NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT

MAY 1947

Peace Through The Consciousness of Life After Death — JEAN ALLISON

The Greatest Truth — U. S. AULTMAN

Healed in the Selfsame Hour — LOUISE GRAY CASON

How's Your Conversation? — HENRY H. GRAHAM

A Dream Brings Success—Happiness — FREDERIC DeSPARTA

A Telepathic Message That Proved True — H. M.

How He Found Success — ROBERT GREGG

You Won't Find Happiness Outside Yourself — ELIZABETH TOWNE

Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

PRICE 20 CENTS

God's Fairness

By GEORGE C. HUBBS

NOT OFTEN do we hear God characterized as being generously fair, but in I Samuel 16.7 there is abundant proof that he is:

> "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

What a fortunate thing it is for us that God does not judge us by our vacillating minds and moods — by the ups and downs of our human dispositions!

You and I have often misjudged persons when happening to find them in unhappy or troublesome moods. I have a prized friend who, I feel certain, diets on sour pickles — and I tell him so. But I happen to know that he has a heart of gold.

Life is more or less filled with perplexities — so much so that I often think of it as a School of Problems to fit us for *spiritual balance*.

Most of us can master our major problems; it's the many *minor* irritations that do the testing — as all of us know.

We are told that one hundred feet under ocean waves the water is calm. So, if under all the mental testings, the heart remains calm and true to our deepest spiritual longings, we can rejoice in the fact that *the Lord judges us by such a heart*, knowing, as he must, that in time it will cast its spiritual spell over all our mental behavior.

What's Cooking FOR NEXT MONTH?

If You — If you liked the articles by Dortch Campbell on old age and happiness, you will be glad to know that he is preparing three new ones along the same line. He has been interested for a long time in what he calls "outwitting the years" and he has a great many original ideas on the subject which he will give to NAUTILUS in the not too distant future.

Protection A strange experience came to one woman who took literally the Bible promise "He shall give his angels charge over thee." Late one night, alone, in an isolated place where crimes had been committed in the past, she met with this weird adventure. The experience will be described in the article STRANGELY PROTECTED.

Trust Your Subconscious You can safely trust your subconscious to do a great many things for you says Clifford W. Fitton, young newspaper man and free lance writer with lots of enthusiasm for his study of the subconscious. His latest article, coming soon, is titled LEAVE IT TO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS.

Getting Away From It All Every one has times when he would like to go out and sit by a babbling brook where all is peace and quiet. Here is some good advice from one man who is home from the wars. We think you will like THE DESIRE TO GET AWAY.

When We Reach A Turning Point Most every one has a turning point in his life — if he is much good — says Claire Stewart Boyer in her interesting contribution THE TURNING POINT.

To Bust Your Inferiority Complex! Here is a man who found an odd way to overcome the inferiority feeling. But it worked. The first installment of the two-part article in which he gives his experience is coming soon. Title, I FOUND AN ODD CURE FOR MY INFERIORITY COMPLEX.

How About A Change? It's not so difficult if you follow the plan outlined by Mary Elsnau in her next article PERHAPS YOU NEED A CHANGE.

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 (30¢ extra per year for Canadian postage; and 60¢ 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.

What to do With Your Worries Vivian S. Durden has some new ideas about dissolving worry. We think these ideas are good, and hope you will agree when you read THIS IS WHAT I DO WITH WORRIES.

How to Start YOUR Day Here is a plan that helped the writer of the article to find more time for doing the things she most wanted to do. And that wasn't all. A great deal of extra happiness came along with the training she put into practice. She will tell us of her plan in WHY NOT START YOUR DAY LIKE THIS?

BEHIND the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall:
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all!

— *John Greenleaf Whittier*

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: "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. 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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May

TO RETURN again to the problem of using the imagination to overcome the instinctive fear caused by previous failures, one must hark back in imagination to some occasion in which he enjoyed the fruits of success; he must try to re-create the thrill of joy, the expansion of spirit, the glow of self-approval all over again, then he must carry that mood to the problem in hand. If he can do this, the entire machinery of the Instinctive Mind is set in motion to aid him; forgotten or unsuspected aptitudes appear, and success is easy.

— *Rolf Alexander, M.D.*

I COVET TRUTH

By R. W. Emerson

THEN I said, "I covet Truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat, —
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Above me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird; —
Beauty through my senses stole,
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

THERE's place and means for every man alive.

— *Shakespeare*

WILL YOU — PLEASE?

★ A Doctor of Divinity writes us: "I read and re-read Nautilus in bed before I go to sleep. This practice has kept my faith in myself and in God. If I had not had this pleasure I would have an impoverished life and maybe (pardon me) gone 'nuts'." So you never can tell what good may come from passing on YOUR copy of Nautilus to someone who will really read it. Will you do this—please? Or, better yet, send $2.00 for Nautilus one year to be sent to someone you know will appreciate it. THANK YOU!

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Answered!

BY JAN HENDRYKS

My PRAYER had gone unanswered for so long;
Some barrier stood between my good and me:
Some inharmonious thought — some word or deed
Or fault my stubborn pride refused to see.

I searched my heart and found it: an old grudge
In a secluded corner tucked away.
I plucked it from its hiding place, and lo,
My prayer was answered on that very day!

Editorials

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

THE TEMPLE

By GANGA DEVI

No pillars has the Temple
No incense, —
No candles burn at the altar
There is no altar veil
No worshippers are there
In fervent prayer —

For God is the Temple
And the worshippers
God is the incense and the altar

God is the prayer and the hymn
God is the fire and the Sacrifice
God is One
Nor separate —
And God and His Temple
Are One and All in All —
Invisible and SILENT.

*

You Won't Find Happiness Outside Yourself

Here is a woman who seems to be carrying on not one but a whole series of subconscious mental conflicts. She seems to understand this and in her letter she refers in one or two sentences to the way in which she is "scattering" her energy.

To any person who is afflicted in a similar way I would say you must first bring some sort of order into the direction of your energies, and into your mental attitude toward life and toward your environment, before you can look for an improvement in your condition.

And you must face your present habit of thinking and acting, the present direction in which you are expressing your energy, so that you may arrive at a better method of self-expression.

Try to consider this problem exactly as if it were the problem of another person in whom you were not especially interested. Perhaps you will find that you want to eat your cake and have it too. For instance, take the case of this woman, who does not want her present husband. She is not content to send him away unless she has first arranged matters so that everything will be as easy as possible for him and for herself. Quite possibly she is inclined to expect a little too much from marriage. She is looking for an ideal condition which is very rarely realized among frail human beings! If she is to adjust her life on a reasonably harmonious basis right where she is, so she will not all the time be anxiously seeking for something outside herself and beyond her reach, she will have to modify her expectations a little. By so doing she will avoid one of the causes of inner conflict.

Most of us who find ourselves in difficulties like this seem to have been living and working with the idea that success and happiness and prosperity must come from the outside. We are all the time looking for someone or something to *give us* the things we desire. Once and for all we should face the eternal truth that the one and only source of our health and prosperity and happiness is the One Life that lives and expresses in and through us. As soon as we quit look-

ing to the outside all the time and turn to the source of power within ourselves, and try to develop a faith in this source, a faith that we can draw upon in the unfolding of our own abilities and our own power to demonstrate, we shall find that our affairs will begin to fall into a more unified state.

Modern psychology has demonstrated that happiness is a subjective condition. In other words, happiness depends on the mental attitude of the individual and not upon the action of other individuals. Psychology has proved that even pleasure and pain are subjective conditions and do not depend on what is outside of the individual himself.

Wilfred Lay, Ph.D., in his book, Man's Unconscious Conflict, says: "Pleasure and pain are produced only in the psychic, or in other words are absolutely subjective and are not qualities inherent in real things belonging to the outside world."

To place your power of happiness in the outer things of your environment, to be constantly seeking for something outside yourself to *give* you happiness, is to live at the infantile level of consciousness.

As a test of whether or not one is living at the more adult level of consciousness Mr. Lay gives this rule regarding work: "If the work is such that it is completed irrespective of the pleasure or pain it may entail, but only with a view to its productiveness from a social standpoint, then it is completely removed from infantility and is directed according to the principle of reality."

Most of us need to learn to live more in accordance with this principle of reality, to face the facts of life from the adult view point. We should not do this because it is our duty only but because it is for our own welfare and happiness to do so. And because it is only when we do so that we can bring order out of chaos in our lives.

And we should come to face the reality of life in regard to our environment — the people and the things around us. For instance we should face very clearly the fact of our own responsibility for whatever situation we find in our experience. We shall usually find that we are where we are because of choices which we ourselves have made in the past. Therefore we should not resent the unpleasant factors in our present environment. We should occupy our minds with ways and means for improving our condition. To live in our present condition and at the same time regret and resent every feature connected with it, is to divide our forces and create a mental conflict within ourselves that wastes an enormous amount of energy and makes us unhappy and discontented. Once we have made a decision we should stick to it unless there is some very good reason for changing our attitude. This will leave the mind free to engage in other creative work that may improve our condition and increase our happiness and success.

Do not allow yourself to feel that you cannot improve your condition, even if you are already advanced in years. Some years ago we were in communication with a woman, living in a large city, who at the age of 76 was entirely self-supporting. She acted as saleswoman for a wholesale firm. Every day she covered a certain territory in her city. She was well, happy and successful in her work.

You will find it a great help in bringing more rhythm and order into

your living if you can take up some new interest — a new study, a new occupation, a new hobby that will enlist your attention and call forth your creative powers.

*

Cure for Procrastination

HERE IS a letter from a woman who is troubled with the habit of procrastination. She is also a buck-passer! The first thing I would say to this woman is, do not worry too much about your buck-passing and your alibis (to yourself). Everybody passes the buck at times and embroiders the alibi when he finds occasion! When he has omitted to do something he feels and knows he ought to do!

The only way to cure buck-passing and the habit of alibing yourself is to "break off thy sin by righteousness." And remember that righteousness means right-use-ness.

I am not going to say that the only trouble with you is procrastination. The only trouble I can *see*, after reading your letter, is that you *lack practice*. You can do anything that you want to do by wanting to, trying to, and *keeping at it*. I have never yet found a substitute for practice, done in a spirit of good will and intent to improve the situation.

Of course the cure for the habit of passing the buck is a new habit of DOING IT NOW. And you will find it will be necessary to concentrate upon the thing that you want to make good in. See that you devote *at least* an hour of every day to working to make good in your purpose. Let nothing interfere with this practice. This is the most important thing to do toward realizing your desire. In this practice be sure that you not only start at the right hour every morning (if possible) but that you stop at the exact time you have decided is the right time to stop. Command that one hour. Subdue yourself and devote yourself to the one thing that you decide to do, the important thing you want to accomplish. Do not try to keep yourself disciplined all the rest of the day, but insist on that hour being put in at the chosen work.

Now *your* work is writing. So I suggest that you devote one hour in the morning fully to the writing — even in those hours when, like Riley, the poet, you "can't think of a dam word" to put down. Woo your muse until you find your topic dropping into your mind. Woo your muse — which of course is the infinite spirit of love, or God, within you — until you find yourself actually beginning to write. Don't worry about the amount of writing you do in any one hour, but do it from the spirit within you. Put your conviction into it. Do not write wholly for effect at any time. Write from your own soul as if you were telling these things to your most intimate friend in the most

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

Affirms the UNITED NATIONS of the WORLD

Healed in the Selfsame Hour

By LOUISE GRAY CASON

ONE DAY, when confusion was rampant in my life and outer conditions seemed to be crushing in upon me as I frantically sought to apply the Truth to bring forth harmony out of chaos, there came from the inner depths of me this question: "How have you been using your will?"

How had I been using my will? My will was my power of choice, the motor of my mind, that which produced action and put my decisions into execution. Yes, my will was very important and evidently somewhere, somehow, I was using it wrongly. So I turned to my Bible to find an example of the correct use of the will. I found it in the story of the Centurion who came to Jesus for the healing of his servant.

The Centurion represents the will whose servant, the body, was sick. The Centurion, the will, knew if he commanded those under him (his body) they would obey without arguing — instantly.

> Matt. 8: 9 "For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it."

If you will to take a certain course of action, such as to walk, to lift up a book, or in any way to manipulate the things in your outer world your servant, the body, does not question nor argue the wisdom of your decision; it simply carries out the command.

Now the Centurion's servant, we are told, was ill and "grievously tormented." The body, the servant, had unhesitatingly put into effect the demands of the will which was functioning in sense consciousness. The will theretofore had been focused on the outer material world, and it had not recognized nor called upon the higher law, the Christ, to direct its command. Until man learns to blend his will with the Divine Will, he will suffer and be "grievously tormented" in many ways, both in body and affairs.

In this story the will, The Centurion, had risen to the point, while his body was still suffering from the misuse of his will, that he now had an inner conviction of the abiding compassion and restoring power of God. He knew that within him was the Christ center; and words spoken from this Christ center had authority on the invisible plane to move upon inharmony and bring forth the harmony of Divine Mind. Just as his words spoken in his outer sense consciousness produced immediate action in the manifest world. So he turned to the Christ, acknowledged the greatness and allness of his power, and the word of Jesus Christ instantly went forth into action on the invisible plane. What was the result?

> Matt. 8: 13 "— And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour."

This story told me that my will,

functioning in the outer, had produced the chaos about me. It also told me how to heal my life.

I must blend my will with my inner Christ center, cease trying in the little five-sense part of me to work out and manipulate my life into a pattern which the little Me had planned, and from this Christ center send forth strong words of Truth as I acknowledged only God, and in that selfsame hour I, too, would be healed of all confusion and error. I would be healed by the mighty, invisible power of the living God, moving upon the confusion that my will (moving in ignorance and negation) had produced.

The Greatest Truth

By U. S. AULTMAN

In our effort to find better means and methods of gaining sufficient material supply for our daily needs, a great many of us would prosper by observing and imitating the way of nature in this very important matter of providence.

This is more helpful than the average individual at first realizes, for is it not true that every essential of mortal existence comes from nature? As physical beings we owe a profound respect to the earthly mother of us all, for previous to our embodiment the elements from which we are made lay buried in her prolific bosom, and all during the days and years of our embodiment we are wholly dependent upon these basic elements for subsistence.

Our wise Creator planned so well that we need not go directly to the soil of the earth for our physical requirements. The lower creatures of the plant and animal kingdom remove these essential elements from the earth and we receive them in a purified state which in turn the nature within us transforms into flesh, blood and bone.

It is wonderful to contemplate this transforming process, even though we have no personal hand in it. We, as conscious individuals, simply take that which is produced, prepare it to suit our taste, and seldom if ever take time out to express our thanks for the miraculous works of nature.

Nature, however, is only a humble medium through which God supplies our needs. Beauty, food and raw materials used in the manufacture of homes, furniture and other necessities are through nature given freely by our generous Maker. Somewhere sheep are growing wool that will be made into blankets and wearing apparel for our comfort; cotton fields will furnish other seasonal necessities; animals are preparing hides for our shoes and furry pelts for adornment and warmth; corn, wheat, fruit, vegetables and many other foods are being produced for our benefit. In considering all this, surely we must concede that the way of God on earth is charitable.

If we cannot appreciate his eternal goodness, surely we must honor na-

ture through which our material good comes, for if nature were removed from the picture we, as embodied creatures, would expire for the lack of that which she draws from the soil and refines for our physical benefit. In so honoring nature, through which our daily necessities appear, we humble ourselves to that extent at least. If, however, a realization of our dependence upon the lower creatures does not humble us, then we are indeed unworthy to pluck a beautiful rose, enjoy the delicious flavor of an apple or wear shoes, the hide of which once covered the body of a lowly beast.

When humanity becomes fully aware of nature's importance in the scheme of things, it will not be unusual to see the intelligentsia of this earth tipping their hats when passing a cabbage patch, or calling a friendly greeting to pasturing cows. Ironically enough nature can get along without humanity, but humanity cannot possibly get along without nature.

When and if nature goes, humanity must go with her; and if both humanity and nature should go there would be no need of God's continued existence on earth.

These hard facts are mentioned here for the express purpose of pointing out that in spite of ourselves we live by faith — some of us knowingly, others unknowingly, for faith is synonymous with dependence, and to escape dependence is utterly impossible.

Faith is something that cannot be put on and taken off like a coat — it is a permanent endowment of every creature on earth and every plant that grows, for all things are of themselves helpless and impotent.

For instance, how could a rose bush reveal the beauty and scent of its flowers if rain ceased to fall and the sunbeams no longer kissed its leaves? How could a man live if his stomach should go on a sit-down strike or take a permanent holiday from its constant work?

Faith? Show us the man who has none and we will show you a man as lifeless as the gravestone that marks his resting place.

Yes, we all have faith, but not all of us are aware of it. Our refusal to accept the truth by no means nullifies this fact. Black will remain black, even though we deny it with dynamic persistence for a hundred thousand years.

This matter of believing in a higher power other than ourselves is simply a matter of realizing the truth of our inescapable dependence on a higher power, which is a truth already true. Faith comes easy and natural when we know of a certainty that we already have it. Only a fool will continue to deny or battle against a changeless, eternal fact.

Contrary to the teachings of many Christian thinkers we do not "discover" the truth about existence. Rather we simply realize it, and the more we realize it the more humble we become until at last our thoughts and acts are governed by the same all-knowing Intelligence that directs the works of humble nature and the obedient universe.

The greatest truth any man can know is that God, our Father, is owner, governor and sustainer of all things great and small. That which we seem to possess in material goods or property belongs to Impersonal Being as surely as does the sunshine, the air, and other sustaining ele-

ments that make our existence possible on earth.

If any man doubts this bit of truth he should inquire of himself what attitude he would take if his physical organism were offered him as a personal gift with the understanding that he take full charge in directing its intricate mechanism. Surely he would be at a complete loss to control the activities of a single cell of his body, and on bended knee would beg that it remain in the hands of its present Possessor.

Herein lies the trouble between man and his Maker. Unenlightened man with his stubborn ego ignorantly seeks to possess and control that which God cannot and will not release to human authority, and within the mortal being a one-sided battle rages until the selfish ego expires, either willingly in the *here* and *now* or unwillingly in *time* and *space*.

In either event man must bow to God's right of possession and become meek and humble to his eternal rule. No man ever has or ever will successfully avoid this truth. Jesus recognized it and openly confessed that he was "meek and humble of heart."

Such an attitude by no means calls for the sacrifice of true values. Rather it increases them and frees us from the bondage of our own selfish ego. We are literally reborn when we know of a certainty that the life we thought was our very own cannot and will not submit to personal possession but must remain forever God's.

With this realization our problems of supply are speedily solved, for our Father knows how to sustain and perfect his own.

RICHES

MANY have wealth and yet are poor,
But what of the world have I?
I've a wealth of roses around my door,
I'm rich and you wonder why.

I've a patch of grass that's velvet green —
It is washed by the rain and dew,
I've a lot of birds that sing in my trees,
And a rainbow garden, too.

Though many have more of the world than I
I've more than I really need,
For some have nothing of trees and flowers
While to me they are friends indeed.

To the world I came with an empty hand,
And thus I shall leave it, too,
But think of the things I have had as mine,
Where my rainbow garden grew!

— Mrs. Olive B. Brown,
In Good Stories

A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE THAT PROVED TO BE TRUE

By H. M.

TELEPATHY is as real as the telephone, but the sending and the receiving individuals must be en rapport. More than that, they must have an ear of confidence as well as an understanding that will not doubt the messages as they are received. Thus by the *trust* of this faculty each of us may become more and more susceptible to the benefits gained through telepathy. One of the early lessons that I learned came about as follows:

One day while in the midst of some unusually grimy housework the knowledge that Mr. B. (as I, will refer to him) was on his way to our home came to me as clearly as if I had heard the spoken words. Mr. B. was a rather formal acquaintance, a man whom everyone delighted to honor, a distinguished musician often making world concert tours. And although reared in a home of wealth and luxury, he was of such meek and lowly heart that even stray cats and dogs were not beneath his consideration. He found occasional companionship in my young sons, and all of us felt honored by his friendliness.

Quite naturally I felt the shame of my grimy appearance at such an hour (although circumstances made me excusable) so I hurriedly made myself presentable by a general cleaning up, fresh dress, etc. Yet Mr. B. did not come, and as the afternoon wore away I became more and more impatient with myself for having placed such confidence in the certainty of my intuition.

The next day, however, Mr. B. was at our door and in the course of the visit casually remarked that he had been on his way here *the day before* when car trouble developed. After fussing some time, he went on, he had been obliged to call a tow-car. Then at the repair shop the trouble was so long in being adjusted that the afternoon had passed before he could leave, consequently he had done nothing but go home again.

So you see I was convinced then, and for all subsequent time, that telepathy had not misinformed me —Mr. B. *was* on his way when his thought of coming reached me.

Then why was I not told of the detaining car trouble? you may ask. It seems most probable to me that when the car stalled Mr. B.'s thoughts were at once transferred from his anticipated visit to the anxiety and vexation over the car trouble, and since he had made no engagement of coming, why should he have cause to think of it again at that time?

At any rate, I gathered from this experience that telepathy is true and reliable *at the moment of its direction*, and that anything that may cause deflection of plan is beyond the range of its responsibility.

I AM happy in having learned to distinguish between ownership and possession. Books, pictures, and all the beauty of the world belong to those who love and understand them — not usually to those who possess them. All of these things that I am entitled to, I have — I own them by divine right. So, I care not a bit who possesses them. I used to care very much and consequently was very unhappy.

— *James Howard Kehler*

Peace Through the Consciousness of Life After Death

By JEAN ALLISON

THE ONE thing I have been grateful for more than any other is "That peace that passeth understanding."

This peace has not been the result of a placid life. On the contrary it has been necessary to face some of the deepest and most trying problems life can offer. Yet in the depths, when the outlook was still very dark, I knew "that peace that passeth understanding."

In attaining this peace, which is the outgrowth and development of understanding, there have been several factors that helped me and which may be helpful to others in attaining that peace.

One of the first steps is learning to face our problem. "For, the moment you begin to face a problem that moment it begins to depart." Every night for months I came face to face with death. Each night I would resolve to make my will the next day. During the day, death seemed far away and I would not do it. Then, one night, as I struggled with the thought of what my relatives would do if I passed on (I lived alone) I decided to let my relatives do as they pleased. I was through considering any such possibility as death. And that was the last night I faced death.

It is my belief that the most important step toward peace is the realization or conviction that life is eternal. But how do we attain this conviction?

I was born with more than usual intellectual interests and spiritual desires. Intellectually I believed in eternal life, yet I could not *realize* how life and consciousness could follow death and unconsciousness. I saw people waking from sleep, yet I did not have the conviction that people wake from the sleep we call death. It was not until my mother's passing, and the experience which followed, that conviction came to me.

I am not now a spiritualist and at that time had never heard of communication with the spirits of the departed. My mother had been unconscious for the greater part of the week before her passing. Yet, not two hours afterward, I heard her voice speak my name several times as if to arouse me from, and rebuke me for, my grief.

I could no longer question life after death. Even though partially paralyzed and unconscious so short a time before, Mother was now apparently more alive and conscious than I who was numbed with grief.

All people who find peace do not have such an experience as mine. Then how can this aid them in finding their peace? The same conviction can come through the practice of the Silence. If we can be still, God himself will speak peace to our hearts.

Even after the conviction came that life is eternal, I did not yet

realize its full significance in relation to my personal life. The problem of ill health, and the unrest that comes from frustration in accomplishing the things I desired, was still unsolved. In answer to an insistent prayer a revelation came to me which has been one of the outstanding experiences of my life.

As I awakened in the early hours of the morning I heard the words "Would'st thou know the secret of Life"? I listened. Then I saw a nutshell. It fell open revealing these words: "Be still." Through silence comes guidance and through guidance comes all things. Calmness of mind develops that crystal clear substance through which we can foresee the future and gain the wisdom and guidance essential to success in every endeavor.

Much unrest comes from a false evaluation of things. Money — what is its value? Only what it can be exchanged for. We cannot eat it, we cannot wear it, we cannot take it with us. "There is no pocket in a shroud." There are other mediums of exchange which open the door to supply — friendship, good will, good cheer, service. These are really the end desired, yet we destroy these very things in our struggle for the means to attain them. When we lose our inner peace and poise we have lost one of the greatest powers to attract what we desire in the outer.

In maintaining mental and emotional stability, memorizing such lines as "Serene I fold my hands and wait" and —

"O Thou who art the music of
the stars
Make me Thy harp and tune
my soul to peace"

help immeasurably.

Unrest also comes from a consciousness of time. Opportunity seems to be limited. When we begin to realize that life is eternal we also realize that opportunity is eternal. Regret for the past is lost in hope for the future.

God is, I am, life is eternal. Meditating on this truth and letting it govern our thinking and living will steadily and surely establish peace within. With this realization we stop in amazement. Why this mad rush for wealth, pleasure, friends? Why worry? Why covet? Why be jealous? If life is eternal, substance is exhaustless; love is not limited to time, place, or person; opportunity is endless. Greater opportunities for love, joy, wealth, success will come, provided I get myself in tune. Why grieve for friends departed? We shall meet again in a fuller realization of love and understanding.

Going forth in this realization has brought me health, supply, and peace.

YOU DO NOT educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not.

— *Ruskin*

How's Your Conversation?

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

CONVERSATION can be so delightfully refreshing and entertaining and instructive or so boring and commonplace. Being a good conversationalist is something of which everyone who falls in this category should be justly proud. It is a real achievement to be entertaining — a mark of culture.

Some time ago I spent virtually an entire evening in the home of a man who held the floor, so to speak, from the time I arrived until I departed. And he talked on only one subject, which was golf, the whole time. As it happened he was the only one in the group who played golf or knew anything about it. In spite of themselves several of the guests yawned and the affair broke up rather early.

Now there is nothing wrong with golf. It is a fine game, popular with millions of people. But it was a mistake for anyone to limit his talk to the subject, especially since others present were not interested. Had the evening been devoted to a wide variety of topics, how much more enjoyable it would have been for all concerned! Most of us have spent hours listening to someone discuss a pet subject such as poultry raising, fishing, photography or Nature study. It is the duty of a good host or hostess to change diplomatically the trend of conversation when he sees someone monopolizing it. This can be done tactfully — without hurting anyone's feelings.

It is a mistake, during a purely social affair, to permit conversation to be too heavy. Such weighty subjects as international news, science, politics and literature do deserve considerable attention, of course, but there should also be some time for lighter stuff because it is good for a person to let down once in awhile and be gay and more or less frivolous. No one should endeavor to shoulder all of the world's burdens or devote his entire thoughts to grave problems. And, above all, it is certainly not wise for any one individual to do all of the talking.

Have you ever noticed that good conversationalists are usually good listeners? That is one reason why they are so interesting to listen to. By listening they have acquired a broad knowledge and are thus able to discuss intelligently a wide variety of subjects. Yet some people seem to want to talk all of the time. They wait impatiently for the speaker to get through so they can talk, and clearly manifest their own disinterest in what is being said. Such people are quite apt to be overbearing and self-centered; also narrow minded. They are inclined to be interested in only one or two things and have the mistaken idea that everyone in their presence is actually hanging on each word they utter. This is seldom the case unless it so happens that everybody in the room has the same hobbies and likes.

Great men and women are nearly always good listeners. This was true of former President Coolidge and

Thomas A. Edison, among thousands of others. They could not be called introverts at all; still they did only a moderate amount of talking. Usually when they spoke they had something to say. Haven't you ever noticed that when a person of recognized ability speaks he usually says something worth while? Famous people do not usually talk a great deal. This is not entirely due to fear of being misquoted but because they know that most thoughts flitting through the human brain are not worth putting into words. When they speak they want to contribute something that will aid, instruct, inspire or encourage someone else.

In becoming a good conversationalist nothing is more important than knowledge. The acquisition of this knowledge demands wide reading of good books and magazines, listening to cultured people, attending lectures given by well-known authorities in important fields. Formal education is, of course, of the utmost value. No one ever has too much schooling. Even those with a string of college degrees after their names strive constantly to add to their fund of information. Mingling with people of a high type helps greatly in developing conversational smoothness and polish.

Knowledge of many different subjects, however, is not enough. How to express one's thoughts and ideas, and how to put over the information he has to others, is of equal value. And this demands an extensive vocabulary so that one may express his exact shade of meaning. Groping for the right word makes listeners nervous and fidgety and imbues them with the desire to jump in and finish a story that someone else has started. Halting, uncertain speech and word inadequacy are great handicaps in anyone's quest for conversational polish.

No one becomes a clever speaker, even in a drawing room, overnight. Work is needed to achieve this end. Most of the brilliant conversationalists all of us so much admire, have been years attaining their objective. They have learned to eliminate from their talk most all hackneyed expressions. They have added to their vocabularies innumerable crisp, expressive words. When telling a funny story they make it short, eliminating excess verbiage. They use slang sparingly, preferring good old Anglo Saxon words. They do a great deal of sober thinking and keen observation. They are fair-minded, trying to see and understand all angles of a problem or issue. Little by little they improve themselves until they feel at home anywhere they happen to be. Practice is required in developing conversational ability. Nobody gets anywhere by hanging back and letting others do all of the talking. Everyone should do his share of talking and listening, striving to be good at both. Human parrots are seldom popular, but neither are human clams. A happy medium is the best course to pursue.

Conversational smoothness widens one's circle of friends. It helps in business and professional life as well. There is hardly a sphere or phase of life in which it does not play an important and beneficial role. Thus, it is something well worth striving for — and nice to have. Certainly it is something to be highly treasured by the fortunate people who possess it.

How a Dream Brought a New Life of Success and Happiness

By FREDERIC DESPARTA

"THIS IS IT!" I gasped, staring pop-eyed at the piece of candy in my hand. "Give me the entire binful," I told the clerk. Then the explosion took place: my head seemed to split apart, streaks of silver shot forth, stars blazed, and a swift rush of flames leaped skyward. Then, abruptly, my head healed, and the cooling sensation that immediately enveloped it, rushed over me to thrill my entire being.

In that instant all the fear, all the panic, all the worry and frustration of the past two years vanished. Then I awoke.

As I slipped out of bed I heard myself whisper, "The New Day, The Great Day."

It was. For in that dream I found mirrored the cause of my misery and heartaches, the cause of the illness that was threatening not only my health but my entire future as well. And I saw in it the solution. MAKE UP YOUR MIND! it said, IF YOU DO, ALL WILL MATERIALIZE.

For months I had been going from doctor to doctor, hoping to be cured of the physical manifestations of this illness. A dull, steady throbbing pounded at my temples from morning till night; my eyes were bloodshot and constantly misfocusing, though my oculist said there was nothing wrong; my neck was stiff with a pain that persisted, and another that never left me nagged at my back. Nervousness was keeping my weight at a minimum.

Only the last doctor had hinted at the cause of my illness. "Except for the throbbing, how do you feel here?" he asked, indicating my brow. "All right," I had answered, momentarily unaware of his meaning.

But later, his words returned. ARE you all right up there? I asked myself. Suddenly chagrined, I knew I was not. It had never occurred to me till then to connect my physical illness with my mind, but from then on I began to go back in memory trying to link my mental doings with my various ills.

My first definite link was with the beginnings of my nervousness, which had started the time I had gotten only half of the raise I was expecting at the office. My employer had said that was all I could get as that was all this type of work warranted. Since then I had been planning to leave, to find other work, but somehow kept putting off the break, always finding an excuse for staying on though I felt insecure and out of place.

The next revelation was that the pain in my neck had started about the time I first postponed my marriage date six months, telling my fiancee that things at the office did not permit the early wedding we had planned.

Shortly after, that September, the

throbbing in my head had started — about the time I was to decide about continuing my evening college course, which I felt was a definite need for economic advancement. I continued, however, though I now felt it was rather useless and that as long as I had no definite line of work picked out within which to apply the knowledge derived, was wasting time and money. My marks grew worse and so did the throbbings.

The next spring my eyes started bothering me. Looking back I saw that this was when I delayed my wedding again, and when I had come to the conclusion I must change my job but that I was not prepared for anything but the field I was now in. Added to this were various other problems, stemming from the main ones and which in themselves posed problems, causing confusion and frustration.

In the meantime I was also suffering frequently from an upset stomach and general feelings of distress, the extent of which seemed dependent on how acutely my problems were affecting me.

This, then, was what faced me. I concluded that the doctor's casual question was an indication of the real trouble. Only, how must I proceed to cure it? For days I went about pondering that question, never arriving at an answer.

This morning of the dream, this thrillingly different morning, the answer had arrived. MAKE UP YOUR MIND! IF YOU DO, ALL WILL MATERIALIZE. And with the courage and strength these words instilled, I began to carry them out.

As I thought and planned I kept recalling the dream. I had found myself in a huge gleaming candy store, surrounded by bin after bin of tempting candies. A large clock read 5; and a sign below stated that the place closed at 5:30, signifying I had but a half hour in which to buy or leave empty handed, unhappy and distressed, and that if I did, I would never again know happiness. I went from bin to bin, touching, tasting, but not deciding, experiencing as I proceeded a feeling of being closed in, a growing nervousness accompanied by a great fear and an uncomfortable warmth. As I picked and tasted I kept saying No, not quite. The clock read 5:28 and the nervousness and fear had reached rending proportions, and yet many bins had not been touched. Hurriedly I thrust my hand into the next bin and tasted the candy it contained. It was the flavor I had unknowingly been wanting, waiting to find! — the one on which my purchase would be based.

Finding an analogy in reality with the dream, I decided after much deliberation and elimination, that my problem would be solved by finding the right job — the desired candy. And for the second time I experienced the explosion! This time in daylight, consciously! Gone for a moment was all the physical pain and suffering. Truly this was The Day!

Within two hours I was acting. I gave a week's notice to my employer, telling myself that this was my only way, that if I postponed resigning till I found another job I would find an excuse and continue being ill. I must take courage from the words of my dream, must take a chance. Later, detached of work, realizing the implications, I quickly

decided on my new work, surprised that I had never thought of this field in which I immediately felt at home because it was basically like my former work.

With the prospects it offered I knew how next to act, and did, solving my related problems quickly, thoroughly, experiencing with each decision and act a lightening of the load of pain.

Within a month I had recovered completely, was realizing again the thrill of looking ahead and seeing the canvas of the future radiant with the colors of health and happiness. All because I had acted on a dream!

PROCRASTINATION

By Abraham Cowley

Tomorrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say;
Today itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.

AMAZING NEW INVENTION

A blueprint of a machine that talks has been found in the Austrian Tyrol. A German-speaking British officer, searching for a much-wanted Waffen S.S. man, found both his man and a German "synthetic speech" invention. In the village schoolroom were found blueprints and highly technical apparatus, proving the discovery of synthetic speech. The invention has no relation to the reproduction of previously recorded sound. The instrument "talks" of its own accord. It can produce words in sound of the same nature as the spoken word.

Leading British and American scientists have been flown to the spot, and one man who attended the questioning of the Germans said recently: "It almost seems to me as if the day was dawning when we could make inanimate objects speak. In other words, when the kettle could be made to say 'I'm boiling over.' "

This synthetic speech machine is no doubt another electronic device which can produce sounds by means of electrical discharges in radio valves and then amplifying them. Similar instruments were devised during the war for making battle noises by the British Army in training signallers. The noises of shells, tanks, and aircraft can be produced by pressing a few buttons.

— *From The Harbinger of Light*

Creating the Health-Pattern of Life

By ELIZABETH GREGG, PH.D.

A FEW WEEKS ago I met a friend whom I had not seen for more than three years. At that time Anne was suffering from ulcers of the stomach in an advanced stage. She had dieted, been to sanitariums, but with little or no results.

Then a doctor advised change of climate and as Anne had a daughter living in Hawaii she decided to go there in the hope that new interests might get her mind off of her condition. But like many others she had yet to learn that the change she needed was within herself, not in outside conditions. What she really needed was to give to those intelligent little cells of her stomach a pattern of life and health instead of weakness and disease.

Many of her friends had tried to get her interested in Truth and let God heal not only her body, but her sick mind as well. But Anne was not only a negative thinker, but she had a positively closed mind as far as Truth and the Christ healing were concerned. She refused to "let go and let God" as she expressed it to me when she told me of her physical, mental and spiritual healing. But this is her story:

"The day I found God and healing I had been to the doctor and he said I would have to have an operation as soon as possible. I decided to return to the States, so went directly to the steamship company to make the reservation. On my way back I met a friend and told her I was feeling worse than usual. She asked quietly: 'Why don't you do something for your stomach?' I answered rather shortly that I was going to the States for an operation.

"Then she asked earnestly: 'Why don't you try Truth, Anne?' Always before when anyone mentioned Truth to me it would set up a feeling of antagonism. But that day instead of irritation the word Truth brought a sense of hope. I had tried everything else and had found only disappointment and lack, so I told her if she really believed Truth could help me I would try it.

"She went with me to a Truth practitioner and sitting there in the quiet room I felt a peace I had never known. I thought of course the first thing she would tell me would be that I was not sick and suffering. But she said nothing about suffering, simply asked me if I believed in God's power to heal. I told her I believed in God and that he had power to do whatever he might choose to do, but perhaps he did not chose to give me health.

"'God does not need to give you health' she said quietly. 'It is yours now if you will take it. God is only good and God is all the power there is. But through separating yourself from him you have claimed sickness and suffering. Just as your lack of understanding of the true God has caused you to create this evil, so your understanding of God as only life and love will destroy this self-created evil of lack of his good.'

"As she talked, a warm, soothing

sunshine seemed to be going through me. And that is what was really being done, although I did not know it — the soothing, healing rays of God's love were already filling the tired, hungry little cells, not only of my stomach but of my entire body. It was such a strange and beautiful feeling, the first time in many years that I had been completely free from that gnawing pain.

"Those words of the healer kept going through my mind. I remember thinking, 'God is only good and God is all the power there is.' I remember thinking, if God is the only power and God is only good, then the only power in my stomach is life and health. Just that one thought possessed me at the time—the only power is life and health.

"Then I heard her words kindly but firmly: 'To find healing you must have faith. If your faith is in God you must trust that power of the Spirit completely to heal you.'

"As I rose to leave she gave me this statement of Truth: 'I am one with the life, the power and the love of Spirit. I am one with God. God's infinite life and strength fills me now and I am whole and perfect.'

"She asked me to use that statement faithfully morning and night and as often during the day as thoughts of weakness and pain came to me. She told me I need have no fear to eat plenty of good nourishing food to keep the body in strength. 'You do not need to ask your stomach what to eat but simply give it what it should have. The little cells of your stomach can only do their work as your mind dictates. As your mind is a part of the divine intelligence, it knows what is needful for those cells in order to build new life and energy into your entire being.'

"When I left her office I walked around a few blocks, then feeling hungry I went into a little Chinese restaurant where I had been accustomed to get a bowl of light soup or milk. But that day I ordered a vegetable plate lunch. The little Chinaman looked frightened. 'Missee like nice soup, perhaps?'

"I told him that plate lunch looked good and I would take that. I ate the lunch with the greatest relish I had experienced for years. Then I went home, laid down and had a nap. All that afternoon I did not have a feeling of pain in my stomach and stranger still there was not the least trace of fear in my mind.

"Then I read several articles in the magazines the practitioner had given me. There did not seem anything strange or unreal about them as I had expected. It must have been that I was ready for that message which I drank in thirstily. I had actually forgotten about my stomach. All I seemed to realize was that there is a power, a healing power, flowing through me and that all I needed to do was to let it heal.

"That evening some friends came in on their way to a concert. 'I wish you felt able to go with us' one of them said.

"Of course I will go with you," I answered brightly with a sense of joy and freedom which they had never seen in me. I went with them and enjoyed every moment and felt like shouting at the glances of surprise and amazement on their faces.

"On our way home we stopped to have a lunch. When I ordered the same dishes which the others did I

could not fail to see the expression of actual fear in their faces. And, yes, for one fleeting moment I had a return of the old fear as I started to eat. But the words of the practitioner sounded in my ears: 'You do not need to have any fear to eat the good nourishing food which your system needs to keep it in strength and health.'

"The fear passed and with its passing came my complete healing. I have never known a moment's pain or fear since that time, because I know there is only One Power and that is Good — God."

THE VALUE AND PRACTICE OF QUIETUDE

By GERTRUDE SHARMAN
In "The Ralley"

NOTHING from the outside world can bring into being a completely transformed life, unless we willingly retreat within to the haven of rest, the sanctum of restoration, where we seem to be, in very truth fulfilling the great statement, "Be ye transformed by the renewal of your mind" — Meaning be ye transformed by right thought, rightly directed; directed towards the Good, the Beautiful, the True; for when we think thoughts of a spiritual character, we are actually thinking thoughts of a positive character, and while held and sustained in the mind become power thoughts permeated with reality; hence they become an integral part of our real selves.

To observe a period of mental quiet is surely a clear indication that we have responded to the Master's wonderful invitation — Come ye apart and rest awhile; truly a beautiful phrase if pondered over, one full of rich deep meaning, for it means a turning within to the Silence of one's own heart and there in the heart's sanctuary partaking of the deeper qualities enshrined within the innermost. In the beautiful words of Jacob Boehme, the great mystic: — "Keep therefore within the Centre and stir not from the Presence of God revealed within the soul." There, it is, where God's Presence is felt, and where we contact divine peace currents which flow into the soul; there, it is, where our thoughts are polarized from the negative aspect to that of the positive aspect; where the mind turns from the without — where we are so prone to think adversely in times of difficulty and stress — to the within, where God's peace and harmony reign; after which, we emerge to meet and overcome any unforeseen obstacle which might beset us during the course of the day, *with the right attitude of mind.*

The real joy of life is missed for those who will not sacrifice even a tiny portion of their day to soul upliftment which brings soul enrichment; that is why it can be acclaimed with certitude that great results of far-reaching significance ensue and accrue from quiet interludes of mental rest.

These quiet intervals of reverent thought assist, uplift and inspire us towards the attainment of the higher life, towards the attainment of wisdom and of true self-expression.

Why not then, come ye into the sanctuary, away from the material sense of things and rest awhile? For it

restores and strengthens, fortifies and purifies; moreover, it infuses into the practical side of life a spiritual influence and sustaining power which comforts, upholds and calms the mind, completely transforming the whole life and mental outlook.

If we value a peaceful, happy life, if we long to possess the cherished jewels of a heart full of deep joy, gladness, tranquillity, with a mind at rest and peace, why not retire into the quiet haven and partake of solitude?

Truly stepping into it is not without an abiding significance.

Why not take the initial step, an essential one it must be stated; proceed to enter therein and listen to the heart's whisperings? "*Incline your ear and come unto Me, hear and your soul shall live.*" Let our response be one of glad acceptance. "*For ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace.*"

That is the Divine significance; that is the abiding, enduring reality; more still, that is the Divine Promise fulfilled.

This Man Turned Failure Inside Out and Found Success

By ROBERT GREGG

WHEN I FIRST knew Ralph Fenton he was a mechanical engineer at the head of a large construction plant in the Northwest. Ralph was a thorough engineer; he knew every phase of the work and could do everything from beginning to end as well as supervise it.

Before he was thirty Ralph was well up the ladder to the top. His name stood at the head of the list of really successful men in that field.

Then I lost track of him for several years. In 1940 an acquaintance told me that Ralph had been going down hill the last few years; that he was working as a plain mechanic in a machine shop in Oakland.

It seemed incredible! Ralph Fenton, a one time power in the engineering world, now a mere mechanic. I determined to look him up and if possible find out what had brought about this change.

I found the place where he worked, a small, dirty looking machine shop in the outskirts of the city. I waited around outside until the men began to file out and managed to pick him out among the thirty or so men.

I almost recoiled as I saw him. With dirty cap pulled down over his eyes, a hard expression on his face, there was little of the Ralph I had known. As he turned on the street I stepped up beside him. He looked at me with a scowl, then recognizing me his face flushed hotly and he tried to move away.

I held out my hand. "It's good to see you, Ralph."

He made no reply but walked with me to my car. I made him get in and told him I would drive to his rooming house, then when he had cleaned

up we would go out for dinner. So a short time later we were sitting in a quiet little cafe, and without hedging I asked him to tell me about his downfall.

It was not a new story. I had heard it many times before. Instead of co-operating with those in authority he had gone his own way. "You see, Bob, I had been too successful and it had gone to my head. I refused to take orders, even advice. Well, the result could only be one thing. Other men would take and obey orders."

"Ralph, in those early years of success did you ever picture yourself coming to this?" I asked.

"Why should I?" he laughed harshly. "The only thought in my mind was success and more success. There was no such a word as failure in my mind."

"When you began to fail, did you still think of success?"

"Why should I think of success then? All I could see was failure and I found it everywhere."

"Then when you were successful you thought only of success; when you began to fail you thought only of failure. Is that right?"

"How else could a man think or feel under those conditions?"

"Then you acknowledge that when you were going up you thought and pictured only more success; but when you let your head run away with good judgment you turned around and thought, pictured and felt only failure. With a logical reasoning mind such as you have, it seems strange that you could be so blind to the real cause of your failure. But, Ralph, if you will begin right now and apply the principle that brought you success, in a few months you will not be one of the rank and file but the leader you once were."

He looked at me thoughtfully. "You mean the law of cause and effect?"

"That is it, Ralph. What you think and feel is the cause which produces a corresponding condition in your life which is the effect of that cause. You see, Ralph, your thoughts of success (the cause) produced success (the effect); through the law of attraction you also connected at that time with the thoughts of other successful lives, which tended to increase and expedite your own success."

A slow calculating expression came into his eyes. "You are right, Bob. When I went on that job, the first failure I had ever known, I had an uneasy feeling that somehow I would not put it over. From that first thought I began to fail. I pictured every possible thing which might come up that I could not handle. I was fearful of my power and it was that fear that made me refuse to listen to advice or suggestions. I was afraid that those at the head might decide that I was not capable of handling the job."

It was not necessary to say more. I gave him some literature to read and felt sure that the world would again hear of Ralph Fenton. And it has in a big way.

Early in 1942 he was put in charge of a large war construction plant and has been going from one important job to another. He had turned his thoughts around, had turned failure inside out and found success.

And the success from failure story of this man can be made that of every failure if he will turn his thoughts around and think, picture and feel success instead of failure.

Views and Reviews

By WILLIAM TOWNE

The Ideal and the Real

THROUGHOUT life we are engaged in a never-ending effort to reconcile the ideal within us with the outer world of reality. We know what we want, we have certain very definite desires and cravings, and we try to build around us an environment which will satisfy these desires and cravings.

Whenever we are frustrated and thwarted in our efforts at adjustment we are apt to become discouraged. Life looks dark. Only the tough minded and the strong of heart escape in some degree the bitterness of disappointment.

Frustration leads us to seek all sorts of methods of escape from the necessity of facing the realities of life. Many turn to drink for release. Others read detective stories and exciting fiction. The pleasure seekers work early and late trying to avoid the necessity of coming to grips with life. Religion is a comfort and help to the masses of the unsuccessful and the disappointed.

But we should be able to make life more satisfying and productive in itself. We should find ways of making a better adjustment between the inner ideal and the outer reality. The extremes between what we are realizing and what we desire to realize must be reconciled if we are to find peace, poise and a reasonable degree of happiness in living.

The first condition of such a reconciliation, as I conceive it, is to learn to depend more fully upon the Greater Life within ourselves. We must anchor our thoughts and acts to that Life so that we need not be forever seeking some outside help in the solution of our problems or to meet our troubles.

Of course there will be help from the outside, we need human contacts at all times, but there will always come a time when these fail us. As the years pass, death will remove many of those upon whom we have depended to make life worth while. There will be many problems which we cannot seem to solve to our satisfaction. Then we can turn to that Life within and ask for comfort and guidance and inspiration and find them, whatever the outer conditions may be.

In this way we can renew the fire of life when it burns low. My friend, Dortch Campbell, speaking of old age and its loss of enthusiasms, says: "I think we need to revive the Magic Flame. If the fire of life flickers and grows dim, I think we should use all the powers of the Soul to revive it." By this, I take it, he means we should use all the powers of Life, the animating principle within us — what Webster defines as "the actuating cause of life" — to carry on and to find new courage and strength for living.

Most of us can be helped, I believe, in the effort toward reconciliation of the within and the without, by not setting our goals too high, too far ahead. When I was a boy my

father owned a very temperamental horse. Whenever he felt the load was too heavy (of which he was the judge) he would only bluff at the pulling, sidestep and rear — anything to avoid coming to grips with the load. If we attempt too much, to be accomplished too quickly, we are apt to become discouraged and feel like that horse. But if we can feel that we are progressing in the right direction, even if it is not so fast as we would like, it is well to be satisfied, I believe, with this slower progress rather than wear ourselves out with worry and disappointment. There is much to be said in favor of more simple living, especially for those who have passed the peak of life.

Few things are more conducive to reconciliation of the inner and the outer world than for the individual to do that which he loves to do. If it seems that he cannot find satisfaction in his daily work, then self-expression in some hobby during his spare hours will help. Self-expression is a great releaser of power and of joy. It helps on the reconciliation we seek.

We should not conceive of this conflict between the inner and the outer forces as something bad — something to be avoided. It is common to every man and woman and a necessity of living. In his book, "Mechanisms of Character Formation," the late William A. White, M.D., a noted psychiatrist, wrote: "Conflict is at the very root and source of life, it is the very stuff out of which life is made, and the necessary pre-condition of progress."

Dr. White also wrote of that "balanced progress of adjustment" which "makes up the moving equilibrium which constitutes the flow of life itself."

Perhaps Dr. White over-glorifies conflict somewhat, but it seems to me there can be no doubt that the conflict between the ideal within and the outer world, *does* lead to progress, as he says. And it also results in our turning to the Life within for support and so helps on the reconciliation which results in greater satisfaction and productiveness for the individual.

I WONDER if ever a song was sung
  But what the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
  But the thought surpassed the metre!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
'Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found,
  And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
  And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! Never on earth shall we find the best!
But it waits for us in the Land of Rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
Till we pass the portal of shining gold.

— *James Clarence Harney*

A QUIET PLACE

I COME to Thee, dear Lord,
  Seeking a quiet place
Where deep in meditation
  I may find grace.

Quiet Thou my thoughts —
  Let me behold Thy face,
Let not my thoughts betray
  Thy holy place.

Then deep within I'll find,
  Resting in Thy love,
That blessed peace that comes
  From heaven above.

— *Justicia Edna Mason*

Success In Prayer

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

AFFIRMATIVE PRAYER

THE BOMBING of Pearl Harbor had far reaching repercussions for me. My props for living were no longer in existence. Everyone to whom I turned was confused and bewildered. I now realize that seeking counsel with others was all too often a substitute for my deepest need, peace of mind. Being deprived of that, my only recourse was to seek the Truth through the scriptures and prayer. Theretofore, the Bible had been a book to be studied at Sunday school. I had been taught to pray a childish prayer at an early age, a habit that persisted through the years. Occasionally I prayed in moments of confusion or a crisis but rarely did I give a second thought as to whether my prayers were heard or answered.

Then for the first time in my life I began seeking first the kingdom of God. Its reward was a new sense of understanding, spiritual perception. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." In this proverb I found not only the source of answers for all life's problems but also the secret of peace of mind.

Eventually the scriptures and prayer filled the void of my former counsel with others. Prayers became a two-fold experience, first of intercession and second waiting upon the Lord for divine direction. Soon I was experiencing this guidance through an awareness of the divine presence in and all about me. Sometimes the answers came in a most common ordinary manner and again in the mystic sense. Added to this enrichment was the fruit of the Spirit — peace of mind.

Life is ever a series of complex experiences but by the grace of God I maintained generally my spiritual poise. Sometime later I vainly thought I had achieved a spiritual plane where nothing could ever really disturb my peace of mind, but somewhere along the way I had failed to follow the beam of Truth.

The situation that confronted me was more than a problem it was a crisis. I was plunged into a new environment in which it was seemingly impossible for me to adjust myself. My every effort was met with rebuff and futility. Yet I knew beyond all doubt and reason that my new environment was God's will for me. That fact alone sustained me.

Then I learned another principle of prayer: the practice of affirmations. Theretofore my prayers had been ones of intercession, but a new ray of Truth came to me in this simple affirmation: "Divine love permeates my life and every condition is made right."

"Divine love." I can doubt and question most anything on earth, but I can never question God's love for me. The very fact that I am a living soul, spirit of his spirit, is conclusive proof of his love for me.

"Every condition is made right." Truly there is no power but of God. Perhaps adverse circumstances beyond my control or my lack of understanding may cloud or confuse a condition, but my Father can right it, because there is nothing impos-

sible with God.

It became imperative that I hold this affirmation ever in my mind. I made copies of it and placed them throughout the house. One in the window above my kitchen sink, another on my dressing table, a third on my desk and the fourth in the hall. I carried another in my purse. Although I knew the inscription, the cards served well their purpose. They were ever a reminder of the eternal Truth, and in moments of emotional instability I would hold one of the cards in my hand and repeat the words slowly again and again.

I soon regained my spiritual poise. In the meanwhile some of the adverse conditions were entirely removed from my environment. There were others that changed and a few remained. In the latter instance it was I who changed. I arose to a state of spiritual perception where they could no longer confuse me. The peace of God that passeth all understanding was mine.

Truth is both simple and profound and is ever infallible. All that is needed is the simple faith of a child trusting a loving Father who is the author of peace.

Centuries ago the advent of the Prince of Peace was heralded by the heavenly host singing "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." As it was then so it is to this day. Peace is the melody and the harmony of all life, without which life is a discord but with which it is heaven here on earth. — V. V., La.

THINE are we, thine in life and death, made one by glory of eternal hope.

— *Rollo Russell*

QUICK HEALING THROUGH PRAYER

ALL MY LIFE — though I was alone, an orphan in strange countries and under difficult circumstances — yes, even during the war, I was always well and healthy and *protected!* Suddenly, as if to try my faith, this occurred: An abscess right on my face. It kept right on growing while I had to wait on the public as a part of my daily work.

I was scared — lost. I didn't know how to take it. Friends advised a doctor, of course. While I had never employed a physican before, I now went to a neighborhood doctor and asked him to look at the face. He advised me to have the abscess opened and said that early the next morning he would come to attend to it for me.

When I got home I closed my door and went into the back part where my living quarters are AND I PRAYED. I prayed with all my heart and soul as never before. After hours of sincere, heart to heart talking with God, alone in my closet, worn out I fell asleep. I do not know whether I was dreaming or whether I really heard something like this: "Turn on the light and look in the mirror!" As in a dream — now fully awake — I obeyed. When the light came on I looked in the mirror and I saw my face as clean, smooth and healthy as ever before. The ugly abscess had disappeared. When the doctor came the next morning he could not believe his own eyes. My friends and customers of yesterday were also astonished. I thanked God for my healing.

I also had an interesting experi-

(*Please turn to page 29*)

Elizabeth's Editorials

(*Continued from page 7*)

natural way and nobody else in the world would ever see what you are writing. In due time you will find your whole being polarized to the point of your pen. And what you write will come from the depths of you and it will satisfy you as it comes.

The same principle will apply in the activity of any person, no matter what his occupation or profession may be. The main thing is to BE FAITHFUL TO YOUR PRACTICE OF THE RHYTHM OF LIVING AND WORKING.

*

Rhythm In Life

THE MOTHER of every child should realize the importance of rhythm in his life, she should see that he has regular hours of sleep, of eating, of disciplined work and play time. If the mother will use the principle of regularity, periodicity or rhythm, she will do more for her child than by any other one thing I know. Psychologists now say that in the first, or at the most three years of a child's life, his habits become fixed for his future life. This does not mean that habits cannot be changed, but it does mean that the individual will follow these early formed habits. If rhythm has been established in his activities, that rhythm will help him all through his life. If he finds it necessary to change his early habits it will be a much more difficult task than if he had formed the right kind of rhythm-habits in the early years of his life. The ability to do what you want to do when you want to do it is very largely a matter of the *habit* of doing things at regular intervals. Without this habit one's life becomes a succession of irregularities and procrastinations.

WORRYING about money is about the worst thing a man can do — it takes his mind off his work. — *Henry Ford*

Success In Prayer

(*Continued from page 28*)

ence in divine guidance. I was looking for an apartment as were many others. I got tired of advertisements and I LET GO AND LET GOD! One Sunday afternoon a neighboring lady came in and asked me if I, being alone, would care to come and live in her home. Her daughter had married and the house was big and would I please move in if only for company. It was right across the street from my business where I lived in the back of the store — in danger of leakages from the ceiling. She made me come to her home right then and there. She made tea for me and wouldn't let me go back. I must stay, toothbrush or no toothbrush!

When I opened my shop next Monday morning I couldn't recognize it. It was covered all over with plaster. The ceiling (from constant leakages for years) had fallen down just when I went out the night before. The ceiling had fallen right over my bed in the back. Had I been there I would have been badly injured under the mass of plaster which had fallen. It seemed as if there were tons to remove! — *F. G., Calif.*

God may prize
Much on this earth, which blinded men despise.

— *Sir Francis H. Doyle*

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I do not need to know
What makes a tree to grow
Or the dogwood bloom,
Nor how the sun can throw
Bars of gold
Through the window
Of my room!

Only this I need to know —
That my soul be in tune
With the high miracle
Of spring so ordained
That a tree shall grow
And the dogwood bloom,
That the sun shall throw
Bars of gold
Through the windows
Of my room!

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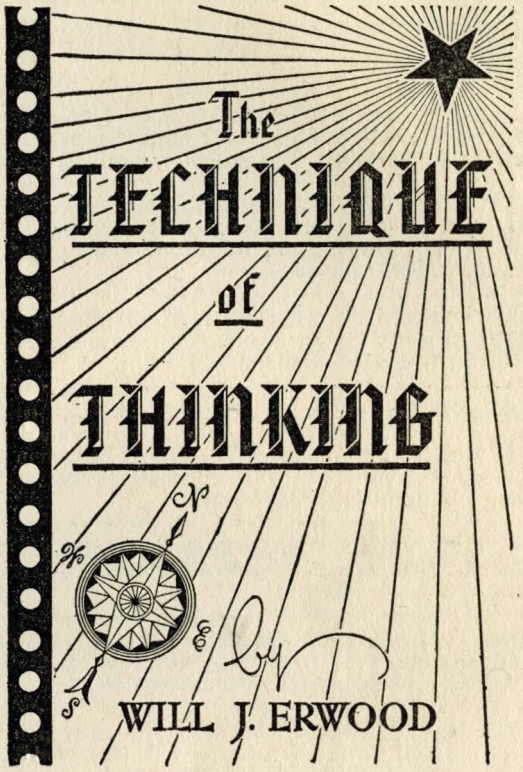
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