NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT

OCTOBER 1948

Praying for "Material Things" ZEIGER HAY

This is How I Found Peace ONA LACY HUNTER

He Was America's First Metaphysical Healer AMOS BEATTIE

A Subconscious Fear Went— Health Came EMILY SAUNDERS

Magic of Expectancy JOHN MORRIS EVANS

How Hard Should You Work? NAT McKELVEY

All That I Live is Mine RUTH WOOLVERTON

What is Prayer? ELIZABETH TOWNE

Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Listening *for* Guidance

By JUSTINE HUNTLEY ULP

PERHAPS you pray often, but how much do you listen? God may be trying to get through to you with a vital message of guidance.

Actually you may not hear a voice at all, but it will be as if Someone had spoken. You will know what you are to do beyond the shadow of the slightest doubt. Your answer will come, and it will be crystal clear and definite.

It is good to just rest in God's love; not trying to form your prayers, not affirming and reaffirming, but just listening. The great Power is within you and all about you. Don't try so hard to seek, but just *be still and know.* Great healing is contained in the radiant Silence, and an attitude of waiting for God's answer implies deep faith.

Be assured that He *will* answer you. Great flashes of truth and guidance will be revealed to you. Try it and you will be amazed at the new vistas that will open to you. New and undreamed-of horizons will dawn.

His answers to your prayers are ringing now in the innermost depths of your consciousness. God is only waiting for you to be still *and listen.*

What's Cooking FOR NEXT MONTH?

Faith — The Power That Heals Jesus spoke constantly of faith in connection with his healings: "Thy *faith* hath saved thee:" "Thy *faith* hath made thee whole", etc. etc. Edna Tradwell, B.S. has written an article containing several of these Bible quotations about faith. She also gives a good explanation of what faith really is. The title of her piece is, WONDER-WORKING FAITH.

Where? Where are you going to spend the rest of YOUR life? Warren Chandler tells of a woman of sixty-seven who adopted this motto: "My interest is in the future because I am going to spend the rest of my life there." What she did in working according to this principle in her life is told in Warren's article to be published soon, SHE CHOSE ACTION — NOT RESIGNATION.

Guidance Dortch Campbell writes me that he wants to send us several articles about the subject of guidance from within. He firmly believes that "in little things before the crisis comes, God speaks to us." I believe this too. But we do not always recognize what comes to us in this way. The first of Dortch's articles is already here and is entitled, GOD GUIDES IN LITTLE THINGS.

Treasure-Mapping One woman who had been living in hotels and furnished rooms for years solved the question of a home by the use of a treasure-map. She said that at first it seemed like a childish thing to do. But she did persist in her test of the idea. And after a time, it worked out to her satisfaction. Her experience will be published in Nautilus under the title of TREASURE-MAPPING FOR A HOME.

They Won't Stay Old Some folks just won't stay old. Mary was one of these persons. "Good old Mary!" That is what some of her friends called her. She was well along in life when she was freed from the home ties and started out making a life for herself. What she accomplished in five years of time is most interestingly told by Elizabeth Gregg, Ph.D. in, "GOOD OLD MARY" WHO REFUSED TO STAY OLD.

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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.

The Loneliness Problem There was the case of Mrs. Johnson. She had lived a wonderful life, a full life. She had two sons and two daughters. But as often happens, the sons and daughters did grow up and they got married. So what happened to the wife? Well, the experience is told in, ALL ALONE WITH HER HUSBAND.

Subconscious Fear It's funny — but true — that a shock or a fear, implanted in the mind of a little child, can affect his whole future life. That is, it can and will affect his life unless he learns how to get rid of the fear through some application of the principle of psychoanalysis. How one man got rid of such a fear through his own efforts and his own study, is told in, I WAS FREED FROM SUBCONSCIOUS FEAR.

"Whatever You Please" "If you remain united to me, and my words remain in your heart, ask for whatever you please and you shall have it," said Jesus (Goodspeed translation). Around this promise, Marie Winchell Walker, M.D. has built her latest piece, THE WAY TO SPIRITUAL HEALING.

BROTHERHOOD

Deep in our hearts
Lie words unspoken
Of faith in all
Of nature's noblemen.
Why let them pass
Without a word or token
To show the world
Has need of them?

— *Mary F. Clarke*

Above, the clear sky was full of stars, and among them the beautiful planet Jupiter shone serene. The sky was of a lovely night blue; it was an hour to think, to dream, to revere, to love — a time when, if ever it will, the soul reigns, and the coarse rude acts of day are forgotten in the aspirations of the inmost mind. The night was calm — still; it was in no haste to do anything — it had nothing it needed to do. To be is enough for the stars.

— *Richard Jefferies*

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October Night

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

The quiet earth is cloaked in veils of mist,
Beneath the gleaming splendor of the stars,
Whose flaming loveliness the moon has kissed,
As she leans to the sandy river bars
And trembles, while the singing waters flow
Away to mingle with the waiting sea,
That ever shifting, swaying to and fro,
Is still a changing, changeless mystery;
Far off a fox barks on a wooded hill,
As geese go winging southward in full flight
And, swiftly passing, fling their tocsin shrill
Across the silver glory of the night,
Where in the shadows hosts of fairies walk
And listen to the withered grasses talk.

Editorials

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

FINISH every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

*

What Is Prayer?

GOD IS the giver of all good things. Jesus came to this world to prove it. Jesus said that of himself he could do nothing in this world, but that the Father in him could do all things whatsoever he willed. But we must *believe* in the Father and in ourselves as demonstrating that which we might desire to receive from the Father. Jesus taught that all things are possible with God. And that God is in his heaven within you. If you believe in God within you and follow his guidance, you will be able to demonstrate your good.

Jesus also said that God is spirit and that he is truth. Jesus came to show the way, the truth and the life. He said, "As I am in this world, so are ye."

God is spirit. He is within us. His spirit informs our minds according to our desire for information. And also according to our acknowledgment of God as the giver of every good thing.

Prayer is the method by which we petition the spirit within for that which we desire to realize. And if we pray, *believing*, we shall receive that which we seek according to Jesus' word.

This is the whole art and science of prayer as Jesus gave it: "Whatsoever thing you desire, when you pray, believe that you receive it and you shall have it." We are apt to think of prayer as purely a petition to God *to give us something*. But you will note that Jesus said that when we ask God for something we must also *believe* that we receive the thing asked for from God. We must believe that we receive it from him, in the present tense — from his infinite spirit and his infinite supply.

To believe is not the same as "having faith". Faith is a proof of the spirit within you and it comes to you from the Spirit itself when you have done your part by believing in God and in your oneness with him. And also by believing in his willingness and power and wisdom at all times to give you what you need and what you ask for, believing.

*

A Help to Concentration

I THINK it is a mistake to "try" too hard to concentrate. This simply exhausts the mind. One becomes tired and cross with the effort.

In such circumstances, the first thing to do is to set the mind on something that will relax and rest the attention. One time I found it very helpful to let my mind rest on a tree outside my window. I followed this practice at brief intervals for days at a time. I contemplated the quiet dignity of the tree. It did not move from its foundation. Its branches waved slightly in the breeze, its roots sent up life and sustenance from the soil, its leaves opened themselves to the atmosphere. Noise and confusion might be all about, but the tree went quietly on with its life day by day without being in the least affected by outer inharmony.

Another way to rest your mind is to set it upon "things above". That is, turn your thoughts to some universal idea. Then you feel that you have gotten completely away from the confusion and the tenseness which comes from trying to "fix" the mind upon some idea by the use of will power instead of quiet attention. What you should aim at is to get your mind out of the old circle of thoughts, the old attention to the things about you. Then you can concentrate more easily upon that which you desire to realize. Then you can let your mind REST upon the pattern of thought you desire to create. Your nerves will become more quiet and you will be filled with the divine spirit of God and his peace.

You cannot expect to do all this in a minute. You have to "set your mind on things above" several times a day until you learn to relax your attention and to let go of the old thoughts and habits.

Think of your new pattern of thought as if divine love within yourself were moving out into expression through you to meet any and all conditions which may arise. This is what you are really hungering for. This is what you want to realize by your new pattern of thought. Well, this realization is yours NOW — it is yours now in infinite measure. But you have to make it your business to choose the new way of thought and to keep your mind aimed toward it instead of allowing your attention to be frittered away by the small happenings of everyday life.

Nobody can make you concentrate or teach you how to do it in a moment. You have within you the infinite power to concentrate — the power of God himself who lives and works in and through you. Your part is to make a wise choice as to where you will turn your attention — to select the ideas which will express your deep desire. Only as you pray or desire from the Father, and then accept from him the answer to your prayer, can you receive what you ask for from him. You accept the answer to your prayer only when you turn away from your own tense habits of thoughts and learn to live in a more receptive pattern of thought — a pattern where love and faith predominate.

*

Criticism

CRITICISM can be a good thing — if it is rightly used. But if it is used to tear down — if it is used to separate the sheep from the goats — then it can become a most destructive force. When you attempt to divide the sheep from the goats in your thoughts, just remember that if the

world were all sheep, the sheep would be a great evil. And if the world were all goats, the world would also find them a great evil. It takes both the sheep and goats among those that we meet, and in our own thoughts, to make up the world in which we live. This applies to the world of thought as well as the outer world.

It is very much easier to find fault than it is to think in a constructive way. It is easier when we are thinking about other people and it is also easier in regard to our own problem. But that makes it all the more desirable that we should regard the temptation to criticize and find fault as a real opportunity — an opportunity to use our faculties of appreciation and to think constructively instead of destructively — to build up instead of to tear down.

*

Breathe!

SOUNDS like a foolish suggestion, doesn't it? But there are many, many nervous persons who scamp on breathing. The next time you get to rushing around in great haste to get something done, just stop and check up on yourself. If you are like nine out of ten persons, you will find that you are not breathing deeply and easily but that your muscles which control your breathing are more or less tense.

Now if at this point you can stop for four or five minutes and just breathe easily and rhythmically, it may be of much help to you. That is, it can be of help to you if you repeat the process whenever you get hurried or worried.

It will help you still more if you add a good affirmation or suggestion while you are practicing the rhythmic breathing. You help to purify your blood by your breathing. If you do not take into the lungs a normal amount of air, the blood is not properly purified. Every time you draw air into your lungs and breathe it out again, you breathe out impurities from your body. If your muscles are tensed by worry or resistance to some condition that you do not like, or simply through too much hurry, of course the purifying process is not as effective. Your blood just don't get the amount of oxygen necessary to cleanse it properly.

But remember, just do the whole breathing business easily when you are doing it as an exercise or giving it special attention. Try to make your breathing quiet but rhythmic and put your good thoughts into every

(*Please turn to page 29*)

Affirms the UNITED NATIONS *of the* WORLD

Praying For "Material Things"

By ZEIGER HAY

YOU NEED NOT want for any of the good things of life if you know God as the source of all supply," the girl said to me as I eased myself down in a chair at the lunch counter.

"What did you say?" I exclaimed, my mind unable to take in her words. "What do you mean by the good things of life?"

"Well, these club chairs you have been looking for all day. You need them, they are for the good and not the harm of any person."

"You mean pray for material things! My orthodox mind was slow to accept this.

"Do you remember the passage in the Bible where Jesus said, 'All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive'?"

"Humm, even chairs to seat a club meeting?"

"If you have faith the size of a mustard seed."

This girl who waited on me at the lunch counter every day had in my brief meetings with her given me a glimpse into a new world of thinking.

All the morning I had been pounding the sidewalk in our town, going from one furniture store to another trying to find thirty chairs. War had made everything in our city scarce, and I was unable to find even five chairs of the type I could use in my small office.

Already I had thirty people registered in for a very important club meeting the following evening. Well, maybe the girl was right. But I doubted that *I* had faith, even the size of a mustard seed.

I returned to my office and slipped off my shoes to ease my tired feet. Then I took down the telephone and started calling all the places in town where I thought I might be able to rent chairs. I had no luck. Either they did not rent their chairs or they were previously engaged for that evening.

While wondering what to do next, I picked up one of the small magazines the girl at the lunch counter had given me and started idly turning the pages. The first sentence that met my eye was this: "*Ask what ye will in my name and ye shall receive.*"

That is simple enough, I thought, "In the name of Jesus Christ I ask for chairs," I said aloud.

I relaxed in my chair and started reading the little magazine in earnest. A great calm and peace came to me and I had a deep consciousness of the Infinite life within. And I did what the lesson in the book suggested — I affirmed, "God is my supply."

The telephone rang and I had to return to the everyday work. Two clients wanted some typing done. When I was alone again I walked out into the hall to get a drink of water. I saw a girl waiting for an elevator who, a day or so previously, had asked me for some technical books.

"Come into the office," I said. "I brought the books down for you this morning. You can look them over and see if they are what you need."

In the course of our conversation I mentioned my dire need of chairs.

"That's strange," she said, "that I should so suddenly run into someone who needs chairs. My sister is in the army. Last night I was visiting out at her camp. They were putting on a little entertainment there and I heard her captain tell her they would have to get rid of four rows of folding chairs because they had orders to turn the room into a gymnasium."

"Oh, that is wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"The chairs looked to be pretty scuffed from hard use," she said, "but they also looked sturdy and sound."

"I really do not mind how they look," I replied. "If you think I can get them I will be only too happy to send a truck right out for them."

"I don't think that will be necessary," she said. "My sister and several others come into town every day in a truck for supplies and I am sure they will bring them in for you."

The following evening, before the meeting, the chairs were delivered and set up in my office. I wanted to praise God and tell everyone who came in, "See what faith, even the size of a mustard seed has done!"

Since that time I have made many demonstrations by affirming God's power. And I have come to know that the Lord my God is with me wheresoever I may go.

This Is How I Found Peace

By ONA LACY HUNTER

THERE CAME a time in my life when I was the victim of almost every fear and worry that ever plagued a poor mortal, it seemed. These fears and worries paralyzed my energy. They all but destroyed my usefulness. Some of the worst had become obsessions. Such as: fear of losing my job; fear for future security; fear of losing the love of those dear to me. And last of all, the fear of death.

A mind filled with fear and worry is a sick mind. A sick mind makes a sick body. My fears and worries were working in a vicious circle. When thoughts of suicide began to haunt me, I realized I must do something to change the state of my mind.

I knew enough about metaphysics to place the blame where it belonged. I had literally *thought* myself into this condition; I would have to think my way out! I knew, too, that I could not do it by intellectually *willing* it. The desire for change must go deeper than that. My *emotions* must be stirred. They must be made to work for me. I must *want* to change my negative thinking to positive, constructive thinking. I must want this *more* than I wanted anything else in the world.

I knew that all my anxieties and discouragements were the result of a feeling of separateness from God. I must make the connection with God again. I needed help to build up my wavering faith so as to

make this connection once more.

I saw that since there is only God, and he lives and moves in everything, there was nothing to fear except my own false thoughts. These must be replaced with true ideas — ideas that were in accord with the Truth of my being. This meant I must give my subconscious mind new thought-patterns to work from. My emotions must be led to flow strong and sure by a faith in my aims that did not waver. I needed help in this. So I went to the Source of all help.

As my first step I took my Bible and listed the times Jesus said "Fear not." I was amazed to find so many. Jesus did not say fear not this thing or fear not that thing. He just said "FEAR NOT."

I typed the Bible verses that met my own need right then. I typed them on small filing cards. I kept the cards handy where I could use one the moment some old fear or worry came up in my mind.

Here are some of the verses:

"I, the Lord, will hold thy right hand, saying, 'Fear not; I will help thee.' "

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and love and of a sound mind."

"If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; all things are made new."

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

I know now that lack of faith in myself is nothing but lack of faith in God; that fears and worries will not abide in the same mind with faith and love.

Faith that we are God's children, a living, indestructible part of the Almighty, will change our lives completely. It has changed mine. I now live from day to day free from fear and worry. I see God's purpose in all that happens. I KNOW that the real me is a part of the One Life — and that I am SAFE. I have the assurance my earthly needs will be met. "Believe and ye shall receive."

I have even lost the fear of death:

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

An affirmation that gives me strength each day is: "I am a child of God. I have nothing to fear. My God fills all my needs."

If you are suffering from fear or worry of any kind, turn to your Christ within. There you will find the help you need to put your faith to work for you. Faith is the miracle-worker. To believe in a God of love takes away all unbelief. It gives life meaning and purpose.

Turn thee and to thy work; let God alone;
And wait for Him; faint o'er the waves will come
Far floating whispers from the other shore
To thine averted ears. Do thou thy work,
And thou shalt follow; follow and find thine own.

— *George MacDonald*

The Magic of Expectancy

By JOHN MORRIS EVANS

TO EXPECT means, "to look for with confidence." We tend to get what we confidently expect. People who always expect to be snubbed, generally are. Persons who constantly expect to fall downstairs, usually do. Businessmen who confidently expect to lose customers, do lose them. Persons who really expect to fall in love, generally do.

Wishes are not expectancies. Most wishes are simply hopes watered down with doubt and suspicion. They are loaded with dreads of uncertainty. A wish is thought in a lounging robe. Expectancy is desire in working clothes.

Fear and dread are forms of strong expectation. This is because they are charged with anticipation. Job said that the thing he greatly *feared*, came upon him. Life does not select our expectations. It simply fulfills those we steadfastly hold to as patterns for fulfillment — whether or not the patterns are of unpleasant or joyous meaning.

The youthness of youth is due largely to fervent and undiluted expectancies. Persons begin to be old, regardless of birthdays, when they limit and tame down their expectancies. Of course, they try to feel that this taming down and limitation are respectable by calling them, "settling down." They seem to ignore the fact that in a living, changing and growing world there can be no settling down at any stage of life. Some think they are wise by taking to the middle of the road in matters of living and then find they are hurt by traffic going both ways. Expectancy keeps us in the creative livingness of life, where all desires are energized and fulfilled.

We begin expecting by accepting a pattern of meaning, a mental form of something desired. The act of expecting, like all other acts, sets the law of cause and effect operating for the fulfillment of the definite desire. Through expectancy, we identify ourselves with the thing desired. It means lining up, and staying lined up, in favor of what we desire. It turns desire into conviction.

Creative expectancy demands united action. This means that our eyes and our feet must be aimed in the same direction. Many persons miss fulfillment of their desire because they keep looking in one direction and keep moving in another. They are like persons who add beautiful cosmetics to the outside and keep soaking inside cells and organs with envies and grudges. Real expectancy means wholeness and dominant wholesomeness.

Expectancy is identification. We identify by picturing ourselves as experiencing. One of the difficult things for a beginner in spiritual re-education is to keep picturing himself actually living a desired fulfillment. He has already identified himself with so many conditions, relationships and interpretations which oppose such fulfillment that he is in-

clined to forget that mental initiative is the creative nucleus of fulfillment. By fervent expectancy, this living nucleus is kept unfolding. Expectancy holds the new pattern of meaning above old routines of thinking. It keeps us mentally ready for what we dare to want.

Expectancy is an act of accepting a desired effect, which in turn stimulates the whole organism to work *for* that effect by working *with* it. Our bodies and our affairs tend to act according to our accepted effect. We experience in all areas of interest what we fervently agree with. We get what we confidently expect.

It is amazing to note how few people really expect their prayers to be answered. They seem to be satisfied just to talk *at* God. They do not appear to organize themselves or their affairs in favor of the answer. Prayer is answered when we take sides with the answer; when our wants, words and works are lined up with the response we desire. Just as we keep problems alive by thinking them, so we keep answers coming by expecting them.

When we confidently look for something we are making a steady claim upon it. Confident expectancy of what we want crowds away the notions which oppose it, just as cultivated Bermuda grass chokes out weeds.

We magnify and intensify expectancy when we apply it to more and more aspects of the fulfillment we desire. Seeing ourselves living different parts of the fulfillment makes it more vivid and keeps us more alive to it.

Desire without expectancy is merely a passing fancy. Expectancy is a matter of meanings, not moods. It is an experience, not simply a preparation for experience.

SLEEP

Sleep, Sleep, come to me, Sleep,
Come to my blankets and come to my bed,
Come to my legs and my arms and my head,
Over me, under me, into me creep.

Sleep, Sleep, come to me, Sleep,
Blow on my face like a soft breath of air,
Lay your cool hand on my forehead and hair,
Carry me down through the dream-waters deep.

Sleep, Sleep, come to me, Sleep,
Tell me the secrets that you alone know,
Show me the wonders none other can show,
Open the box where your treasures you keep.

Sleep, Sleep, come to me, Sleep,
Softly I call you; as soft and as slow
Come to me, cuddle me, stay with me so,
Stay till the dawn is beginning to peep.

— *Henry Johnstone*

Healing Through Action

Part I

{Reprinted by Request From November, 1924, Nautilus}

By BROWN LANDONE

WE SHALL find in this article that *lack of unity* of mind and action is the greatest hindrance to attaining that which we desire.

Is Action spiritual? Is it Divine? Action IS Divine; God-Action is spiritual. God acting through you is the spiritual manifestation of Divine Mind, Love and Life striking out into actuality.

"Was not Abraham, our father, justified by WORKS?" By WORKS a man is justified and not by faith only. As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also. Let every man prove his own *work* and then he shall have rejoicing in himself. "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man *say* he hath faith and have NOT works?"

And what does it profit us merely to proclaim the truth, cite demonstrations we have made and then fail in our own lives to carry our thought into action for ourselves?

Even though you *do* cast out devils and prophesy in the name of the Lord, Christ has said that this alone is not sufficient and has stated that to such, he will say: "I never knew you; Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." There is no building upon the rock except one DOES the works, — the works of the Christ. "Know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead" and that the reward of God is in accord with truth rendered by "the righteous God who will render to every man according to his DEEDS"!

Then also, in Matthew 7: 21 and 24, we read "Not every one that *saith* unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but He that DOETH the will of my Father which is in heaven — Therefore, whosoever saith these sayings of mine and DOETH them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."

Christ definitely states that even our consciousness of brotherhood *with* him depends upon *doing* his will — not merely preaching it, asserting it and affirming it! In Mark 3: 35, Christ says "Whosoever shall DO the will of God, the same is my brother".

Day by day I receive evidences of the marvelous help that comes from conceiving God as Action. Only yesterday a lady of more than fifty alighted from an automobile in front of my door, walked briskly up to the steps and skipped up the stairway to my studio as lightly and buoyantly as though she had been a girl of sixteen. Yet, but a few months ago she was so weak and exhausted — and had been for years — that it was difficult for her to walk the length of a room. She had affirmed God as Divine Mind and had prayer-

fully realized strength; but, as she put it, "When I recognized that God IS Action, I was able to get up, walk across the room and began to work about the house; each day since then, I have felt a consciousness of increased strength".

When we affirm God as Action, affirm the ideal we wish to attain, make great effort to carry it into activity, and yet, fail to attain, what is the cause? Failure in such a case is generally due to the "great hindrance" I discuss in this article. That hindrance is a *lack of unifying the Ideal with the Activity*.

Remember the case of the $100,000 wisher who sat in the Silence praying that $100,000 would drop out of the sky so that he would be *forever relieved of work*. He did not unify his Ideal with Action; he did not even wish to do so, for he wished to have the results *without the works!*

But, when we are sincere, when we do *idealize* the truth of God as Action and when we are constantly active, trying our very best, *how can there be lack of unity of thought and action?* The answer is this: to be unified the one must be the result of the other; they must be *like* one another, both in nature and process, — the action must be similar to the thought, the direct result of the thought, directed to the *same* end.

Too often you "hold a thought", or visualize, or "declare in spiritual consciousness" that you have the thing or condition you desire, while your activities are not at all in accord with, or the result of, the thought and prayer held in Mind. Thus, there is lack of unity of your thought and action, and *lack of connecting* one with the other. Of course, it is not always possible for you to change your job or profession, so that your work will fit the ideal you wish to attain; but you can always *add* other activities similar to or *like* your thought in nature in process.

For illustration, let us assume that you are a young man, working as a pressman in a printing shop, living in a rented room, and that you greatly desire a home of your own. You "hold the thought," visualize and declare the divine Idea of a home for yourself. This ideal is your thought creation, but it is *not* related at all to your activities of running a press in a printing shop by any element of *likeness* or *similarity*.

Daily you come to your room at night, tired and disliking your rented room, yet wishing for a home of your own. You go to sleep with the feeling of dissatisfaction with your rented room but holding faithfully to your ideal of the home you want. You wake in the morning, rush out to a restaurant for breakfast and then hurry to work. You run a printing press all day; go to a movie in the evening or spend it with friends; then back to your rented room again at night. In all this there is NOT one single phase of *action*, which is DIRECTLY related by likeness to the ideal of the home you hold in mind.

(To be concluded)

I NEVER knu a man trubbled with melankolly, who had plenty to dew, and did it.

— *Josh Billings*

A Subconscious Fear Went— Health Came

By EMILY SAUNDERS

"You would like to live to see your children grow up, wouldn't you?"

"Why, yes, of course I would," I replied.

"Well then," returned the doctor, "I must talk very plainly to you. Probably you picture yourself as a young and active woman. But for years you have tried to carry three times as much as any woman should undertake. Result — your heart is worn out. For all practical purposes, it is the heart of an old woman. I won't make a bed patient of you — yet. But you must be willing to be a chair patient. Your children must take care of everything from now on." Then, very gently, he added, "That is the best and about the only prescription I can give you."

Looking back to that day, and my journey home, I can recall only utter confusion in my mind. Indignation, fear, anxiety and black discouragement enveloped me like a fog. What should I do? How could I just sit and be waited upon? One child was in college and the other two were in high school; they had no time for more than casual duties. Should I tell my family what the doctor had said? Should I put upon them such a burden of anxiety?

I slept badly that night. I turned my problem over and over in my mind. Meanwhile my treacherous old heart raced along loudly. It seemed as though the wire of the bed springs sent back a little ringing sound in answer to the vibration. But by morning I had made my decision. I would not live sitting in a chair; I would tell no one; I would get another doctor.

The second physician was kind — and non-committal. He suggested ways by which I might care for my household with less tension and much less fatigue. I followed his advice conscientiously and tried to believe that I was improving. But my confidence was not very strong. I drew up a list of things to do — and not to do — in order to conserve my strength. But, since no one knew that I was trying to save myself, I was constantly faced with taxing situations, or the necessity of making some effort which I knew was unwise. In fact, my husband, who would have been overwhelmed with worry had he known the truth, was unconsciously responsible for many of my difficulties.

So the weeks went by. Little by little I put my house and my personal business affairs in order. My bad acting old heart had nothing orderly about it at all.

One day, I was trying to "rest" with the house thoroughly disorganized by paperhangers. The davenport was full of bric-a-brac and I was

making a couch of two easy chairs. As I looked at the confusion about me, with no warning whatever, I was suddenly overcome with my first real despair. All the fear which I had so resolutely pushed down out of mind, into some deep corner of my being, rose up and poured over me like a flood. I was terribly afraid and I was aghast to realize it. And just so suddenly as this had happened, I knew WHY I had worked so hard to keep fear away from my conscious thought.

My mother had dearly loved her father whom she found "asleep" in his chair by the fire when she was only ten years old. Because she resembled him in many ways, she had grown up believing that she had inherited his physical weakness. All her life she carried this fear. It was very real to her, although her heart served her with unusual vigor and gave out at the age of seventy-eight. And then it was only because she had lived such a full life.

I had grown up with this background. And without realizing it I had transferred her fear to myself — *when* I had learned that my own heart was misbehaving. I saw all this clearly now and in much less time than it takes to tell it.

I don't know why one has such moments of insight. Moments which bring thoughts so rapid that they are more sensed than thought. There, on my uncomfortable couch, I experienced such a moment. And with it came what was certainly a gift from God — a sudden, firm determination that I WOULD NOT BE AFRAID.

Speaking aloud, I said a little prayer which was more like a little talk. I told God that I had done the very best I knew; that it had gotten me nowhere; that I was going to stop worrying about myself or my family; that I was going to try to live as sensibly and as much in tune with whatever laws there were in the universe as I could; that I was going to absolutely leave the rest to him; that the outcome would be right, whatever it might be.

Then I got up and went to work.

I have never been able to calculate when it was that I knew that I was better. As the days went by I began to forget that I was an invalid with an uncertain future. One day I awoke and was startled to realize that my heart was beating quietly and as a nice heart should. I hesitated to move lest I should upset it, but it had subsided to stay.

In gratitude I have tried to tell a few people about this experience, but I have wondered if I have been able to make it mean much to them. Perhaps only a greatly felt need can call a great response. But I KNOW, myself, that it can happen.

REST is not quitting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
— *John Sullivan Dwight*

He Was America's First Metaphysical Healer

By AMOS BEATTIE

ONE HUNDRED years ago a New England clockmaker in Portland, Me., gave birth to a big idea. Since that day the clockmaker's idea has gone around the world.

The idea was that the trouble with mankind, more or less, was opinions. The man who birthed this idea was Phineas Parker Quimby.

There was much in this man's life and work to make his name endure. He was the original metaphysical healer in America. The first, so far as the records show, to heal by suggestion. In other words, he was the first to practice psychiatry in this country. He did what Freud and Adler and all the practicing psychologists and psychiatrists were and are now doing. By his method he ferreted out the troublesome subconscious memories. He then reasoned them out of the patient's mind. Then, with reasonable disclosures and corrective word tonic he brought about a cure. So he combined psychiatry, which came later, with what he was finding out about so-called miracles. Of course he had a wide practice in his day in his own locality. His practice was confined to this small area only because of his great modesty.

We all have opinions, said Mr. Quimby, and these opinions are destroying us — our happiness, our home life, our health, our prosperity. You can see how an "opinion" *could* make a poor man out of a millionaire miser. But Quimby meant it much more literally than that. He did not have any interest in increasing incomes. The great problem of his day, as of ours, was health — how to get and how to keep good health. And about our health we have opinions, one way and another. It is at that point where Phineas Parker Quimby started his philosophy and practice.

Quimby had a strange psychic faculty. He knew what was wrong with the patient before he was told. He knew this by a kind of intuition; or perhaps it was a form of telepathy. Some people have this power and I suspect that a good many animals also have it. Just as my spaniel knows when I am coming home at odd hours. He knows what mood I am in. He even knows what day it is. So when a patient sat down in Quimby's office, he was immediately put at ease. He was told his trouble and also told that he could be helped. Some persons went to him just for the experience — or for curiosity, or to prove that Quimby was a quack. In such cases he told them, quite simply, that they did not need attention. He seemed to know their real purpose, and he asked them to make way for some one needing help. Psychiatry usually asks the questions. Quimby told the patient what the trouble was and then made plain the answer to the problem. Seated in his

office Quimby would describe what was wrong with the patient, as I have said. He usually went into detail explaining how it all started. He told the patient what it felt like and the way he reacted to the sickness. People went to his office mostly because no one else had been able to do anything for them. More than likely they had been told that their days had been numbered. To have some one tell you your troubles before you had a chance to explain them — before you had a chance to say the trouble was in your head or in your toes or that you had certain aches or pains — this was to say the least unusual. So you went into the second phase of it with more confidence, which was exactly what Quimby knew you needed. And then he went on to tell you the answer to your need. And you knew intuitively that that intelligent and kindly man stood for integrity. You knew he would not merely tell you something so as to lull you into a sense of false security. So when he said you could be cured you were more than willing to listen. Even if he was the only one who thought you could be cured, when you got up to leave you were at least disposed to give him and his ideas a trial.

Now what has all this to do with having opinions? Well, in Mr. Quimby's mind you had thought up something, or had listened to something, or perhaps had just absorbed it out of the ether. This opinion had something to do with your condition. And having built this idea into your system you more or less dwelt upon it. Never did he deny that you were suffering from the ailment. He *did* deny that the ailment had any permanent hold on you. He denied that your condition could not be changed — changed by giving new directions, so to speak, to yourself about what you intended to feel like. Matter, he felt, was just a phase of primal substance. He believed it to be an embodiment of energy. He believed that it had its part in the contest of life and that this part was quite apparent to the five senses and very much alive. His idea was that when something went wrong with matter it could be controlled and directed. He believed that this did not apply only to surface things but to subconscious changes as well. To deny a thing was not Quimby's way. He believed the thing to do was to change one's mind, to give oneself a new set of opinions.

It would not be fair to Mr. Quimby if we did not state that he was a deeply religious man. He believed that God was on his side in all that he undertook. On this point we need only say that he saw our besetting sin as "opinions." His logic was simple — profoundly simple. He toiled over it, mulled over it, worked with it for too many years to be fooled by it. He had found and proved for himself a great truth which everyone else in his day had overlooked. He tested it. First he tested it on himself. Having cured himself he tested it on others. He looked at it as he saw it. Our opinions certainly do get us into trouble. This is doubly true if we are in the opinion that we are in ill health. Quimby would agree with you, but he would expect you to do something about it. He never believed it was God's will for you to be sick. If he had thought so, he would have let it be. But he did not believe so. He tried to know God's will and do it. And of all the millions of Americans who understand what Quimby was talking about, even if

they may differ in detail, the records show that Phineas Parker Quimby was the first American to publicly practice the type of healing which became known as Mental Cure. Mr. Quimby thought *that* the only worthwhile opinion on the subject of health. He thought we need not concern ourselves with anything else. Stick to that idea in your thinking, he felt, really get it into your system, and forego your own opinion, or the opinion of others, about this or that, and such thinking literally makes what you think so — makes your opinions into realities.

Mind is the Builder

By KATHERINE GAYLORD

THE YOUNG MAN emptied the grocer basket — slowly. It was nice in Mrs. Marvin's kitchen. He had known that kitchen since he was a schoolboy. Here he and the Marvin boys ate great quantities of cookies, generously handed out to them. And there were other satisfying fillers for them, too. Now, as he paused, Mrs. Marvin showed him a colored post card that had come with the morning mail.

"It's from Chris!" she said happily.

"Mexico! Whew!" exclaimed the young man as he noted the postmark. "What's Chris doing down *there?*"

"Sent down by his firm — that's all I know about it yet," was the reply.

"Chris sure gets the breaks!" returned the young man with sullen emphasis.

"*Breaks?* You know how hard Chris has worked —"

"Sure he has! But the next fellow never gets anywhere! I wanted to go to engineering school, too, but did I get there? Not on your life!"

Mrs. Marvin turned away from the bitterly spoken words and for an instant gazed intently at the jumble of bright yarn in her work basket by the sunny window.

"Ben," Mrs. Marvin spoke gently, "An active desire that is strong enough to be an *intention*, has a drawing power that is beyond our understanding. Look at these yarns for a minute. Some of them are small bits of leftovers after the many socks and sweaters had been knitted for my boys during the past years. I always meant to use them up in an afghan or something but there never seemed to be enough yarn to make a beginning. I *wished* to make something out of the scraps but such a thought was not *active* until I really began to use the small amount of material that I had. Then suddenly, as friends saw me at work they brought me bit after bit from their own leftovers. Soon I had enough to complete the work I had begun. You see? There was no need for the many small donations from

my friends until I began to make *use* of the material I already had."

Ben stirred impatiently.

"Listen, Ben," Mrs. Marvin continued earnestly, "That's exactly the way Chris got his training in engineering! You know his father died almost before he could remember him and it wasn't easy for the children and me after that. I worked as I could and we all managed together somehow. As soon as I was sure of Chris' inclination toward engineering, *active* plans were made in that direction. We saved every possible penny, investigated schools and opportunities until we felt assured of the right place for Chris. After high school was finished there seemed to be enough money to finance a *half-year* of engineering. Chris protested the seeming futility of making a beginning when he couldn't see his way through even the first full year. But after some urging he matriculated at the school he favored.

"Then it seemed as if a gateway had been opened! Small and sometimes unexpected helps trickled toward that small beginning. Chris was given work in the library that paid his tuition, for one thing. Other small helps followed and Chris was able to keep on until the four years of study had been accomplished — financed all the time by his own efforts and the small flow of help that his *active* determination had generated.

"It was not long, however, until Chris became acutely conscious of the physical handicap he had carried since the childhood accident. His hope of becoming an engineer was dimmed to discouragement, because he knew the high physical standard required. Why struggle to go on, he asked? Yet he was finally persuaded that even though debarred from some phases of the work, there would still be some line that he could reasonably expect to follow successfully.

"Then came the brief and terrible uncertainty of the final hurdle into a desirable position after graduating. The shadow of the physical handicap was more keenly realized than ever before when Chris saw some of his classmates signed for well-paid positions. But before the close of that last day at the school the despair lifted. One of the highest authorities had made silent note of Chris' high grading. He had marked his unceasing industry during the past years. And word from this man had gone forth, outlawing the *seeming* detriment of the physical handicap. This brought to Chris the position he still holds.

"Do you see, Ben? What you called a *break* for Chris was but the continuity of a live determination, *actively* followed!"

"Gosh!" exclaimed Ben, almost reverently, as though he had seen the climax of a truth for the first time. The basket of yarns held his attention for a long moment. "Same's that stuff coming to you, you might say! When you started to do something with what you had, the rest you needed just sort of got hypnotized into coming along to help you finish the job, didn't it?"

And Ben's reasoning was scientifically sound and provable — even though it was far beyond his understanding at that moment.

No CRITIC has ever settled anything.
— *James Huneker*

All that I Live Is Mine

By RUTH WOOLVERTON

"THE STARS ARE MY THOUSAND JEWELS
AND LIFE IS MY BREAD AND WINE,
AND ALL THAT I SEE WAS MADE FOR ME,
AND ALL THAT I LIVE IS MINE".

— *Henry E. Warner*

ALL THAT I LIVE — is mine! Jewels, bread and wine are *mine* — to use and enjoy. But *only* as I see and take them. They are not mine until I have taken them and made them my own, through living them.

God gives — man takes. But man must give too, that God may take. For the Law of Exchange maintains the cosmic rhythm of the universe.

When we partake of the "bread" and "wine" we must give it back in some form — as praise, grateful thanks, or an equivalent which God can use. Then more will be given us, *as long as we use it*, giving it out again to God or fellowmen.

What can man give? He can give only himself . . . his thoughts, his time and his willingness to serve. When he sends a thought to God it will return *enriched*, to serve his needs. When he sends a prayer, it will bring back a blessing.

If we don't "call" to God, why should we expect him to answer? If we do not open the way for what we want, by our thought and action, if we do not prepare a place for it, we cannot expect to receive it.

When we want beauty or peace or abundance, let us take them from Life — from Nature — where we find them lavishly displayed. We have but to look at the stars, the oceans, the singing rivers and birds; or to see them in the forests, mountains, and blazing deserts. And seeing them, we must absorb what we want, send forth grateful thanks and praise to God, and express the things we took. This is obeying the Law of Use . . . and the Law of Exchange. Life is bound to respond to the Laws you set in action.

If you do not see what you want, *know* it must be hidden from you among the "jewels" and so "call" for its appearance. The mists will be cleared away — when you "call" and *act* with faith. The Law of Attraction will go to work.

It is told us clearly, over and over in the Bible, how to do this. "Before you *call* I will answer". This means that the "answer" exists, but must be demanded before becoming visible. Through your asking, it is released to you — if you are ready to receive it.

We have been given the promises — "I will answer" and "Ye shall receive". We have been told to CALL — to ASK — to DECREE — to BELIEVE — and WAIT. Through these means the promises will be fulfilled. To "Wait on the Lord" simply means *to be in expectation*. This should be active, happy anticipation.

Having selected your "jewel", *wear it now*. Let its radiance shine outward through your thoughts and actions. Having seen the "bread and wine", *taste it* to experience the flavor; *assimilate it* for nourishment. Only in this way can you HAVE and BE the "all" that Life offers. All that you LIVE — is yours!

How Hard Should You Work?

By NAT McKELVEY

Success can kill you! Every day I read in the papers about men between forty and fifty-five who have dropped dead of heart disease caused by a lifetime of overwork. These men, and, oh yes, some women, are usually executives, politicians, or entertainers who have knocked themselves out on the grindstone of their own ambition.

I know of a writer who earns $25,000 a year. What's wrong with that? Well, in order to earn this tidy sum, the author-fellow works twelve hours a day, seven days a week, holidays included. He admits that he is very, very tired. He has no fun. He is riding a merry-go-round and can't get off.

Recently, the $25,000-a-year scribe wrote two hundred and sixty-five pages of copy in thirty days. During the last four days, he had no sleep, lived on coffee, found food revolting. But he completed the assignment for a nice chunk of material gain.

When is the drudging writer going to enjoy his gain? He can't spend his money now; he's too busy earning it. Will he retire at sixty and enjoy life on fabulous savings? Maybe. More probably, at forty or fifty he will become another news headline: WRITER DROPS DEAD ENROUTE TO BANK. "Was going to make a deposit", the subhead reads. Or, if he survives to retirement age, he will quite probably lack any talent for fun. The art of play can be lost in years of grinding labor.

Life in a rat-race is never mild and a constant merry-go-round ride can make a person extremely ill, inclining to biliousness and vertigo. I know another fellow, a sixty-four year old retired executive, who rode the merry-go-round of ambition as a young man. This fellow, though, had sense enough to get off and walk before it was too late.

Under the glass of this man's desk there one day appeared a printed slogan: "What's the hurry?" When friends and business associates asked for an explanation, the executive said: "Well, we all rush through life at such great speed that we miss half the opportunities and all the fun that makes for real living."

This man learned to play, and he learned to move slowly enough so that he could see and grasp the opportunities that ultimately made him rich — both in dollars and in wisdom.

Personally, I have twice ridden the merry-go-round of ambition to the conclusion of nervous breakdowns. Apparently, I don't learn easily. I do learn well. Now I work five days a week, a maximum of six hours daily. I own my home, my car, my typewriter. I have money in the bank, support six cats and a fine wife who does her share, too. I have an amateur radio station, all paid for. I have forty acres of good ranch land. My wife and I are going to build on it as soon as practical. Meantime, we've got God's great Arizona for

roaming, and even a trailer to do it in. To me, this is living.

Does this mean that we should be slap-happy in our approach to life? Obviously not. A doctor friend once said to me: "Stop and think. Does anything in this life really matter?" I had to admit that it doesn't. Then he continued: "By all means, be serious in everything you do, but don't take anything seriously."

In other words, do your best, have fun as you go along and don't fret if the results aren't quite as you preconceived them. According to this formula, you may not make a million dollars or even a half million. You may not get rich in material things, but you will be worth a maharaja's ransom in health, friends and the sheer joy of living that comes only to those who know how to relax.

We Live When We Desire to Love

By DORTCH CAMPBELL

WHY DO some persons live on even into old age in spite of terrible mental and physical afflictions when others, who similarly suffer, often pass on even in the prime of life?

The answer is that we live when we desire to love.

Mary Scott, suffering from a malignant ailment, was sent to the operating table. After the operation, physicians said she did not have much chance to live. She told me her strange story years afterward. She said, "I was snatched back from the portals because I desired to live to love others who so greatly loved me."

Under the anesthetic, her soul seemed to understand all that was going on with great clarity. "Mind or body wanted to leave the Planet of Pain," she related. "I was clearly aware of the joy to be found in some unseen world. Angels seemed to be near. They were so kind and sweet and it would have been a joy to have joined them."

But perhaps Mary's guardian angel came and ministered unto her and gave wise counsel. At any rate, Mary observed, "something told me that my husband was near, longing with all his heart that I might live on earth a while longer. And there was my little boy at home or elsewhere crying as if his heart would break for me to remain. I seemed to hear him say, 'O, mother, stay with us and love me and my Dad'."

Mary heard those cries of husband and child, and heeded. When she came out from the influence of the anesthetic, their pleadings continued to ring in her ears. The picture of all was very clear.

"I am going to live," she smiled at her physicians. "I am going to live because I desire to live that I may love more."

Life with all its loves lay ahead. Desire to live and to love had closed the portals of death. All can live who desire that they may love.

Love heals all things, according to metapsychology. Love attracts, harmonizes, welds together, makes new and glorious forms. Love is indeed the greatest healer, the greatest thing in the world. Yes? No? Yes, if there is also the *desire* to love, for without this dynamic principle love is barren.

"I have finished my labors," said Georges Clemenceau when he was 85 and ready to die. "My life is completed. I shall die this year. The greatest sorrow in the twilight of my life," the Tiger of France continued, "is the discovery that I have completed the program of labor laid out for me."

Clemenceau had loved much and in that desire to love, put in action with iron will, he had gained the sobriquet of "The Tiger." But the love of life had gone out of him; he had sung his song. Happiness, he said in those closing hours, comes only in the continuation of work and not in finishing your job. "I know now," he added, "that mankind does not find happiness in ending life's work." He got a glimpse of what is true, but he could not, or he would not, apply it to his own life and reach the hundredth span.

"If you knew that you were going to die tomorrow," the philosopher asked the plowman, "would you plow on?"

"Yes," answered the Plowman, a greater philosopher than the man who asked that question — "Yes, I would plow on and I am certain that I would not die but finish the row."

There is a ceaseless becoming, all true philosophers will tell you. Are we willing to march on with life with the desires of love that life shall bring in that ceaseless becoming? Then we shall go on and on and on until we come closer to that ideal of perfection — that ceaseless becoming.

None of us desire to love enough; we stop quite early in love of life. The desire to love runs out too quickly.

What is this thing called love? I do not know; you do not know. None know because life, which is love, seems to be God.

The Nazarene went striding over the wild hills of Galilee and along the plains of Gennesaret following the inward voice of desire to love. And the God of love went with him, flowing out of him. His sense of loving sonship of the Father and of brotherhood was deep. But his desire to love was not confined to the sons and daughters of men; he loved all things.

When the Pharisees would have stoned Mary of Magdala Jesus wrote with finger on the ground. When they left he raised his majestic head and said: "Hath no man condemned thee?"

Mary of Magdala answered, "No man, Lord."

Then said Jesus: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, sin no more."

It was a tremendous moment, for all God's love was there, forgiving. How then can we condemn any love? I think that afterward the Nazarene must have explained to her the fundamental principles of life — to forgive and to desire to love and to serve — all of the law and the prophets. Jesus, indeed, said so. Who is my neighbor? Is it not some one I love and who loves me? Jesus put the whole of the Christine doctrine into

(*Please turn to page 26*)

Views and Reviews

By WILLIAM TOWNE

Receiving

I BELIEVE that most of us would get ahead faster if we could *receive* better. We need to consent to *receive* from the Great Intelligence the life impulses which would aid us in doing all our work far better — with far greater effectiveness.

We tend to inhibit on the receiving end of things. It all seems to be too good to be true — too good to believe that God is here — and that the Great Intelligence — acting through us — through our life impulses — can give us the ability to do what we want to do if we will only consent to *receive* the life impulses pushing for expression in action through us.

If we can and will consent to be healed of our ailments — then we will be healed. But, of course, we do not give our consent unless we *believe* that the healing power is within us and will act when we trust it — when we are ready to receive its aid. Ernest Weltmer told in his piece in September Nautilus how his father once spoke to a roomful of his students about the healing power within. He told them that this power — allowed to work unhindered by doubt — would heal disease. Only *one* of the many persons in that room *received* into his mind and heart the truth which Mr. Weltmer uttered. But that one — who, of all those present, seemed least likely to be healed of his illness — that one *did* receive the truth and acted upon it and was healed within a short time. This man *consented* to receive that healing rhythm in nature which restores harmony in the human mind and body when it is recognized. An Edinburgh professor spoke of this all-pervading rhythm in these words: "Through rhythm we are in the closest, most vital and intimate relationship with the entire Cosmos, which in this, its primary and proper language, speaks to every fiber of our being."

Jesus and his disciples often emphasized the desirability of *receiving*. Jesus spoke of that Spirit of truth which the world could not *receive* — "because it seeth him not." And Paul asked that we might *receive* "the promise of the Spirit through faith." He promised, "ye shall *receive* power." "Ye shall *receive* the gift of the Holy Ghost", etc. etc.

All of which can be expressed in modern language by saying that we can *receive* the vibrations of life and healing if we ask and have faith. And we must also be "entirely willing" as Professor Dillaway says. And YOU are the only one to decide whether or not you are willing to receive your good. No one is going to force it upon you but —

"These furies, elements, storms, motions of Nature, throes of apparent dissolution, you are he or she who is master or mistress over them,
Master or mistress in your own right over Nature, elements, pain, passion, dissolution." — *Whitman*

A MEDITATION

"Now are we the children of God." "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

We are God's children, and we dwell — abiding now and always — in God's world; and His Love is ever enfolding us.

His blessing is a gracious living stream, at this moment flowing, bringing heaven to our doors. Therefore can we say that God is gracious and full of compassion, tender-hearted and of great mercy. And we can say that God is our strength and our salvation.

Faithfully would we turn to Thee. And we open ourselves humbly and trustfully unto the flowing of these living waters throughout all our being, and to the incoming of that sweet and gracious power, the vital holy Breath, rich with healing.

Moment by moment, and in and through each experience, we may inbreathe Thy blessing.

And so we praise Thee with all our heart — and in all our ways. Apart from Thee we are nothing, but in Thee and through Thee we live and move and have our being.

— *Richard Whitwell in The Rally*

THE FIRST test of a truly great man is his humility. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it, and are not only right in their main opinions but usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account and they see something divine in every other man.

— *Ruskin*

THERE is no war between the Old and New; The conflict is between the False and True.

— *Henry Van Dyke*

YET though my progress be but slow,
And failure oft obscure the past,
I, too, victorious at last,
Shall reach the longed-for light, I know!

— *Florence Earle Coates*

TRUTH has never been, can never be, contained in any one creed. — *Mrs. Humphry Ward*

We Live When We Desire to Love

(*Continued from page 24*)

these words — to forgive, to love and to serve, and, "If ye know these things, happy are ye that do them." For it is by the desire to love that we live.

Love led little Betty, wife of Stewart Edward White, the author, on until she established a beautiful system of metaphysics. Betty said: "If I wanted to help somebody . . . in the darkness, how would I go about it? Why, I think I would just come close and contemplate him, and so bring the effect of my radiation on him. . . . It was all dark to him before, but now he can see himself because of this reflected light, and can perceive his needs and lacks and all that."

In fine, about all that Betty or anybody else can do to help another is to desire to love away the sorrow. There is something wonderful in this; something not fully revealed whereby we can help ourselves and others by sharing God's love. Men and women get the vitality of love by giving it out. Children grow by expressing love for all things. It is just everything, this desiring to live to love.

Success In Prayer

Edited by W. E. T.

PRAYER THAT WINS

For years those twins — fear and worry — had robbed me of my own. They had kept me from a full life. This was first of all because I had not found the true means to win out over fear and worry. I knew little of that law of mind "Be still and know". I wasted my nerve energy in negative thoughts.

When you become really tired of this sort of thing, you "come to yourself" and go home — like the Prodigal Son. But I had yet to learn that there is a law of mind which works as sure as the law of mathematics: "Thou shalt decree a thing and it shall be established unto thee." So long as you fear, so long as you worry, you use this law not at all. Little is decreed and little is established so long as you are ruled by fear and worry.

In my case, the fear and worry were due to these things: the illness of my husband and myself; the fact that three of my children were in the hospital for one thing or another over a period of years. This included surgery; long periods of convalescence; treatments of many sorts; frequent visits to the doctor's office in between. More than once I heard the verdict pronounced, "It will be a long drawn-out case and I cannot predict the outcome." In one case I heard, "There is no cure and there is danger of further complication." The extra work I had to do — because of illness — the sleepless nights over sick beds — the plaintive questions from a sick child, "Am I going to die, Mother?" My forced smile as I answered with a confidence I did not feel, "Of course not!" — all these pulled me down.

Added to these were the growing needs of our family; the necessity to cut corners here and contrive there; my own failing strength; seven long heartbreaking years in a Wyoming oil field where even nature turned her back and the coyotes howled in protest. And following this came the years necessary to get re-established in a strange place — more illness — more lack of harmony in the home and the tenseness which followed.

Through all this, I kept assuming a confidence I did not feel. I became almost an escapist. But to my husband and children it was *not pretense*. I could see it. They turned to me for courage and yet, what a broken stick was I for them to lean upon!

I had always prayed — perfunctorily. I think most people do this. But now years of experiences such as I have described, drove me to that extremity which is always God's opportunity. I could do no more — by myself. In my first distracted prayers, I asked only for relief. But if you give prayer a chance it will work out its own reality — a true realization of good. This kind of prayer is something more than just asking for relief from evil.

So now I began to see a star of destiny: I began to see health, happiness, prosperity, success. These things had been right with me all the time. But the clouds of my own fear and worry had shut out the light of Truth. Now I was learning what

it means to "Let go and let God." When we do this, we come face to face with ourselves. It is not a pleasant thing to do, but it is a necessary one.

It was right here that I came across an advertisement which led me to enroll in a school of metaphysics. I studied for two years and got a college degree — Doctor of Psychology and Doctor of Metaphysics.

When I began this course of study, there were no funds to pay for it; but the funds came. I was so absorbed in my studies that I hardly noticed the change in our finances. But when I had finished, when I had paid for the course, I had a reserve of funds — a reserve *that was not there when I began.* Truly, "When the student is ready, the teacher appears." I was ready. I realized that my diplomas were so many worthless pieces of paper unless I could demonstrate the truths I had learned in my studies. It was a challenge.

Now I looked back and found that not one thing I had feared in all the years had come to pass. And yet I knew my worry had kept me from recovery many times.

Just as an oak does not suddenly spring up full grown, so my life was not made over in a day. I found it is not enough to say, "Let go and let God." You must have some kind of working knowledge — something that will tell you how to do this. Your will must be on the side of "letting go". The Buddhist calls this "detachment". The Christian master says, "Free him and let him go." Now this is a hard thing to do, but it is well worth the effort. One must — before improvement — free the subjective mind (the only means of fear and worry) from outer conditions. This is so that the subjective mind (whose function is to restore balance) can work for the greatest possible development of your good. This law seems almost too good to be true. But only the good *is* true. It is so simple that a child automatically uses the law.

I learned this: When you lose your hold on life you cannot by yourself take hold again. But when you get your conscious mind out of the way and only God is concerned — then good things can happen. In my own experience, health has been restored to every member of the family. Harmony has come into our home. Prosperity has added its blessing to our new life. The children are successful. I have taken up painting and writing as a hobby. Already eight of my articles have been published. And my husband is achieving success in two fields.

All this began with a decision, made in perfect understanding, and a conviction of peace. The decision was to "Let go and let God." And with this came a conviction of peace which I trusted.

— *M.F., Colo.*

FEAR thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee. — *Isaiah XLI. 10*

THE DAY returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson*

Elizabeth's Editorials

(*Continued from page 7*)

breath. A little of this practice daily and you will find yourself feeling better and better every time you do it. This practice will help to relieve mental worry and distress. It will also help to give you relief from fatigue. Just picture yourself as receiving new life and strength with every breath you take.

God is life. Death is the absence of life. When you breathe rhythmically and freely, you are putting yourself on the side of God. You are cooperating with life — which is all to the good! And if you are getting along in years, this practice will help you to take along more of the spirit of usefulness into the later years.

YOUR LIFE EXPRESSES YOU

By EMMET FOX

The state of your soul is always expressed in your outer conditions and in the intangible influence which you radiate at large. There is a Cosmic Law that nothing can permanently deny its own nature. Emerson said: "What you are shouts so loudly that I cannot hear what you say." In the Bible, the "city" always stands for consciousness, and the "hill," or "mountain," always means prayer or spiritual activity. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The soul that is built upon prayer cannot be hidden, it shines out brightly through the life that it lives. It speaks for itself, but in utter silence, and does much of its best work unconsciously. Its mere presence heals and blesses all around it without special effort.

Never try to force other people to accept Spiritual Truth. Instead, see to it that they are so favorably impressed by your own life and conduct, and by the peace and joy that radiate from you, that they will come running to you of their own accord, begging you to give them the wonderful thing that you have. "I (the Christ Truth) if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." To do this is to make your soul truly the *city upon a hill that cannot be hidden* because it is the Golden City, the City of God. This is to let *your light shine* to the glorifying of your Father which is in Heaven.

The one who criticizes likes to fool himself into the idea that his criticism is a matter of principle. There is really no struggle between personality and principle. There is plenty of struggle between one personality and another personality, but principle itself is indivisible and cannot be diverted. The rays of the sun are never diverted from straight. It is only the mistakes of the individual that makes a *seeming* conflict between personalities and principles. The sun of Truth shines upon both the just and the unjust. It is not any diversion of principle that makes you want to criticize another person — it is only his own individual and possibly peculiar conception of principle.

If God is not in us, He never existed. — *Voltaire*

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— J. R. Miller

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I AM QUITE clear that one of our worst failures is at the point where, having resolved like angels, we drop back into the old matter-of-fact life and do just what we did before, because we have always done it, and because everybody does it, and because our fathers and mothers did it; all of which may be the very reason why we should not do it. There is no station of life, and no place of one's home, where, if he want to enlarge his life by caring for people outside himself, he may not start on a career of enlargement which shall find the answer to our question to be that the man who enters upon infinite purposes lives the infinite life. He enlarges his life by every experience of life.

— *Edward Everett Hale*

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