

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.

Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

—KIPLING.

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Doesn't that make your blood tingle? We're all aboard the good old ship of Life—the old ship that has weathered many a storm and has withstood many a gale. Her plates may be well-scarred, but they are good for many another voyage. And her nose is buried deep in the wave as we forge ahead.

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Oh! the joy of it all—of loving—and breathing—and thinking—and doing. There's nothing like being alive—fully alive, and moving ahead.

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And the old ship is going somewhere—each day brings something new—something to be seen—something to be done. And there is joy in the seeing—joy in the doing.

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That is the way to take the journey of Life. Full of expectancy and hope—enjoying every scene and every task—knowing and feeling it all to be good—getting all the good out of each moment of it—taking the bitter with the sweet—the storm with the sunshine—the gale with the calm. Oh, it is all good—all good.

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"For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the trail." The good old trail that is our own—the trail that leads out and away from the Past and toward the Future. "We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new." South where the flowers bloom and the birds sing. On the Long Trail, the end of which we cannot see (and do not care to see, for the Now is good, and it always will be Now)—the trail that is leading us to the Divine Adventure. The trail that is always new, because each moment brings a new experience.

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So, Ho, for the Divine Adventure! Joy, shipmates, Joy!

What is "The New Thought?"

(Third Paper.)

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.



In last month's paper, I called your attention to the fact that there was one great healing power underlying all the forms of "healing" performed by the various healers of all times, countries and schools. This healing force is within the patient, and does not come from outside, although outside influences and treatments may call it into operation. There is an apparent exception to this rule in the case of treatments whereby a certain vitality is transferred from the healer to the patient, temporarily invigorating and strengthening the weakened parts. This form of treatment, in fact, accompanies nearly every other form of treatment, whether or not the healer knows he is imparting to the patient some of his own vitality. The healer's earnest wish to bring the patient out of his trouble, causes him to send a strong thought-wave that carries with it a supply of vital force, nervous energy, or whatever we may choose to call it—magnetism is as good a name as any, it being understood that animal magnetism is meant by the term. Even the physician who is giving drugs, if he be of a strong vital temperament, will unconsciously impart this energy, and the patient will get the benefit. All of us may recall cases of this kind, where the presence of a great warm-hearted and strongly vital physician has caused a patient to pass the crisis of a disease. Of course the drug gets the credit, but the "magnetism" of the physician was the great therapeutic agent. But, at the best, such help is merely temporary and the real cure comes from the force within the patient. The "magnetism" of the physician or healer tends to charge the system of the patient with a supply of energy which enables him to "brace up" and use his own recuperated force to better advantage. The presence of a strong vital healer or physician also encourages and cheers the patient, and helps him to throw off negative and depressing conditions of mind, and to assert his own mastery in the shape of positive, cheerful thought.

If the faith or belief of a patient be sufficiently aroused his mind will draw to it energy from the great Universal Energy, and will send that energy to the affected part—and to the entire system, in fact, and the work of cure commences. It is not necessary that this faith and belief be founded upon some great truth or thing. Anything will do as a peg to hang the faith on to, providing that it appeals with sufficient strength to the mind or imagination of the patient. The object of faith

may be the bone of a saint; the believed power of the healer; some particular creed; certain cults; and down to a horse-chestnut, or a charm. The principle is the same in each case, for the whole thing rests upon the fact that a mental condition is aroused whereby the great recuperative force of the individual is started into motion. It must be remembered, also, that a belief or faith drives away Fear (the great obstacle) and allows Nature to do its work unhindered. If individuals are strong enough to realize that the "I" is sufficient to do the work, they will need no other peg for their faith. But the majority of people have not advanced this far, and need some outside thing to pin their faith to.

I will now hastily run over some of the instances of the effect of the mind over the body. I will favor plain, every-day illustrations rather than technical scientific reports of cases. Some of these instances may appear trivial and even ridiculous, but you must remember that they all illustrate a point.

We are familiar with the effect of joy or grief upon the functioning of the organs of digestion and assimilation. You know how depressing or sad news will cause a loss of appetite, while joyous news or surroundings will promote both appetite and digestion. You know how a disgusting sight, or even the remembrance of it will cause the stomach to refuse to take food. Most of us have had experiences of "getting sick" of an article of food, and ever after feeling a loathing for it. I remember that when I was a boy, I developed a piggishness for "cream puffs." My pennies went to the cake-shop with an alarming degree of regularity. My father decided to stop it, but instead of forbidding it, took a much better plan. He gave me a half dollar, telling me to invest it in a lot of cream puffs all at one time. I did so, and was told to eat my fill. I did so, a fierce joy possessing me, and an unsatisfied appetite backing me up. I ate and ate, until I could eat no more. I was laughed at and told to "take just one more." My pride caused me to show that I was "game," and I worried down a few more. Well, I got so sick of cream puffs that for years afterward the mere suggestion of them would cause nausea. Now, what has this to do with mental effect? Everything—the thought of the original gluttony would react on my stomach and cause it to rebel, just as if I were actually repeating the experience. And here is an interesting fact—when, over twenty-five years after, I became convinced of the power of the mind over the body, I determined to make a test of the matter on myself. I started off with a cream puff test, and for the first time in twenty-five years, I was able to eat them. I talked to myself, giving myself auto-suggestions that I liked cream puffs, etc., etc., until at last my mouth began to water for them, and I ate a few with a relish that had lain dormant for over a quarter century. So the rule works both ways, you see.

Did you ever try the experiment of thinking earnestly of sucking a big sour lemon? Try it now. Just picture to yourself a great big sour lemon, full of juice pouring into your mouth. Picture it in your imagination, until you get the full impression. Then notice how the saliva flows copiously in your mouth, just as would be the case if you really had been sucking a lemon. *Mind* again, you notice, setting into operation the sub-conscious faculties of the body. Boys (the little rascals, Lord bless 'em) know about this mental lemon business, and sometimes will station themselves in front of an enterprising German band on the street—each boy with a half lemon in his hand, sucking away for dear life, with many exaggerated suggestions of a bitter taste. It always works, the mouths of the horn blowers becoming so filled with saliva that they are unable to perform on their instruments. Bad boys! but there is a lesson to be learned from them.

A favorite experiment in certain medical schools, is for the professor in chemistry, in the course of his lecture on certain combinations, and after telling of the sickening, nauseating odor of the substance, to slowly uncork a bottle supposed to contain it. The majority of the class will begin to place their handkerchiefs to their noses and to give strong indications of discomfort. Another, and a more pleasing example of the sort, was noticed by me in a play that I attended several years ago. The scene was laid in the far South, the time being in the magnolia season. One of the characters, a winsome Southern girl, remarks to her friend, "Ah, smell the magnolias—the south wind is blowing—how delicious—one never tires of them," and both of them seem to be carried away with the fragrance of the flower. Now it is a fact that seven-tenths of the audience imagined that they actually smelled the magnolias, and one woman near me complained that the odor was so strong that it made her feel faint. We all thought, and spoke of, the clever effect produced, believing that the management had actually caused the perfume to be wafted from behind the stage. But such was not the case, as I found upon inquiry—no perfume or odor was used—the effect was imaginary, and produced by the strong suggestion to the sight and hearing, given by the actors, the sense of smell falling into line. But I am sure that no one could have persuaded the "overcome" woman that such was the case.

I am mentioning these facts merely to illustrate that physical effects may be caused by the mind. We will take up the matter step by step, so that we may understand it more clearly.

Blushing is a striking instance of a decided physical action resulting from a mental state. Pallor caused by fright is another. Tears give us another illustration—one of the best, in fact, for they can be produced only by a real emotion, or an earnest counterfeiting of one. I once heard of a beggar whose tears flowed apparently on demand. It

seemed that he had acquired a voluntary control of an involuntary process, but upon close questioning he admitted that, when he wanted to weep to influence alms, he would form a mental picture of the death-bed of his father.

In the next paper I will give a number of interesting incidents of this kind, leading up to the main subject. I must take my time to bring out each point of this phase of psychology. If I weary you, blame the publishers.

You read that the Duke of Devonshire spends yearly one hundred thousand pounds,

And you envy him his palaces of jasper.

Fool!

Look at the brown, green-sprigged calico back of your old-paper-woman;
Hark, what the swallow and her young above your window twitter;
Be glad of the sweet odor the wild thistle you carried home sends out;

Suck in the sunlight!

Each second you live pours out treasures upon you.

—From the German of Arno Holz. By E. G.

Agitation is Frustration.

BY IDA GATLING PENTECOST.



What is Heaven?

Heaven is knowing, and doing, and becoming.

Knowing, and not using what you know is not Heaven.

One cannot "become," without putting into practice what he knows.

Hell is every form and kind of ignorance.

Experience does not inevitably teach people to do right, for they continue having aches, and pains, and dark views. God alone can teach you through your *observations*. And if one pays sufficient attention while passing through pain of any description, he can discover the cause of it, and do right next time, so as not to have the pain repeated.

If you realize the fact that you are one with God and live regardless of the fact, you are in heaven. This statement covers much ground. Let me refer to a step. For instance, if you have unfolded sufficient consciousness to cause to seem real your oneness with God, you will see with a lightning flash wherein you rob yourself. Self-theft is sadder

than stealing from others, because a burglar might argue that everything in this world should be used in common, while the man that robs himself, steals from himself the light of Truth. He is more piteously ignorant than the common burglar. The latter gets his body in prison, while the former thief has his mind in dungeon darkness and chains. The rattle of his diseased lungs is one of the links, the knocking of knees together in garmentless poverty is another link, as is the click of ten millions of dollars in one pocket. Other links are the dementia against things as they are, effort to progress by means of argument, complaint and revolution—broken physical organization, and unrecognized spiritual reality.

All of these are as the thunders of the ball and chain around his inner vision. The little fellow who picks your pocket, and steals a match, might show us how truly the world is yet in its youth. But it is the man who robs daily direct from his own soul that needs freedom most.

Remember the truth always makes you free. If not free, then you lack the truth. And remember secondly, that there must first be individual growth and enlightenment before we can have universal and collective enlightenment. This world has got the cart before the horse. It wants things done in bulk, when achievement comes by perfecting units. It looks to a nation, whereas it should consider separately each individual. This absurd *modus operandi* is no less ridiculous than trying to clean a nation with a toothbrush.

Everyone almost in this world is paying attention to the other fellow, when it is on himself he should go to work. Standing alone and minding your own business is Nature's creed. We think we must help others first. In the very nature of things we cannot help others at all. We can only tell them how they can help themselves best, which is by showing perfection in ourselves.

Let everyone alone till he suffers enough. Let a nation alone till it suffers enough. Only sufficient sorrow and suffering can inform and illumine a mind. "What thou hast not by suffering bought, presume thou not to teach." There are no saviours in the world but ourselves! Self-teaching is inevitable, for God is in us, and he alone is the one who teaches, and only when we are *ready* does he do so.

Agitators and reformers think they do things, because they do not know of spiritual force and facts.

Ignorance is the curse of the world.

Complainers and fighters are ignorant. One who is discouraged is lazy, and blind, and ignorant. Pitiable self-importance is attached to every sort of agitator. They know no better way. Fancy Yale's professors teaching through the methods of an agitator! Revolutionists do their will in an ignorant manner. You can break your child's neck

in forcing him to treat his sister right, but then he will need a new neck, and you can't give him one. Love is the best mode of control, and it never controls. All outward and artificial attempts toward the millennium are childish. "Whoever looks for anything elsewhere than in the self, is abandoned by everything." (The Kingdom of Heaven is within.) Agitators and reformers are trying to start up kingdoms outside of themselves. An agitator does not see that when a soul on earth gets *ready* to unfold, it unfolds! A clown in the flower garden might just as well think he unfolded the roses by frantically fanning them. Let agitators keep on sawing the air in hammering tones, compelling nature to put cotton in her ears till they get sick of the noise they make. The most an agitator does is to reveal he knows nothing of the science of Being. He is ignorant of any finer, better way of procedure. He is a meddler, and while he is pounding space with his unbalanced thought and vocal demonstrations he is not beautiful.

Poise and understanding are beautiful, they prove silence to be more powerful for good than speech. The perfection a man has attained unto himself is a more convincing influence for humanity's uplift than did he "agitate" with forty tongues, and each tongue a foot in length. In heaven there is order. Neither heaven nor order are in the agitator. And he always gets hurt. And then he feels he surely is important, and that he has done great things. He is mistaken. He is not a martyr. He is deceiving himself. God is patient. The agitator bears no resemblance to Him, and often he is proud of the dissimilarity, thus revealing the outer darkness of conceit he resides in. The greatest souls of the earth know silence, and humanity, and how to wait.

Revolutionists are impatient. This is what a revolutionist does: he *forces* premature results. Do you point to the history of France as fine? I do not. Up to this moment I blush with shame for all history. Bloodshed all along the line reflects the ignorance of this world. Love alone, is fine. Cruelty and ignorance have been the twin pens that have written almost each page of the past. Love is enlightenment. Its dawn on earth is the real breath of the triumph of God's heart. We are free to be in heaven or hell. God is waiting until we are ready for peace.

Killing people, and destruction are no part of love.

Mind your own business, and BE LOVE; that is the mightiest method of helping humanity. Let God in you shine forth, by carving away the stone of ignorance till His image is revealed. This requires work. Fancy trying to settle the problems of a cat, let alone the problems of Russia. Fools rush in where angels dare not tread. And so the fools get hurt. The wise are working out their *own* salvation.

"Happy is the man that findeth Wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. She is more precious than rubies, and all thou canst

desire is not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

How chaotic and idiotic this world would be if we had to settle other peoples' affairs! That is the reason there is such a mix-up and confusion now. Try doing a child's sum in arithmetic for him and you rob him of the exercise of his own brain. Always lending a man money is the omega of his energies. When a man takes snuff, hasn't he the right to his own sneeze? And when a man sticks his finger in the fire shouldn't it be permitted to sizzle? Surely. To deprive a man of the results of his acts would be to hold a bottle of chloroform under his consciousness. The happiness and punishment that Nature gives are God ordained: When you build a Paradise for man he can't keep it. Nor will man-made punishment teach. (Prisons whet crime.)

God tried giving Adam and Eve Paradise and it failed. The tradition as we have understood it is not true, for God's plans never fail. But for illustration the story serves. The pair had to vacate, and work out their own salvation for themselves. No one can appreciate Paradise until he has first suffered enough. After the world has suffered enough (that is, each individual) it will rise into glory. The only glory is understanding. Let no one try to hurry a soul, or lay his hand on another's. Few yet know they have a soul. They are only using their heads, and their soul is sleeping.

The head of an agitator gets excited. Tragedy often ensues. Dynamite rightly used saves labor and time, but used wrongly to blow off a king's head it delays—both him slain, and the slayer. Violence can accomplish. Yes, apparently it can accomplish a great deal. For instance, you can shoot down your worst enemy, if you are foolish enough to have such a thing, but while you have only ceased the beating of his heart, you have put the weight of belating years upon your soul.

You say that statistics tell of how much violence has achieved? I tell you that for every violent death caused, Nature will in her good time avenge herself. The end has not yet come. Statistics never include mention of the reckoning coming to a man for his wrong deed. Sow in blood, reap in blood. Statistics are not finalities. They are spectacles worn by the short-sighted. He laughs best who laughs last. All work together for instruction. If the aristocrats in Russia will elect Emperors, and the common people (as they are termed) will keep on working and worshiping, what can you expect? The aristocrats bring on and invite violence. And the working people have to stand what they do stand, so long as they don't stop working and serving. Yet I say violence is a shame and disgrace, showing ignorance of heart, and lack of understanding of soul. Were not part of Russia so

brutally unthinking, so selfish, and so cruel, and the other half so stupid, and consequently powerless, all problems and conditions could be managed, and settled as befits human beings. Is the race of men on earth forevermore only going to be able by *blood-shed* to settle questions that arise? Are we to perpetuate the wrong method? Russia has been "charging up" for a long time. Now it has a mammoth bill to pay. Nature will be avenged. Both the aristocrat and the bomb-thrower have ghastly suffering before them. Each has to reckon to the hair's breadth for deeds done in the flesh. Wrongs were never righted by taking anyone's life. The price the assassin pays is aeons of years' delay to his own soul. Self-sacrifice is ignorance. Whether murder is committed ignorantly, helplessly or willfully, it is murder. Jump off the housetop ignorantly, willfully or fall off helplessly, the law works just the same. God throws no feather beds under such an one. All must learn, and all must pay the price. An assassin lacks balance, sense, and understanding, and "proportion" is Greek to him.

In closing I repeat, interfere with no one. Napoleon helped himself handsomely to his doom. If one is set on doing things the hardest way and the wrong way, let him alone. Heaven is Love's construction. Love is the living spirit Almighty.

New Thought Which is Old Thought.

"The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." *James 3:17.*

In Harmony With the Law.

(A series of Twelve Articles on the Physical Life.)

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I. HEALTH IS HARMONY.

Health is harmony. If you are not strong, vigorous, joyous, drawing in power each moment from the sun-magnetized air, daily giving the cells of your body just the sustenance necessary for growth and development, using your mind to intelligently direct the machinery we call the body, you are a note of discord. You are out of harmony with the Law. Your soul can never give forth the one full sweet tone which shall make it part of the Eternal Chord, the Infinite Song.

One of the first lessons which the New Thought should teach, is an intelligent recognition of the laws of Nature, and a strict obedience to them. Obedience to the Law—that should not be hard; and yet many of us shirk *obedience of the body* and yield only *obedience of the mind*. We are given a shining soul, and we house its radiance in a poorly ventilated, half-lit, clumsily patched hovel, where the fringes of yesterday's sweepings still clog the passages. What chance has the passer-by of catching sight of the wonderful being that dwells within? How long will the vision of our soul remain clear when it must gaze out on the world through half-soiled panes?

It little avails the Mind to say daily: "Our house is clean, bright, whole!" ("I am Health") if it pauses there. But if it starts to work to sweep out the passages, open up the windows, let in the air, then indeed the Soul shall join in song: "I am Light, I am Life, I am Love!" And every passer-by shall hearken and understand.

The Body, and through it the Mind, and through it the Soul,—highest and best—have but two foes; Misuse and Disuse. From them come the defacements of that house in which dwells the "I Am."

In the beginning our body was composed of certain elements. Each day as we labor, our work claims of us a certain portion of each element, and each day as we rest we should give back to the body just these elements in the same proportions, that the Soul's house may stand untouched. A workman who each morning tore off from a nearby house weatherboarding to use in constructing a shed, and who each night nailed another shingle on the roof of the house as payment for his borrowings, might be able to prove that he returned in weight exactly what he had appropriated, but the shingles on the roof wouldn't keep the wind out of the wall-cracks. So it is with the body. It uses up so much heat every day to keep it warm. It needs in return a fair share of the elements which produce heat. It uses up so much moisture every day, to cleanse and purify, to open the pores of the body. It needs in return, a compensating propor-

tion of the elements which contain moisture. It uses up each day in active labor, so many cells of the body. It needs in return the elements which shall make new cells, build up fresh tissue. But if we give it only the building elements, and no moisture, no heat, we'll soon begin to feel the wind through the wall-cracks, and realize that shingles on the roof don't take the place of weatherboarding. We need both.

What is called disease, is but the revolt of the organs of the body,—some one or all—against inharmony. It is their call to you to still the discord. They are wiser than we. They refuse to act out of harmony. For that is what the world knows as disease—the refusal to act, of some organ which has been used inharmoniously.

What is indigestion? The refusal of the stomach to act. It was placed in the body to perform the purely mechanical work of extracting from food the elements needed to repair and sustain the body in vigor and beauty. You have used it for other purposes. Certain foods have pleased your palate, have gratified one animal sense, and for the sake of such gratification you have heaped labor upon labor upon your stomach. It speaks to you now and says: "You are out of harmony. You are becoming gross, material. The beauty of your soul will soon be dimmed. I must speak my warning." And it stops! Or you have swallowed your food in half-chewed, hasty gulps. And the stomach names at once the fault which is placing you out of harmony. "You are cultivating laziness," it says. "You are growing indolent. I must speak." And it stops.

What is rheumatism? A notice that yesterday's sweepings still lie in the corners of the hallways. You haven't done your daily work well. Carelessness is your fault.

These are all manifestations of *Misuse*.

Disuse finds expression in lame muscles which cry out to you: "Legs were given you to walk with. You are missing the joy of climbing sunlit hills; you are foregoing the stroll in shady paths where Nature shall whisper the secret of Peace; you are putting aside even the brisk tramp down the long stretch of sunny pavement with the sun shining upon you, the breeze blowing and even the ceaseless noises of the city holding messages for you. I will call to you. Come into Harmony!"

And the sore lungs, they speak loudest of all: "You are forgetting me. The air all about you is full of electric life, of that mysterious element which is in and of everything. *It is the real secret of your being*,—it is the *Infinite* secret. Use me to flood the dark places and store up hidden power. Breathe in the wonderful forces. Cease wasting your gift."

These voices must be heeded. Their warnings must be accepted and acted upon. The questions of Food Values, Diet, The Curative Power of the Sun-Rays, Water as a Purifier, Ventilation, Deep Breathing,—all have their place in the growth and development of *the Soul*. It is these subjects about which we are to talk together and it shall be my aim to

help you to keep "in Harmony with the Law," or if the notes have already begun to jangle, to slowly find the right key again until at last the master chord is touched.

What we are reaching out for in this life is something higher and finer than the material, but while we live in the body it must be worthy of us. It must not *prison* the soul which is striving for a glimpse of The Hidden. Free and fair must the habitation stand, with all its windows open "toward Jerusalem." Thus shall the soul finally see The Perfect Vision, and sound its song in harmony with The Infinite.

If you wish to start house-cleaning this month, a good beginning would be to open up the ventilating shafts with the following exercise:

Choose a sunlit space. It doesn't matter whether it is in an orange grove or the back kitchen, the garden or your own room. All you need is sun and air, and both of these will come in through your open window if invited.

Stand erect with the sun falling on your face, heels together, body slightly inclined forward but not bent, arms hanging at the sides. Turn the palms outward, the back of the hand touching the leg. Close the fingers. Inhale, counting seven. Without bending the elbows, describe with each arm simultaneously a half-circle, hands meeting above the head. Reverse the action. Exhale, counting seven. Inhale, raise arms, describe circle; reverse action, exhale. The sun-magnetized air should be retained in the lungs during the motion of the arms. Repeat this ten times, and go about your work cleansed and freshened, one step nearer Harmony.

Success.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

Far and wide I sought it!

In the highways, treading eager where the foot of Wealth had trod;
In the byways, spent and yearning, where the Mystic dreamt of God;
Hoping, striving, hand outstretched to grasp it,
Sure of all ambition craved, could I only clasp it.

Far and wide I sought it!

Close at home I found it!

Growing lowly, where my eyes had overlooked it as I sped;
Branching slowly, all its growing strength from joyous labor bred;
Claiming, lacking, but my soul's endeavor,
That seeing eyes and laboring hands might make it mine forever.

Close at home I found it!

The Spirit of Delight.

BY NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

The Spirit of Delight is a lamp whereby we acquire a clearer vision of the soul's destiny. It is a consuming flame, the light of which results in the crown of all happiness. The cultivation of happiness generates a power which enhances the light of this lamp. I claim that happiness must be cultivated, and like the traditional manna be gathered fresh each day that a full realization of its power be felt. The realization is a radiance of immaterial substance, shining first in our own heart, before it can be imparted to another. When once kindled there, it will shine as a lamp, be it ever so small, which will light others onward through a gathering darkness.

The Spirit of Delight makes work easy and labor no longer a burden. Some say, "Work and you will be happy," but I say, BE HAPPY in your work and it will cease to be laborious. The same sweet morsel of joy which delights the amasser of millions, will also prove a delicious reward to the soul with a definite purpose. In other words, it is not the *reward* that gives joy to the earnest seeker after happiness, so much as it is the *spirit of the quest*. The spirit of DOING breeds a delight in proportion to the difficulties which have been overcome.

The soul is happiest when it is presented an opportunity requiring its greatest endeavor. When the spirit of pursuit is taxed to its limit, then is there the greatest chance for a triumphant victory. When fully awake to its possibilities there is nothing too difficult for the soul to surmount and every obstacle becomes a blessing and each opportunity a golden reality. What are called trials, tribulations, disappointments—little pinches and squeezes of today—are but brilliant chances for a victory on the tomorrow!

Opportunities for greater manifestation of the Spirit of Delight await us on every hand. Then let us awake to our royal privilege and normal constitution and instead of shirking and complaining take a delight in facing obstacles, using them for stepping stones to greater accomplishment.

Greatness can be attained only when fateful conditions are used as a developing power, thus bringing forth the beauty of the soul. As these conditions are met and conquered a growth of divine consciousness will take place and we will become wiser and stronger through having *come-over* into conscious power.

The rough marble represents possibilities and through much chiseling and polishing expresses greater life. At first the cutting and carving is done simply to bring it into proper shape. But as the work pro-

ceeds the chisel cuts inwardly and more deeply. It is then the lines become subtle and suggestive, expressing more fully the ideal of the sculptor. The deeper the chisel probes into the marble, the nearer perfection is the form outlined; the finer the touch, the more finished the statue, until under the sculptor's trained hand the features become mobile and the heart of the stone is unveiled!

Not until then do we behold the beautiful ideal that is in the heart of the artist and which speaks to others of immortal life. So let us use obstacles as the sculptor uses his chisel. Not to make the day one of miserable existence, but to generate in our heart that Spirit of Delight which engenders the power to be happy!

And remember that the deeper the chiseling, the more beautiful the statue! the more lofty the ideal, the more subtle will be the soul's experience. The ideal should be lodged on the highest summit to which our vision can penetrate. The deepest sorrow often brings into expression the most brilliant and shining possibilities.

The hand that inflicts the greatest wound, the hand that holds the chisel, that cuts the deepest, is oftentime the hand that shapes our most glorious destiny. But neither crushing weights, heavy burdens nor deeply cut wounds, can long delay the coming forth of the longing and progressive soul!

The individual who has had the greatest obstacles to overcome has had the grandest opportunity for happiness, the greatest chance for the expression of the best that is within. Through expression, character is builded. Each individual molds and fashions his own character and is always responsible for its fashioning; but reputation, which is often confused with character, is mostly made for us. It is the flimsiest garment a man or a woman can wear. It can be formed by a word or an act of another. It is easily torn or soiled, while the character is woven of such stuff as can be neither rent nor besmirched. It is the seamless and undying garment—the robe of eternal Whiteness!

But even the reputation can be kept unsullied through having the character strong and loving and pure. And though unthoughtful lips may speak an unjust word, if the character be well established, conscious of its power and poised in the Spirit of Delight, it can completely undo the unjust word and the soul will continue its full expression in its unwonted freedom.

One soul filled with the Spirit of Delight is an inspiration for other souls to become inspired. One happy soul makes it possible for many others to be happy. The shining glory of one is a light for many others' souls. As one is happy and glad, so will the Universe be happy and glad. As one soul becomes be-winged and rises aloft, so will another fellow-man loftily soar toward his highest apex of accomplishment!

About Newsboys.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I like newsboys. They are little individuals—most of them. Through the dirt and tatters, one may catch a glimpse of individuality and thought. There are many kinds of newsboys, and one may learn many lessons, and gain much real information by making a study of them. They represent mankind in all its phases. Let me tell you some things I have noticed about these urchins.

Some of them hold the thought that no one wishes to buy a paper, and that they are lucky if they happen to get rid of one. Their thought takes form in action, and the possible purchaser feels their mental attitude and responds to it. They cry their papers in a cheerless, half-hearted way, and seem to be saying to each passerby: "You don't want a paper, mister, do you?" Their very manner and the way in which they push the paper in front of you seems to invite your "No." They are thinking failure, and they generally get it.

Another class seem to be possessed of an idea that every man needs a paper, and is as anxious to get it as the newsboy is to sell it. They seem to feel that they have a good thing, and they wish to push it along, and give every one a chance to buy that good thing. Their manner, attitude, tone of voice, and general thought atmosphere seems to reflect this idea. And the customer feels it too, and generally feels for the penny.

I was walking down the street one day in deep thought, paying but little attention to what was going on around me. I was dimly conscious that several newsboys had held out papers before me, but I passed on, paying no attention to them. All at once, a bright, dirty little face looked up into mine, and a grimy little paw held out a paper in a confident (though not impudent) way, and a little business-like voice piped out sturdily, "Here's yer paper, mister." Instinctively, my hand slipped into my pocket, and a penny slipped into the boy's, and I went on my way rejoicing that the boy had been on hand to give me "my" paper. It was some time before it dawned on me that I merely bought that paper because the boy's thought had reacted upon me, in my passive mood. I do not mean that the boy forced me to buy that paper—not a bit of it—but he really took it for granted that I wanted a paper—and so did I, because *he* did. Just a case of suggestion and belief on his part, that's all. The other boys had assumed that I was not likely to want one—suggestion and belief in this case also.

The other day I stood on a railroad platform in a small town awaiting the arrival of the train bearing the afternoon city papers. A number of newsboys were lounging around, waiting for their bundles. The

train came into sight and the newsboys moved slowly forward, all but one little fellow. This exception to the rule brightened up—assumed a business air—and marching up to the group of men on the platform said, "Gimme yer penny, I'll get yer papers fer ye, fust ting." And every man handed out a penny. The train came in, and the bundles were distributed, the boys flocked back to the platform and tried to sell to the crowd, but, alas! the enterprising chap had gotten a "scoop" on them by his promptness and confidence.

What's the moral of these tales? O, nothing in particular—make up one for yourself, if you can find the material.

Judge Not.

BY FELICIA BLAKE.



One thing done by the person seeking a broader, happier life, is to acknowledge that he should not judge others.

We can observe the acts of those about us, but we cannot see what external influences, what circumstances in the outside life, helped to shape them; far less can we know the deeper motives or influences; yet the first inclination of the thoughtless is to pass judgment upon those acts.

In time, realizing how almost impossible it is for us to read our own motives, we can but acknowledge our utter inability to pass judgment upon others.

At this point we begin to curb criticism and are careful in expressing opinions. If a well-known criminal is under discussion, a politician, a society leader, a trust or a church, we withhold our judgment—as much as possible.

When it comes nearer home and friends or family show their "peculiarities," we still often check the tendency to judge though we cannot understand why human nature manifests such—variety!

Then we begin to say, tentatively at first and more boldly as the conviction of its truth grows upon us, that we "never judge anyone!"

Perhaps we do not. I have not yet given up the hope of seeing him who never judges. I have met those who did not judge in important matters, and those who did not judge in smaller affairs; but nearly everyone "trips up" somewhere.

It is not so much what you do as it is the motive back of it. From the lowest attitude of self-interest, judgment and fault-finding, can come the words, "Don't do that!" and the same words can be said from the greatest realization of unity and love. The same words, yet how different!

It is not difficult to see what we are doing in larger affairs. It is the little ones, those that hardly claim our notice, that make our direst pitfalls. Those important "little" things of life!

I shall tell you of some things that have started this line of thought lately. In these instances I am referring only to the person who thinks he knows right from wrong in himself, from himself, by himself; and, alas! if such a one reads this he will be the last person to take it *to* himself.

I had been standing for some time at a counter in a busy store awaiting my turn to receive attention. In the meantime a young man stepped near. "Hello, Tessie," he said, addressing the pretty girl who was waiting on the woman ahead of me.

"Why, when did you get in town, Ned?" she asked. "How are the folks?"

Evidently a friend from home, I thought, as she stepped back to get the woman's change, and at that moment two other shoppers came to the counter.

"Say, what time do you get off tomorrow?" came Ned's voice in a confidential half-whisper.

"Half-past one."

"I'll come around and take you to lunch," he said, and turned away, probably seeing the impossibility of continuing conversation then.

"All right," the girl answered pleasantly.

But the two women who had heard only those last remarks, exchanged looks of horror and expressed their disgust not any too quietly, at the way girls would make engagements with "any young man that came into the store!" They judged only from what they had heard and they knew no better.

A friend of mine met with a loss that saddened her very much, but days passed before I went to see her. A mutual acquaintance, knowing this, exclaimed: "What, you haven't seen her yet! You ought to drop everything and go to her."

I looked at him wonderingly. Why should he think he could tell what I should do? Why should he pass judgment so quickly? He had not waited to learn that I was out to buy some delicacy for one at home who was too ill to be left for long; one who was depending upon my care.

"You should not do that," came from another discerning masculine mind; "it will make So-and-So uncomfortable." By what insight should he know better than I what our friend's feelings would be? How could he tell what understanding there was between her and me?

I heard two persons discussing a certain well-known man: "Yes, what he says is very helpful, but of course he cannot really understand, because he never has had any sorrow in his life." I almost gasped at the audacity of that judgment. What did the woman know of what may have been under that calm surface?

Often persons ask: "Isn't it unjust for one person to treat another as

'he' has treated 'her'?" "Do you think it right for Mrs. Blank to do that?" "I wouldn't do such things as he does," and so on through all the little criticisms which are only the quick passing of judgment upon our brothers.

It often takes a good deal of dodging to avoid falling into the pitfalls set unconsciously for us even in ordinary conversation. It is sometimes easier to agree with intolerance than to say in real humility, "What am I that I should judge them!" lest the latter may have to our hearer the flavor of a rebuke.

And yet, should we express that idea of tolerance, some will plume themselves in righteousness and reply, "Oh, I never judge anyone, but when it comes to a case like *that*, there can be no question that it is wrong."

It may be difficult never to pass judgment at all, but we can learn. And while we are learning, if we *must* judge, let it be way down under our breath, and with none of the feeling that, "I know more, I am wiser than you"—that feeling that lies at the bottom of most of the advice offered.

There would be less criticism, less "unasked advice," less pain, less sorrow, if we would *judge not*.

A Message from Nature.

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.



A beautiful light shines in the prism and jewel. It is seen by day in the brightness of the sky, in the radiance of the rainbow, in the drifting clouds at sunset. It is seen by night in the phosphorescent glow of the sea. It shines in the far-off star mists and reveals to the eyes of men the myriad worlds moving in shoreless space. In the sun and the elements of nature lies hidden the force that is manifested through vibration as light and heat. Fire issues from out of cold and darkness. Friction gives birth to the flame. The fiery principle pervades all nature and all bodies. It is the subtle energy that sustains the physical form.

Every breath of air upon which the sun is shining is charged with dancing rays of creative energy. Atomic rays flash continually from the sun, replenishing the life of nature. All animal and vegetable growths are due to the vitality that originates in sunshine. Without the rays of sunlight the earth would be a bed of sand. Sunlight is a powerful vibration of atoms that are being transmitted from their source to all parts of the universe. By using a lens to concentrate the rays, wood or paper may easily be set on fire. By deep natural

breathing man may drink in and absorb these forces and store up in his body the life of the sunbeams. They will destroy diseased cells and give to the blood renewed energy. They will thrill the mind and warm the heart and cause the eyes to brighten with the light of joy and love.

The life of the body is not increased by clogging the system with great quantities of gross and unwholesome food. The proper diet for man is uncooked fruits and nuts and grains that have ripened in the sunshine. After a light breakfast of fruits and cereals, go where the morning sun will shine full upon the face and body. Stand erect, throw back the shoulders and fill the lungs to their utmost capacity with the fresh morning air. After each inhalation, hold the breath a few seconds, close the hands tightly and tense the muscles of the arms and breast. As you exhale, gradually open the hands and relax the muscles. This breathing and tensing exercise, practiced a short time each morning, will assist the blood to absorb magnetism from the air while confined in the lungs. You will feel the thrill of its renewing power vibrating in every cell and tissue. With the rays of the sun shining brightly upon the face and eyes you will realize that you are surrounded by a sea of Infinite Energy. Keep your mind centered upon your highest ideal. Ensphere yourself with the thought that your being is luminous and that you are one with the great source of power. Affirm that your mind and will shall lead and control your life and shape its destiny.

Sun-worship is far more consistent than image-idolatry and the worship of ancient gods, for it brings us nearer to the Infinite Power that gave us being. We are not alone the result of an unseen creative hand, but a part of it, working with nature and the Divine Intelligence to evolve and express the perfect.

There is much to confuse the mind in its search for the deep realities, and many express disappointment at the barren result of their seeking. Yet the truth of life lies not far from every earnest man. It is not found in books, for language is too imperfect to convey the intensity of pleasure one feels when communing with the soul of harmony in the heart of nature and the solitude of self. Literature is but an echo from the deeps of life, expressing vaguely the sublime knowledge the intellect has gained in silence and meditation. Truth is not found in dogmas and creeds. The intellect thirsts for a knowledge that will give courage to stand alone. The heart yearns for the faith and joy that misfortune cannot crush or alter.

A lady who lived in the midst of every luxury, worldly-wise in material affairs and a votary of fashion, found fleeting pleasure in the gay functions of social life. But having drained all that the world of frivolity and levity offered, she learned that society is shallow, that its vanity and affectation is like a froth, which in its brief effervescence

loses the rich flavor and substance. Seeking relief, she took up the study of various teachings, read new thought books, quoted famous authors, delved into Christian Science, and finally came to the brilliant conclusion that "there is nothing in anything." She had failed to read first that which shall give the key to all else, for the true seeker looks within and reads from the one book, his own mind. He draws upon the mines of that buried treasure wherein is stored a world of thoughts and pictures. He is conscious of the mysteries, the realities and beauties of existence.

When Love Fills the Heart of the Universe.

FLORA HAZELTON.

There is a power that pervades all space, keeping in motion the atoms of the physical world, creating unity, and harmony. Nature knows not discord.

The laws of the spiritual world are also in accordance with this fact, and harmony is the spiritual expression of truth in its highest sense. Perfect harmony is love, the outgrowth of which is peace.

We live in an age of progression, or rather we understand this progress better in this age than we did in the past ages. We have progressed from time immemorial, for progression is eternal. The law of life requires no pause, then why not fill up the moments with something worth while? Our every thought, word and deed is chronicled somewhere to be read by some one sometime. "Every word spoken in the round world that thou oughtest to hear, shall vibrate on thine ear." Nothing is lost. Even the elements that make up the physical body pass back to like elements in nature when the spirit needs them no longer in the present form.

Truth must come from within, not from without. To understand self is to understand the world, for we are children of the same family, and life is life in you and in me. The same sun shines for all.

When sweetness, hope and love radiate from our inmost being, external ills will disappear as dissolves the mist before the sun. Poverty, sorrow, sickness, pain shall cease to be when Love fills the heart of the Universe for that will be the Kingdom of God manifest. Radiate the Good that you find in yourselves, each and all, rich and poor, high and low, and how long will the crying evils of today exist? Begin Heaven here and now. Live in Heaven here and now, and don't keep your blinds closed, but *let others see your dwelling place.*

Go into your silent chamber called Soul, and there speak the word that One spoke before when the turbid sea became still.

Hope all things, Live all things, Love all things, and the sweetness that comes from so doing, you will recognize as that "Peace that passeth understanding."

Affirmations for April

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I.

I draw together those who are asunder,
And send to them the strength of perfect
love.

With faith, trust and understanding I fill
their hearts.

II.

I call all those who are ill or suffering into
harmony with the Law.

The Power shall sustain them. Nature shall
heal.

III.

The way shall open and the path grow
clear.

Plenty shall fill my hands and theirs for
whom I speak today.

IV.

I am Forbearance, that sayeth not aught
which shall offend.

I am Charity which "suffereth long and is
kind."

I am Love.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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FRANKLIN L. BERRY

Assistant Editors

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

The Letter Box.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

B. L. D. You write that you are unable to make those around you take an interest in the truths that appeal to you—particularly the New Thought teachings—and you feel that something must be lacking in you. You wish to know how you may “make” your relatives see things as you do. Now, my dear little woman, you are starting out wrong. New Thought is not a thing to be forced upon people. They must grow into it themselves, for it to be of any use to them. Don’t *talk* about “making” people take an interest in it and cease trying to “make” them do so. You have no right to “make” other people adopt your views, nor have they a right to “make” you adopt theirs. This trying to “make” people think as we do has caused great suffering, sorrow, persecution and misery in the past, and always will work out that way whenever and by whomever it may be attempted. You are not the keeper of your relatives’ conscience, nor are you answerable for their beliefs or non-beliefs. They are free souls, and each must grow in accordance with the Law. Each soul, in its evolution, must pass through certain phases. It must live out and outlive certain forms of thought. Each soul has that which is best fitted for it at its particular stage of development. And no soul can escape its own good nor can it have to-morrow’s good thrust upon it to-day. The two-year-old child cannot be expected to see things as does the man of twenty-five, nor can the latter occupy the same view-point as the man of forty. It is all a matter of growth and experience. The food of the man would kill the infant. The trouble with most of us is that when we manage to get a little glimpse of the truth we think we have the whole thing. Our little fragment seems to represent all that there is. And, forgetting how long it took us to work into our present position, we feel that those around us must be “made” to see as we see, whether they will or not. We offer the food in a spoon, and if the child does not open its mouth at once we would rap him on the head with the spoon. Babies and grown-ups won’t stand this sort of treatment, and the more that the food is pressed upon them the more they resist it. I remember once (a number of years ago) that my little baby boy refused to partake of some sort of mushy mess that I thought was just the thing for him. His mother wasn’t so enthusiastic about it, but I had read all about the merits of the stuff, and I just knew it was what he needed. I was a young father, and knew it all, of course. Well, the more I urged it upon the youngster the more he yelled and struggled until, finally, I said, emphatically, “Well, he’s just *got* to take it,” and tried to open his mouth and force it down. (Awfully brutal, I know, but men will be brutes when it comes to persuading babies, as all fond mothers know.) Just as I had the little mouth open, and the spoon in the right position, something happened. The little rascal, finding that defeat was staring him in the face, and being the kind of baby that does not relish defeat, drew in a long breath, and then *blew* with all the force of his baby lungs, and, lo! the soft, sticky, mushy, milky mess flew out of the spoon and spread itself all over my shirt-front. Then, to finish up the job, the little fist waved a moment and descended right on the bowl, the result being that the whole bowlful was deposited in my lap. I decided to let it go at that. Well, it’s just the same with grown-ups as with babies. They won’t stand having things forced down their throats—and I don’t blame them. It isn’t nature’s way. No one has a right to attempt to force a belief, creed, or philosophy upon another. If the thing is not sufficiently attractive to a person to induce him to adopt it, let him alone until he is ready for it. Always be willing to explain or talk about the subject, when the other person shows an inclination, but don’t bore him with it. You may not realize it, but the human race has been a great sufferer from this tendency toward forcible conversion. Men and women have been killed, burned at the stake, broken on wheels and otherwise persecuted from this desire to “make” them see the truth of the things believed by their persecutors. But, note this fact, the people refused to be converted, notwithstanding the methods used. The only potent force in converting people is Love, just plain, every-day Love. Now, of course, I do not imagine that you meant all this sort of thing when you spoke of “making,” but it is all a bit off the same piece. “Making” is all wrong, in any form. If you wish to “make” those around you see the beauties of your philosophy, the best plan is to *live* it the best way you know how. Let your own

life shine with the beauties of what you feel and see, and others will be attracted to you, and will come to you to be taught. One good example of living up to one's belief, is worth more than a hundred sermons or articles on "how to do it" (mine own included). The thought-vibrations from the mind of one "living the life" will extend in great circles, and will reach those ready for the teaching. The Law of Attraction does the work for you. If these teachings seem true to you, make them a part of yourself—manifest them in your everyday life—let the bright, cheerful and happy, free and fearless thoughts radiate from you and many will be attracted, without "making." As for those near to you, if they do not seem interested, let them alone—they are free and you must not attempt to bind them. Let them grow in their own way—there is a power working in them, as well as in you. And that power knows what it is doing. You are not running the world—nor am I. Give the great Life Principle a chance to do its work in its own way. Have Faith, little woman, have Faith.

The Publisher's Talk.

Letters pile in on us daily in regard to the Circulating Library. Those who sent in subscriptions on, say, the 20th of February and did not receive a book on the March 1st delivery, write in inquiring, "Why? Why?" The answer is simple: "Just because you weren't *in time* for a March delivery." It takes a couple of weeks to get the application properly entered, assigned to its Section, given its number and made ready to enjoy the privileges of the Library. We aren't yet through entering the early March applications. So don't be impatient. By April 5th, if you haven't heard from us and you are a member of the Library, write us. But not before! And this is our answer to all inquiries sent before that date.

Of course we expect that there will be some mistakes. A large volume of business is seldom handled without a few errors creeping in. Human nature is not infallible,—not even in a New Thought office. And, indeed, not even among subscribers. But we're rather proud of *our* subscribers. It's *real* New Thought when a man who by mistake has received a notification that his subscription is expiring, writes in and says: "I know of course it was a mistake, such as might happen in any busy office. Good luck to you." That's a good deal better, don't you think? than the one who writes in and says: "My subscription has two more months to run. I'd like to renew right now and get the Circulating Library, but since I got your expiration card I won't be euchred out of two months. Why should I be robbed of two months? Don't you think this is a dishonest way to treat me?" It's a good idea to carry the principles of New Thought into even the small things. It makes life happier for all of us—and especially for publishers.

There has been such a clamor for the privileges of our Circulating Library that in self-defense we have been obliged to give everybody a chance to come in. Otherwise Miss Wells and Mr. Berry would have no time to do anything the rest of the year but write letters of explanation. So read our announcement in the advertising pages. For \$1.00 sent in before May 1st, you can get a membership in the Circulating Library and a paid-up subscription to New Thought to January 1, 1906. Remember to tell us, in writing, that you are taking advantage of Special Offer No. 4. Or, if you already have a subscription, you can get a year's membership in the Circulating Library upon payment of Fifty cents. "Now, what d'ye think of that?"

Mr. Atkinson went out of the city the other day and got delayed by a wash-out on the road, with the result that his monthly article on "Practical Mental Science" to be mailed to us from the train, failed to arrive on time. But it will be just as good next month.

We spent an hour of considerable interest the other day with Mr. Taber examining his Encyclopedic Chart of the Human Body, known as Eale & Taber's Chart. It certainly is a wonderfully comprehensive production, showing accurately the location of each organ of the body, their uses, description, functions and capacity, the distribution of the nerves, with their names, and the names of all bones and muscles. It abounds in colored plates and descriptions, and an almost endless fund of special information. Certainly Mr. Taber gives us all a wonderful opportunity to follow the Scriptural injunction to "Know Thyself." The chart contains treble the information of the ordinary books on the subject, for we have barely touched upon its many features.

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."

When the realization of our desire finally comes, how often do we prize it as we once thought we would? That is something I am often moved to ask. If we are never granted it, our belief that we want it remains the same; if our desire is fulfilled, how often we find that we have outgrown its need, or have never *grown up* to its full appreciation.

We New Thinkers who realize that concentration, a full use of the strength of the Silence, and a practical application to life of the I Can and I Will principle, can bring to us our desires, are apt to fall into the error of spending all our strength to secure this end. There is something further. If we are to enjoy the gift when it comes, we must grow apace with our desire. What is desired at sixteen, realized at twenty-six, is but a faint shadow of the dream we held. The wonderful experience craved at thirty shall often find us at forty, too dwarfed to reach its height. Therefore grow! grow! *evermore* grow! And see that your desire grows with you; else some day that you called Happiness will come and yet your heart be empty.

It so often happens that a man centers his mind upon a certain business career, at the time apparently unattainable. So out of reach it seems that he exaggerates its opportunities, its advantages; he thinks of it, longs for it, sends his thoughts reaching out for it. In the meantime the circumstances of his life are shaping themselves. Suddenly a new avenue of interest opens up, but at that moment straight ahead he sees the path clear to the attainment of his cherished ambition. Realization is so near that he can pause and examine. What is the result? He sees it *for the first time calmly and understandingly*, with an attempt to fit it to his knowledge of himself and his needs. And with reluctant regret he turns away; it is not what he wants. The new avenue, after all, which each need of his life has been quietly shaping, is where he belongs. The other is outgrown, as he has failed to broaden and enlarge it from time to time to keep pace with his own growth.

On the other hand, let us say, it is all and more than he dreamed. And it is his, his for the claiming. But all his time has been spent in bringing it to him, none in preparation for its privileges. He is lost in its space. He is not large enough to grasp the gift, and his hands hang empty still.

I have before me a letter from one of our number, addressed to Mr. Atkinson: "Dear Mr. Atkinson," she says, "I have waited years for the fulfillment of a certain desire, and believing that constant concentration would bring about the desired result, I concentrated whenever there was an opportunity for going into the silence. Now this desire is on the eve of being realized, but from all appearances will fall so far short of the ideal that the question arises in my mind, where is the trouble; am I to blame? If you can throw a little light on the subject or suggest in what way I am at fault, if such is the case, I wish you would reply."

There is but one answer. Either she has kept her will concentrated on her desire without really looking it fair in the face to realize that it was daily being left behind—and this is the probable solution,—or she has failed to grow *with* it, and left alone on the lower level feels that strange sense of emptiness which comes over all of us when we dwell at last in the presence of our ideals only to find ourselves solitary still.

The secret of *successful* attainment is Growth.

* * *

One of our members asks: "How can I control my thoughts to think only of that which is pure and good?" Don't *control* your thoughts. *Select* them. That's better. Once carefully selected, you can let them go rioting through your mind at any hour of the day or night. You need not bother about them after that. It's only when you plan to fill your mind with some good thoughts and some bad thoughts that they need to be controlled. It is a well-known physical law that no

two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time. The rule holds good in the mental world, as well. If you do not want to have unhappy, impure or harmful thoughts, fill your mind to the brim with thoughts that are happy, pure, helpful. Keep adding more and more and more and more, till there isn't a cranny where the other sort may lodge. How are you to do this? Well, one good place to get the thoughts you want is from books. Read Mr. Atkinson's "Thought Force" for instance, a few paragraphs at a time, and when you are walking to work or busying yourself about matters which do not take all the attention of your mind, keep thinking them over and finding new truths to store up in your mind, and fill up the corners. Read Ralph Waldo Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite" in the same way, Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Heart of the New Thought," Bolton Hall's "Things as They Are." Go where you meet good people; good thoughts have a way of springing into being in such atmosphere. Do kindly unselfish things every day. If you don't exactly *want* to do the things, do them anyway. You'll soon have a fine crop of good thoughts from just this beginning. And say to yourself daily and many times a day: "I have swept my mind free of all that is unlovely. Nothing but good shall enter there."

* * *

This month we print a few of the letters received for our symposium on "How does New Thought affect my religion?" And as a sort of a preface to them, I am going to print also one of the letters received asking the aid of the Circle, simply to show how close it seems to me New Thought comes to the spirit of Christ. Here is the letter:

"Mr. F. L. Berry: Having faith in the promise of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, 'That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven,' I desire that you put me on your list with our 'I Can and I Will' friends who will join me in praying for supply and prosperity in the way of work and money.

"CECELIA."

* * *

Will the Circle remember L. C. S. and M. M. when repeating Affirmation I; H. C., M. C. B., N. J., Mrs. D., A. E. W. and L. A. W. when repeating Affirmation II, with special thought (at the request of one of our members) for William Rainey Harper, President of the University of Chicago; M. M., E. C. P., L. F. B., I. A. W., F. S. B., W. F. A., E. H. M. and Cecelia when repeating Affirmation III. All of these affirmations may be used also for individual needs. For instance, if you yourself need Affirmation I, say: "I draw to me him who is apart, and send to him the strength of perfect love. With faith, trust and understanding I fill our hearts." If Affirmation II: "I place myself in harmony with the Law. The Power shall sustain me. Nature shall heal."

How Has The New Thought Affected My Religion?

"Mr. Franklin L. Berry:

"Dear Sir—I would like to join the I CAN AND I WILL CIRCLE, and herewith offer my testimony in the symposium. I see no reason why the New Thought should alter or change one's religious belief. I have been practicing New Thought for three years and am still an adherent of the good old orthodox religion taught me by my mother. I regard New Thought as a *method of attainment* and cannot see why people of widely differing religious views might not be good "New Thinkers," regarding each other with brotherly kindness and working along different lines toward the same high ideal. I sometimes think I would like to exchange correspondence with a circle of New Thinkers who hold to the orthodox views in religion.

E. K. M."

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"My Dear Mr. Berry: Apropos of your query I want to say that to me New Thought is the very Alpha and Omega of Christianity. Surely the thing which helps us so to live that we may be known and read of all men as disseminating life, light, hope, *all* that goes to make strong, happy, healthy, lovable men and women, *is Christlike*. I am an Episcopalian in theory, but from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet I am struggling to be a New Thought woman in deed and in truth. God bless the dear little magazine! May it go forth, conquering and to conquer, until our entire household shall be brought into the daily practice of its teachings. So shall we become Christians!

E. B. L."

"The Pilgrims' Path Symposium: As for myself, I have been identified with a leading orthodox church since childhood, and until New Thought came into my life, the eye of my religion, so to speak, was fixed upon *death*; but New Thought has taught me how to *live*, with the assurance that if one continues 'living by the spirit,' there need be no concern about post-mortem conditions. And while I no longer give credence to the orthodox atonement, believing 'Whatsoever a man sow, that, also, shall he reap,' and that each must 'work out his own salvation'; yet I think we should reverence and profit by the life and teachings of the Nazarene whose mission it was to bring mankind back from the estate of ignorance, superstition and corruption into which it had fallen, to a realizing sense of the love of the Father for His children. L. L."

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"Dear Miss Wells: You ask your readers to write, and I would like to answer Mr. Berry's question. It does not seem as if one's church interfered at all with New Thought teaching. I love my church, and since reading of the New Thought, it has become far more dear to me, for it has brought me into closer communion with God. I am sure it will make my last days my best days. A. H. M."

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"Editors' Department I CAN AND I WILL CIRCLE: I am more than pleased with the Circle and wish to be one of the number. I have found all the suggestions helpful, but am especially impressed with the question, 'Does the New Thought seek to replace the Christian religion?' Personally I am not very far advanced in the way, but so far I have found it to be the practical application of the teachings of Jesus in our everyday life. The Master asked: 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?' Now that is just what the average Christian does. We 'profess' religion and then keep right on worrying, fretting, fearing, taking anxious thought, judging others and so forth. When we begin to live in the New Thought, we try to conform our lives to the sayings of Jesus. To be sure, some do not call it Christianity and some express themselves in terms somewhat shocking to those of us who have long revered the accepted religion of Jesus, but I read that the disciples came to Him and said that they had found one casting out devils in His name and forbade him because he followed not with them. He said, 'Forbid him not, for no one that casteth out devils in my name can lightly speak evil of me.' So we learn of Him to be tolerant with those who do not see things just as we do. For my part I find it a blessed help in Christian living and only wish I had known about it thirty years ago when I first started to live a Christian life. God bless and speed the good work. A. M. L."

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"Dear Friend: You ask your readers for a symposium on the subject: 'How has New Thought affected my religion?' It has deepened, vitalized and enriched mine more than words can tell; yet words have, it is true, given partial expression to the increasing light as it has come to me, for it is impossible to keep the truth from radiating. The workers in a certain little union church a thousand miles away, that I still love to call mine, are in the habit of receiving and reading in their young people's meetings a monthly message from the Chicago member. They say it helps them, and I know it helps me. And what I try to give them each time is an idea gleaned from their own Bible selection, as the New Thought illumines and applies it to the practical life of today. Do they accept it? Yes, and gladly. Not that our philosophy is altogether new to them; the pastor has believed it and taught it for years, but, thanks to him and to such royal souls as William Walker Atkinson, the light grows as our eyes become able to bear it. More than four years have passed since I could be physically present in those young people's meetings; many changes have come, but my church, with all that it stands for, is ten-fold dearer to me now that I can see in all religious associations and no less in individuals, the same glorious truth—that of the oneness of the human with the Divine. L. M. H."