

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.

"Let a little sunshine in;
Let a little sunshine in;
Open wide the windows,
Open wide the doors,
And, let a little sunshine in."

—Sunday School Song.

Good advice, that. Something we all need in our business—in our work—in our religion—in our lives. Let a little sunshine in them, and things will go better.

No need of shoveling out the darkness—just let a little sunshine in—it's easier and far more effective. Sunshine chases out the blue devils, and the dark thoughts. The microbes of doubt, distrust, fear, worry, hate, jealousy, and all the rest, are killed by the sunshine. Let a little sunshine in, early and often. Drive out the crawling things.

The sunshine is free—free as air; let it in, let it in. It is your own, use it freely. There is no meter on it to register the charge—the more you use of it, the more the Maker of it is pleased. That's what He makes it for. There is no tariff on it—no trust controls it. Take it for a gift, and be sure you take enough.

Laugh, early and often. When you feel like "getting mad," laugh. When you are threatened with the blues, laugh. When you feel discouraged, laugh. Let a little sunshine in. Be bright, cheerful and happy, and the rest will take care of itself.

Open wide the windows of your mind—don't be afraid of spoiling the carpets or the furniture—let a little sunshine in. Open the doors of the soul, and flood it with sunshine. Let it stream in. Get the house well aired, and sweetened by the sunshine. It is God's own remedy. Let a little sunshine in.

I challenge the bluest of you to sing this little verse over for fifteen minutes, and still feel blue. Why the very word "Sunshine" has brightened you up—now, hasn't it, honor bright? Sing it again—*shout* it if you want to, and you will indeed

LET A LITTLE SUNSHINE IN.

What is "The New Thought?"

(Fourth Paper.)

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.



In addition to the familiar instances of the effect of the mind upon the body, or rather, of the production of physical conditions by mental states, a number of which I gave in my last paper, there are to be found more marked, and less common, instances of the workings of the same law, examples of which I will mention in this paper. My idea is to bring out the wonderful effect produced by mental states, or thought, upon functions generally regarded as being independent of the mind. Of course, no bodily function is independent of the mind. Each and every function is under the control and direction of that part of the mind which is out of the field of consciousness. This sub-conscious region of the mind, as it is called, has charge of the working of the physical machinery, and attends to it intelligently and faithfully, although according to set rules, and in an instinctive manner. This part of the mind, however, is open to suggestions from the conscious part of the mind, and in some cases is so receptive to such suggestions that it will accept them implicitly and will carry them out to the end. Much disease is produced in this way, the conscious mind of the person accepting certain ideas regarding disease, which impressions are passed on to the sub-conscious mentality, there to manifest into action along the lines of physical functioning. But I am getting somewhat ahead of my story, my intention being merely to call your attention to the fact that the sub-conscious mind regulates and controls the functions of the body, and is, in turn, open to ideas and suggestions from the conscious mind.

Experiments along these lines have been made by investigators of suggestion, with remarkable results. Make-believe fly-blisters, consisting merely of ordinary court-plaster, have been placed upon the skin of suggestible people, with the result that a well-formed and typical blister has resulted, just as it would have had a genuine fly-blister been applied. Bogus mustard plasters have produced the same result. The heart's action has been reduced or increased by suggestion. The temperature has been changed by forcible suggestion. The circulation has been directed toward certain parts of the body, or partially inhibited, by the same means. I have taken part in experiments in which the patient's arm has been made cold by the circulation being inhibited by the proper suggestion, and then made feverish by an abnormal amount of blood being forced into it by mere verbal suggestion. These cases are common

to the student in psychology and suggestion. People have died believing that they were bleeding to death. Cases are of record where condemned criminals have been experimented with, their eyes blindfolded, and a slight scratch made on the wrist, the physician pretending that the man was to be bled to death. Water would be dropped into the bucket, giving the impression of the dripping and running of blood from the severed artery, and the physicians would remark upon the pallor and increasing weakness of the subject of the experiment. The latter would gradually grow weaker, and in some cases would finally die. Many people have died believing that they had been poisoned, and bites from harmless snakes have caused others to die with all the symptoms of poisoning from venomous snakes. Thousands have died from the belief that the dog that had bitten them was "mad." Fear has killed its thousands in cholera epidemics, and the same is true in other epidemics. Let the newspapers report a new disease, giving the symptoms in detail, as is their custom, and lo! hundreds who read the account fall victims to it. Diseases become fashionable in this way. The advertisements of the patent medicine people, giving detailed symptoms, have created a demand for their nostrums by inducing the described disease among those who read the advertisements. Students in medical colleges are very apt to take on the symptoms of the diseases about which they are studying, a fact that may be verified by inquiry of any professor of long experience.

Many of you have heard stories of people being frightened into sickness by practical jokers, who, one after the other, at intervals, would inform the subject of the joke that he was "looking dreadful;" "must be getting ready for a sickness," etc., etc. Every physician has a stock of tales about similar cases coming under his notice in his practice. They are apt to say that the illness arose from "imagination," but fail to explain how the "imagination" works, and often refuse to admit that "imagination" will work cures as well as induce illness. But physicians, as a rule, are now awakening to the effect of the mind in such cases, and are using suggestion in their practice, without mentioning the fact because of popular prejudice and ignorance of the subject. Many physicians recognize the value of what are known as "placebos," which consist of some simple substance without any medicinal value, the effect produced being caused solely by the mind of the patient accepting the suggestion that they are drugs of great strength and value. The bowels and kidneys may be acted upon by placebos accompanied with strong suggestions of their virtue and expected effect, as many physicians know. The bread-pill is no joke, and forms a valuable remedy in the hands of the physician who understands psychology.

Many people have been cured by a talisman or charm, worn next to the skin. Amulets have carried many people through epidemics. Liver-

pads, electric belts, and what not, have made great cures, as we all know. The virtue of all these things comes from the belief of the person using them. But, remember this, the cure is as real as if the things really possessed the virtues their vendors claimed for them. The mind accepts the suggestion, and the physical change occurs. I once knew an old fellow in the East who had quite a reputation through the country districts for his "fever and ague letters." He would write a mysterious letter, composed of gibberish and peculiar characters, which he would send to the person sending him a dollar. This letter was supposed to have the property of chasing away fever and ague almost immediately. The old man had been selling these letters for many years and told me that his father had been doing so before him. He believed in the virtue of his letters, although he could give no reason for their effect. He had hundreds of testimonials giving him credit for wonderful cures, some almost instantaneous, and many of his customers sent him a dollar regularly every ague season, as the virtue of the letter was supposed to expire at the end of one year from its date. Many families had used these letters for two or three generations, and the added testimony of the users, of course, strengthened the suggestion. There was, of course, no reason for the cure except the mental effect—and yet the cures were made, no doubt of *that* fact. People who had been suffering intensely from the fever and ague would be relieved in a short time, and then would be immune for another year. The mind did the work. This may seem a subject for mirth to many, but we must not lose sight of the law behind the phenomenon, and endeavor to turn it to good account.

A tale is told of an Eastern king, in the old-time, who was suffering from some nervous complaint. His physicians believed that a sudden shock would cure him, but were afraid to administer it on account of the violent temper of the monarch. At last they bribed the court jester to push the king into a pond suddenly, as he was walking along its bank. The shock of the fall and the cold bath restored the king to health, but he was bound to get even with the jester. He sentenced him to death, but before the hour of the execution relented, in view of the good intentions of the poor fellow. Still he wanted to punish him for his temerity, although his life would be spared. At the hour set for the execution, the poor wretch was led blindfolded to the block. His neck was placed in position and at the word the executioner brought down a cold, wet cloth upon his neck with great force. The courtiers burst into a laugh, expecting to see the jester's jump of surprise, but the poor fellow never stirred. The shock of the blow of what he supposed to be the cold edge of the axe proved fatal, and he died instantly.

A noted physician once placed a thermometer in the mouth of a poor patient, in order to ascertain his temperature. The patient thought that it was some new form of treatment, and cried out that he felt much better

already. In a short time his temperature decreased, his fever being broken, and he soon recovered. The physician is said to have used the thermometer afterward to good effect in similar cases.

A tale is told of Chief Justice Holt of England, many years ago. When a law student he, with a companion, visited a country inn in a remote district. They spent all their money before their bill was presented, and were at their wits end to know how to escape imprisonment for fraud. Young Holt noticed that the daughter of the inn-keeper was suffering from fever and ague, and he informed the father that he could manufacture amulets of surprising virtue, which would drive away the ague in a short time. The father asked him to make one for his daughter, and the young man did so with much ceremony. The girl was cured instantaneously and the young men went their way with a receipted bill, and pocket money beside. Holt prospered, and after many years became a judge. On one of his circuits a case came before him for trial. A woman was charged with sorcery, the claim being made that she had cured hundreds of people of fever and ague by means of a mysterious amulet that had come into her possession many years before. The testimony regarding the cures was overwhelming, but the local officers saw the work of the Devil in it, and arrested the woman and brought her to trial. On the stand she told how a young doctor—a wonderful man—had given her the talisman, many years before, curing her of the ague. She had used it ever since for the good of her neighbors, at six-pence a cure. Judge Holt asked to see the amulet, and when he examined it found it was the same one he had given the girl years before, when a giddy youth in sore need of money to pay his hotel bill. He dismissed the woman with a solemn warning to refrain from such devilish practices in the future. He told the tale on himself, and gave us another ancient proof of the value of suggestion and “imagination” in the cure of fever and ague. But modern investigators now understand the nature of the cures performed by the amulet, and see in it another instance of the power of the mind upon the physical functions.

I could give you page after page of instances that have come to my notice—some from reading, and many from personal experience—all illustrating the power of the mind over the physical functioning in the matter of the production of disease, and the curing of it by restoring normal functioning. But it would be the same old tale over and over again. The study is a fascinating one to me, and likewise to many others who have paid some attention to it. But underneath all of the varying manifestations of this power, I can see but one law, governing alike the cure and the production of the disease. Called by many names, it is but one. And as this subject of mental healing forms one of the phases of what is known as “The New Thought,” I cannot avoid devoting considerable space to it. I consider it all a manifestation of a natural law which is available everywhere—by everyone. The New Thought does not own it, but merely calls attention

to it. There is no necessity of surrounding it with mystery and airy structures of theory and metaphysical speculation. It is just as plain a law as is the law of gravitation. And, by-the-way, gravitation is not such a simple matter as we assume. We *know* how it acts, but *Why?*—that's the question. And this great law of the mind is in pretty much the same position. And we might as well stop bothering about the "Why" of it, until we get the facts of the "How" in better shape.

Dawn.

ELIZABETH ROOSA CODDINGTON.

Poured forth a flood of radiant amber
Through the mist;
Mad riotings of richest melody awoke
The emerald silence of the hills
And all the little buds came out to hear.
The waters laughed and leaping, spun
A web of diamonds in the sun.
The maples blushed, confused and tremulous
With soft caresses and the south wind's kiss.
My heart thrilled through with Maytime's ecstasy
And all the glad earth whispered
"God is Love."

I Love You.

BY IDA GATLING PENTECOST.



What a privilege it is to send love to the ends of
of the earth!

When we realize the *Oneness* of all—how can we
keep from it? I used to long to lift the lid of every
one's brain and look in, and now I delight to open
the door of every one's heart, and gently enter.

You give such a welcome to love these early spring
days. The warm sunlight melts the being into the
exercise of its best qualities. On faces we see are smiles, and the sweet
May air brings joyousness. God is giving birth to so many tiny leaves on
bush and tree, and has kissed so many blossoms into beauty, that soul
songs fill the land. One long thanksgiving glistens back of each eye,
because it is so good to be alive. The balmy freshness of the morning
puts a gladness in every handclasp. Cheerfulness is irresistible, and

almost universal. O, the wondrous breath of Life at this moment throbbing everywhere. Stop and feel it, examine it. Make the wind your playmate. Cease thinking for a bit, and be conscious of this renewing force as it filters through your body. Sense it lifting your soul. Observe its sweet method for bringing the Ideal more intimately near. Oneness, it cries, in exquisite tones. But one word does life utter—Oneness—Oneness! God is all there is.

Are you sad today? Are you feeding on wild unrest? Let me soothe you,—I know about it. Has nature, or person, or circumstance hurt you, as we are wont to say? Do you feel punished in a way? Well—maybe it will comfort you just a little to know that I love you, and do not blame you, whatever you have done. I would sweeten the acid voice of accusation throughout this universe if I could. I am coming to *understand*, and so can only love, the more tenderly when you fall than when you soar.

I'll walk with you to the window and we will look up into the blue sky together. (I would permit no punishments less gentle than this, if they were left to me.) Is not the recognition of one's own imperfect self sufficient? God knows the anguish of the one expressing error. Man need not step in with his bungling and butchery. Prisons and scoldings are worse than crimes and mistakes.

Ah me! the pathos of blindness.

Then I will walk by your side through a happy meadow till your pain ceases, and the wide vistas make you forget your sorrow. Or, if your head presses a pillow, I'll sit close to your bed side and bathe you with the spirit of life that surges within me.

Have you lost money, or friends, or never had any?

Don't grieve, you have done the best you could.

Your wealth does not consist of money or mortals; it is composed of what you *are*. Christ had very few friends, and nearly the last one failed him at the end. Merciless and thin is the future of him who measures himself by his friends.

Ally yourself with the Infinite, betroth yourself to God. Realize power, for real power gotten this way can never be lost, or leave you. Let go of everything and everybody and you will feel a great inflow of rest and peace that words cannot describe. It will be like a mighty wind fragrant with undreamed of blessings.

Hands are delicate, but they can open a way for the sore ones lost in the forest of Doubt. Doubt has so long maimed your spirit, and your qualities, that now you are going to begin to exercise faith. . . . Faith ever awaits *use*. . . .

Bright skies are before you when you trust; they will take the place of long, drear shadows. Dull, heavy uncertainty is to be replaced by white-winged confidence. (Uncertainty is always so debilitating.) To

know is a giant tonic. Unbanished, unoutgrown doubt ends in death. Say to yourself, *I believe!* Immediately you feel yourself expand. Say to yourself, *I doubt!* At once you contract.

Hate any one, and you pinch yourself up. Love, and you unfold. So, with the finger tips of more abundant life, I pick the obstacles from your pathway, that you may move on receiving what riches await you. Spiritual destiny is the recognition of the good in every one. I love the thief, and the prostitute. I can find the divine spark in everybody. I would rather find it than pick diamonds out of a mine. The discovery of America brought Columbus renown. There is more joy in finding the Promised Land within each soul than in any such renown. I delight to browse through those regions wherein your kindness dwells. I see the lacework of your imagination patterning for gracious and heavenly reality.

I long to have you know your real self. (You don't yet.) Had I words as sweet as honeysuckle I could not describe that "best" of yours. When you are honest, loving, and cheerful, don't you feel a comfort that almost amounts to bliss?

Get rid of foolishness, and toys, and what of ignorance that does not bring you permanent happiness and peace—at the risk even of being called "religious!" Put yourself in every one's place before you speak, it will make you more tender minded. Every act we perform, every truth we must search tends towards the advance of our soul. *Misjudge no one.* The Universal is lifting higher and higher. In individual ways you and I are pushing on, as the flower pushes up through the dirt. When we were ignorant, we did as ignorance does, now we know better, we have changed. Care what no one says,—only what you are! Buds come to be roses, and roses do not ridicule buds. The sun kisses the twigs that we may have the apple-blossoms. Do not criticise the soul that is in embryo, rather let your light shine. Hang your mental wall with ugly, sad, miserable, wretched, morbid, unlovely pictures and they will not do you the good that happy, bright, beautiful and perfect pictures will. Beauty is healthier than deformity to look upon. In school to teach a child fine writing you show it examples of fine penmanship; you don't put before him every single sort of poor, ugly, chicken-track writing you ever saw. A woman about to become a mother should see, hear, feel, and look upon only what is perfect. Look upon perfection and you will more surely bring it into manifestation than if you look on imperfection. Let your *light* shine, and remember each stage of growth being necessary, no one should condemn. Supposing you censured the batter that was preparing to become the biscuit. Some people may look unbaked to you, but I tell you dough is necessary before you can have bread. Let us understand our brothers and sisters better. They, and we all, are on the way. Stabbing the still-

ness of each one's night of ignorance is the still small voice, ready to lead into marvelous light. Do you think the earth is strong beneath you? God's arm is stronger. His love is closer than your breath. Be aware of nature this May time; watch the grass grow and enliven into greenness. Each little blade is a wonder, a thousand books could never explain the miracle of life within it. When you see a bumble-bee, be a bumble-bee. Be a leaf, a sunset, so that you will feel a sense of oneness with all there is. Be a star in sympathy with space and be the air through which the bird flies. Be the breeze that pats the lake good night as it draws shadows for coverlids over its breast.

Come into intimate touch with all life. The thrill it will be to your being is the very pulse of God.

Do you say you have achieved this sympathetic understanding and feeling of oneness, with everything and everybody, that what I write of is child's play, that you are tired of easy things and want harder problems? How about that man or woman back in your mind? What do you think of *them*? Hold each transgressor to your heart before you cry for greater heights to climb.

Had I the power I would rather take thorns from the feet of sinners than put crowns on the heads of saints.

Oh, to comfort the outcast, and bathe away the fever of ignorance!

Oh, to erase care, worry, and doubt from every brow!

Oh, to be the tears for conscience-stricken and despairing ones!

Oh, to mend all broken, bleeding hearts! For,—*Everybody, I love you.*
With the God of me, I see the God of you.

New Thought Which is Old Thought.

“Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.” *Romans 13:8.*

Hello, Trouble!

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

In this day and age, most of us, even those of us who live in quiet towns or the quieter country, are familiar with the ordinary telephone. But in Chicago we have what is described in the advertisements as "a cussless, girlless, wireless telephone." It is an automatic 'phone. You don't have to ask anybody to "Give me Main 2411." By a certain mechanical contrivance you can ring Main 2411 yourself, without the intervention of "Central," and get an immediate answer. But like everything made by man, and not to be too superior to the non-automatic variety of telephone, your line may get out of order once in a while. And on your telephone book you will find the following notice: "Report troubles to 233."

The first time anything happens (it may be that somebody has left a receiver off the hook and prevented you from getting the connection you want, just as will happen with the ordinary telephone), you call up "233." As the last vibration of the electric bell dies down and before you even have an opportunity to say, "Hello, is this 233?" a soft voice answers, "Trouble!"

The next time you feel a little more familiar. You don't say "Is this 233?" but "Is this 'Trouble?'" And the answer comes echoing down the wire, "Trouble!"

And by the third time, you cry intimately, "Is that YOU, Trouble?" and the answer comes, still like an echo, "Trouble!" It never fails you.

Isn't that just like the rest of life? We *think* "Trouble,"—push goes our mental electric button and back comes the answer "Trouble! Trouble!" Just like an echo.

At first we are not so sure we are going to find "Trouble" at the end of the wire, and we speak tentatively; we feel our way, so to speak. We've got a little matter to complain about that isn't so very important, but we'd like to find out if "Trouble" is at the end of the line. The answer is prompt,—"Trouble! Trouble!"

And now we begin to get used to finding her in calling distance. This petty annoyance that is bothering us isn't worth while spending much time over, but still,—"Is this Trouble?" And how clear the call comes back,—"Trouble; Trouble!" Always there at the end of the wire, you see. We begin to feel very familiar with her.

The next time our neighbor probably would have hard work discovering our grounds for grumbling, but WE can see—WE know. "Is this YOU, Trouble?" "Yes—(here am I!) Trouble!"

I wonder if it's worth while to keep always pushing THAT button when there are so many pleasant people on our line and so many bright,

cheerful, happy things to talk about. "When you want new numbers, call up 234;" that's what the telephone book says. Why not call up 234?

"Hello, 234, can you give me Joy's number?" Certainly she can give you Joy's number. She knows it better than any other. Isn't it in your telephone book? Everybody wants to talk to Joy, and Joy's always at home waiting for the chance. Why not talk to Joy?

"Hello, 234, can you give me 'Health'?" Well, I should say so. It's the easiest thing in the world, isn't it? All you have to do to talk to Health is to call the right number and push the button, but you mustn't forget **YOU HAVE TO DO IT YOURSELF**. Better put "Health" in your directory. You'll get more fun out of talking to Health than any other conversation you ever had in your life.

"Hello, 234, have you got 'Love' on the line?" Love on the line! Why, Love's right next door! You can talk to her any hour of the day or night. Did you ever hear Love's voice? Well, call her up, and see if you ever want to do without it again.

"Hello, 234, how about Success? Has he got an automatic 'phone?" Has he got an automatic 'phone? Why, he doesn't use any other. No "Central" for Success! You'd never get a word with him if you relied on "Central" to get him on the line for you. **GET HIM YOURSELF!** That's what an automatic 'phone is for. Do you want to talk with Success? Well, ring him up. He'll answer.

Why don't **YOU** get an automatic 'phone—the "do it yourself" kind? Doesn't it seem to you we've depended on "Central" too long? We can give her the number, but when we ask her to get "Joy" for us, how often the answer comes back, "Busy! Busy!" Perhaps she didn't ring loud enough. Perhaps she forgot our call. But anyway we have to take her answer: "Joy's busy! Please call again!" And when we say, "Hello, Central, get me 'Success,' will you? I'm in a hurry for the connection"—haven't you heard Central say: "Success doesn't answer?" Well, then, where's your automatic 'phone? **TRY IT YOURSELF**. You'll make Success hear, if he's in town at all.

And when you do get your automatic 'phone installed and working properly, and some very small thing occurs to bother you, just think how small it is and don't ring up "Trouble." Oh, she'll answer you if you do. Sure! Never fails. But it seems to me I'd rather talk to Joy and Health and Love and Success than waste my time crying "Is that you, Trouble?" just to hear the answer echo back, "Trouble! Trouble!"

"Had I not stopped to pick up pebbles, I might have found jewels."
—Goethe.

Hands Off.

BY FELICIA BLAKE.



Individuality is the subtle essence of character.

A great deal has been written about individuality and yet individuality is so varied that each one who writes throws a different shading upon it—a light colored by his own individuality.

We are prone to think much of our own development, of the freedom necessary to bring out our own character, while often consciously or unconsciously trying to curtail that freedom in others.

To a greater or less extent we are beginning to realize that each experience is helping to unfold the meaning or purpose of our lives; is showing the development of our character. Naturally then, we demand the freedom of action necessary for that unfoldment. No matter how clearly others may see (or think they see) the solution of our problems, the only real help is when we learn the meaning of them for ourselves.

Think of the little child in school; if some schoolmate works his examples for him, he cannot learn the principle underlying them, and when examinations come he cannot meet the trial. It may have been a spirit of kindness and love that prompted the helper, or it may have been an inclination to show how much he knew; but whatever the motive the result would be the same—the good of the lesson would be lost for the one who was helped in that way.

There is a way to help, of course: show why and how an example can be done, then leave the student to work it out for himself. Point out the way if you can, then keep hands off.

It does not seem to be so easy always to keep hands off, to allow others to work out their problems for themselves; there is a tendency to tell others how they should act, rather than to open their eyes to the principle underlying the action and then to let them choose for themselves. We may think we see their problems clearly and that we can save them trouble if they will let us work them out; but in that way we help to shut their eyes to the lessons contained.

Often it is difficult to see a dear friend meeting experiences that we know must bring a certain amount of pain; difficult to see one make mistakes when we realize that consequences must be borne; and yet no one can save another by interference, by advising a line of action, no matter how thoroughly one warns or cautions.

We all know how unlikely any one is to profit by the experiences of another; that has become a maxim. And it must be so, each must learn his own lesson.

If you held in your hand a wonderful talisman—a something that would give the possessor *knowledge without experience*, do you know that you could not give it away; that he, whom you wished to save, would not accept the gift no matter from what it might save him? You might know what would bring him happiness, but he must learn for himself. No matter how great a blessing is in your power to bestow, it is worth nothing to him who does not care for it; you cannot give even the highest good to one who is unwilling to receive.

Then does it seem as if, in keeping hands off, one could give no assistance? That is true; you can give no real assistance, but you *can show others how to help themselves*. That is the true help, and again we are reminded of a well-known aphorism.

To lean upon any one always makes possible the danger of tottering if the support should be removed, but to open the eyes to the guiding light of Wisdom brings power to stand and work alone.

Our service then is to help others to find that light, just let it in; we can try to show them how to open their consciousness to it. We cannot tell them “what to do,” we can only try to say that which will let them see for themselves what is best to do; we cannot shield them from experiences, but we can sometimes show them what experience means.

This does not prevent problems, no, but it takes out the sting, the sorrow, the pain. With the light of understanding, the experience can be faced fearlessly; its use is not to teach us what we already know through understanding, but is to make it applicable personally. Experience is merely corroboration of the wisdom gained.

Do not let us try to direct the experience of others; experience should be a “proving” of our examples. Let us help ourselves and others to see the Light and then—keep hands off!

Seven billion years before I was born,
I was an iris.

My roots
buried themselves
in a star.

On its dark waters
swam

My blue giant blossom.

From the German of Arno Holz, by E. G.

I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows, any secondary testimony.—Emerson.

Practical Mental Science.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

In my last paper on this subject, I spoke of the plan of getting rid of undesirable states of feeling by driving them out. But a far better way is to cultivate the feeling or emotion directly opposed to the one you wish to eradicate.

We are very apt to regard ourselves as the creatures of our emotions and feelings, and to fancy that these feelings and emotions are "us." But such is far from being the truth. It is true that the majority of the race are slaves of their emotions and feelings, and are governed by them to a great degree. They think that feelings are things that rule one and from which one cannot free himself, and so they cease to rebel and they yield to the feeling without question, although they may know that the emotion or mental trait is calculated to injure them, and to bring unhappiness and failure instead of happiness and success. They say "we are made that way," and let it go at that.

The new Psychology is teaching the people better things. It tells them that they are masters of their emotions and feelings, instead of being their slaves. It tells them that brain-cells may be developed that will manifest along desirable lines, and that the old brain cells that have been manifesting so unpleasantly may be placed on the retired list, and allowed to atrophy from want of use. People may make themselves over, and change their entire natures. This is not mere idle theory, but is a working fact which has been demonstrated by thousands of people, and which is coming more and more before the attention of the race.

No matter what theory of mind we entertain, we must admit that the brain is the organ and instrument of the mind, in our present state of existence, at least, and that the brain must be considered in this matter. The brain is like a wonderful musical instrument, having millions of keys, upon which we may play innumerable combinations of sounds. We come into the world with certain tendencies, temperaments, and predispositions. We may account for these tendencies by heredity, or we may account for them upon theories of pre-existence, but the facts remain the same. Certain keys seem to respond to our touch more easily than others. Certain notes seem to sound forth as the current of circumstances sweeps over the strings. And certain other notes are less easily sounded. But we find that if we but make an effort of the will to restrain the sound of some of these easily sounded strings, they will grow more difficult to sound, and less liable to be stirred by the passing breeze. And if we will pay attention to some of the other strings that have not been giving forth a clear sound, we will soon get them in good working order, and their notes will chime forth clear and vibrant, and will drown the less pleasant sounds.

We have millions of unused brain-cells awaiting our cultivation. We are using but a few of them, and some of these we are working to death. We are able to give some of these cells a rest, by using other cells. The brain may be trained and cultivated in a manner incredible to one who has not looked into the subject. Mental attitudes may be acquired and cultivated, changed and discarded, at will. There is no longer any excuse for people manifesting unpleasant and harmful mental states. We have the remedy in our own hands.

We acquire habits of thought, feeling, and action, by repeated use. We may be born with a tendency in a certain direction, or we may acquire tendencies by suggestions from others, such as the examples of those around us; suggestions from reading; listening to teachers, etc. We are a bundle of mental habits. Each time we indulge in an undesirable thought or habit, the easier does it become to repeat that thought or action. And the oftener we give forth a certain desirable thought, or perform a desirable action, the easier does it become for us to repeat that thought or action.

Mental scientists are in the habit of speaking of desirable thoughts or mental attitudes as "positive"; and of the undesirable ones as "negative." There is a good reason for this. The mind instinctively recognizes certain things as good for the individual to which it belongs, and it clears the path for such thoughts, and interposes the least resistance to them. They have a much greater effect than an undesirable thought possesses, and one positive thought will counteract a number of negative thoughts. The best way to overcome undesirable or negative thoughts and feelings, is to cultivate the positive ones. The positive thought is the strongest plant, and will in time starve out the negative one, by withdrawing from it the nourishment necessary for its existence.

Of course the negative thought will set up a vigorous resistance at first, for it is a fight for life with it. In the slang words of the time, it "sees its finish" if the positive thought is allowed to grow and develop and, consequently, it makes things unpleasant for the individual until he has started well into the work of starving it out. Brain cells do not like to be laid on the shelf any more than does any other form of living energy, and they rebel and struggle until they become too weak to do so. The best way is to pay as little attention as possible to these weeds of the mind, but put in as much time as possible watering, caring for and attending to the new and beautiful plants in the garden of the mind.

For instance, if you are apt to hate people, you can best overcome the negative thought by cultivating Love in its place. Think Love, and act it out, as often as possible. Cultivate thoughts of kindness, and act as kindly as you can to everyone with whom you come in contact. You will have trouble at the start, but gradually Love will master Hate, and the latter will begin to droop and wither. If you have a tendency toward the "blues" cultivate a smile and a cheerful view of things. Insist upon your mouth

wearing up-turned corners, and make an effort of the will to look upon the bright side of things. The "blue-devils" will set up a fight, of course, but pay no attention to them—just go on cultivating optimism and cheerfulness. Let "Bright, Cheerful and Happy" be your watchword, *and try to live it out.*

These recipes may seem very old and time-worn to you, but they are psychological truths, and may be used by you to advantage. If you once understand the nature of the thing, the affirmations and auto-suggestions of the several schools may be understood and taken advantage of. You may make yourself energetic instead of slothful—active instead of lazy, by this method. It is all a matter of practice, and steady work. New Thought people often have much to say about "holding the thought," and, indeed, it is necessary to "hold the thought" in order to accomplish results. But something more is needed. You must "act out" the thought until it becomes a fixed habit with you. Thoughts take form in action, and in turn actions influence thought. So by "acting out" certain lines of thought, the actions react upon the mind, and increase the development of the part of the mind having close relation to the act. Each time the mind entertains a thought, the easier becomes the resulting action—and each time an act is performed, the easier becomes the corresponding thought. So you see the thing works both ways—action and reaction. If you feel cheerful and happy, it is very natural for you to laugh. And if you will laugh a little you will begin to feel bright and cheerful. Do you see what I am trying to get at? Here it is, in a nutshell: *If you wish to cultivate a certain habit of action, begin by cultivating the mental attitude corresponding to it. And as a means of cultivating that mental attitude, start in to "act-out," or go through, the motions of the act corresponding to the thought.* Now, see if you cannot apply this rule between now and this time next month. Take up something that you really feel should be done, but which you do not *feel* like doing. Cultivate the thought leading up to it—say to yourself: "I like to do so and so," and then go through the motions (cheerfully, remember) and act out the thought that you like to do the thing. Take an interest in the doing—study out the best way to do it—put brains into it—take a pride in it—and by this time next month, you will find yourself doing the thing with a considerable amount of pleasure and interest—you will have cultivated a new habit.

If you prefer trying it on some mental trait of which you wish to be rid, it will work the same way. Start in to cultivate the opposite trait, and think it out and act it out for all you are worth. Then watch the change that will come over you. Don't be discouraged at the resistance you will encounter at first, but sing gaily: "I Can and I Will," and get to work in earnest. The important thing in this work is to keep cheerful and interested. If you manage to do this, the rest will be easy.

Some Optimistic Aphorisms.

BY NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

Drill your thoughts! Learn to shut your eyes to everything that may depress your soul!

There is more philosophy in closing the eyes and shutting out the gloom than in all the theories which float through the minds of most teachers and preachers.

He who has learned to drill his thought so as to shut out the conflicts and sufferings of life, has mastered the secret of happiness and power. He becomes a magnet of cheer and brightness for his friends, and a sufficiency of power within, for himself. He need no longer look for good fortune, "for he himself is good fortune."

There is no book, no study-culture, no gift of genius that will so add to the power in life as the alchemic habit of seeing only the optimistic side of things. All things are fragments of God's eternal justice!

The line of vision, unobstructed by discouraging thoughts, will transform obstacles into opportunities; it will make the rough and narrow foot-path smooth and broad; it will shed light where darkness reigns; it will melt the hardened heart into divine compassion.

The conqueror of himself is far greater than the conqueror of an empire, because the empire is a temporary institution, while Man belongs to the eternal plan. And only by eternal measurement can Man judge of what he is or what he has made of himself.

He who has drilled his thoughts and learned to see only the beautiful side of life has accomplished the most for himself as well as for his fellow man.

It is in the bombardment of a real conflict that character is builded on a firm foundation and a victory won! The most successful bombardment is not done by force, but by the non-resistant attitude of good cheer—the optimistic mind penetrating the opaque obstacles, thus seeing through and beyond into the kingdom of happiness.

The kingdom of happiness is a kingdom of power. We have been told to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all else will be added. Did you ever think what this really meant? Kingdom means power; heaven means happiness or harmony; to seek means to search diligently in order to find that which is sought.

Should we believe that in a certain place we would find gold, would we not at once dig with pick and shovel to find it? Is not this what is meant when told to seek first the kingdom of heaven? Are we not also told that the kingdom of heaven is within us?

Then we do not need to go very far to find the power of happiness. We have only to search the inner being of the Self. When this is done

it is impossible to see anything but the brightness, the shining side of life, and enjoy its recompense—happiness.

Gold and precious metals, jewels and gems may be dug from this mysterious reservoir. So we see happiness is within our grasp. And it is the only power that we need; it gives us the power to attain, it gives us "pluck" to face all obstacles and outer conditions and to gain the kingdom we so long for. It is power that gives faith, it is power that heals, it is power that redeems.

Once upon a time when the writer was suffering from a severe and tragic illness, her little niece, only two or three years old, went every day and knelt in the midst of a pine grove and prayed that: "Nancy might have the power given her to get well!" Now, who ever heard of mental treatment like that? But it gave the power that was needed. Every patient must be made happy ere any kind of treatment will be eternally effective.

All misery will be repressed through having the vision fixed on eternal cheer. All nations will form one community. All thrones will be subservient to ONE Throne whereupon no man will be seated. This Throne will not be vacant but will be occupied by the King of Love and Harmony—this King will give true liberty to the people. There will be no legal claims, the penal system will be replaced by an ethical morale and the sacrifice of human hearts will be done away with.

My Ship of Dreams.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

Have you passed my boat on the water?
Have you seen my ship sailing the sea?
Have you heard the cries of my sailor men
As they steer its course to me?

*For I have called it—it is coming, coming!
I have sent my soul to seek it, and reclaim.
There is not one chance that my boat be lost
For through Faith I built its frame.*

Have you guessed what it bears for its cargo?
Have you known what it hides in its hold?—
Most wonderful freight of my heart's desires,
Fair fabric of dreams untold!

*Oh, I have called it—it is coming, coming!
All my dreams and my visions are to be,
For there is no Fate which can harm the ship
That my soul guides home to me.*

In Harmony With the Law.

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

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

II. BUILDING MATERIALS.

Few of us realize how much our bodies have to do with our minds and our souls. The stomach and the lungs are the two most important organs of the body and upon *what we put into them* depend to no small degree our mental and our spiritual growth. That if we breathe vitiated air, eat unwholesome food or too much of it, our minds work sluggishly, is an admitted fact. But not all of us recognize how frequently impatience, cruelty, selfishness, all the sins of impulse and even vice and crime, are the offspring of a misused stomach.

In a baby we concede the influence of the stomach. When it cries or is stubborn and naughty, we say: "Poor youngster! It's hungry." But we do not carry out the idea to its logical conclusion and make like deductions in considering the actions of the "grown-up" world. Yet often hasty words, an ungoverned action, dullness of intellect have their root not in a bad or stupid nature but in an improperly nourished body.

When we are perfectly well, our nerves are calm (impatience is foreign in our mood); our pulse steady (we are not liable to bursts of anger); our blood pure and calm (the passions do not hold us at their will); we are scarcely aware we have a stomach (there is no craving for stimulants).

Did you ever hear the story of the exasperated wife who, after appealing in vain to her husband to rock their crying baby, burst forth, "I don't care, John. It's just as much your baby as it is mine." If so, you know John's retort: "Well, you rock your half, and I'll let my half holler."

That's what many of us are doing with our bodies, letting our half "holler"; but the Great Household of which we are a part would be a more harmonious family to dwell in, if we did our share of the caretaking. For, after all, we should not put all the burdens on good old Mother Nature. She is a gentle nurse, and a willing servant, but because she is willing we have a way of piling up her duties until they are beyond her strength.

Then comes an uneasy warning or two, an appeal for help; but we're occupied with other things, we haven't time to lend a hand, we'd rather let our half "holler." It takes us some time to realize that it is our own discomfort which results. We thought we were only shirking labor, but instead we were shouldering suffering and disease.

Balzac says: "If there is anything sadder than an unrecognized genius, it is a misunderstood stomach." There is more than humor in

his epigram. Who wishes health must first learn to understand his stomach, the day laborer of the body, whose duty it is to put new bricks in the falling chimney, add a board here or a nail there, and keep the edifice in repair. Since we provide the material from which the repairing is done it rests with us to see that not all bricks are given, nor all boards nor all nails, but the right proportion of each.

There are a number of elements which compose the body, which each day are exhausted in a greater or lesser degree, and each day must be replaced if the body is to be kept in its normal condition.

Three-fourths of the body of the average man or woman is or should be water. The other fourth is made up of certain chemical elements which we find contained in and which can be replaced by three classes of foods: 1. Nitrogenous foods, which are tissue or muscle building foods. 2. Carbonaceous (fire-feeding) foods, which furnish heat and energy, such as the fats and oils, the starchy foods and the sugars. 3. Inorganic foods, which contain water and mineral matter.

Therefore each day about three-fourths of the material taken into the stomach should consist of water, and the solid food taken should include muscle building foods, heat and energy producing foods and foods containing mineral matter. You need almost three times as much heat and force producing food as you do tissue building food. The fire of the body blazes steadily daily and has to be fed. If you do not give it the proper fuel, it begins to burn up the tissues.

You can be a meat-eater, you can adopt vegetarian principles, you can live upon raw foods entirely, if you will, but you **MUST** obey the principle of proportion: Three-fourths water, one-fourth solid food; the solid food to yield about $\frac{1}{4}$ tissue building matter, about $\frac{3}{4}$ heat and force producing matter, with a small per cent of the mineral matter. The chief constituents of the inorganic foods is water, so that quite a quantity can be eaten without obtaining more than the fair share of mineral matter. Therefore *make the bulk of your food inorganic*, i. e., green vegetables and fruits.

What are the tissue building foods? (Class 1.) Lean meats (not bacon or fat pork; they are heat and force producing foods and belong to Class 2), fish, oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs, cheese, eggs (which contain all the elements in proper proportions), navy beans, lima beans, old peas, lentils, mushrooms, whole wheat, oats (these two cereals also contain starch), almonds, English walnuts, hickory nuts, peanuts (which also contain oil and are heat and force producing), hazel nuts. (Hazel nuts contain a small portion only of nitrogen.)

What are the heat and force producing foods? (Class 2.) (A) All fats (such as bacon, fresh fat pork or other fats of meat, olive oil, butter, Brazilian nuts, pine nuts); (B) starchy foods (potatoes, rice, macaroni,

white bread, chestnuts) ; (C) sugars. You should eat some of the fats and some of the starchy foods daily.

What are the inorganic foods which furnish only water and mineral matter to the body? (Class 3.) Green or succulent vegetables, such as string beans, cabbage, beets, celery, summer squash, spinach, cucumbers, young peas, turnips, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes, onions ; and fresh fruits of all kinds, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, oranges, pineapples, cherries, grape-fruit, all the berries, etc., etc. These act upon the bowels, and a lavish use of green vegetables and fresh fruits will prove more efficacious than doctors' prescriptions.

I do not advise drinking with meals ; but on rising, at any time between meals up to half an hour before or an hour after, and upon retiring, I urge the necessity of drinking copiously. I would like to know that everybody drank *at least* two quarts per day. You do not know how much cleaner, sweeter and purer would be that house of ours, the body.

Remember the bulk of your food should be inorganic, and the remaining food should yield you in nourishment $\frac{1}{4}$ nitrogenous matter and $\frac{3}{4}$ carbonaceous (fire-feeding). Eat one nitrogenous food (Class 1), one starchy food (Class 2 B), one fat (Class 2 A), butter, oil, etc., each meal, with plenty of the inorganic foods. Eat only at your meals. Your stomach has enough to do for almost three hours afterward. It should have some rest before its next activity. Do not eat too much. Stop to consider the probable size of your stomach. It cannot hold everything. Therefore eat moderately. Drink, drink, drink!

I wish you success during the coming month in your repairing. You may feel that you are only patching up the house a little so that it will be more comfortable to live in, but what you are really doing is inviting good temper, cool judgment, a happy heart, "the joy of life" to come and dwell with you.

If you have been giving your liver too much to do, so that it has stopped working through exhaustion, a good way to help it to regain its normal vigor and *get to work*, would be to practice the following exercise the coming month for five minutes, night and morning ; another five at noon, before eating, wouldn't be a bad idea :

Stand naturally, heels together, the body slightly inclined forward, but not bent, so that the heels are behind the belt line—that is, behind an imaginary line drawn from the back of the belt to the floor. Place your hands on hips, fingers pointed down (not parallel with waist), thumbs turned back along waist line. Place right foot forward two foot lengths, and, standing in that position, turn your body at the waist to the right as far around as you can. Turn back, facing front. Turn to the left as far as you can ; back to the front. Do not move the head ; the trunk carries it around without altering its position. Continue this for five minutes at a time.

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LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

The Letter Box.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Alice M. You ask "whether the New Thought replaces any religion, or interferes with religion." You go on to say that, as you understand it, "no religion insists upon disease or unhappiness as a God," and that in your mind "New Thought holds itself hostile to nothing but disease, unhappiness, poverty, etc." You conclude your letter by asking for a word from me on "The attitude of New Thought toward religion." I am glad to answer this question at this time, particularly as Mr. Berry is conducting a symposium in these columns on the subject: "How has the New Thought affected my Religion?" In the first place, to the advanced New Thought student, the word "religion" has a much broader significance than that usually accorded it by the average church-member. The advanced New Thought student is more in accord with the leaders of religious thought among the several creeds, than he is with the rank and file of the pewholders. He sees "religion" as a much greater thing than "theology," and is very apt to regard theology as the attempt of man to explain and define intellectually certain questions which arise in the study of metaphysics, rather than as an essential part of "religion," which arise in the study of metaphysics, rather than as an essential part of "religion." He knows that "religion" has its seat in the heart of men—in the holy of holies of their being—while theology and creeds are the outcome of men's brains in their endeavor to form a finite conception of infinite things. True religion is an inheritance of man from God. It is implanted in his mind from the beginning, and develops as he unfolds into spiritual understanding. The crude religious ideas of primitive men are but the effort of the plant to unfold its leaves, and to throw off the material bonds. Necessarily the first evidences of unfoldment are feeble and unsatisfactory. As man grows, his spiritual ideals improve. There is spiritual evolution as well as physical and mental. The New Thought recognizes and respects every evidence of "religion" as a bit of the Divine Flame, although it may give forth but a feeble light owing to the material shade through which it shines. No matter how crude or primitive may be the expression, it is still a glimmer of the true light of the Spirit. This being the case, it is almost impossible for the advanced student of New Thought to feel that any person manifesting any form of religion is an "outsider"—he recognizes him as a brother and is willing to extend to him the hand of fellowship. The New Thought is not a creed or cult, defining certain theological dogmas as the only correct ones, and rejecting as heretics all who do not coincide with certain views. It is something entirely outside of creeds, embracing within its folds the followers of each and every creed, who may find something in its teachings that appeals to them. It sees the good in *all*, but holds that *none* of them have a monopoly of good. It throws light on many dark corners and hard sayings in religious teachings, and we think that the churchmember who has read something of New Thought will take a deeper and more real interest in his particular form of religion, than was the case before the reading. Of course, he will manifest his religion differently—I do not see how he can escape that change. One of the changes that will be most marked is that he will show his love of God by *loving* Him, instead of by *hating, condemning, or criticising other people* who have a different conception of Him. He will be so filled with the love of God that creeds and sectarian distinctions will fade away. Perfect love is said to cast away fear, and it also casts aside petty distinctions between the children of God. But, bless your heart, sister, isn't this extension of fellowship just what is going on among the more liberal and enlightened churchpeople to-day? New Thought has no monopoly on Love or Tolerance, although it is a fact that it has pointed out the way to many in the churches, and is leavening the mass of the thought of the people, many of whom have never heard the name New Thought. Look back a few years and see how different things were with the churches. How often have I heard doctrinal sermons preached from the pulpit, in my youth, in which all other creeds were condemned and sneered at, the preacher holding that his particular denomination was the only real thing, and that all the rest were "outlanders." They used to remind me of a sign I saw once in Baxter street, New York City, a neighborhood then devoted to the sale of second-hand clothing and like merchandise. There were about forty-two second-hand clothing dealers in every block,

the majority of whom seemed to be named "Cohen." One fellow, at the head of the street, had a big sign bearing the inscription "I am the only, original Cohen—all the others are frauds." That was the way with the old-time preachers. (I might mention, by the way, that the only, original Cohen had another sign bearing these words: "Don't go to the other stores to be cheated—come in *here*." But that's another story.) But the preachers of to-day do not indulge in that sort of talk, so much as formerly—the people won't stand it. The people do not relish "knocking" in religion, any more than they do in anything else. Praise up your own, if you feel like it, but don't run down the other fellow's article—that is the modern feeling. Another distinctive mark of the New Thought churchmember (no matter what church he may attend) is the consciousness of the nearness of God. We were formerly taught that God was a sort of absentee landlord, who left things to run themselves. We were taught that God started the world going, and then went away to attend to other matters and let things run along as they might. Oh, my, but God used to seem very far away to us in the old days. So far away, that no wonder many despaired of His ever taking any interest in them, or being concerned at all about them. But to-day we realize that God is not a Being afar off—we know Him as right here with us in our everyday tasks—understanding, loving, and helping us if we but open ourselves to Him, and take advantage of the forces that He has placed at our disposal. The New Thought teaches the "Immanence" of God. That is that He remains with us—is inherent in life—abides with us. "Immanent" is derived from the Latin words meaning "to remain," and that is just what New Thought people think that God does—*remains* with us, instead of running away and leaving us to the tender mercies of a Devil conjured up by theologians. The churchmember who has partaken of a little New Thought, feels a sense of nearness to God that he never before experienced, and finds a proof for that feeling every time he hears his preacher read from the New Testament, although the sermon following the text may not convey the same idea. The New Testament is just full of this idea of the immanence of God, although the pulpit often fails to see it. Another marked manifestation on the part of the New Thought churchgoer, is that he realizes more and more the Love of God, and less and less of the Fear of Him. He is apt to regard the fear of God as something belonging to the childhood days of the race, and to believe that the Love of God has supplanted it—verily, perfect Love casteth out Fear, in this case as well as others. I remember a case that came to my notice several years ago. A young man stopped in my office in Chicago, and asked my advice. He had been preaching successfully for several years, his special work being to visit churches in different cities, and to hold a sort of revival meetings. He was not one of the emotional, excitable revivalists that we know so well. No, he was an earnest, talented young man, filled with the best of religious feelings, and temperate in his methods. He told me that he had been reading New Thought writings, and had been so influenced that he felt that he could no longer preach the old doctrine of a God of Fear and Punishment. He contemplated leaving the church and studying law. I advised him to stay right in the church where he belonged. I believed that he could do much better work there than he could in a law office (I was a lawyer once, and knew just how it went). I told him to go on with his revival work, preaching New Thought principles along with his religion—not calling it New Thought (that would have scared off some of the timid ones)—by weaving it in and through his sermons. I told him that the church needed just such men as he to leaven the mass. He followed my advice, and to-day is one of the most popular young preachers of the country. He preaches the Love of God from January 1 to December 31 of each year, and he is bringing many new members into his church, as well as stirring up the dry bones of many of the older members. He is sometimes criticized by some of the old fellows for "not putting enough hell into his sermons," but the critics see that he is bringing in more young people than those who try to scare people into religion, and so they let him alone. And, in addition to his preaching the Love of God, he also preaches that "God helps those who help themselves," and his converts are noted for their self reliance (which is really reliance on God) and their activity and energy. This man makes "live" Christians—shouting with Joy and Hope—instead of manufacturing sour-faced, mournful, down-curved mouthed apologies for the name. He does not try to get people into the "mourners bench," but strives to get them out of it, for he sees nothing to mourn about, and much to be joyful for. Answering your questions, finally, I say that New Thought does *not* seek to "replace any religion," neither does it "interfere with religion." Why, bless your heart, New Thought is religion *plus*—not a thing contrary to it. As to "the attitude of New Thought toward religion," I say its attitude is toward *all* religions one of Love, Sympathy, Tolerance, Brotherhood. But, mind you this, Religion is a different thing from Theology—one is Divine, the other is Mortal.

Affirmations for May.

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I.

I am Hope, before whom the future is
bright.

I am Faith, who *knoweth* what shall come
to pass.

I am Attainment.

II.

For all those who are tempted, I bespeak
Strength;

For those whose feet stumble, I clear the
path:

They shall walk upright and swerve not.

III.

Peace I call down; Rest I hold to me;
Love doth gather me round.

IV.

My body is my temple:
It shall be pure;
It shall be whole.

Stepping Stones.

Department of the I CAN AND I WILL Circle.

EDITED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

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

Mr. Atkinson's Letter-Box this month is an answer to a question I turned over to him, and the result is *so good* I feel it ought to be an article by itself. Mr. Atkinson was out of town and I can assure you the fate of the Letter Box hung in the balance. You just escaped losing the Department altogether this month and having the article in large type in the body of the magazine, headed: "A Familiar Talk on New Thought and Religion." Doesn't it seem that it ought to be in big type? Well, Mr. Atkinson *said* "Letter-Box," so it's Letter-Box, you see.

* * *

One of the letters I have to answer this month contains the following question: "How can I break myself of a habit of day-dreaming formed during long months of invalidism? When sitting down to 'concentrate' I often fall into a day-dream from which I am only aroused when my time for resting has passed. Others may be interested to know the New Thought method of breaking such a habit.

E. K. M."

To begin with, are you sure that this isn't after all a clever trick of Nature, who knows so well how to look after her own, and who does so, often in our own despite? Perhaps "the long months of invalidism" have left you not yet quite normally strong, so that the duties of the day tire and tax the nerves and the period of "concentration" is turned by Nature into a period of rest. Day-dreams are often a good tonic, for if they are really *dreams*—not energetic, eager *thoughts of action*—they bring a waking relaxation soothing and beneficial to body and mind. I am somewhat inclined to think your "day-dreams" are needed as a "nerve-tonic," for your handwriting speaks of an active, energetic character and I imagine you keep your days full of duties, giving yourself no time for rest, if there is "something to be done" for others. If the time when day-dreams visit you is your only *resting-time*, then I say, "Welcome the day-dreams! Nature is looking after her own." If on the other hand, you do have the necessary time for resting the mind and body, and the time for concentration is in addition to and apart from that, I should still say, look for the cause in that which affects your body. I defy anybody to "concentrate" in an over-warm room, and I defy anybody to "day-dream" in a cold one. Try your "concentration time" next time in the mid-morning. Throw your windows open, breathe and breathe the air. Let in all the sun possible, but keep yourself *cool*, thoroughly cool. A *cold* room to a healthy person will stimulate mental powers which a warm room renders negative. Another thing, choose an hour midway between meals. The body needs some concessions and it's pretty busy near meal-times; it can't lend you the proper energy for your brain.

Then have a fixed idea upon which you wish to concentrate. Don't simply have a certain time for concentration and go to it with indecision as to "what it shall be today." Let the idea come, upon which you wish to concentrate. THEN find the time to do it. I knew a girl once who used to have a set time for "meditation,"—really, an excellent thing—but she was so conscientious about it that no matter how extremely excited she might be over some joyous event, she *would* go to "meditation" when the hour arrived, and her frequent plaint used to be: "Oh, what *shall* I meditate on?" So it is quite essential that the thought should be strong within us, that we desire to make even more our own by concentration. Probably you don't need all these suggestions, but they are for the sake of the "others" you are generous enough to speak of. And I'm quite sure there is one point which fits just your case. It's not such a bad thing after all—day-dreaming.

"What care I for the ships at the dock?
For I have a ship at sea!"

But to be the right kind it must always develop later into action—never deaden it.

M. R. is having a hard time struggling against adversity and, while doing her best to win success, being obliged to listen to utterances of doubt and despair from those for whom she is laboring. She says: "I feel that I am not required to do more than I can do, even to save them." That's more of a truth than M. R. realizes, for I think she said that, wondering if after all it might not be that the struggle was not expected of her. It's more of a truth, for we none of us *are* required to do more than we can. But we can do *such a lot*. M. R. has the right qualities in her, I know—the kind that will resolutely keep the note of optimism sounding, the kind that will laugh and joke away the doubts or fears of those dependent on her, for, remember, Fear *seems* real to the person who walks constantly by its side. It is a fearful shape. I know I shall never invite it to sit at my fireside, and I feel pity for those who make it a constant guest. Be gentle with them, for they are very unhappy. Do your own inviting, M. R. Ask Mirth and Kindliness and Unselfishness and Laughter to sit down at the hearth. Don't ever admit for one moment that you even *see* Fear sitting in the other corner. When they point to him, laugh (not scornfully, but kindly and tenderly,) and say he is not there, that nothing they dread shall ever enter. I'm sure you'll drive him entirely out of the house. Good luck to you, and the thoughts of all our Circle.

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Here is just a scrap from a letter which has come to us: "I don't like to ask favors of any one, but as one can't die when they want to, why if we can manage to find a bit of rest, why not?—if we do have to beg for it. Perhaps it doesn't matter. I have been an invalid for years. I have not had a bit of comfort or happiness since I was a child. I don't think I ever will. Life looks very dark and I am fast losing what little courage I once had. Oh, it is simple to write to you or any one. What can they know of my grief, or what do, or why should they, care? However, I am going to send this and possibly a gleam of sunshine from some of you happy ones will find its way into my cheerless life. M. L. C."

Sunshine? I send you a whole flood of sunshine, and I want to feel that you are sending some back—that is, not back, but *out*. Mr. Atkinson's "Chips" this month are all about sunshine. I wonder if you can't find a gleam or two there.

When you say you are an invalid, do you mean you have what is known as an "incurable disease?" You know in New Thought our first impulse is to hammer away at disease and put it to flight, and I can't make up my mind to let you go on *being* an invalid. What's the matter?

Write and tell me. Nobody is happy *naturally*, who isn't well. (Although I have seen lots of people who were at least outwardly happy, by their own effort, although shut up in bodies of man's deformity). Let's see what we can do to overcome the condition which is really at the bottom of your unhappiness. If you were well, other things which now trouble and depress you would assume smaller and smaller proportions until some day you would wake up to find them gone. I know this from personal experience. Not without some effort on your part, of course, but you see I'm counting on just that effort. Happiness is not what is outside of you; it is what is *in* you. A great many people get used to being unhappy and they dwell and dwell on the thought, so that when they are shown a way to come out "into the sunshine," they think, with the old copy-books, that "it is a great loss to lose a misfortune," and stay in the dark. Their interest in life—their real happiness (to strain a point)—lies in *being unhappy*. It makes them feel important to think they have been singled out for woes so much darker than fall to the lot of anyone else. Now, it's because I feel you're not that kind that I say: "Write to me about it, and let's see if there isn't a way out." It probably won't be easy, but—shall we try? It's very seldom I say to anybody "write," because I get more letters now than I can answer, but I'm sure the whole Circle are willing to grant you a special privilege "for once" and in the meantime we shall be saying Affirmation III. and Affirmation IV. for you. But you must say them for yourself—and for others.

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This month when we repeat Affirmation I, let us remember M. R., W. N., W. A., N. L. B. Mrs. H. and W. F. A.; G. S. P., E. R. M. when we repeat Affirmation II.; J. C. C., M. L. C. in saying Affirmation III.; and let us hold Affirmation IV. for R. D., L. A. W., J. C. C., M. L. C. and N. L. B. (N. L. B. would like to have us hold the thought for her at twelve noon).

Good luck (God's luck) to you all!

How Has The New Thought Affected My Religion?

Dear Mr. Berry: Desiring to join in the I CAN AND I WILL CIRCLE, I beg to submit my testimony in the Symposium:

"I was brought up and tutored in one of the rigid sectarian schools. I believed in a personal God and a material place called Heaven. I was deeply impressed with the idea that while God was good, He was also One of Wrath, and would wreak vengeance upon those who did not acknowledge themselves as 'poor miserable worms of the dust,' and constantly be crying out, 'Have mercy upon us, miserable offenders.' My fears, doubts and dread became so much of a burden that I came to believe that God was unjust. I expected either an immediate or a future punishment for all that I did that was not done in a serious mood, out of a fear of what to my mind was an unjust God. I put away the Bible, quit all churches and church people except as I might come in contact with them in a business way. A little later I took up the study of ancient and modern history and all scientific subjects, especially those that dealt most closely with Nature. It would occasionally dawn upon my mind that as God was the Creator of, hence the Cause of all there was in the universe,—that so much equity was displayed and so much kindness manifested by Him to those who were in the battle for an existence,—that God was more like a parent than a tyrant, more beneficent than austere. However, while I had not got rid of the idea of a personal God and a material Heaven, I was indifferent as to the consequence that might be my portion in Eternity. I knew nothing of Mental Causation, the At-one-ment with all that is good, the nearness of brotherhood of all that is in Nature from intellectual man down to the molecule and the atom, until I had read your New Thought Magazine and studied with it the writings of various other authors. I shall never forget the first deep impression made upon my mind—"New Thought is only old thought." It seemed to me a revelation, for if God was *first*, these New Thought ideas were only emanating from the original ideas, the original principles—God's *first* thoughts. From these valuable teachings I came to see, feel and believe that God is Love, not Vengeance; that He IS "The Absolute All in All," "The Causeless Cause," and that in Him we live and move and have our being; that we are, as are all things in Nature, a manifestation of His thought in a material sense, hence "All is good;" that all is from that Great and Loving Essence of ALL GOOD whose child I am. I have come to see or realize that God is the bounteous source from which all love, intelligence, beneficence flow, and in whom originate the sympathies and the higher emotions of life; that Heaven is a condition and not a material place; that one may begin to experience it here and now and that we may increase our portion from a farthing's worth to pounds' worth if we will. From a realization of these and kindred great truths brought about by former studies in *New Thought*, and its kindred publications of *Thought Force*, *The Law of the New Thought*, *Nuggets of the New Thought*, by Mr. William Walker Atkinson, *Mind's Attainment*, by Mr. Uriel Buchanan, *The Heart of the New Thought*, by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, as well as many other valuable books from other authors, I cannot but express my feelings of gratitude to New Thought teaching for a peace of mind that I once never expected to enjoy, and since its teachings have been so eminently beneficial to one so skeptical—in fact, almost an agnostic—it is very reasonable to my mind that New Thought teachings would afford as much or a greater degree of comfort to a churchman. J. D. F."

* * *

"Dear Mr. Berry: New Thought has helped me to put in practice that which I had been striving for a number of years to do, but just did not know how to go at it. It has unloaded my mind of dread and fear and given it a freedom I never had enjoyed before. It does just what B. T. C. says it does. Two years ago I began with the January number of NEW THOUGHT. It was my first knowledge that there was such a thing. I saw it advertised and it aroused my curiosity. My husband being of an investigating nature said 'That is what you want—some new thoughts. Send for it.' And I did. I cannot give it and Mr. Atkinson too much praise. His words have been worth so much to me, because they are the words of truth. The study of New Thought has broadened my mind and heart. If others have reaped the same benefits from it that I have, they surely have cause for rejoicing. MRS. J. B."

You Can Become What You Will To Be

If you give the body the material from which to create anew. **WHY NOT INVESTIGATE** our sane, natural method of rebuilding the human body? Perfect nutrition.—Perfect life.

We wish you could read our daily mail with us and see just what we are doing. As all letters are confidential, however, this is impossible, but perhaps you will be interested in these few extracts (all of which are entirely unsolicited and are simply a part of our ordinary every-day correspondence):

Patient No. 133 writes: "I am now about as stout as I care to be. My clothes are too tight for me now. I have stopped taking the Diet and am well satisfied that the Milk and Marfa Treatment will do all that you claim for it." (This after only four weeks of the treatment.)

Patient No. 146 writes: "Am much improved and the trouble with constipation has disappeared. Am a small woman, so the ten pounds gained makes a great difference and my friends all notice it."

Patient No. 111 says: "I am gaining in flesh and strength very rapidly. My cheeks which had become quite hollow, are now quite plump and my skin has taken on a youthful glow. I have not weighed since I sent in my record but think I must have gained at least ten pounds since then and am in the same plight as 'Miss Flora McFlimsy' who 'had nothing to wear.'"

Patient No. 173 writes: "The Milk and Marfa Diet agrees with me wonderfully. I am feeling fine, never felt better in my life. If I gain as rapidly in strength the next four weeks as I have in the last four days, I certainly will call myself a well woman."

Patient No. 141 (Taking treatment for rheumatism and improvement of general physical condition) writes: "My time is up this week. I feel strong, well and free from pain. Skin clear and smooth. The Milk and Marfa treatment is all it claims to be."

Patient No. 137 writes: "When I began the treatment I was inert, could do nothing, not even read, was cold and had no appetite whatever and would listlessly lie and doze hour after hour and wish I need never rise. I find I am awake earlier each day and ready to rise and that my energy is returning so that I can now feel enthusiasm; and in Mrs. X., although she has had the treatment but a few days, I see a little of the old twinkle already coming back to her eyes. When I first began the treatment my fingernails were perfectly white, but now they are deep in color."

Patient No. 139 writes: "I am delighted to think I gained five pounds this week. Mamma could hardly believe her eyes. Everyone outside the family is amazed at my looking so well. My hand that was so rough and sore is almost as smooth and well as my other one, and my complexion is fine."

Our Home Treatment can be taken without interfering with your daily business or occupation. You have our direction and advice during the entire period. Disease need not be. Why not conquer it, mind and body acting together? Write to us.

SPECIAL TO PRESENT STOCKHOLDERS: Write, inclosing stamps, for particulars of our **SPECIAL OFFER.**

MILK AND MARFA HOME TREATMENT

The Royal Ten Investment Co.

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