces of Nature.
They act for me. I shall attain.

III

I send out to the world, thoughts of peace,
assurances of prosperity, prophecies of joy;
I give it that which shall heal its wounds and
make it whole.
I draw it into harmony with the Infinite.

IV

I am a part of the All—Nothing shall harm me.
I am Health. I am Strength. I am Power.

The Pilgrims' Path.

Department of the I CAN AND I WILL Circle.

EDITED BY FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

"I am going a long way,
With these thou seest—
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

You can—if you will. Remember, then, to will only that which is in harmony with the Purpose of life, and the Purpose of life has its root in the good of all.

Have you ever watched people crossing a crowded street? There are the timid ones who stand hesitating, waiting for the right moment, the safe moment, and when it comes fail to recognize it until it has passed, when they make a frantic dash, meet defeat and have to go back to begin all over again.

There are the assertive ones—whose motto is the *inharmonious* "I Can and I Will," about which I am uttering my friendly admonition. They *will* to cross that street. Their eyes are fixed on the opposite corner—their goal. They rush forth with determination, collide with the timid ones, overturn the unsteady, cause a plodding horse to be pulled to his haunches, just escape a whizzing car to the terror of the motorman, cause the heart of each onlooker to stand still with anxiety—but reach the opposite corner. They *can* and they *will*. But I do not wish to emulate them.

There is the third class. They go quietly forward, setting an example for the timid, who gratefully follow; perhaps lend a hand to the unsteady to prevent a sudden fall; pause for a moment while the horse trots past; obey the motorman's nod, quickly skirt the car, and reach the corner. Perhaps just a moment behind our other successful street crosser, but with less expenditure of vitality and without harm to others. This is the "I Can and I Will" which counts.

I make this point lest sometimes our "I Can and I Will" should grow to have too strident a sound. Will with an intelligent recognition of others' rights, accomplish with dignity, enjoy in peace.

Many have asked that the different members of the Circle concentrate daily on some thought for the benefit of mankind or the development of self. I give this month four affirmations, one for each week, and ask that the members of the I Can and I Will Circle "hold the thought" at nine in the morning and seven at night.

If any of you are in trouble, mental, physical or spiritual, write me your name (or initials) and let the circle at some given hour send you thoughts of help, strength and courage.

One of the affirmations I give—No. I—is an answer to a letter received from a subscriber, which I repeat here since it holds a thought for us all:

"* * * There is one subject which I would like to see the magazine take up in 1905, and ring the changes upon, until every reader should take it into his innermost consciousness, and that is the thoughtless way in which we all—the good, the bad and the indifferent of us—speak of others. It is not the **wil-**lingly bad things which we say that do the harm, but the slight thoughtless words which fall from our lips, so unconsciously, but so continuously, causing misapprehension and misunderstanding of motives, and helping to form an adverse opinion in regard to the persons of whom we speak. Yet with so little intention is it done, that were we at the time to accuse the speaker of this, he would utterly deny that he held any but

good opinions of the person mentioned. No matter how free from intention it may have been, the thought has still gone on its way with shadowed wings.

Some writer has said, 'Repress every word you find yourself about to utter, which will not make the hearer feel love for the person spoken of'—and that is what I would see affirmed, over and over again, until it has become a part of our very minds and consciousness.

If NEW THOUGHT for 1905 could do this for its thousands of readers, it would lend a great help toward a clearance of the moral and mental atmosphere from tiny, but mighty, messengers of evil, and with that done, "living by the spirit" would become a present possibility for us all.

A. C. L.

There is one question I am often asked: "Does New Thought supersede the Bible, or attempt to replace the Christian religion?" I wonder if you would not like to hear what one of our members has to say on the subject:

"* * * Frequently I hear the New Thought assailed on the ground that it seeks to replace the Christian religion. It seems to me that instead of aiming to substitute a religion, it teaches the practical application of the essentials of religion—instead of inventing new ideals, it constitutes a practical system by which we may bring our every-day

lives into harmony with our ideals on the spiritual, mental and physical planes. New Thought does not mean to me so much the thing attained, as the method by which I may reach the attainment. Therefore, I believe the worthy ideals of two individuals, though differing, may each be attained through the same method."

B. T. C.

Is not this a sane definition of what New Thought can and does mean and teach? Has not New Thought made your religion—whatever its form may be—more beautiful to you? Let us have a symposium on the subject—"How has New Thought affected my religion?" Let us hear from you all.

We have testimony again from one of our circle as to the value of the indomitable "I Can and I Will" principle. Its story of material success under difficulties will be an encouragement and strength to many of us:

"* * * Four years ago I lived in Texas, and in the terrible storm known as the Galveston flood, I lost my store and my home—had a bare lot left. After serving several months on the relief committee, I decided to come to California, and when I arrived here a little more than three years ago, I had a wife, fifty-two years' experience and ninety cents. I felt that I could and would succeed in business again—yet several who had ample capital had opened furniture stores in this town only to close out in a short time, saying, "It's too near San Francisco. People will not trade at home." Yet something made me feel that I could succeed in building up a business without a dollar to start with. I began repairing old furniture. Shortly after, someone sent me several copies of NEW THOUGHT, and about the fifth

number I received I read the "I Can and I Will." It seemed to be the natural doctrine for me. I applied it to my business, and although I have never borrowed a dollar, but have squared my business life to the belief we accept—I Can and I Will—with a firm determination to conduct a strictly honest business, I have now, in thirty-seven months, the largest house furnishing store between Sacramento and San Francisco, a stock that invoices \$4,700, and two buildings covering a lot 50x80 feet. I own them without a dollar of debt, in all worth \$6,500. I contribute at least a large part of my success to the clear lessons that came to me from New Thought, and, without doubt, the unexplainable aid from the spirit of the I CAN AND I WILL.

Z. T. S.

Of no less value—rather of greater value, since they testify of the spiritual instead of the material—are the words of another of our recent members:

"In December last, through the medium of a woman friend who has never forsaken me, I first saw a copy of NEW THOUGHT. At that time I was as low as a man could well be—financially, morally, socially, and in every way.

"It seemed as though for the first time in years I saw Light. I have just purchased and finished reading the January number of NEW THOUGHT, and responding to Louise Radford Wells' invitation to write to the Circle, I wish to add

We have received word of the formation of a number of "Links" in the great chain—the "I Can and I Will Circle." In a later number of the magazine we will give some of the names selected.

not only my testimonial, but my blessing, to W. W. Atkinson, and bid all those who are despondent to investigate this realm of Thought.

"I am an entirely different man from what I was even thirty days ago, and feel inspired with a courage which I have not felt for years. God bless you all in your work. It is doing good where you least look for it, and the I Can and I Will doctrine is Truth manifested daily."

W. A. F.

The Publisher's Talk.

The first prize of \$100 in the Editorial Prize Contest has been awarded and paid to Mr. F. J. Watt, 38 Selden Ave., Detroit, Michigan. From every letter received we have obtained valuable suggestions, the fruit of which will be noticed in the magazine for 1905. Almost every suggestion in Mr. Watt's letter was made by some other writer also, but his letter contained *the best combination of suggestions*, representing a composite expression of what the first 500 letters showed us to be the opinions of the majority of our subscribers. We render thanks and gratitude to all who have competed in the contest. The benefit we have received from their letters has been incalculable, and it will be our endeavor to make all share in such benefit by adopting as many as possible of the suggestions received, in NEW THOUGHT the coming year.

It has occurred to us you might like to know what person or persons are behind the changes and alterations in the magazine from time to time. Is that not so? First and foremost, of course, Mr. Atkinson is the final authority, and nothing is admitted to the magazine, nor any change made, of which he does not approve. But we cannot bother him with business or take up his time with small details. We want to leave his mind free to think only of his writings. This work he does in the quiet of his home, rarely visiting the office. We pondered how to relieve him of the work of planning the magazine's activities, and as a result enlisted the services of Franklin L. Berry and Louise Radford Wells as assistant editors.

Miss Wells suggested "Our Family Council" and the Prize Contest, which has been of such help to us. She also suggested the small portraits of the writers at the beginning of the articles. Many of our subscribers have asked that one photograph be published monthly, but the initial photograph at the beginning of the articles was Miss Wells' suggestion. The change in our title page this month is also due to her.

To Mr. Berry we are indebted for the plan of the New Thought Circulating Library, which we think will be received by our subscribers with enthusiasm. He has also promised to write a series of articles along the lines of Diet, Ventilation, Right Food, Right Living, etc.

Miss Wells, who is a great admirer of Mr. Atkinson's writings, suggested a series of articles from him explanatory of New Thought. Many of our readers have asked for something of the kind, but Mr. Atkinson, who is very modest and dislikes any appearance of dogmatism or assumption of authority, was hard to persuade. Miss Wells, however, finally won the day by arguing down his barricade of excuses, and the first article of the series appears in this month's issue of the magazine. We feel it heralds some of the best writing and the best thought Mr. Atkinson has ever given us, and that is saying much.

Into the hands of Miss Wells and Mr. Berry we have committed the make-up and arrangement of the magazine, the selection of occasional new writers (such as Eva Kinney Miller in this number) and other detail work, it being always understood that if any plan is contemplated of which Mr. Atkinson does not approve, Mr. Atkinson holds the veto power. We only endeavor to relieve him of as much work as possible, and leave him free to give us most generously from his pen, which is what you all want, we know.

Through an error, Ida Gatling Pentecost's article for the February number did not reach us in time for insertion. We regret this as much as our readers, but it will give you all something to look forward to for next month, as we think it one of the brightest of her productions. It is entitled "Progress," and will appear in the March number.

All of our readers will be sorry to learn of the reason for the discontinuance of Mr. W. T. Cheney's articles—his serious illness. We are glad to be able to report that he is now recovering, but it is doubtful if we shall have anything from his pen during 1905.

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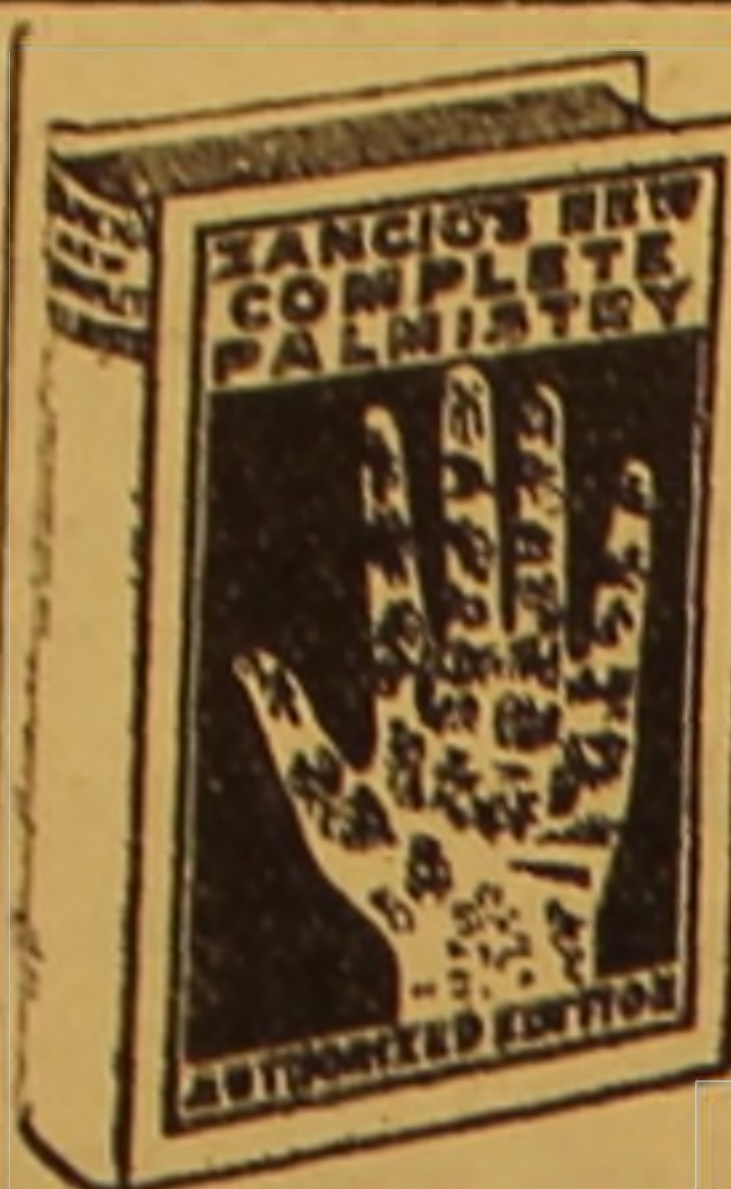


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