

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.

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

"What must I do to avail myself of the latent power of which you tell us?" "How may I demonstrate the Kingship of the Soul?" These are the questions you are asking. Let me answer you with a story.

A man drops overboard. He shrieks for help. He cannot swim—or thinks he cannot, which is the same thing. No one throws him a rope. No one jumps in to rescue him. The end is in sight. But a ragged, dirty but very earnest urchin on the wharf shouts out to him: "*Strike out, ye fool, strike out!*" And the man, hearing the cry, in desperation strikes out almost instinctively. And lo! he keeps afloat and saves himself.

This is my message to you this month—you need it: "*Strike out, ye fool, strike out.*" That is the advice I give myself very often, and so I pass it along to you. (Don't be afraid of being called a fool—remember the story of Parsifal, the glorious fool.)

Swim you must, one way or the other. If you will not step out into the stream of life and learn to swim by degrees you will some day be picked up by the collar and pitched in the middle of the stream, with this advice: "*Strike out, ye fool, strike out.*" Then you will learn to swim in earnest. That is the way I had to learn, and I thank God for the lesson. Get off the bank—stop that lingering on the brink, shivering and with chattering teeth. The water isn't going to hurt you. Jump in, man—it's good when you get used to it. Jump in, and strike out.

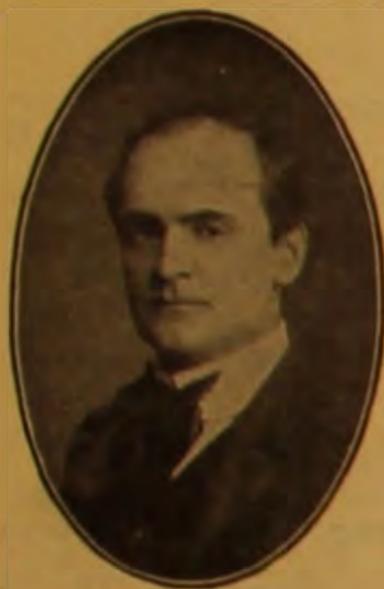
And you, brother, who have been pitched in and have managed to strike a few strokes toward the bank and then scrambled out—stop that whimpering, sniveling and dripping up there on the bank. Get out and get into the fun—strike out in earnest. If you don't, you'll be picked up again and dropped in over your head in deep water this time, and then you will have to strike out or go under.

Oh, it's good out here—just the right temperature—the surf is fine—the breakers are coming in, and we are yielding to them and thus riding over them instead of being carried under. Oh, the taste of the salt—the ozone in the air—the exhilaration of it all! Wade right in, brother, and strike out!

What is "The New Thought?"

(Fifth Paper.)

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.



It is with some reluctance that I leave the part of my general subject that deals with the numerous interesting instances of the cure of physical ailments by the use of mental influence called into effect by various means—often ridiculous methods. But I feel that I must get along with my story, even though I be compelled to leave behind, untold, many good tales which have come before my notice during my investigation of the subject. But I think that the majority of my readers have quite as many interesting experiences of their own, illustrating the point, so I will begin another chapter of my tale.

Coming down to the methods of healing now in vogue among the various branches of "The New Thought," and the numerous theories advanced to account for the same, I am confronted with a serious proposition. I have said that to me it seemed as if there was but one general law in use, although that law could be called into effect in numerous ways, and might be partially explained by many of the favorite theories, each theory, however, being but a part of the real truth. And, now that I have arrived at the point where I am called upon to reconcile these conflicting theories, I become fully aware of the fact that I am laying myself open to the charge that I am merely advancing a new theory—some pet theory of my own, and, therefore, that I am not improving matters at all, but am trying to substitute my own pet theory for the pet theories of the other people. I do not like to be placed in this position, because I am trying to assume the role of an impartial observer—a collector of facts—rather than as an advocate of any particular theory, even my own theory. And, if in the task I seem to be smuggling in some pet theory or idea of my own, I trust that you will bear gently with me, for it is very difficult for one to avoid coloring a subject, unconsciously, with his own ideas or theories. It is very difficult to maintain the judicial mind—we are all advocates, and the better the advocate the poorer the judge, as a rule.

Looking over the field, we see the several schools and teachers making cures and all insisting that the cures are the result of their particular theories. And this very naturally, for, says the healer: "I believe that thus and so is true, and I work in accordance with that theory, and lo! I make many cures. And I notice that when I weaken in my faith in my theories my percentage of cures fall off." And the people healing themselves say the same thing—the more firmly they believe in some particular

theory the more complete and more rapid the cure. Personally, I believe that the efficacy of the force depends greatly upon the degree of faith and belief of the healer and patient, but it seems to me that this is simply because the faith generates an enthusiasm which is accompanied with confidence, and that this enthusiasm and confidence calls forth the mental power to a great degree. But the healers, as a rule, won't have it this way—their particular way, must be right, because it brings results.

On the one hand we find the Divine Healers of all grades, from Dowie who preaches a Middle Age theology (the Devil being the cause of Disease, and faith in God—via Dowie—being the weapon by which the Devil is driven out), up or down to the more advanced Divine Healers who have a more advanced conception of God, but who likewise claim that the cures depend upon faith, belief, and prayers—both on the part of the patient, as well as on their own. Then we have the Christian Scientists, who claim that the cures are performed by reason of the grasping of certain metaphysical conceptions on the part of the healer or patient, which conceptions have originated with Mary Baker G. Eddy, and are fully set forth in her book, "*Science of Health, with Key to the Scriptures.*" And, if in the task I seem to be smuggling in some pet theory of my own. I wish to be fair in speaking even casually of the Christian Scientists. The leading writers of this school hold that no one, unless he be an advanced Christian Scientist, is capable of stating what Christian Science is, or what it holds to be true, and that, therefore, any statements of such points on the part of an outsider, must be imperfect, more or less erroneous, and incorrect. I admit the point to be well taken, and I disclaim any intention to explain exactly what Christian Science is. I don't know just what it is. But from an impartial, outside point of view it looks to be as if they were claiming to make cures upon the theory mentioned above. I will quote from some of their writers, later on, so as to bring out as plainly as possible their points.

Then we have the several schools of Mental Science, with slightly varying theories, which, while not denying the existence of disease (as do the Christian Scientists), claim that Mind is able to heal and cure, and to remove the cause of the trouble. Then there are the numerous healers who make cures by "Magnetic Healing," their theory being that their "magnetism" restores normal conditions. Then there are the numerous schools of so-called Spiritual Healing, who base their cures upon certain metaphysical theories and conceptions, and who resemble the Christian Scientists, more or less. Many of the above mentioned schools give what is known as "absent treatment," or "distant treatment," which treatments are given while the healer is in one place, and the patient in another.

Then we have the school of "Suggestion," which is the least metaphysical of any of the schools of mental healing, and which finds great favor among physicians, material scientists, etc., who claim that it gives

a sane, rational explanation of the phenomena of mental healing, without the mysticism and metaphysical theorizing of the other schools.

Let us take up the last mentioned school first. I came into the New Thought by means of this school, and while I feel that I have progressed somewhat beyond some of the theories held by leading exponents, I still find in some of the said theories a reasonable explanation—or rather classification—of many cases of mental healing made by the varying schools. But, right here let me say, that the self-sufficiency of many of the Suggestionists is quite amusing to me. They will listen to instances of the most wonderful, and the best authenticated cures of physical ailments, made by the other schools, and will smile complacently and dismiss the matter with the remark, “It is *only* Suggestion!” To them the word “Suggestion” affords a complete explanation—but they are not able to tell us just *what* Suggestion itself is, what it means, what is behind it. When they attempt to explain Suggestion, they become as much entangled in the web of words, as does the metaphysician at whom they sneer. They do not explain the underlying principle—the cause—of the cure, but merely classify it under the term: “Suggestion.” We ask them for an explanation, and they give us a word. Personally, I am willing to accept the classification “Suggestion,” and “Auto-suggestion,” as terms covering all, or nearly all, of the cures, but I insist that “Suggestion” is but a *name* for the phenomena, and does not remove the mystery, nor does it furnish us with an explanation of the underlying principles. It gives us a very satisfactory “How,” but it does not begin to satisfactorily explain the “Why” of it all.

In my next paper I will take up that phase of mental healing known as Suggestion, endeavoring to show its strong and weak points, and giving some of my own experiences along its lines. In fact, I think I shall tell more or less of my own experiences in the following papers, believing that this style of giving out one’s ideas is the better way. At any rate, we’ll see.

Outward things are not in my power; to will is in my power. Where shall I see the Good, and where the Evil? Within me—in all that is my own.—Epictetus.

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

Get Understanding.

BY IDA GATLING PENTECOST.



Life is the one subject.

We come to this earth to study it, and to solve every problem relative to existence.

Confusion, blindness and stubbornness delay us in our line of march. Confusion, because most people are working out other people's salvation (or trying to) instead of their own. Blindness, because there is paralysis of soul. Stubbornness, because of ignorance. Recognition of these facts, our desires, and our mental attitude, determine whether we are a success or failure. By success I mean the favorable determination of anything attempted; the attainment of a proposed object. Success means good results. Failure is deficiency, decay, and deterioration. Perception, application, earnestness and kindness, are the four highest qualities of which mankind is capable, and a rounded-out character is the rarest sight on earth. People keep building up on their strongest, instead of their weakest sides.

As soul-sculptors we are not chiseling on the rough, unbeautified portions of ourselves. We are so proud of the little spots we have finished, we forget to symmetrize.

Here is a good story I heard the other day. A man died and went to heaven. He inquired of the angel showing him about, to whom a certain very handsome and large house up there belonged. The angel replied, "That mansion, sir, belongs to your gardener; he sent me so much material to work with. But the measly little house behind it is yours; you sent me so little to work with" Real understanding has to do with the heart. Be always kind and loving and the angel will do the rest. Hurt no one's feelings, be considerate, have delicacy, show tact, do not ridicule or sneer. Put yourself in her place. Put yourself in his place. *Be kinder!* Get a sense of proportion, take a perspective; imagine how small some things that disturb us now will look in one hundred years from today. The long view is what we should take. By so doing we increase our poise and grow large. At no time in the process of our unfoldment are we free from tests. Don't let them annoy you. They are wholesome. Bachelors and old maids have not as many opportunities for proving what they are as married people. If you live absolutely alone you cannot thoroughly know yourself. The selfishness and the fussiness of single men and women have not the same chance for refining away that married people have. Marriage is a searchlight which helps you to find yourself. If you get married you will see at once, and

right along, wherein you are lacking in character. Marriage explores your being. It is a *privilege*, and one who is indifferent to the privilege is unmindful of beauty and knowledge.

Is married life dull? It is because you are dull. Are you bored? Do you bore? Find the reason in yourself. Get understanding and then you will see beauty and goodness everywhere. ("Be still" and know.) Married people learn faster than single ones; they keep their faculties better exercised. A man and a woman living together exchange qualities and constantly learn and refine in spite of themselves, according to need. There is a charm and interest in learning through close comradeship. The reason some people get unhappy is because they won't learn. We attract unhappiness because of our shortcomings.

Understanding is the greatest thing in life, and it alone can bring peace. Marriage is for a good reason or it would never be here. It is educative to head and heart. I never saw a couple marry that I could not discover wherein the boy and girl, or man and woman, would aid one another in just the ways needful. We do not come into this world-experience because we are perfect. Let us not buck at any lesson; the harder it is the grander the result. Let us start in to making ourselves over if necessary. Each round of the ladder is good; do not slip off. Be cheerful all the way. Enlightened souls are joyous; they sing. Let us be like them.

Let us enhance our manhood and womanhood, however, and wherever we can. That is the point and that is the main thing. It affords us so many advantages to improve in every way possible that we should welcome what leads to mental clarification and heart strength and not get discouraged. Every one is busy building character, and if we will listen to the voice within, a structure for eternity will be ours.

Of one thing, dear comrade, be sure you are just where you belong. Do the lesson at hand perfectly and you will pass on. It is folly to look into and envy other lives. Were you in their places numerous difficulties would be presented to your notice that before you had not seen or counted upon. Besides you wouldn't fit into any one else's place. You couldn't if you tried. Envy is nothing else but plain ignorance, for if we had the other fellow's lot (with all that goes with it) we shouldn't like it a bit. The great plan is ordered so wisely that we cannot change places with any one, for so scant is understanding that many would try to, and, finding their way back to their own places, would bring about chaos in the nature of things. Let us be thankful for the place in which we are, since no other would be so good for us. Let us attain to understanding and not rebel, grow weary, get discouraged or blue. *Never give up!* Let us know we are placed to our highest advantage just where we are. It's all coming out right. Love, the May-blossoms of our

soul, will unfold more and more, till we are in heaven and at rest. You say you are not satisfied now? It is a mercy and wisdom that satisfaction is denied us. It would presage stagnation and the end.

Both fairness and justice are in God's plan. They are inherent in nature. What comes to us must come to us. It is the same with every one, and the account is balanced accurately all the time. At night forgive and forget and rest on the Infinite. In the morning do not make a bee line for pleasure. Happiness comes as a result and it never comes unless you have done something fine. Test this. Start in to observe more. Cease discontent that whines. See the reason for things. Own up when you have been in the wrong. Confession is good for the soul. When one has erred in judgment, or made a mistake, as we say, the most they can do is to acknowledge it and not do so again. Trying to improve and know more is the most any one can do. Of course, it scratches our inner eyes to see where we were unkind, but be great and glorious enough to admit it when it is true, and blessings will seek you. You will feel decent besides; oh, so decent. Experience is the valley, but understanding is the mountain top!

The Message.

Every day brings a ship,
 Every ship brings a word;
 Well for those who have no fear,
 Looking seaward well assured
 That the word the vessel brings
 Is the word they wish to hear.

—Emerson.

What is Real?

BY FELICIA BLAKE.



Two old men sat by the roadside. They could not see the changing lights in the evening sky, for they were blind.

"I do not believe," said the first, "that there is such a difference between day and night, and that the sun is such a wonderful thing. I can feel something of its warmth when its rays fall upon me, so I do not doubt there is some contrast between light and darkness, but I feel sure that those who say so much about the wonders of the sun's coloring and changes, are full of exaggeration and imaginings.

I have no corroboration in my life of any such thing, and I do not believe it."

The second old man sighed. "No, I have never seen the sun," he replied, "and there is nothing in my experience to corroborate those remarkable statements; yet, I think they may be true and I believe others have seen such wonders."

"I have studied much," the first man spoke again; "and I know many things that might seem unbelievable, yet are simple enough when they are understood; but I cannot believe in the light of the sun."

"I have not studied so much as you," the second old man said gently; "still there is something which makes me believe in the light of the sun."

"You are foolish," was the sharp reply. "You should have acquired more wisdom with your years."

* * * * *

There are many blind ones by the roadside. Day by day we meet those who will not believe because they have not seen—because they have no evidence in their lives. "I cannot believe it, I never have seen anything like it; it does not seem *real* to me," is their plea.

What is *real*?

They look at the stars, the earth; the trees, water, and living things of the earth; the houses, the ornaments, the clothing that they possess. Are not these *real*?

But clothing and houses wear and change; in time they are gone. The living things of the earth also change and are gone.

But the earth and the stars do not change and go.

No; perhaps because we change and go before they do.

But although the things of the earth change and go, even ourselves, they are not lost; there is something left, even if we do not see it.

Yes; and what is that which is left? What is that which is unseen and which goes on changeless through the changes; that which lives through all?

That is the *real*. The unseen is the real, the changeless. The seen is the unreal, the changeable.

Yet the blind one believes not in the light of the sun because he does not see it, although he feels its warmth.

And man may not believe in the power of the *one life* although he may feel the strength of it daily in his living.

Are we blind men? Do we say, "No, that cannot be because I have never seen it; that cannot be true because I know nothing like it?"

If we are blind, if we cannot see, let us be like the second old man who could believe that the wonders might be there even if he had not known them; for he was the wiser man in spite of his lack of learning, and he was nearer to the light of the sun.

Consciousness and Will.

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.



There are two planes of consciousness, the human and divine. The human consciousness is gained by perception through the senses. The divine consciousness is developed by inspiration. It is the light that shines from the higher ego and illuminates the mind. A knowledge of the divine inner self brings man in touch with the realm of cause. Men grope in the dense fog of selfishness and fear, their intel-

lects immersed in material conceptions, fettered by the desires of the senses. They fail to comprehend the inviting radiations of the Infinite Light. Yet we are all endowed with a royal inheritance and should be to this world what the sun is to the universe, luminous beings, radiating joy and love.

Conscious union of the divine in man with the great over-soul enables the higher ego to distinguish itself from the bonds of mere physical things. The higher self is forever connected with its source. It dwells in a region where no mortal eye can penetrate. Material man is a result, not a cause. He knows the objective world by means of his physical senses. Reason is the highest function of the human consciousness. It is man's guide in his struggle with material environments. The objective mind is easily confused and affected by every current of thought from others. It is swayed by the conflicting influences of the external world. Space is filled with vibrating thoughts, conveying impressions to receptive minds. The divine consciousness sees by means independent of the natural eyes. With true interior vision, using the whole body as a single organ, it cognizes its deeper relationship to life and being.

To develop the consciousness you must free yourself from a feeling of dependence upon externals. You must rise into a new atmosphere above the depressing effects of negative thoughts. Attune the mind to a higher state of vibration by intense desire and aspiration to know the real and eternal. Everything has a center. Deep in the mind is a center of rest. Imagine yourself a central sun. Learn to regard your real nature as potentially luminous. If you get in touch with the center of your being you will get in touch with the center and source of all. Consciousness concentrates into a tiny cell the immensities of the universe. It is the receptacle of knowledge, the storehouse of power. It unites the without to the within. Its results are knowledge, intelligence and reason. The subjective has control of the objective. Rest is the principle of the center—rest in opposition to motion. About it all things move, but it moves not. It is the sovereign upon the throne, the altar of the divine.

At the center of consciousness is enthroned the will. When the power of will is strong enough to hold the mind in the quiet, still concentration, then true knowledge will be received and reflected. By the power of desire and choice which govern the use of the will in man, he relates himself either to the kingdom of light or to the realm of darkness. You can know the nature of man's will by the life he leads. The degree of success you will attain will be determined by the strength of your will.

There are two classes of people. Those who are determined, persevering, reposeful and successful; and those who are restless, uncertain, filled with forebodings of misfortune and failure. The greatest power is attained by cultivating a reposeful attitude of body and mind. Keep your mind centered upon your highest and purest ideals. Keep the material impulses under control. Let the indwelling will become master of the mind and body. Let rule and order take the place of waywardness and confusion. The greater the consciousness and will the greater your knowledge and power.

The concentrated will, strengthened by faith, can subjugate material forces, banish disease and work miracles. When the finite will is at one with the divine will its power is unlimited. Will is a fluid belonging to everything that has life, but more manifest in man. It pervades the universe. By earnest desire you may attract this principle and centralize its power and use it to repel or attract, set free or bind, what things you will. To develop the mind and gain supremacy over material thralldom, the will must be drilled and trained and concentrated persistently on the goal desired. Every effort of the mind towards unity with the higher self destroys some negative thought of doubt and fear and adds to the will a new element of strength and courage.

To recognize the fact and encourage the thought that you are a living light within, that you are surrounded by light and walk in the light will regenerate the body, give control over self and consequent illumination. Every atom of your being is not only wonderfully bright, but powerfully magnetic. When the diffused forces of body and mind are concentrated, polarized and controlled by the higher self you will attain regeneration. Your thoughts, your words and the influence of your life will be forcefully felt by others. From the divine self, the unmanifested center in your higher nature, let the word be spoken: *I live in the light. My body and mind are in the light. I manifest the light by the influence of the love desire.*

The Divine Spirit enters the heart of every man as a ray of light. As heat will change water into steam, so the inner fire, the ethereal light or divine life principle in man will transmute the gross substance of the body into a radiant personality. By meditation you may get back into the divine center within yourself and live in harmony with the Absolute. When the human consciousness becomes identified with the Divine Mind,

you may choose your gift—fame, wealth, love, power, prophesy, healing, or interior vision. Internal perception attracts the mind to the invisible world. It indraws the consciousness and fixes it upon the inmost center of man's being. Then the mind becomes illuminated, and peace, wisdom and happiness are permanently attained.

To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw a hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray, are the things that make men happy.—Ruskin.

The Oldest Book.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

Life such a problem, books so deep,
 Puzzle on puzzle to vex the mind—
 I tossed them all in a scattered heap,
 And said: "I shall never the answers find."
 But the wind blew in at my open sash,
 And the breath of the blossoming woods was there,
 Heavy with fragrance, soft with scent
 Of the freighted boughs that so late were bare.
 O, song of the Universe, voice of the sea,
 You're book and sage and school to me,—
 Nor stopped nor stayed my feet, until
 I lay in the grass of my sunkissed hill.

Why do I bother what books may say,
 While there's moonlit night and perfect day?
 Why do I care what their questions be?
 Is it dark? There is light! Are they bound? I am free!
 And all that seems dim on the printed page
 Is clear as dawn to my soul. And I
 Am kin to the budding trees, the wind,
 The worm that crawls or the birds that fly.
 I'm kin to All—I'm part of One—
 I'm night and day and star and sun!
 And there is no book whose lore can thrill
 Like the lessons I learn on my sunkissed hill.

Practical Mental Science.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I am drawn away from my main subject this month, by the receipt of a letter from an earnest student of New Thought, who writes me that he is endeavoring to put into practice that which I have been telling about. That is all right—I think he will get some good out of the practice (I know that *I* do). But here is where the trouble comes in. He goes on to say that he is “a faithful disciple” of mine, and is content to “sit at the feet of the Teacher.” Now, if you will pardon the slang, I must say that such talk “makes me tired.” I wish no “disciples”—disciples are mere parrots repeating what one says—mere human sheep trotting along after some conceited old bell-wether. I do not wish to pose as a bell-wether, nor do I wish a flock of human sheep trotting after me. I want every one of my fellow students of Mental Science to be his own bell-wether. I like comradeship and mutual help—the help of interdependence. But I don’t like this talk of master and disciple—of leader and follower—this talk and idea of dependence.

As for sitting at any one’s feet, the idea arouses all the spirit of independence within me. I don’t want to sit at any one’s feet—and I don’t want any one to sit at mine. I am willing, and often glad, to listen to some teacher and to pick from his teachings such bits of truth as my mind is ready to receive. I am willing to say “I don’t know,” and to accept from others that which appeals to me as truth—not because the other says that it is truth, but because my mind recognizes it as such. I take my own wherever I find it, because I recognize it as mine. I know that all students and teachers get their knowledge from the only source of supply—they can’t get it from anywhere else. And if some other fellow happens to see a particular bit of truth before I do, I gladly accept a portion of it from his hands, be he king or beggar. While if I happen to see the thing first, I will gladly share it with all who are ready for it, and who may want it, without feeling that I am a “leader,” or “teacher,” or that they are “followers” or “disciples.” We are all fellow students—that’s all. I recognize no man as my Master—and I spurn the person who would call me “Master,” if there be any so foolish. This feet-sitting talk makes me very, very weary.

I am fully aware that certain teachers convey the idea that they are chosen mouthpieces of the Infinite, and that all true teachings must bear their hall-mark. And I also know the fanatical devotion and bigotry that many of the followers of such teachers manifest. But this is all child’s play. The teachers sooner or later will be brought up against good hard stone walls, and their heads will be bruised until they realize

"just where they are at." And the "disciples" will have some individuality knocked into them later on, and will be made to stand upon their own feet, by reason of the props being knocked from under them. The New Thought aims at making individuals, not at converting people into droves of sheep, following the tinkle of the bell of some conceited old bell-wether, who imagines that he is the Whole Thing.

The growing soul must realize that it has within itself all that it requires. It may gladly accept suggestions, advice, bits of knowledge, and the like, from others as it goes along—the soul itself being the only judge of what it requires at that particular stage. But, in the end, it must do its own work, and must stand on its own feet. All the teachings in the world will not help you, unless you take hold of the matter yourself and work out your own salvation. You cannot get true mental or spiritual teaching by simply paying so much for a course of lessons, and doing nothing yourself. You must bring something to the teacher before you can take anything away. You must work up to an understanding, before the teachings of another will do you any good. The teacher may make a suggestion that will open up a line of thought for you—or he may point out a way that has proved of value to him, and thus save you much time and trouble. But you must do the real work yourself.

A teacher may be so filled with the truth that he will overflow, and you will get some of the overflow—I believe that truth is "catching." But even so, unless you make that truth your own by living it out, and applying it to your needs, it will do you no good. And so long as you are content to "sit at his feet," and do the "disciple" act, you will not grow one inch. You will be merely a reflection of the teacher, instead of being an individual.

All this that I have said may seem to have no relation to "Practical Mental Science," the title of this series of articles. But, I tell you friends, that it has a mighty close relation to it. We need a jogging up on this point every once in a while, "lest we forget." It is so easy to have your thoughts predigested for you by some teacher or writer—so easy to receive your teaching in capsules. It is so nice to be able to sit down and swallow the tabloid that the teacher or writer so kindly has prepared for you, and imagine that you are getting the real thing. But I tell you, friends—*it won't do the work*. Imbibe all the teachings you please, but you have got to get down to business yourself. You can't give some one else a power of attorney to do the work in your place. Life accepts no substitutes—you must step out yourself. It is mighty easy this idea of paying so much, in time or money, to some teacher or writer, and then sneaking into the Kingdom of Heaven holding on to his skirts—but it won't work. You've got to do some hustling on your own account, and don't you make any mistake about this fact.

Many of you are running around after teachers, preachers, prophets, seers, "illuminated souls," and what not, expecting that your little fee for courses of lessons, private teachings, and all the rest, is going to land you right up in the front rank. Don't you believe a word of it. You've got to go through the motions yourself, before you will attain anything. You can't sneak in that way—it won't work. I look around me and see many of these poor creatures "sitting at the feet" of some one or other, sinking their individuality in that of the teacher, and not daring to think an original thought, lest it conflict with some notion of their "Master." These good souls are so full of the teaching they are imbibing, they will repeat it by the yard, phrase after phrase, like a well trained parrot. But they don't understand a bit of it. They are like the moon which shines by reason of the reflection of the sun's rays, and has no light or heat of its own. The talk of these "disciples" and "sitters-at-the-feet" is nothing but moonshine—mere reflected light. Moons are dead, cold things—no light, no heat—no fire—no energy. Dead, dead, dead—cold, barren and "played-out." For gracious' sake, stop this moon business, and build yourself up into a Sun. You have it in you—manifest it. Start yourself in motion, and manifest Life. Don't suppose that you must be able to solve all the Riddles of the Universe before you can do anything. Never mind about those riddles, just you get down to the task that lies ahead of you, and throw into it some of that Great Life Principle that is within you waiting for a chance to manifest itself. Don't you make the mistake of supposing that this or that teacher has solved the Great Riddle. If he says he has, he is only bluffing and whistling to keep up courage. He may have found a good sized chunk of the truth, and if he is willing to pass you a bit of it, all right, but he hasn't the Whole Thing, by a mighty sight. The Whole Thing isn't placing itself in the exclusive control of any little bit of itself. No one has a monopoly of knowing—a corner on the Truth. It is yours as much as anybody's—but you must dig for it.

Don't bother about the theories, or the unsolvable riddles—just get down to business, and begin to Live. Sometimes, I amuse myself by reading some of the theories and "explanations" of those who think that they have hold of the Whole Thing. After I get through with the theories of one "dead-sure" chap, I take up the directly opposite theories of another fellow who considers himself the special mouthpiece of the Absolute. Whew! it's a great brain-shaker. If you're not careful you will find yourself being served a nice dish of scrambled brains. When I get sort of "stewed-up" over such things, I go out into the sun, and fall back on the "Laughing Philosophy," which soon brings me around all right. Nothing will puncture these bubbles so quickly as a good dose of Laughter. Laughter is the only thing that keeps the race from madness—the

sense of humor is God's best gift to Man. Try it, the next time you get "stewed up," with "high statements," "basic truths," "axiomatic principles." Beware of any teachings that will not stand the test of the sunny out-of-doors, and the application of the Laughing Philosophy. Shun the teachings that require a pursed-up mouth, and a strained, preternaturally sober face. Have nothing to do with teachings that require a dim, dark, sunless room to be absorbed in—beware of teachings and doctrines that bear the musty smell of the cell upon them. Carry out into the sun the teachings that are offered you, and see whether or not they fade—apply the chemical of laughter, and ascertain whether the stuff bleaches. Remember this test, when you are perplexed or worried over some strange theory or doctrine—no matter from where it comes. If any one tells you anything that will not bear the test—discard the teaching, for it is spurious in that event. Try this on my writings along with the others.

Stop being moons. Stop living by reflected light. Get into action and convert yourself into a living sun. You can do it. It is within your power. Every human soul contains within it the elements of the Sun—get to work and express yourself. Stiffen up your backbone, and hold your head erect. Don't be afraid to say "I am IT."

This is a straight from the shoulder talk—some of you must need it, or I would not have been so side-tracked from this series of talks. Don't tell me that you are "disciples" of mine—I disown you; I refuse to have disciples. Don't try to "sit at my feet"—if you do I will use my feet to push you off the platform—I need room to swing my feet about, and don't want people sitting there. But if you wish to call me "Brother," or "Fellow Student," or "Schoolmate in the Kindergarten of God," I will be glad to have you do so. That's all we are after all—little babes tugging away at the breast of the Absolute.

New Thought Which is Old Thought

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue;
And they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof."

—Proverbs 18:21.

settle the matter now by ignoring these just demands. You've got to arbitrate. They say you were lazy, didn't take the proper exercise; were greedy, and ate too much; were careless, and swallowed your food half chewed; that you did not properly protect the interests of your servants, themselves. And these seem to be just complaints. So to square yourself you've got to show them a little extra attention for a time. And when you've demonstrated your willingness to come half-way you'll see they'll cheerfully go back to work on the old terms.

This month I'm going to give you a little advice about settling the strike peaceably and without the intervention of any regiment of drugs.

First, if you are so young yet in New Thought that you're taking an occasional "little pill" at night, or chewing senna leaves, or drinking "Garfield tea," begin your reformation by dumping them all in the garbage pail. They're only "strike breakers." They tide you over a temporary difficulty, but your *own workers* are still on strike and they feel less like coming back than ever.

What you need to do is to drink a cup of hot water on rising, one on going to bed and at least six glasses of cold water scattered through the day.

Eat plenty of fruits; their chief constituent is water and the minerals in their composition dissolve and carry off obstructive material. Let the bulk of your food consist of fruits and green vegetables. Spinach is better for constipation than a whole bottle of "liver pills;" a lettuce salad with oil and vinegar is a fine aperient; onions are another good substitute for medicines. Stewed prunes (without sugar) are better than a dose of castor oil and certainly far more agreeable. Figs are laxative in character. Apples are the best stomach regulator known; eat them in season and out of season "at your uprisings and your downsittings," and you will never be a dyspeptic.

Isn't it odd that people would rather "take things" out of a big fat bottle or a diminutive pill-box, have cramps and nausea, sick headaches, and other unnecessary ailments, than sit down to a dinner of cream of onion soup—a small piece of rare broiled steak, (or, if a vegetarian, some macaroni and cheese), some carefully cooked spinach, a lettuce salad, whole wheat bread and butter and a dish of stewed prunes?

Remember that starchy foods—of which I gave you a short list last month—and sugars are *digested in the mouth*. So, even though your potato is mashed (it is much more wholesome baked, by the way), it needs to be carefully and slowly eaten, so that the saliva, the mouth's digestive agent, has its opportunity to do its work thoroughly before the food is carried to the stomach. White bread is largely starchy and needs thorough and careful mastication. Lean meats, eggs, and other members of the tissue-building foods, given in last month's list, are digested in the stomach, but if they reach there in large pieces the stomach gets worn out trying to send its digestive agent, the gastric

In Harmony With the Law.

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

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

III. SETTLING A STRIKE.

A small child saw a dog chasing his grandmother's chickens and ran to report the trouble. "Grandma," he cried, "there's a dog chasing your chickens." "There is!" exclaimed Grandma. "I'll have to cut his tail right off." The youngster hesitated a moment. "But, Grandma," he expostulated, "it ain't that end that's after them."

Do you know that when you have a headache and begin to smell a bottle of lavender salts and seek a soft pillow, or when a "bad cold" seizes you and you reach for extra wraps and close the windows, you're only cutting off the dog's tail? You're letting the real pursuing cause go scot free, for, as I told you last month, "the real end" that needs attention is ninety times out of a hundred—but why be conservative?—let's say at once, one hundred times out of a hundred—your stomach and its kindred organs—your digestive apparatus, in short—or your lungs.

Here are some good rules to follow:

When you have a headache, look to your digestive organs!

When you have a cold, look to your digestive organs!

When you feel restless and unsettled and abnormal, look to your digestive organs!

When your mind is dull and inactive, look to your digestive organs!

When you are inclined to be cross and irritable, look to your digestive organs!

In short, when anything is the matter with you (or when you think there is), physically, mentally or spiritually—and don't forget that I say *spiritually*—LOOK TO YOUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

I tried to tell you last month that as master builder a great deal of responsibility rested upon you for the condition of the structure YOU occupy. The body is only a house. YOU are the intangible, elusive, divine essence within,—the Master. I have cautioned you to provide the right kind of building material, and I have endeavored to give you briefly a fairly accurate list of the three classes of foods which, eaten daily in the proper proportions, will keep the body in its normal condition of health. I would be glad to have you refer to those lists in selecting your daily diet.

But some of you, while making up your minds to do only good building in the future, have the results of past carelessness with which to contend. You did not heed the notice your digestive organs gave you in the past that you were out of "harmony with the law," and so, after a time, they grew tired of giving notice and called a strike. You can't

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor, WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

FRANKLIN L. BERRY—Assistant Editors—LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

The Letter Box.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

E. U. E.—The trouble with you, friend, is that you are keeping your eyes so firmly fixed on the stars that your feet are stumbling over the rocks on the road and causing you to fall and bruise yourself. Keep your feet on the ground. Let your mind soar away above in the starry region as much as you please, but always remember to keep your firm footing on the ground, and you will be safe. You are living in a particular phase of existence just now, and that particular stage or phase is just the one fitted for your soul at this time. You are beginning to see things a little way ahead, and that is good, but you mustn't let the sight make you dissatisfied or forgetful of the proper place for your feet. You are going through an experience common to many of us. Your present stage of development is a necessary one for you. You are in just the very best place for you at this particular moment. The experiences you are getting are just the ones you need most. Don't doubt this—these things do not run by chance. You may yield freely to the urge toward higher conditions—may open yourself freely to the attraction of the Absolute—but don't forget that your feet are on the ground, and that the ground, not the air, is the place for them just now. You have use for both feet and earth at present. When you are ready to start on your trip toward the stars, you will find that you will be provided with a pair of wings for the purpose—maybe you are sprouting them now. But in the meantime use your feet. Your feet are the things by which you must progress just now, and the ground is the proper place upon which to use the feet. Take a firm step forward and keep your feet on the ground. Use the light of the stars to guide your footsteps, but do not make the mistake of trying to use your feet to fly with—they are not built that way. Wait until you reach the wing stage. The caterpillar stage—and the chrysalis stage—are necessary and important for the growing butterfly, and the butterfly has sense enough to make the best use of both, and each and both lead him to the unfoldment of beautiful wings. But wouldn't the caterpillar be a fool if he tried to fly with his feet? But he knows better, and so lives out his life naturally and well, feeling within him the strange stirrings foretelling some sort of a change in store for him in the future. And, no doubt, he enjoys those strange stirrings, and lets them manifest freely within him. But, bless your heart, he does not begin to sneer at the leaf upon which he is feeding, nor attempt to raise himself up in the air to get away from the "material" twig. Not a bit of it; he is a sensible caterpillar, and he attends to his business and allows his soul to unfold and to manifest into action, trusting to the Law that brought him into existence to carry him through the chrysalis stage into the glorious butterfly life. The coming frog plays well his part as a tadpole and later as a polywog, and doesn't fret about things. He just takes things for granted, and knows that it is all right with him—he feels conscious that there is a better time a-coming bye-and-bye, although he cannot exactly fix the date, but he doesn't lose interest in the present by worrying and by frantically speculating about the future. He just lives—that's all. And that is just what we all must do, and *will* do, if we are wise. We will just LIVE—live out each step and stage of growth—joyfully, trustingly, confidently, knowing that all is well with us. The Divine Unrest will take possession of us at times. We will pass through a stage of dissatisfaction and uneasiness, and will feel more or less "at sea" concerning ourselves. But this is but a symptom of coming changes, and must not be allowed to upset us or worry us. It is something like the growing pains of the child. You must remember this, that there are regions of our being—of our mind—outside of the field of everyday

consciousness. And in these hidden regions there is much work going on. Our soul is getting ready for changes—in fact, the changes are going on constantly within us. We don't have to do all the work with our conscious minds, and so we needn't feel that we must fret and worry ourselves so very much about the evolutionary process. When the other part of the mind requires some service performed by the conscious mind, it presents the task before us, and we make no mistake in recognizing it, for we have no peace until we take up the matter. The Intellect has an important part to play in the growth of the soul, but it doesn't have to do *all* the work, by a great deal. So, there is no sense in wearing your nerves into a frazzle—or in churning up your brain into a mush—trying to solve the riddles of the universe, or of the human soul. Live one day at a time, doing the work of that day the best you know how—meeting the problems of each day as they present themselves—and leave the rest to the Power within and without you. The soul grows as beautifully and as naturally as a flower. It does not have to be pulled up or forced up; it knows its own laws of growth better than do you. And there is no sense in treating the soul as some children do flowers—that is, in pulling the plant up by the roots every morning to see if it is growing. There are many people, like you, good friend, who forget to keep their feet firmly on the ground, and the consequence is that they go around in a dream, utterly unfit for the work of the world. They indulge overmuch in spiritual or psychic dreams, and go stumbling along over the stones and rocks of this stage of life, bruising themselves and getting many a stumble and tumble. Don't despise this world as being "too material." It is a good world—considering the needs of the people in it—and no one is kept here one single moment after he is ready for a higher stage. And this going about bemoaning the fact that you have outgrown your world, is a great mistake. You are attaching yourself to the world by your hatred of it, as you would by being unduly desirous of it. The advanced soul sees everything as right and good in its place—sees that all things are comparative—and recognizes that all stages are but successive steps in the great Path of Life. Do not imagine that you are "too good" for this life. The chances are that you are not good enough for it, and are being kept where you are until you rise up and master your limitations. You cannot conquer conditions by hating them—you must learn to love them as a part of the great Whole before they will cease to bind and retain you. To hate a thing is to fear it—that is, you cannot hate a thing very well unless you have some sort of fear for it, either a direct fear or an indirect fear. And to fear a thing is to tie yourself to it, in a way. Live your life naturally and fearlessly, knowing that you are constantly growing and developing, and that worrying and fretting, and complaining act as deterrents to growth, inasmuch as they create a friction and interfere with free expression. You are right at home here on the earth. Do not despise your home. Soar as high in the clouds of spiritual knowledge as you wish, but do not forget where your feet must rest, and you will save yourself many a jar. Plunge as deep into the depths of metaphysical speculation as you may see fit, but always remember that you must return to the surface and again place your feet on the solid earth. And be joyous. Throw back your shoulders and take a good breath, and then look around you and laugh. Laughter is a great thing to settle one when he has been soaring above the clouds or plunging deep down into the depths. The sense of humor keeps one sane. Laugh heartily and the cobwebs will be cleared from your brain and you will feel natural again. Beware of the man, woman, teaching, creed or doctrine that tells you that it is a sin to laugh. Madness lies in that direction. Laughter is the remedy for the "growing pains" of the soul. Use it freely. Don't take yourself too seriously. All is well with the world—all is well with you. You are at home, right in your own Universe, and you cannot be crowded out of it—there is no outside to which to banish you. And all are parts of that Universe, each fitting into its own place, and doing its allotted work. Don't fret yourself about your soul—it's all right and able to take care of itself. Step out of the shadows of speculation and dreams into the good, bright, warm sunlight of Life. *Live*, good friend—that's what you're here for. Face the world with a good, honest look in the eyes, and fear nothing. Don't bother about those sprouting wings—when they are ready to use you will be ready to use them. In the meantime keep your feet firmly on the ground and use them to the best advantage.

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 fails not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

Dear Franklin Berry: What is New Thought? An attitude of mind? Living, real thought? or is it love? or a matter of qualities? Now, you ought to know what it is. Is it healthy, growing? Of course I read Mr. Atkinson, but I want your definition also. How shall I do? I am out of line. I am not in New Thought because I am too scientific. Not in science because I am too philosophic. Not in metaphysics because I don't like moonshine and mere theories. Not in "literature" because I don't know books. I have never had an extra penny to work with in all my life. Everybody admits I am worth reading and knowing. People all give me attention—but at no public gate am I admitted. My "line" is comparative psychology. But I couldn't be admitted to the Psychological Societies, because I want a basis for my psychology, and won't work without one. And they have none. I am not descriptive. I take phenomena only to deal with principles. I like system. I am too unconventional to follow poetic forms, and therefore I can not be a poet. I have one of the finest singing voices in the world and can improvise easily, yet I cannot sing above upper D—chest—and there are no pieces for a singer like this. I seem to be exceptionally talented, and exceptionally peculiar. I am a good critic in a dozen directions, but "not regular." And, moreover, I don't care for society—except of animals. At last I wrote an essay about bird-flight and presented it to scientists. They said they could not criticise it. They had never heard of the like before, and advised me to take it before the Ornithological Union. This I am doing. I don't know the results. Even that seems to be odd—but with possible great value. What do you do with peculiar persons? I'm not aware of any oddity. If I knew what New Thought is, I would try to write a little for the magazine, but I never did understand what it is all about. Is it attitude? motive? quality? theory? stuff of growth? What's the exact definition? New Thought? It is new *attitude*, I think. Thanking you for good literature,

Yours sincerely,

X. X. X.

* * *

A definition is a trap to catch the unwary hunter of meanings; quite as apt to act as a snare to his own feet and prevent the capture of the real game he trails as to prove a safe prison for the thought pursued. And at best it is a prison, crippling the thought it holds, whose wide freedom and real usefulness are curtailed. But since you will have New Thought where you can classify and label it, here is my answer—which, understand, is merely my personal interpretation and not at all a dictum binding on its readers.

New Thought is all the things you name. To you it may be an "attitude of mind," leaving your old beliefs unchanged; to me perhaps a belief subverting former dogmas; to another, but a name for an attitude and a belief his from birth, but nameless heretofore because not fitting into any of the accepted classified molds of thought, action or creed.

If I had believed heretofore in the necessity of sin, misery and disease; if I had looked upon humanity as foredoomed to suffering and sorrow, then indeed New Thought would mean to me a new belief. If joy and health and love and harmony, however, found their place in my creed, while I struggled with others toward these gifts which seemed to me rightfully my own, New Thought would cherish that belief in whatever words I clothed it or whatever name it bore, and would mean to me therefore merely a new way of pressing that belief into action.

If I had believed always that joy was *the free heritage of all*, within our own personal power to claim and hold, and if in my own life I had shown this forth by precept and example, New Thought would be to me but a name by which to call my philosophy of life.

Is New Thought "stuff for growth?" Most certainly it is that above all, for the object of the new thinker is *to grow*, daily and without ceasing. That is why

a definition is, after all, but a maimed presentment of the thing it stands for. Growth would stop if we trapped and caged our quarry.

To get right down to my own personal definition of New Thought, I would say: New Thought seems to me nothing more nor less than Common Sense. It is a recognition by the Self that there is no law, physical, mental or spiritual, that is too big for his own daily use. *But that he'd better get busy and learn those laws!*

Man began by conquering through the physical, and this he understood; next, he added the mental to the physical, but used the new force only along physical lines; that is, he built railroads and scaled walls and tunneled mountains. And with each achievement he learned of some new force in Nature undreamed of by his forbears. As he gets nearer and nearer to mysteries which would once have seemed supernatural—wireless telegraphy alone would have sent its inventor to the stake, not much more than a century ago—the mind, the soul, the spirit grow less mysterious to him and he recognizes the fact that the Law working through the universe does not pertain to the physical world alone, but to the world of thought and being as well. In his utilization of the material forces of nature, he has learned to study those forces and call them into play, and the fruit of that lesson he carries now into the mental and spiritual world. If there is a discord in his life, he feels that he is not calling into operation the right force in the right way, and he experiments. It's a new field, and he makes mistakes, failures—but achieves successes as well, hardly knowing as yet how he attained.

That's New Thought—an endeavor to call into action the forces of the mental and spiritual world, as we have long since learned to utilize the forces of the material world. You may be applying them in one way, I in another; but we're both "New Thought." We don't have to think alike. You may have some theory which accounts to you for your ability to control certain mental or physical states. Well, it isn't my theory, but what's the odds? We're both out exploring, and when our paths cross, I shall be interested to know just what you found in your part of the woods, and you, I hope, to learn what I saw in mine.

Your claim that you are not in New Thought because you're "too scientific" is a very odd reason, for New Thought is a reaching out after a new science or after an extension, rather, of what science has already brought to our doors.

If you are a scientist, you not only admit but demand recognition of *law* as the basis of all visible material manifestations. But the various laws were not gathered ripe from any bush; ages of scientists labored and experimented and failed and discovered half-truths—tilled laboriously in the garden before you could comfortably eat the fruit of fully formulated and accepted laws. They were just as much scientists in the beginning as you are now. New laws are daily being unfolded and a scientist is he who claims that law is the seed of *all*, and who limits not the field of his inquiry or experiment. He is as much at home in New Thought as studying geologic strata. Do you still think that you are "too scientific?" I imagine that you fancied New Thought to be a blind faith. Not at all. It is a faith, in the sense that it accepts as a basis the belief that the working of law is harmony and that a knowledge and use of the proper forces—the *laws* of life—will produce harmony. Hence it is optimistic. Hence it regards disease and fear and sin and misery as violations of law. Beyond this, it offers you nothing you are obliged to accept. It says: "Are you unhappy? You don't need to be. That's not the law. You'd better look up the law!" But it lets you seek it in your own way. If you write to Mr. Atkinson for his method of application, he gives you his personal experience. If you come to me, I advise you how I would go about it in your place. But we're not final, we're not ultimate. We're fellow-scientists with you, seeking the active principles which govern all life, the spiritual as well as the physical.

And, to conclude, I might add that if you want to know what really is the New Thought, you could do no better than to read and re-read Mr. Atkinson's articles as they come out month by month.

To take up the personal part of your letter, you say you're "not aware of your oddity." Oh, but I think you are. In fact, aren't you a little bit inclined to stay odd? Else why demand *absolute accord* with any phase of life before you will submit to get anything from it? It's a good thing to be individual, but a bad thing to be narrow; and you are running the risk of becoming the latter. Suppose you do think metaphysics "mere theories;" suppose you feel "too unconventional to follow poetic forms;" suppose you are "not in science" because you are "too philosophic"! A sustained study (not necessarily acceptance) of any one of these subjects will do you no harm, and probably help to shape your own individuality,

which, according to your personal analysis, is at present virtually "without form and void."

I should judge your fault to be impatience of direction or restraint. Let me tell you *training and discipline* along any line cannot fail to deepen and fertilize your own real personality. That is what you need. You haven't yet *found* yourself, and it is unlikely you will until you fit yourself painstakingly into the molds the world offers you. You'll learn just where a sharp edge needs rubbing off; you'll appreciate all the more deeply the beauty of some fine modeling all your own; and at last you'll know your every angle, curve and shade, and how best they may be utilized. *Train every talent*, so far as you can. You'll be individual still, if your individuality is real, and you'll know the worth of that individuality. With your varied talents, life should be rich for you indeed.

How Has The New Thought Affected My Religion?

"Dear Sir—I read with more than passing interest what B. T. C. in the Pilgrims' Path has to say about the relation of New Thought to religion. I for one can say it has been helpful to me in demonstrating how narrow and selfish I have been heretofore. All religions and creeds are the outgrowth of a desire to better the individual. We pick flaws in our brother's religion and he picks flaws in ours. Joaquin Miller sums it up thus:

'In men whom men pronounce most ill,
I see so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I see so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line where God has not.'

I am skeptical as regards man-made tenets of faith. I believe in the religion which will do the most for my fellow man. If I can't get it in my church I can plant the seed in my heart and it will grow and so fill me with the blessed influence that my life will be an inspiration to those around me. A. B. B."

The New Thought has helped and strengthened my old fashioned Presbyterian orthodox religion more than I can tell. It has given me a greatly enlarged view of the soul, or subconscious mind. It has wonderfully magnified my view of the power of faith and love and hope. It has enabled me to see in a new light the fearful danger that lurks in doubt, fear, worry and unbelief. It has confirmed what has long been my suspicion, that hell fire is just unalloyed, concentrated hate, jealousy, envy and revenge. The New Thought has helped me to solve problems in theology and understand psychic phenomena, which have long been a mystery. For example, the bible so often differentiates between mind and spirit, or between mind and soul. The New Thought distinction between conscious and subconscious mind makes all this plain. It gives one such an exalted conception of the grandeur and dignity of the human soul and of its marvelous powers and capabilities. It has strengthened my convictions as to what is necessary to ensure a safe life voyage. Imagine yourself on an ocean liner, and passing out of the Narrows of New York harbor, and facing a three or four thousand mile stretch of ocean waves. The engineer down in the engine room, watching the signal dial, with his hand on the lever, always ready to turn the power on or off, to increase the speed, to slow up or to stop the monster vessel, is a good illustration of the subconscious mind or soul. The captain yonder, on the upper deck, with his hand on the signal bells, and by his physical senses taking observations, and consulting the pilot and stars at night, and the compass, represents the conscious mind in constant communication with the engineer. Jesus is the only safe pilot, who has made the voyage himself, and who is constantly present by his Holy Spirit, "Lo, I am with you always." The bible is the only compass. The stars represent the light or law of nature. The psychologist who discards the bible as the word of God and Jesus Christ, the pilot, is far worse off than the man who undertakes an ocean voyage with a captain who discards the compass and pilot, and is constantly giving the engineer wrong or uncertain signals. I have unbounded confidence in the bible as the inspired word of God, because Jesus repeatedly endorsed Moses and the Prophets, and I have neither the learning nor the audacity to question what Jesus endorsed, for I have unlimited confidence in Him.

M. A. GAULT,

Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Wahoo, Neb.

The Publisher's Talk.

How many of our long list of California subscribers know that Mr. Atkinson is spending some sunny months in their state? Ensconced in a comfortable little "bungalow" at Pasadena, he is enjoying the wonderful climate and making acquaintance with all the beauties of "the Coast." This trip had long been a desire of Mr. Atkinson's. Last fall his plans were all laid to go, but something intervened; and it was not until some weeks ago that he found himself free to realize his long cherished hope. We trust every one of our California subscribers may have the opportunity of meeting him while he is West. It brings you all much nearer to us in thought, to know that he is there among you. We hear daily how well you are treating him, and his letters say there is no place like California. Here's to the Golden West! May our friends there never grow less! (Mail intended for Mr. Atkinson should not be sent to California, but *should be addressed to this office*. To insure certainty of reaching him, please observe the request.)

* * *

• Speaking of Mr. Atkinson, we've just mailed him some of the new portraits we offer to subscribers this month. They are made from the one picture Mr. Atkinson considers his best, and which he says he never expects to be able to duplicate. As he expresses it, the photographer caught him just at "the psychological moment." The portraits we have just gotten out are beautiful examples of two-color work, and bear his fac-simile autograph signature. They are 8x12 and make a perfect portrait. We would like to be in Pasadena when Mr. Atkinson opens his package, for the portraits are a surprise to him and we know he will appreciate their fine production. Our printers were so proud of the work that they sent over a special request that some of the first copies be sent to Mr. Atkinson. We had already done this on our own behalf, but we forwarded a second supply for good measure.

* * *

The other day an expressman came into our office and asked us to sign for a tin pail which bore a tag addressed to us. A smile went round the office and Miss Wells laughed and said: "I wonder if that isn't the 'full dinner pail' we've read about in the newspapers." And it *was* a full dinner pail when we came to open it,—full of the most exquisite Cape Jasmine buds, all carefully and closely packed in moist earth. Miss Wells' face was buried out of sight in them in a moment, and an "Oh!" went up from all sides. When we began to take them out, it seemed like Fortunatus' purse, always more left. They filled a number of vases and low flat glass dishes to overflowing. It was one of the pleasantest thoughts we've fallen heir to for a long time, and carried out in an extremely clever way. They were as fresh when the pail was opened as they could have been when gathered, and they had come all the way from Port Arthur, Texas. Our thanks to the thoughtful friend who gave us this pleasure. The tag did not bear the name of the sender so we haven't been able to say "Thank you," before.

* * *

We have other thanks to express too. In every mail come letters from our subscribers inclosing short-term subscriptions for friends or acquaintances—letters full of appreciative words and loyal interest. It's just like one big family, and it's a pleasure to read our mail and know that there are so many warm friends in the world, so many unselfish active *livers of New Thought*. Thank you, all!

* * *

Have you noticed that beginning with the July NEW THOUGHT we'll print an article by Ella Wheeler Wilcox each month? Read the announcement in the advertising pages.

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A Visit to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

(Extract from article printed in **NEW THOUGHT**
for October, 1902. Reprinted in our advertising
pages this month, as a re-introduction of Mrs.
Wilcox to our new readers, precluding the series
to be begun in the July **NEW THOUGHT**.)

Convinced that readers of **NEW THOUGHT** would like to know something of the home surroundings and personality of our new contributor and future editor, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I made a flying trip to Short Beach to meet the most famous of America's essayists.

It was an enjoyable visit, but in this little account of my impressions you would prefer that I skip the details of scenery and so forth, to answer your expected interrogatories: "What is Mrs. Wilcox like?" "Is she as charming as her writings suggest?" "Is she happy?"

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is very happy, very wholesome, very charming. She is not a large woman; about medium height, hair light, face oval, chin firm, eyes tawny or flame-colored, nose straight, mouth mobile, full lips, tender, expressive, fascinating. Her mouth curves into a bow, and when she smiles, she has a way of shortening the upper lip that is quite adorable. She is frank, generous, gracious. Her face is not framed for concealment. It is not the face of a diplomatist. She speaks from the heart, means exactly what she says, and is free of art and affectations.

She is so constituted that it is natural to her to be pleasant, and pleasant to her to be natural. She is enthusiastic because enthusiasm is one of the large things of life, and this woman is of large mind. Everything about Mrs. Wilcox speaks of broadness, breadth of view, charity, kindness, sympathy, generosity. She is a

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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.

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