NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT

JANUARY 1946

Freeing My Subconscious Brought Amazing Results — LOLA HAEFELE
The Prize Winning Article

Words Have A Strange Power — ZELIA M. WALTERS

Stars in the Desert — GEORGE M. LAMSA

Perhaps YOU Need A New Beginning — JUDITH BURDEN

These Three Men Liked Their Jobs — ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Boost Your Morale—With Music — MARIE HAPGOOD TONGUE

Application of Truth in Business — HENRIETTA LEE

Don't Let Your Mistakes Get You Down — ELIZABETH TOWNE

Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

PRICE 20 CENTS

"Seek and Ye Shall Find"

By GEORGE C. HUBBS

SOMEWHERE in my reading I ran across this very wise counselling by C. M. Buckler:

> "If you have tried and failed, I beg you to give yourself a thorough going over and see if the fault is not in you — for love never faileth. If you have failed, you are admitting by that failure that there is a chord somewhere in your heart that is not in tune with love."

I am sure that every conscientious Truth-seeker realizes — and is willing to admit — that whatever obstacle there may seem to be in effecting a healing is in his or her apparent failure to *know* the Truth. Surely no one would presume to say that Truth is elusive — that it deliberately evades the earnest and persistent seeker.

I can easily understand how discouraging it may be to certain students who, in spite of their reading, their affirmations and their periods of silence, are still devoid of demonstrations. Perhaps a simple illustration may help: Whenever water fails to run through an outlet, it is never the fault of the water. *The outlet is clogged at some place.* So, when demonstrations are delayed, it never is the fault of Truth. The human channel — yours or mine — is clogged somewhere.

To freely admit this, and to willingly and diligently seek the *inner* obstruction, cannot fail to mark a long step toward repeated demonstrations.

Psalms 139: 23, 24.

What's Cooking FOR NEXT MONTH?

The Seed Of Life It is vital to our thinking, says Sheldon Shepard, that we realize that everything proceeds from one original substance — the seed of life, the root of all. Worth reading — "IN THE BEGINNING," THE SEED OF ALL THINGS.

Letting Prosperity Chase You This title is paraphrased a little — like the man who used the term Broken Leg River as a synonym for Cripple Creek. I started out to say a few words about the prosperity story that Dr. Walker has written especially for NAUTILUS readers. It is the true experience of "Sandra," who demonstrated a home, under what seemed like hopeless conditions, and then found prosperity coming down the road to her very door. This is it: SHE COULD NOT ESCAPE PROSPERITY WHEN SHE TRUSTED GOD'S LAW.

Forewarned Among the manuscripts on the subconscious mind submitted in our recent contest were many that told of forewarnings that played an important part in the writer's life. One of the best of these will come to you under the title "DANGER AHEAD!" WARNED MY SUBCONSCIOUS.

Are YOU a Layer Down of the Law? Now getting on with the family, friends, neighbors and fellow workers is an art. Edithe Weare is a fine example of common sense in business (she has made it pay her well) and her ideas on this subject of living with other people and getting along with them without too much friction (and WITHOUT "laying down the law") will be given to NAUTILUS readers in HOW TO LIVE HARMONIOUSLY WITH FRIENDS AND FAMILY.

Live Romance and Make It Real Dreaming about romance — about finding a satisfactory mate — is not enough to bring you a husband or wife, says Irma Hegel. Mates come to the brave — not to the timid, she maintains. And she cites some interesting cases (including her own romance) to prove her point. Coming, THESE WOMEN FOUND MATES.

Dream Healing It was a strange, impossible dream. But it was followed by healing in the case of one man. The story is told in A STRANGE DREAM BROUGHT ME PERFECT HEALING.

Paying Bills Doesn't read like an awfully pleasant subject does it? However, it is one of those little things we all have to do. And HOW we do it reacts upon our prosperity, says Zelia M. Walters. She explains this principle of paying bills for prosperity in a short filler, HOW DO YOU PAY YOUR BILLS?

Attention, Please! Your attention can create health and it can create disease. It can make you poverty-stricken and it can make you prosperous. Edna Tradewell explains this in OUR POWER OF ATTENTION.

Inspiration and Healing A woman was suffering from a deadly disease. The doctor said she would probably die within a few hours. She was in a coma at the time. A lit-

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

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 29th 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). Do not look for change in credit mark on wrapper of your NAUTILUS before second month after your renewal.

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

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Jan.

(What's Cooking: Continued from page 1)

tle girl's faith and prayers awakened her from the coma. Weeks later, with the aid of surgery and other material means, the healing was completed. The woman lived for thirty years. This is one of the most interesting and thrilling healing experiences we have ever known. The title, KATHERINE TAKES GOOD TO HER MOTHER.

How You Build Your World Elizabeth Gregg, Ph.D., will unfold some of the means by which we create — or recreate — our own world in her forthcoming NAUTILUS article HOW YOUR THOUGHTS BECOME YOU.

A LITTLE BIT of happiness is often a more successful treatment than a drug. When a member of a Gypsy band becomes ill, it is said, instead of calling a doctor all members of the tribe rally around him and begin to sing and play. Thus the sick man's thoughts are lifted above his depresson and he is healed.

— *R. C. Harris*

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

NAUTILUS

$2.00 A YEAR
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Magazine of New Thought

Vol. XLVIII JANUARY 1946 No. 3

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EDITORS: Elizabeth Towne and William E. Towne. Chester Holt Struble, Managing Editor. SUBSCRIPTION $2.00 yearly. Two years, $3.00. FOREIGN $2.60 per year by international money order. CANADA $2.30. Foreign currency, stamps and postal notes not accepted. Add 10c to personal checks for collection. CHANGES OF ADDRESS must give old as well as new address or change cannot be made. DATE OF EXPIRATION is on the wrapper of your magazine. MANUSCRIPTS must be accompanied by postage if they are to be returned.

Published by THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO., Inc., Holyoke, Mass.

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Another Year

by MYRA PERRINGS

ANOTHER year has sown its seeds
And reaped its harvest, done its
deeds
Of fear and glory, but, behold
Another tale must now unfold!
Another page, a clean new pen,
And fertile fields to plow again,
Wide views and far horizons wait
Beyond the New Year's open gate.

Editorials

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing the glory of God and of good-will to man!

— *Whittier*

*

How to Concentrate

THE ONLY WAY to concentrate is to put your mind on the sort of thing that you want to realize instead of letting your mind chase all around over creation, skipping from one thing to another, until you are tired out. As long as you allow your mind to run around in that old circle of *things*, you will continue to be tired mentally and easily upset.

No one can do your concentrating for you — you will have to do it for yourself. You can do it by setting your mind on "things above," on the immutable things of God, and then letting it rest there until your nerves are quiet and filled with the spirit of God and his peace. You cannot do this all in a minute. You will have to keep up the practice day by day, and many times a day, until the new way of thinking and feeling becomes a habit. It is a recognition of divine love within yourself. It is knowing that this divine love is moving to expression through you to meet any and all conditions that may arise in your life.

All this is yours in infinite measure, but you have got to make a business of thinking on these things instead of on the small things and happenings of the outer world.

You see you *do concentrate now* (everybody does) but you concentrate on *things* and your mind skips from one thing to another, from one emotion to another — and most of the time you concentrate on things that you do *not* want.

*

Don't Let Your Mistakes Get You Down

TO HAVE confidence in yourself is one thing and refusal to admit a mistake is quite another thing. Nobody hates to make mistakes more than I do. This comes from my effort in childhood to prove my superiority by sticking to my position, regardless of whether that position proved to be wrong or not. To do this is to prove that you have an inferiority complex, not a superiority one. When you doubt your own superiority you try to maintain it in the face of the other person — you try to convince him that you are right anyhow!

When you have real confidence in yourself, it does not make you "feel small" when you make a mistake; it only makes you feel that you did what everybody does on occasion. And so you ask yourself, What of it?

When you learn that all human beings are divine beings, that the same infinite Wisdom and Power and Intelligence works through all of us, you will realize that we all make the

same sort of mistakes for the same sort of reason — because we don't know enough along that particular line of thought to act or think with absolute correctness. Remember that nobody is always right. Everybody is just as human as everybody else, and to be human means to be ignorant — in spots. In proportion as we realize this, it frees us from any unhappiness when we happen to make a mistake.

If you have an inferiority complex, the best way to overcome it is to realize that you are like everybody else in the world and everybody else is like you. On your human side you are full of many shortcomings, but growing out of some of them every day. On your inner side you are one with God, radiating the fruits of his spirit into all the world. And everybody else is just like you in this respect too.

Follow the divine and infinite Spirit within, do the best you can, acknowledge that you have made a mistake when you really find out that you have done so. Dr. Brill defined a complex as: "A series of emotionally accentuated ideas in a repressed state." See that you do not accentuate your mistakes by feeding them with emotional energy until they become complexes.

*

Perhaps You Need Freshening Up a Bit

HERE IS a woman who says she has worked twenty-one years in one place. Even though this office might be the very best kind of a place for finding friends, yet you certainly should have had a number of changes during that period — vacations of one sort or another.

Assuming that you have been sticking pretty close to your home town, why don't you take $500 for a vacation? Leave somebody else in your place and go on a lark! Travel clear to the Coast and back again — either Coast! If you would prefer, go across the water to England. If you cannot go that far, take a trip to some big city — New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

Find out how to take care of yourself in new ways — do a regular regeneration stunt on yourself! Get in touch with all the women's beauty shops in whatever city you visit. Look for new clothes. Visit theaters and art exhibits. Take in lectures and concerts. Go wherever you will see new life and meet new faces. If you can't find anyone to go with you, go alone, as I have done many times in many different parts of the world.

You will find such an experience may mean ten years of new life and pleasure for you. You will have new things to talk about, and best of all new attractions within yourself.

Come to think of it, it would probably benefit you more if you *do* go alone. What you want is *new* thoughts, *new* things to see and enjoy, NEW LIFE moving through you. It is these things that you are to go after. The all-important thing is to get out of your self and your routine of life as completely as possible.

And if you feel that you cannot or will not spare the money for all this, then at least get a pretty new dress or two new dresses for yourself. If you can see your way clear to do so, get a whole trousseau! And go to the best beauty doctor in your city. Go every week or two at the most. Get your hair dressed in the most becoming

and modern style. If you are carrying too much flesh, get busy dieting to reduce.

All these outer things will be a help, because they will give you the best possible conditions for the Spirit to express in and through you. They take the material load off so that your energy can come to the surface in more attractive ways of self-expression.

*

How Jesus Treated a Gift

A GIFT which I recently received reminded me of Jesus and the multitude of five thousand who had come to hear him speak and who needed bread. One of his disciples came to him and told him there was a boy there in the multitude who had five barley cakes and two fish. "But," he asked, "what is that among so many?" However, Jesus just told him to get the people to recline on the grass, of which there was plenty at that particular spot. So they all sat down and rested.

"Then Jesus took the loaves, *gave thanks to God* and distributed them to those who were reclining; so too with the fish, as much as they wanted. And when they were satisfied, he said to the disciples, 'Gather up the pieces left over, so that nothing may be wasted.' They gathered them up, and filled twelve baskets with pieces of the five loaves left over from the meal. Now when the people saw the Sign he had performed, they said, 'This really is the Prophet who is to come into the world!'"

So the Word of blessing which Jesus spoke to the loaves and the fishes was the Word of GIVING THANKS TO GOD. Giving thanks to God for his INFINITE supply. And then the next thing Jesus did was to give the broken bread and fishes to his disciples and tell them to distribute them among all of the five thousand in the multitude.

Note that after their material wants were supplied, the five thousand persons were in just the right mood to listen — to stop their murmuring, to look at Jesus, and to listen to his words. And the things that Jesus said to the multitude were the same things he had repeated in practically all of his sermons. They amounted to this: "I of myself can do nothing, but the Father in me, he doeth the works. Have faith in God, and what things soever you desire, even unto INFINITE supply, *believe* that you receive them from God even as you are asking for them, and you shall have them. As I am in this world, so are ye, and the Father in you, he doeth the works that you ask him to do."

(What I have here quoted is from the Moffatt Translation of the Bible.

(*Turn to page 29, col. 2. Thank you!*)

Affirms the UNITED NATIONS *of the* WORLD

Boost Your Morale With Music —Self-Made

By MARIE HAPGOOD TONGUE

THE NEXT TIME your home front morale needs a shot in the arm try the make-music-yourself cure. I definitely do not mean listening to the radio or victrola records or even attending a concert, inspiring as all of these can be at times. I mean playing, singing or whistling your own favorite tunes and doing it regularly each day. Scientists tell us that music has wonderful therapeutic value for sick people, it is used in factories to hearten the workers and speed production, so what more sensible idea than to use it in homes for our own benefit and indirectly for the benefit of our families.

The other evening I was coming home by bus after a tiring day in a large city. My mind was full of worries and plans for the days to come. The bus was dark but I found it impossible to doze off and rest. The endless line of problems kept trooping through my mind, daring me to solve them. Then the bus driver began to hum a popular air. A minute later a tenor, evidently strayed from some church choir, joined him. Five minutes later most of the passengers were singing and, much to my surprise, I was singing, too. As fast as one song died down somebody would start up another and I am sure the end of the three hour ride came as a surprise to everyone. When I reached home my weariness had vanished and the problems had slunk out of sight. I felt ready to tackle anything which might come along.

A few days later I caught myself getting all hot and bothered over the long day full of duties which stretched ahead. I remembered the bus ride and promptly burst into song. But this time the charm didn't work. My forte is not singing but I can play the piano, even though for the last few years I had neglected it. I dusted off a Brahms Rhapsody which I had once studied but never really finished. Fingers were stiff and awkward at first, but I played it through and then tackled the first page in earnest. Old habits of practicing came crowding back and at the end of half an hour that first page was fairly smooth. The day's work went smoothly also and every so often I found myself humming the Brahms melody.

Now I start each day with music, if only five or ten minutes, and frequently end it the same way. It never fails to put me in the right mood for work and, besides, I am gaining back some of my old skill in playing.

Most women have had music lessons at some time in their lives and that dormant ability to make music can be reawakened. If you happen to have missed out in that line, there are simple and interesting books for adult beginners, or an occasional lesson need not be too expensive. You may say, "Oh, I haven't the time." But just try it and I think you will

find, as I did, that the housework or whatever goes better and faster because of that musical interlude.

It doesn't matter what the instrument, trot it out and start practicing, or if you sing, tune up your "mi-mi-mis" and begin. And if you want the best results, go at it wholeheartedly. Never simply fool away your time, even if there is only ten minutes a day to use. You get back what you give out, and, besides the enjoyment and increased skill, you will have found an antidote for worry and trouble which will last you all your days.

Stars in the Desert

By GEORGE M. LAMSA

I WAS BORN and reared in a tent. My people for untold generations were shepherds. We spent the spring and summer months feeding our large flocks, migrating from one place to another in search of grass and water, just as Abraham and Jacob did in their days. Our dwelling place was a large tent made of black hair of goats. We had a few clothes and a few household articles which we carried on the backs of the donkeys and oxen. We lived under natural light of the sun during the day, and that of the moon and the stars during the night. We had neither lamps nor candles to light our tents. The women did most of their evening work in front of the tent under the blue sky and brilliant stars and moon. The men gathered around one of the shepherds who was noted for his stories of adventure. No one thought of artificial light, and no one complained of his eyesight, or of darkness. And yet glasses were unknown among our people. Men and women of sixty and seventy could see, and do the finest work without any difficulty. We loved nature. The stars had become our companions during the night, and the sun and the sheep during the day. Our wise shepherds computed the time and discerned the seasons by means of stars. They also predicted rains and dry seasons just as good as weather men in America.

As a child my first impression of heaven was that of a large tent lighted with large silver and golden candles. The stars seemed so close to the ground that they almost touched the top of the tents and the hills around us. The brilliant heavenly bodies occupied our attention and mystified our minds. We had nothing to play with, as in that part of the world toys and dolls and other things which make the children happy are unknown. Sheep and lambs occupied our minds during the day and the brilliant stars during the night. We loved our sheep and lambs. The little children played with lambs and rode on the backs of donkeys.

Not until recent years did I understand why God chose the Arabian desert, and a narrow strip of green land adjoining it, for the greatest religious drama in the history of

mankind, and why the three great religions — Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism — which have unified and educated billions of men and women throughout the centuries and created law and order, were born on the edge of the Arabian desert not very far from one another. Indeed, this great biblical drama was enacted under the natural light of the celestial bodies. A drama which has lasted and will last as long as the moon and stars which inspired the great actors last. No other place could have served so well such a great purpose. No other land could have offered such a vivid contrast. This is why the prophets, Jesus and Paul, went into the desert to pray and meditate.

Only during the hours of darkness and gloom do men's minds wander through the vast spaces seeking light and relief. Only in the time of trouble when things look dark do we turn to God. The grim darkness serves to intensify man's imagination and his desire for light, which is truth. It makes him remember the stars that shone over him, the light of the moon which lighted his path during the night, and the rays of the sun which gladdened his heart in the early morning hours. On the other hand, the temporary loss of natural light serves as a reminder of God's greatness and his divine care, without which man is helpless and lost. Moreover, some of our brightest hopes are conceived during the dark hours when everything seems hopeless and despairing.

This is also true of periods of peace and prosperity. When men are busy making money and indulging in luxuries they find little time to think of the things of the spirit. Only when we are in the perils and dangers of this life do we forget the material world and try to seek after God. On the other hand, darkness and difficulties are temporal and at times serve a great purpose. For during the dark hours, there are some bright spots in the sky which cannot be seen by the naked eye. At such times one needs the instruments of the spirit to see the eternal truths. One needs a stronger vision to see the mighty and invisible hand of God working in the universe. Just as dark clouds are moved by constant shifting winds, so our difficulties are moved by the forces of the spirit, until we find them disappearing on the horizon.

At times like these in which we are living, we need spiritual star gazers, and prophets with a clear vision, to point to the bright stars and to lead us to a new Bethlehem.

The material world is changing rapidly, and is fading like the grass of the field. We must search for deeper and more prolific wells and richer and lasting pastures. We must seek the bread of life which does not exhaust nor perish.

Said Malachi: "But unto you that fear (revere) my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings: and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall." — *Mal. 4:* 2.

Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

— *Tennyson*

Freeing My Subconscious Brought Results in One Day That Amazed Me

By LOLA HAEFELE

This Article Was Awarded the Prize

BY TRAINING that real "Doubting Thomas," my outer, objective, conscious mind, I gave my subconscious and superconscious a *chance* to help me. Fundamentally, the subconscious and the superconscious are both functions of our inner, Divine nature.

"I said ye are Gods" is no mere metaphor, but literal fact. It refers, not to the physical body and mortal brain, but to our Divine nature, which is one with the great God-mind, never separated from God, having all wisdom and knowledge — in short, *perfect* — our real guardian angel. *It* knows *how* to help if we will *let* it.

The conscious mind and the physical body (the "horses we ride," mere servants of our Divine self), constantly seek to get the upper hand and be *masters*. Too often they succeed, and to our sorrow are the miscreants responsible for our misfortunes.

Ceaseless activity is the chief characteristic of the conscious mind. Saying to the conscious mind, "Be still," is asking the impossible. Hence we must *utilize* this activity, directing it into constructive channels.

Here *attention* plays its highly important role, for where your *attention* is, there *you* are — sometimes down groveling *with* your problem instead of rising gracefully *over* it. We *become* what our attention (thought) contemplates.

By *transferring* our attention, we *let go* our problems, relax our fevered hold, giving our God-self opportunity to use its infallible wisdom in dissolving or creating anew.

The *surest* way to transfer attention is to "pray without ceasing." A large order? It *can* be done; you *can* learn a simple method to live moment by moment with one secret, sacred corner of your mind devoted to perpetual prayer, until *every minute* you will *know* the sweet peace of God. The *secret* of true God consciousness is a matter of minutes — *minute by minute* and the hours and days take care of themselves.

Prayer, remember, does not change God. He is ever constant, pouring out his perfection and love. Prayer changes *ourselves*, opening the channel through which His good may flow.

Much of the above I realized only *after* finding *my* "open Sesame" to the Kingdom. I had reached a stage of bitterness and frustration impossible to describe. I read Truth, I prayed, I studied. The more I prayed, the farther away God seemed. Then I discovered my magic key in two little articles in Truth magazines, one about a man who made little crusades of prayer, walking from the road to his house. The other said that if you

want to make a material demonstration, pray for that particular blessing for someone else. I combined these two ideas, making "crusades" of prayer for *others* on my drives to and from work, blessing each house I passed, every person I saw. All day I gave the "word" silently to all.

After doing this *only one day*, I was amazed and awed to find that in loving and blessing others, the ineffable sense of God's nearness and love became a living, pulsing reality. The more I "crusaded," the closer God seemed. Nothing mattered but this beautiful, constant communion with God. I was actually *living* in the Kingdom — *I HAD FOUND IT!* It was as simple as that.

Unpleasant conditions of long standing literally vanished over night, magically, with no effort on my part. The minute my *attention* was removed from them and used constructively, harmoniously with my inner Self, they were automatically eliminated. And the "things" began to be added — *new* blessings appeared!

Try it. Try making some part of *your* life a crusade — something you do over and over again. Five minutes the *first thing* every morning, spent in blessing others, will start your day right. Then keep doing it *minute by minute*. Even though your work requires concentration, as mine does, you *can* train a corner of your mind to keep everlastingly at it.

Negative thoughts may come, problems may intrude. *Immediately transfer your attention*, replacing them with the opposite, positive, perfect thought. If you think of your lack of money or your neuritis, pray for abundance or healing for someone else. Apply it to *everything*. Have a list, like a "treasure map," of people with the identical "claims" which seek to divert *your* attention; the minute one intrudes, select someone with similar need and apply the "treatment."

Practicing spasmodically, indulging in frequent orgies of negative thinking, will undo all your good work. Someone has said if we can make our thoughts 51% positive, great improvements will occur in our lives. But 51% is *not enough*. This method *will pay real dividends*, but it is a matter of *minutes*. A minute passed is gone forever, but a new one is coming right up; *make it count*.

You will be amazed how quickly this will become an automatic process — thrilled to find yourself truly *happy*. Life will become a constant thanksgiving to God for present blessings and for *new* ones which *will* appear.

The first effect will be spiritual. When you change to *spiritual* thinking, the material takes care of itself, exactly as promised, and the "things" *are* added.

Eventually you will realize, as I did, that there is no lasting satisfaction in material things in *themselves*, except as they result from seeking *first* the Kingdom. The Kingdom of Heaven *can* be realized "on earth" (in our present consciousness), but it is a *spiritual* Kingdom, and "things" are added in the degree that we seek spiritual *realities* for their own sake — *not* for the sake of the "loaves and fishes." Material things are *visible symbols* of a rich *spiritual* nature.

In order to *have* something, we must *first give it away*. The giving comes *first* in Jesus's admonition, "Give and ye shall receive." In giv-

ing your prayers for others, you are in effect giving them the Kingdom, and such a consciousness of God's love will be yours that you will indeed be *dwelling* in the Kingdom — the Kingdom of Love.

Words Have a Strange Power

By ZELIA M. WALTERS

A FRIEND TOLD me this little story of an incident that had changed her childhood.

"I was a shy little girl, never sure of myself about anything, always thinking people were criticizing me. I had a good home, and had been well trained. I was not an ugly child, and I was properly dressed. Yet I could not get over that feeling of insecurity. Perhaps in part it was because I was the youngest child, with six years between me and my next brother, and we had lived in the country until I was eight years old.

"When we moved to town I was eager to be friends with the girls at school, but they hardly noticed me. Then one day when I was walking home Marion joined me, and asked me to stop in her house and play for awhile. I was thrilled. I had been wishing for Marion for a friend. There were four little brothers and sisters. I loved little tots, and I played with them, told them nursery rhymes and finger plays. I was at ease with them and Marion. But Marion's mother came in, and I was introduced to her. Then I felt shy and awkward. Would she think I was a nice girl? She was a lovely, gentle woman. An older person would have known she must be, to have that kind of family. After awhile she brought in lemonade and cookies, and milk for the two smallest children. I forgot to be shy. Marion urged me to tell some of the finger plays over again. I did them, and all of the babies tried to follow my motions. It was the first time I had ever done anything to entertain another person. After awhile a visitor came in. Again I was introduced and again retreated into my cloud of shyness.

"When it was time for me to go home, Marion's mother said she hoped I would come again. Marion walked with me along the hall to the front door.

"As we were almost to the door I heard Marion's mother say to the visitor, 'That is a really nice little girl. I'm glad she and Marion are friends. I hope she will come often.'

"There were wings on my feet as I went down the street toward home. I ran into the house, threw my arms around my mother, and cried, 'I have a friend.' 'I'm so glad, dear,' said mother's quiet voice. But not even to mother could I tell what I had overheard. My heart kept repeating, 'She likes me. She thinks I am a nice girl. She wants me to come again.'

"That incident made a difference with my whole childhood — indeed with my whole life. I was no longer shy and insecure at school. I had a

friend. I was no longer awkward and hesitant with grown up people. Marion's mother, the finest lady of them all, thought I was a nice girl."

Doesn't this little story set you thinking? Just those few words made such a difference in a sensitive little girl's life. Consider how many lives have been lifted up or cast down by a few words. Words spoken with intent, or carelessly cast out like a handful of stones. How many of these helpful words have been ours today? Do we keep minds alert so that we may speak honest words of appreciation and praise when they are due? A blundering child does one thing well. Now is the time when the deserved word of praise will make him keep trying to do more things well. An inept house worker manages one job credibly. A word of appreciation will be a real lifesaver for her. She has been beaten down by a long course of scolding and faultfinding. No wonder she isn't a good helper. By your words help her up at least one step in the other direction. How the harassed grocery clerk beams when you say, "I appreciate your helpfulness in filling my order."

Why don't we say the good words that rise in our minds many times each day as we meet with brothers? Words are not idle things to be tossed about carelessly. There is reality, substance within them. They are shaping our world for good or ill.

And while saying good words to others let us say some to ourselves. As we start the day we might say, "Today you are a wiser, better, kinder person than you have been before. Today you are conscious of the divine heritage within to give your life direction and power." When we persist in doing this, sometime we shall hear that Inner Voice at nightfall pronouncing its blessing upon us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

It was with deep meaning that Christ said, "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned."

FOR THE PARIAHS

I LIKE weeds, I like their attitude,
The gay insouciance with which they grow,
And cheerful lean aside to mock the hoe
Which terrifies and regiments a row
Of meeker species. Weeds are rude,
By natural instinct sorrel goes
Thumb to nose,
Pigweed, silver and wilted wrong side out
By noon, by night perambulates about
the garden. Nine? No ninety lives
Has crabgrass; take it on in open war,
I end with sneaking admiration for
The way a weed makes do, a weed contrives.
I think there's something in me lacks
The proper love of good and boughten seeds.
Something born of the other side of the tracks
Whispers, "Go it, weeds!"

— *Bianca Bradbury*
N. Y. Herald-Tribune

These Three Men Liked Their Jobs

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

I HAVE known a good many men who have been proud of their work and happy in it. But I can't recall any musician or painter or scientist or organizer who seemed to derive more honest satisfaction from doing a finished and brilliant job than a young barber who lived in our town a few years ago.

The first time I saw him was when I went to him one day for a shave. I felt at once that there was something more than mere mechanical skill in the care with which he explored every inch of my face, his delicacy in skirting the mole on my left cheek, his marvelous precision in determining the exact margin beyond which a close shave would have been cruel flaying and not shaving. His razor moved over my skin as lightly and gratefully as a summer breeze, and the touch of his fingers seemed almost affectionate.

When he was through with me (and if I remember rightly he had not said a single word except a polite greeting when I climbed into his chair and an inquiry a little later as to how I wanted my neck shaved) I said: "That's a marvelous razor you have there!"

He looked a little surprised. "Why no, sir, it's a very ordinary razor. I have two others I like better."

"Well, at least your razor has a beautiful edge."

He smiled quietly. "Do you know, sir, there isn't one barber in five that knows how to hone a razor. Most of 'em don't care enough about it to take the trouble to learn. It's got to be done just exactly right."

There was no one waiting at the moment, and with a little encouragement he gave me a fascinating lesson on the "art" of shaving and keeping a razor in condition. He had a right to call it so. Carried to the point of loving perfection to which he had brought it, shaving is as real and fine an art as writing poetry or designing handsome homes. And that young barber, who was trimming hair to the glory of God, was tasting the reward of satisfaction that comes from creating beauty and adding to the happiness of humanity.

There is in one of the continental European languages a touching story which has apparently never been translated into English. It concerns an ambitious young minister who has been assigned to an isolated country charge, but who is sure that he belongs in a metropolitan pulpit. He is scholarly and eloquent, and he feels that his talents are being wasted on the dull peasants who make up his parish. He pulls wires for a city appointment, and finally, to secure the publishing of a book which he thinks will turn the trick, he helps himself to church funds which he expects to be able to replace before his local Board will notice the discrepancy. Unable to do so, he faces the group of simple men who hold his fate in their hands, confesses his fault with tears, and begs for time to repay the money.

The poor countrymen, whom he has secretly despised in his heart, agree to allow him all the time he needs and promise not to breathe a word about his indiscretion. He sets out bravely, not only to repay his debt, which in so poverty-ridden a district is a matter of months and years, but to win back their confidence and gain the esteem of the community. He succeeds so completely that when, a few years later, his reputation has grown and expanded till he is offered just such a brilliant city position as he has once dreamed of, he discovers that he cannot leave the simple folk whom he loves and who have come to love him so dearly. Here was a case where the square peg would not work in the round hole till suffering and sacrifice had reshaped them till they fitted perfectly together.

I know a young missionary who is one of the most talented scholars of his generation. He would do honor to the chair of comparative linguistics in any college in the country. His health made it necessary, a few years ago, for him to leave the foreign post in which he had been working, and for some time his plans were a little vague. I remember that someone asked him about them at one juncture. "I don't know," he said cheerfully, "but I'm not worrying about them. When I left school I made a resolution that I would never apply for a position. God is looking after that part of it for me. My business is to do the best work I can in the jobs he gets for me." God has always had a job ready for the young man, and nobody ever worked harder or more zestfully than he does at the jobs which God has picked for him.

I have mentioned these three young men who liked their jobs, two of them from life and one of them from fiction, not to discourage young people who hope to better themselves, for I know that God expects us to seek out the activity in which we can be most largely useful, but because they teach in common the lesson of the nobility and beauty of labor, of all constructive labor, and because they all prove (the fictional case just as much as the others, since all good fiction is history recorded by artists) that, in one way or another, God protects and guides the man who does his work well and cheerfully. I can testify to the absorbing affection which a man acquires for a piece of work to which he devotes himself whole-heartedly. All men are not always able to find work, it is true, and some work is so mechanical, so deadening and exhausting that it is hard to love it. But in the course of a longish life I have seen a thousand evidences that he who is faithful over a few things eventually becomes ruler over many, and a thousand indications that whosoever will save his life shall lose it. I know that, in one fashion or another, God is sure to reward the good workman and to teach the indifferent or dishonest workman a painful lesson.

Time teaches us that oft One Higher
Unasked, a happier lot bestows,
Than if each blighted dream-desire
Had blossomed as the rose.

— *Sir Francis H. Doyle*

How I Proved God's Presence in My Hour of Crisis

By LOUISE GRAY CASON

WHAT IS God to you? Is he the Supreme Power you have read about and intellectually accepted, or is he a *living reality* in your life who guides, comforts, protects, prospers and heals you — a loving Father?

It was because life forced me to apply the Presence of God to my problem, when I had reached the end of my rope, that God became a living reality in my life.

I was ill, so very ill, yet not admitting it even to myself. I went on day after day repeating health affirmations over and over in a parrot-like way and trying to carry the world on my shoulders at the same time. I had not realized that God was my father and capable of caring for me perfectly if I would only take my human self out of the way. My sister was just recovering from a long illness and I was breadwinner for us both. I had work I was proud of and worked myself physically to the point of exhaustion to hold my job. There was a feeling of fear back of my frantic work. I felt I must hold that particular job or we would starve, never realizing the truth of the affirmation I had been saying over and over and over: "God is my unfailing resource and supply." The constant worry over finances and my sister whom I loved dearly had taken their toll on my life and I was seriously ill. I was like a drowning man swimming frantically toward the shore, feeling that if I humanly could but fight the angry waves a little longer I would reach the shore.

I remember the night when I let go of the intellectual idea that God was a Supreme Power and accepted him as a living reality in my life. It was two A.M. and I tossed on my bed in severe pain, fighting back the tears. I would not call to my sister. I wanted to work this out alone with God. I had reached the end of my rope and knew I could not go on another day. What would become of us I wondered. Then the idea came to me, "Why don't you try God?" With the idea came a calmness and lying there in the dark I whispered into the night, "Yes, I'll trust God and see what happens. He knows the way, I don't. I have tried, oh so hard, and failed. From this minute on it is in his hands and I'll follow the road he points out no matter where it leads." Then I prayed that whatever was necessary for my demonstration would be shown to me quickly. I pushed back the thought of the empty pocketbook — how bills were to be met if I were ill long, what my sister would do until she was able to teach again. Simply and as a little child I placed my life in God's care and said, "You handle this matter, Father, it is too hard for me."

Morning came and the doctor's verdict was an immediate emergency operation of a major type that often

left people physically in pretty bad shape, but without which there was not much chance of living. I listened quietly while the family doctor talked, but with my inner thoughts I was saying, "Not my will, God, but thine be done."

As if by magic I was admitted to our best sanitarium, had a private room and the three best surgeons in town to operate. My insurance policy would pay the hospital bill and the doctors said they would wait until I recovered for their money. A private trained nurse was there to wait on me. Loving friends were paying for her and I was told I could pay them back whenever I was well. A Power greater than a human power was preparing for me and I knew all was well. I kept my mind on but one thing as I lay limp and utterly helpless: "God is here and in charge!"

After the operation followed thirty-five days of hospitalization. The best of care was given me. During those hours I lay on the hospital bed I learned affirmations were not just words, they were truth — God *was* my health and supply, my all, and he was *ever* with me.

When the hospital period was ended there were still five more months during which I had to stay in the house before I could walk again. The doctors had told me that it would probably be years before I could again walk perfectly, or very much, but I knew inside myself that when I had learned the lesson of God's presence (which I was learning through the days now passing) I would walk again and not be crippled. God was my health!

Money came in from various sources in the outer world in the most natural ways and our every need was bountifully met. We lacked for nothing. Two insurance policies I held paid off. The company I worked for paid my salary for six weeks and then I was laid off under a company ruling. The loss of this position I had prized so highly did not worry me now, for God was my supply and I knew that he would care for me until such time as he showed me a place where I was again to work. Money seemed to stretch further. Our friends came in to see us and were so lovingly kind through it all — not in an emotional, gushing, charity way, but in a deeply spiritual understanding way. I truly knew God's presence and all was well.

How did it all end? As it always does when we truly let go and let God live through us. The right work, a place that was to later pay me much more than the one I had held before I became ill, manifested almost to the day I was able to work again. The work is not as hard physically as at the place I had formerly held. My sister is now perfectly well and teaching again, earning a good living for herself. Every bill connected with my illness was paid up within less than six months after I returned to work — and the bills were quite a sum! My own health is better than it has been in years and my new work is such that I walk three-fourths of my time. I am not a cripple but a vitally alive and well person. Best of all, I know God as a living Presence in my life and all is well forever!

MAN is the artificer of his own happiness.
— *Thoreau*

Perhaps YOU Need a New Beginning

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By JUDITH BURDEN

EVERY DAY we contact people who are letting petty interferences stand between them and the shining goal they once set out to achieve. They are fearful, downhearted, morose and disappointed. Life has not been good to them. They are saturated with bitterness, jealousy and regrets. But what these people need is a new beginning. They need to put the past behind them and rehitch their wagon to a star.

"Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old. Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert." — *Isaiah 43: 18-19.*

The mind is the only place where you can make your beginning. It is the only place you can soar without limitation. And the thoughts you put there are the seeds you are sowing for tomorrow's harvest. Can you afford to put in seeds of poverty if you wish prosperity? Or can you afford seeds of sorrow if you wish joy? Or seeds of illness if you wish health? No. Because the manifestation of any of these negative seeds could be the interference that is holding you back.

In the beginning God promised you all the good things of life. He wanted you to glorify him with your talents, and when you hitched your wagon to a star you were in tune with his infinite plans for you. But somewhere negation has crept in and separated you from your goal. Now is it not time to get back? Reidentify yourself and your dreams with his great abundance and magnificent love?

"But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." — *1 Cor. 2: 9.*

A girl whom I know, and who seemed more than blessed with her share of beauty, talent, personality and opportunity in life, was suddenly involved in a dreadful accident which cost her one of her legs. Before she could leave the hospital her fiance broke the engagement and became reengaged to the patient's special nurse. As soon as the girl was able she asked for a transfer to a distant city, which took her away from her home, all her friends and her loved ones.

To-day that girl has an enviable position in one of the outstanding art centers in the country, and when asked why she left home, she replied, "I had to leave that pitying influence, that constant reminder of adversities and negation. I had to have a new beginning, a place where I could atune my thoughts with the bigness of God. I had to know the things he had for me in the beginning."

Surely you too can put aside those petty interferences and start all over again. Rehitch your wagon to a star and reach that shining goal through Christ who strengthens you to do all things.

"If God is for us, who is against us?" — *Rom. 8: 31.*

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A Letter From God

By EVA OLIVE MORRISON

Psalm 61: 2 — "To lead me to the rock that is higher than I"

ONE OF the most delightful experiences of my whole life came to me as the result of a dream, the memory of which gives to me a treasure to place within the secret chamber of my soul.

I received a dream-letter from God. And while more than a decade has passed since that certain letter was received, its influence and beauty remain. Then, as now, a widow, I lived in my home in Minneapolis. At the age of seventy-seven years, I then had six married children living, twenty grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. Being much alone, I looked forward almost daily to letters from the absent, loved ones. "My love letters" I called them. And such they really were, and received with high appreciation.

It was not strange, then, that my dream-guide took me to my outside mail box one night, to find my box well filled with letters from children and friends. As I looked them over, there was one that seemed different; although my name and address appeared in perfect form, yet the handwriting was unfamiliar. My curiosity was aroused. I opened it first of all, when to my delight and amazement I found it to be a letter from God. I was overjoyed, and, in my dream-thought, was eager to read the beautiful message, a part of which had been an abiding joy and happiness to me since early childhood. It all seemed to come with such fullness of comfort and assurance:

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid! God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in Christ Jesus." — *Philippians 4: 19*.

"Cast all your care (your worries and heartaches) upon him, for he careth for you." — *1st Peter 5: 7*. "O clap your hands, be joyous; shout unto God in triumph!" — *Psalm 47: 1*.

"The untrue friend borroweth and payeth not again, but the righteous showeth mercy and giveth in return." — *Psalm 37: 21*. "If ye abide in Me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." — *St. John 15: 7*.

On and on I read through many words of loving assurance that God is very near — not part of the time, but continually, all through a lifetime, be it long or short. At last, the waking moment came and I could hardly believe that I did not hold a letter in my hand.

I wakened to a reality, not to a myth. I wakened to an assurance that I could have a daily letter from God without waiting for a postman's arrival. That assurance was very definite. A foretaste of that communion to be realized when the Spirit returns to the God who gave it.

In the deep silence that surrounded me, I was one with God, and a part of heaven was within me. Why need I lose my new inheritance or let a day pass without this feast of joy and happiness? God is ever ready to come to me. It is I who forget to go

to him, in thought and communion.

Who sends the beautiful thoughts that come seeking to enter the realm of my understanding — a joyous rhythm of love and beauty? Who asks the faithful Friend to lighten my burdens? Oh yes! I do have many letters from God, in which my joy may be increased by sharing them with others.

As I write these lines I do not forget that I'm now in my eighty-eighth year, and as a wise writer once said, "Near the end of the trail, standing on the peak of the Great Divide, where the pony tracks all point one way, and from my lofty position, my horizon is only limited by the dim circle where the material and the spiritual meet."

My letters from God are a personal reality, and they are all marked "*Free.*"

Pray For What You REALLY Want If You Expect An Answer

By DORTCH CAMPBELL

PRAYERS are too often not answered because men and women pray for what they do not want. Most petitions conceal the true desires of the soul. But you cannot fool God.

The Colonel told me he had prayed for thirty or forty years to become a writer. He was so devout and so enthusiastic about writing that at first I believed in his sincerity. Contacting a newspaper he might easily acquire, I developed a way for him to satisfy his itch to write.

The Colonel had served in Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and he had also searched for gold in Alaska, explored the Amazon, hunted big game in Africa and adventured in the Orient. Then he settled down on a big ranch in the Southwest to write of his adventures. He thought I might be an easy channel by which he could get into writing, and so invited me to the ranch, where he told me about praying for decades.

"I am a literary genius," he told me. "God is now preparing me for the greatest achievement of my life."

I went back where men and women learn to write by writing and began to negotiate for his newspaper by which he was to achieve his lifelong ambition. But when I got to the point of completing the deal, he got another call of the wild and went off adventuring. I considered the newspaper an easy chance and an answer to his prayer. But he felt certain the answer to prayer could wait until he got back from his adventure.

The Colonel's eagerness to rush off into the wilderness at so inauspicious a time aroused my suspicions as to his honesty. But I like for a lot of proof to accumulate before I judge a man, and when he got back I asked him to contribute a few yarns on his adventures to the publication with

which I was affiliated. The newspaper proposition had long since ceased to be a possibility.

The Colonel's tales of adventure, never stopping anywhere, arrived with regularity, for, presumably, he thought that at last he was receiving answer to thirty or forty years of prayer.

But I did not think so; for in my time I have reviewed examples of amazing attempts to produce literature, and I have also foregathered with remarkable types of literati. But I had never seen anything to equal The Colonel. His crazy material was rankly illiterate and in trying to translate it I had to answer the call to the wild myself.

The Colonel did not want to write, and if he had wished to he would have spent thirty or forty years trying to write instead of in prayer. He only lusted for the notoriety of the writer, and to cover up inability to think clearly regarding what he had discovered on his adventures. He had spent decades trying to fool God, and had succeeded only in fooling himself. The real prayer of his life had been to be an adventuring vagabond, and that prayer had been answered. But think of what might have happened on a grand scale if his prayers and his desires had coincided!

After a lifetime of association with those who pray, I have long ere this reached the certainty that not one person out of a hundred prays for that which is wanted nor wants an answer for what is prayed for. Most prayers are not very vital, and are not very important, and are extremely dishonest. The prayers too often try to hide the naked self from God.

Too many persons look upon God as a servant at beck and call. He is not the wise and loving Father for most persons. Quite often he is looked upon as a collection agency by which the prayer seeks to collect a tough debt — of money or love or affluence. Too many in sloth, inertia and weakness are not trying to make their own collections; such need prayers to vitalize their lives.

God answers no prayer except that which will help the individual to grow. Is your prayer in line with growth? Then God will rush angels to your aid. But you will have to get out or get in line.

Consider the case of Mrs. Orchard, who said she wanted a mate — one to love and be loved by — and for whom a group of women prayed because they said she was worthy and surely needed a husband. Mrs. Orchard got her husband. But he was not what she was looking for, since afterward she discovered that his income was small and besides his business went bankrupt. Whereupon, she lost all interest in him.

Mrs. Orchard did not want a mate and she only wanted to keep up with the social procession of her neighbors and live a life of ease. Consequently, one might say positively that God did not answer her prayer.

Prayer is a *settled craving* for that which will enhance the evolutionary processes of life. Ease or luxury seems to add nothing to evolution. The craving for that which will help us grow is the measure of one's quality and achievement. It gathers up scattered faculties and forces within us and in our environment. A flaming desire concenters the mind, nerves the will and drives hard for its consummation.

A force based on desire runs through our lives. You get nowhere

unless you desire; without it you cannot lift a finger, wink an eye, swallow or raise the voice. You cannot even think or feel unless you first desire. Each individual possesses this outgoing impulse or urge, and with it we make a formula for our existence and by means of it we chug-chug along rather merrily for a time until finally desires run down and we fail or die and make no noise.

God's will be done for us in earth as it is in heaven is that desire or desires born mysteriously within us, calling for unseen and unheard powers for the furtherance of the beauty and glory of life. In reality God's will is our own deep desire. Too often that aspiration is hid beneath mortal or conscious volition, wish, dream and thought.

But think of the tremendous powers we might engage if we really knew God's will or desire for us deep within the subconscious and added to it our prayers! Possibilities for human achievement in any direction by means of conscious prayer in accordance with God's desire for us — which is always for the individual's happiness — are astounding.

Man's prayer-desire added to God's will for us can literally change anybody's life.

Application of Truth in Business

By HENRIETTA LEE

THERE IS no place where Truth principles are needed more than in the field of everyday business affairs. We don't dispute that for a moment, but we want to know how to apply those principles and bring success out of failure.

There is no reason for the percentage of failures that present themselves in the business world today, because there is a solution. No matter what the problem, there is an Intelligence that will guide us in business as it does in mental and spiritual affairs.

When a man understands his possibilities, when he understands who he is and why he is here, then he knows why he should be master of every condition and of every circumstance. We live in a world of change, in a world where most of us believe in limitation. We see it on every hand, and people seem limited in every way. We must get away immediately from this bondage of limitation before we can come into the realization of abundance.

You have at some time sent out a thought of limitation, or it would not be there. You may have said upon hearing of some failure, "Oh, I hope that never happens to me." That very expression implies a possibility. Don't forget that your thoughts and your words build your world. We have to create our own atmosphere, because we are born with an "I want" idea. We are always wanting something, and when it is brought into manifestation we want something more, something else. So

our wants grow. Did it ever strike you that that is the way it should be, that it is God pushing us along to something better?

The great Universal Power pushes us on because everything that we can possibly want has been provided for us. It is in the unseen world, and we have to learn how to reach into the unseen world and bring it into the seen; and to the degree we are able to do this are we able to satisfy all our "I wants." Perhaps you say that business is not going as well with you as it should. Probably it has never occurred to you that you are responsible for that condition, and to change that condition you, yourself, must change first. So long as you accept and carry the thought of limitation, so long as you admit that the business is getting poorer every day, you are doing the very thing that will eventually drive it out of existence.

We find that all is law, and that there is a law of finance as well as a law of business affairs. There is no such thing as luck. Every one who succeeds has in some way complied with the law of success. The question now arises as to how to comply with this law. There are many things we must do, and things we must not do. For instance, we must never expect something for nothing. This violates the law of compensation and you will not get satisfactory results. Always pay your way. If you cheat someone out of a dollar, you are cheating yourself out of hundreds of dollars, and above all things don't hunt for something cheap. Cheap thoughts will always bring cheap returns. Never say you can't afford certain things, and above all never pay out money grudgingly.

Suppose you have only one dollar. Decide before you spend that dollar that you want a certain something more than you want the dollar, then let it go cheerfully and with a blessing.

There are many business men who, when things drop off a little, become panicky and start to retrench, to cut off expenses. In some instances they call in their salesmen from the road. They don't seem to realize that they are sending out a quality of thought that will bring disaster. Remember you are limited only by your aspirations. Your world lies in your hands. Do not rely upon anything outside of yourself except Divine Power, and you'll be surprised at the many opportunities that this Power will put in your way. Know what you want, be definite, believe in yourself, think success, act success, and see yourself a success.

The first thing we must do is to control ourselves in the business world. Everything must be based on the principle of rightness. You can have just what you want. No one can limit you in thought, in ambition or in achievement, except yourself. It all depends upon the quality of thought which you send forth. Let the All-Wisdom within guide you and there can be no mistake. One with God is a majority. "IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM AND HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATH."

Bring out of yourself your latent possibilities. Concentrate in the Silence and you will receive ideas upon which you can act. You have heard of Henry Gordon Selfridge, formerly a partner of Marshall Field, of Chicago. He started a large business in London. He said, "Before I ever set

(*Please turn to page 26*)

Views and Reviews

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE

Don't Keep Your Thoughts on a Leash

WHAT GOOD is a hunting dog so long as he is on a leash? He can never fulfil his function until you free him — at the proper time and place.

And yet I have a letter from a woman who wonders why she does not get ahead although she says, "I have always tried to keep my thoughts on a leash." Would she expect a seed to grow if she kept it in a neat packet on the top shelf in the pantry?

Creative action is the very core of all accomplishment. I suggest that my correspondent read the parable of the ten talents in Matt. 25: 14. Keeping her thoughts on a leash is akin to the policy followed by the servant who hid his master's talent in the earth because he was afraid. And according to Jesus' parable the servant lost his job and was "cast into outer darkness." He who does not USE his powers will find by sad experience the truth of the words, "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

To keep one's thoughts on a leash is like shouting "Get up!" at a horse while you brace your feet, pull back on the reins and saw on the bit. You get exactly nowhere.

Now to get free of the leash business, it is first essential to make some sort of adjustment with your environment. If there are things you do not like (and everyone finds such conditions in his environment) make them steppingstones to something better. Set your thoughts to work on the problem of how to do this. If you can't work it out, then ACCEPT the condition for the time being, and set your thoughts to work on other matters.

To keep your thoughts on a leash is to be constantly on the fence — full of doubts, wondering what you should do. There is nothing more wasteful of energy than to keep an attitude of being on the fence in regard to your life's course. I believe it was Alfred Henry Lewis who once said that "It is better to stand firmly with the wrong than to wobble with the right." There is some psychological truth in the statement. The individual who constantly wobbles in his thought suffers in every way. Make up your mind where you are going and then KEEP MOVING in that direction. This is a law of health and happiness *and* success.

If you keep your thoughts on a leash, and thereby keep yourself from "going places" in relation to health, happiness and success, you are probably being held by some inhibition, some mental complex, acquired along the way in your past. Quite likely the inhibition dates from childhood. "If you are not healed," wrote Brown Landone in one of his books, "search your soul deeply to discover *what* you avoid and *why* you avoid it — whether it is a thing, or a means, or a person,

or a condition." In the attempt to avoid the thing you fear or dislike, you hesitate and keep your thoughts on a leash. You build up a backlog of inhibited power which may result in an explosion. Such an explosion occurs when a periodic drunkard goes on a "bat," or a man disappears from his home or commits suicide. It is not safe to hold one's thoughts on a leash. "The will to live, love and act, conditioned as it is by the power which has gone on living and loving and acting for countless generations, is the only source of all human strength," says Wilfred Lay, Ph.D. You bottle up and suppress this power of will to live, love and act at your peril. Free the power in constructive activity, and for the widest possible good to mankind, and you reap a harvest of all good things for yourself and others. You expand your Self and move toward the accomplishment of your desires and ideals. To quote again from Lay: "If we build a house, or organize a club, or cover a window with mosquito netting, or even hammer in a single tack where it ought to be, and was not, we are by so much expanding our Self." But if we hold our thoughts on a leash we bury our talent in the earth — and the other fellow seems to prosper while we languish in unhappiness.

ALWAYS think of yourself just as you want to become. Many a famous actress imagined she could see her name in electric lights outside the theatre while she was still washing dishes in her mother's kitchen. There is absolutely nothing the creative powers of mind cannot do for you once you have given it the model to work with.

— *R. C. Harris*

BEAUTY

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

I HAVE found beauty,
As I have gone
In the gray twilight,
In the red dawn.

Beauty comes to me
With sun and rain
On the high mountain,
In the low plain.

I have found beauty
On the wild sea
And in the budding
Of a tall tree.

Beauty comes to me
From the blue skies
And in the magic
Of a maid's eyes.

I have found beauty
Both near and far, —
Mist of the meadow,
Dust of a star!

(*Continued from page 24*)

foot on the shore of England, I had a big department store all worked out in detail in my mind. I could see the great crowd of purchasers. I was doing a splendid business in London before I ever saw it." There is the exact point. He complied with the law of success, and success pushed itself upon him. It was not an experiment, it was business. He applied the axioms of Truth to his business, and it couldn't fail. He believed in God, he believed in his ideas, he believed in himself, and his success was assured.

Apply Truth to everything in your world. Apply it to your mentality, to your body, to your business. Concentrate in the Silence, and ask the Father to let the way open for you. He will give you his blessing, and all he asks in return is your trust and faith.

Success In Prayer

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

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE WITH TITHING

A WOODEN SPOON was not my only heritage. I was brought up to reverence God and his Word. At nineteen I left home for San Francisco, where I studied art in a night school. I paid my way by working in the Pacific Rolling Mills during the day. My spare time was devoted to the study of the Bible.

My attention was soon attracted to the far-reaching meaning of Malachi ch. III. Daily I prayed for a wise and understanding heart. I adopted tithing as a principle. Things began to happen. Though comparatively young, and having but recently become a member, I was elected deacon of the Mission Christian Church of S. F.

Thus two years passed, then back to my home state and entrance into the State University and a theological school. The ministry was now my goal, with art as an avocation.

Then came the Spanish-American War, and one year was spent as a soldier in the Philippine Islands. During this time many pictures were drawn and sold to the soldiers.

At twenty-five I married a minister's daughter. Our first pastorate was small with salary a bare living. We resolved to "pay as we go or no go." We held to tithing as God's financial plan for the individual as well as for the church. Our financial start was from scratch and very literally just that.

While still a student the Vice-President of a bank had asked me, "Have you used your timber rights?"

"I did not know that I had any timber rights."

"Well, you have."

Shortly after taking the pastorate a friend of mine told me that he was locating people on timber claims. Would I be interested? Remembering what the Vice-President had told me I was very much interested, feeling that this was "a lead." But the cost! Eight hundred dollars to the Government and for locating. This total looked like a mountain. But I believed that if this was God's leading the way to secure the money would open.

Nothing daunted I went to the Vice-President of the bank and asked for a loan of eight hundred dollars. As I offered no personal security it was now his time to be surprised. He evidently admired my unlimited "nerve" for he sent me to see the President of the bank — at home slightly ill. The gentleman patiently heard my story then said, "You can have the loan provided your grandmother signs with you." Grandmother was a good sport and went my security.

That note became to me a mortal agony. When payment was due I could not meet it. Something had to be done, and Spirit alone could do it.

My father-in-law had taken a timber claim next to mine. Together we watched the ads for a prospective purchaser. And one day — O happy day! — the ad appeared. We quickly got in touch with the Eastern timber buyer and sold our two claims for $4,200.

I handed grandmother five twenty-dollar gold pieces, and was she happy!

Within a few days a ministerial friend of mine told me of a 500-acre ranch which was run down and was for sale at $20 per acre. Father-in-law and I took the next train out to inspect the farm. We bought the place for $10,000, paying $2,000 down, and gave a first mortgage for $8,000. We built a small but comfortable ranch house and put $300 into fences. Fortunately a good renter was secured. For three years the farm returns paid the interest and the taxes.

We now learned that the former owner was gleefully awaiting the time when he might get the farm back into the control of his itching palms. He was sure that a couple of fool preachers would fail to pay the mortgage! He bitterly regretted having sold so cheaply.

One day a dynamic individual appeared on our streets. He proved to be a "big shot" in walnut plantings. His name and location of office was learned. Something seemed to say, "This is another lead; follow it."

A letter was sent to the dealer, with a description and location of our farm. Would he and his company be interested? Back came a letter. He had been to the farm and proposed to plant 300 acres to walnuts, with cherry fillers. His company would pay the mortgage, plant the orchard and cultivate the trees for ten years, assuming all of the responsibility of management, including the selling.

Our venture of faith brought each of us in excess of $6,000 over and above our original investment.

In 1917–18 I served two years as Captain-Chaplain in the U. S. Army during the World War. When the war was over wife and I decided that we must move to a university city that our children might have the advantages of a higher education.

Before making the move we discovered that in a certain university city was a beautiful art and gift shop. This shop had been long since established by a teacher of art in the college. The shop was strikingly individualistic. So was the price — $6,000. Rent, $60 per month. The owner of the building assured me that he did not care to sell, under any circumstances.

The shop was purchased. I preached on Sundays and ran the shop to pay expenses.

My grandmother, who had been a mother to me nearly all of my life, had passed to the better life. She left her little home on a good lot at the edge of the business district, three blocks from our shop. Property values slumped. We bought out the other heirs, improved the little home and lived in it. I had the feeling that business would reach this lot some day, and so held on.

During the Christmas rush of 1923 the owner of our shop building walked in and calmly announced that he had decided to sell. Price, $18,000 — $6,000 cash down.

The turn of events dazed me. Having a $2,000 loan at the bank on a side venture, I hesitated to ask for an additional loan. Plucking up courage and faith I laid all of the facts before the bank official.

The man now president of the bank was the same individual who had suggested that I use my timber rights about twenty years before. I wondered if he wasn't beginning to regret having mentioned timber rights.

There was a trying wait of twenty-four hours. The telephone rang.

"Will you kindly come to the

bank?" It took me very few minutes to get there.

"Yes, we will loan you the $6,000 on your personal note without security. You must reduce the loan $100 per month."

Rate of interest on all of my obligations was 8%. Taxes $500 per year. The struggle was severe. My hair turned gray. But our children got their education. (Three of them are school teachers. The fourth quit the University and married a young business man. All four are happily married.)

On the day before Christmas, 1925, a leading business man walked into our shop and signed articles of agreement for the purchase of the lot on which our little home was located. Price $10,000 net. This was paid in full within a few months.

Almost exactly sixty days later we sold our shop and building for $30,000 net. These were the "boom days" prior to the crash of '29.

We purchased a modern home, splendidly located with a fine view of the city, at a cost of $8,000.

A little over a year later wife and I attended the American Legion Convention in Paris. We visited the principal countries of Europe — France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and England. We crossed Canada and U. S. A. This was our honeymoon trip. When we were married twenty-seven years before we rode from one small town to another, a distance of a few miles.

During the depression that followed the crash of '29 we took a severe financial beating, but held desperately to certain properties. Now their value has come back and advanced.

All of these transactions cover a period of forty years. Through all of this we recognize and gladly acknowledge the guidance of a kindly Providence. I am still preaching and expect to continue to preach so long as I am physically and mentally able.

"Prove me now herewith saith Jehovah. . . ." Malachi 3: 10.

"Have faith in God." Mark II: 22, 23. — *W. A. E., Ore.*

STILL WATERS

By HELEN LOCKWOOD COFFIN

I KNOW a Place
Serene, sunlit, and still,
Where those who frame a prayer
May linger as they will.

The surge of life goes by
And frets its outer rim,
But naught disturbs the peace
Of those who talk with Him.

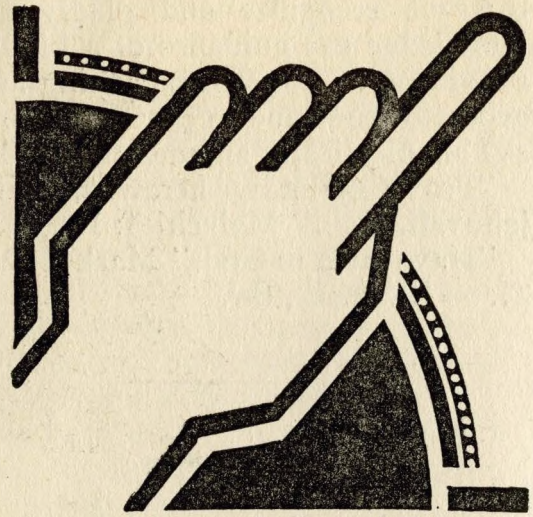
The crashing breakers roar
Out there beyond the wall —
But in the Place of Prayer
Not even echoes fall.

Elizabeth's Editorials

(*Continued from page 7*)

The story of the loaves and the fishes is contained in the sixth chapter of St. John, verses 8 to 14 inclusive.) Seek for yourself and for your friends that word of Jesus which multiplies and distributes infinite good. It is the word of thanks and blessing. Speak this word whenever you receive a gift, even if it is only a little kindness done to you by one of your family.

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