NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT

1944

FEBRUARY

Your Subconscious Resources MARY HOWARD

There Is Healing in You PAUL ELLSWORTH

The Cleansing Breath EDITH L. BOYD

I Visualized and My Dream Came True MARY S. EWING

Your Creative Imagination ELIZABETH GREGG, Ph.D.

How I Met Accumulated Debts ELMER R. WALKER

How a Farm Drudge Found New Life DORTCH CAMPBELL

Divine Guidance for the Lion and the Lamb ELIZABETH TOWNE

Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

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How Great Is Your Trust?

By George C. Hubbs

More and more it is borne in upon me that trusting is the ultimate of spiritual development. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust him."

I find myself rather thoroughly convinced — through reading and observation — that this spiritual quality is all too uncommon. The trusting George Muellers are exceedingly rare.

I know we all *believe;* most Christians *pray;* but those who, having prayed for themselves or others, really *trust* God to answer, are, I fear, not many. Instead, we ask and ask and ask. Sometimes we almost act as though ultimately we can tease God into granting our requests. We are not surprised, nor especially disappointed, if an early answer is not forthcoming.

Recently I heard the story of a little girl who lived in a section visited by a great drouth. Finally a prayer meeting to pray for rain was announced. But this little girl, who *trustingly* believed in prayer, was the only one who took an umbrella! "Aren't they going to pray for rain?" she asked those who scoffed at her.

How real is *your* trusting when you pray for guidance, or health, or supply, or for help for others? Wouldn't it be a good thing to check yourself frequently and honestly about it? I often do — to my embarrassment.

To quote from the heading of Mr. Struble's November article: "You Can Be Too Good a Waiter."

Read Proverbs 3, 5, 6, and James 1. 5–7.

What's Cooking FOR NEXT MONTH?

Now for the $20 Experience! We know many of the readers of NAUTILUS must have had such help from their subconscious as Mary Howard describes in her article in this number. We also know that if you would write and tell us about it, other readers of the magazine might get a great deal of good thereby. So we will pay $20 for the best manuscript giving the writer's experience in getting aid from his subconscious mind. Write upon this subject, in this competition, and about nothing else except what is incidental to the experience: HOW MY SUBCONSCIOUS MIND HELPED ME. Contest will close April 15, 1944. Manuscripts should be typewritten and not exceed 1,000 words. All rights to the prizewinning manuscript to become the property of The Elizabeth Towne Co., Inc. Enclose stamps if you wish your manuscript returned. Address, Contest Editor, c/o Nautilus Magazine, Holyoke, Mass.

Your World Within Is your world within a place of harmony? Is it a world of peace and happiness? Or is it a world of many worries and frustrations? "This world of yours can be organized into a real source of peace," says W. D. Montgomery. He has outlined for our readers a message that should aid you greatly in attaining this desirable end. HOW TO KEEP PEACE IN THE WORLD WITHIN YOURSELF is going to be a feature of March NAUTILUS.

One More Strange Dream Nothing is of more interest to this writer than the psychology of dreams. Here is an experience so amazing that it will hold the interest of everyone who has the slighest yen for this particular subject. It describes how a dream lifted a burden of fear so great as to be almost unbearable. Like many other dreams it dissolved a situation which seemed about to lead to a great climax of disaster. A STRANGE DREAM FREED ME FROM A TERRIBLE FEAR will appear in March NAUTILUS.

Healing Rufus M. Reed sends us a thrilling experience in which he describes the healing of his father. In a Southern hospital at midnight a revelation of God's healing power came to him which he will never forget to his last day on earth. Look for this unusual article in March NAUTILUS. The title is PURE WHITE LIGHT OF HEALING POWER; coming in March NAUTILUS.

Landone Closes His Telepathy Series "This is my last article — perhaps for some years — on the subject of telepathy," says Brown Landone in starting his March contribution. "It is not difficult to telepath if you use the means of telepathy itself," he says. And in this concluding article Mr. Landone gives us more of his own views about the "how" of telepathy than he has done in any preceding article — or in any article he has ever published so far as we know. THE TELEPATHY OF DIVINITY will be published in March number of NAUTILUS. This number will also contain an announcement of Mr. Landone's next series upon a very interesting subject.

More Light If you are one of the many who find themselves becoming depressed, downhearted or remorseful, you will be interested in a contribution by Judith Burden that has just come to the editorial desk. It

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

Important to Nautilus Subscribers

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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.

NAUTILUS takes its name from the following verse from Holmes' poem, *The Chambered Nautilus:*

BUILD thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
'Til thou at length art free
Leaving thine outgrown shell by Life's unresting sea.

A Woman Finds PEACE Within

"Never felt so quiet and peaceful. Can't praise this work enough." — M. B., Wis. So writes a student of ELIZABETH TOWNE'S FOUR LESSONS ON HEALTH AND SUCCESS. Others write: "Have left off tonic and sometimes walk over two miles a day. Instead of studying ABOUT Truth, or thinking ABOUT Truth, these Lessons make you know that you are LIVING TRUTH." — M. S. B., Ga. "Strength increased. Haven't felt so ALIVE for years." — Mrs. J. H. D., Ind. "Have accomplished every single thing I put on my written list of desires. Please send Lesson II." — G. H. C., Ga. "Was losing weight. Much depressed. Now gaining weight and mental attitude completely changed." — E. E. M., Ill. "Health and appearance improved. Eyes sparkle, complexion better." — G. C. L., Md. "Am thankful for PEACE AND HARMONY IN HOME and small increase in income." — C. E. H., Pa.

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Holyoke, Massachusetts

(What's Cooking: Continued from page 1)

gives a great deal of good instruction and help for those to whom the Light within seems to have become a mere flicker — those who are groping for a renewal of that Light which may have once burned brightly. Right up close to the front in March NAUTILUS will be printed RELIGHT YOUR LAMP WITH PRAYER.

More Faith "Faith is the force of life," said Tolstoy. When faith is high the life force in the individual is also at high tide. Janet Newton Batchler takes all the mystery out of faith and makes of it a very real and substantial thing. "Faith is not an idea or a faculty," she says, "but an emotion." To those seeking an everyday workable faith we commend YOUR FAITH CAN BE INCREASED, by Janet Newton Batchler, which will be published in March NAUTILUS.

Paul Ellsworth On Success "God works for you only *through* you," says Paul Ellsworth. This is true whether you are working for success or for healing. And he offers this fundamental encouragement for the consideration of all success seekers: "There is abundant supply in any work that God does through you." SUCCESS POWER, by Paul Ellsworth, will be one of the best features of our March issue.

So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

To New Subscribers

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
Inarticulate (Page Poem)	*Edgar Daniel Kramer*	4
EDITORIALS	*ELIZABETH TOWNE*	5
The Cleansing Breath	*Edith L. Boyd*	8
There Is Healing in You	*Paul Ellsworth*	9
Your Subconscious Resources — How To Use Them	*Mary Howard*	11
I Visualized and My Dream Came True	*Mary S. Ewing*	13
How To Use Your Creative Imagination	*Elizabeth Gregg, Ph.D.*	15
How I Met Accumulated Debts	*Elmer R. Walker*	17
How a Farm Drudge Found New Life	*Dortch Campbell*	19
The New Grandchild — Telepathy	*Brown Landone, F.R.E.S.*	21
Living A Life	*Chester H. Struble*	23
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*WILLIAM E. TOWNE*	24
Success in Prayer	*Edited by W. E. T. and E. T.*	26
What's Cooking for Next Month?		1

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INARTICULATE

By

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER



WHEN I kneel to pray,
No words will come;
Though my heart is full,
I am stricken dumb,
But, when with the dawn
To the fields I go,
Where I toil through the day,
Till the dusk swings low,
While I sow or reap,
While I turn the sod,
Lo, my tasks are prayers,
That I give to God!

Editorials

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
Or set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowliest creature? No life
Can be pure in purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
— *Owen Meredith*

*

Divine Guidance for the Lion and the Lamb

One of our contemporaries publishes this "post-election sentiment." "We know that there is just as much divine guidance, just as much intelligence, available to one man as to another."

When applied to politics the above statement is equivalent to saying that "there is just as much divine guidance, just as much intelligence, available to the lamb as there is to the lion."

That is a perfectly true statement — as far as it goes. If the lamb is just as intelligent and just as divinely guided as the lion, how does it happen that the lamb is guided into the maw of the lion? It is because of (1) the difference in direction within the two animals, and (2) the difference in power to go where it is guided from within.

The lamb is a gentle, peaceful creature that feeds on grass and seeks not to hoard what it likes to eat. The lion is a predatory animal, seeking to devour the lamb.

In Wall Street and in Washington we have lambs aplenty, and the dear little things nibble at the "securities" grass — spread before them by financial lions. And there are a few big lions in Wall Street and Washington, and elsewhere, who lie in wait to eat the little lambs alive.

There is a prophecy in the Bible (Isaiah 65: 25) which says that in these latter days "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together." The paragraph reads:

"The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox; and dust shall be the serpent's food. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith Jehovah."

The lion has just as much divine guidance and intelligence as the lamb, or the ox. But the trouble is that his guidance and intelligence lead him to eat the lamb — while the lamb is innocently grazing on the luscious green grass — which the lion has so prettily named "securities."

How do you suppose we can accomplish, all of us together, that very desirable condition prophesied, when the lion shall graze amicably alongside the lambs and *share* with them the pretty green grass called "securities"?

The lion and the lamb, each is moved according to his nature, his bundle of habit reactions. And these are determined by all of that which we include as heredity and evolution. Probably in the beginning, the sheep developed where there was plenty of good grass to eat. And the lion

probably developed where there was not enough grass to satisfy his appetite, so he became a predatory animal instead of a vegetarian like the sheep.

Every animal, whether he has two legs or four, has instincts built up through the ages by his efforts to live and grow in spite of his environment. The giraffe is said to have developed his long neck by continually reaching for food higher up on the trees, the grass having failed to supply him.

Human beings develop in the same way — by following the first law of nature, self-preservation and self-satisfaction in spite of environment. Their behavior in the face of environment determines their habits of life. Life itself, *which is guiding and empowering each one from within* — life itself is God, moving to expression through the individual.

The racketeer, having failed to satisfy his inner urge under the conditions of his environment, is "guided" and empowered to his ultimate development as an Al Capone. The racketeer, who began life as a lamb, could have developed into a happy, prosperous and friendly individual, provided he had not found his environment too hostile or impoverished. Having found environment too cramping to be borne, the nice little lamb developed into a lion, a predatory animal, getting his living at the expense of the other peacefully inclined animals.

If society wants non-predatory humans it must reorganize itself so as to provide that kind of environment which will encourage peaceful cooperation among human beings, instead of predatory competition.

The world seems to be headed toward a reorganization of all of the people in the country, and all of the nations in the world, with a view to creating a society in which All of Us shall have fair opportunity to become Peaceful Cooperators instead of Predatory Lions.

*

Divine Power for the Lion and the Lamb

GOD must have loved the lambs, he made so many of them. How shall we the lambs accomplish the feat of training the lions to love grass and abhor lamb as a steady diet? Very easy: all we have to do is *to cage the lion and train him to non-predatory pursuits: turn him into a vegetarian by making him behave like one until he gets the habit.*

As the leading lions are in Wall Street and Washington we must turn them out of power in Washington, and cage them up in Wall Street — cage them by new laws with plenty of teeth in them, that will make the lions realize that the peaceful voters and THEIR representatives in Washington mean what they legislate, in the way of regulating big bankers and their predatory schemes. Which are worked by putting on a bull market, then following with a bear market and a merciless deflation. Which means, a reversal of the currents of "supply and demand" so that all the money will *flow into the pockets of the lions, and out of the pockets of the lambs.*

Perhaps you will remind me that there are three other animals in the Wall Street and Washington menagerie: bulls and bears and wolves. Well, there are no such animals there. There is nobody operating in Wall Street except LIONS, and those same lions masquerade as bulls when they

are pushing the market up ready for a crash; and those same lions put off their bulls' skins and put on their bear masquerade when they are pushing the market down; and when they find among them a lion who will not play the game according to their dictation, they put on him a WOLF'S SKIN, take all his money away from him and perhaps send him to prison to get rid of him.

There are in Wall Street no real bears, no real bulls, no real wolves. Those are masquerade costumes donned by the LIONS in order to drive or bait the lambs into striking distance of their plans.

Can we convert the lion into a lamb by persistently affirming that the lion's divine guidance and intelligence is the same, in quantity and quality, as that of the peace loving lamb? Of course not. In fact, to continually affirm this without understanding the nature of the lion as distinguished from the lamb, *is to put the lambs to sleep.*

Affirming the absolute truth without knowing relative facts, is only half truth. Which is in truth a lie, a false appearance on the face of truth. Lions are adepts in the use of affirmations to hide their real purpose: to bait lambs into lions' traps.

*

DOING is the great thing. For, if they resolutely do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

— *Ruskin*

Read Jerry Voorhis' New Book on "Out of Debt, Out of Danger"

IN OUR *Springfield Republican* (Dec. 31) there is a good review of Congressman Voorhis' illuminating book, by Prof. Hartley Cross of Springfield College. Here is part of what he says about it:

Congressman Jerry Voorhis has made modern and provocative application of Jefferson's statement, "I believe that banking institutions are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies. Already they have raised up a money aristocracy that has set the government at defiance. The issuing power should be taken from the banks and restored to the government to whom it properly belongs."

Mr. Voorhis elaborates this indictment and remedy in "Out of Debt, Out of Danger" (Devin-Adair; $3). Though many may sharply disagree with his conclusions and even his premises, they must admit that he has written plausibly of the "dismal science" and holds the reader's interest with a style that is almost racy.

The following points will make clear Mr. Voorhis' argument:

1. Money, which should be a measuring rod and medium by which goods and services are exchanged, has become a means by which certain strategically situated powerful individuals and groups exact tribute from the nation.

2. Privately owned and controlled

(*Turn to page 28. Thank You!*)

Affirms the UNITED NATIONS *of the* WORLD

The Cleansing Breath

By EDITH L. BOYD

"A Wonderful Beginning for the Day"

IN A BOOK of travel I found an account of the great physical endurance of certain Buddhist groups of northern India. They ascribed this in part to their habit of deep and controlled breathing. The first step in acquiring this power, called the "Cleansing Breath," impressed me as something that would benefit anyone and I tried it.

After following this method as it was described for a time, I made some changes to suit my own particular line of thought and have found it both inspiring and stimulating. It is a wonderful beginning for the day and seems to carry through, although I do not use it in entirety four times daily as the Buddhists do. Instead, occasionally in pauses of my work, I draw a few deep breaths in the prescribed way. This, I hope, will become habitual and involuntary as it is with them.

Let me describe the morning exercise: Sit erect and comfortable before an open window or out of doors. Close the left nostril and inhale through the right nostril to full lung capacity. Exhale immediately through the left nostril, completely emptying the lungs. Continue inhaling through left nostril and exhaling through right; inhaling through right, exhaling through left, alternately, at the same time making contact with the Spirit by saying, "God," and thinking it as you inhale. Say, "Praise to Him," as you exhale. Inhale to, "Bless me." Exhale to, "Glory to Him." Inhale to, "Guide me." Exhale to, "Thanks." Inhale to, "Inspiration." Exhale to, "Use it." Inhale, "Health." Exhale, "Work." Inhale, "Joy." Exhale, "Radiance." And so on to thirteen times.

I inhale on words expressing what I wish to draw from the Infinite and exhale on words expressing praise or the use I would make of that quality or blessing. These words I change as I desire, but always use those with the same basic ideas. For instance, I inhale on "Inspiration" and exhale "Praise" or "Service." When the exercise is finished, the lungs and blood stream are purified and the body invigorated thereby. The same may truly be said of mind and soul. After this exercise I go forth prepared for all the day's opportunities and with a real sense of unity with the Infinite Spirit.

There is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

There Is Healing in You

By PAUL ELLSWORTH

WHEN YOU SAY, "I am sick," or "I am well," what do you mean? Probably you mean that your body is manifesting signs which mean sickness or health to you.

But you are not your body, any more than you are your typewriter. You are the internal and eternal life power. You are that portion of God's power that created this body in the first place. And here and now you can recreate it if you need to and deeply want to.

The trouble with most people is that they look upon themselves as mostly body, and they believe that this body must follow a law of building up and then of tearing down — or aging. This is true of "natural man," man who does not know himself as God's word made power. The race as a whole has established an evolutionary pattern of building up, reaching maturity, and promptly heading down into old age. It isn't the actual material of the body that ages. That is constantly being renewed. But natural man thinks of himself as a wound-up mechanism which is running down. He accepts this ideal for himself, and so makes it law.

There is a master pattern within each individual which determines his physical form and fitness. You have one, although at present you probably are not aware of it. And if you are sick, it is this pattern that is at fault. Begin by getting back to the eternal truth about yourself. You are a specialized part of God's power, manifesting in a world of time and space. Consider this Truth statement which Jesus used:

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

When Jesus said that, he was stating a scientific principle which applies to all men — if they accept it and live by it. You can start with it in this matter of reorganizing your inner picture of yourself. Now just for a moment I want to tell you about one way of making this realization take hold more promptly.

You are the life in your body. It is only as your life force penetrates and permeates this mechanism of flesh that it has any life. If you partly withdraw from it, or from any part of it, ill health follows. Therefore you must now learn to move back into every part of this body which is yours.

Lie down, relax. If you haven't yet learned to do that, you must. Release the muscular tension in your hands, arms, feet, calves, thighs, abdomen, back, neck, face, scalp. Just lie flaccid for a few minutes.

Next, turn your attention into your hands. If they are perfectly relaxed, you will soon detect a quickening of warmth, of vibrant energy, in them. Carry this quickening up your arms, then shift to your feet. Perhaps you will find it easiest to awaken the life consciousness first in your wrist joints, then in the joints of the ankles. Experiment till you can quicken every part of your body.

Then learn to "turn on" the life energy in the entire body at once.

This moving-in process is healing, just by itself. But next add to it one of your healing statements. You can use the one I have quoted, which Jesus used. If you are good at visualizing, see yourself — the life energy — as a steady light, filling the fleshly envelope of your body. And say, —

I am the resurrection and the life of this body. I fill it with life, power, energy. I make it strong, clean, vigorous in every cell and fiber, in every organ and tissue.

This is the truth about your relations to your body. For this reason, never ask your body how you feel. Don't question symptoms, pains, etc. *Tell* your body how it is. It is strong, clean, vigorous — eternally, till you want a better medium of expression.

If you have long looked upon yourself as sick, there will be delay in getting results. Now remember that this lag in healing does not mean that the Power — which you are — is not working. It just means that you have so narrowed your inlet for the renewal of the Divine Life from God that it takes time for enough health power to accumulate to completely heal your body. As you shoot the sparks of healing power into your subconscious reservoir, it gradually becomes charged — like a Leyden jar. Then the charging process is complete, and a great healing tide flows into your body. The healing process is working from the first moment when you turn to the healing law. But manifest results come a little later.

Faith is just the perception of this necessity for restoring your power energies before you can use them. A time comes when you can feel the charging process going on. Then you know health is close ahead, although your symptoms may not have improved very much.

At other times delay in healing comes because you are mixing your thoughts. Part of the time you think of God and of God's life in you as the only eternal reality, at other times you think of the shadows of evil in Caesar's world as real. These shadow evils are the tares in your field. Ignore them for the present. Cultivate your true crop — of health, of compassion, of good, and before long it will grow up over the tares and smother them. Of course sometimes there is a particularly lusty weed — such as nagging criticism of others, or hatred — that can be yanked out and done away with in a hurry.

All of these things are true. Accept no substitutes.

We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Your Subconscious Resources— How To Use Them

By MARY HOWARD

FIVE YEARS AGO I was a nervous, irritable woman of few interests. I loved my family, my home and friends, but they were not enough. I felt unimportant, aimless, unappreciated.

A friend gave me the open sesame that changed the course of my entire life. In answer to a remark of mine about life's disappointments he said: "The answer to any problem lies within you. Don't idly wish for something. When you retire at night, first relax thoroughly in mind and body, then image your desire in clear pictures. During the day, take concrete action, however trivial, towards attainment. God, through your subconscious, will inevitably bring about your desire, *if it is a worthy one.*"

His remark fascinated me. Could this be true? I determined to find out. What did I want? Many things, trivial singly but distracting collectively, disrupted the harmony of my days. Finally, I decided that earning money of my own would automatically cure several of my woes. It humilitated me to ask my husband for spending money. Though he was kind and usually gave what I asked, he was set firmly in his old-fashioned attitude of believing the purse strings should be managed by the husband.

I also hated cooking for our employees. This was a necessity, since we lived out of town, but their presence destroyed our privacy and put extra work on my hands for which, it seemed to me, I received little credit because, in spite of it, I still had to ask for every penny spent. With my own money I need not feel helplessly dependent; I could hire a cook during our busy season, and it would do away with my feeling of inferiority to have even this small measure of independence.

That night, following directions, I lay in bed completely relaxed and thought calmly about ways and means of making money. I visualized myself, as if in motion pictures, working at pleasant tasks, saw myself receiving checks. I repeated this every night, and daily I searched through books and periodicals for anything concerning spare time work for housewives.

Sometime later, when glancing idly through a newspaper, my attention fastened upon the announcement of a great national prize contest, the grand prize being a hundred dollars a month for life. A voice inside me spoke: "THIS IS IT."

The rules were simple. I worked hard on my entry and mailed it, feeling confident. The weeks of waiting were tedious. At last the great day came. My nerves were tense and my heart thumping when the radio announcer started calling off the names.

I was *not* one of the prize winners!

Gradually, through tears of disappointment, I remembered my friend's parting warning. "*If you try and fail,*

then try again. If you fail that time, try again, and again, and yet again until you do succeed." I followed his advice through many failures and the jibes of family and friends.

It was the day before Christmas, eighteen months after my initial try, when my elder son walked in and handed me a letter. As I opened it, I jokingly remarked, "You never can tell, dear, there may be a check in this." We both laughed. I drew forth a congratulatory letter and a thin slip of paper. It was a check for fifty dollars — the first prize for an appreciation letter I had entered in a contest sponsored by a huge chain store company. If I tried I couldn't put my feelings into words. I was near to tears. It wasn't the money; winning that prize justified my faith in the methods I had been trying. It proved myself to myself.

Since then, problems have smoothed out for me like magic. An old desire to write that I had suppressed during the twelve years of my marriage reawakened. Why fear failure? If I really wanted to write, all I need do was use my open sesame.

Extension courses in English, literature, psychology, and composition could remedy my lack of a college education. Immediately, imaged myself studying and receiving credits, and began to save change toward paying for my courses. In three months I had enrolled in English I.

A writer needs a typewriter. Presto! I began the process again, and to show how unexpectedly things often work out: It was important that my husband attend a convention on the Eastern Coast. Owing to some unsettled business matters, one of us had to stay home. Hating to leave me behind, he asked what he could do to soften the disappointment. A bell rang in my mind.

"It will cost you a good typewriter," I said quickly.

"Done," he answered, and that was that!

And imagine this! There were obligations to be met during his absence, and knowing I feared having large amounts of cash about, he put my name on our checking account. After over twelve years, I was freed of having to ask for money.

Even my desire to escape cooking for our employees came true. I became rather a good typist after a few months' practice on my new typewriter, and I also picked up an easy abbreviation system of shorthand. So when my husband's stenographer married and left us, he tried me in her place, and we hired a housekeeper. This arrangement worked out well. I developed a better understanding of my husband, and as I grew more familiar with and interested in our business his respect for my ability grew and he detailed more responsible duties for me than his stenographer had done.

My original desires, and more, had been granted in ways of which I had not dreamed. To date, I have taken three more extension courses, have won several more small contest prizes, and have had an article published in a trade magazine.

The woman I am today is not akin to that aimless, dissatisfied woman of five years ago.

I Visualized and My Dream Came True

By MARY S. EWING

When quite a small girl I had daydreams of travelling over lofty mountains, green valleys, lakes and rivers. Geography and history to me were but open doors through which to look for adventure. Such thrilling stories and beautiful scenery I wove into a beautiful dream that I was going to see some day in reality. Then I read about President and Mrs. Cleveland getting married while standing by a settee in the White House. So I added the White House, the East Room, the Circular Room and the room where President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation to my dream. In my mind I was looking at historical facts. To me it was a treasure to dream over when alone.

Being reared on a farm and married to a village doctor, it seemed that my dream could never come true. My prayer in early life was to be of service to others. My husband being a physician with a large practice I had this opportunity.

In time my husband passed on to his reward and I was forced to make a living. I didn't know where or how to begin. I was like a ship without a rudder; great waves of fear almost sunk my vessel. I came in contact with Truth and used this affirmation: "Every avenue of my being is now open for the inflow and the outflow of God's love which is blessing me now, and all with whom I come in contact."

I would repeat this until I would feel a soothing quietness stealing over me. From a weak neurotic I became strong and efficient.

Visualizing was new to me, and I thought perhaps it was a revelation to my teacher, but while reading in my Bible I found it was old as the creation. (Gen. 2–5.) After that I never missed a morning of visualizing prayer for one half-hour.

I moved to the city to do nursing. One day while passing a doctor's office I stopped and asked for work. The doctor laughed and frankly told me the best place for me was back in the village. He had several good nurses that had been out of work six months, he said.

I had a little girl in high school, and I needed work. I did not want to move back. I knew I could not make a living nursing in a village. I got up an hour early each morning to read good books, and go into the silence. By this time I could make my pictures quite plain, visualizing myself dressed in white administering help to others. I kept this up for a week when it occurred to me to advertise. Through this advertisement I secured work at twenty-five dollars a week with room and board. I gave God the glory for leading me into such wonderful truth.

This happened about 1930. Everyone was afraid of the depression which was affecting almost every family. Yet I was kept busy most of

the time. I became the favorite nurse of three fine specialists. This gave me an opportunity to nurse in many wealthy homes.

One day I had an impression to visualize for the fulfilment of my girlhood dreams of travel and see those beautiful things that I had dreamed of and loved so long ago. I practiced thirty minutes night and morning, making my picture quite vivid — mountains, lakes, rivers, cities and the White House. How I enjoyed those settings, talking with a Friend who made it possible for me to later make those wonderful trips across country in airplanes, in large beautiful cars and on trains.

About three months later a lady called me on the phone and offered me a place as nurse in her home for herself and her infant daughter. They were going to travel all summer and wanted me to go with them. Her doctor had recommended me for the place. I accepted at a very satisfactory price. It was like a paid vacation.

Our first trip was by airplane—a wonderful thrilling nine hours in the air, stopping only at large ports to take on or leave passengers.

We spent several weeks at pleasure resorts, on Lake Superior, Lake Erie, the Hudson River, the Catskill Mountains, the Adirondack Mountains, New York City, and other interesting places.

I was seeing the beauties of mountains, streams, and lakes that I had learned to love while studying my old geography and history. This was my dream materialized.

Then my employer announced that the next day we were starting for Washington, D. C., and would stay in the White House. We stayed a month in that historic mansion. Everyone tried to help me in my search for knowledge and I learned something each day.

In the Circular Room of the basement is a round settee. I was told it was the one that President and Mrs. Cleveland stood by when they were married many years ago. Over the mantel in my employer's bedroom was a steel engraving showing that this was the room where President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Just outside my room in the hall hung President Washington's sword and other things that had belonged to him. My employer's chauffeur drove me over the city and showed me the government buildings, then on to Arlington and the unknown soldier's grave, and up the Potomac River to Mount Vernon.

I felt that the time I had spent in studying Truth and in visualizing had paid me large dividends.

I OWN that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner.

— *Charles Lamb*

How To Use Your Creative Imagination

By ELIZABETH GREGG, PH.D.

Most of us at some time have felt the feeling of frustration, the feeling that outside of ourselves are forces stronger than our own power to attain the fulfilment of our ideals.

Yet such a feeling on our part is but the lack of understanding of our own God given power of "doing the things which the Father doeth"; creating, bringing into visible manifestation the forms of our own mental images. The creative mind in us is like a mirror which reflects back to us in terms of objective experience what we think into it in the form of thought. The imagination, the power to make mental images, is one of the most powerful factors of the creative process. It is also of all qualities in man the most godlike, that which associates him most closely with God. The first mention of man in the Bible speaks of him as an "image." "Let us make man in our own *image*." So man, who is the highest creation of God, was a creation of God's imagination. It is this power of imagination, of making images, which lifts man above the brute creation and gives him dominion over all living things.

But we often allow this faculty to lie dormant and through lack of use this divine attribute of consciousness atrophies. Only through the regular use of any faculty will it increase in strength and power. So by the daily use of the imagination, imaging the desired good, will that good come into visible experience. It is through imagination, through first the mental image in man's mind, that every worthwhile achievement has been accomplished. Likewise, it is through this same power that every crime and evil has been conceived and committed. Through the right conscious use of it man can become in all truth a son of God; through the wrong use of this same power man becomes a victim of circumstances.

In the study of this faculty we find three general types of imagination. The first, what may be termed the reproductive type, consists of recombining into new forms elements of experience which have been stored in the memory. In this form the imagination is allowed to drift aimlessly through the realm of consciousness, producing what we call fancy or daydreaming. Although this use, or misuse rather, of the imagination may provide pleasure to the daydreamer, it seldom produces any real constructive action.

Then we have the constructive imagination. This is a definite effort on the part of man to produce a certain effect from a certain cause; or, as one writer has said, it is the definite effort to connect a known need to the unknown means of satisfying that need. This is that phase of the imagination used by all inventors. And all progress depends upon the proper use of the constructive imagination. In the strictest sense of the word this

form of imagination is not creative, but constructive, taking the already existing forms and elements and reconstructing them into new forms to meet the present need.

Then there is the third type, the creative imagination which combines in some ways the other two, but is superior to either. The creative imagination actually creates new mental and spiritual power much as the life in the baby creates new cells and energy to replace the energy which has been used up in the process of physical activity. However, in the rebuilding of the body cells the general form is unchanged, although the changing mental state of the individual may modify the existing form. This creative use of the imagination takes the undifferentiated universal substance and forms it into a definitely directed channel to produce a specifically directed result. And there is no limit to this process of creative expansion except the limitation we ourselves place upon our own minds.

The life of Jesus is symbolical of the new man as contrasted with the old man. In Him we find the emergence of the God principle in human thought. Jesus must have first imagined (imaged) himself as the Son of God. Then dwelling upon this thought in his imagination he formed the mental picture or image of the qualities of such a super being. The next step, contemplation of the ideal qualities, led to the desire for action corresponding with these qualities. When Jesus had attained the full spiritual conception, came the realization which led him to speak and act from that realization. It was through this realization of power that he put forth his law and did the "mighty works."

What Jesus did through the unfoldment and development of this creative faculty, man can do today. The law is the same for us as it was for him, which is: within each one of us is the plastic substance of undifferentiated Universal Mind awaiting the directing influence of man's mind to take whatever form we may dictate. The imagination is a demonstrable creative force; and if used constructively we have the power to recreate ourselves into new creatures — the real man made in the image (imagination) of God.

The secret of all successful attainment is this: Image things and conditions as you would have them, instead of as they may appear to be. Make this mental image just as it would appear in real life. Concentrate on this one ideal. Dwell on that image. Love that image. Be faithful to that image as symbolical of the attributes of the Creator who created man in his image. Then will man have become a true co-creator with his Creator. Then will he have made manifest in the material the real man as first imaged in the mind of God.

WE MUST dare to be happy, and dare to confess it, regarding ourselves always as the depositories, not as the authors of our own joy.

— *Amiel*

How I Met Accumulated Debts

By ELMER R. WALKER

It was away back in 1938 that I found myself "pinned" to the wall, or so it seemed, with debts. From an outward viewpoint there did not seem to be anything that I could do about it. And yet I knew that something must be done, for more and more debts were piling up and I needed a solution and that at once. At the time I thought of how when an electric fuse blows out it causes a short circuit. Without knowing the cause and remedying the difficulty, new fuses, if put in, will continue to blow out.

I was therefore convinced that somewhere in my own affairs there was a short circuit. It was up to me to find the cause and then that cause could be removed. But until I did find the cause, I was sure I could not escape the mounting debts.

I had tried every outer means but every new plan I tried fell through. There still remained one source of help — God. And as I thought about it I wondered why it was that so many of us try God last instead of first. In doing this we disregard the Christly command: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness." And then I thought of another utterance which Jesus made: "In my Father's house are many mansions"; and, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

Gradually it dawned upon my consciousness that here I was a perfect son of God, entitled to all that is in the Father's kingdom, looking away from the kingdom, seeking ways and means outside of God.

Sometimes shadows come to us for a purpose. Perhaps in some cases to wake us up. For it was not really financial security that I needed, although I was pretty sure at the time that such was the case. What I really needed was spiritual enlightenment, or quickening of the spirit. I thought of the man in the Bible that asked for wisdom and because he asked for wisdom God gave him both wisdom and riches.

Of course I could have borrowed the money to pay off my debts, but that would not solve the problem, I would still have to pay back the loan. I wanted to prove the law, for I felt if I could prove the law for myself then I could help others.

Finally I became convinced that prayer is something that we must work into our affairs every moment of every day through every one of the 365 days. I was convinced that fifteen minutes of prayer and eight hours of discord would never start me off towards my demonstration.

At the time, I knew of people who would sit in the silence for fifteen minutes or more and then when their silence period was over they would start disputes on politics and religion. And no matter how I longed to get into the disputes, I constrained myself. Then I remembered there was another fault that I should be very careful to avoid. I was careful never to speak to another of the debts that I faced, or of the illness I was going through.

Then one day, out of the silence, I heard these words: "God's Radiance

opens the way." I repeated this over and over. I thought of God's radiance lighting within me the truth about myself. I visualized His wisdom taking form in my consciousness through faith and love.

It seemed to me that in Truth there was no reality in debts. I said within myself: "They are non-existent; for in the Father all of my affairs are made perfect." Somehow, I felt I was truly in the secret place of the Most High. I felt an inner stillness that is rather difficult to explain. It is an illumination that everyone must experience for himself in order to understand this contact of Spirit.

In the days that were to follow, money poured in from every direction. Ways and means opened up before me that I knew my human mind never could have thought possible. I well remember the day in which I had only a few hours to pay a certain debt, when I pulled enough money out of a letter to satisfy that debt. And every debt was finally cleared up. I could see the truth brought upon the visible plane that all my affairs were indeed made perfect.

YOUR LIFE'S GARDEN

By WILLIA WIGHT

We live, move and have our being in an Infinite "sea of Life, Intelligence, Power, Love and Abundance." Anything that the heart can desire relates to one or more of these attributes. However it is necessary to do more than meditate upon such qualities. We must "think our way through" to that which we wish to manifest. The requirements may be compared to the essentials of gardening.

(1) Good soil: Our life is always rooted in Infinite Life but we are not always aware of it. It is the consciousness of this Truth which enables us to appropriate our good. When we depend upon the Infinite for everything, we come to the realization that we have no existence apart from It. To think of oneself as a separate entity, to depend altogether upon one's own power or to be controlled entirely by the outer activities is to plant life's garden in the dreariest hardpan.

(2) Fertile seed of the right kind: Only we ourselves can give our thought "seeds" vitality. Feeling and conviction put life into them. Wishing or wishful thinking is never creative. Negative thoughts have as much vitality as constructive ones, on account of the strong emotion which always accompanies them. You would not allow thistles in your garden because you know that they would soon kill out the other plants. Be as careful to think only those thoughts that will produce the kind of harvest you desire. The Universal Subjectivity has no volition. It must accept what is given It. It can no more act counter to our thoughts than the soil can produce carrots when we have planted peas.

(3) Cultivation: When you plant a garden you eagerly watch for the first tiny sprouts to appear. You never doubt that one morning you will find them pushing their way upward toward the sun. You care for the little plants solicitously, pulling the weeds from around them every day. Life's garden needs the daily attention of thinking about what you want; maintaining an expectant attitude; noting the first signs of its coming and the weeding out of all doubt thoughts. Treatment is only for the purpose of convincing ourselves. If we had perfect faith it would be necessary only to "plant" a thought and await fruition.

Definite work is of great importance. Suppose you have been trying to do something which you seem unable to accomplish. Take a few minutes to quietly "think your way through" somewhat in this manner — "There is an Infinite Intelligence everywhere present. I am One with This Intelligence. It is usable here and now. What I need to know, I can know. Infinite Power is also instantly available to me and therefore I now have the Power to do this thing." You may be surprised at what you will

(*Please turn to page 30 col. 2*)

How a Farm Drudge Found New Life

By DORTCH CAMPBELL

THE FARM WOMAN who toiled wearily, grudgingly and hopelessly seventeen hours a day was shocked when I told her all her problems would vanish if she would spend those hours of toil in prayer.

"That's ridiculous and a sheer impossibility," Mrs. Norma Garrison answered. "All my waking hours must go into work."

Poverty and a husband not caring and children of the 'teen age ashamed of the ugly slattern who was their mother and a burning up inside in resentment — that was the reward for seventeen hours of daily toil for a woman who had been a school teacher before she became a farmer's wife.

Asked as to whether there was ever a time to pray, she said she usually awakened at midnight and before sleep came again she recited the Lord's Prayer and asked God to change conditions, but he never had.

"But this prayer is always on my lips during the day," she added.

A prayer always *on the lips!* A prayer is on nearly everybody's lips during the weary days and years of the war . . . but how can you expect to gain God's good gifts by a prayer on the lips when it is *spirit lifting up and moving and pressing forward which contains the answer*?

Tears rolled down Norma's cheeks as she slowly turned the pages of the Bible, and she came to the eleventh chapter of Luke and pointed with a seared finger to the Lord's Prayer. "That's my light," she said.

Norma! Norma! But it is not your light; it is your darkness. For it is not a formula or ritual, but it is a pattern for life.

Mortals have made the Lord's Prayer mere ashes on the lips!

You remember that one of the Master's disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray as John also taught his disciples. Christ answered with that pattern of life we call the Lord's Prayer. That prayer is a *living hymn of praise, joy and triumph* that springs from the heart.

But the impressive fact is that the inquiring disciple was told to persist with that paean of praise — to carry it out into life. The vital principle was revealed by a parable of the man who asked for three loaves at midnight at a friend's house.

"And he from within shall answer and say," related the Christ, "Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. . . ."

I cannot rise and give thee *though you pray!*

But, "I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is a friend, yet because of importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."

I said to Norma, "You go to the Lord of the House at midnight, but do you importune? Do you persist with your prayers? Do you press for-

ward with prayer? Do you take the Lord's hymn of praise, joy and triumph into your work-a-day world?"

"I work seventeen hours a day," answered the household drudge.

Norma! Norma! Don't you remember the story of Mary and Martha? Of the one who chose the better part?

Men and women say their prayers and shut their closets and expect the Lord of the House to drop loaves into their laps. But the prayer that is said in a closet is not finished. You cannot do as you please and by prayer change that which has been done. You must change that Karma by changing your consciousness.

Objects and conditions in the natural world — that is, the earth life — are mere ephemeral counterparts and effects of things and causes in the more real spiritual world, according to Swedenborg, the seer. There is a deep level of consciousness within the man by which we are linked with that real world. By prayer we start the causes there.

But there is a systole and diastole in prayer — the heart of man receiving and a giving out of that received — a swing and a rhythm. It is the unceasing prayer that heals. I know there are times in prayer so vivid that it seems that we of ourselves do nothing, and the answers seem to spring spontaneously from God. Mostly this happens when we pray for another. But prayer for self never halts at the closet door. Prayer lights the fires of life. It is the *movement* begun in the secret chambers of the heart which revivifies and changes. The Christ said so.

With the Lord's Prayer on her lips Norma toiled seventeen hours a day, and the answers never came. She must have gone many a weary mile! Back and forth! Back and forth! Feeding the chickens and the hogs! Milking the cows! Cooking for her brood and a great army when they harvested the corn and the wheat! Ugly and worn and tired! No love! All lack! Nobody to cheer her in all her Herculean sacrifices! But husband and household asking for more!

Then a farm drudge stopped that travesty and *lifted up* the Lord's Prayer and made it a hymn of praise and joy and triumph, and then the answers to prayer came, one by one. I know this story well, and I know the way she did it. She wrought the great change when the spirit of prayer *moved into and with life*. The woman is no longer a slattern. She is teaching school now. Her home is beautiful; she is lovely; her children adore her; her husband loves her and is proud of her.

I pick up a book, "Road Away from Revolution," which Woodrow Wilson wrote just before he died, and I find him declaring, "It has been well said that our urgent need is less for new plans than for men with a new spirit." And I think that it is not new plans we need for a post-war world, but men born of Spirit, and I am also reminded that it is not a new plan or formula of prayer that will save us but a *new spirit* within the man or woman that goes out into life and makes the Lord's Prayer real.

Buy War Bonds

The New Grandchild—Telepathy

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

THE NEW TELEPATHY is not like its parents. Instead it's much more like its grandparents. And it is restoring the true meaning of its name.

Tele means *far* — as in the telephone, the far sounder; and in telegraph, far writer; and in tele-vision, far seeing.

Pathy means *feeling* — as in sympathy, feeling together; and pathetic, something that touches the depths of your feelings.

Telepathy is the far-feeling of the soul. That is why it reaches out from soul to soul, and from soul to God.

Feeling was the nature of grandfather telepathy. But about thirty years ago his son was kidnapped by scientists and kept on bread and water, until he was so depleted that he lost all feeling. Also his mind was nearly gone, so the scientists could test nothing of his nature, except a transmitted word or figure now and then. But the grandson is born; he's like his grandfather — has a soul of feeling!

I've been accused of not being interested in telepathic tests, or spiritualistic messages, or claims of reincarnation. And I am *not* interested in surface tests of any of them — "sending" a word or number from one mind to another; or a "message" from a spirit about some biscuits she made on earth eighty years ago.

Instead I am interested in the soul of telepathy and of spiritualism and of reliving — in anything that wipes out limitations of time and space to free man's soul for greater expansion.

True telepathy is soul feeling. And today there are a hundred million boys in the armies of the earth whose souls are reaching out in feeling toward loved ones at home; and a hundred million mothers and sweethearts in all home lands reaching out with soul feeling to their loved ones.

Of course it is working individually and we can prove it only by individual experiences. But these experiences are now multiplied by tens of thousands.

I give you one — only one — of at least seventy of my own experiences of the last few months.

Five years ago I met a young man named Walter. I met him just once. He was cousin of a young man working for me. It was at an evening party; young people dancing, while I sat at a side table with my hostess.

The boy who worked for me brought his cousin Walter to introduce him. *That is the only time I ever saw Walter.*

When Walter met me he did not have a good opinion of me. He heard of me from the mother of the young man working for me. She thought "All these New Thought ideas are just bunk."

Five years had passed when Walter was shipped for service in North Africa and Sicily; he had forgotten me and I had long forgotten him.

But four months ago, I received a letter from him. It had been sent to the mother of the young man who had worked for me. She forwarded it to her son and the son forwarded it to me.

This first letter stated only that

if his letter reached me he hoped I would answer, for he wanted to write me of something "*very important.*"

I answered and in a few weeks received a reply, written from Sicily.

This is the essence of his second letter:

"I don't know what you'll think, but I've got to tell you something. I wrote that first letter the day after I had been in battle for the first time. I could not sleep that night. Visions of the struggle kept swirling in my head. I was terrified; thought I'd go daffy unless something helped me to get to sleep. I even thought of suicide there in the tent, rather than risk being found insane by morning. I was desperate.

"*Then I 'thought' someone had come into the tent with a flashlight.* I saw *you* standing about three feet from my cot. I had forgotten you; but as you smiled and held out your hand as though to shake hands with me, I remembered you. Then I went to sleep. Of course, I don't believe you were here at all. *But how do you explain it?*

"I never even knew you; can't remember meeting you but once — guess it was at Grace Milton's dance. *Now why did I remember you that night when I was so terrified?*

"Anyway, it helped and I went to sleep; and next morning I went to the Chaplain and for the first time since I was a kid I really prayed — prayed for God to keep my mind stable and protect me."

There have been several letters since then, for we write without waiting for each other's letters to be received.

But how did it happen? I had made no effort to send out my thought or love to that particular boy; did not even remember him, until I received his first letter. But my feeling of love and comradeship *had* been reaching out every night for months in prayer and love for almost a hundred of the boys in service whom I did know.

Certainly it was not I alone who reached Walter that night; it was something greater than myself. And yet it was tele-pathy — the far-feeling of our souls — that united us in the infinite love of the universe which enfolds both of us.

It was a far-feeling of soul that linked us up after five years of forgetting each other. And it was a feeling-need, and a feeling-sympathy that connected us.

This is but one evidence of the awakened feeling of soul for soul that is being felt by hundreds of millions today. I do not exaggerate — there *are* hundreds of millions of longing souls reaching out in feeling love of comrades for comrades; love of fathers and mothers reaching out to sons.

This is the new telepathy, greater than anything earth has known before, the basis of a new comradeship and an awakening brotherhood of man.

Please, friend, waste but little time testing the outer phenomena of telepathy. Instead, longingly desire to love and comfort those who are far away; and then naught on earth can prevent the feeling of your soul being felt by another soul, for feeling is of Spirit, and Spirit is infinite.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Next month the last of Landone's articles on telepathy — "The Telepathy of Divinity.")

Living a Life

By CHESTER H. STRUBLE

UNHAPPINESS and ill health cause many to withdraw more and more from life, whereas salvation and recovery often lie in new activity and new interests.

Absence of loved ones in the Service should not slow us up to where we do nothing but await their return. Rather, such absences should stimulate us to do a greater part as civilians.

I know a woman who withdrew from life and was visited by rheumatism. Her husband died, the shock, funeral, estate settlement, and other factors dragged her back to life and freed her of rheumatism. But, alas, she again withdrew and back came rheumatism and other afflictions.

Wise persons are today giving more of themselves than ever before. They work for pay and for nothing too. They are so busy they have no time to worry or to be sick.

Now an oyster is ideally equipped for rutful living. It picks out a homesite, anchors to it, lets the enfolding waters bring nourishment, and depends upon its shell for security, not shelter since every day is a rainy day to an oyster! But a person is equipped to circulate. With legs for transportation, arms for building and possessing, mind for planning, and the five senses — or is it six or more senses? — for information, man requires a life of movement.

An oyster contemplating a thousand mile journey (except to market) is no more ridiculous than a person with thoughts and activities confined to four walls.

Many fathers and mothers are nightly looking at the empty beds in the rooms of their sons.

If the future casualty lists include the names of those sons, how will the parents react to the tragedy? Will they push further out into the stream of life, seeking new interests; that is, go on living a life; or will they withdraw and be dead though yet alive? Will they cling to recollections and accumulate ailments, or seek release in activity and win through to new happiness?

Views and Reviews

By WILLIAM TOWNE

While There's Hope There's Life

YES, I mean it just that way. Every day, every hour, persons are coming back from the depths through the healing power of a renewed hope. Not only health but often life itself is saved by the re-creating power of a new hope.

What is it but hope — and faith — that he can bring forth something newer and better and greater than anything that has gone before, which inspires the scientist and inventor? It is seldom that a man works in a creative way for the reward of money alone. He may like and appreciate money — as indeed he should — but it is not the power that drives him on to achieve. That driving power is hope, the desire to make the ideal that is in his mind become a reality.

And let no one assume that hope is a weak thing. It is closely linked with imagination, which is one of the greatest powers in human life. The hope of the future may, indeed, be more real than the present, more representative of eternal truth.

> "The hopes that lost in some far distance seem
> May be the truer life, and this the dream."

Hope has truly been called "the parent of faith." For it is hope that brings forth faith — faith that leads one to the point of action. If one wants to accomplish something, he first hopes that he can do something about it and then — and only then — is born the faith that he *can*.

Do not hesitate to trust your hopes. Hope has truly been called "the nurse of young desire." Of course one should not blindly follow his hope without using his best judgement and reason as well. No one of our faculties should be neglected. They are all for our use. And there is no real endeavor without hope. No one would ever undertake any action if he did not hope it would have *some* favorable result, even though that result were indirect and might even be considered a failure.

Hope helps to keep one young because it keeps him from becoming self-centered. As long as hope is strong, one has new interests in life. He is always reaching out to do something new — something he wants and loves to do — and that keeps him young. Old age creeps upon us when our world becomes restricted — when it shuts in upon us and we have few outside interests. It is then that hope departs. Revive hope, seek new interests, and you will find renewed life.

I know a man far along in years who spends long hours — joyful hours — each day in following the trail of new discovery in the field of vitamins. He vibrates with new life, day by day, because he has hope that he is on the verge of new demonstrations that will profoundly affect human life.

Do you think Edison found life dull, even in extreme old age? No. He was too busy following his ideals, his vision of the hour, to become bored. The joy of making his ideas real kept hope alive, and thus made life worth while.

Hope reveals the law of creation to man. Jesus assured us that there was no limit to what we might hope for if we were true to the law of creation. "Eyes have not seen nor ears heard, neither hath it entered into the hearts of men, the things which God hath prepared for those who love the law." And to love God's law we need to keep hope alive and active.

Hope helps you to know that you have within yourself the power to attain that which you desire. It points the way to the path of success which always lies ahead of you. Without hope you do not use your powers. You lack intelligent effort. You lack faith in yourself. Hope starts you moving outward into the world of achievement. Hope largely if you would attain largely. But of course hope alone will not take you to success, any more than the architect's plans for a building will by themselves make the building a reality. It is following your hopes into the field of creation that brings fruition to them. "Hope is worth any money," said Thomas Fuller. He might truly have said that hope is beyond all price, when carried into action, for it is hope that lies back of all human attainment.

The hope that looks to the future is our greatest source of happiness. However hard and difficult our way may be to-day, we may confidently hope that the future will bring us better things, because of the promise which Jesus made: "Eyes have not seen nor ears heard" the things which lie waiting for us in our Father's storehouse of good. Hope always opens a door to future improvement, if we do not fear to trust and follow it.

The world's greatest minds have perceived the power of hope to bring comfort and realization of the fullness of life to man. One of these great ones — Shakespeare — wrote:

> True hope is swift, and flys with swallow's wings:
> Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

By MARION B. SHOEN

I HEARD the wind rush past my door,
I heard the wild waves sweep
Like brooms across the ocean's floor,
I heard the willows weep.
I heard the stars sing symphonies,
I heard the pale moon sigh;
I heard the trees bend down their knees
To let the wind pass by.

I heard the tumult in my heart
For it had given birth
To wild, sweet songs, a world apart
From any notes of earth.
I hear the wind rush past my door,
I see the stars above;
But I don't wonder any more
For in my heart is love.

Success In Prayer

(*Continued from page 27*)

to the scolding he administered, recounting my danger, axe murders, hobos and hitchhiking indiscriminately. When he stopped at the warehouse, however, he said very soberly, as I got out and thanked him again, "You know, lady, I wasn't planning to stop, account of it hurting my elbow to crank this old boat, but I just did. It was funny, but something said just like it was in the seat, "You pick her up!"

And so, the prayingest prayer I ever said was answered! — M.G.G., Washington.

Success In Prayer

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

MY "PRAYINGEST" PRAYER

WE ALL have heard different versions of the old saw, "It was the prayingest prayer I ever said." Though a bit humorous the first time I heard it, it must have made a deep impression, for many years later it flashed into my mind to be-become the directing power which made "easy and instant and perfect my way."

I was teaching in a state institution seven and one-half miles from town. Wishing to attend a Center meeting one warm spring afternoon, I started to walk the two-and-a-half miles to the highway, confident I could catch the overland bus. To my discomfiture, it sped by ahead of schedule before I reached the intersection.

When I reached the intersection no cars were in sight.

Glancing back down the shaded road I had come, as I turned into the highway, I noticed a man moving leisurely along the road, carrying what looked like a rod of some kind. I thought him a workman employed nearby, and dismissed him from my mind as I walked briskly along.

Suddenly I was aware that some quiet force was edging me into the gravel. I was startled but not really afraid, even when the shiny new double-bitted axe head slid into view by my arm and a droning voice asked, "Ain't you afraid of me?"

Immediately I thought, "Beneath me are the everlasting arms, beneath me are the everlasting arms." The implied promise steadied me and when he asked again, "Ain't you afraid of me?" I looked up at him.

His eyes were the palest blue; the tiny pinprick of pupil flickered a bit as he grinned. The whole effect of his face was brush — sandy brush of straggling hair sticking out from under a heavy woolen cap; whitish brows and lashes; an unshaven face above a heavy mackinaw collar tightly buttoned.

"Beneath me are the everlasting arms."

"No, I'm not afraid. Why should I be?" I asked him, and kept on walking.

" 'Cause I'm a hobo. My pal's down the road a ways. I went over to that house to get something to eat. I got this instead." He ran his thick, dirty thumb over the sharp edge of that bright axe blade and laughed.

"You picked a good one," I assured him. ("Beneath me are the everlasting arms.") Cars began passing us and my thumb, in fact my whole hand, went into valiant action, but no car stopped. Next time, the monotone query, "Ain't you afraid of me?" called for a better answer; it came to me.

"All I'm afraid of is that you're spoiling my shoes crowding me into this gravel. Why don't you move over, there's plenty of room." ("Beneath me are the everlasting arms!")

"I'm a hobo," he said deliberately.

"And I'm a teacher," I countered.

"Where's your husband?" he wanted to know.

"My husband is dead," I told him.

"You didn't ask me about my wife," he said, moving ahead so he could walk backwards, polishing the blade with his sleeve.

"Why, I don't care anything about your wife," I said as I tried to flag a passing car and failed, much to his delight.

"She's back in North Dakota. She's divorced me. I don't like women what try to shut me up," he added sullenly.

"And I don't like men who make me walk five miles when I could get a ride if I were alone," I said, stopping dead still in the road.

He moved closer back beside me, and asked again, "Ain't you 'tall afraid of me?"

I felt I had better start walking again. We started on again.

A little dog unwittingly broke up our uneven brisk walking as it ran out of a yard and tried to bark its way up the steep grade to the highway. The hobo stalked across the road and stood ready to let fly with the axe. I hurried across and scolded the puppy for "trying to scare folks," and the puppy stopped safe as the blow meant for him struck the ground.

"Why, you ain't afraid of dogs or nothing, are you?" he asked, apparently astounded.

"No, but I am afraid you're making me miss a meeting I wanted to attend," I replied. ("Beneath me are the everlasting arms.") "Say," I stopped abruptly and faced him in the now deserted highway, "you walk so fast I just can't keep up with you. Let's try this: you go on ahead to that first crossroad and wait for me. If I don't get a ride, then I'll walk the rest of the way to town with you."

He paid me as high a compliment as I have ever received, for he said, quite matter-of-factly, "You look like an honest woman."

"I am," I assured him. His long strides began to widen the distance between us.

I've often wondered what the drivers of the few cars that thundered past thought, and why they didn't stop that afternoon, for they should have sensed something unusual in such a situation.

I had covered another mile when I noticed the distance between me and that figure ahead lessening; he had turned and was coming back. Then the thought of the colored man and his prayer popped into my head, and instantly the prayingest prayer I ever had said came to me, and I cried aloud, "Lord, You pick me up right now!"

Almost immediately the answer came: beside me I heard the welcome call from out of an ancient sedan, "Lady, if you want to ride the rest of the way run around to the other side and jump on; I don't want to crank the car."

I did run. An elderly man opened the door and I jumped on the running board. That door banging shut behind me was the safest sound in the world.

"The back seat's full of green calf hides" (he didn't need to tell me that)," and they smell pretty strong, but there's a tramp headed this way and I thought you'd best not meet him."

As we drove nearer the hobo turned back toward town. I waved to him as we passed.

My rescuer was much impressed by my experience and I listened meekly

(*Please turn to page 25, col. 2*)

Elizabeth's Editorials

(Continued from page 7)

banks create the bulk of modern money. This is done by advancing credit to borrowers, thereby giving them the power to write the checks which are the predominant money of modern life.

3. The United States government is one of the chief borrowers today, and it pays the banks interest for the privilege of receiving the credit.

4. A large part of this public debt should never have been public debt at all. The national government itself should have created its own credit and saved the interest. "What possible excuse can we give . . . for compelling our very nation itself to go on paying interest tribute to private financiers in order to induce them to permit the nation to use its own credit to finance the common defense and promote the general welfare?"

5. A huge public debt is a grave danger. If it should go to the estimated 300-billion mark, then "every American family will owe $10,000 of the debt." Such an oppressive burden might well destroy our political and economic liberty.

6. To pay off such a mountain of debt would be most difficult; for the highest amount of taxes collected in any peacetime year in the United States was less than $6,000,000,000. And yet to carry it indefinitely, as some suppose might very well be done, also has its difficulties. . . .

Mr. Voorhis's remedy is to prevent the creation of a public debt upon which interest must be paid. The government should take over the Federal Reserve banking system and create its own credit.

So this is the theme of Mr. Voorhis's book. Without question "sound" men of finance, bankers and economists of the classical persuasion will have economic goose pimples as they ponder his proposed cure. But to many others, who note with concern the inflationary spiral which is under way today, as the government sells bonds to the banks which, in turn, serve them as a basis for the extension of credit, it is a proposal not to be so lightly set aside.

There are distinct dangers to be faced, and the author notes some of them. He suggests that after we have collected the utmost amount of taxes possible and sold all the war bonds for cash that we can, then the secretary of the treasury could be instructed to sell noninterest-bearing certificates to the Federal Reserve banks, upon which he could then draw checks. These checks could be deposited with commercial banks and so give the government a means of paying its war and other costs. The inflationary influence of such a procedure, Mr. Voorhis believes, could be offset by requiring the banks to increase their reserves with the board until they reached 100 per cent.

Hartley W. Cross

*

From Eleanor Roosevelt's "My Day"

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8, 1943: The other day, I was sent by Judge William Denman of San Francisco a poem which was published in the San Francisco Call-Bulletin. I have permission to reprint it here:

A BLOOD DONOR'S PRAYER

Grant me no lesser favor, God, than this
That by my giving
Some war-spent but courageous eager son
May keep on living.

Grant that the faithful rhythm of my veins
And my heart's singing
May bring an urgent quickening, and stay
His soul's far winging.
Because I have no stalwart lad by birth
To call me mother,
I ask this small maternal share in one,
Dear to another.
Then I shall walk a quiet but exalted way
Glad in the knowing
I fed the flame — and for some unknown son
Life is still glowing.

The author is not a well-known poet, but perhaps we may hear more in the future of Mrs. Nell Griffith Wilson of Kenwood, Sonoma county, California. In any case, I think there is many a woman who feels, whether she has a son of her own or not on the fighting front, that she is grateful to have a share in saving other mothers' sons.

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*

GOD WILL NOT change. The restless years may bring
Sunlight and shade, the glories of the spring,
And silent gloom of sunless winter hours,
Joy mixed with grief, sharp thorns with fragrant flowers,
Earth lights may shine awhile, and then grow dim;
But God is true; there is no change in Him.

Rest in the Lord to-day, and all thy days;
Let His unerring hand direct thy ways
Through the uncertainty, and hope, and fear,
That meet thee on the threshold of the year;
And find, while all life's changing scenes pass by,
Thy refuge in the Love that cannot die.

— *Edith H. Drivall*

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7. BEGIN THE PLAN ON THE BASIS, $5 Cash Dividends per week to *every member of every* family group, and to every lone individual who is now without adequate income beginning with all persons and families on relief or with incomes too small to report for income tax; then include families of small reported incomes, and finally *ALL citizens. From richest to poorest, from the day of birth to day of death.*

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Your Life's Garden

(Continued from page 18)

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— *Richard Le Gallienne*

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