NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT

APRIL 1946

No Fear of Death SHELDON SHEPARD

What is Worry Trying to Tell You? DR. THOMAS TAPPER

I Had a Hunch, That is All GRACE A. THOMPSON

Turning a Phobia Into a Profitable Business WILLIAM C. TURTLE

"Where is Your Faith?" LETA MESTON

Send Out Your Power NELLIE L. DREW

The Art of Dismissing the Past EDITHE WEARE

The Turn of the Tide ELIZABETH TOWNE

Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

PRICE 20 CENTS

Delayed Demonstrations

By GEORGE C. HUBBS

IT IS easily possible that delayed demonstrations may dishearten some sincere and earnest Truth seekers. Let me suggest some reasons for them. Perhaps one is the tendency to confuse our *need* for a demonstration with a *spiritual preparedness* for it. If all that was required was a desire — or urgency — then all healings would naturally be almost instantaneous, for surely no one cherishes a lack of any kind.

Doesn't spiritual preparedness imply spiritual understanding? and doesn't such *understanding* imply more than we are ready to claim? Perhaps we are not mindful enough of the daily attention Truth gives to us, for it is easy to overlook past blessings in the face of present urgent need. But many demonstrations have been speeded by thankful, remembering hearts — by those who know that the same God who has blessed will not fail to bless again.

Don't you believe with me that constant gratitude — made constant because of confidence in a protecting, providing, guiding Father — is the surest promoter of speedier demonstrations? Surely the heavy, questioning mind has no demonstrating promise in it. Read Ps. 16: 8, 9; Isa. 55: 11, 12. We must *know* the truth — and rejoice in it — if it is to make us free. And to know it means much study and meditation and prayer.

I know from experience that an emphasis on gratitude in the face of urgent need is not easy, but I'm very sure it is necessary in speeding demonstrations.

What's Cooking
FOR NEXT MONTH?

Rounding Up The Idea "Ideas rule the world," said Plato. Where ideas come from, how to "round them up" and make them work powerfully for you is the subject of a contribution from Ruth W. Gross entitled POWER THROUGH IDEAS.

Are You Seeking An Answer? "My need was great but it drove me beyond human help to find such a miracle of spiritual Presence that my very being seemed rooted in complete faith" says Janice Ann Flint. What would many of us give for such an experience! Mrs. Flint's problems were many including the immediate need of money, employment, and a home. But she will tell you all about this great experience in her forthcoming article THIS IS THE ANSWER.

The Silence In all ages throughout recorded history men have written appreciatively of the power of the silence. It is in the silence, says Elizabeth Gregg, Ph.D., that we find "the center of power within ourselves." More in her forthcoming article, WHY WE NEED THE SILENCE.

"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before" This is an old but true statement. We have a new contributor who writes of her own fascinating experiences in precognition — which means foreseeing coming events — events and experiences which have not yet occurred. This writer describes other interesting experiences in foreseeing coming events as testified to by such distinguished persons as Goethe and Mark Twain. I guess all our readers will like WE CAN SOMETIMES "SEE" FUTURE EVENTS.

Turning a Disappointment In Love Into Beautiful Results One of the most appealing articles in our next issue will give an experience in turning sad disappointment to beautiful results. Many will find this article strikes a responsive chord in their own life. The title, WHEN THE LIGHTS BURN LOW.

She Found Success Elusive But there were many reasons. And it took her a long, long time to find what they were. But when she did make the discovery which "revolutionized her whole life" it was worth while. Miss Nellie Drew is already well known to Nautilus readers and they will appreciate her latest contribution, IT TOOK ME TWENTY YEARS TO LEARN THIS.

The Subconscious Brings a New Home At least it helps! A friend said to the author of this fascinating experience, "But I did not know that you could build now." And the writer of this article answered, "You can't! But I did not know it so I did." But the obstacles she had to overcome! Delay, changes in planning, etc.! They are all set down in the forthcoming article, MY SUBCONSCIOUS GUIDED ME RIGHT INTO A NEW HOME.

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.

CANNOT we let people be themselves, and enjoy life in their own way? You are trying to make that man another you. One's enough.
— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

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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Apr.

BIRD-SONG

By RUTH BASSET

A ROBIN sat on the fence to-day
After the rain was over;
His heart swelled out in roundelay
Of summer fields and clover.
He sang so long, so sweet, so gay,
With dripping trees around him,
I quite forgot the skies were gray,
In such glad mood I found him.
The warming hope of his refrain
Made all the chill air ring:
The joy of sunshine after rain —
And after winter, spring.

TO WIN MORE FRIENDS

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GIFT SUPREME

By ROWENA CHENEY

GOD SPEAKS, with each returning spring,
In every joyous, blossoming thing;
God's message comes in this rebirth
Of all that beautifies the earth:
In lovely dawns, in sunset's glow,
In caroling birds, and streams that flow
Through field and woodland to the sea—
God speaks through these to you and me.

Beneath eternal skies we live
So blessed with all He has to give;
Yet often we have known despair,
Forgetting He is everywhere . . .
Forgetting . . . till this gift supreme,
Bright Easter, wakes us from our dream,
As spring, with each ecstatic breath
Sings of His triumph over death!

Editorials

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

WITHERED LEAVES

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Like shattered rainbows falling
The leaves are drifting down,
Where partridges are calling,
Where trees are lost in town,
But, as I watch them flying
Upon the wind's cold breath,
I laugh, for they are crying,
"Dear lad, there is no death!"

*

Freedom From Unpleasant Surroundings

Supposing you were set down in a little desert town where life seemed too monotonous to be endured, how would you go about obtaining your freedom?

Well, in the first place you would need to make your peace with your present surroundings. To hate and resist your environment *demagnetizes you*. Hate always has this effect. It always detracts from the attractive power of the one who indulges in it. Therefore the condition which you hate becomes more powerful than you. The power you give to your environment makes it seem to hold you back. It is you yourself who has created the bond.

In order to get loose from anything unpleasant, from unpleasant conditions or from unpleasant persons, you have first to love the condition or the person. This means simply you have to assume a positive attitude of good will toward them. You have to realize that you are in a process of evolution and that your surroundings, your environment, the people about you — all these are a necessary part of your education and intended to further the process of your evolution. Try to understand and sympathize with this eternal process. In that way you make yourself more strongly magnetized and you are better able to overcome the magnetism of the surrounding conditions. In other words, *you* become positive whereas under the existing conditions your surroundings are positive to you. Just as two magnets will not stick together because each is positive, just so a human being will not stick to another human being if both sides are positive. The same is true of you and your environment.

So the first step in order to get free from any person or surroundings that hold you, is to *let go* the person or place that holds you. Instead of fighting your environment, practice nonresistance toward it. Try to radiate God's love from the "heaven within" you. In other words, to get free from an unpleasant environment you must begin by accepting it as coming from God — as being a part of God's evolutionary process. After a time you will find unfolding from within yourself the power to create new contacts and you will find new opportunities presenting themselves whereby you can work out of the unpleasant environment.

Under certain conditions the individual's salvation may occur right in his present surroundings. He may

find ways and means of adapting himself so as to overcome evil with good and he can then really free himself and enjoy himself without making a change of location.

And remember, "If ye know the truth, blessed are ye if ye do it" — do it daily, hourly, until your realization is clear. You cannot get anywhere by speaking hastily to God for a few minutes every morning and again speaking hastily to God once in awhile when you happen to want something! Realizing God and giving God to the world is the way, the truth and the life of what you want to realize — of everything you want.

*

You Are a Sun

IN TRUTH you are a radiating sun. Just as the physical sun radiates warmth and life to the world, so you have the power to radiate good will and love to the world from that infinite source of Life within yourself. God makes his sun to shine on the just and the unjust. It is his nature to radiate loving kindness and friendly understanding in every direction, just as the sun radiates its shine in every direction. The sun does not care whether we frown at it or turn away or hide ourselves from it — it keeps right on shining. So the Father in *you* moves you to radiate your own good will toward everybody at all times, whether anybody makes a return to you or not. If you in thought — your own thought — tune in with the Father within, you will become a radiant sun of loving kindness in your own right. Remember always that your job is to keep on shining — to keep on radiating good will — no matter whether you get any return from that shining or not. The instant you begin to think about whether or not your love is being returned, or rewarded, you cut off the outward flow of love from the heaven within you.

So long as you look to others for a return of your own good will, so long as you are always seeking for some one to *give you something*, you are leading the life of a parasite instead of a living sun of God.

*

The Turn of the Tide

YOU never quite know at what moment conditions may improve for you. When things become difficult, remind yourself that nothing goes out of your life but to make room for something better. And so be of good cheer and keep looking for a new way of serving the world right where you are, or of finding the way out of your difficulties.

Some years ago, in one of my audiences in New York City, there sat a young woman. After the meeting she came up to me and said: "Mrs. Towne, last night I made my plans to kill myself — conditions are in such a terrible muddle for me. And then I happened to catch sight of an advertisement in the newspaper that said you were to speak this morning. I said to myself, I will give myself just this one more chance before I do it. I will see if Elizabeth Towne can find a way out. What you said in your speech this morning makes me realize that even this trouble of mine can be turned to beautiful results, and that God in me is equal to working out that duty so that my life will be more satisfactory than ever. So I am

going home *to find a new way*, God's way, to overcome these things."

A year or so later this same woman wrote me that she would never get over being grateful for going on when things seemed difficult. She had already succeeded in turning many of her troubles into beautiful results, and she was full of gladness. She said that the best things of life had already begun to come to her since that Sunday morning.

So you never know what is coming to you the next day unless you keep right on doing your best into that day. All things are just opportunities for you to work out the Divine Spirit from within yourself to the solution of the problem in front of you, and to the bettering of your own life forever after.

Remember that all this work must be done first in your own heart and mind. You can make yourself over, you can put your thought on letting the spirit of love work from within you, radiating to everything on the outside, but you cannot make other people over. You have to accept them as they are.

You are never too old to undertake this work of making yourself over — unless you lie down and think so! Doing things is real living, and the minute you begin to plan not to do anything, and the minute you begin not to do anything, you are already dying.

Success

If you have not been making the success of your work that you think you should make, it is not due to the fact that there is anything wrong with you. When you fail at something just start in again slowly and persistently and thoughtfully until you have accomplished the thing you set out to do, or demonstrated the fact that it is not practical for you at this time to complete this particular work.

It takes push, you know, as well as pull to accomplish anything. And remember that the whole push of God in and through you is to make a success of each and everything that you undertake. Be still and know.

What is success anyway? Success is not always in achieving that at which you aim. Real success is aiming at that which you should achieve *and sticking to it*. The Spirit within you can turn any failure into beautiful results. To bigger and better results! Perhaps to different results. Many a man has pawned his soul to buy a little piece of land to make a farm, or invested in building lots, only to end up by making large amounts of money because it turned out that his property was better adapted to some other purpose. Some years ago a dealer in books gave away building lots as premiums with a certain set of books. Those who received the free

(*Please turn to page 29. Thank you!*)

Affirms the UNITED NATIONS *of the* WORLD

No Fear of Death

By SHELDON SHEPARD

An Easter Meditation

TIME AND SPACE are concepts of the life of the senses.

Every one catches a glimpse of the nature of the eternal in his dreams, for in dreaming he experiences a taste of what it is to be free from time and space.

In dreams we gather past time and tomorrow and form of them a bouquet of experience with the now. We are at one moment here and on the other side of the earth; all places are mingled and intermingled in our dream life.

This is not because the sleeper leaves his body, but is rather because in the dream life the human being is everywhere at once, and all times are now. So is it also in the life free from the body, or in the state we call "death."

At death one does not "go anywhere"; he is merely freed from bondage to sense-thought; death brings the freedom of being everywhere and in all times.

It is during his sensate life that man "goes somewhere"; at death he is freed from the necessity of that focus of his experience. To all persons, whether they be called "good" or "bad," at whatever stage of their development they are freed from the life of the senses, comes this same freedom from time and space — the timeless, spaceless life of spirit.

Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, Devachan, and all other names applied to conditions after death, have nothing to do with place, but only with condition; all represent attempts to describe spiritual states and all are everywhere.

As in dreams there exist no walls, no barriers, that may not be overleaped, no places except as they are made by one's own experience, so is it in spirit. As in the world of dreams there is neither day nor night, nor a season but may be blended with all seasons, so is it in the free life.

Blessed are they now who understand while using the body that the really important part of their lives consists of the kingdom within, of boundless, free thought and feeling, of awareness of their oneness with the Universal.

Such are the free ones who at death enter readily and gladly into the "joy of the Lord," which is the state of growth called "Heaven." Heaven is not a place, but is the universal inner presence of peace and perfection which is at the heart of all. One is "in Heaven" now or hereafter in proportion as he consciously lives in the unseen perfection.

As all things seen are made of and by the unseen, the unseen is the master of life; man should therefore "seek first" the Kingdom of the Unseen.

Let man master his thoughts and feelings; let him live in the joy of heaven whatever his circumstances; and he will discover that he is blessed,

that he has no fear of death and that worldly things are transformed by the power of his inner kingdom.

This indeed is the way of life — the lighted path of peace and wisdom that leads to the sunrise.

The Art of Dismissing the Past

By EDITHE WEARE

In my contacts with Truth students I find that only a few know how to dismiss the past. I get many letters from people who want help with their problems, and, almost without exception, they dwell on the mistakes of former years. They are so absorbed in yesterday's misery that they can't see the joy of today. People write of trials they endured ten, twenty, even thirty years ago. They write, ostensibly, for help with their difficulties, but what they actually want is a sympathetic ear into which to pour their troubles.

It seems to be human nature to like to wallow in misery and then to grieve about it. But as long as we let human nature rule, spiritual nature cannot prevail. We can't serve God and Mammon too, but when we give attention to the errors of the past and try, at the same time, to live in Truth, that is precisely what we are trying to do. The Bible says to let the dead bury its dead; that is to let our mistakes bury themselves. I would add: "And let them stay buried; don't every so often go and dig them up." The past is over. Let it go. "Finish each day", says Emerson, "and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders have crept in. Forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. Begin it serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense." Archbishop Cushing, of Boston, in a recent address said that life is like a ball game — we may make errors in the first innings but it is the ninth inning that counts. The first innings are things of the past, but the ninth inning, the inning of victory, is still ours. "It is blessedly true," says someone, "that though yesterday's mistakes have caused today's calamities, it is our privilege today to take a clean sheet of paper and write tomorrow's joy."

Let us look squarely at what has gone before. If the past isn't to our liking, let us profit by its experiences — that profiting is the only value it has for us — and then let us once and forever dismiss it. If, on the other hand, we feel that the past was more pleasant than the present; if it looks as if all our joy is behind us; if the present and the future stretch ahead dull and drab and meaningless as compared with the glory of bygone days, then, also, dismiss it.

"With every rising of the sun,
Think of your life as just begun;
The Past has cancelled and buried deep
All Yesterdays. There let them sleep."

Now is the appointed time. Now,

today, this minute. My favorite motto is: "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today." This especially applies to spiritual things. Let us live all the truth we know in this very minute; let us apply all the truth we possess to this very situation. Let us be so busy living the truth today that we shall have no time in which to ponder upon either the happiness or the misery of yesterday. And in doing this when today becomes yesterday there will be no regrets.

"I AM" the Master

By EDNA TRADEWELL, B.S.

THE BODY is very bold in making its demands as to what it wants to do in the way of activity. The body is not always wise enough to choose what is good for it. It has desires; lots of them; desires all of its own, characteristic only of itself.

But *you* are not at its mercy. You do not have to let it have its own way. The "I Am" of you is the master and can say to the body when it gets an incorrigible spell, "That is not what I want and I am the superior officer. I am the boss. I shall tell you what I want you to do for I know what is good for you. I know what you should have and that is what you are going to get. I know what you should do and that and that only is what you are going to do."

It is gratifying to know that we do not have to be commanded by the whims of the body. The desires of our superior officer, the "I Am" of us, are reliable and are always for our well-being.

The mental part of us says, "I feel proud. I feel separate and apart, above; aloof from others. I get enjoyment out of being a snob." But "I Am," the boss, the superior officer says, "No, I am at-one with God. The 'I Am' of me is the same as the 'I Am' in my fellow men. I am superior to no man — I am at-one with God."

The emotional body has its desires too. It likes violent feelings. It is eager to get angry; it likes to experience tempestuous emotions but all the time the "I Am" of me and the "I Am" of you, the big boss, the spiritual engineer says, "No, I am not dealing in violent emotions. They are destructive to my body and mind and I am the boss for the 'I Am,' the big shot of my life, is the ruler and the 'I Am' of me is in authority."

In order to bring about the mastery of the "I Am" in my life, to make it an active, definite, real experience, one has to desire to allow it the authority. It will rule aright always if given full rein. It is your superself. It relates you to God; it is your relationship with God — The super-conscious Mind.

The super part of you has a big job, a job that only the superior part of you, the "I Am" of you, can perform.

The "I Am" of you is your spiritual engineer, the divine manager of your

(*Please turn to page 30*)

What Is Worry Trying to Tell You?

By DR. THOMAS TAPPER

A GUEST at the Commerce Club meeting who was known to have had unusual business experience (at first severe and testing but ultimately successful) was requested to "say a few words." After a little hesitation he arose and began:

"I may now call myself a relatively successful business man. But I certainly began as unsuccessful as any human being could. The run of the day with me was set by a persistent intruder called worry. It dogged my footsteps like my own shadow. I used to refer to it as my 'Threatening Shadow.' Then one day I had the good sense, curiously enough, to ask myself this question: What creates a shadow as first cause? And, of course, the answer was light: Sunlight, arc light, lamp or candle-light — but always light. Then I said to myself, perhaps worry is not a shadow but a light, testifying to its presence as light and not as shadow. So I began to do a little thinking about the matter and today — now some years since — I can give a cheerful preachment on worry. Mr. Chairman, if you think the topic pertinent to the occasion, I shall be happy to leave the message of my experience with you."

Well, of course, the chairman begged him to give us the benefit of his cogitations on the practice indulged in by every human being — to worry sometimes about something, if not all the time about everything.

So Mr. Benton, the guest, related this experience:

"Not business men alone but the general run of folks are more or less frequently pushed into the ring, so to speak, for an encounter with the great contender whose name is worry.

"One wonders whether, on entering upon a bout with worry, we do not of ourselves set a wrong standard for the purpose of the contest — a standard that is wholly unnecessary with our assumed antagonist. For we can learn, if we will, that worry is not an antagonist at all but a specialist that enters into our affairs, not to throw us into despair and confusion but, like pain, to call our attention to a situation or condition that demands the constructive diagnosis that should go with it.

"And yet, we are forever meeting people who believe that the 'worry spell' is inevitable, something to be put up with, even coddled a little. I have come to believe that worry is not to be thought of as a malefic power. It may be referred to as a sort of fire alarm signal, urging us to stop, look and perceive that something is smouldering and may soon be destroyed by the flames of inattention. Let us see just what may be our privilege if we team work with worry instead of weeping on his shoulder.

"Experience seems to show that worry prods us not to torment but to make us uneasy toward something; toward something that must be brought into tune again. Thus it acts as a counselling agency, urging us to take the hint and become aware of the situation. It is the results that follow upon the neglect to do this

that gives worry its bad reputation.

"A negro boy, who was doing a fine job polishing my shoes, said to me, in reply to my query as to how he was getting on: 'Not so good. Lots of rain and lots of competition.'

"Do you worry?" I asked him.

"'Not any more. I used to, but it got hold of me so hard that I couldn't do anything. Now when worry knocks on my head and wants to get in, I just knock on my feet and make them take me somewhere else where I can get busy. There's always *something* I can do. Worry makes me feel that unless I do it I shall get in bad.'

"The Negro boy has the right idea in a measure. Worry is not out for victims. It is out to spur one to investigate and inventory the situation. I have learned from applying a rule that worry is an admonisher and not an enemy. But it is true nevertheless that worry sometimes gets a firm grip. Then I do this:

"I ask myself: How would you advise a neighbor to handle this mess if it were his trouble instead of yours? This is an effective device because one can generally see another's problem more clearly than one's own.

"The idea has been warmly applauded which recommends that instead of worrying all the time, more or less, one should set aside a special time for it, an hour perhaps in the morning. This, however, is a home remedy rather than a diagnosis.

"Had worry the power usually attributed to it we could not avail of the counsel which says: 'Be strong and of a good courage.' And that other marvellous assurance: 'I will be for you a strong habitation, whereunto you may continually resort.'

"A business man, a friend of mine who started out more prone to worry than I did, tells me that he has finally learned to remind himself, when circumstances and conditions become tangled, of this promise of the 'strong habitation.' He says the moment I enter that sanctuary my vision clears up and I know that when I knock at a door, seeking exit from trouble, it will be opened unto to me."

THESE WOULD I HOLD

By INEZ CLARK THORSON

I would look on a clear, cool stream
That has a tryst to keep
And moons above the prairie grass
That winds have sung to sleep.

I would see wheat fields yellowing,
Brown bees in red-capped clover
And sumac-pyred hills where geese
At dusk go winging over.

And I would hear the song of earth
When winter shall depart;
Let me hold beauty very close
Against my yearning heart!

Send Out Your Power

By NELLIE L. DREW

EVER SINCE I have been old enough to delve into and understand something about the mental sciences I have been particularly interested in learning to demonstrate the law of healing. During a period of twenty years I studied New Thought and took various courses in Christian Psychology and metaphysics with the one outstanding thought of attaining some degree of healing power for myself and others.

The more I studied and tried to put into practice the things I was learning, the more I seemed to be convinced that I must "heal myself" before I could hope to do anything for others.

During the last two years I studied most intensely on a new line of work wherein I was constantly enjoined to send out thoughts of love, prosperity, healing, etc., as the case required, to others.

I began practicing this and finding myself becoming more absorbed in others' problems and troubles than my own. As a result I found myself feeling able to reach out through space with my spiritual consciousness and contact those for whom I was affirming some good. Looking back over the past year, the improved conditions in life and health that have come to those for whom I worked especially, would seem like miracles if we did not know the tremendous power of the law that we put into action by our affirmations.

To one such came improved health after a nervous breakdown; and following that she and her husband had an opportunity to take over the four-family house they lived in, thereby improving their financial condition and also giving her more interest in life — something she needed to help her both physically and mentally.

A second case over which I was concerned was a woman who had worked all her life in an office, working almost constantly over small figures. One day she was thrown suddenly to the floor of a bus on which she was riding. At first she did not think she was seriously injured, but very soon an eye condition developed which made it impossible for her to continue working. The nerve of the eye was injured and only rest would ever improve it. The small amount of social security she received was not sufficient to live on, so she sought to eke it out with odd jobs here and there. Although her eyes were relieved of the physical strain imposed upon them by her work, still they did not improve, because she was worried and unhappy over the whole state of affairs. Just before retiring she had moved to a new apartment to be nearer her work. In the apartment lived a man who had lost his wife, and although he had four charming daughters, he longed for, and found in my friend, the companion and wife his heart sought. I don't know of a happier couple and the trouble in her eyes has cleared as her mental state became normal again.

The third case I worked particularly hard on, a case of stomach trouble that looked as though the person was due for an operation, but I have had word recently that the condition has improved there.

As if God wished to prove to my consciousness that these things were not mere cases of coincidence, and that his power had been at work, a wonderful demonstration or revelation, call it what you will, came to me a few weeks ago.

During the week I had had few social engagements and had put more time than usual during my spare moments into study and concentration. At the end of the week I awoke one morning with a special feeling of peace and well-being. I lay there relaxed, my mind at rest, and very quietly the experience came to me. The words came to me, "The Father worketh and I work," and as they did I seemed to see myself climbing a hill, an ethereal hill. I felt myself there in space, a gray light around me, no trees, no grass, just the hill in space. I seemed to be laboring up the hill at first, but as I climbed the going became easier and above me at the top of the hill was a cloud of intense light, not dazzling light, but a luminous white light like nothing I had ever seen in the physical world.

When I reached the cloud, it enveloped my head and came down gradually over my body like an enveloping mantle. The feeling of well-being in my body grew more pronounced and I had the impression that I was being healed of any bodily imperfections that annoyed me.

Then my thoughts seemed to go immediately to those for whom I had sought healing and happiness, and this fact I knew afterwards to be unusual for I always worked for them at night. I seemed to be able to take the cloud with me, or rather it took me to them, and I could feel a sense of spiritual contact with them greater than any I had yet experienced.

From then on I was free from a physical condition that has troubled me for years. I have a feeling within of vibrant health and vitality. I feel reverently humble that the Creative Force has used me as the channel through which good has flowed so freely, and that my own spiritual consciousness was finally awakened to the truth of the words, "Give and it shall be given unto you."

APRIL

APRIL is here!
There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new;
There's a flash of wings of heaven's own hue;
There's a veil of green on the nearer hills;
There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills;
There are stars in the meadow dropped here and there;
There's a breath of arbutus in the air;
There's a dash of rain, as if flung in jest;
There's an arch of color spanning the west;
April is here!

— *Eben E. Rexford*

Are You Praising Your Things Enough?

By JUDITH BURDEN

EVERY DAY we contact people who are grumbling about what they have. Their homes aren't big enough, or fine enough. They aren't making the salary they want to make. They haven't the friends they want to have. Everyone is getting some place but themselves, and they are downtrodden, morose and discouraged. The world has given them a bitter lot. They are indeed unhappy, and don't mind letting everyone know it. Yet, what all these lonely, morose individuals need is a turn about face. Praise instead of grumble! Yes, praise the things they have at that moment instead of being ungrateful and grumbling about them. Praise the smallest evidence of what they have that they wish increased. Bless it and be thankful for it and then watch it grow with an amazing rapidity.

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him." (Psalm 100.)

Remember the time when someone gave you exactly the thing you wanted? Your natural impulse was to rejoice and thank that person for it. In fact, you could hardly express your happiness enough, or wait to show your gratitude to them in some appreciative way. That is the way it is with our invisible gifts, which we set up in the ether and want to manifest. They are already given to us, except God is the giver. He has given them to you and to me by letting us visualize them. Then is it not our duty to thank him and accept them?

During the last depression a lone woman sat down to a breakfast which consisted of a dry crust of bread and a cup of warm water. But she blessed it. And she gave thanks for the water because it was hot. Today that woman is comfortably well off. Her breakfasts can consist of anything she chooses to have. Was she not blessing the merest evidence of what she wanted manifested? And was she not thankful for what she had?

At the beginning of this fall I noticed our wood for the fireplace was very low. I began to thank God for it immediately. However, in the meantime I mentioned it to my husband. He said wood was terrifically high this year and estimated that our wood fires might be few and far between. But nothing more was said and when the first cool evening came on I built a fire, blessing the wood all the time, and later many times during the evening, I blessed the beauty and warmth of the rich, red blazes for they were indeed to me a luxury. Other cool evenings followed and each time we continued to have fires. I did not notice how low our wood was getting or what it would cost to replace it. I continued to thank God for such a rich blessing. Now, it is not yet Thanksgiving and we have

been given three huge loads of fine wood which is stacked in our back yard. We haven't been denied a single fire on any evening we have wanted it, nor have we skimped with the amount of wood we've burned. And a point about it that is not to be overlooked, is the fact that we have far more wood than we will ever use this entire winter.

Whether it is a small thing or a big thing you want, do not be afraid to "turn the power of praise upon it," be thankful and be faithful and you will be bountifully rewarded.

Turning a Phobia Into a Profitable Business

By WILLIAM C. TURTLE

MY PHOBIA was a horror of old safety razor blades. When this phobia got the best of me I went to see a doctor. I wouldn't take a used blade out of my room. The doctor diagnosed my case as "Aichmophobia," or fear of sharp instruments, and turned me over to a psychoanalyst. But he helped me only indirectly.

However, the psychoanalyst told me that my phobia was a common one, being shared in a greater or less degree by hundreds of thousands of the people in our civilized world who shave regularly. In fact, what to do with old safety razor blades has been a standing joke since safety razors were invented. In any large city, he pointed out, you can see people throwing little packets over bridges into the water on their way to work. Some throw them into furnaces or even bury them. They do not trust them in garbage or disposal cans because of the fearful thought of some one reaching in there and cutting himself.

Of course I could see that, behind such actions, were the best of intentions, although that didn't help my phobia any. Personally, I made certain that neither little children nor garbage men nor little fishes should be the victims of my blades. I would wipe each used blade clean and return it to the individual paper wrapper whence it came. Then I would toss the wrapper into a special drawer and lock it. There the blades accumulated until I had quite a heap.

Now at this time I had a double dose of disharmony in my environment. Besides having the razor blade phobia, I had a job as wine taster which I had to accept during the depression and which I disliked progressively, not only because of my principles but because I feared I was losing my health on account of the job.

So, between my phobia, my unhappiness about my work and my fears concerning my health, I knew I could

not go on. And, in an indirect way, or rather without any conscious direction on my part, I was making affirmations toward securing a release from this evil, unseen prison. Although for a long time the opportunity did not seem to come around, nevertheless something strange was taking place. The habits of distinction and experimentation which were necessary in my work were becoming manifest in other phases of my everyday life. For instance, every time I bought safety razor blades I selected different ones and, my sense of color and form being almost as keen as my taste buds, I seldom purchased the same type of blade twice. The result was at the end of ten years I had an assortment of razor blades in my drawer that were pleasant to look at — that is, from the view point of a collector, which at the time I was not. Then, partly to make more room in the drawer and partly to divert myself, I began putting up the blades in scrapbooks.

While thus engaged, a friend dropped in on me one evening. "What the heck are you doing?" asked the friend. I told him, somewhat sheepishly. Now notice how these creative, though indirect, affirmations operated.

Word got around at the warehouse that I didn't know what to do with old razor blades so I was saving them — making a hobby out of an aversion. They, of course, did not know how close to the truth their hazing came.

It was at this time that I visited a doctor who referred me to the psychoanalyst for a "mental checkup." While the visit did not do me much good, from a medical standpoint, it was a link in the chain of unpleasant experiences that finally got me what I secretly affirmed. One thing this psychoanalyst did for me was to advise me to study myself more. He assured me I'd find the cause of my trouble myself by such study. In order to do this expertly he suggested I read some books on psychology. It seems he traced my phobia to my job, inasmuch as he questioned me closely about it. I do not deny that everything unpleasant seemed to have issued from my job.

I did not know the difference between the many phases of psychology, much less did I dream of the existence of what is known as New Thought. I went to a bookstore and asked the clerk to give me some books and magazines on psychology. Among the magazines he handed me was one on New Thought; and also a book along the same line.

Upon retiring that night I decided to look into this subject of psychology for a few minutes and see what it was all about. That was about 10 o'clock. From my school days I remembered it as a very dull subject, like physics. But this New Thought psychology, while new, did not seem strange, nor did it sound as intricate as psychiatry or psychoanalysis. The proof of that was in the fact that the few minutes I intended to spend with the subject leaped a chasm and stood at 2 o'clock, at the end of which study period a new thought had dawned on me indeed. I was seized with the thought that a solution to my problem was right beside me. All I had to do was reach out for it. For the time being my phobia and my other fears were crowded out of my consciousness entirely. In their stead was a creative thought — a confidence in the creative power of self

and the unfathomless bounty of the universe. The idea got hold of me so violently I wanted to get out of bed and dance — yes, at 2 o'clock in the morning! The enthusiasm so filled my being I hardly slept the remainder of the night.

On going through my shaving routine the next morning I repeated the habit of years. When I pulled out the drawer to throw my old blade in, I yanked too hard and spilled the contents on the floor. I hated to touch the many blades, yet as I started scooping them up to put them back, a strange feeling came over me. The scrapbook containing hundreds of different blades was in a corner and, as I was gathering the blades up, I looked at it. Again I seemed on the verge of a great idea. But it did not come, and for a moment I faltered. But only for a moment. Shutting my mind tightly I squeezed the negative thought out and admitted the positive affirmation I had held all night.

Next day was Christmas Eve. When I got home from work I found a huge package in my room. Upon opening it I found a card from the fellows with whom I worked saying, "For your collection. Merry Christmas!" The box contained what seemed like a half ton of used razor blades! Now I realized why the men at work had acted so strangely for the past few weeks. They were planning this practical joke on me. I looked at the landlady who was standing nearby. She wore a frown which suggested that my sanity should be investigated and informed me that her rooming house was no junk yard.

My first impulse was to call a junk man and get rid of the blades at any cost. But one junk man after another refused to come. Perhaps I did not present the matter right over the phone, for when the party heard "old razor blades" he seemed interested in nothing else except hanging up. So I slept on the matter that night. Next day being Christmas I had the problem with me all day. I wanted to pick up my scrapbooks and toss them out the window. Then an idea occurred to me. "Why not capitalize on my fears?" I thought. At last my affirmations had brought a solution.

The next day a great pyramid of old safety razor blades were on display in a novelty shop, fenced in on each side by two of my open scrapbooks. In front of the pile was this sign: "*Get rid of your old razor blades here.*"

When I sold the storekeeper the idea of carting the old razor blades over to his store, I explained that featuring these blades in his window was a unique advertising plan, inasmuch as most people had a phobia about old razor blades and didn't know how to get rid of them. When they came in to the store to leave their old blades they would surely buy something. The scrapbooks, too, would suggest he carried every type of blade to suit every shaver's face. "If the idea works," I said, "pay me $5 a week rental. If it doesn't, you may keep the whole works." Either way I figured I had nothing to lose.

The idea, however, caught on at once. After six weeks I moved the display to a large downtown store that paid me $40 a week rental. The display ran there for twenty weeks.

But that was only the beginning. One day a merchant called on me at my rooming place. He had gone to a lot of trouble to get in touch with me and was soaking wet from a rainstorm when he arrived. His mood was not too favorable and the last thing

that came into my mind was that he was here on a favorable mission. When he made a proposition to me to buy up all the old razor blades I was renting out for advertising purposes at a handsome figure I almost collapsed. "What can you do with old razor blades?" I asked him. "Resharpen them and sell them for reconditioned blades," he answered. "Besides, I can use a lot of them as they are for fillers in blade holders. I get lots of calls for 'em from advertising firms and clipping bureaus."

Before I knew it I was in a business of my own — collecting old razor blades and renting out my books. My supply problem is comparatively simple. I have solved it in a number of ways and without much expense. In one instance I installed boxes in bathrooms of rooming houses and cheap hotels labeled, "Drop old razor blades here." Every so often I collect them and, after putting them up in cartons, I deliver them to my customers. For the contract I made with the merchant who called on me led to other contracts. Now my business is assured and I have all I can do to take care of it alone.

However, I still keep adding to my scrapbooks and have recently won a $100 war bond at a hobby collector's convention.

Of course I need not mention that my phobia disappeared when I turned it into success.

THROUGH LOVE WE CONTACT THE CREATIVE PRINCIPLE

Always love is a medium through which man contacts and applies the creative principle of the universe. And what love is allowed to create through man is up to man himself. His love attitude determines the course taken by creative principle. Inevitably, the creative principle operating on and through man, creates something; something noble or ignoble, constructive or destructive.

The principle in itself is ultimate unity, and is therefore not subject to finite discriminatory limitations. It is beyond time, space, duality, judgment, because in it all things are dissolved into the changeless whole. It has but one purpose, one nature, one reason for being, and that is to create. And create is what it does. To it there is neither good nor bad connected with its creative purpose. These are human discernments recognized by man and obeyed by creative principle. The principle being infinite and discernment finite on the plane of duality, it follows that man can use creative law only in the ratio of his capacity to receive it, and no more. One may sink as low as his faculties of invention are capable of carrying him; one may rise as high as his understanding and application will reach.

The foregoing is no attempt to define love, because that cannot be done. All definitions limit and the limitless cannot be done. All definitions limit and the limitless cannot be limited, pigeon-holed, or labeled. He who would seek to define the indefinable would only curb his capacity for using it. Consequently, what I have said should be taken for what I have intended it to be, a description rather than an exposition. — *Starr Daily*.

I Had a Hunch, That Was All

By GRACE A. THOMPSON

ONE SUNDAY my friend, Sarah, invited me to dine with her but owing to a late afternoon engagement it was necessary for me to decline the dinner invitation but I promised to come later in the evening.

For no particular reason, this evening instead of calling a cab I walked two blocks to the street car and the shortest way to my friend's apartment from the car line would have been to get off at Park Road, and never had I done otherwise. However, this Sunday night when I arose to get off at the usual stop, I had a sudden urge to ride on to the next street, and without knowing why, I sat down and rode another block.

When, in answer to my ring, Sarah's brother opened the door, I instantly perceived that it had not been completely latched. "Why, James, the door wasn't latched," came to my lips but I couldn't give the words utterance.

It was customary, when visiting in the Benson apartment, for girls to go directly into Sarah's room to dispose of their wraps and handbags. So, quite naturally, after greeting me the brother said, "Go into Sarah's room and take your hat off. Dinner is late and we are just being served but we have a place reserved for you."

To my utter astonishment, in reply I heard myself say, "No, I will keep my hat on because I am going to stay but a few minutes." *Now I had gone to that home with the full intention of remaining all evening.*

Without removing my hat, and with my purse in hand, I was escorted to the dining room. There were other guests but I was the only one who had not removed her hat. Nevertheless, the embarrassment which I felt did not prompt me to go back to my friend's room at the front of the apartment.

After dinner the whole party returned to the living room, whereupon, in spite of my declared intention to leave early, I lingered until the other guests made their departure, my hat still upon my head and my purse in my hand.

When Mrs. R——, the only other woman guest that evening, went to get her wraps we heard her exclaim, "My handbag is gone!" It was later discovered that a pocketbook belonging to the hostess had also disappeared; and the next morning, in a nearby alley, the police found both pocketbooks — empty.

Marks on the door through which I had entered the apartment, and which I noticed was not completely latched, bore evidence to the fact that the lock had been forced open with a jimmy. The intruder must have been in the bedroom at the very moment I refused to go in to remove my hat, and since there was no other door through which he could have made his escape, I most surely would have encountered him had I entered that room, and had I been able to speak the words which would have called attention to the unlatched door

when I arrived. An investigation would have been started immediately and without doubt some one would have been hurt.

Love Opened the Channel For God's Blessing

By AVENEL LEWIS

I BELIEVE that we, as Truth Students, can all solve our problems a little easier if we may use other people's experiences as a guide in working out our own. So I am going to tell you of one version of Truth's many-faceted sides which I have had the pleasure of experiencing. (Yes, pleasure. For after all, all life's experiences when realized from the viewpoint of Truth are a pleasure in the knowledge and spiritual freedom they bring when we learn to conquer them.)

Several months ago we found it to our advantage to leave our home town and take up our residence in a very over-crowded defense city. We had been warned it would not be easy to find a place to live but felt certain that as God seemed to be directing us in this move surely there would be a place provided for us. However, we were unable to find more than mere sleeping quarters, which was a considerable handicap, for we comprised a small family unit.

Our landlady had assured me upon renting the sleeping room from her that she would give us the first vacancy she might have among the several flats, houses, etc. she owned.

As time went on and the vacancies which did occur were rented to others, combined with the hostile attitude displayed toward me, I realized that for some reason she did not like me. I tried every avenue I could think of to find something else but every road seemed blocked to us. Then resentment and a very marked dislike toward our landlady laid hold of my feelings. I knew I shouldn't hold such thoughts and I tried to put my problem into God's hands for solution but I became more discouraged.

I knew I was not taking the right attitude toward Mrs. B—— and that I should hold only loving thoughts in my heart, but it was very hard to do so while knowing all the time she was resenting me. And my hope of receiving any help from her seemed to grow farther and farther away.

Four months passed in this manner and finally one of Mrs. B——'s duplexes was vacated and I asked her to rent it to us. She explained she had the place up for sale and due to the ninety day sales restriction law she was going to keep this side vacant in the hope it would bring her a quicker sale by having a place ready for the prospective owner to live. She also explained she was very dissatisfied with her tenants who occupied the other side of the duplex, but there

was nothing she could do about it.

I tried hard in the face of my disappointment to send out good, so told her I did not blame her for wanting to sell and hoped she would accomplish her aim. I still heartily disliked her as a person.

Several times in the next few weeks I inquired as to whether she had been able to sell and each time I expressed my regret at her negative answer. I felt I was trying to overcome the obstacles which I had placed in the path of God's abundance for me. From all angles I knew this house was the proper location for us and that it was waiting for me until I was able to receive it.

One evening I decided to take a complete inventory of my situation and find wherein I was at fault in bringing forth the manifestation which I so earnestly desired. I began by asking and answering the following questions:

Had I really given God the opportunity to pour out his abundance? I had first desired. I had next felt the desire keenly. Third, I had used action in trying to find a place. I knew these three points to be the main points on which my demonstration hinged.

I began then to analyze each point separately. How great was my desire? My need was very great and I felt sure my desire was as great as my need. How strong did I feel it? Here I hesitated. I felt the desire for a place strong enough but had I actually felt the desire above everything else? No, I hadn't. I had keenly disliked the one person through whom I expected my desire to manifest. True, she didn't care for me either; but was that any reason why I should add more obstacles by my own feelings toward her? No, I would have to remove those obstacles first before I could expect any good to come to me through her. God's abundance could not flow to me as long as I deliberately blocked its coming by my wrong feelings.

Had I really shown action? True I had hunted for a place to no avail. Here was a place ready and waiting for me as soon as I was ready to receive it. And that would take a different kind of action to accomplish.

The next morning I set about removing the obstructions which I had placed in the path of my All-Good by realizing harmony, love and joy, and expressing them. I made occasion to find a common ground on which we could meet — our mutual love for animals. While I talked to Mrs. B—— I watched her reactions to my expressed admiration for her dog. And found the tender, godlike qualities within her when I touched upon this subject.

From there on it was easy. Each day she melted a little more thoroughly. I continued to pour out more of God's love and before long I found myself really liking her as I began to know and understand her and her problems.

I never mentioned the duplex or my own desires during this time. Within a week she came to me and voluntarily told me she had decided to let me have the place. I knew then that I had conquered myself; not Mrs. B——, but myself. And in removing the obstruction which I had placed in the way of All-Good, God had been able to let his everlasting love and goodness flow through to me.

There was furniture and fittings to

be purchased before I could occupy the place and several details to be taken care of, and I continued with the same attitude of mind I had adopted and each day new evidence of God's goodness manifested itself through Mrs. B—— in the little helpful things she was willing to do for us to make it comfortable and pleasant, such as having her husband drive me back and forth from the house on the various trips of preparation of the duplex for occupancy. Nice fresh vegetables from her garden found their way to our table. Kindness and consideration blossomed in her heart toward me in abundance and my own heart was filled to overflowing with the joy of knowing and loving my fellow human being.

Not only did I find that everything was as it should be in my relationship with Mrs. B——, but things began coming from other sources and despite the fact that wartime conditions held so many restrictions it seemed as if every necessary thing I needed was opened up to me through each source I contacted. Truly, I had opened the channel for God's goodness to flow through.

But more than the physical things I received were the spiritual joys I came to know. I had made a friend, I had found peace of mind in place of the constant irritating emotions of the previous months, and I had gained strength of spirit in overcoming one more human frailty.

And it had really taken so little effort on my part after all to reap so great a reward.

"Where Is Your Faith?"

By LETA MESTON

"The lightning came and looked at the church
While the folk were singing a hymn,
And clouds crept up three ways at once
To crouch on Yennadon rim.

He looked at the church and kicked up his heels,
He whinnied and flickered away.
And the folk came out when prayers were done
To blink at the clearing day."

—*L. A. G. Strong*

FAITH lies at the very root and base of being. It is instinctive. Man has enough faith. It wells from his very center, in a constant stream. It is the source of all activity, whether he is consciously aware of it or not.

Had man faith *in the right things* he would be constantly upborne on that stream, absolutely above sin and fear, transfigured, superior to intellect, aligned with the law that holds the planets in their places, with the central force and power of the universe.

But what *is* faith? However and wherever placed, it is never a passive condition, a state of spiritualized imagination or abstraction. It is a

faculty of man's true being, to be exercised whenever he will. He has it in himself. The question is, what is he doing with it!

Nicholas Herman of Lorraine (Brother Lawrence), nearly three hundred years ago declared that the worst that could happen to him was to lose that sense of God which he had enjoyed so long — but that the goodness of God assured him he would not forsake him, and therefore that he feared nothing; and that as he was conscious of his readiness to lay down his life for the love of God, he had no apprehension of danger at all.

"I keep myself retired with him," he said, "in the fund or center of my soul as much as I can; and while I am so with him I fear nothing, but the least turning from him is insupportable . . . I know that to arrive at this state the beginning is very difficult, for we must act purely, *in faith*. But though it is difficult, we know also that we can do all things with the grace of God, which he never refuses to them who ask it earnestly."

Not passivism, surely. Our lives must answer — will answer — *do* answer for our faith. Indeed, faith seems a kind of heroism — yet nothing more is required for its expression than obedience. Obedience — to the law of one's being. Should that be difficult?

Yesterday Emerson insisted that faith makes men, not men faith. "Faith makes its own forms," he wrote. Today Paul Brunton reaffirms it. "Trust the Overself — and circumstance will become your providence." And Jesus said, "According to your faith, be it unto you." It all counts up to the same thing.

On his way to the house of Jairus, where he restored to life the little daughter of that home, Jesus healed a woman in the crowd who came behind him and touched the hem of his garment. "*If I may but touch his garment!*" she thought. Her very gesture, her unspoken prayer, was an affirmation, and she was made whole from that hour.

Departing from Jairus' house, Jesus was followed by two blind men crying, "Have mercy on us!"

"Do you believe?" he asked. It was as if he had said: "Are you receptive to spiritual things?"

Their faith may have been small but it was absolute and rightly placed. They were obviously not disturbed by academic differences as to *how*, *why*, *what*. They *let* that Mind *be* in them which was also in the Master, the Light (understanding) that is the life of men. It was as the turning of their faces towards that Light, "which lighteth *every* man that cometh into the world." And darkness was made light before them!

Faith lies at the very root and base of being. It is instinctive. Man has enough faith. He cannot do away with it. It is part and parcel of his very life.

Is it in the right things?

THERE IS a great deal of spiritual energy in the universe, but it is not palpable to us until we can make it up into man.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Views and Reviews

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE

Are You a Chronic Rejecter?

MANY a chronic invalid and maladjusted person got into difficulty in the first place because he could not accept life and cooperate with the laws of life in such a way as to manifest health and harmony in his person.

The habit of rejecting and resisting environment and persons is not a healthy proceeding. Life thrives upon harmony. Where the life forces flow most strongly there you will find harmony. Not necessarily in outer things, and not under all circumstances — but deep in the soul there will be a consciousness of power that comes from unity with life. The chronic rejecter makes this sense of unity impossible. His attitude is a monkey wrench in the machinery of his life. He goes about *turning away from* the sources of his own good. For good comes through our relations with others — harmonious relations. If your attitude toward a man is one of scorn, he is not apt to go out of his way to help you. The same principle applies to natural laws, to inanimate things, to all the factors of environment. A plant will not grow and thrive for one who hates and neglects it. Remember the experience of "W. Y. M." and her cotton? "We planted a field of cotton," she wrote, "as did a dozen or so of our neighbors. Just as the planting was finished, there came a heavy downpour of rain, simply cementing the ground over the little tender cotton seeds. It was the verdict of every one that the seeds could not break through the hard earth and come forth. . . . I told them that God's love bathed and filled the earth about them and gave them strength to come forth in perfect order and harmony. Did I have to replant my field? Never! A perfect stand of cotton came up. . . . *There was not a single field for several miles around us that was not ploughed up and replanted.*"

Such experiences as this might be multiplied numberless times. The point of it is that love leads to cooperation and cooperation produces the manifestations of life. Life flows to where it is made welcome. It passes right by the home of the rejecter.

The rejecter takes it as a personal insult that the laws of life are not made for his special benefit. He says in effect to those laws: "Come in and work for me on *my* terms. Give me what I desire on *my* terms or I will have nothing to do with you." Small wonder if he soon finds himself in serious difficulties. Like that arch rejecter, the habitual criminal, who believes every one in society is wrong except himself. When Starr Daily turned from being a chronic rejecter and loved himself right out of San Quentin he wrote (in his book, Love Can Open Prison Doors) "Literally we swim in an infinite ocean of love. To become increasingly conscious of our oneness with love, is the mark of exercising intelligent self-interest." When Starr Daily reversed his attitude and began to feel something be-

faculty of man's true being, to be exercised whenever he will. He has it in himself. The question is, what is he doing with it!

Nicholas Herman of Lorraine (Brother Lawrence), nearly three hundred years ago declared that the worst that could happen to him was to lose that sense of God which he had enjoyed so long — but that the goodness of God assured him he would not forsake him, and therefore that he feared nothing; and that as he was conscious of his readiness to lay down his life for the love of God, he had no apprehension of danger at all.

"I keep myself retired with him," he said, "in the fund or center of my soul as much as I can; and while I am so with him I fear nothing, but the least turning from him is insupportable . . . I know that to arrive at this state the beginning is very difficult, for we must act purely, *in faith*. But though it is difficult, we know also that we can do all things with the grace of God, which he never refuses to them who ask it earnestly."

Not passivism, surely. Our lives must answer — will answer — *do* answer for our faith. Indeed, faith seems a kind of heroism — yet nothing more is required for its expression than obedience. Obedience — to the law of one's being. Should that be difficult?

Yesterday Emerson insisted that faith makes men, not men faith. "Faith makes its own forms," he wrote. Today Paul Brunton reaffirms it. "Trust the Overself — and circumstance will become your providence." And Jesus said, "According to your faith, be it unto you." It all counts up to the same thing.

On his way to the house of Jairus, where he restored to life the little daughter of that home, Jesus healed a woman in the crowd who came behind him and touched the hem of his garment. "*If I may but touch his garment!*" she thought. Her very gesture, her unspoken prayer, was an affirmation, and she was made whole from that hour.

Departing from Jairus' house, Jesus was followed by two blind men crying, "Have mercy on us!"

"Do you believe?" he asked. It was as if he had said: "Are you receptive to spiritual things?"

Their faith may have been small but it was absolute and rightly placed. They were obviously not disturbed by academic differences as to *how*, *why*, *what*. They *let* that Mind *be* in them which was also in the Master, the Light (understanding) that is the life of men. It was as the turning of their faces towards that Light, "which lighteth *every* man that cometh into the world." And darkness was made light before them!

Faith lies at the very root and base of being. It is instinctive. Man has enough faith. He cannot do away with it. It is part and parcel of his very life.

Is it in the right things?

THERE IS a great deal of spiritual energy in the universe, but it is not palpable to us until we can make it up into man.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Views and Reviews

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE

Are You a Chronic Rejecter?

MANY a chronic invalid and maladjusted person got into difficulty in the first place because he could not accept life and cooperate with the laws of life in such a way as to manifest health and harmony in his person.

The habit of rejecting and resisting environment and persons is not a healthy proceeding. Life thrives upon harmony. Where the life forces flow most strongly there you will find harmony. Not necessarily in outer things, and not under all circumstances — but deep in the soul there will be a consciousness of power that comes from unity with life. The chronic rejecter makes this sense of unity impossible. His attitude is a monkey wrench in the machinery of his life. He goes about *turning away from* the sources of his own good. For good comes through our relations with others — harmonious relations. If your attitude toward a man is one of scorn, he is not apt to go out of his way to help you. The same principle applies to natural laws, to inanimate things, to all the factors of environment. A plant will not grow and thrive for one who hates and neglects it. Remember the experience of "W. Y. M." and her cotton? "We planted a field of cotton," she wrote, "as did a dozen or so of our neighbors. Just as the planting was finished, there came a heavy downpour of rain, simply cementing the ground over the little tender cotton seeds. It was the verdict of every one that the seeds could not break through the hard earth and come forth. . . . I told them that God's love bathed and filled the earth about them and gave them strength to come forth in perfect order and harmony. Did I have to replant my field? Never! A perfect stand of cotton came up. . . . *There was not a single field for several miles around us that was not ploughed up and replanted.*"

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sides the desire to be a rejecter — when he began to be conscious of his "oneness with love," strange and unbelievable changes likewise began in his life. Changes which literally opened the doors of his prison far in advance of the appointed time, and which revolutionized his whole life. He found that many problems which never could be solved by rejection, scorn, resistance, became absurdly simple and almost solved themselves when the creative principle of love was applied.

A well known practitioner of New Thought healing wrote, some years ago, that he had met with patients who literally starved themselves to death by their attitude of rejection of life and the experiences of life. Their attitude could be summed up in the formula: "I will have my way or I will not live." And they didn't!

The rejecter does not have an easy time. Neither does the accepter at all times. But the accepter has the knowledge — deep within himself — that he is cooperating with a Power which will never desert him.

THE LAW OF DIVISION

By NELL YARBROUGH

In the beginning, we are told, all was chaos, or unformed substance. God divided the light from the darkness, and the day from the night. We know light as a positive, active force, giving life to the world. And darkness we think of as negative, evil or death. Yet God first divided the light from the darkness. Then, in the beginning, darkness must have contained potential light, and the first act of creation was division.

Not only in the Cosmic world is creation accomplished by division, but also in our material world. As a chemist discovers an unknown element by separating it from known elements, so all creation is a division of the unseen from the seen.

The smallest known particle of organic life is the cell which multiplies itself by division. Man's body is made up of cells, and his growth and continuance of life in the body is dependent upon their division.

Jesus used the law of division when he fed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes. He did not attempt to create something out of nothing. He used what was at hand, dividing it among the people, blessing it and thanking God as he did so. The seed of plenty was in the substance at hand.

We may use this law also in creating good for ourselves. Look at the seeming darkness and lack about you and call forth the light. Speak the word and divide the light from the darkness. Use that which is at hand. Bless it, thank God for it, and share it with your neighbor. Thus you bring the law of division into operation and your substance will multiply until your need has been filled. Cast your bread upon the waters of life and it will return unto you sevenfold. Jesus has promised it.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

— *Charles Kingsley*

Success In Prayer

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

A NEW VIEW OF PRAYER AND FASTING

HAVE YOU been working on a problem for a long, long time and it doesn't seem to demonstrate? Have you gotten discouraged and wondered just why God doesn't answer this prayer when he has answered your other prayers so quickly on things that did not matter so much as this?

Let me tell you why you may have failed this time. It may be because you have prayed but have failed to fast as far as this particular problem is concerned. I am sure you feel about this demonstration just as the disciples must have felt when they failed to heal the lunatic and his father took him to Jesus. (See Matt. 17: 21.) Later the disciples took Jesus aside and asked him why they had failed, and do you remember what he said? "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." He was giving them not only the reason but the rule whereby the demonstration could be made. The fact that the lunatic was healed proved that correct application of this rule would always result in success.

Now that we have found the rule let us see where you are failing. Have you been faithful in prayer? When you first went to the Father about your problem, did you retire within yourself . . . in the very depths of your being . . . and here tell him about the matter? This is praying to the Father in secret. Now each day since then have you turned within yourself and in the silence of your inner self thanked God that he is now handling the situation . . . that the matter is entirely out of your hands and in his hands . . . and then thanked him that he is even now bringing forth the answer? If you are doing this you are correctly applying the first part of the rule; but what about the second part, have you fasted?

I know you are surprised and feel that the law of fasting is an old, old law and has nothing to do with our modern times. You don't see how abstinence from food could possibly bring about the answer to your problem.

You are right — it was an old, old law even in Jesus' day. But it still works when applied, for the laws of God are eternal and it has nothing to do with abstinence from food. Prayer and fasting both, as referred to here, have to do with the work you do within the silence of your own being. I am sure you've prayed about the matter but I am also sure, if the demonstration has not resulted, you have not known how to fast about this matter.

To fast (as the term is here used) means that after you place your problem with God you are to keep your thoughts away from it consciously when not in prayer. Whenever you find yourself thinking of the matter you are instantly to remind yourself that you have given this problem to the Father to solve and you no longer have anything to do with it. It is now his responsibility to bring about the answer. Turn your thoughts into some other line of constructive thinking. This is fasting and it is not easy

to do, particularly when the outer appearance is urgent. But regardless of appearances you must fast. Don't you remember how quickly the answer came when you prayed about matters that were really not of such vital importance to you? The reason was that unconsciously you fasted, that is left your problem to God alone. You have failed to fast now because this one is so vital to you that between your prayer periods you find yourself rehashing the matter over and over in your mind and wondering if God will answer and when? Also you feel if the answer does not come at once it will be too late, etc. You are not only failing to fast about the matter but whether you are conscious of it or not you are planting some very, very negative thoughts of worry and fear around your problem. Remember all thoughts manifest, not just those planted in your silence periods. It is your negative thoughts planted because you are not fasting that are hindering your demonstration.

Let me give you an illustration of just what you are doing to your problem. You have gone off alone and prayed to your Father in secret — placed your problem with him. This corresponds to a gardner planting his seed in the ground. You have planted your need in God and he will send forth the answer. Next, each day you have gone into the silence and thanked God your problem is in his keeping, that you are leaving it with him alone. And then you have given thanks and praise that your answer is even now being brought forth. This corresponds to the gardener watering his plants. When you fail to fast in between prayer periods, and do not leave your problem mentally alone, it corresponds to a foolish gardener who goes out each hour and digs up the seeds he has planted to see if they are growing. Of course, he retards their growth by such procedure and may even kill them altogether. That is what you are doing when you fail to fast.

Now that we have found out why you may not have demonstrated, let's start all over again and apply the rule of prayer and fasting to your problem. If you do it faithfully, no matter what the outer appearance may be, your answer will come. If you don't believe me, try it and see! — *L. G. C., La.*

NOW FROM THE MOIST BROWN EARTH

By JAN HENDRYKS

Now from the moist brown earth
The rue anemone has sprung,
And high above the stark limbs bud,
Cheered by the rain and sun.
The butterfly has opened wide
Her tiny silken door,
And wings her way rejoicing
That Spring is here once more.

Ah, soul of mine, beset by doubt,
By bitterness and pain,
Look round you at the marvel
Of Springtime come again;
And burst the bonds that bind you
And soar in Truth and Light:
That Springtime follows Winter
As the Sunrise follows Night!

A PRAYER

Lead, oh Father, with the spirit of Truth
To newness of life, and in thy good time,
Restore my soul to thy immortal life.
Make me a channel of thy love sublime.

— *Beatrice Colony*

Elizabeth's Editorial

(*Continued from page 7*)

lots later had their wealth greatly increased by the discovery of oil on those lots. The Divine Spirit within all of us is infinite success.

If you have been thinking that something is wrong with you that is probably the fundamental cause of your failure to succeed. Very few persons succeed without first making many failures. When Abraham Lincoln tried to sell himself at the polls, and elsewhere, for public service he had to keep on trying for years on end. He made many failures before he finally succeeded in a large way. He just took a fresh hold after each failure and went at it again over and over until at last he succeeded. We learn from our mistakes as well as from our lucky hits — but we have to keep at it if we would succeed eventually.

Remember that it is not how much you do, or how much money you make, but the Divine Spirit in which you do it all that counts for your health, happiness and success. Money success as well as any other kind. Be still and know that God works in and through you.

It is a law of the universe that any idea held firmly in the mind, will, sooner or later, come into manifestation in the body or in the affairs. Life is a mirror. It reflects the exact image that is presented to it. Attention is the key to life. What you attend to, what you look at, is what you will bring into your life. Your attention follows your interest — your interest follows your desires. "Whatsoever ye desire — ye shall have."

— *Robert C. Harris*

Condemnation is always in the mind of the one doing the condemning, never in the one condemned. So long as we condemn we receive no good from the thing condemned. Years ago people thought that potatoes, tomatoes, and carrots were poison. And while they thought that, they received no good from those things. Perhaps everything we call evil will some day be seen as good and then evil will disappear. "And he saw everything that he had made and behold it was very good." — *R. C. Harris*

Thank Heaven that once thou couldst be glad,
Be silent, if thou canst not praise.
— *Lord De Tabley*

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(*Continued from page 10*)

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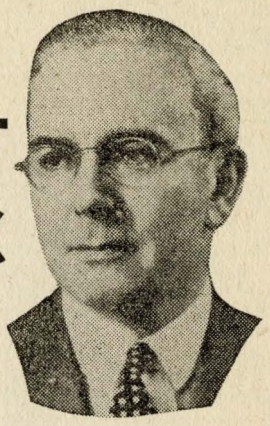
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And thrust each other backward, as we go,
And do not pause to lay sufficient stress
Upon that good, strong, pure word, Earnestness
In our impetuous haste, could we but know
Its full deep meaning, its vast import, oh,
Then might we grasp the secret of success!
In the receding age when men were great,
The bone and sinew of their purpose lay
In this one word. God likes an earnest soul
Too earnest to be eager. Soon or late
It leaves the spent horde breathless by the way,
And stands serene, triumphant at the goal.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

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