NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT

MARCH 1950

Forgive—And Be Healed SYBIL STANLEY

Have YOU A Valley? La VERNE BOWLES

Marriage is a Way of Life AMY McGREGOR

If Lonely, Try This T. J. BOURBEAU

How, When, Where to Pray DORTCH CAMPBELL

Three Steps in Spiritual Healing MARIE WINCHELL WALKER, M.D.

Love Did It JEAN MOWAT

One Healing Power ELIZABETH TOWNE

Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

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BASIC THANKSGIVING

By GEORGE C. HUBBS

CHIEF among the many blessings for which I am constantly thankful is that I am inherently inclined toward the Truth that God not only fills and controls everything by his Spirit, but that I am actually included in that control!

Not only a student of and a searcher after an increased measure of Truth, but more important than that, and back of that, I have been blessed with a *basic interest* in such matters.

In this I doubtless am not unlike most, if not all, Nautilus readers, but it may be that not all of them are consciously grateful for their *God-given hunger for things spiritual.*

It is far too easy, in a hurried and mechanized world, and with varied and pressing needs, to become of the earth earthy—to give only secondary thought to the needs of the inner life. But to have an abiding and active consciousness of this inner hunger is, it seems to me, something to be especially thankful for.

"He leadeth me, O blessed thought, O words with heavenly comfort fraught" is more than the words of a song—they tell the truth of our inseparable connection with divine leadership because we are *divinely constituted.*

Recently, in conversation with a person about "being saved," I told him I was tremendously grateful that I had been saved from being spiritually indifferent. That fact, to me, is a cause for daily thanksgiving—plus gratitude for a Christian bringing up.

In our quest for Truth, let us give basic thanks that we so happily respond to that inclination.

What's Cooking FOR NEXT MONTH

The Hungry Spirit He had not had rheumatism for twenty-five years. Then it laid him low. Suddenly he remembered what might be the cause. He had not been feeding his Spirit with words of Truth. When he did this his rheumatism left — almost within a day. This interesting experience is told by Leslie E. Dunkin in, FEED YOUR SPIRIT AND BE HEALED.

Let Go — And Live Most of us find it difficult to relax. We create mental and physical tension all day long by our hurrying and worrying. So many will like William Pelly's article, HOW I LEARNED TO RELAX AND LIVE.

Two Amazing Success Stories A man had just had two legs amputated and lay on a hospital bed waiting for death to take him because he was suffering from what seemed like an incurable disease. Well, in that dilemma he laid the foundation of a firm success and in doing so was restored to health — and to many years of useful life. Another man lost his job just as the payment on his house was coming due in two weeks and his wife lay in a hospital waiting for the birth of her baby. This man too found a way out, strange as it seems. These two amazing success experiences are told in D. D. Arroyo's piece, THIS WAY TO SUCCESS.

Turning Negative Vibrations to Positive Ones Rufus M. Reed returns to Nautilus with another of his helpful articles — HOW LOVE CAN TRANSFORM ALL YOUR NEGATIVE VIBRATIONS.

Vitamins For the Spirit There is a catalytic power in words. Dorothy M. Mead tells us how to use this power for strength and healing in, SPIRITUAL VITAMINS.

Knock AND Seek This is the remarkable experience of a woman who started out to pray that her husband might get a good raise in his salary. She ended up by getting a good paying business for both of them. Read about this in PRAYER GUIDED HER TO A PAYING BUSINESS.

Can't Sleep! Can't Eat! Ever feel like that about "something"? Then that "something" may be a kind of obsession with you. What to do? This is what Frances Marley Bell is going to tell you in her forthcoming piece entitled, SO YOU HAVE AN OBSESSION!

Eyes Open For Your Chance Seek for your opportunity and then grab onto it and hold it — that is the gist of the advice given by Doris K. Doane in her article, WHERE TO FIND YOUR CHANCE.

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WE AFFIRM that the basic truth of all religions is one. And that this truth — und ood 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.

ROAMING in thought over the Universe, I saw the little that is Good steadily hastening towards immortality,
And the vast all that is call'd Evil I saw hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead.

— *Whitman*

"Have Learned To Relax

both mentally and physically; to sleep nights; have a much better feeling of well-being." — D. H. G., Tex.

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. "Am thankful for PEACE AND HARMONY IN HOME." — C. E. H., Pa.

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YOU AND LITTLE THINGS

By EDITHE WEARE

YOU STARTED OUT in life with big ideas. Most of us do, I guess. But after a time you seemed to come to a dead end, perhaps. That, too, happens to most of us.

If that time comes to YOU, I advise you to stop and take a good look at yourself. Are you sure you are BEING all that God meant you to be? It is always a greater service that we give through our BEING than through our DOING. It is always a greater honor to be called upon to BE something than to DO something.

God lays out for us each day the work he wants us to do, and it is only in doing that work well, that we are promoted to the greater service for which our soul yearns. We are always in our *right* place *now*. This does not mean that we have to *stay* where we are. It *does* mean that we have to stay until we have "turned this thing to beautiful results."

It is only in living today to the best there is in us, that we are allowed to go on to the greater things of tomorrow. The task at hand is always our task to do, no matter how humble that task may be. The person at hand is always our person to serve, no matter how humble that person may be. It isn't what we do, it is how we do it. It isn't whom we know, it is how we know him. God appoints the task and he gives the reward. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." "He that is least among you all, the same

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HE SPEAKS

By WILLIAM A. CLOUGH

IF WE listen in the stillness
At the advent of the day,
We will hear God's loving whisper,
"I will lead you on your way."

If our ears are tuned to catch it
When the noonday sun is warm,
We will hear the Father's promise,
"I will guide through every storm."

If we wait with calm assurance
When the evening shadows fall,
We will hear the Voice proclaiming,
"Fear not, I am with you all."

Every hour of sleeping, waking,
God is guarding constantly;
In the power of His presence
We stand strong, triumphant, free.

Editorials

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

My first wish is to see the whole world at peace and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving which should contribute most to the happiness of mankind.

— *George Washington*

*

One Healing Power

Here is part of a letter I wrote to a woman who was facing a physical operation.

Remember that Divine Love is the power that heals you now and at all times. You need have no fear of an operation. God works in and through surgeons as well as through the rest of us. All things work together to free God's perfect life to expression through you. There is no need to fear — even death itself. All things work together for good to you.

Let God guide you now — help you to make right decisions in all things. Look to God within yourself and let him guide you in all your changing life.

This simple act of turning to God and letting the Spirit guide you will help to dissolve all the subconscious inhibitions within you. When that is done, God's marvelous love and health can flow into you and heal you. Glorify God in the highest. Thank him as the only power, the only health, the only happiness you can ever know.

You are an immortal spiritual being, in whom God now works to will and to do of his good pleasure — which is your perfect health and happiness. Healing is yours NOW — if you believe and receive it from God. And believing is just an ordinary little act of the will. Close your eyes, hold up your hands to God and ask his perfect healing now. Imagine him giving it to you now. Accept it and thank him for it. Then go on your way rejoicing. Do this little act of believing and of thanking God every time you think of it. That is what Jesus meant when he said: "Whatsoever thing you desire, when you pray believe that you receive it and you shall have it." When you receive it and thank God for it in the present tense, then your healing will begin to show forth in the realm of having. Your part is to receive it and thank God for it.

Remember — DIVINE LOVE HEALS YOU NOW.

*

Serenity and the Power To Do

Are you tired and strained from hanging on? In the outer turmoil of your life, have you lost your bearings — your power to do the best thing in the best way? Then try following the little suggestions for relaxation which I am about to give. Suppose you read these suggestions every day for thirty days and try to practice them. At the end of the thirty days perhaps you would like to follow them for another thirty

days. At the end of that time I am sure that you will feel refreshed and better able to go on with your work in the world.

This simple daily practice of relaxation will help you to grow in the way that you want to grow. You cannot *see* yourself grow by looking at yourself day by day. But after a week or two weeks or a month, you can see *how far* you have grown toward what you desire.

Once upon a time, out in Oregon, I had a hop vine growing upward on a pillar at the back of the house. Everybody marveled at the rapidity with which it grew. But nobody could see it grow. So one evening I marked the fourth pillar at the top of the vine. The next day I measured again and found that the hop vine had grown four and one-half inches in less than twenty-four hours. This sounds almost incredible.

No go into the silence with this little lesson for serenity and power. Read it the first thing every morning if you can and it won't do any harm to repeat it at night just before you go to bed. It will help to keep the thinking in your heart while you sleep. Do not try to recall or remember the lesson at any other time unless it comes up into your thoughts. Try to put all the feeling and understanding you can into reading these words: —

Be still and know.

Be still and know.

BE STILL.

KNOW WHAT? Know that you are what you desire to be. That the infinite God is your real self. Be still and know God as your health and your happiness and your success. Be still. Relax. Let go definitely of everything you do not want which seems to bother you right now. Wave your hand and banish each separate trouble. Then let go of each thing that you *do want*. Let go. You are tired and strained from hanging on. You were so strained that the Life could not flow through and forward your work. Now you are resting, all limp and free, and life is pouring through your body. Life is recharging you with the spiritual magnetism that brings to you the ideas and attracts the things you desire. Now you are rested and filled with quiet good feeling and good will — with Life — with God.

Now, arise and see how well you can use your fresh energy. Success is yours in whatever you undertake with sincerity and in faith. The infinite is backing you. God inspires and directs you now.

*

The Great Promise

YES, it is true that Jesus promised that we should receive whatsoever we asked in prayer, believing. The mind makes the way for you to realize this promise. The mind makes the way by affirming the promise and by dwelling upon it until it is realized. Then, the manifestation follows.

Affirm what you desire in the present tense. Know that in Truth, in Spirit, the things you desire are already yours. Know that the unseen world is the really substantial world, and the truth you realize in the unseen world is sure to manifest in the visible world. The work is all to be done within yourself *in thought*. Affirm, know the truth and the thing affirmed will appear.

Keep saying to yourself, "The thing I desire is already mine in spirit and in truth. And Spirit is the real substance. My word of truth is now manifesting itself."

Do not worry about the outward form — about the manifestation of that which you affirm. It will come to you without effort on your part, probably at the time and in a way that you least expect it. Just as if you were walking in the sunshine and turned around for something and there beheld your shadow. Seek first the kingdom of heaven within you, which is the source of all power and wisdom, and all these things which you desire will be added.

To help on the good work, express your faith. Express your faith in your affirmation and by your actions whenever and wherever you can. For instance, suppose you affirm a home for yourself. Then get ready for the home that you believe is going to manifest. Think out what you will have in the room. Make things that you can use in that home and that will be suitable for it. Go over your present belongings and decide what ones will be suitable for the new room. Then polish them up and rearrange them and get them ready for their new places in the new home. Keep your mind busy planning and working for the beautiful home that is to come to you. Do this instead of letting your mind run along in the old rut of affirming that you can't get the things you want.

*

When Life Grows Stale

PERHAPS you have come to a time when you feel as if nothing matters very much. You are no longer interested in your work — no matter how splendid and efficient it has been.

If this is true, then know that there is nothing really the matter with you except that you think there is! You have probably been expending your splendid energy faster than you have been *inspiring* from the Almighty. For this reason, you *seem* to yourself to be letting go of all the good you thought you had been able to grasp.

What you are really doing is letting go of *things*. But in letting go of things you are turning to God, the Father. Now, as never before, you are "inspiring" the Almighty — you are inbreathing God's energy.

Heretofore, you have been using your own will and determination and "pep" like a person who breathes out all of his breath and then tries to keep on breathing out more without stopping to rest and inbreathe.

You have been working on your own will power until you are tired of the various jobs that you have undertaken. Just let go! Your mind is

(*Please turn to page 29*)

Affirms the UNITED NATIONS *of the* WORLD

If Lonely, Try This

By T. J. BOURBEAU

A FRIEND of mine once remarked, "I don't care for big cities — they make me too lonely." I wondered about this for some time and then I realized what he meant. In his particular case he had to travel from city to city, wherever his work took him. This way, he never really had the chance to get acquainted with anyone. He was always living in a world of strangers. Of course, living so, he was lonely.

Because of the way our world or life is, it isn't always easy to make quick friends. In fact, it sometimes takes years to make a really intimate and good friend. So what are we going to do when a lot of our happiness and actual strength comes through friends? Can we afford to seek out a certain person and cultivate that person (so to speak) in order to enrichen our existence? You will agree that such a method is impractical and just not being done. And so we'll use another. We will turn to the world we live in — that endless embodiment of life in all its varied forms, types and modes. We will turn our eyes and ears loose into this wealth of life and there find many friends.

We will take a paper and pencil and jot down all the forms of life we appreciate. In our own home there are pets, plants and many good books to read. We will travel far into other lands — other minds and personalities.

Outside our home there are many more potential acquaintances just waiting for us to meet them and greet them. With the rising of the sun, and as the fogs and shadows disperse, if we will let ourselves go free our senses will encounter a veritable treasure of neighbors ranging from the clouds in the sky to the blades of grass on the lawn. The trees, the birds, the flowers, the mountains, the streams, the rivers, lakes and oceans — all these can offer us companionship.

But we must learn and acquire the habit of letting ourselves drift into these lives. We can do this by realizing that we are all part of a great plan. We are all a part of a great each other.

It is, on the other hand, a going against nature and oneself to isolate our mind and feelings from all these other manifestations of life. It is not natural to live alone when there is this treasure of strength surrounding us each morning when we awaken into a new day.

It is, finally, a form of self-imposed tribulation to go on living a life of loneliness. And, if we should look deep enough within us we would discover that these lonely feelings are almost as easy to dismiss as it is to turn on an electric light to do away with darkness.

So let us turn on these lights in our life and mind. Let us refuse to admit that we are alone, when in reality we are not. Let us make sure that the loneliness that is in our heart is not self-imposed. It may be that for some reason or other we acquired it in

childhood or borrowed it later on in life — perhaps on the day we decided to live alone and refused to follow His way, His life and His creations. Or the day we decided to abandon all of this to live only with ourself.

Forgive—and Be Healed

By SYBIL STANLEY

FORGIVE THE CAUSE and you will be healed," said my friend. Twenty years earlier I had been healed (outwardly) of a physical ailment. Now it had returned to haunt my body.

Originally the condition was brought on by my resentment toward an unpleasant home life. A parent, who should have been closest to me, squelched all my normal youthful endeavors. I was criticized and domineered over until I felt too oppressed to care whether I lived or not.

But with the closing of that chapter in my life, and metaphysical assistance, the condition vanished. I led a comparatively pleasant and carefree existence for quite some years after that.

Then again I became enmeshed in a home life of restriction — so much so that it hurt. And with that hurt, the body ailment derisively showed up once more.

The friend who had so long ago witnessed the beautiful healing for me, now prescribed the "forgiveness" treatment.

"I think the quickest way to meet this condition," she said, "is to *forgive yourself* for being irritated concerning another's disposition. I know this is not an easy thing to do, but *so long as that is in the mind, it attracts a like condition in new associates.*"

"Remember, you have no more right to condemn yourself for mistakes than you have to condemn another," she continued. "The law of mind action is no respecter of persons. It does not think, it does not reason — it just acts according to thoughts entertained by an individual."

"Now I begin to see why so many circumstances in my outer world, at this time, are almost identical to my early home life," I replied. "I tried to *forget*, but I never *forgave* them. And whenever those incidents used to come to mind, they invariably irritated and sort of choked me up."

"And you will realize, too," said my friend, "as you meditate on traits of character that irritate you, the power of your own word. Even every silent word or thought attracts to YOU MORE OF THAT CONDITION."

"Just how shall I go about forgiving to start eliminating those adverse ideas, both within and without?" I asked.

"When you seem to be irritated, begin to declare, 'I behold the Christ in you!' " said my friend. "That is the first step in forgiveness. And know that you have the Great Physician with you, who is nearer than

breathing, closer than hands and feet. I know that this condition can be met. Jesus Christ never fails, but he must have cooperation and that, you are willing to give him."

In the weeks that followed, I tried faithfully to abide by my friend's instructions. I never dreamed that it would help matters to *forgive myself* for another's oppressions, until I tried it. Rather, I had always thought I should forgive the offender so that I could continue (perhaps) to endure them.

Anyway, I started in forgiving myself. I did not notice any appreciable outward change in conditions at first, except I found myself becoming more FLUID, as one might say. I felt like sending the thought of forgiveness out into the ethers, without aiming at any particular person or condition.

I let the "forgiving idea" revolve in my consciousness as I continued to forgive each and every little hurt about me. I forgave the neighbor's radio for its loud blaring. I forgave the grocery clerk for gruffness, the bus for being late. I tried to forgive everything and everybody that in any way ruffled me. Soon a wonderful feeling of uplift followed these forgiving sessions. It felt soothing — healing.

But I forgave yet some more. I forgave a loved one, every time he came to mind, by sending this thought to him from my very soul: "Father, forgive —— and MAKE HIM WHOLE." I discovered that this one short statement of forgiveness covered everything one could ask for. To be made whole! Why, wholeness includes harmony, peace, kindness, thoughtfulness, generosity — in fact any and every God-quality you could wish to see brought forth.

"God forgive ME, and make ME whole," I repeated. "Yes, God, forgive me and MAKE ME WHOLE!" What more could I pray for? Wouldn't WHOLENESS cover my healing? Wouldn't wholeness include plenty to eat and wear? Wouldn't wholeness include some joy and fun in my life? Some needed relaxation?

I searched for Bible passages which concerned different angles of approach to this health-giving antidote. There were lots of them. Ephesians 4 contained a good recipe for me:

> Let all bitterness . . . be put away from you.
> Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God hath forgiven you.

Jesus told us that if we forgive men their trespasses (unkindness, scolding, oppressiveness) our heavenly Father will also forgive us. And when he cured the man of palsy he told him his sins had been forgiven him.

He taught that we have the power to forgive all sin, discord and inharmony; that man brought these conditions into being and, therefore, man is the only one who can erase or forgive them.

So if you would be healed, made happy, prosperous, begin right now — this minute — to forgive. Forgive, forgive until seventy times seven, as Jesus did. Erase, forgive the cause, and the effect will disappear.

NOTHING is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.
— *Cowley*

The Missing Link In Demonstration

By MARIE HAPGOOD TONGUE

THE BOOKCASE in Molly Ruxton's living room had a shelf filled with well-worn metaphysical books and magazines. "Oh, yes," she said in answer to my look, "I read and study every morning and the last thing at night. I visualize and affirm and — and I'm not getting anywhere."

"What is it you're working for?" I asked.

"Health, success, prosperity, all the usual things," was the halting answer. "But something must be wrong. I'm so discouraged."

"Something is wrong," I said. "Let's see if we can find out what it is."

First, I got Molly to write down all her wants and study them until she was sure which one was the desire of her heart. It took only a minute for her to say that a home of their own was what she wanted more than anything else. It must be on the outskirts of the city where there was room for a garden and plenty of space for the children to play.

"But I know we'll never be able to afford it," she sighed. "It's all we can do to pay rent for this house with prices the way they are."

"You're a good housekeeper," I said abruptly after looking all about the room. "The whole house shows it. How did you get that way?"

She laughed. "I made plenty of mistakes at first, but I soon found that if I made a plan for each day's work and followed it, I came out all right."

"In other words you visualized the way you wanted your days to go, then worked according to the plan."

"Yes," she nodded.

"Then why don't you use the same technique for the house you want? Now, you visualize and you work — but separately. The two belong together. The tie that binds them, although invisible, is very important."

Molly's eyes began to glow as she caught my meaning. "I see," she said thoughtfully. "I'm to think and plan about the house but start getting ready for it, just as if it were bought and we were going to move in soon."

"That's the ticket!" I told her. "Now, get to work and know that your house is ready and waiting for you. You've been scattering buckshot around trying to hit several different things at the same time. No wonder you didn't succeed. Now you're aiming in only one direction."

Six months later I stopped in to see a radiant Molly in her new home in the suburbs. It was a middle-aged house, well built and had been freshly painted and papered. "It worked," she said, ushering me into the sunny living room with its open fireplace and attractive furnishings.

"Every morning after picturing the house I wanted and thanking God for keeping it ready for us, I began preparing to move. I cleaned and polished everything I thought good enough for a new place. Then I discarded worn-out things. I never had done such a thorough house

cleaning before. And as each piece of furniture was made ready, I pictured it in place in the new house."

"Did you tell anyone what you were doing?" I asked.

"Just my husband. When John realized what it meant to me, he found extra tutoring to do evenings. Then an old debt we had given up for lost was repaid. On week ends we drove around and looked at possible houses. About two months ago, a man across the street saw us leaving a house which was for sale and said he had one to sell. He had been renting it but had had so much trouble with tenants that he had decided to sell. It was this house," she said, smiling at me, "and he must have liked our looks or something, for we got unusually good terms."

"The tie that binds," I said as I rose to go, "it always works. When you start directing all of your forces to one objective, everything conspires to help you."

"I know," said Molly, looking thoughtfully into space. "And now, the next thing we need is a new car."

Ask For Joy Today

By M. BROWN

When you pray, do you ask for strength? For endurance to get through the day? Well and good. Ask for those things but ask for a little more — ask for enough energy so that you will have some left over for fun! God supplies you "with joy." He has an abundance of energy, an infinite supply of vitality, and he gives you what you ask for.

When I say fun, I do not mean an endless round of amusement. What I mean is fun in your job, a bubbling enjoyment in just plain living, the joy of doing your daily stint with a bounce. I mean fun in doing all the things that are called for in a busy life, and still to be fresh and happy at the end of the day.

Take the case of my teen age son. I certainly have been envious of him. Right now, he is out wrestling with a yearling calf. He is doing this merely to release some of his animal energy. I used to sigh to think those days were gone forever for me. Not that I wanted to wrestle with a calf! After all, a grandmother has different ways of expending her energy. But I did want to have the energy to keep the house shining, good food cooked and all the other tasks a busy mother faces every day, and still to have the energy to show my family a fresh smiling face and to have my sense of humor unimpaired.

When I feel that a boundless supply of energy is at my command, the biggest task looks a lot easier. When I face a big job, or every morning in fact, I no longer pray "Dear God, let me get through this day." Now I

pray "Dear God, supply me with energy enough to do this thing and enough over so that I can enjoy doing it." How much more love goes into it! How much more attention I can pay to the details! Now I finish my jobs with a flourish and with confidence. And I still have time to play with my family!

Have YOU a Valley?

By La VERNE BOWLES

THERE WAS an atmosphere of joy about Jane as she put down the telephone. "That's a nice surprise," she announced. "An invitation to dinner and an evening with old friends."

She turned back to her work, humming a merry tune. Then the melody slowly lost its lilt until all sound of mirth had faded away. A suggestion of sadness came into her eyes and her happy smile gave way to a frown of annoyance. Dark gloom moved in to replace her jovial good humor — gloom so penetrating it was felt by anyone who came near her.

Her friend Mary, who worked at the next desk, watched her intently for a few minutes. She became genuinely concerned as she noticed the sly, quick movements that carried a handkerchief to Jane's tear-filled eyes.

"What in the world hit you?" Mary asked, with sympathetic interest. "A few minutes ago you were in the clouds, but definitely."

"It isn't anything," Jane answered evasively, ashamed to admit even to her best friend the cause of the sudden change within her.

"You've certainly gathered a lot of gloom over nothing," Mary chided. "I thought you were pretty thrilled over that invitation."

"I am. I'll love seeing everyone, but ———"

"But what?"

"They live in The Valley and I just don't like going out there."

Mary did not push the conversation any further. She knew that not too long ago Jane had lived in that valley where she had met disappointment, pain and almost heartbreak. How her heart yearned to comfort her friend, to say something to help her free herself from bitterness and the torturing memory of her shattered hopes, her broken home and the painful adjustments that followed. Then quietly, wisely, calmly she said, "You are already in The Valley, aren't you, Jane?"

The idea was planted in fertile soil. The unhappy girl began to realize that she had dropped from heights of delight to the depths of despair, not because some dreadful calamity had been a part of the day's experience, but because of the thoughts of hurt she had invited and entertained. A faint smile played about her lips. "You're right, my dear. I am in The Valley already, but I am getting out of it the same way I got into it."

With steadfast determination Jane disciplined her thinking. As she came into control of her thoughts she realized that the dark valley with the shadow of death in it existed only in her heart. The shadows were remorse, regret and resentment and the victim her radiant, happy life expression. When she faced the truth and transcended the hurt, she found a bright new valley. Once again she was led into the green pastures and beside the still waters by the light of love and understanding.

On the evening of the dinner party Jane rode out through the once despised valley with a renewed appreciation for the beauty she saw there, the flowers, the green grass and trees, the lovely homes that were centers of wholesome family life. From the patio where she ate her dinner she looked down upon the spot where she had seen her dreams fade and become as nothing. She looked into the very yard that had been her own. She saw the effects of neglect, the burned brown grass, and bare sand where flowers once bloomed profusely. Weeds overran her once lush green garden. She looked upon the house where her hopes had been shattered and at last she was able to release it from every connection with her thoughts of home. She finally realized that all she had cherished there had been an ideal. The love, the mutual appreciation and understanding so necessary in the creation of a home had not been there at all. Now the dream was gone. She had let go of it herself and with it went all regret.

It may not be a valley that awakens the pain of past hurts and mistakes in your experience. It may be a mountain, a quiet brook or a crowded street corner that invites tormenting memory. It may be a soft melody, the fragrance of a flower, a splash of color or a warm fire dancing on the hearth. Whatever it is, it has no power to hurt you now except the power you give it by what you think about it. Just as Jane denied herself the company of her friends and many pleasant drives because she could not endure the atmosphere of a certain place, you may be separated from many happy experiences because of your attitude toward people or things. If that is true you are the only person on earth that can remove the block and it can be done only by a change of heart through right thinking.

Jane now goes back to her old surroundings, freely and happily. Yet nothing has changed about the landscape. The change has been completely within herself. Today she rejoices that she no longer looks upon a thing of beauty as a symbol of despair, but sees it according to its real nature, an object of magnificent creation.

WORDS

WHO talks of evil conjures into shape
The formless thing and gives it life and scope.
This is the law: then let no word escape
That does not breathe of everlasting hope.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

CONSUMMATION

By ART FOSTER

There is only one REALITY. This is it.

There is only one SPACE. Here it is.

There is only one TIME. It is now.

There is only one MATTER, though many forms.

There is only one LIFE. It is indestructible.

There is only one DEATH. Ignorance of Life.

There is only one COSMOS. It is dynamic, not static.

There is only one MOTION. It is evolutionary.

There is only one POWER. Let's call it "God" for short.

There is only one SATISFACTION:
To obey the Will of That Power.

There is only one METHOD.
Meditation (Prayer) Service.

There is only one GOAL.
Ultimate attainment of Universal Consciousness.

There is only one WAY to that Attainment.
It is narrow and steep.

There is only one RELIGION, though many creeds.

There is only one DUTY.
To love God and to love one's fellow man.

There is only one FAILURE.
Failure to recognize these truths.

There is only one SUCCESS: Conscious union with God.

How a Problem Child Made Good

By LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

A FEW YEARS ago a fifteen-year-old boy was sent to me. It seems he was considered a "problem child." He had been expelled from at least two schools and was on the verge of being given the same treatment again. At first he was hostile, arrogant and completely uncooperative. Our first encounter wasn't much of a success. However, I made it understood that I wasn't trying to force anything out of him; what he told me would be of his own free will.

The second time he was more cordial, although still on the defensive. I got him to write a few lines. From this I was able to construct his character without any embarrassment to him. I discovered that he was suffering from a severe inferiority complex, coupled with a great deal of resentment. To compensate for this feeling of not being able to do as well as the next fellow, he went out of his way to attract attention.

Using this knowledge as a foundation, I gently persuaded the boy to tell me of his ambitions. Self-consciously he revealed that he wanted to be a writer but feared that he lacked ability and didn't stand a chance. Domestic difficulties further added to his pessimistic outlook. The few times he had expressed his literary aspirations he was met with cruel jeers and laughter by his grammar-school-educated parents. His feeling of inadequacy increased because of his sensitiveness at being kicked out of two schools. What his parents and teachers didn't realize was that they were more at fault than he. A young boy of fifteen needs understanding and sympathy. Having received neither, it was no wonder he felt unwanted. His aggressive behavior was only a defense mechanism.

I saw in his desire to write an opening to setting him on the road to readjustment. Since I had been writing for some time I was able to help him. I showed him a few published pieces of mine and he was won over. I told him that whenever he felt like doing something aggressive to sit down and write — no matter what, to just write. This would serve as a release for his pent-up emotions. Yet he wondered if he *could* write; if he had any talent. I muttered something about "genius is nine-tenths perspiration and one-tenth inspiration." In school his favorite subject was composition for which he never got a below 90 grade. His intelligence was average but capable of being developed with the proper training. I told him to never let his desire to be a writer escape his thoughts. I gave him a list of autosuggestions to say before falling asleep at night, besides the names of a number of helpful writers' magazines and books.

When one day he showed me a $50 check from a digest magazine for a humorous filler, I couldn't have been more thrilled if it had been my own first sale. Today, this boy's name appears regularly in the pages of numerous publications and he has had one folio published already.

Marriage Is a Way of Life

By AMY A. McGREGOR

I WISH I weren't married; then I'd be able to afford a car."

The young man who made this statement is not at all dissatisfied with his wife; he is more than ordinarily proud of his little girl. But the fetters of married life chafe him. So does the constant sacrifice — the doing without something he would like to have, and could afford if he were single. In truth, he is dissatisfied with marriage itself.

The squabble over sex-education has distorted and over-emphasized the physical side of marriage. Some preparation for the responsibilities of marriage is given to our young girls, but that also is physical. It is important to learn to budget one's earnings, to learn to care for a house, to look after the welfare of a small baby, to sew, to cook and to do the various things which promote physical well-being. But of what use is a spic-and-span house, a healthy, happy baby, a well-balanced budget, or a well-cooked meal, if the husband always refers to things he would like to have but cannot because he is married? Would anyone in his right mind call that a happy marriage?

If it is important that a girl be taught such details appertaining to the physical side of marriage, how much more important is it that both boys and girls should be taught the one most obvious lesson they will need for marriage: the art of living together?

The family group, on which our present civilization is based, is supposed to teach this lesson. But our modern news items, particularly those concerned with juvenile delinquency and divorce, testify that it does not. From the other members of his family, the child is supposed to receive his first true impressions of the world, and his first contacts with it. From that group, he should learn the fine art of living with others, and be made aware that the universe does not center directly about him.

Instead, what happens? The child is born, and immediately becomes the pivot around which the household revolves. The parents can deny him nothing, and the whole routine of the household is disrupted to fit his pleasure, instead of gradually fitting the child into the already-established routine.

As he grows older, there is an eager rush to keep him from realizing the world of reality. He is fed with fairy stories and tales of the world as his parents imagine it should be. Each idle wish is fulfilled as if by magic, even though the parents have to go without necessary comforts for themselves.

When he enters adolescence, he is thoroughly self-centered. He really knows nothing of the world. His ideas of his playmates are based on the world of make-believe in which he has lived all these years. Physically, he is becoming aware of himself as never before, and this tends to make him even more self-centered. At the same time, he feels the need of companionship from those of his own

age, and is unable to meet them on an equal footing. Is it any wonder that the process of growing-up is so difficult? Is it any wonder that the divorce rate soars to ever higher levels each year?

This is no attack on the institution of marriage as such, but rather an attempt to analyze it rationally. In the first place, it is a relationship between two people. If those two people have not learned how to live with others without dominating them, then disaster threatens.

When one enters marriage, his whole life changes. Where before he had only himself to be concerned about, now he has assumed responsibilities which demand a whole new way of thought. Marriage is, therefore, a way of life. One cannot make a success of marriage while hankering after the luxuries that might have been possible while he was single.

Yet the majority of young people take this important step without one iota of preparation!

Marriage is a personal relationship, and its success depends on a personal reaction to its demands. If a child has been merely one of a group, sometimes forced to sacrifice his wishes for the benefit of the whole group, often forced to subordinate his desires to the welfare of others, he has already learned that lesson which our young husband has still to learn — that the universe does not revolve around him alone, but around millions of others as well.

If you choose to walk that way of life which is marriage, you lay aside the thoughts and habits of single blessedness. For life is inexorably a series of choices which one makes for good or ill. And if one's preparation for life has neglected to teach him how to adjust personally and temperamentally to the demands and sacrifices of marriage, how can that marriage help but fail?

COMFORT

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

When the new leaves swell in the forest,
And the grass springs green on the plain
And the alder's veins turn crimson,
And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain,
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over,
Why, the birds go north again.

— *Ella Higginson*

How, When, Where to Pray

By DORTCH CAMPBELL

WHEN the Nazarene had ceased praying in a certain place a disciple went to him and said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray as John also taught his disciples, a most human plea heard even to this day.

Jesus' answer was the Lord's Prayer. This is your pattern of life, he said. Prayer is a beautiful song of life. After this manner, pray.

The woman who had drunk of the lees of poverty was told to pray, and when I said this, she replied, "Why, I do pray. Prayer is always on my lips." Prayer on the lips! What mockery of the Lord's Prayer is this!

The Master, when he revealed the manner of life, also gave a parable of the man who went to a friend's house at midnight for three loaves of bread to provide for an unexpected visitor. His plea was refused, but he persisted, he importuned, he would not take no for an answer. And because of his importunity the Friend gave him all that he had asked. We must keep on asking and seeking and knocking, Jesus concluded the parable. We've got to keep going. That is the way to get the grace and power of the Lord's Prayer.

When darkness pressed down upon the day of his life, the Son of Man "went out into the mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God" — to the wild regions is where Jesus went to pray. But he did not spend his days and nights in meditation. He went back to humanity. He went back to where men toil and sweat and sicken and suffer and sometimes die. He took life in his majestic stride; he did not lose heart; he did not shirk his daily chores. How shall we pray? "For all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." But how did Jesus believe? He lived as though his prayers were already answered. His life — mind, heart and soul — went into prayer and action.

The Man of Galilee sent the multitude away. Of course he sent them away that he might divest himself of mass thought and emotion, which is a pall over the world. He withdrew into the wilderness. He went where the grass was wet with dew at dawn, and there were trees, just the trees, and there was stillness all around.

This was especially his manner of prayer when his heart was heavy at the unresponsiveness of his people or burdened by the stubborn pride and bigotry of priest and Pharisee and by the impositions of Rome. Bronze of face, stalwart of body, majestic of mien, he walked and talked with God and Nature, and the pinch of bitterness fell away from him. Always, it came to pass, that he was alone, praying, on mountain peak.

The carpenter's son was of the Essene tribe and lived as they lived, of that brotherhood of shepherds and wise men who came from afar to where the young child lay that they might worship him under the Star of Bethlehem. He tore asunder the ancient doctrines of Hebraism. He poured new wine — the wine of God and Nature — into new bottles to

make Christianity. He gave scant consideration to ceremonials and routine prayers. His life was simple and natural. But the doctrinaires disregard his *living side*, and they do not take cognizance of the environmental setting of his prayers.

Where and when shall we worship and pray? Shall we go to church? But is God confined to four walls? Is he not everywhere? And do we forget that the groves are God's first and last temples? And if so great as the Nazarene required this living for spiritual power, shall not we also? Let us then immerse ourselves in these radioactivities of God and Nature as we listen to the music of his spheres.

Pray when circumstances press down upon you. Refresh and strengthen yourself with prayer when conditions seem hard and bitter. For prayer gives faith to go on with life. Pray when the need is great. Go to The Friend when you require loaves for the uninvited guest. Pray not as a routine so much, but when you are inspired or impressed to ask of God, for then God is near and calling you to prayer, and at such times spiritual power is most effectual. You can not set times and seasons for the Almighty. God is not a servant at beck and call, but he is a *living* God. He asks us to live with him.

"I have learned," observes John Andrew Patterson, "that prayer will affect anything in nature; that deadly diseases may be cured by the word of prayer; weak bodies made strong; that men may be lifted from poverty to wealth and power; that by prayer man may control the elements at will, subdue the storms and call down the rain. Through prayer we may throw a wall of unfailing protection around our homes, or our loved ones far away."

I have not found so great faith, no, not among the tens of thousands who profess to believe in prayer, as exemplified by this plain and simple man of the people who suffered so much from poverty and prejudice yet gained so much because he believed and lived in prayer and God close to Nature.

THY MISSION

THERE's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter;

There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender,
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;

No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawnlight gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

— *Author Unknown*

Three Steps in Spiritual Healing

By MARIE WINCHELL WALKER, M.D.

MORE THAN fifty years ago Dr. Osler wrote about the mental causes of physical disorders. Inside the cover of his book, "Principles and Practice of Medicine," I made a list of the ailments which Dr. Osler said may be caused by worry, fear and other irritating emotions. I mention here only a few of these diseases: diabetes, gallstones, heart disease, cancer of the stomach, hay fever, colitis, and Bright's disease.

I found during my own practice of medicine that all of the diseases mentioned here were actually caused by nervousness and emotional irritations. Mental disturbances are undoubtedly the chief cause of illness.

Let me give you briefly the story of a doctor's wife whose mother died of cancer. Very frequently the daughter, age 25, asked me if I thought she would develop a cancer. I always gave her an emphatic "No." I explained that her mother's cancer was caused by the blow she had received at the time of the accident. Nevertheless, the daughter continued to fear this disease. She soon developed symptoms of it. Surgeons opened her abdomen and found cancer so extensive that they refused to operate on her. She died within a few weeks. If I had known then what I do now about spiritual healing I believe this young woman's life might have been saved.

Let us make this article as modern as tomorrow. Just now, in beautiful California many people are ill from flu. This is due to fear, which lowers their power of resistance and upsets normal endocrine action. Not long ago, I wrote to a patient regarding these glands. I told her that the endocrines (regulated by Spirit) govern her mind and body. She replied that she did not care to struggle with these glands. I explained that she must do the things that are necessary to promote the health of the endocrines, even though she did not know of their existence. I told her her illness could be caused by an inactive pancreas, and that this organ is one of the six endocrines in an adult — eight in a child. It is the sugar warehouse of the body. Wrong diet, shock, prolonged grief, worry or other unwholesome emotions can upset the balance of the pancreas and bring on diabetes. Healthy endocrines mean rejuvenation of body.

What are the essentials necessary for endocrine health?

Peace of mind and other wholesome emotions should certainly head the list.

Avoid hurry, worry and fear.

Avoid infectious disease.

Select a diet rich in mineral salts, especially seek out the iodine foods.

Take plenty of rest and relaxation.

Do work for which you have enthusiasm.

Have a practical religion.

This last essential brings us to our three steps in spiritual healing which modern physicians are likely to ignore. We must go beyond the laws of the body and the human mind and receive the healthing Christ Spirit.

Here are the three all-important steps to spiritual healing.

1. Refuse to take dictation from the "old man." In Paul's letters he mentions the "old man" meaning the unchristian nature in man. He tells the Ephesians to "put off the old man, and be renewed in the spirit of your minds." A man dreamed that he was thrown out of a church. Every dream contains a wish, and the wish of this dreamer was to get rid of his own sinful nature. The church was symbolic of the man's spiritual self.

2. Know what Jesus meant when he said, "Ye must be born again." (John 3:6 to 8.) "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Our work is to unfold our spiritual selves. This is the "new birth" which begins with repentance (changing our point of view) and goes on with years. We become more and more aware of the Christ mind in us and our relation to God. This *awareness* is the image of God in man. The image of God in man can mean nothing less than spiritual ability, divine wisdom, love and power and health.

3. Enjoy "The fruit of the Spirit." Here is your *real* remedy for irritating emotions and nervousness. A wonderful, soothing remedy! (Galatians 5; 22 and 23.) "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."

Beautiful! isn't it? If we possess the fruit of the Spirit, what becomes of our nervousness and irritability? They vanish completely from us. The everyday worrier is no longer a human violin, permitting discord to play upon his nervous system. No circumstance is worth the murder of his serenity. He stays within his own heaven, as Emerson advised. He lets the heathen rage. (Bible).

Spiritual regeneration means rejuvenation. When Spirit has dominion over an individual he can forget the endrocine glands, for the power of the Christ in man brings him harmony of body and peace of mind. "He who is in our hearts is greater than he who is in the world." (The Epistle of First John, chapter 4, verse 4, Goodspeed translation.)

To Sum Up: It takes *all* of the three principles here considered to demonstrate a perfect healing. Number 1 is merely a denial of error — a refusal to entertain the "old man." Denials do not heal. With number 2, the "New Birth" begins. The patient says, "Yes," to God. The Christ Mind is recognized and spiritual realization has begun. With number 3, the patient has reached a degree of spiritual unfoldment that is great enough to cancel fear and worry, and all error in his life. He is no longer a bearer of burdens, but has come into his inheritance of such blessings as love, joy and peace.

THE WORKER of miracles is team work.
— *General Eisenhower*

Love Did It

By JEAN MOWAT

MY TRUTH teachers had insisted that what I needed to do was to let love flow through me and become a potent force to accomplish what all my fighting for position and understanding never achieved. The lesson was learned, intellectually, but it did not go down into the lower depths so that radiance was a quality of daily living.

At times I was able to use it — effectively. Then I fell back on negation and the usual negative conditions again were produced. For instance, there were people I did not like. Too many of them. I forgot they were ideas of the Father, and as such should be treated with as much attention as I give to any human idea. I admit that occasionally I felt better, but there seemed no immediate need for me to change over just to like people.

Then the idea caught up with me and I was forced to admit that a couple to whom I had to be courteous were in that group for which I had absolutely no use. I disliked both of them. As I saw them more often the dislike grew, partly because I was laughed at.

The situation, even as I viewed it, was silly. But this old man Negation had me in his toils. Then one day I decided that I'd surround them with love every time I thought of them, but also that I should avoid them. I never realized that there was a conflict of ideas in this — until one day when the woman told me I had a great deal of charm.

That literally "threw me for a loop!" It was a nice little speech but I did not let it win me over. Yet I continued to surround them with love, as much to prove to myself that I could become indifferent as to gain any recognition from them. That recognition I had. But it was to me stifling. At a dinner this man was seated next to me, and when I learned from my hostess that he had requested that position I was a bit annoyed. But when I went home I continued my love treatment.

Then one day this man sent for me. He made a proposition that was interesting, flattering, and which I immediately turned down! Certainly I was not going to do any kind of a job like that and let it be paid for in thanks from the church! My time was valuable. My talents were not to be tossed in that direction — free!

But for one reason or another, none of which I analyzed except that I had determined to overcome this hate, I continued the love treatment.

Again the offer was made. After consultation with the one man whose opinion I valued and had tested many times, I was told to go ahead with the use of my talent. "You know, chile, it might be awful good for you-all one day," he said. So I told this man that after reconsideration I had decided that I'd do the work.

The job didn't look very big — it was just to photograph (in color) symbols and church windows. But the work grew and grew and my horizons expanded. The man and his

wife both had interesting backgrounds. We worked together over a period of five months. The result of letting love do it proved another miracle right under my eyes and only now have I been able to see the accomplishment.

This is probably the only bit of work which anyone will ever remember me for. It has received high praise in high places. But the great praise goes to the Highest Place, where Power and Love control and rule — when we let them — by letting love do it for us. The success of the work is far beyond anything I dreamed possible, and has exceeded the expectation of those who planned it. But one just cannot go telling about a miracle of love by which color pictures were made more beautiful than the actual objects. The added dash that made it possible was LOVE. I also had the wit to ask for wisdom — and now they talk about the unusual imagination there is in the presentation — not even recognizing the power of love.

DREAM LED TO MURDERER'S ARREST

In "Psychic News"

How a murderer was apprehended and eventually condemned, following evidence received in a dream, is told in a recent edition of an Australian paper, "The Sydney Morning Herald."

This happened ninety-five years ago in the district of Maitland, during one of the "gold rushes" which swept Australia periodically in those days.

A farm hand named Shaun Cott, employed by a William Hayes, was missed from the locality and it was assumed that he had departed in search of gold.

Some time later a newcomer named John Anthony arrived in the district and met Hayes. Anthony had previously learned about the missing Cott, and when he met Hayes he found that, for some strange reason, he could not keep his thoughts from Cott's disappearance.

A week later the newcomer called on Sergeant McLean of the Maitland police force and recounted to him a vivid dream in which he had seen Cott being murdered by his employer, Hayes.

The dream revealed the exact spot on the farm where Cott's body was buried.

After much persuasion, McLean agreed to conduct an investigation.

The spot shown to Anthony in his dream was indicated and a police trooper, who accompanied the sergeant, commenced digging.

"Within a few minutes," the "Morning Herald" recounts, "the body of Shaun Cott, fully clothed, was unearthed. Hayes was at once arrested and charged with the murder."

At his trial he pleaded that he had killed Cott in self-defense during a fight which developed from an argument.

The police, however, were able to prove that Cott's skull had been smashed by a blow from behind, proving that Hayes had taken his victim by surprise.

Views and Reviews

By WILLIAM TOWNE

Expect and Receive

WHAT WE say we expect and what we *really* expect are often two different things. The subconscious has aims of its own which the conscious mind does not always acknowledge. That is why we are apt to pull the wool over our own eyes as to what we really want.

But the greatest progress comes when the conscious mind and the subconscious work together with a single aim. Then we have that deep desire which gets things done. Then we have that expectancy — that faith — which enables us to go forward toward the realization of that which we are seeking.

"If you only care enough for a result" (wrote Professor William James, the famous Harvard psychologist) "you will almost certainly attain it." And then Professor James goes on to say that you get the things you most want when you seek it to the exclusion of other wants. You cannot want a hundred other things equally as much at the same time and get them all.

That which you want intensely you come to *expect* intensely. Your faith grows with your interest and with your attention. "Engage and then the mind grows heated." Your expectancy increases as you go along.

When we expect something intensely, we draw from the Life that is all around us to attract the thing desired or to create it. Life is in everything we touch. Our desire, if it is sincere and earnest, acts as a matrix into which this Life flows. Life gives you back that which you really expect from it. Yes, Life is all about you but it cannot find expression in this material world except through you and other living organisims. Life is always pressing for new expressions — it is always seeking new creations. Put yourself in the way of Life and let it help you to realize your desire. But you must "receive" Life before it will work with you. You must seek to find — seek with an open heart and with faith and expectancy.

But see that your expectancy is based upon the understanding that God is not going to give you something without work or effort on your part. To your faith, add work to get results. God works *through* you when you do your part.

Act as if you expected to receive. In that way only will the paths be open for you to accept from God. In that way only will the forces of Life be attracted into your matrix to create what you are seeking. Think of Life as working *with* you in all that you do. Ask God's blessings upon everything that enters into your activities. In this way you live in that spirit of expectancy which is really creative. For if Life (God) is really present in all your activities and blessing the tools you use and the people with whom you work, then you can but feel assured of success in your undertaking. You will come to believe in your success because you

believe in Life. And the promise is that "all things" are possible if you believe. Your belief is greatly strengthened by the thought that it is not in your own strength that you are trusting but in the eternal and all-powerful forces of Life itself. Let us nourish this expectancy at all hours and in all places. "Let us lie low in the Lord's power and learn that truth alone makes rich and great," said Emerson. And again he wrote: "There is guidance for each of us and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word."

You unlock the gates to power through faith and expectancy. You do not have to be specially wise or rich or great to seek and use the power of Life. All you need is to trust your faith and expectancy and then by "lowly listening" you will hear the "right word" that will take you forward towards your goal.

You and Little Things

(*Continued from page 2*)

shall be great." It is our task to do the little thing well and then the big thing — the thing that we so ardently long for — will come as a natural result.

It is only human to want to skip steps but, "Order is heaven's first law." Every minute of our lives is laid out for us in exact precision, and he who has numbered the hairs of our head sees into each heart and appraises the way each is doing his task. For "thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

It isn't easy to work steadily at BEING. It is far more pleasant to dream of "great things to do by-and-by." However,

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

The little task, the little place, the little person, are not to be ignored. All are in our life's orbit for a purpose. God has put them there. They belong to our destiny. When we realize this, we no longer beat our wings against the cage; we no longer storm against life and rail against fate. We accept, instead, all that comes into our present sphere, and, in doing little things well, we follow the path of One who, in this very way, achieved the Ultimate.

" 'Father, where shall I work today?'
And my love flowed warm and free;
Then He pointed me out a tiny spot
And said, 'Tend that for me.'
I answered quickly, 'Oh, no, not that!
Why, no one would ever see,
No matter how well my work was done.
Not that little place for me!'
And the word He spoke, it was not stern;
He answered me tenderly:
'Ah, little one, search that heart of thine;
Art thou working for them or Me?
Nazareth was a little place,
And so was Galilee!' "

GOD IS LOVE

GOD IS LOVE; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

— *John Bowring*

Success In Prayer

Edited by W. E. T.

FAITH AND A JOB

FOR NEARLY A YEAR I had been out of work. Along with a great deal of meditation and prayer, which included attending Truth meetings and reading Truth literature, I had put forth all practical effort I could think of to obtain suitable employment. Something seemed blocking me, however, from obtaining a job. In the first place I had no definite idea as to just what I wanted to do. All my efforts such as calls on firms, job letter writing, working through employment agencies and vocational guidance bureaus, inserting ads and answering ads and doing everything else I could think of got me nowhere fast. All this time I was seeking Divine guidance and did my best to cultivate a positive attitude of mind toward the whole problem. During meditation the Inner Voice would tell me to keep up faith, that all was working out all right and that my prayers were being answered. This would encourage me for awhile, but lack of tangible results caused me to have many bitter periods of discouragement. This went on for nearly a year and nothing was in sight.

Shortly before Thanksgiving Day I attended a Unity thanksgiving service — the one service during the year which is thrown open for thanksgiving testimonials. After listening to several inspiring ones I was moved to rise and give one myself. I said something like this and really meant it: "I thank God for work which so far I do not have but I know that I am being led to it, that it is being brought to me and that soon we will meet." I walked home after the meeting feeling better than I had felt for a long time.

Thanksgiving Day was not too happy, for the old feelings of discouragement and anxiety again gripped me. That night during meditation it came to me more forcibly than ever as to what my trouble was. Through prayer I had been putting the problem in God's hands at least ten thousand times, but yet had been trying to solve it myself. It was as if I had taken my car to a garage to be repaired and there, in the garage, had continued to tinker with it myself instead of letting the expert mechanics take care of it. Right then and there, before going to bed, I firmly resolved that once and for all, come what may, I would put my employment problem in God's hands and *leave it with him.* I also resolved not to make another call or to make any further, so called, practical effort whatsoever until I was led by Spirit to do so. A burden fell from me as if it had been a hundred-pound load and I had a sound night's sleep.

When I awoke the next morning the old negative feeling again gripped me but I immediately checked my thoughts. I remembered my resolution and the feeling of peace I had after making it. I again resolved that throughout the day I would hold to this. Immediately I felt better again and while dressing and eating breakfast I kept my mind steadily on God's handling the whole affair, and that it was out of my hands.

After breakfast I walked to a nearby park with a good metaphysical book, sat down on a bench and

started to read slowly and prayerfully. In a little while there came over me, for the first time in my life, a real genuine feeling of faith, and I knew for the first time the meaning of Hebrews 11–1. ("Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.") Oh, how happy I was — happier than ever before in my life. I clung to that feeling of faith as I would to a priceless jewel. There was no job in sight, but down in my heart I knew there would soon be one. I also knew that there was nothing further I should do about it but cling to that faith. It was not easy, and many times during the next few days the old Adam feelings of negativity would strive to dominate my consciousness. But each time I would stop in my tracks, get quiet and thankfully remember that blessed feeling of faith which came to me on that glorious day after Thanksgiving. Then it would always come back and I would again be happy.

About ten days after Thanksgiving I received a letter from an unexpected source. This led to an interview, which in turn led to a good job in which I have been happy and useful. I have never ceased to be thankful and to give all credit to God for this demonstration. It had proved to me that Jesus meant exactly what he said about the power of faith and seeking first the Kingdom. And from my own experience the only way to acquire faith is to really "Let go and let God." — *T. B., Fla.*

PEOPLE usually do things and suffer martyrdoms, because they have an inclination that way. — *Stevenson*

MANY WAYS OF DIVINE GUIDANCE

By H. B. WALTERS

THE STORY is told of a people who live among the bewildering mists of Scotland's moors. They devised a certain type of lantern that would penetrate the fog and gradually they grew to feel that no harm could befall one carrying his lantern. It lighted his path, guided his feet to safety. With passing years the lantern became a symbol of guidance, of some Power beyond and above their knowledge. So implicitly did they depend on this mysterious Something that they formed the habit of taking their lanterns with them in daylight.

This is told as legendary and many smile in smug amusement at such quaint people, yet is it not analogous to the Children of Israel being guided by a cloud in daylight and fire at night? God guides those who seek Him in many ways. Elisha saw the chariot of fire and was led to continue Elijah's work. Samuel heard a voice coming out of the night to instruct him in his path of destiny. The wise men from the East were led by a Star. Paul saw a blinding light and heard a voice that put him on the true road.

These are instances of guidance known the world over wherever Christianity has found a foothold. But Divine Guidance did not cease with the writing of the two Testaments. All through the ages, God has used willing channels to guide not merely that particular individual but through him to bless mankind. Einstein admitted that his ideas came from a Source beyond his conscious knowledge which becomes the more

(*Please turn to page 29, col. 2*)

Elizabeth's Editorials

(*Continued from page 7*)

already in the state of feeling that you do not care a rap what becomes of anything or anybody! Including all branches of your work.

But you have no ground whatever for discouragement except your having breathed out your energy in certain ways so that you now need to rest up and let God's spirit fill you again and redirect you.

God is the only Power, the only Life, the only Healer. All his power is yours if you turn to him and receive from him that which you desire. Remember the Bible says, "there is nothing impossible to him who believes."

SOMETIMES I have thought in my meditation, "If Christ would descend but as a beam of light, that I might see Him, it would be such a help to my senses!" And I have listened at night, I have listened in hours of sorrow, and I have heard nothing. I have called, and none has answered. I have reached out imploring hands, and nothing took them. I have said, "My Lord and my God, if Thou art, speak to me!" and there has been no response. And yet out of these hours I have come, feeling still that a silent and invisible God can be more to me, taking life all through, than if He were actually present and visible in a bodily form. I take hold of the invisible by more sides than I do of the visible.

— *Henry Ward Beecher*

MANY WAYS OF DIVINE GUIDANCE

(*Continued from page 28*)

remarkable since his teachers considered him rather dull in mathematics. Schubert heard so many "heavenly melodies" that he could scarcely get them onto paper. Leonardo da Vinci who lived in the fifteenth century designed innovations such as air-conditioning and self-propelled vehicles which it took scientific inventors four hundred years to attain by laborious methods.

Emergencies make Divine Guidance appear more dramatic. Countless are tales from the war zone of men led to safety by a voice, by an irresistible "hunch", of being saved by a miracle. When Rickenbacker was adrift with others from a wrecked plane they had no means of summoning aid, no means of receiving food and water other than through prayer. Yet rain was provided, fish jumped into their boat and a sea gull winged out of the sky to land on Rickenbacker's hat and provide food for starving men. They proved that though they went to the farthermost parts of the earth the same God was available.

Just as not everybody follows one type of profession or education, there are also a variety of ways in which they are guided spiritually. God speaks according to the language an individual understands and can follow. It is up to each to listen for his own Guidance and then have courage to trust and follow it.

WRITING and talk do not prove me, I carry the plenum of proof and everything else in my face. — *Walt Whitman*

PRAYER CHANGES THINGS



It was Tennyson who once said, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." If in your life, or in the lives of those you love, there is something missing let me help you through the power of prayer.

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We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
But what have we done today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

— *Nixon Waterman*

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SILENCE, solitude, the flocks noiselessly moving about him, the eagle sailing in slow circles above his head, the dawn struggling with night on the far-away hills, the dewdrops sparkling on the grass, the loud stream rushing through its rocky bed, the black shadows deepening in the narrow glen, the sheep gathering nearer to him and couching themselves in the twilight, the distant roar of the lion, the great stars sliding through the night, the trembling fugitive sharing his plain food as they looked down together from some safe eyrie upon the pastures below, — these were the forms and colours of David's early life; and out of them he weaves a beautiful garment to clothe his thought of God.

— Henry van Dyke

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