NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT

1942

NOVEMBER

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The Prize Winning Article H. H. P.

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ELIZABETH TOWNE

Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

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Our Spiritual Reserve

By GEORGE C. HUBBS



To me, the crowning example of spiritual reserve was when, at Nazareth, the maddened multitude led Jesus to the brow of the hill and would have pushed him over had he not, at that critical moment, "walked through the midst of them and went his way."

Then there was Elisha who was undisturbed when his servant saw the legions of soldiers, because he could see legions of angels who were "more than those that are against us."

This matter of spiritual reserve is not only highly desirable in modern followers of The Master, but very often urgently needed. Too many of us think of "working out" our problems, or the problems of others, in terms of days or weeks, or even months. And even such victories are thoroughly commendable; although they can't help reminding us that our supply of spiritual reserve leaves much to be desired.

That to some is given the gift of healing in greater measure than to others is of course true, but the test of either our gift or of our acquired spiritual capability must, I think, always be the promptness with which we can meet our own and others' problems. Unless we accept such a challenge we may easily become too lax in acquiring the amount of spiritual reserve which should be the mark of really successful healers.

Surely the joy of being able to meet problems with a measure of promptness is worth all the study and meditation and prayer necessary to acquire such spiritual skill.

What's Cooking FOR NEXT MONTH?

Thought Photography From a lady way up in British Columbia, who lives at a place bearing the romantic name of Wild Geese Lodge, we have just received an unusual contribution. It deals with an experience in thought photography. I recall many years ago when a French scientist made similar experiments. Some of our readers may also recall these experiments. We hope that you will find this contribution as interesting as we did. The experiments of this Canadian physician seem to demonstrate — what many of us already believe — that thought has a definite chemical reaction. PHOTOGRAPHING THOUGHTS will greet you in the Christmas issue of NAUTILUS.

Recipe for Charm Almost every one wants to be charming. Here is a method which one NAUTILUS contributor found to be a great aid in developing attractiveness. She didn't attend a charm school, nor even a charm class. She just dug into the depths of her own consciousness and decided that God had placed within her all the necessary attributes for the development of charm — all that she could possibly desire in the way of needed power for becoming more attractive. The chief aid in her experience was a meditation, which is given in her article. SO YOU WANT TO BE CHARMING? will appear in the Christmas number of NAUTILUS.

The Way to Success in Marriage "Shortly after my marriage, I became strongly aware of my husband's shortcomings." We suspect that this will strike a familiar note in the memories of most wives! And maybe, now and then, a husband will develope a similar reaction! The particular wife who wrote these words, was almost on the point of leaving her husband. However, something developed which turned her mind away from such a step. She began to look her problem squarely in the face — if a problem can be said to have a face. She found that there were some favorable features which she had overlooked. She began to concentrate on these favorable features of her situation, and gradually she transformed her marriage into one that was most happy and complete. A MARRIAGE THAT ALMOST FAILED, will appear in the December number of NAUTILUS.

Take Your Breathing Seriously That is what Edna Parker did. She read that verse in Genesis about man becoming a living soul — *after* the breath of life had been breathed into his nostrils. She began to meditate upon the possibilities of this breath of life which seemed to possess such wonderful creative power. Through deep breathing she found that both health and success could be developed in much greater measure. And ultimately she was led to happier and far more effective ways of living. HEALTH AND SUCCESS IN THE BREATH OF LIFE, is coming in Christmas NAUTILUS.

How the Bible Cures Fear Do you realize that the Bible contains some of the grandest treatments you can find anywhere for fear and worry? When these demons come your way — and they come to everyone at times — just repeat some of the messages of divine power with which the Bible abounds. You will find many of these messages assembled for your convenience in LET THE BIBLE REMOVE YOUR FEAR AND WORRY, which will be a feature of our Christmas number.

An Experience in Learning to Pray Here comes a writer who relates a very personal experience in learning of the dynamic power of prayer. "I learned that prayer

(*Please turn to page 2, col. 1*)

Important to Nautilus Subscribers

If you find an expiration notice attached to this space it means that your subscription expires with this issue UNLESS your renewal has crossed the notice in the mail. IF YOU WILL RETURN THE RENEWAL BLANK WITH YOUR REMITTANCE SO THAT IT REACHES US BY THE 20th OF THE MONTH OF THIS ISSUE WE WILL CREDIT YOU WITH 13 MONTHS FOR $2.00. Extra month for prompt renewal. Or we will send NAUTILUS two years for $3.00. (30c extra per year for Canadian postage; and 60c extra postage per year to foreign lands.)

WE AFFIRM that the basic truth of all religions is one. And that this truth —understood and applied—frees, heals and prospers the individual—HERE AND NOW.

(*What's Cooking: Concluded from page 1*)

is an instrument comparable to a radio dial which connects me with an illimitable world of power and wonder," she writes. How to make contact with this great Power was a matter of slow discovery. Bess Hibarger will tell you the details of her discovery in HOW I LEARNED TO CONTACT GOD IN PRAYER which will be published in the Christmas issue of NAUTILUS.

About Your Success When you pray for success do not allow yourself for one moment to feel that there is only one way, or two ways, in which your success can be demonstrated. There are hundreds of ways by which your success may be realized, says Godin Greene in his latest NAUTILUS contribution. To prove his statement he tells us about a small merchant who multiplied his success by multiplying his vision. He made a mental pattern of what he wanted and lo! the vision became reality. DON'T LIMIT YOUR SUCCESS, will appear in December NAUTILUS.

The Campbell Is Coming! Dortch Campbell will contribute a most interesting article to our Christmas issue. It is all about a man of forty-one who was without a home or a job. In fact he had never in all his life stuck to one job for any great length of time; and then came a girl named Mary — and everything was changed. But there followed a day so dark that they both decided to leave this life for good. But before doing so they determined to try just one more prayer. And the God of love answered and they found a way out and entered upon a wonderful and successful financial career. Coming in Christmas NAUTILUS, SALVAGING A FAILURE OF FORTY-ONE.

From the Depths of Defeat to Success and Health This is the experience of a wife and mother who lost her grip on herself. As in so many similar cases, she was called upon, without warning, to face bankruptcy, loss of her means of earning a living, and ill health which brought her face-to-face with an operation. How this situation drove the writer into the depths of defeat and how she climbed back to health and success — "the greatest success I have ever known" — is told in HOW MY FINANCIAL DEFEAT WAS TURNED TO SUCCESS, to be printed in December NAUTILUS.

A MOOD

By MAZIE V. CARUTHERS

FOR creature comforts — all that adds
Its zest to living —
This is the day with grateful hearts
We make Thanksgiving.

But — for the beauty of the hills
And open spaces,
For friendly hands stretched out to mine,
For kindly faces,

For love which walks along beside
My journey faring,
With tenderness, come weal or woe
My burdens sharing.

For each small, perfect hour which makes
Life worth the living,
Not only this, but every day
Finds me thanks giving!

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This Living Hour

By HELEN HYDE JENSEN

I CANNOT face the years that stretch ahead
Foreshadowed by the pattern of the past;
Nor carry now the burdens yet to dread,
Should each one be an echo of the last.
But I can live this hour with head held high;
With courage strong and spirit undismayed;
Give woe the laugh, despondency the lie,
And find the dream once more that somehow strayed.

This hour of life holds all eternity
Within its span; and some day I shall find
The unknown years I dread are not to be;
This living hour has left them all behind.

Editorials

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

Praying for the Great Spiritual Leader to Appear

FROM a woman attorney in California comes an interesting letter which calls forth from me both sympathy and amusement:

I believe we have already in the world that "Great Spiritual Leader," and that already he is "shining from the East even unto the West" in the hearts and minds of all mankind. Jesus Christ is the One, and he is in All of Us. Not *one* man alone is THE Great Spiritual Leader. That would be dictatorship.

It takes God the Father doing the works of leadership THROUGH ALL OF US, to fulfill the Second coming of Christ — and *that* is DEMOCRACY.

Democracy is All-of-Us-Together expressing the One Christ Jesus shining in All of Us; glorifying and enjoying *God* the One Father in His (God's) Heaven on earth in All of Us. *Jesus Christ is not and never was* THE "Great Spiritual Leader" — he was, and *is*, the "*First-Born* of MANY Brethren," all of us born to be Great Spiritual Leaders in turn, billions of us! *Billions of generations* of us through the ages! Greater and greater leaders, doing greater and greater works than Jesus did!

Read your Bible and believe in All of Us, two billions of us on earth NOW — believe in everyone of us as actual or potential Great Leaders — as Christ Jesus believed in All of Us. He told us NOT to follow or to bow down to *anyone* as leader or master! For "ONE is your master the Father in you," the Father in Jesus Christ, the ONE Father, Life, Principle in All of Us.

"Call no man master (leader) ONE is your master (leader), the Father," in All of Us. He doeth the works through All of Us.

*

This War Also Works for Good

THIS marvelous and horrible war seems to me to be the melting pot, the forge and the anvil out of which Human Brotherhood is becoming visible, actively ruling the world. We call this active brotherhood "democracy."

God, the Father is working in and through All of Us, not even excluding Hitler and Hirohito. (Even the devil, Satan, was created by the Father of All of Us.) Then where did Satan get the itch to make heaven over with himself as boss? Heaven must have been a democracy in the beginning — with songs and golden harps and everybody glorifying God and enjoying Him — and Hitler and Hirohito and All of Us must have been there.

But Hitler and Hirohito — and some others of us! — were not satisfied with God's democracy, ALL of US having a say-so and a song. So Hitler set out to remake heaven in his image and likeness. And Hirohito set about making heaven in HIS image and likeness. (Oh, what a fight when it comes to a showdown between those two "H's", those two hellions, neither of whom is willing to have anyone else have even an occasional say-so about anything!)

Oh, there are plenty of other peo-

ple in the world with the Hitler and Hirohito itch to run everything — and aren't we all bitten with that H and H bug sometimes!

Who is wise enough, consecrated enough to *choose* THE "Great Spiritual Leader" to be set up as ruler of this earth in opposition to Hitler and Hirohito — or anybody else.

God has a way to do that choosing, and he is putting it in the hearts of a great many men in the world. It is the Jesus Christ way, the democracy way, of letting everybody have a voice and a vote in the choosing.

*

We Rotate Our Leaders

MANKIND is Brotherhood. God is the Father, creating and moving that Brotherhood to create and express on earth as it is in heaven.

The kingdom of God and His heaven is within All of Us — the unlimited Brotherhood of mankind. Our job is to create God's kingdom on earth as it already *is in His Heaven within us* — within ALL of us. THAT IS DEMOCRACY — not seeking or following blindly one leader, however "spiritual" or "great" you judge him to be.

Jesus never posed as a leader. Those who seek to find and follow a leader in the form of a man (or a woman!) are traitors to themselves and God and Christ — ONE is your master, your leader and *He is within* YOU. Not in Hitler or Hirohito, or Gandhi, or any other of those who are called leaders.

In democracy we choose our leaders for a specific piece of work and for a given term of office. ALL of US are leaders in our self-evolved lines and for as long as our world chooses to follow us.

We Shall Vote for Him — Maybe

WHEN and if another Jesus Christ comes on earth to rule ALL of US and if enough of us can recognize him as THE "Great Spiritual Leader," we shall vote for him at the primaries and elect him to the biggest *presidency* we know of on this earth. At the present time the only presidency that can qualify in all particulars is that of the United States. I am quite sure that God, the Father in All of Us is making us fight like the devil to free all of the peoples in the world so that they may have their own say about who shall sit in the high places of earth.

I AM quite sure that God in all the people of the world is going to LIMIT the tenure of office of any and every "Great Spiritual Leader" who may be picked out by the majority of All of Us, to manage our public business for ALL of US.

I am quite sure that it is God in the majority of the people in the United States who has picked Franklin D. Roosevelt as the "Great Spiritual Leader" for the present time and place. It certainly was God, the Father in the vast majority of us who broke that unwritten law against a third term in office. It is just possible that there will be a vast majority of us that will demand him for a fourth term in office! Who knows? Well, what of it? If we keep on concentrating on Roosevelt as our President, our "Great Spiritual Leader" for the duration, *what of it?* He can say no, can't he? There are two alternatives to a fourth term for F. D. R.: (1) Let us (the majority) find the Great Spiritual Leader more to our liking; or (2) let us all keep on fighting each other until Hitler and Hirohito get us.

Votes for Satan?

SATAN tried to rule heaven, and we the people of heaven were wise enough to kick him out! And now that he is trying to organize the whole earth, this war means that our democracy's brotherhood will keep on increasing until we make Satan understand that *We the People* just will not be ruled except by democracy-procedure.

And then, there is always the Grim Reaper, Death, in the offing, to grab off all the would-be rulers in due time. So why worry!

As the Brotherhood of Man is waking up in this country, so it is waking up in Britain and in all the other countries of the world!

In due time the whole world will be organized as a UNITED NATIONS OF THE WORLD. With all of us individuals, brothers and sisters, taking part in the Election of the Great Spiritual Leader; who will do just the kind of work that F. D. R. does for the U. S. A. and the world. He will do his best to Manage the Business of All the World, for such length of time as All the Peoples in the world show by majority votes that they want him to act as their manager.

When and as we the people get together and elect someone, you may depend that we shall find a way to pick out another President-Manager to follow him in due time.

And if we do pick out a Great Spiritual Leader to LEAD and manage for us, you may depend that there will be a limitation to his tenure of office.

For Jesus Christ is THE One in all leaders, all voters. Together we rule on earth as it is in heaven.

*

This Is the People's War To Save Civilization

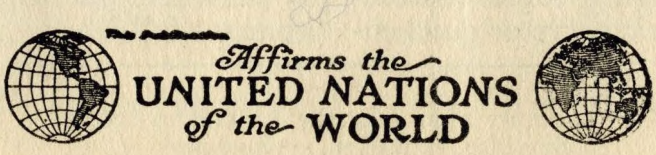
SO SAID Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, in New York. According to him, the clash of many minds "gave us first the era of the so-called 'phony war' and made us unaware that the tiger was only waiting for the right moment to pounce." He followed it with this:

"Later, when the 'phony war' became the most brutal of all wars, we were gulled by poisonous talk that it was a war of clashing imperialisms," he said. "Now we see it for what it is — not at all as a war to save either the old British empire or the new British commonwealth of nations. It is a war to save civilization itself from submergence."

Declaring that we did not go to war, the war came to us, Justice Frankfurter continued: "No democratic people could be led into war to promote some social ideal. To promote even the noblest ideals by aggression would be no less aggression than to enlarge boundaries by aggression. And so it is wholly accurate to say that our essential aim in this war is to defeat the enemy."

Calling for participation by every individual in the war effort, the associate justice said: "In the words of another, 'to achieve victory with a

(*Turn to Page 26. Thank You!*)



Sing and Be Healed

By EMMA M. HENDERSON

In the 16th Chapter of Acts, we are told that while Paul and Silas were in the inner part of the prison, with stocks binding them, they prayed and sang praises in the night and they were freed by an earthquake. If the example of Paul and Silas were followed when limitations bind us, we would always have cause to rejoice.

A true story came over the radio about a year ago that I have often thought about. A young woman was riding horseback and her horse ran away with her. She was thrown off and stunned. When consciousness was restored, she was entirely blind. The best medical help possible was procured for her, but to no avail. When she learned that she would be permanently blind, she was very bitter for a long time. But after several years had passed, she began trying to play the piano and to sing. (She had been an accomplished pianist and vocalist before her accident.) At first her efforts were pitiful indeed, but gradually her music came back to her and she began to play again and to sing beautifully once more. One day, as she sat at her music, the piano gradually became visible, then slowly the whole room. Almost immediately, her sight was completely restored. Authorities felt sure her singing had set up vibrations which removed the cause of her blindness, either by dislodging some obstruction from the optic nerve or quickening circulation in the injured parts.

Singing is one of the greatest healing agencies I have ever found. I have never known it to fail when patient and healer, and if possible, others, join in wholehearted singing. I have seen patients whose eyes and jaws were seemingly set in death restored by songs. If one will softly sing a patient to sleep, he will be almost sure to awaken much better if not entirely whole.

Think how necessary it is for one to have music to dance by; it is just as needful for many other purposes, if we only knew it. The poet said, "Give me a man who sings at his work and I will show you one who does better work and who can labor longer without tiring." Singing is a gift from God, just as much as laughing, talking and seeing, and should be used.

It is wonderful to hear music and have it flow into one, but it is better to draw out that harmony from within one's own self, for then it is a giving instead of a getting. It is always better to give than to receive.

It is marvelous that everyone in this day and age has access to the best music through the radio, but I hope it becomes an inspiration to the hearers to also become performers.

Singing is not only a restorative to health but a preventive of sickness for singing raises one's vibrations and it is when our vibrations are low that we fall ill.

Thought must take the stupendous step of passing into realization. — Emerson

How I Changed Loneliness to Joy

By H. H. P.

This Is the Prize Winning Article

IN THE SPRING of 1941 I suffered almost a complete nervous breakdown, due to half a dozen difficult adjustments which I was compelled to make in my pattern of living. The first and greatest of these adjustments was that my two sons had both married and left the home town. I am a widow and had raised my boys, practically alone, since they were just babies, educating them, working in an office and keeping a home going for them too. We had wonderful times together. I had tried to be broad-minded and prepare myself for the time when they would marry and leave me. I had many outside interests and often thought that when the boys were actually gone for good I would have time and money to do countless interesting things that I did not then have time for.

But no one warned me of the black, devastating loneliness, the echoing silence of what had seemed a too small apartment, when we were all there. I didn't know the heartache I'd feel when I saw a little convertible car go by, like the one my son had, and in which we took wonderful trips up into our beautiful mountains. I didn't know how even the dancing flames in the fireplace would seem to mock me, when I remembered how my sons and their young friends used to sit on the floor, toast marshmallows and sing. It seemed that my work was over, that there was nothing left to live for.

Then I made another adjustment that was difficult. My father was retired and had an adequate income for him and my mother to live on. Mother had hinted several times that when the boys left we could all get a house together and it would be less expensive and I wouldn't be alone.

Anyone knows, however, how hard it is, after one has had a home of their own, to go back and live with their parents. No house is really large enough for two women or two generations. I love my parents dearly and I do not know what I would have done when my children were small without their wonderful care and help. But now, when my parents moved into the apartment with me, it seemed crowded. When I would come home at night and realize that neither one of the boys was there, that there would be no high jinks, no parties, no picnics on the spur of the moment, no young people wise-cracking and dancing on the floor after they had kicked the rugs aside, I couldn't take it. So we moved.

I realized that there were several things I had to do. Part of the program called for a complete physical checkup, which I had. But ninety-nine percent of my trouble was mental, and no pills, and no other person but myself could restore order to my mental world.

The house into which we moved had a large upstairs bedroom. This I took over. Then I picked up the threads of living and busied myself with active physical work. Outside

of office hours I planted a garden, dug and spaded. I organized picnic trips up into the mountains; I attended lectures at the Art Center. As the summer passed I took up a different recreational line. I had never made an afghan, but now I got some gay-colored yarn and made a lovely one. I remembered the cute doll furniture I had made once for an art shop — little upholstered wing chairs, chaises, love seats. There was a little girl across the street, living with her grandmother. I bought her a six-inch bisque doll, then made doll furniture to scale for the doll house. I took a few pieces into an exclusive children's shop and they ordered several of them. I sold enough to buy a very lovely dress I had wanted. I also joined a writer's workshop class, and while I have been writing and selling manuscripts for twenty-five years, as a hobby, this class stimulated me to more action and I sold five articles in about six weeks.

Most important of all, I now began to use every bit of Truth I had ever learned. I had to get it down into my subconscious and *know* Truth before I could free myself of the neurosis I had built up. First of all, I wrote down on a sheet of paper the things that bothered me. On the opposite side I wrote down what I could and would do about it. Some things I realized were out of my area of control. These I faced and then quietly dropped them. "If you can't help it, skip it!" was my motto. I began to free my sons in my own mind. I put down on one side of the paper these words: "My children." Opposite it, I wrote, "Love them and leave them alone." However, I sent them thoughts of love, prosperity and protection.

Gradually I became free. I could go and visit the boys over a week end, enjoy being with them and their wives, be interested in all they were doing, and come back home without any emotional disturbance whatever. Or they would drive down over a week end and we'd go on picnics as we used to do and, when they drove away again, I felt no horrible black loneliness. When my younger son enlisted in the Signal Corps, and went into officers' training school for eight months, I took that on the chin without a quiver. I have mentally set them free to live their own lives.

The other part of my problem was my adjustments at home, with my parents. My mother is an excellent cook but a rather casual housekeeper. I prepare my own breakfast and leave before they are up in the morning, and I am away all day. The evening meal is all I eat with them. I do the dinner dishes in the evening, keep my own room and the bath clean, and turn the rest of the house over to them. Occasionally I take over and prepare the Sunday dinner, just to keep my hand in training. Mother loves to hoard rather useless old things that I think are so much rubbish, but she treasures them, so who am I to fuss about them? They are not important, so I skip it. Father litters the window sill with pipe and tobacco, but how wonderful it is to see him there, looking for me when I come in the gate. How many years he worked on a railroad, climbing over icy boxcars, so I might have food and clothes and an education. What if their little dog does eat a dog biscuit in the living room? My rugs are not heirlooms, and the pup's happy wig-wagging when she sees me coming is a real welcome home.

What better adjustment or solution

of my problem could I make than to transfer the inner drive, the love and energy I used in making my boys a home, to making those two dear old people happy? I can't change them or their habits, but I can keep still and be sweet and patient, instead of letting things annoy me.

Are You Afraid to Pray?

By GERTRUDE K. PETERSON

ONCE upon a time I was afraid to pray. But I'm not afraid any more, because I have made discoveries about this praying business which have changed my feeling of uneasiness about it to a growing understanding of what it is and what it does.

What is prayer? It is simply talking to the Father within us. Yes, within us. Jesus told us that the kingdom of heaven is within us. Since he said it, it is of course true, and if the kingdom of heaven is within us, then God must be there too. No more fearful praying for me to an awesome Creator who is somewhere off in space. Instead, a simple conversation with the loving Father who is always right here with us, wherever we are. A Father who loves the World he made, and the folk he made to inhabit it.

Of course, the word "conversation" does not imply a monologue, where we do all the talking ourselves. There are two involved in this, and when we have talked to God, using our own natural words just as we would talk to any understanding friend, we must remember to listen to him as well. And — be sure of it — God will answer.

I used to be afraid that God, being such an immensity of power, wouldn't by any stretch of the imagination be interested in just me and the problems which, although they seemed so large to me, must appear very insignificant to him. Now I know that the most infinitesimal problem is not too small to talk over with God, nor is there one too large. And best of all, His interest and power are mine and yours *all* the time. There is no possibility that you could lack God's entire attention and love simply because he was also concerned with my problems.

What does this do to one? When I realized this quality of being all things to all of His children all of the time, I lost my fear of not getting my share in this world. And along with that came the feeling of largeness that comes from not envying others what they possess, because I had become sure that our Father's love and help was great enough for all, *all* of his children.

My mother once told me that when my twin brother and I were babies, people had asked her which of us she loved the more. She would reply, "You might as well ask me which I love the more, my baby's hands or its feet."

I have never, from babyhood up, had reason to doubt my mother's or father's love, nor their willingness

to do anything in their power for my good. God's love is like that, multiplied many, many times beyond our human comprehension. Jesus himself told us so. Think back to the time when you were a child. Recall the complete confidence you had in your parents, and know that your heavenly Father's love is like that, only much more so because he is not limited by human weaknesses or failings.

These things I have learned from prayer. Remember that I said in the beginning that prayer is a two-way proposition. After we talk to God and tell him how we feel about things, thanking him for the blessings we already have, and do this with a real desire for his will to be done in our lives, we must listen and let *him* talk to us. Oh yes, he will!

I first started praying because a greater grief than I could bear had come to me. I turned blindly, helplessly, to a Power greater than myself, because I was bleakly, starkly, at my wit's end. Furthermore, my previous neglect of spiritual matters made me feel that I had, to put it bluntly, a lot of nerve to expect a God, whom I had so long ignored, to listen to or talk to me now. I felt pretty humble. I tried it early one morning, when no one would catch me at it, because I was afraid of ridicule. I wasn't sure God would answer me, but I *had* to try, because everything else had ended in complete, humiliating failure.

And so I prayed. Prayed very poorly, no doubt, but at least earnestly. I prayed and then became utterly quiet, listening for my answer. Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. And the answer came! And it has been coming ever since in the form of illuminating, constructive thoughts, convictions and directions regarding myself and my affairs, including my relations with God's other children.

It did not come all at once, for God in his wisdom knows just how much a child can bear; and most of the changes had to take place in myself, not in the other fellow as I had thought. Day by day, a little at a time, as I obeyed my current instructions, these conversations with our Father (your Father, too, remember) have changed the great grief to a great blessing and started me out into a new way where living is an ever-increasing adventure.

And because God is your father as well as mine, *all* of the time, he is here with you this moment, here to tell you exactly what to do with that problem of yours, be it ever so impossible seeming to you; ready with practical, comforting directions that work — all yours for the asking. If you truly want a solution to your problem, *don't be afraid to pray!*

OVER TONES

I HEARD a bird at break of day,
Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties,
No man, I think, could listen long
Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird,
Alone among dead trees.

— *W. A. Percy*

How Tithing Prospered Me

By MARY K. DAVISON

My "Darkest Hour" Became the Happiest Year of My Life

IF EVERYONE realized the personal benefits which may be derived from tithing, no one would miss the opportunity to practice it.

I should like to tell you of my own personal experience with tithing. Perhaps not many of you have had to figure so closely with money as I did, and would not realize how great a sacrifice parting with even one dollar can be. One dollar was the exact amount I needed with which to do something I wanted very much to do for a friend. For several days I hesitated, feeling that I couldn't even spend that amount. Suddenly I decided that, since this was in the nature of something for God's glory, I would trust him to help me get along without that dollar. I immediately sent the money on to my friend.

Now comes the strange part of my story. A few days later I received a registered letter. Upon opening it I found a check for $100. The money came from a prosperous relative who had suddenly remembered that he had never sent me a wedding present — though I had been married several years! Was not that a clear instance of "returning to you an hundred fold?"

But such is the perversity of human nature that I soon forgot the lesson of this experience. I went on as before, never tithing, never having enough money to cover my needs. Then suddenly one day my husband was taken ill. I knew he would not work again for a long time. I myself was unable to work because of poor health and the care of our three children. There seemed no hope in the situation. My money would soon be gone. Then what? Again I thought of tithing and that week I gave four dollars to God.

Soon money began to come to me from all directions in strange and unexpected ways. My oldest son found work after school. My brother came to board with us, and even my husband in the hospital was able to do light work for which he was paid and was able to send some money home. Relatives who had never helped before began sending money. What had seemed to my fevered anxiety to be my darkest hour turned out to be the happiest year of my life.

Such, I believe, is bound to be the effect of tithing. We receive so much more than we give. For hath He not said, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

I DO NOT DOUBT that whatever can possibly happen anywhere at any time is provided for in the inherences of things. — WALT WHITMAN

Which Is Winning—You or Your Job?

By ROSE UMBREIT

Is your job eating you up? Then you are a slave. Are you eating up your job? Then you are a master.

The purpose of life is development. Development comes through expression. When you are expressing yourself, you are learning, developing, improving your mind. You're then on the right road and you're healthy, prosperous, happy, and not unduly weary. But when something bores you, the belated train, the dry lecture, the tiresome conversation, the irksome task — how utterly exhausting! Yet you may be sitting perfectly still, making no special exertion. Why this exhaustion?

Did you ever analyse the feeling, try to fathom its nature and source? Have you ever discovered that it is not the thing itself, but your reaction to it, your attitude, that counts? Boredom results from the blocking or frustration of expression. It is a subtle thing. It hides behind fatigue. Boredom is pain. Pain has its important place in the scheme of things. It is an insistent warning that something is wrong. Usually pain, once it has started, increases until we find and remove the cause. Boredom is a specialized form of pain. It is the note of warning that something is wrong. If your friends, your job, life in general bore you, if the weariness from which you suffer is out of proportion to the work you're doing, it's time you made a thorough investigation. Get your head to working. It is not so much "mind over matter," in general that concerns us, but more specifically, "mind over what's the matter," that counts.

Have you ever been utterly exhausted when night came? Have you ever dropped upon your bed wondering if there were strength enough left in your body to enable you to undress? Have you ever wondered how Landone works on with so very few hours of rest; how Edison labored on and on forgetting to eat and sleep; how Burbank, even in old age, toiled ten long hours a day? Well, I'll tell you. They had eliminated boredom from their lives. In other words, they were intensely and vitally interested in everything they did. They were expressing, learning and developing. In short, they were fulfilling the law of life as intended. Be assured, there are laws governing interest and boredom just like everything else in the universe.

The greatest urge in life is the urge for self-expression. That is the law of living. That is the reason why we like to talk better than to listen, to instruct better than to be instructed, etc. Expression is God's one activity. It is our one activity. The more constructive ways in which we can learn to express, and the more completely and perfectly we can express ourselves in those ways, the more useful and happy we become. Besides, we must never forget that God made every

person for the purpose of expressing for Him in some specialized and particular way. Every person is intended to fill a place no one else can possibly fill; to do work no one else can possibly do. That particular form of expression is the most perfect for him. You are intended to fit into "your small corner," as the old hymn phrases it, "and I in mine." If you find your place, and fill it acceptably, never fear. Boredom will "fold his tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away." If you don't find and fill it, you'll have to be tortured by him. That is the law.

Make Room for Abundance

By JOHN DAVIS

THE SAYING, "Nature abhors a vacuum," is very true in a metaphysical sense. So if you want to demonstrate the more abundant life all you have to do is to chase out of mind all negative thoughts concerning poverty, sickness or want of any kind.

When you have emptied your mind of these impostors, rest assured that Nature, Divine Mind, The Law, or whatever you choose to call it, will immediately send an influx of something to fill their places. If you are guarding the threshold to make sure the old tenants don't slip back in, the only things that can be admitted will be their polar opposites; i.e. abundance in place of lack; health in place of sickness; wealth instead of poverty.

There is much talk among Truth students about the concentration of the mind on positive thoughts. But I am convinced that the reason many fail is because they do not first empty the mind of all negative thoughts. Thus their demonstrations are hindered and delayed because of the confusion resulting from the alternation of positive and negative thoughts. We speak glibly of affirmations, but there is also a place for negations, the denying of all negative conditions.

Have you ever noticed that no breeze comes into a room if only one window is open and the rest of the room is airtight? It is only when a door, or another window, is opened to allow the emptying of the stale air that you feel the draft of pure fresh air filling the room. In order to fill the lungs with air you must first empty them.

This emptying process is also closely connected with the law of circulation. Life is movement. Christ speaks of the River of Life. Consider the stream of water that turns a giant turbine. Dam up the water behind the turbine so that instead of a constant stream passing through you have only a stagnant pool. What then would become of the power that turns the turbine? The supply of available water has not been diminished but if there is no provision for an outgo the power is lost. Ten thousand volts of *static* electricity hasn't power to kill a man, but five hundred volts of electricity when it is flowing in a current will kill a man, or do his work, depending upon how it is used.

You have heard the old hymn, "Make Me a Channel of Blessing," but did you ever consider the metaphysical lesson it teaches? You cannot hoard God's blessings. They must be passed along. You can only be a channel for them. Your income will be increased in proportion as you allow good things to flow out from you.

If you will but look around you, you will observe this law of circulation at work in all nature. The blood circulates through the body. The rain falls in the ocean, only to be lifted back to the clouds. These natural cycles operate throughout the whole of the universe.

There is another aspect of this emptying technique. Whenever you empty your mind of negative thoughts you create a need for something to take their place. By doing this you bring another Divine Law into operation, i.e., "Whenever a need is created, Nature rushes to supply the demand."

Scientists tell us that when animal life came into the sunlight from the depths of the ocean they created the need for eyes. Nature supplied the demand. Lafcadio Hearn, in one of his travel books, says that if a couple from the United States move to one of the tropical islands in the West Indies, minor changes will shortly take place in their bodies. Their blood will become thinner and various internal organs become adjusted to the change in climate. But here is the remarkable thing: He goes on to say that their children will be born with deeper eye sockets and thicker eyebrows than their parents. This is something that the material-minded scientist couldn't explain in a million years. But the simple truth of the matter is that a need was created for better protection of the eyes against the tropical sun and Nature simply supplied what was needed.

Consider also the manner in which the human body is built up through exercise. If you sit at a desk all day and never do anything that requires some degree of physical strength, Nature doesn't bother to give you a powerful body. Your muscles are soft because you don't need hard vibrant muscles. But suppose you get a job digging ditches. Then you need a strong body in no uncertain terms. Nature supplies the answer to this need and thus we say that exercise develops muscles.

In this connection remember what was said at the beginning of this article about the emptying process, the necessity of starting the outgo before expecting the intake. With this in mind let us see what happens when a muscle is exercised. Doctors tell us that exercise breaks down and destroys muscle cells. Thus instead of building up a muscle the exercise itself actually tears it down; the exercise in itself weakens rather than strengthens. But following exercise there is an influx of strength and the muscle cells multiply much faster, so that after a period of rest the muscle is stronger and larger than it was before it was broken down by exercise.

So whatever it is that you want to come to you, first create a need by giving out something that you already have. By this giving out you open the flood gates that allow the law of circulation to operate through you. If you want more love, give out love. If you want more money, give out part of what you have to those less fortunate than yourself. If you want more health, use what you have and be grateful for it.

"Patterns of Created Things"

By KATHERINE HAYWARD

THERE is no armament on earth that ultimately can withstand the power of a sound and workable idea." That statement is not taken from an inspirational writer, but from an advertisement of the General Motors Corporation. It is a declaration that makes one feel invincible. Provided one has "a sound and workable idea."

Well, what is an idea? Webster calls it, "the transcript, image, or picture of a visible object, that is formed by the mind; also a similar image of any object whatever, whether sensible or spiritual." But that is just one definition. Webster goes on to say that an idea is "a rational conception, the complete conception of an object when thought of in all its elements or constituents; the necessary metaphysical or constituent attributes and relations when conceived in the abstract." It is also, "*one of the arch types or patterns of created things. . . .*" Some of its synonyms: thought, belief, intention, and purpose.

And someone has also said, "Mightier than an army is an idea whose time has come."

All this means that an idea, if it is sound, workable and timely, is well-nigh invulnerable, invincible, insuperable. An idea, if it is sound, workable and timely, will overcome all obstacles, withstand all hindrances.

You may say, "How do I know that my idea's time has come?" Let us recall some synonyms for the word "idea": thought, belief, intention, purpose.

If your idea is a half-formed thing, then it is not, strictly speaking, an idea at all. It is a vagary. "Vagary" is not a synonym for "idea."

As a rather crude example, suppose a woman says, "I think it would be nice to have a baby." This may be the beginning of a chain of thoughts that may lead her to motherhood, but it does not necessarily presuppose her willingness to conceive, carry and bring to birth a child.

How does a pregnant woman know her time has come? She first becomes restless, with a feeling of urgency both mental and physical. She is only too willing to labor to bring the child to birth, for she must be delivered. She knows her time has come, all right.

If our ideas are "a rational conception, the complete conception of an object when thought of in all its elements or constituents; the necessary metaphysical or constituent attributes and relations when conceived in the abstract," we will know just as surely when their time has come.

Bringing an idea to birth requires that nothing shall be done to cause a miscarriage of that idea. It is not healthy to the individual's mind to conceive an idea and then let it miscarry. To do so destroys the mind's fertility. Many minds that were brilliant beyond the average in their youth become prematurely senile because of this constant dropping of ideas, which not many recognize as the insidious thing it is.

This does not mean that one should not change one's mind. But when an

idea is felt to be inspired and God given and is sound and workable, and plans for its fulfillment have been made, it is imperative that that idea shall be carried, nourished with faith and efforts and brought to birth. There must be no abortion of the idea without good cause, for this is a crime against the very essence of the person who has carried it.

Happiness, the state of being blessed, is a sound and workable idea. How can we bring it to its time in our lives?

First, we must have a desire to be happy; and if we have this desire we already have an idea of what happiness is — "a rational conception." So we must cherish our idea of happiness and nourish it with the substance of our thought and never forsake it, never miscarry it.

Such a miscarriage might be brought about by ceasing to give it substance, starving it while it lies unborn within our minds. How? By turning our attention from our idea of happiness to dwell mentally on contrary ideas, worrying, criticizing, grieving about past unhappiness.

And if we have conceived the idea of happiness and have reached the stage in consciousness, through silent meditation, when we are big with the thought of happiness, we must not carry an unlike state of consciousness — unpraying our desires — but must consider the new state of being within and bring it into manifestation. "The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." (John 1: 14.)

The person who really desires happiness with all his heart does not think about unhappy things. He reaches out with all the strength of his mind, soul and body toward happiness. He is seeking, seeking, positively, expectantly and scientifically.

No one can shake him from his belief in the soundness and workableness of his "thought, belief, intention, purpose." If a sceptic tells him that happiness is a delusion, an illusive chimera, such a person might say, "I know that happiness is coming into my outer life, for already within me have I conceived it as an idea. And I have dedicated myself to bring forth this idea, lest I become sterile, vague; an undirected being without soul force. It is true that happiness is not yet completely manifest in my outer life, it was only lately that I conceived it. Now, though, I am well centered in happiness and happiness is well centered in me. Every man and woman in the world who has ever set out on an uncharted course in search of 'new mercies, new blessings' has been derided. I stand firm."

If you feel that you haven't the strength and will to stand by your idea of happiness and bring it forth into your life, as a scientist or explorer stands by his idea and brings it forth, remember that great leaders have nothing which you do not have.

The difference between a happy, successful person and a failure is that one gives all his mental energy and directs all his physical efforts toward his goal, while the other also dreams of success, but meanwhile entertains negative and worthless thoughts or hopeless wishes.

Knowledge is power only when it is applied. An idea is useless unless it is used.

Buy War Bonds

When We Prayed Like the Indians

By DORTCH CAMPBELL

Indian Prayers Taught Me to Transfer the Center of Consciousness to the Soul

BOB, KIT, NELL and I found a new way to pray effectively when Indians invoked the powers of heaven and rains descended on the parched earth and when later a medicine man and several of his tribe restored Nell's negro servant who suffered from a malignant disease. Bob, Kit and I of course laughed at savage superstition because, we said, you cannot change natural laws with a lot of noise with a drum and singing and dancing. But Nell insisted that we ought to try this method to solve our problems, and she influenced us.

These odd happenings lay dormant in my mind for more than a quarter of a century. I have refused to say much about the aboriginal method of prayer because I do not care to be classed with the visionaries. Savage technique appears too crude. But now I am convinced that there is a scientific side to Indian prayers.

Bob, Kit, Nell and I were always fretting about our troubles. But we all fell silent, coming back to civilization, after we had witnessed rain falling in great waves after months of dryness as a result of the Indians' incantations. The cure, later, of Nell's servant capped the climax. For me it was the beginning of a process of mental search that led to the discovery of an important formula for getting answers to prayer. It was far more important than the petty troubles that beset me, because I learned that my problems — and those that afflict everybody — are due to objective mind limitations. The conscious mind keeps us quite near the earth. We think too much about the body and its sensations and not enough about that which concerns the soul. Indian prayers taught me how to transfer the center of consciousness to the soul.

The savage prayer technique is to hold the mind in abeyance. It is a kind of spiritual ecstasy, which is soul *activity*. Indians tell you that prayer is not so much a thing asked for as a thing done, which links your activity with the supernal source of power, where all is evolving and moving; a constant growth and development towards some great fulfillment. When you pray aright you get into that activity.

Nell walked into the newspaper office a few days after the miracle of the rain as sober as a judge and after we had gone through the formality of asking what ailed her, she said: "My girl, Martha, was dying yesterday but today she is as good as new and happy as a lark and I think anybody can work that miracle as easily as a medicine man."

I suggested rather scornfully that if she was bent on experimenting with prayer in that fashion she ought to be forced so sing and dance and beat the drum. But Nell shook her head. "You can't get results by yourself," she said. "There has to be a crowd."

Well, all through history, I re-

called, men and women had gotten some sort of answers by group prayers, and perhaps that is what sacred orders are for; but there seems to be something left out in most group prayers. We lack information as to the technique of group prayers, although aboriginal tribes work out their methods with much detail and rehearsal. The most well-defined method I could think of is the nine-day prayers of the Novena and the scheme of the Greeks, who prayed with music and libations to the Spirit of growth or activity, which is at the core of livingness.

"There is some sort of link between the old Greek method of prayer and that of the Indians," I observed. And I am now quite certain that the same principle is involved — Greeks and Indians use a prayer method that is a kind of rhythmic dance that approximates life.

After much talking and disputing, we decided to use Nell's scheme of prayer. We did not beat drums. We did not chant. We did not dance. But we used the *principle* of the Indian method.

For twenty-one days and nights we romped through life. That is to say, we worked eagerly at generating inner happiness and all the ardent life of which we were capable, and we flung it out to all we touched. Ours was a great heart indulgence conceived in the greatest possible faith. We tapped boldly at inexhaustible reservoirs of spiritual power and activity. We pledged ourselves to let nothing interfere with happiness. Then rosy-faced and joyous like St. Catherine of Genoa we entered group prayer each night. (This was not the precise technique, but my analysis of it after many years.)

As for myself, I was largely an onlooker, not entering wholly into the spirit of it, but as a result of that Novena I gained peace and strength and understanding that has taken me untroubled into far places. A seven day-and-night Novena was dedicated to each of the others. We were not solemn in our prayers of agreement, but in our hearts we sang our way through an hour of prayer each night like the lark. And the results were astounding.

Bob's physical ailment of long-standing — cirrhosis of the liver, indurating and hardening — yielded completely after seven nights of group prayer. Kit lacked money and ability to hold his job. Seven nights of prayer cured everything. He continues to go along with the tides of life successfully after more than twenty-five years. Next, a seven day-and-night Novena was devoted to Nell, whose husband had deserted her and their brood of children which she had to feed, clothe and educate. Results in her case were not quick, but they came. Her husband returned with money in his pocket and as far as I know that household is happy to this day.

Prayer is a *rising to meet living activity*. And it is accomplished by the *use* of life.

THIS is our doctrine — the permanent value of trial — that when a man conquers his adversaries and his difficulties, it is not as if he had never encountered them. — PHILLIPS BROOKS

Three Seconds That Seemed Like a Lifetime

By BROWN LANDONE, F.R.E.S.

Article IX of "Gifts of the Spirit" Series

ALL SACRED WRITINGS of all ages tell us that life is eternal, and that the powers of your soul are limitless.

You believe this mentally, but it's almost impossible for you to vision it as actual. For you cannot quite believe that your soul has power to be in all parts of the world at the same time, or that it can transform your body in an instant, or do ten years of work in five minutes.

Nevertheless, no limit of the soul's powers has ever been found.

Whatever seems to limit you is due to your conscious mind. It tells you that you cannot do more than a limited amount of work a day; that you cannot have this or that because it's a thousand miles away; that you cannot possess limitless energy because of the limited condition of your body; et cetera ad infinitum. And all these are limitations of time and space by conscious mind.

Your Soul Has Limitless Powers

Yet the soul itself has faith in its limitless powers; and anything that even partially frees you from the limitations of your conscious mind, gives you glimpses of the soul's sublime infinity and the rapidity with which it works.

Most of you have had incidental experiences which reveal inner power as instantaneous as spirit itself.

I've read many writings about such power, but nothing I've read or heard equals in simple immensity what I *experienced* when I thought I was dead.

For three months prior to that experience, I had known a man of seventy-two years. He suffered from advanced arthritis; could not move his legs or neck, and the use of his hands was very difficult. He had been to several specialists, and I had talked with them about his case.

I felt intuitively that there could never be such lack of activity in any human being, unless sometime in previous years, there had been a great hate of activity.

But he assured me he had always loved activity, and that his condition was due to being too active for many years.

I cannot tell you of the healing of this man until the next article, but here I give this much so that you may be ready for next month's article and link it up with my statement that I *know* the powers of the soul are infinite.

When I Thought I Had Died

My experience of thinking I was dead happened at a summer resort on Lake Michigan, at a little private dock. I was about to step into a rowboat when a girl ahead of me gave a

little jump as she got in. That made the boat scoot out from the dock and I stepped off suddenly into deep water.

I went down and down and down — under water; and after a long long time, I realized I was dead! I saw great big black headlines in a newspaper announcing my death — "*Dr. Landone drowned in the presence of forty thousand people!*" And I laughed to myself, for there were only *four* people there!

Then I stood for hours, as it seemed, watching the longest freight train I'd ever imagined — miles of box cars, open-sided, *miles of box cars of dirty linen.*

Then I thought of the first edition of a certain metaphysical book and I spent night after night for weeks, comparing paragraphs with ancient manuscripts of philosophers of five hundred years before Christ!

Next I thought of a truth, suited for dramatic form for the stage. And as I had lately written a play which was produced in London, I outlined the scenes, worked in the action, and added conversation and thus finished a new play!

These are but a very few of many things I did during the weeks that I was under water, drowned.

But the next second, my head bobbed up out of the water, and a hand helped to pull me up to the dock.

I had been under water only three seconds! Of course, when I thought I was dead, my conscious mind at once gave up all its tendencies of limiting my soul to time and space. And hence as soon as my soul felt free of such limitations, it manifested its infinity, and did weeks of work in three seconds.

And My Soul Had Actually Done the Work

My soul actually did do the work I've mentioned. It was all done, except merely recording the results on paper. For example, my soul had actually worked out the complete play while I was under water, for when I went back to my study after that week end, I dictated the entire play in one night. So complete was it that it did not need revision when produced the next year in England. *Everything* had been finished *in advance* — every act, scene, direction for action, and phrase of conversation.

And this play was only one of many things which I did during those three seconds under water when my soul was free of its conscious mind's limitations.

Have faith! The powers of your soul are limitless. Nothing hinders them except your conscious mind; and as you rise above its limitations, all things are possible.

There is no time nor space that limits me. My soul is limitless. If I but open wide the door unto its vast divinity, sublime in its infinity, all things are possible for me.

EDITOR'S NOTE. — In his next article Mr. Landone will tell what he did, in those three seconds under water, which helped to heal the friend of seventy-two years who had arthritis.

IT BEHOVED that there should be sin, but all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well. — JULIAN OF NORWICH

Salmagundi

By CHESTER H. STRUBLE

A FRIEND of mine told me he had received a prayer card which read as follows:

"Oh, Lord, help me to keep my big mouth shut until I know what I am talking about."

Free speech can be one of the greatest hindrances to victory encountered in a Republic.

Upon the big wind of popular demand for action many a general must have been blown out to battle knowing full well that only a miracle could save him from defeat.

In war, if he is to have any secrets from the enemy, a general cannot take every citizen of the Republic into his confidence, so he must constantly live in the draft from the big bazoos of those who, knowing little, demand much and far too soon.

Now here is where the salmagundi comes in.

Today there are in America those who would first clean up the Germans and others who would give priority to Japs. And others who would keep all our boys at home. In England there are those who would open a "second front" in Europe, those who would (and would not) help Russia; and a lot more with other ideas; all stewing in their own indignation and all, to the limit of their influence, making demands upon the higher ups. 'Tis true you know, that:

"Of all the Generals
The one most wroth
Is he who fights
On the table cloth."

If this isn't salmagundi, or a mixed dish, then what is it? It's the steady diet of our leaders but is unknown on Hitler's menu.

We know so little. If we have sons in the service, outside our borders, we write them in care of a postmaster and our letters are censored. Our sons' letters back to us are censored and come from nowhere that we can name.

Pray for victory, work for victory, share your courage with others and keep your fears to yourself: this gives unity with strength.

Views and Reviews

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE

Telepathy During Sleep

ONE OF the most interesting phases of telepathy is that in which the message, or mental picture, is received while the recipient is asleep.

There are many such cases on record. Probably you know of one or more instances yourself. The last war brought forth many examples of thought transference where a mother, sister or loved one went through the hell of action with a soldier in the field while the one back home was *asleep*. Later such instances would be verified as being actual experiences.

The strangest case that has ever come to my notice was the experience of a San Francisco nurse. She describes the experience thus: In 1917 I was called to the home of Mr. H—— in San Francisco to care for a small boy. The mother of the boy had just left for New York, where she was to take leave of her husband, an army officer, who was about to sail with his company for France. This was on the day before Christmas.

I had never seen the wife or husband at the time, having been engaged on very short notice to substitute for a young cousin of the family.

The father sailed for France, and in due time the mother returned to San Francisco. And on the night before New Year's I had this startling dream: A voice from an attic, which was in a house near the ocean somewhere in France, called, "Help! Help! I'm smothering. It's Will. Please come."

I tried to climb a ladder leading to the attic, but fell back. Then I awoke. To this day every detail of the dream, or vision, is perfectly clear.

Now I have a brother named Will, and I naturally expected, after this dream, to get word of his death. But it turned out otherwise. In the first place, I related my dream the next morning to the cook. She at once exclaimed, almost crying, "Mr. H——'s name is Will. How strange you got the message from him."

At two o'clock that afternoon Mrs. H——, who was alone in the house at the time, received a cable message saying her husband was reported dead from pneumonia. That was the second event in the case which amazed me.

The family later learned that Mr. H—— had been taken suddenly ill while on the boat to France, and had died the very night he landed there.

Now the first question that comes to mind regarding this experience is why the nurse rather than a member of the family received this message, or vision. There may be two reasons; first, that she was more sensitive to psychic influences. Secondly, that the first name of the sender, or subject, of the vision was the same as that of the nurse's brother.

What makes this case most remarkable is that the writer was unknown to the officer in France, had never met him personally, and until a short time before was unknown to any member of the family.

The Garden, Blueberries, Asparagus

On September the 26th I picked the last blueberries of the season. And were they sweet! Ripened for weeks in the sun they were far superior to those picked earlier in the season.

The birds felt the same way about them, too. Never were they more insistent that I go off and leave their berry bushes alone.

A correspondent wants to know if I ever find it necessary to cover the bushes to keep the birds away. I did this one year. It was a very dry season. The birds came from far and near to feed on the blueberries. As a last resort I covered the bushes with many yards of mosquito netting — for a short time. I soon found this was such a nuisance when it came to picking the berries that I folded up the netting and laid it away. And I have never used it since.

I once had some strawberries in the garden and the birds spoiled these to such an extent that it was necessary to keep them covered. It was much simpler in the case of the strawberries. However, it was still a good deal of a nuisance to have to lift the netting and replace it whenever I picked a few berries, so I gave up trying to raise them. The chief offenders in the case of the strawberries were the robins. They would drill little holes in all the ripest berries.

The asparagus bed is the pride of the garden — although you would not think so to look at it right now. The gas shortage has prevented my doing much in the way of keeping down the weeds. I set the bed in 1923. Early on a Sunday morning — about 5 o'clock — I hastened to the garden with two dozen Martha Washington asparagus plants. I had previously prepared the ground by digging a ditch, applying lots of fertilizer, making the soil fine, etc. Henry Field says you cannot dry out asparagus, drown it out or choke it out with weeds. My experience about bears this out. But I know of no plant that is more grateful for attention — and lots of fertilizer. While the plants will persist under very adverse conditions, the quality and quantity of the yearly cuttings may be greatly affected by what you do for your bed.

In those early pioneer days of this asparagus bed I industriously read all the printed directions, for I had never raised asparagus before and knew nothing of its habits. The same was true of the blueberries. I did all that the growers recommended and got splendid results. After nearly twenty years both the asparagus and the blueberries are still vigorous and productive.

Some of you who have read Nautilus for a long, long time will wonder whatever became of our first garden — Netop. The trees grew so high at Netop that the garden ceased to produce, so I went elsewhere for more and better land for a garden. For many years we continued to pay taxes on Netop, but seldom used it. Finally our chauffeur, Joe (if you have a copy of the Netop book you will recall the frequent references to Joe), who had always had a great liking for Netop, bought it from us. He made great improvements, drilled an artesian well, and then went to California. About that time the house burned.

Elizabeth's Editorials

(*Continued from page 7*)

capital V is beyond us ordinary listeners. We must break it up into a thousand little victories around our own doorstep.' It is not rhetoric but homespun truth to say that within the limits of his power every one of us must be his own second front.

"Now that the fiery furnace of war is gradually cleansing us of our pathetic illusions, it is becoming clearer every day that the qualities on which our very existence depends, the qualities without which victory will be impossible, will be equally needed in the processes of peace. There may be still those, fed too much on stories of wizardry and miracle makers, who hope for somebody to invent a quick and easy way to win the war. But victory depends on courage, endurance, honor, self-discipline, unselfish devotion. And without these, though we cry 'Peace, Peace,' there will be no peace.

"The glare of war," Justice Frankfurter declared, "has revealed fissures in our spiritual structure, deeper ones than we had heretofore realized. Some of these must be promptly repaired for the more effective conduct of the war. The repair of others cannot long be delayed after peace comes."

The speaker blamed faulty education in part for "self-destructive isolationism."

"Too much we have gone on the assumption that education must concern itself predominantly with interests local to our people," he said. "Since neither nations nor men live unto themselves alone, education . . . must transcend national interest."

Justice Frankfurter urged that the Nation abandon the last shreds of isolationist philosophy and work with the world to create, after the war, peace and harmony in which the economic problem would be relegated to the "back seat where it belongs."

*

The Spirit of Freedom Shines Through WENDELL WILLKIE — The Farther He Travels the Better It Shines

THE REAL American will to THE FOUR FREEDOMS shines forth better and better the farther Wendell Willkie travels. Glory to God in the highest.

I have had misgivings about him and his mission as the personal representative of our President — just as I imagine everybody has had more or less, some times if not at all times.

But the whole thing shines forth clearly in what Wendell Willkie said at Chungking on Wednesday, October 7. If that speech was not the clearest and farthest sounding statement of the real democracy spirit of America, then I don't know it when I hear it or see it.

This statement of Willkie's as reported from Chungking is an epic, and I believe it is an epoch-making disclosure. Let us live with it and watch it. Here it is; preserve it forever — this truth must shine out positively in and through All of Us.

Wendell Willkie began by vigorously *demanding* an "all-out offensive everywhere by all the United Nations," more U. S. arms for China and Russia, and immediate "*ironclad guarantees*" against any Western imperialism in Asia. And he said: "We believe this war must mean *an end to*

the empire of nations over other nations," and called for "firm timetables" whereby colonial peoples "can work out and train governments of their own choosing." He said this should be *done at once*, because "after the war, changes may be too little and too late."

He said "Mankind is on the march. The old colonial days are past."

This one-man volunteer fact-finding emissary said that he expected to dedicate the rest of his life "urging that the world be constructed after the war on a basis where all men can be free and with governments of their own choosing."

His statement, issued after his fourth conversation with Chiang Kai-shek, was in the same unvarnished style as the one he gave in Moscow appealing for a second front "at the earliest possible moment which our military leaders will approve."

"It is my personal opinion that the time has come for an all-out armed offensive everywhere by all the United Nations. We are ready to deliver some knockout punches if I can believe what I have seen with my own eyes," said Willkie.

Willkie pointed out that his travels have covered thirteen "kingdoms, soviets, republics, mandated areas, colonies and dependencies," and that *he had found four things common to all of them:*

"First, they want the United Nations to win the war.

"Second, they want the United Nations to get on the offensive now.

"Third, they all want a chance at the end of the war to live in liberty and independence.

"Fourth, they all doubt in varying degrees the readiness of the leading democracies of the world to *stand up and be counted upon for the freedom of others after the war is over. This doubt kills their enthusiastic participation on our side.*"

Willkie emphasized that defense cannot win, either in the military or political phases of what he called a war not only of task forces but also of "men's minds." His statement reverted several times to what he called the urgently needed stimulation of "the active, aggressive, offensive spirit of nearly three fourths of the peoples of the world" by assurances of what victory and the years after will mean to them.

"We have not done this," he said at one point, "and, at present, we are not doing this. We have got to do it . . . I think we've got to pin this idea in our hats and look at it often."

He said, "Some of the countries I have visited look on the map like the last stop on the line; but in terms of blows they are delivering to our enemies they should be the first stops. China and Russia have each contributed to the defeat of the Axis aggressors some 5,000,000 of their finest men in casualties. Each has engaged and held with heroic tenacity powerful and ruthless enemies. It is both just and wise for us to see that they secure an equitable share of our arms production."

Hunt out your newspaper of October 7, 1942, and read all of the AP report of what Willkie said in Chungking. It is worth memorizing.

I believe that President Roosevelt and practically all of the common people of this country, and of Great Britain, feel about this matter exactly as Wendell Willkie expresses it.

(*Continued on page 29, col. 2*)

Success In Prayer

Edited by W. E. T. and E. T.

PRAYER AND A JOB

I PRAYED and the answer came in a very unexpected, though definite way. It made me realize more fully than ever before that "an apparent calamity is often a blessing in disguise." The experience which I here relate will be an incentive to me to give thanks for every thing or condition which befalls my pathway, no matter how discouraging it may seem at the time.

Two years ago when my husband passed on to the next step in the continuity of life, I was left without any definite income and so was on my own resources. My health was somewhat impaired and this made it difficult for me to carry on my work. The local territory for the work in which I was engaged was almost exhausted and I did not have the necessary finances with which to undertake my work in another place.

Sometimes the way looked dark and dreary indeed and I was tempted to give up the struggle. But buried down deep within my heart was a faith in the Infinite Creator. And so I prayed that the way would open and that I might secure work which would make it possible for me to travel and ultimately carry my message to my fellow man. I prayed realizing that true prayer is the earnest desire of the soul whether expressed in words or secretly held within the heart of the individual with unwavering faith and trust in the Giver of all good.

So it was that I was expecting "something" to happen that would throw light on my life's beclouded pathway. But I did not know *what* I was expecting. I was simply depending on a Higher Power. I sold all of my personal belongings that I could to help tide over until that "something" should rescue me, and with the little sales work I was able to do and occasional financial help from a family friend I managed to get through the first year and a half after my bereavement. Friends had often suggested that I should apply to the City Welfare Department for assistance. This I refused to do because I was confidently depending on God for my supply.

Then, all of a sudden, everything seemed to stop. The bottom just about fell out of my world. Sales work fell off and those friends who had helped me were no longer able to do so.

At last I became quite ill and as I was living alone in my trailer home, friends were much concerned about me. One dear lady friend took it upon herself to call the City Welfare Department and report the situation. She then told me what she had done and said that a representative from the department would call on me the following morning and she thought I should accept help from the city.

The lady in charge of the department came personally. She said she usually sent one of the other representatives, but she knew me and knew of my religious belief. She was very kind and explained that they had heard that I was ill and alone so she came to offer assistance. I told her that I had not asked for help from the city and had no intention of doing so because I was depending on God as my Helper and I felt sure that he would answer my prayer and that "something" would happen to open a way out of my present apparent difficulty. She said that she knew I had not asked for help but she urged me to accept relief until I was able to go to work again. I hesitated for a moment, then said that perhaps this was God's way of helping me out of the present dilemma, so I accepted the proffered help. Truthfully I must say I wondered why I had to be subjected to such humiliation when I was trusting for something better. I wanted work not charity.

It was a bitter pill to swallow. My pride was wounded, though I tried to think what lesson I might learn from the experience. I knew it made me feel a deeper sympathy for those on relief.

Just when I had become reconciled to the apparent calamity, it turned into a blessing. A few short weeks had passed when the lady who had called on me from the department told me that she had recommended me to a woman who had a sales proposition which she thought I would like. She advised me to call on this woman at the hotel. This I did and met a charming lady who presented an attractive proposition. It did not require an outlay of cash as other propositions which I had investigated had required. She was the manager of a sales crew which was working in my home town at that time. I accepted her proposition and went to work that very afternoon. I am happy in the realization that my prayer has been answered for I have the traveling position which I so much desired.

Now I say that God does work in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. If I had not been on relief I would not have been recommended to the sales manager when she made

inquiry at the department for the names of ladies who might be interested in sales work, and I would not have the desirable position I now hold. I shall never doubt the wisdom of His way and shall always look for the ultimate good in all that crosses my pathway. — E. E. C., Ind.

WHEN DO WE "ASK AMISS?"

DOES IT SEEM as though God's Law were being broken every time a dear one passes on? Does it seem unfair that when we have prayed for our dear ones, have told God all the good reasons why they should be spared, have even offered our own lives in place of theirs, that they should pass on? We even may have remembered the admonition to "pray believing," and honestly thought we had complete faith that our prayers would be answered. But have we forgotten, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss"?

Now let us see just where we may have prayed amiss. In the first place, we never need tell God anything. How do we know anything that can be news to God? If what we know is the truth, God has known it long before we allowed it to enter our consciousness. If it is false, we had better not tell any one — certainly not our Father. So that rules out the idea of telling God what great and good souls our dear ones really are. God is the judge. God knows far better than we just how great they are.

Now what about our being willing to sacrifice our own lives or to go through "untold suffering if only our dear ones may be spared?" Doesn't this offer seem a bit childish and a bit theatrical? God is not mocked. Doesn't it seem a bit egotistical on our part that we deem our life worthy of being accepted in place of another's? Here let me make myself clear. Men do lay down their lives for their comrades and we admire them for it. Mothers save their children from dangers and sometimes lose their own lives in so doing. But these acts are not done in the spirit of making a bargain with God. They are done through an unselfish love — usually on the spur of the moment. There is no "eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth" attitude about them.

Primarily, however, we may have asked amiss simply by praying for a certain bit of life to remain upon this earth. What logical reasons can we give for our supposition that one is better off living here than living elsewhere? If we pray truly, we must ask for that which is best for our loved ones. We must ask that their lives be directed according to God's will.

God's will is always that his law should be followed. God's law is perfect, it is good, and so I believe that in many cases death is exceedingly good. Certainly it cannot be looked upon as the most extreme punishment, when it is attacking in such a wholesale manner. I should not like to think there were so many extreme sinners in the world.

There is life to be lived "there" as well as here. There are always more lessons to be learned. There is more teaching to be done. Couldn't it be possible that these lessons and this teaching might be carried on to greater advantage after the soul had left its body?

For the present at least, it might be just as well if we could learn to look upon death as a temporary measure being used until we have earned the right to have the "Spirit of Truth" come to help us "bear those many things" of which Jesus spoke. Our Master told us to love our enemies. Possibly the last enemy must be loved until we, as a race, have conquered it.

In the meantime, let us try to pray always, "Not my will, but thine." Then we may know we have prayed in His name, believing. Then no matter what the outcome of our prayers may be, we shall know that they have been answered. True prayer always is. — M. S., N. Y.

E. T. Editorials (*Continued from page 27*)

How would *you* feel if you were in F. D. R.'s place, and Wendell Willkie had come and offered to go to all the allied countries with this message? I know how I would feel — I would feel that the Spirit of Freedom demanded that I send this man Willkie forth in the hope that his message would reach all of the fighters and leaders of all the allied nations and bring about united action which would win this war in double quick time.

To me, the very key to unlock united effort in a "second front" immediate success, is for Britain to grant *immediate freedom to India.* If Britain does this all the other united nations who have colonial possessions will follow suit. And we shall have such a united front that the Axis will have to capitulate in a hurry.

She Sent Out a Mental Call — He Came to Her

A writer on TELEPATHY tells of a man who felt a big urge to go to a relative and offer help. He did not know WHY he went but *she* felt that she, knew why he came. It was the result of telepathy thought transference, or whatever you choose to call it, she believed, which she had consciously tried to use to win his help.

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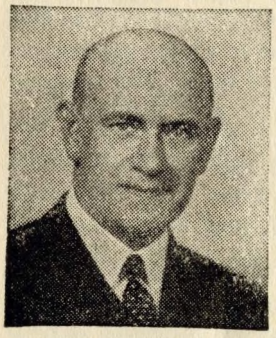
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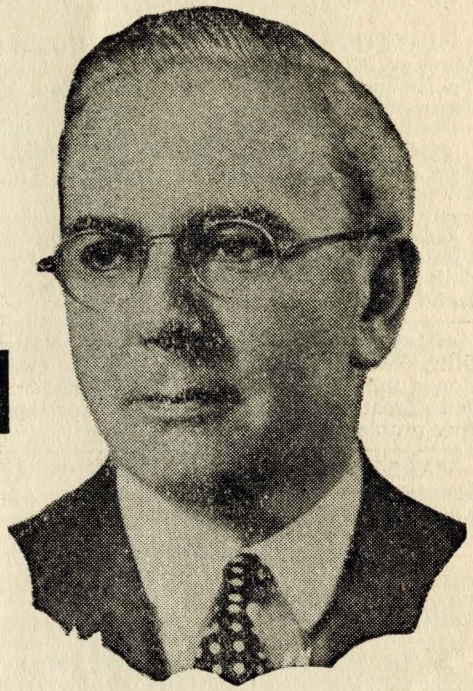
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