

The New Thought.

"NEW THOUGHT IS NEW LIFE."

VOL. III. NO. 7.

MELROSE, MASSACHUSETTS, FEBRUARY, 1897.

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Mind or Spirit?

THE tendency of a certain class of scientists to ignore the term mind, and of a certain other class to ignore the term spirit, creates a clashing between them which to many is bewildering and discouraging. I cannot see why this inharmony need exist. I do not know why we cannot affirm with Paul that we have "the mind of the spirit," and to feel that "to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Why this antagonistic feeling against the term spirit? The word certainly reconciles much that would war against the peace and honest conviction of multitudes of earnest seekers after truth. We cling with veneration to the saying that "God is Spirit," and understand by it that the Principle of Life is self-existent, the strongest, highest possible force and yet the finest and most ethereal. This invisible substance we understand as being the life of all sentient beings, the force or law holding together all atoms—everything in existence—the all and in all. The Mental Scientist confronts you with the statement that "all is mind," and generally means exactly what the spiritual scientist does in saying "all is spirit." He simply expresses himself in a different way. To my mind it seems of little moment which term is used if only the truth underlying the terms is clearly understood. If by mind is understood the Infinite Mind, the Law of Love and Attraction, the mind which sees only good and ignores evil, then we have no quarrel with the advocates of the term. If by mind, however, is understood human, finite intelligence only; mind that can soar sometimes to great heights of human sophistry, the wisdom which is foolishness with God, (the Good,) then we say give us spirit, as a better expression, for spirit is never associated with any finite, limited demonstration. Spirit is infallible, exhaustless, immortal, where mind, humanly speaking, is fallible, becomes imperfect, deranged, imbecile or lost, and shows a thousand follies of which spirit can never be accused. Mind, in this sense, may be dethroned—spirit can never be dragged down from its high position.

But we who have "the mind of the spirit," may join the two in one beautiful marriage, that there be no war between our staunch Mental Scientist and his good brother or sister of the Spiritual School.

M. J. C.

Infra Dig.

"YOU will never grow old gracefully," said a woman to me one day. "You haven't one bit of dignity. One would think you were but ten years old to see your actions and antics." "Well," I replied, "I don't mean to grow old gracefully or ungracefully—and as for my actions, I am acting out my nature, and that I hope I always will do. To be dignified isn't natural to me, never was and never will be; my nature is impulsive and my acts spontaneous. If I tried to be anything else I shouldn't be myself, and to be myself is what I want to be."

This was a long time ago, before I had read a word of "Science" or head of "Perpetual Youth." I somehow seemed to gain intuitively what comes to many intellectually. Nature often whispers her secrets to me and if I told them I would be considered a goose by many, and more *infra dig* than ever.

But to get to what I wish to say: To be natural, that is true to my nature, is to my mind now the highest of arts, a fine art indeed. I think Jesus voiced this sentiment perfectly when he said, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." The child, that is the natural child, not the abnormal production of this *fin de siecle* age known as fashionable, but the artless child of sweet and wholesome parentage and environment, is spontaneous, there is no artificiality, every act is simplicity itself. It is this simplicity we need before we can know the luxury of a free unfettered life. The average Mental Scientists talk much of freedom, while to my mind they know little of it.

They are still the slaves of fashion, conventionalities, popular prejudice, false education and training, and until they break loose from these fetters they are not free and never can be. Until simplicity is the order of the day we are never free in the truest, broadest sense of the term. The woman afraid to compromise her dignity by adopting sensible fashions, habits and actions is still a slave, be she Mental Scientist or not. Nor can she attain the best results as to beauty, health or happiness until she becomes as a child in many ways. So, I would

a thousand times rather incur the stigma of "*infra dig*" than to endure the slavishness of custom, or live the life of the average woman.

Out of this Egyptian darkness of worldly fashion woman must come if she is to find the "pearl of great price," scintillating with health, beauty, grace and freedom. Life-long habits must yield to the simplicity of nature's spontaneous expression. As long as she *must* do as the rest of the world does, in matters of dress or living she is a slave, and cannot grow into the fullness of life that is to be demonstrated by the New Woman and the New Thought. The New Thought is leading the way to this better, purer, sweeter, more wholesome life and expression.

We cannot breathe its pure atmosphere without being influenced by it. It is the higher thought and will usher in the higher life.

I do not mean by the heading of this article to depreciate all dignity. There is a sweet, a womanly dignity under certain circumstances that we all love to see, but it is not the kind that interferes with simplicity, natural habits or childlike activity of body; for to run, skip or jump at the right time is not a criminal act if my acquaintance of former years did deem it so.

Today she looks like a petrified fossil, with three spines and a cast iron anatomy. I am afraid if she should venture to emulate my friskiness she would break into ten thousand flinty fragments. From all such dignity I say with old aunt Sibbey, "de Lord deliber us."

L. CLARKSON.

Ignorance.

A SHORT time ago a correspondent took me to task for using the word which heads this article so frequently in its relation to the unbeliever. He seemed to think it a harsh, censorious, uncharitable word, and so it would seem if we did not use it wisely and with an understanding of its true meaning. I would first of all ask my critic what word he could substitute that would so well express the exact position of those who refuse or resist the New Thought, those who are still under the ban of fear, disease and death? What better word can we apply to indicate their condition of mind? We would not say that they are sinful or stupid. It is recorded of Jesus when beholding the ignorance of his disciples he exclaimed, "O fools (foolish) and slow of heart to believe!" This imputation of ignorance is not deemed uncharitable or harsh in the Christ, and to analyze the word will make it appear still less so. Ignore—ance, the quality of ignoring a thing or looking away from it. The world at large ignores the truth that would free

from bondage, and when we speak of this obstacle to growth and development, we do it in no spirit of censoriousness or condemnation, but rather in that loving, yearning spirit of Christ when he exclaimed, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee under my wings as a hen doth her chickens but ye would not." * * "Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

So the house, the body, that beautiful tabernacle of the soul, is indeed left desolate because of the ignorance of those who look away from these saving truths. The spirit finally severs itself from it entirely, leaving it to the greatest of all earthly desolations—death.

M. J. C.

The Wonderful Power That Can Change Bodily Conditions and Cast Out Fear.

SOME years ago I met two ladies who had been healed, as they said, by the Mind Cure, after being confined to their rooms for six years. "Mind cure, that is a strange expression," I said to myself. There seemed to be a mystery about this Mind Cure; I thought it was something for a certain few, but never imagined I could learn it. Shortly after this I visited a healer I had heard of, to find out if his system of healing could help a young girl I knew, who had a peculiar physical trouble. The healer was busy with a class and his wife entertained me till her husband had leisure to see me. Entirely new ideas came to me that evening. I was surprised to learn that anybody could study this science,—as I heard it called for the first time that evening—and that it would help anyone in all departments of life. For a week I pondered on these new ideas with the result that I went back there the following Monday evening to learn something more about this wonderful power, that could change all bodily conditions and cast out fear.

It was not long before I had the opportunity to join a class, where I became acquainted with the principles of the New Thought. I had always been very susceptible to colds and my first demonstration of the power of the New Thought was in this wise: I went out in the morning of one of the early spring days, dressed in winter garments; it was so oppressively warm, that when I started for the class in the afternoon, I wore a light spring dress and no wrap. The wind had changed and was cold and penetrating, so I thought I would go to a friend's house after the lesson and borrow a wrap. But after the lesson I thought it was as good a time as any, to prove what I had learned that afternoon in the class; so I started home without the wrap. I took a car at 42d street and 10th avenue, which ran down for eight blocks by the side of the docks on the Hudson river, and the wind was blowing fiercely

across the water from the west; as luck would have it, the car was an open one and every blast would have penetrated me to the marrow, only I held to the New Thought persistently. From 42d street to 15th without one shiver. Bravo! Of course I was very anxious that all suffering persons should come into the New Thought, and I used often to say—"There is nothing that can withstand the power of these treatments." The invariable response to these words would be—"But mine is a chronic case," or, "The pain I suffer is excruciating."

The time comes to every one to prove the truth to themselves, and well for them is it if their faith and courage fail not. As the time came to me, I fell at the entrance of Watkins Glen and sprained my ankle. I had to ride by train from Watkins to Corning, and there transfer to the Erie R. R. for Jamestown, N.Y., where I expected to arrive at midnight, just ten hours after I sprained my ankle. As I sat waiting in the station at Corning, the pain in my ankle, as well as my foot and leg which had both begun to swell, was so terrible that I felt as if I must forsake my colors and lament over this unexpected calamity, but yet I never unbuttoned my boot, though the swelling foot seemed ready to burst. I recalled the stories of the sprained ankles I had read of, and how the patients were confined to the bed or the lounge for weeks. I thought about my going to a stranger's house and being a helpless burden for a month or more. But then came the thought, "I have said so often to others, there is nothing that can withstand the power of this treatment, and now I must prove it to myself or never say it again." In spite of the anguish I was suffering, I tried to think myself spirit, and that I could be well in three or four days, when the word, "Now," came to me, and I said, "I am well now," and continued my treatment with the constant thought of present wholeness. Having to change cars at Hornellsville, I found my foot even worse, so I could not put it to the ground. At the next change however, at Salamanca, I found I could put my toe to the ground and hop by its help. At Jamestown I could step on my foot. A two mile drive in a buggy before I got to my destination, then I begged for some hot water and two towels, and bandaged my foot and got into bed. I had only been in bed five minutes before I thought, here I am relying on material remedies, so I pulled off the towels and pitched them on the floor. In the morning my ankle was stiff, but a fifteen minutes' treatment was given, and then I got out of bed and put on my shoes and stockings as if nothing had happened. That day and the next I walked out in the fields, and the following day walked two miles.

I knew of a lady who took some treatments for a serious chronic trouble, with which she had been afflicted from childhood. These treatments were felt at first as a tingling all through her body, and she had hopes that the new treatment would free her from the malady which the physicians of the old school had pronounced incurable. She felt herself getting better and better, but one day was attacked with a terrible pain in the ear, which later was felt in every part of her head. In her agony, which was terrible to witness, she said, "shall I continue the new treatment, or go to my old physician who always helped me?" I urged the continuance of the new treatment, but had I known as much then as I know now, I should have insisted. That was her time of trial; her faith was not sufficient and she went back to the old physician and really clung to her malady.

These two stories are placed side by side, to show that there comes to every one a time to try their faith, and when the time of trial comes, oh, that all may have the courage to persevere in the New Thought, and thus be lifted up out of fear into the peace of confidence.

FIDELIA GARNET.

"I Am Fearless and Free."

HOW we exult in the consciousness of strength sufficient to overcome the difficulties that may beset us! And the study of the mind science develops in us that stability and firmness of character which enables us to view all seeming obstacles in the way of our advancement as something to be conquered and subdued by the might of our inherent power.

Before we can become fully conscious of that innate strength of individuality, which is sufficient to meet all our intelligent demands upon it, we must banish our worst foe, fear, and completely oust him from our thoughts. Fear is the father of innumerable ills. It is fear that would keep us forever ignorant lest the shining light of truth should blind us. To live in bondage to fear is equivalent to living in the worst form of mental slavery; and mental slavery expresses itself in a narrow and cramped environment. Only the free soul can rise to the heights.

Therefore we may see that it behooves all who would climb the "Golden Ladder," to cultivate courage and persistency. We should rest our faith on the law of being, a knowledge which Mental Science imparts, and seek to unfold within ourselves the "perfect love" that "casts out fear." Then power will flow unto us even as the rivers unto the ocean, and we shall become the recipients of "every good and perfect gift."

W. E. TOWNE.

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These are but a few out of many of a similar nature. Then follow speculations with many as to the absurdity of the claims made by Metaphysicians in the face of such problems as: If a man falls from the roof of a building, he is quite sure to break his neck or his limbs; if he puts his hand in the fire he is sure to be burned; if he drinks poison, even by mistake, no matter how strong his mental attitude, he is sure to suffer the consequences, etc., etc.

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All of this goes to show how little real knowledge many have of the New Thought or how little common sense is used in connection with these subjects.

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In the first place we need to consider the question of natural law and to ascertain what it actually implies. Then we are to consider wherein the New Thought teaches anything contrary to the working of natural law. One fact our good but doubting friends seem to have utterly overlooked, and that is that natural law is something but very imperfectly understood as yet; that there really can be no violation of law, and that a higher law may transcend a lower without doing violence to it. Jesus is said to have set aside the law of gravitation. He was called a miracle worker and supposed to act con-

trary to nature's laws, such being the understanding of so-called miracles. In the light of science today, however, he is believed to have accomplished these wonders by an understanding of a higher law which simply transcended the lower, and in no sense did violence to it, or deviated from nature's established order.

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It is well to understand clearly that the teaching of the New Thought is in perfect harmony with the established course of things and is simply an exposition of law from the higher standpoint of evolution, as entirely removed from miracle working or supernaturalism as it is possible to be. Many who hear of the wonders claimed for it are inclined to either associate it with these false conditions, false, because there are no miracles or any deviation from natural law, or on the other hand to esteem it a hallucination, pretence or fraud, just as they happen to have come into contact with it.

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Our good friend Mr. Sargent presented one side of the question very clearly and forcibly in our correspondence column last month, and to a certain extent he is right. When he says, however, that "obedience to natural law is the condition established for health and happiness," he may be asked to clearly define natural law, and I imagine that he would find himself involved in considerable perplexity, as no two people would be likely to agree as to the definition.

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There is no end of specious argument going the rounds of the press to prove the necessity of slavish obedience to lower laws, termed natural or physiological, much of which is taught in the schools, and constantly leads to servile fear, as injurious in its effects as belief in the old devil of theology.

It is a cramping, limiting influence over the minds of men, a continual, you must not do this, that, or the other, if you value life and health, because it is a violation of law; whereas if the higher law of Metaphysics was understood and practiced, these conditions would be seen in their true light as beliefs instead of realities. They are simply the creation of mind upon the screen of matter and like the dissolving views of the stereopticon must vanish before the illuminating light of truth. It is difficult, I know, to make this apparent to a believer in physical causation, but it is nevertheless true, as is being proved times innumerable by every faithful adherent of the new cult. On the other hand the belief in physical causation is running to the wildest theories of germ disease, microbe and bacilli, until the bewildered student finds death lurking everywhere. He is at a loss to know how it is safe to eat, drink, breathe, or perform any function whatever, when surrounded by such terribly destructive agencies.

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But there is reason in all things and although his position is very far in advance of the other class still in the quagmire of their old race beliefs, he has yet to learn that right thought should always be supplemented by right and wise action in order to bring about the most satisfactory results.

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If I should attempt to define the word regeneration I should have my hands full. I should need to enlarge this journal yet more, and devote all its pages to that one subject. This would be unwise because we are not yet fully enlightened as to its real meaning. That it is of vast import to mankind I have not a shadow of a doubt. I am sure we are fast approaching a new era in the world's history where it will be fully understood, and then the golden age will be here and death overcome.

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At present we can but work our way up to the supreme knowledge that will crown man victor over all things. No one has the key as yet to this mystery of the ages.

The New Thought as represented by Metaphysics, or Mental Science, has done much and is still doing more to pave the way to this great discovery; but it has not yet found the solution of the problem however much it may have achieved toward the liber-

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ation of the race from its errors of belief which have held it back from this most important discovery.

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But there is light ahead; the morning cometh and many indications of the New Life and New Existence are being made manifest. The powers of spirit are being rapidly developed, powers that once were supposed to belong wholly to the supernatural realm and so impossible of man's achievement; power attributed to the Christ alone and supposed to have ceased with him. Now some very obscure persons possess some of these astonishing attributes of Deity which have already placed them on a height far above common mortals. These are known as psychic gifts or attainments, in other words soul development, and they are simply the latent powers of man awaiting development, powers that will distinguish him as nothing else could do; free him absolutely from all earthly limitation and when fully developed make of him a god.

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We have read with incredulity the stories of adept and magician, but these revelations are quite as wonderful and there are those in our midst today, who can testify to their genuineness.

The power to see at any distance, to virtually go there in spirit, to know what is hidden to ordinary vision; these attainments will soon be common to people of high spirituality. That "the pure in heart shall see God" is not to be questioned for a moment. That they do already see the working of Infinite Law and begin to grasp Omnipotent Forces is no myth or idle tale.

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We are fast advancing into the soul or psychic realm which is the storehouse of all these mysteries, and a word of caution is needed for the many. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and it is a foolhardy person who ventures into this land of mighty forces unprepared and untutored.

Like the man "without the wedding garment," such an one is likely to come to grief.

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And the "wedding garment" for the great feast, what is it?

As already hinted, purity of heart and life with development of individuality, and wise discernment to detect the true from the false and misleading.

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There are many to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of occult mysticism and hypnotic spell, to deal in magic and seek the mysterious for unworthy or selfish ends, while there are few to enter this sacred

precinct, this holy temple of Deific Wisdom consecrated wholly and unreservedly to Truth. Mental Science has done much to keep these seekers of Divine Mysteries level headed, and it will do still more for them. It has developed the individual and fitted him for the undertaking and the search.

Without this individualism he would be as a moth in the candle, or a bubble on the wave, swept to destruction before the forces he must needs meet in this region of the unknown. Linked by individualism to the Infinite, the Universal, he may safely venture.

There is for him then but this one guidance, the *one* voice instead of the noisy babel of misleading spirits.

* * * * * * * * *

As we stand on the threshold of the New Year we behold the vision of Immortality, the narrow entrance to it, the few brave souls ready to press on to its accomplishment, and seeing we take courage and bid the vision tarry not but hasten to its fulfillment. But it is well to keep our feet on terra firma, where the majority are concerned, and not wing our flight too high lest they fail to follow and be left behind in discouragement and doubt. It is our mission at present to lead the many up to this door of attainment, and when once there, one look within and they will have no desire to turn back into the old paths of delusion and sorrow. The preparation for the unfoldment of the psychic nature should concern us most just now. The making sure of ourselves, that we fail not when we enter "within the veil," and see that which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Many have been bereft of reason when once this veil was lifted; many have been without the talismanic word that unsealed the mysteries when once they stood face to face with them. Many have turned away discouraged and disheartened because unprepared and without this wondrous "wedding garment" of love and wisdom.

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And just here we pause to let those magic words sink down deep into the soul. Love and wisdom. How diligent should be our search for these treasures. Wisdom reaches out her hands to us. Love entreats. It is our own fault if we turn away.

The opportunities are numberless. The time is ripe for it; teachers are many and the choicest literature at command. There is really no excuse for any to remain ignorant.

Then there is the chance for constant practice and culture of the life advocated.

We may build now each day and hour the fabric of character. This wondrous "garment" of which we shall stand in need when we confront the mysteries of Life, must be the character, pure and spotless, transparent as Truth itself, woven of the many experiences of our long journey through the ages. With this garment we may go fearlessly into psychic realm; face the mysteries of nature and Infinity and learn the secrets of existence.

* * * * *

Have I spoken in parables? No, for now it is divested of all that would mystify or perplex. The way is so plain that in Scriptural language "the way-faring man though a fool shall not err therein," that is, the most ignorant may understand the requisites of the higher life of Divine attainment if he will but make the effort.

* * * * *

I know of no religion, no philosophy or school of ethics, nothing better calculated to build up a beautiful, spotless character than the teaching of the New Thought.

When we have come where we are of purer eyes than to behold evil, then the possibilities of perfection are revealed to us. The old system, which taught the substitution of the innocent for the guilty, the doctrine of justification by faith and its attendant errors, has never succeeded in perfecting character. "Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe. And nothing either great or small remains for me to do," well expresses the theological dogma of the atonement. Whereas in direct contradiction is that statement of the Bible that man must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling. Man must indeed work out his own salvation, but it need not be with fear and trembling. He must build up his own character instead of trusting to another for escape from the consequences of imperfection and ignorance, and he must do for himself the great work of redemption.

A correspondent writes this month, "How can I possibly understand your ideas of happiness, perfect prosperity, etc., when you do not even hint at Jesus Christ's part in it throughout the whole paper you sent me."

The writer fails utterly to comprehend the mission of Jesus, which was to reveal the Christ *in* man and not *outside* of him. A personal Jesus who lived and died 1800 years ago cannot help anyone to perfection of character, happiness or success, but a revelation of the individual Christ, or the Christ in every man, the Divinity inherent in each man, woman and child that comes into the world, this is the saving power.

Know your own godhood. Behold in yourself the God manifested in the flesh and you have hold of the principle that saves from every ill and lifts to every Divine and God-like attribute.

Our correspondent under the old teaching and conception of theology has failed utterly to grasp the New Thought or to see the Christ as revealed through it to-day.

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Instead of a query department limited each month to a few inquiries, it is thought best to answer all questions in a general manner through the subject matter of the journal. A large number will find their queries answered this month; and the editor will be pleased to consider carefully every question of any importance bearing upon the New Thought, and if of general interest, to give it most earnest attention as far as experience and knowledge justify a reply. This plan will commend itself to all, we are sure, and if our readers will only study these pages more carefully, many needless inquiries may be avoided.

A little care and attention on their part will materially lessen our labors and prevent disappointment as well. Many have asked questions that have been answered at considerable length in the paper, much more satisfactorily than they could have been in a limited space set apart for that purpose alone. When you have queried again, look for your reply in the reading matter and you will be quite sure to find it there in time.

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THE NEW THOUGHT in its new form has met with unprecedented success. No more sample copies of the Jan. No. can be sent out as the edition is nearly exhausted. Those wishing the year's file unbroken should send in their subscriptions without delay as these numbers will last but a short time. Sample copies of 1895, still in print, free.

Current numbers ten cents each.

Back numbers of this year's issue, hereafter five cents each.

At Home Tuesdays.

My Tuesdays "at home" have been delightful days, and I am glad to continue them. People out of town will always find me in after 10 a. m. on that day. My home at 51 Batchelder street may easily be reached from either Porter or Linden streets. In special emergencies appointments for any other day may be arranged by letter. M. J. CLARKSON.

ALL happenings have eternity for their habitat and infinity for their goal.—*Hudor Genone in The Open Court.*

Divine Discontent.

ONE can try until one drops down dead to find abiding happiness in external things, and it cannot be done.

"I have every opportunity for enjoyment that can possibly be imagined," says one of our girls. "I do not express a wish that it is not immediately gratified. My social opportunities are all that can be desired. In fact there is nothing left out of the programme, and yet I am not happy. Please tell me, am I ungrateful, or is it indifference to beauty and power, that is the matter with me? My mother refuses to be comforted. The other day I asked her if balls, parties and receptions made her happy when she was a girl, and she replied, 'Why, child, I did not have your advantages when I was a girl. Why, I should have been the happiest creature in existence if I could have had the position that you occupy.' 'Are you happy now?' I asked her. Do horses and carriages and fine clothes bring you contentment?' For a moment she did not answer. Then she said, 'No, they do not, and because of this I am eternally blaming myself. It seems as if there must be something radically wrong with me, and it grieves me inexpressibly to see you following in my footsteps.'"

There is not room for the rest of this interesting conversation; but, as all our friends know, this is by no means an uncommon condition. The whole world is asking to-day, "Why am I not satisfied?" The rich are as comfortless as the poor, and the poor are all the time thinking and saying that if they had money they would be perfectly happy.

"Give me wealth and let me try," said a man who had worked unwillingly at a carpenter's bench for many years. "It is all very well for people in affluent circumstances to say that money does not bring happiness. They lie, and they know they lie."

Not long after this our discontented workingman was left an estate worth fifty thousand dollars, and he took off his overalls and jumper and proceeded to the enjoyment of his property. A year afterward a friend ventured to inquire if his new environment had improved his health and his spirits—in other words, if his prediction concerning the possession of money had been verified.

"Why," said he, with an amazing nonchalance, "fifty thousand dollars do not amount to anything. I could have made something out of a hundred and fifty. It's an awful bother to manage such a little mess."

Here was a man, by his own confession, no richer, no happier, no more free from care, no healthier, with a snug little fortune, than when he worked for two dollars and a half a day. Why was he not

healthier and happier? Because he depended entirely upon external things for his comfort and inspiration, and they have never yielded any lasting pleasure in all the centuries, and they never will.

The mother quoted above feels that there must be something radically wrong with her, because she is not wholly satisfied with her opulent environment. She is mistaken. There is something radically right in the condition. It is a divine discontent. It is the still small voice calling upon the soul to become acquainted with itself, to realize its royal heritage, to seek diligently the kingdom where abides the peace that passeth understanding, and the wealth that is without alloy. The philosopher who said that "contentment was wealth," struck the keynote of the whole matter, for he knew that contentment had its origin in the innermost. It did not depend upon money or worldly advantages. Get contentment, and every necessity of life will be ministered to, as a matter of course, for contentment is harmony, and harmony is heaven, and out of heaven comes every good and perfect gift.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Power of Thought upon the Body.

WE MAY note some illustrations of the power of concentrated thought or suggestion upon bodily conditions. Mental causation is abundantly proved by the well known effects of fear, anger, envy, anxiety and the other passions and emotions upon the physical organism. Acute fear will paralyze the nerve-centres, and sometimes turn the hair white in a single night. A mother's milk can be poisoned by a fit of anger. An eminent writer, Dr. Tuke, enumerates as among the direct products of fear, insanity, idiocy, paralysis of various muscles and organs, profuse perspiration, cholera, jaundice, sudden decay of teeth, fatal anæmia, skin diseases, erysipelas, and eczema. Passion, sinful thought, avarice, envy, jealousy, selfishness, all press for external bodily expression. Even false philosophies and false concepts of the Deity make their unwholesome influence felt in every bodily tissue. By infallible law mental states are mirrored upon the body; but because the process is gradual and complex, we fail to observe the connection. Mind translates itself into flesh and blood.

What must be the physical result upon humanity of thousands of years of chronic fearing, sinning, selfishness, anxiety, and unnumbered other morbid conditions? These are all the time pulling down the cells and tissues which only divine, harmonious thought can build up. Is it surprising that no one is perfectly healthy? Because of it being common, abnormality is rated as normal. HENRY WOOD.

A Vision and Its Interpretation.

I LOOKED out upon the bustling New York street. It was snowing, and the bent figures of men urged on the patient horses dragging great carts heaped with the snow they had cleared from the roadways. Car drivers whistled and swore at the blocking of the way, impatient faces looked out from the windows chafing at the delay, men and women hurried on as though fearful of never accomplishing the tasks of the day; and all was tumult and unrest.

"How like to ants whose dwelling has been disturbed they must look to the Great Eye, if there is a Great Eye, was the thought that came to me once before when I looked out upon such a scene. But other thoughts came to me now.

It seemed that I dreamed, and this is what I saw.

It was a vision of fair, green meadows, whose boundaries were flowers of the most wondrous hues.

The summer time was there in all its wealth of bloom, fragrance, bird song and carressing airs. Then came down the beautiful path from the flower borders many people clothed in floating garments of delicate texture and colored with the seven tints of the rainbow. They were as the God like race who dwelt in Arcadia when the age was golden and the earth was young. But as they drew nearer and I perceived their faces, there was upon them a greater majesty than these elder men, whose features are grim to us in marble and bronze. And as I looked again I marvelled still more for their faces were the same as those I had seen many times upon the city streets; even those whose garments had been costly and those who had worn rags. But here they were all alike in beautiful apparel. There were neither haste, worry, anxiety nor fear upon their countenances; but great peace, joy and calm was there, so that to look upon them seemed a benediction.

I marvelled greatly at seeing these people so transfigured, for I said to myself, some of them I know, and saw only a little time ago. It cannot be they have all left the earth, and passed over to the other side, yet it is not given us in this weary, sorrowful world to wear the faces of God's angels.

Then one who was robed in blue with a six-pointed star upon his breast seemed to read my thoughts and spoke: "Nay; but it is given us so to do. Thou speakest as one who walketh in darkness and the flesh. What hast thou done with that 'light which lighteth every one who cometh into the world?' Of a truth thou hast it, as we have. Look within, dost thou not see it?"

And I answered sorrowfully: "I see it not."

"Because thou hast hidden it under a bushel. Thou hast built over it a wall of flesh; and looking only with fleshy eyes thou seest but the wall."

"O pitiful and short-sighted," was ever a wall built but to enclose and keep within something more precious than the wall? Why wilt thou stay outside of thy possessions? "I say unto thee, look within. There was indeed a veil before the Holy of Holies in the temple of old, and this was meet; but the enlightened one, the priest who dwelt within went behind the veil. When the Christ ascended unto the Father do we not read that the veil of the temple was rent in twain?"

"So indeed is this veil of flesh a great and mystical thing, not to be despised and thought of little worth; but to be refined and made of exquisite texture by the rays of the light within that the light may shine through it and make every fibre of it alive with glory. But that is a greater mystery still. See ye not this six-pointed star?"

"But where," I asked, "O wearer of the star, dost thou find these Elysian meadows and these flowers amidst the sun?"

"The spirit walks ever in that which it creates. Can the flesh create?"

I answered, "No."

"Then which thinkest thou is most real, the creation, or the dead flesh or the living spirit? Thou dost not need to wait for this flesh to perish before thou seest what thou callest Elysium. Penetrate to the light within and it shall show thee greater wonders than is given to my lips to reveal. Of a truth these people are all with thee upon the earth; but they are letting their light shine, and it has shown to them two lives."

"Why art thou all one company?" I asked.

"They who see the light walk toward its source."

Then it seemed to me that many voices sang together; "Behold we have been wanderers and outcasts without the gates; and we are going home to God."

The gladness and triumph of the song was beyond any music which my ears had ever heard, and I awoke wondering at the things which had been revealed.

ALICE E. IVES.

A Few Leaves From Edith's Diary.

GRANDMA surprised us all the other day. She came down to breakfast radiant as a sunbeam. Always before now she has made her appearance in the morning in a cap a little the worse for wear, the finer fabrics and adornments being reserved for the afternoon.

Always before this she has been what you might call frosty, subdued sighs on her lips, and chilly

stories of lumbago or rheumatism forming the chief subject of her conversation. Therefore that day we were all electrified when she bade us a cheerful good morning.

We have always prided ourselves on the possession of a pretty grandmother, a dear, old-fashioned, ruddy cheeked ancestor, whom it was a pleasure to show to our friends. We always knew that grandma knew we were showing her off, and therefore in company, she was always at her best. No puckers then—the wrinkles half smoothed out—the whitest and most ribbony cap, the snowiest kerchiefs, and no allusion to rheumatism. That was in public, but in private, grandma was somebody else. If things did not go to her liking she was fretful. In deference to her age everybody must yield to her.

Well, we did, all of us, and took a sort of pleasure in making the best of everything, if it was a little wearisome. We were proud and fond of grandma, but since the 10th, three days ago, everybody has absolutely worshipped her, even the small boy who once had the awful temerity to say out loud, that he wished grandma would die so that he could have a little fun.

"My dears," she said, on that glorious 10th, "I've taken a new lease of life. I've been reading—never mind the name of the book—and I'm astonished. I thought the world was all over for me, that there was nothing left but to die decently and in order. I nursed my infirmities, I felt left alone and in the way, but bless your hearts, I see now that it only seemed so, because it was all my own fault. Why, I find that I'm over young to die yet. I see that the old earth has as many charms as it ever did. I'm only seventy-one! You won't catch me wanting to die, after this, I'm going to want to live. Just you wait a little while and old granny will be as young as any of you."

And she is, since then, bless her. Her smile is as sunny and sweet as it could have been at sixteen, her eye as bright, her laugh as frequent, and she is the charm and light of the house. It formerly worried us to hear her continual reference to death. It cast a gloom on the house, and we could only associate her with a shroud.

All that has passed. We've got a live, jolly, beautiful grandmother, who enters into our little plans, helps amuse our friends, and we are constantly assured that instead of the nineties she is going back into her teens, where she will stay. Hurrah for such grandmothers, say I. M. A. W.

We Are Free.

WE ARE free! what a joyous expression! Why are we free? Because we are one with Omnipresent Life. Perhaps we do not always realize how free we are, so often are we thinking of what

we believe we cannot do; but a delightful feeling came with the chosen thought held a few months ago.

It teaches us many things. It teaches us that we are free to manifest—act out the best that is in us that we need not be the slaves of custom, nor need we necessarily follow Dame Fashion when she would lead us in ways that are foolish or unlovely. We are ever free to exercise charity toward our neighbor; free to be silent regarding their faults.

We are free to heal the sick, comfort the weary ones, lift up the fallen.

We are free to teach the dear little ones about us, sweet lessons of truth and love, by precept and example. We are free to be more and know more, and do more, each day as we journey on.

We are free to turn from the old beliefs, full of error and productive of little save trouble and disease, to the knowledge of the All-Good—the ever good.

Dear hearts, what are we not free to do? No, what are we free not to do? Let me name a few of the things we are quite free not to do. We are free not to meddle with the affairs of others; and always are we free not to knowingly injure a sister's or brother's reputation.

We are free not to be mere imitators; but rather to manifest our true individuality. But need I go on? We are free to leave the old and turn to the new; to reject the false, accept the true.

CORA R. MURRAY.

"Our Real Selves."

CHARLES JOHNSTON, member of the Royal Asiatic Society, in a public lecture before the Aryan Theosophical Society, of N. Y. City, took as his subject "Our Real Selves." Mr. Johnston has spent ten years in India, in connection with the British Government, and is one of the best-known writers in the Theosophical Society. The speaker discussed his question from a Theosophical point of view. The tenor of his address was that everybody on earth has a longing and a desire for wealth and a high social standing. "This is the view of ourselves as we are usually seen," he said. "But everybody who sits down and thinks over matters seriously at some stage of his thinking has a desire and an ambition to reach something more than wealth, something higher than mere social standing. When this happens, he has had a view of his real self. It is a case of a lower and a higher nature."

The speaker declared that if the real self was once known and attained by a man, he would never fall again, but would go on accomplishing greater and greater things.—*Ex.*

* The Invincibles. *

Vincit Omnia Veritas.

Healing Words.

THERE is no law in all the universe that compels me to be sick. There is no God in all the universe who wants me to be sick. The Law and God are one, and the Law is health and strength to every one. There is no "law of disease." Disease is only a negation of the Law, a falling away from the Law.

If I am sick, it is because I am not in harmony with the Law and the only way to get well is to place myself once more in harmony with the Universal Health and Strength. It is wrong thought that has produced my sickness and right thought alone can cure it. If there is neither God nor Law at the back of my sickness, then it has no foundation, no reason for existence except my recognition of it and my belief in it as an inevitable and self-existent thing. This belief in sickness as a real and positive thing has put me out of harmony with the Universal Health. If I could for one moment cease utterly to recognize the appearances of sickness, and throw off my inherited and acquired belief in the power of sickness, and the necessity for it, I should in that moment become perfectly well, for in ceasing to recognize sickness I would be once more under the dominion of the only Law there is—the Law of Health.

If I have not the mental concentration that will enable me to do this, I can by steady denials and persistent non-recognition limit these undesirable bodily conditions, until they disappear entirely. For every limitation is loss of power. If I permit the sickness to limit me I lose power. If I limit the sickness, the sickness loses power.

Health is a positive thing, sickness is negative. I am a positive being and why should a negative condition govern me? Nothing can harm me. I have lived the life of all the lower forms of creation and none of these have any power over me. In living the life of these lower forms, I have experienced all varieties of climate, all degrees of heat, cold and moisture, and these have no power to harm me. I am one with God who is Eternal Health, and therefore I am well. I am master of my own life and of all its conditions. I believe in health, strength, beauty and happiness, and in the one and only Law which is the embodiment of all these qualities. I am an expression of the Law and manifest only those qualities that make the Law. Therefore I am well, I am strong, I am beautiful, I am happy.

All power in heaven and earth is mine.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

Hypnotism versus Mental Science.

HYPNOTISM means sleep induced by suggestion or fixed attention. If, therefore, a patient may be treated by suggestion without producing sleep, in any degree, that patient is not in any degree hypnotized.

That a person may be moved to mental activity by suggestion without in any degree sleep being induced in that person is abundantly proved in daily life. It is probably also true that at least ninety per cent. of the human race owes its mental activity to suggestion. It thinks the ideas suggested to it. We can hardly over estimate the influence of suggestion in producing mental conditions in the majority of men and women. But does it follow that so many persons are therefore hypnotized or sleeping under the influence of suggestion?

To be in absolute mental control over oneself means the possession of sufficient mental power, at least, to be able to cast off any and all influence from outside suggestion and to stand in one's own right. A person so developed cannot be hypnotized and needs no help from outside suggestion to maintain him or her self in physical and mental health. Such a person is on the direct road to prosperity if it has not been already attained.

I understand it to be the aim of Mental Science to lift human life to the above condition of exalted living. To accomplish this work Mental Scientists pursue a method of action which includes the inculcating of certain ideas or principles by suggestion, which produces not hypnotism (sleep) but great mental or spiritual activity.

Upon the whole, the effect which suggestion will have upon the person under its influence will depend upon the idea contained in the suggestion. If sleep is suggested the person may be hypnotized and his will power become subordinated to another will. But if no idea of sleep is suggested there can be no hypnosis.

It being the aim of the Mental Scientist to induce mental activity and not mental stupor, the suggestions made must be just opposite those used in hypnosis. The ideas contained in the suggestions will help to create and establish self control, thus strengthening the will instead of weakening it, developing personality instead of undermining it.

R. W. S.

Invincibles.

Names to be enrolled for the month are:

Mrs. Maria C. Caldwell, Morton Park, Ills.

Jennie Ream, Louisville, O.

Lillian R. Lowman, Lowman, Chemung Co., N. Y.

Mrs. M. C. Allbee, Barton Landing, Vt.

Eda F. Thomas, Hillsdale, Mich.

The Silent Circle.

Thought for the Silent Hour to be held through the month:—I will look within and in the silence of my own soul solve the problems of existence.

Correspondence.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER:—"Over the wires" only can I send you messages which express my love and appreciation. Daily, often hourly, I thus reach you, and sense your response! That you do not catch the name with each message from "Joy" is plain to me, but this never disturbs me.

During the day I often long for one more hour by your side, one more pressure of the hand, but the early morning hour with you is so sweet, and I am helped so much in every way by that, I am longing to have all who are earnestly seeking light and true help, come into the charmed circle and know the joy of giving and receiving. And all will come in time, to know as we know, with such a leader, and such a paper, all members of Silent Circle and all Invincibles will come to live their belief. Oh, the joy these copies of NEW THOUGHT, have given me. When I read your first editorial in August Silent Circle, I dimly saw what would follow. I saw clearly a woman with a well-defined purpose and a love for truth for its own sake, a great loving heart, also, capable of feeling the needs of the multitude struggling in darkness, yet longing for light, and I knew that no petty ambition would turn her from the work she had undertaken. Then my whole heart went out to that woman. I rejoiced that she would do what I had so longed to do and I saw very dimly how I could help her. In outward things I may, for a long time yet, be "found wanting," and "always behind hand," in everything save love, and a desire to make others happy, but my dear sister, in silent thought, you will always find me among the first. How often I want to say something to the Silent Circle, but they are learning to think, under your teaching, and I hope none are too lazy. Many people believe they think, when in reality they only drift along on the current of another's thought. One friend said to me, "I like to read all these books and papers but I don't believe I am capable of an original thought." This little speech proved to me that she was

capable and that her reading had caused an "agitation of thought," which, I believe, is always "the beginning of wisdom." Now I hope you will urge your readers when they have learned to think, to exercise thus, daily, very vigorously for I am sure if they will try it, especially in the early part of the day, they will then have less cause for complaining of slow growth.

I am very thankful that you have stated so clearly your position. How many are stumbling over truth, and "getting moonshine instead of good honest daylight."

To those who are wishing our paper could come weekly, I would like to say, read over, carefully each week, the papers you have; read them thoughtfully; you will not fail to find food there. You cry for more each week and have to wait so long, you say, and are so hungry, etc., all true; but are you not like "the hungry boy" in our primer "apt to eat fast like the pigs?" Take any of the editorials, read, reread, and think on what is there written, and if you are not then better satisfied with yourselves and our paper, why then let us know.

But I am making a long letter. Let me thank dear Lida for her words this month, yes and every month. Never weary in well doing. Good be with you always.

"Joy."

222 COURT ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

JAN. 6, 1897.

EDITOR "NEW THOUGHT," DEAR MISS CLARKSON:—I take pleasure in enclosing a subscription to "NEW THOUGHT." Can you notice and correct an error in setting up of my article to the Invincibles.

It is on page nine of January number, second column, second line, the word "temporarily," should read "thoroughly;" then the sentence will read, "Though today I may be overpowered, discover a weakness which I had supposed thoroughly eradicated, meet an accident which prostrates me," etc.

As I read W. A. Redding's letter in the correspondence column I began reaching for my pencil with which to gently remonstrate; but after reading your remarks to him I decided you had done the subject justice. I have read some of Mr. Redding's works and while I think them very remarkable as well as logical, and perhaps as prophetic as many other so-called prophecies, still it does not to me seem wise to keep that gloomy "think of evil," subject very prominently before our gaze. The metaphysician and the

scientist know it is not the way to bring about changes for the better. We readily perceive that the human race as well as the globe we live on, is in a transition period, perhaps an unusually lively one, but we also firmly believe that it is the privilege of the awakened few, "the elect" to see that these transition days "be shortened" and to help shorten them by recognizing not only the better days to come but the good that is, right now. And it is not possible to recognize All-Good and at the same time dwell upon evil. Still we must notice that it is not Mr. Redding's idea of holding evil as a power, but that these tribulations are the Divine method of bringing humanity to a realization of the higher. Perhaps,—yes, no doubt there are many who will be "awakened" by Mr. Redding's writings; and if he could see that humanity itself has something to do in the matter, yes, that man, is the moving power, and is unconsciously through his desires, working his way from lower up to higher planes of consciousness, up to his true position of Divine-man, God-man, and in his efforts bringing about these changes and the conditions we call evil, he (Mr. R.) would perhaps have a more tolerant thought toward all his fellow men who are not only speaking history but speaking prophecy.

Very sincerely,

J. GILBERT MURRAY.

DEC. 14, 1896.

DEAR FRIENDS AND EDITORS OF "THE NEW THOUGHT":—I am led to give you a little of my demonstration, thinking perhaps in this way I may be useful in helping some other soul still groping for more light. Whenever I gain a small ray of light, I feel like passing it along that others may have the good as well as myself. The experience is this: My daughter one day was not feeling very well, but well enough to be out, and so went to school, not thinking of being classed among the sick ones. She had not been in school long before the teacher noticed her, saying, "Your eyes look heavy, you do not feel well, you would better go home." The child answered, "I do not feel very badly and do not like to miss my lesson, but if you think it best for me to go home, of course I will." The teacher replied, "I do not think the Board of Health would allow you here, if they knew how you look. You may stay until noon, then go home and remain there." By noon the two teachers had concluded that the child had the jaundice badly,

settled in the eyes, so yellow, etc. They told her that it most always proved fatal when settled in the eyes; also that she must go and be examined by a doctor, then see the Board of Health to know when she could be allowed to come back to school, should she get over it. When she came home at noon, I was surprised to see her looking so differently from what she did when she left me at quarter of nine, a. m. She not only looked yellow, as had been pictured to her, but such a scared look about her.

After rehearsing to me what the teachers had said, she exclaimed, "mamma, I tell you I am afraid. The doctors here, I am told, say that the jaundice is contagious, that there are other cases around here, some who had it last summer have not recovered from it yet, and they had it light, not in the eyes, either." I told her not to fear. "You will be all right," I said "and we won't need to consult any doctor nor Board of Health, if we only keep quiet and feel kindly toward them all. They talk, as it seems to them, on their plane of understanding, but we know the law never fails, when we fully trust. We will trust that you will be well and to school again in a few weeks." At the dinner table her papa, (who is half and half inclined to both the old and the new thought—the new, when all looks bright—the old, when old thoughts manifest) said, "that child looks bad." Then when our Frenchman (the hired man) saw her, he said, "I tell you that child has the jaundice, and if she does not take something quick it will prove fatal." She told him, however, that we never used medicine. He said, "well, you better do something right away." She then came to me saying, "I am afraid, mamma, everybody scares me so." I simply replied, "Remember, I said, you will be out to school again in a week or two, then you will feel victorious." She was well worked up into the fear department of her mentality. I reasoned with myself and found that I was beginning to be affected by the fears around us, therefore I thought I must have help. I told my husband that I wanted ten dollars to enclose to Miss Clarkson, that she might treat the child. But before morning this beautiful thought came to me, "I can cure her myself;" this seemed to raise me in the scale of being, so I said to my husband, "I will try awhile myself before sending." Oh, the high thoughts that came pouring into my mind. I will mention but a few of them. You

see I had been half inclined to send to Miss Clarkson, therefore, no wonder her words (in a letter to me last summer) were among the first brought to mind. "The highest is best and that is on the Universal plane of thought, you wish the best for yourself and others." With this came, "Surely I do, and health seemed pictured before me, signed—"Best." Another high thought was, "Love surrounds me, I dwell in the kingdom of love. Love is the Law, and love brings us what is good for us. I leave it all to the law and hold still," and oh, such divine stillness as I experienced. I seem to fail to give this divine working its holy place, its sacredness in words. Suffice it to say, it is the working of the Spirit—the unseen. Now for the result: The child was back in school in less than a week, missed but a day and a half as it was Thanksgiving week. When she appeared again at school the teacher said, "What! you all over the jaundice so soon and did not take anything, no medicine." She told them no, not a drop, and that she had consulted no doctor nor Board of Health, either, but if they were afraid of her now, she would remain from school longer. They allowed her to stay and she has continued going ever since. The teacher said, "It is wonderful, that you got rid of jaundice with no medicine and so quickly, too; it is blood poisoning that you have had, which caused your skin and eyes to look that deep yellow; this is called the jaundice in its worst form. It is wonderful you are over it. I am glad to have you back in school and well."

Others are feeling the influence of her recovery, as a young Miss that has it now is trying to overcome it, "for," as she says, "If — took no medicine, why need I? I will try and think myself out of it, too, as she tells me, it "is all mind." I expect this is too long for NEW THOUGHT but I wish to add that this experience encourages me to continue to apply the New Thought teachings in my practical life. Should but one way-worn traveller be encouraged from reading this, I shall be very glad I have given it to the NEW THOUGHT. Very sincerely,

S. R.

P. S. Perhaps it would help some to know that "The Remedy" by M. J. C. in Silent Circle, August, 1894, has helped me much in many of my experiences.

M. J. CLARKSON:—MY DEAR FRIEND:—I like the new paper very much and am in hearty sympathy with all who

are ready and willing to hold out a helping hand to the weary ones struggling for more light, eager for more truth. I am more anxious than I can tell you for a better understanding of the great truths that are now attracting the attention of some of our best thinkers. For the last two years I have been reading all that I could get on the subject of Mental Science and the more I read the more interested I am.

That you will succeed in your work I have no doubt, for I am sure every member of both organizations will send you their most helpful thought and with such backing you must be an Invincible. Very kindly yours,

MRS. H. CHAMPLIN.

BERLIN, WIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

DEAR MISS CLARKSON,—Your valuable paper grows more and more interesting with every succeeding number. It is so practically helpful and your own little bits of experience are so much to one so far below on the mountain side, yet looking up with longing, hopeful eyes. You are steadily leading us up into the gloribus sunlight.

I like the ring of Mr. Wolf's letter. It is grand in him to take the stand that he has and thus ignore the rule of ignorance which has so bound us in the past. Lovingly yours,

MARY A. DWIGHT.

2844 Mission Street.

NORTH BENTON, Jan. 6, 1897.

MISS M. J. CLARKSON, MELROSE, MASS.—Please send me your paper, "THE NEW THOUGHT" one year, and oblige.

If you wish, you may publish the following dream that I had recently, which I take pleasure in relating, and interpret satisfactorily to myself. To dream of flying is characteristic of my dreams, which always has a tendency to make me feel quite proud, considering the fact that nobody else was equal to the occasion. In reality, not all dreams have a meaning attached to them; only those that make an impression on the mind.

I often dream of soaring above a large river or lake, flapping my arms in quite the same manner as a bird does its wings, but with nothing the rapidity. Then, too, the banks of the river would be lined with multitudes of people, all cheering like mad, as I performed wonderful feats high in air. And the water would always be as clear as crystal, and my shadow plainly visible.

But the dream that made the greatest impression on my mind is as follows: In it some of my friends who always look "down not up," fastened large weights to my arms and legs. They did this I suppose, to keep me from doing something that they were unable to do, but to their consternation I arose, with apparent ease, and floated through the air; their weights being ineffectual to hold me. To many, this dream would have no tendency to make them think for one moment, but not so with me, and here is the interpretation of it. Their weights, may be likened unto their discouraging words, used in a vain attempt to keep me from believing, and appropriating the grand truth as taught by Metaphysics, and made so plain in your paper, which I am so anxious to see in its improved form.

A. L. D.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 1, 1896.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—The NEW THOUGHT in its new dress is charming!

Every time I received a copy of your paper it was with a wish that it might take on a more convenient form, never dreaming that it would, because the price was inadequate to warrant any change.

This wish, as well as another has materialized of late, greatly to my surprise. Well! have I Aladdin's Lamp? something better surely, more reliable than that miracle that captivated my childish fancy.

Your first article in this new issue is very consoling and helpful to me. It has often seemed that I was going at a snail's pace. Yet on looking back I see that progress has been made and am sanguine that I shall bridge any chasm that seems to impede my way.

Most lovingly wishing you a very prosperous New Year. ELIZABETH.

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Mrs. M. C. Albee, Barton Landing, Vt.

Lillian S. Leitch, Far Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.

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